

THE
SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

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.

EDITED BY J. H. POWELL.

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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.

TO BE, NOT SEEM TO BE.

To BE, not seem to be—to feel, not merely assume to feel, the active principles of spiritual beauty which animate the heaven-aspiring soul, is a desideratum much needed in this pseudo-Christian age. We have the appearance of goodness, but little of goodness itself. Professors infinitely outnumber possessors, whilst the world as a necessary result, is knee deep in sin. Shall we cry shame on the age? or more churches and preachers? Or shall we probe the core of the evil and apply an all-sufficient remedy?

Churches have accumulated much of late, so have criminals. Preachers have devoted their souls to their work, and more souls than they have influenced for good, have gone astray. The world is beset on all hands by hypocrites, slanderers, and murderers. The lists of crime, which are indeed black enough, only show a modicum of the sins of depravity. They betray only a partial view of a fearful picture. Because most of the assumed good, manage to cheat the law, and win for themselves a respectable status and pass for much more than they are actually worth. We can never ascertain to the full, the state of public immorality and irreligion. But we know that humanity is oppressed to the dust with its heavy burden of offences, against virtue and religion. Shall we cry more churches, or more bishops? How much lawn, and brick and mortar, will it take to redeem the world? Can the people gain spiritual sustenance from lawn, and brick and mortar? No, but from manna dropped from heaven. It may fall inside the walls of a conventicle; but the manna which heaven sent to the children of Israel fell in the Wilderness. It matters not where the truth is preached, or in what garb the preacher chooses to preach. If he have power from on High his words will become spiritual manna, and souls may eat thereof and rejoice. To be, not seem to be, inspired to preach the Living Word, is indispensable to the preacher who fulfills his sacred mission. But alas! how few preach in spirit and in truth, in comparison to the many who make preaching a profession, and stereotype their humdrum exhortations, which occasionally send some of the congregation to sleep, and thus failing to do good, do little harm. Verily, the pulpit much needs revision, that preaching may tend to practice. A religion made of creeds, forms, and stereotyped lip service, is not the religion of Christ, or one capable of inspiring living love in the bosoms of its adherents. How is humanity to be redeemed when the majority of those who appoint themselves pastors, are farther astray than their flocks? Until the vital or spiritual belonging to religion is fully appreciated by the pulpit, how is it possible for Regeneration to affect the lives of the hearers? Verily the age is robbed in appearances, and

"things are not what they seem." We fear we have the counterfeit more with us than the genuine Christian. Would that it were not so. Would that the pulpit were spiritualised, and the white-wash of sect washed clean away. There is but one God; He is no respecter of persons or sects. When will the assumed followers of Christ learn this? Would they quarrel about points of doctrine, and set the world afire with intolerance, if they really believed in the universal Fatherhood of God?

There can be nothing more contemptible than mock piety. It is like a fascinating, tempting devil, which is at least equal in hellish wickedness, to the roaring lion of Theology. It is more fatal to the soul's healthy life than a host of brazen faced sins, because the latter are at least honest in their devil work; whilst the former, serpent-like, allures by its seeming virtues, the simple and the guileless, only to betray them to a fate as terrible. Mock piety is none the less hypocrisy although it be confirmed by the bishop and preserved in consecrated temples. Better honest doubt, a thousand times, than mock piety. He who boldly doubts, has at least the merit of courage; whilst he who wears his religion as a garment, has not even the recommendation of sincerity, but is a whitened sepulchre full of rottenness.

To be, not seem to be, men and women, should be our ideal; for very many apologies for men and women walk the earth. How is it that the age is so degenerate? Have not the churches failed to inspire the mass of mankind with the sentiment instead of the appearance of piety? If so, is it not time that the people sought for themselves the Living Well-Spring of Immortal Truth, and gladly welcomed all coadjutors of every creed and party, who possess the "saving grace" necessary to Regeneration? Modern Spiritualism, divested of all sectarianism, is at once the friend of the churches and the people. It comes with no dread thunders of Almighty wrath, but with Hope, and Salvation for its beacons. It looks to the heart and life, not the clothes, ceremonies, and book-learning of a man. Its mission is to make men wise unto salvation, by teaching them to be, not seem to be, Christians. If it had no other end in view than this, it would be indeed a precious Deliverer. But it robs the grave of its gloom, and irradiates life with Immortality. The clergy have denounced it as satanic, dubbed it Infidelity, and warned their flocks to be on their guard, lest it come to them as a wolf in sheep's clothing, to destroy them. But in fact, if anything represents itself, and not its paraphernalia of pomp and ritualism, it is Spiritualism; and for this it is denounced from the pulpit, but surely, and silently, it will perform its work, and the people, (if the clergy do not,) learn its beneficent character, and know that it is no enemy, but on the contrary the true ally of Christianity.

MISS HARDINGE AT CLEVELAND HALL.

A series of four Sunday evening Orations, by Miss Emma Hardinge, is now drawing to a close. The last two Sunday evenings were devoted to "Who are the Infidels?"

and "The Laws of God and the Laws of Man." The next two will be "The Church of the Present, and the Church of the Future."—and "The People's Advent."

Our space will not admit of anything like a report of the two Orations already delivered. It is no small tribute to the charming power of Miss Hardinge's oratory, that audiences can be got together to listen to discourses, away from the birds and flowers, and all the thousand Natural orators which never fail to inspire love in the bosom open to their inspiration. The subject "Who are the Infidels?" was treated in a masterly manner. The fair speaker briefly ran over past history, and proved beyond question, that the brand of Infidelity had ever been applied to the brow of the Reformer. Nor did she fail to pay devout tribute to Religion, which to use her own words, embraces "the knowledge of God, the Immortality of the soul, and a true life."

Miss Hardinge has worked very hard amongst us, and we doubt not, done much good. When she returns to America, may she carry with her the reflection that her mission to the Old Land has been a most useful one. Bread cast upon the waters is found after many days.

WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF A LITTLE GIRL.

THE scepticism of the age, must be stone blind, or it would surely see evidences of Spiritualism, for they are everywhere visible to those that will see. One can scarcely enter a house, even a sceptic's, and fail to hear something that has its origin in Spiritualism.

There is a vast area of untrodden ground in the domain of Spiritualism. The explorer whose heart is in the work, may find material all the world over, which shall be to him a tower of strength.

In our late visit to Cirencester, we found another youthful medium, whose experiences are of a most interesting character. Her name is Sophia Saunders, she is under ten years of age, and lives with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gribble, Stratton. Sophia's home is Manchester, where she first realized the extraordinary Spiritual experiences which we are about to describe:

Thirteen months ago she was engaged by a Mrs. Roberts, of Manchester, to nurse her baby. There was a little boy another of Mrs. Robert's children, Henry Roberts, six and a half years of age. Sophia and Henry were much together. They loved to visit the church-yard, and wander amongst the graves, plucking the flowers. The last time the children were in the church-yard, Henry said with a prophetic simplicity—pointing to a grave—"this is my place, beside little Polly. I shall be here to-morrow." When the children got back home, Henry had about a spoonful of tea, and soon after, laid his head back in his chair and died. About nine o'clock, that same evening, Sophia saw the spirit of Henry standing near the baby, who was asleep, sprinkling water from a rose over its face, until the child woke. The following night the spirit of Henry was again visible to the little girl, rocking the cradle. The child was roused again from its sleep, and cried so much that Sophia was obliged to take it to its mother.

A little time after little Henry was gone, he had been engaged to spend a day with his grandmother, who lived a good distance off, and who was affectionately fond of him. However, Mrs. Roberts fearing the news of the child's death might affect the grandmother too much, wrote to say, that Henry could not visit her, as he was ill. But the grandmother had the truth conveyed to her. The spirit child, Henry, appeared to her, and said: "Mamma has told a great lie, for I am in heaven, but my Father in heaven has forgiven her." Mrs. Roberts was not a little surprised, and self-accused we may suppose, when she received a reply from the grandmother to her letter, informing her that Henry was not ill, but dead, detailing the facts as here given.

Sophia's spiritual experiences were not to stop here. She remembers a yellow rose being placed upon Henry's coffin when he was buried. About two months had passed, when she was regaled with the perfume of a rose in her bedroom, and on looking, discovered, a yellow rose in a glass of water on the mantel-piece. She declares that no mortal

hand placed the rose there. Sophia Saunders, now more frequently sees spirits. She hears them talk and sing; and listened once to the tune "Meet Again," which was played by spirit fingers on the piano. The manifestations in her experience, in common more or less, with all mediums, are intermittent, and little is done in the presence of others. She describes a visit she paid to her grandmother's grave. She sat upon it, holding silent intercourse with spirits, when a very small diamond fell down upon the tombstone. She has the diamond still in her possession, and treasures it most sacredly.

On reaching home, after a short walk, she was told to feel in her pocket, as a present was placed there for her. She did so, and to her surprise and delight, found a small brooch.

At school she was eating some sweetmeats, and gave the mistress great annoyance. She was told to desist, and punished by the mistress tying her hands behind her. But as fast as the rope was tied some power loosened it, until at length, it was thrown up to the ceiling. The school-mistress was greatly astonished. A little while after, Sophia was called up to spell, and she declares that the spirits told her how to spell, and tied her hands behind her at the same time. Still later on in the day, a spirit voice bade the mistress let Sophia go home at two o'clock. The mistress deeming it Sophia's voice, said: "Is that the way to speak?" and declined to let her go home before time. The same voice then said, "please," but the mistress was firm, and Sophia remained until the school closed. Sometimes articles are given her by the invisibles, and then taken from her. We have described the incident at her grandmother's grave, where a diamond was dropped upon the tombstone. We will close this brief description by giving another incident at the grave, where a diamond of another sort, but of more value to her, was given her. Whilst she sat on the grave a spirit came to her, and taught her the music and words of a piece entitled, "God is ever good." Sophia now very often sings it, and a very sweet effect it has as sung by her; what must it have been to have heard the spirit sing it? We present the first three verses:—

See the shining dew-drops,
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

See the morning sunbeams,
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
God is ever good.

In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
God is ever good.

Such are a few of the spiritual experiences of this little girl. Mr. Robert Gribble, her uncle, is an officer in the Inland Revenue, a quiet and intelligent man. We have no doubt of the little girl's mediumship, but she needs developing, and should not be subjected to sceptical and prying influences. Half our mediums are spoilt in that way. People will not, or cannot, see the difference between developed, and undeveloped mediumship.

"LITTLE BOUQUET."

WE have received with the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the first number of a New Publication for children—"Little Bouquet." It is a very interesting and useful little work, well worthy the support of children. When we consider the ink and paper devoted to surfeiting children with distasteful dogmas, we rejoice that America sets so good an example to England, as to give children a *Bouquet* full of the beauty and fragrance of Spiritualism. The number before us is illustrated with objects from Natural History, and contains likewise, some pretty music. We trust *Little Bouquet* will diffuse rare odours abroad.

CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

It will be seen on reference to our advertising page, that a Second Convention of Spiritualists is to take place under the auspices of the "British Association of Progressive Spiritualists," at Newcastle. We trust that a large number of the thinking, earnest-souled Spiritualists from all parts of the country, will meet the Newcastle friends on this occasion. London is an age behind the provinces. How is it that the movement in the Metropolis lags, and that Darlington and Newcastle alone can make a convention practical? We are glad to find that a Second Convention is to take place, and have little doubt of its usefulness. The more Spiritualists are brought together for the purpose of interchanging thought the better. Nothing barricades Truth like the isolation of caste. We hope the convention to be held on the 25th, and 26th, of July, may prove in every way successful, and that the brethren may be able to issue a Second "Report" of their proceedings in every way as interesting as the first. Dr. McLeod is still secretary. With such an earnest, full-souled coadjutor, we should think the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists, could hardly grow lukewarm.

The Davenports are in Hamburgh. They have had difficulties in obtaining from the Police a Permit, however they have given several seances and staggered no few sceptics. We have received an interesting account of their doings from a private gentleman in Hamburgh, which we must preserve for our next issue.

THE BEAUTY OF SPIRITUALISM.

We present our readers with the following extract from a letter we received the other day, from a gentleman connected with the Press, with whom we conversed upon Spiritualism. It is always a pleasure to meet men like him, who have the courage to examine facts, and are wise enough to wait for evidence:—

"I have been reading a good deal on Spiritualism, since you were here. In addition to your book, and the last two numbers of the "Spiritual Times," I have gone over the April number of the "Spiritual Magazine," and a dozen copies of the "Spiritual Times," which I had from Mrs. G.—

I must tell you that I am not a little astonished with the result of my reading. I had no idea of the pretensions of Spiritualism; and if its facts and philosophy are well founded, it must be a magnificent system. It entirely changes the aspect of affairs. It brings close to hand that "Happy Land" which, from childhood we were taught to believe, was "far, far away," and purity in thought and aspirations—and consequently in the life—must be the result. Robbing the future of its gloom, it encircles it with a halo of brightness; and stimulates to the exercise and use of all our powers and talents while here, in our cradle of existence. Even now, while a sceptic to its truths—if such they may be called—I feel that the contemplation of the system, with reference to the future, has a purifying tendency on my own mind; and I feel as though I should like it to be true. Still, conviction must be based upon the stern logic of facts. There is one scape-goat which I should like to see dealt with. Philosophers have conjectured that the mind never loses an idea. Can Clairvoyance and Magnetism not draw from the mind of an individual, through a medium, some of these ideas, although the person may not be thinking of them at the moment? Very wild idea, you will say, and perhaps so, but it just occurred to me.

Yours Truly,
J. C.

PRE-VISION.

Eusebius, the church historian, gives many facts in proof of the gift of pre-vision. He states that Agbarus, Prince of Edessa, wrote to Christ, begging Him to heal him, offering Him part of his states. That after the death of Christ, Thaddeus was sent by the spirit, which cured Agbarus, and converted the population. This statement appeared in the archives of Edessa.

HOMELY HOMILIES.

NO. 1.—LOVE.

By J. H. POWELL.

PART. 1.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—St. John, Ch. 13, Verse 34.

Love is the language of the heart; no word has a sweeter sound. From time immemorial it has been the one favoured theme of Poets and Philosophers. It is at once the commonest and most delicious sound which the ear of humanity can listen to. Love, like life, is universal in its influence. It is both the angel of Time and the herald of Eternity. Love enwreathes the brow of childhood; translates the mother's affectionate smile; transfigures existence; and diffuses rarest odours, from beautiful soul-flowers.

We speak of Love, and a host of pleasing reminiscences, like a wonderful mimic panorama, is with us. Love bears a talisman which charms away despondency, and transforms the deserts of Life into gloriously glowing orchards. Without Love life would be a Pandemonium. Take Love from existence, you becloud its sun, for Love may appropriately be designated the sun of Life.

Love of the human—that is, of that which essentially belongs to humanity—its soul-reachings towards the Infinite; its aspirings after the Higher Life—is only another name for love of God. All pure love is divine, when it is impure it ceases to be love, but something else bearing its name.

"Yes! Love indeed is a light from Heaven,

A spark of that immortal fire,

By angels shared—by Allah given

To lift from earth our low desire.

Devotion lifts the mind above,

But Heaven itself descends in Love,

A feeling from the God-head caught,

To wean from self each sordid thought;

A ray of Him who formed the whole,

A glory circling round the soul.

Rarely do men discuss Theology with profit of a soul-elevating character; they more often wrangle to each other's annoyance.

Doctrinal disputations ever impede the work of Religion. Theology is a dry, if not altogether a barren pasture for the Lord's sheep; they need refreshing from streams of immortal nectar, which Theology cannot but Religion can supply. Ecclesiasticists may crack nuts of Doctrine, with Latin and Hebrew teeth, until doomsday, and yet be far astray from the Lord's fold; whilst the lowliest and most illiterate peasant, may reach the perennial pastures of Peace, and drink of the nectar of Paradise. If this were not so, we should need to accuse the Almighty of being what the Bible distinctly says He is not, a respecter of persons of worldly and scholarly distinctions. I do not desire to underrate scholarship, or praise ignorance, but to see the worth of uprightness recognised. If men, fired by selfishness, or laudable ambition, achieve for themselves elevated positions in the world of commerce and letters, I see no reason why they should be considered more fit for Heaven than the poor and unlettered whose moral character cannot surely depend on commercial profits and college degrees. On the contrary, I see a great want of humility, which is the crowning jewel of Piety, or there would not exist the walls of caste, which divide class from class, and, to the detriment of Religion, stem the advancing tides of Truth, which otherwise would flow liberally into our thirsty souls.

Doctrinarians are much in the same condition now as they were a hundred years ago. Knotty questions occupied their attention then, almost to the exclusion of the simple and the practical in Religion, and they do so now. The knots of Doctrine can never be untied. There is no way of overcoming the difficulty but to cut them.

It is not my purpose to analyze even a tithe of the dogmas which are puzzling the solons of Theology. Such I think would be a superfluous task, and serve to class myself with the Doctrinarians, a consummation not devoutly to be wished. It would be a weary work wading through the heaps of learned works which have been written on doctrinal questions, and I much fear that the time given to the work would be something worse than wasted; I am convinced it would cut us off from much intercourse with the Divine, which is infinitely more manifest in the sweet affections of a child, than in all the musty metaphysics bound in calf and preserved in the British Museum.

Ascetical divines, quite consistent with their ideals of righteousness, have gone on denouncing "the world, the flesh and the devil," not thinking that the world and the flesh at least, have relations to the Great Infinite. Many of them have carried their Asceticism so far as to stifle in their breasts all natural promptings of human love, believing that in so doing, they were expelling the devil; of course these divines necessarily lived in a state of celibacy, and I cannot help thinking, became subservient to a worse devil than matrimony, viz.—the devil of Asceticism. Place Religion in a mask you deceive the observer. Call pure Love, that is, love of the sexes, devilish—you mask the divine; and it will be no cause for wonder, but rather for pity, that a worse devil than any depicted by the poetry of orthodoxy, enslaves you. I am speaking

of Love, pure, unselfish, holy Love, not its counterfeit lust.

Asceticism goes too far, if it did not, it would recognise the unitive character of all Truth and all Love. The earth is the Lord's and all things therein. The flesh is the shell of the spirit, and while it needs purifying, is nevertheless of the earth, and essential to the spirit's development. The earth is the Lord's and in His own good time He will redeem it from the power of all devils, for there are more than one. Instead of wholly and ascetically denouncing, we should endeavour to improve the world and lead it Heavenwards. Theology has tried its hand at the work of redemption, but instead of diffusing the sacred incense of Love, which alone has power to draw the soul upwards, it has vainly gone on dealing in dry metaphysics. Hence the world to-day groans with its weight of sin and grief.

The scriptures have been torn piecemeal by theologians and the plainest spiritual teachings perverted; the result was inevitable—Theology has wedded Materialism and allowed the vital in Christianity to hold only a secondary position. The lips, not the lives, of the so-called devout, have, I am aware, paid tribute to scriptural truth; but where is the regenerating power which alone can awaken the sluggish churches to life? Where is the Divine Love—God's evangel—which alone can vitalise Faith? Where are the true missionaries of Christ whose belief is centred in Love to God and man? I believe many are to be found, but they are not, I fear, numerous as angels' visits.

Love buds in the human and blooms in the Divine. It is in itself always sacred; but men, alas! often pervert and abuse it. It is secular in the sense of being serviceable to this world, and it is sacred in the sense of being useful to all worlds. Like music Love may be wedded to art, but in its purity it is essentially natural. Love is not only a divine reality of the human heart, but it is also the central sun of Christianity. We may be said to love Vice, but I question whether truly so. Real Love always clings to its object, with a growing attachment unmingled with disgust. It seeks the sterling, not the base metal of human character, and attaches itself thereto. The victim of Vice may dog-like lick the hand that degrades him, he cannot love it. Vice corrodes the feelings and renders its votary almost bankrupt to Love. The pleasures of Vice never fail to pall upon the appetite, while those of Virtue are like sweet and beautiful flowers to the soul. The less we love, the lower we sink the human into the animal, or all that is of the earth earthy. The more we love, the higher we raise the human towards the angelic, or all that is of heaven heavenly.

We are taught by Jesus to love God and man. Would Jesus have added to the injunction to love God, the word man, if we are to renounce the world, after the manner of Asceticism? In the degree in which we love Truth we hate falsehood, and necessarily stimulate our power of loving. God is Love; Love can only commingle with the Pure; the pure in Religion claims neither affinity with Asceticism nor Doctrinalism. It is, however, gratifying to feel, that, in spite of Theology, Asceticism, Materialism, and all isms, God manifests Himself in the sunshine, the flowers, and all created things; nor is He wholly exiled from any human creature. If the promptings of our common nature were allowed full expression, without "let or hindrance" of Dogmatism, we should daily offer up spontaneous praises to Deity, and by so doing, prove the universality of the power of God, or the all-powerful influence of Love,

"The story without end that
angels throng to hear."

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

Under this head we shall print all spirit messages that we may consider worthy. Correspondents will please write legibly on one side only of the paper and abbreviate as much as possible. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of spirits either embodied or dis-embodied.

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRITUAL VISION.

Seen by Mr. W. D. Meers.

(Conclusion)

PART 2.

It is now the 23rd, of January 1866, and half past nine in the evening; I see clearly the same spirit, who called herself Ambition, she seems anxious to continue her narrative. Ah! now I see her, with her tulip in her hand, holding it at the top, and pressing the leaves closely together with her fingers. She asks if she shall shake her lottery rose, and show me the other mottoes that she loves. I thankfully bid her welcome, and pray her to tell me all she can, as I so much enjoyed her last communication, that I have been hoping most anxiously, day by day, for its continuation.

She now approaches me, and standing closely at my left side, places her tulip on the table, and spreads the four leaves flat open, to form a beautiful star, with an emblem of aspiration. And now I see a large white tulip; a tulip coronet. How beautifully it is decorated! The most elaborate jewels sparkle with ten thousand eyes, radiating in all directions, in every hue and form. It is so very bright, so dazzling bright I scarce can look upon it, it sparkles, glitters, twinkles, dances, and seems to play with its own brilliancy. I can see words therein, but he who can read a motto in the sun, may try to read the mottoes written here, no sun is brighter or more beautiful. The owner of this jewelled diadem,

now desires me to look steadfastly upon her crown, and tell her what I read:

I promise!

And now see written with precious stones, four mottoes, I repeat them to my spirit friend thus:—First, Power to do good, second, universal Love, third, Benevolence, fourth, Veneration. And now I am promised an explanation.

Spirit. The first of my two mottoes, I have hitherto explained, I will now begin with Benevolence, my third motto. You will perhaps tell me that universal Love and Benevolence are very near twin sisters, but you are wrong; universal Love has influences peculiar to itself, and there are thousands of the children of men, who have universal Love in their souls, and selfishness in their hearts; they approximate, and yet are distinctly different, while there are many who are benevolent, without a sunbeam of love within their souls; men are benevolent from many causes, such as vanity, self-esteem, love of approbation, each of these will prompt benevolence, but oh, man! when will the measure of thy folly be full? There is no truth in thy charity. Would you not take from the fatherless and widow, who exist in obscurity and rags, to distribute with a lavish hand before the demagogues of fashion and nobility, towards some charity in which you feel no more interest, than that your name shall be emblazoned in gaudy letters, as a donor? Go, hide thy diminished head, thou hypocrite! and may the voice of babes and sucklings, whom you would plunge into misery, like consuming fire, wreath your brow until universal Love shall prompt your benevolence then shall each act be emblazoned in perpetual beauty in thine eye, speaking without voice of the goodness within; then shall your smile like a sunny ray illuminate the abode of misery, as well as the board of luxury, prompted by an inward craving for Power to do good.

Can you see clearly what is meant by the foregoing description, or need I give further information? if so take it thus.—

I would first say, in all thy doings, do them wisely and you will do them well, and in what you do, desire to do good, by this means all are benefited. The recipient of thy counsel shall be gratified, as also shall he who gave it, and hereby shall confidence and sympathy, imperceptibly spring within your hearts, binding them together in brotherly and universal Love; from this shall spring like a hallowed blossom Benevolence, the root of which brings me to my fourth motto, Veneration. There can be no Veneration without the incessant desire to do good, prompted by universal Love, promoting Benevolence, which is the higher step in the ladder of life and progress; and again there cannot be within our hearts either of my first three mottoes without the fourth, it is from that the others spring, it is the sap that nourishes, the balm which heals, it is our friend in adversity and affliction, our rock of defence in the hour of trial and temptation; and may you like Daniel of old, trust in Him who can save you from the fury of the savage, and the barbarity of the fiend. May you live in humility and veneration to all that is good lofty and pure, may you above all things, venerate Him to whom all honour is due, and from whom every blessing proceeds, without whom all would be chaos. How great the joy of the aspiring soul, to know of a truth how much He careth for us! And should we not feel how great the privilege of loving Him who is so mighty, yet so merciful, who is so omnipotent, and still so full of Love! Is it not a worthy ambition to be a useful member of His family, to be able to serve Him, and to be permitted to do His bidding? And He is not a hard task master, He desires no sacrifice, beyond that which He gives to you as His almoner, He does not expect you to bestow, be it either wealth or wisdom, and yet how much happiness is lost by not watching each occasion of doing good, in universal Love, seeking benevolently to do in Veneration the mission of the Deity. But there are many like the worm, clinging to the things of earth, instead of aspiring to the grand and noble purpose of Omnipotence, and progressing daily in knowledge and wisdom with aspirations heavenward.

Oh Ambition! whither wouldst thou lead me?

Why, to be the most obedient of God's children, ever active, ever doing good, losing no opportunity of being useful to others, doing all things to the glory of Jehovah, to whom be all honour and reverence, now and forever. Amen.

Note from the Medium.—Whatever beauty there may be in the above vision, I must conscientiously ignore all claim to the merit of its production. The whole as here written, was given entirely under spirit-inspiration, the first part being shown me in vision nearly five months before it was written. The second part was written under the dictation of the spirit at the same time that I beheld the vision. I, however, feel pleasure at being the medium, and with thanks to the Directing Intelligence, I subscribe myself a humble and obedient worker.—W.D.M.

DEVOTION.

(Through the Mediumship of Miss Cogman.)

DEVOTIONAL feelings are pleasant. Every man, woman, and child, feel and know, that they must venerate something; and that something must be to them a Supreme Power, ruling over every world. Man always tries to gratify himself, and some are gratified with that which skims the surface of Truth, but when they go beyond it, they find deep waters. They are not gratified then, but feel that they are fallen. Some minds are gratified only with the deep and earnest truth. They go at once to the root, and trace it up to the flower. Every one should, if possible, trace out the cause of phenomena. Falsehood produces uneasiness in the mind. It is repulsion, not attraction. Devotional feeling to everyone who seeks the truth brings joy. We embrace it in our arms of Faith, and encircle it with our Friendship. We feel that it is attractive in every

sense, because it is a something which we appreciate. Philosophers, write not in your books the things you do not understand, but pen the things which you have experienced. I'll tell you something that is true. Men could fly if they would only subject themselves to a power which surrounds them. Every day, the great philosopher will say, as far as my sight will take me I cannot see the things which you fortell? No, he may not, then he is no Philosopher, only in his own way. A modern philosopher believes his pen and paper, and the band of clay which will soon decay, and not the prophetic truth. Oh! philosophers read on! (The medium was here interrupted by some other influence. After a brief space, she described the following vision which was then presented to her.)

VISION.

I see a little child, about five years of age, standing by a garden gate. Now an old man comes up, and places his hand upon the child's head, and looking upon something like a rose-tree, says to the child: "Child! little child, now my locks are hoary and grey, I can learn a lesson from you. Then looking again upon the rose-tree, he says: "How much a little child is like a root placed in the soil—it keeps growing till at last the blossoms appear." (The picture here changed.) I see that child grown into a pleasing youth. He begins to study science and art. The old man compares the different things the child has learned to the blossoms of the tree, and says:—"Behold the youth has sprung up to a full grown man;" and speaking of the garden says:—"It is very lovely, the flowers look beautiful, and the perfume they exhale is dispersed freely for all to receive it with gratitude." He looks again, and there he sees the young man standing in the midst of a large assembly; and the old man says:—"Out of his mouth flow words which electrify his hearers, and give men great joy—rich as the scent of the flowers of the garden." (The picture again changed, and the young man was transformed to the child.) The old man gently pats the child on the head, and says:—"Well done! the prophesy has been fulfilled, I have been taught this great lesson from a little one." He says:—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear; for by voices of thunder he shall hear much—from a voice which shall come from the great ocean, he shall hear much. Yet from all the voices of nature he shall learn little, compared with what is taught him by a little child that speaketh not at all." The old man adds:—"Men will say, how can the beautiful colours be produced by air. Something of chemistry must be used. The flowers have their various colours, and when the bloom of health has left your cheek you are told to go forth in the fresh air, and you will get your colour back. But I say the theory of the sceptic is not right. Chemistry doeth not all things. Nature is all in all." The old man says:—"Look at a human body, there you will see the mould, or the earth, the flesh of man." He says:—"Look again, and you will find the stone—the bone in man, the different layers of veins, and the various colours within the veins that give the colour to the flower, or the face of man;" and he says:—"Here too, you will find water and fire, and the magnetic current. Water, I tell you, is the small spring from the Great Fountain of Life. Without water, we could not exist, and the magnetic current is a portion of the air we consume every day." He says:—"Man is not a fixed object. He moves, and is ever moving." He wishes to compare man to the earth. "There is, as we told you, the clay, or the dust." There is the bone, which he compares to the stone which is found in the earth. He says:—"You will find the different veins in the earth. There is the coal vein, various veins which you all know beneath the stone; just as there are veins beneath the flesh and the bone of man. The veins contain various colours, which are abstracted from the different gases in the earth, from which air proceeds. You will find water there, and you well know that there is fire. The earth would not bear fruit, if water and fire did not exist. Water comes sweetly, and gently, springing up into the earth. The fire which is powerful, the great vitality! is ever burning, so far see what a fac-simile man is of the earth. The same colours that are in the flowers, are also in man, and all is earthly except the Life principle, the sensible that never dies. It is like a spark, the more you fan it with the fan of intelligence and devotion, the brighter it burns. All is natural, all nature.

[It is gratifying to print this interesting spirit communication. Miss Cogman, considering her deficiencies of education, is a prodigy. The whole of the communication was given in our presence. We report it faithfully, taking no liberty with the idea, and very little with the language—Ed. S. T.]

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

1st.—There are certain opinions most religious people call, and consider *fundamental* doctrines of the Gospel, upon which they consider *all* should have clear and decided ideas. Is this reasonable? Is it possible?

2d.—Justification by faith in Jesus Christ, is the foremost of the doctrines referred to above. Taking my own case, I believe that in some mysterious way, Christ's death has saved, and does save men. But, how such a sacrifice was necessary, I cannot understand. How God, (I say it with all reverence) was justified in allowing it, I cannot see; and that there is anything analogous to the "payment" or satisfaction of a debt, in a worldly acceptance of the term, I am not able to believe. Can you, by directing me to passages in the Bible, or otherwise assist me to form an opinion upon this point? At present, if I can be said to have an opinion, it is not the result of reason, or full understanding, but rather, the blind following of education?

"My child, trust *alone* in God, your Father. Seek His guidance quite irrespective of man's teachings, or any creeds they may, in their worldly wisdom, lay down for salvation. Salvation is given by God, to all who seek it. Thus, all who seek it, believe in Him, and His Spiritual Power. All who read the Scriptures prayerfully, *must* believe in Christ, as His Son, sent on earth, to let the materialistic mind *grasp* as it were, *more literally*, the idea of a Personal God. God is a Spirit. Each spirit yearning after God and Good, believing in his all-godness, can but get

to the Spirit, and through the Son, Christ Jesus.

Trouble not about creeds and doctrines. Study prayerfully, Christ's words to His Disciples, and God will give you power to work out your own salvation. Oh! my child trust ever in Him.

Justification by Faith. Christ gave Himself, that by His Life on Earth; Death, and Resurrection, the Christian's Life on Earth should be typified, and that all truth might be brought about.

Mankind are so enwrapped, and literally swathed in their creeds of words, totally senseless in a spiritual light, that it must yet, be long, before they can shake themselves free, and rise in their spirit freedom, to think for themselves. Believe in God the Father, Christ the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Trouble not, about the mystical representations, and words, men's own interpretation of God's words. Christ, in giving Himself to save mankind, was truly a Holy Sacrifice. For who, but such a High and Holy One, would have left His Home, to live our Life, and die in our world for the benefit of mankind? It had become necessary but was no debt. It was a free offering, accepted, and blessed by God.

Will you give some text as desired?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."
St. Leonards-on-sea. F. J. T.

LIGHT OF LIFE.

(Through the Mediumship of Miss Cogman.)

ARE the times altered? Are men's minds growing richer? Are they obtaining more power—more knowledge—more of the Great Wisdom which all so much need? Were our forefathers all babes and sucklings in knowledge? No, some of them were noble men of great understanding; but yet something greater will come? Shall it come to-morrow? When shall it come?

The stone of Truth has been rolling along through the ages, and must roll on forever. As we gaze upon the poor and dejected of the earth, we sigh and think, oh! how miserable—how degraded they are! And yet, they are all the children of God, subject to the dominion of Nature. Oh! Nature, how I love and adore thee! Thou hast been my teacher, my book!

A long line of light passes from world to world. It is the Intervening Providence—the Light of Life—which does not confine itself to the grand and beautiful, but comes to the lowliest of the children of earth.

To W. J. Champernowne, from his mother.
Medium, Mr. Fisher.

A happy new year to you my dear son, and to your dear wife and friends. A. C.

God bless you my son, it is a great pleasure to me to say a few words to you, and it is a pleasure for you to receive them. O, what a blessing it is to you, it does you much good, it lifts your heart upwards to your Maker, to confess your short comings to God. Be not afraid, nothing can remain concealed from Him. Be as humble to Him as a little child. Never think you know enough, none of you know enough. I wish you could pay me a visit into my spirit home, if it was only for one short hour, it would gladden your heart, how grateful you would be to God. But God says not yet. We must obey. His will be done. He knows best. He worketh all for the best. He does no evil. He is all goodness and love, therefore wait patiently a little longer, and then perhaps you will be better prepared to visit me in my lovely home of brilliants and joy and peace. God bless you now and for ever, and your dear wife, I love her, and all of you. Good night my dear son. A. C.

To Mr. Port, Twickenham.
Same medium.

My dear son accept a mother's and sister's blessing and a wish that you may have a very happy new year and your dear father, sister and brother, and friends. There are and will be trials for all, great trials at times, but you must ask at the Fountain of Comfort for aid and strength to bear them. You will not regret having passed through such trials when you arrive in the spirit world. All are sufferers upon earth, even those who do not appear to suffer, rest assured, do so at times. God bless you my boy, cheer up, your loving mother will ever attend you with God's permission. Good night. E. M. and R. P.

To Mr. Pilborough from his father.
Same medium.

A happy new year to you, and your dear wife, and children and friends.

O, blessed God, pour thy holy light over my son.
Good Father Thou hast been kind to him. My Father I bless and thank Thee for it. Lead him on, Good God! Give him courage to do battle with the darkness of the world he inhabits, the world his poor soul is imprisoned in. Teach him to love all he meets. O, give unto him yet more light, further proofs of my existence and Thine, that he may tread firmly, and may be drawn unto Thee in love and truth and in wisdom. Fit him O, God! to inhabit Thy holy kingdom, to associate with Thy highest spirits. Love him O, most High and mighty God! be with and be his Beacon, be his Pilot, that he may steer his poor spirit clear of the rocks and shallows, that may beset his earthly way.

God bless my boy. I am pleased with you, and will attend you home
Good night. I. P.

CASE OF BI-CORPORALITY.

Conversation between Monsieur Roustain (medium) and the spirit calling itself St. Anthony of Padua.

(Concluded from our last.)

St. A.—By means of human speech. The Judge thought I was really a man, with a material body, in enjoyment of all material faculties.

Mr. R.—In the recital you have just made, you spoke of the Judge's discomfiture; what caused this?

St. A.—The Judge knowing me to be at Padua was much astonished to see me enter his room unannounced.

Mr. R.—With regard to the corpse, how, and by what means was it raised, and enabled to speak to the Judge while apparently in a state of resuscitation?

St. A.—In answer to my fervent prayer, I saw a multitude of spirits around me, holding by the hand a spirit seemingly ashamed, and confused. After operating upon him by magnetic passes, he by some means entered the inanimate body; then continuing their passes over the body, it arose, and the spirit making use of the organs apparently restored to life by the magnetic fluid, caused the body to rise, walk, and speak. In this case, the spirit only made use of the body as an instrument, he animated it for an instant as he could have animated the body of a medium, making it speak, and walk; you will perhaps say that the body being almost in a state of corruption would not possess the necessary mediumistic fluids; this is true, but he drew them from my own actual body always united to my spirit, or condensed "peresprit" by a magnetic cord which served as a conductor. The spirit no more restored the body to life than your rapping mediums give life to the pieces of furniture they move, or make use of for raps; and with regard to speech he made use of the mouth, and tongue of the corpse, even as spirits make use of an instrument capable of producing sounds, when they wish to manifest themselves by these means.

Mr. R.—By a simultaneous action the body might have been rendered invisible by the spirits, and carried out of sight, and the spirit of the victim might have become visible, and tangible even as you were, have spoken to the Judge by human articulation, then have disappeared, and the body become again visible and upright, fallen at the instant the last words were pronounced by the spirit.

St. A.—Things might have passed as you say, but the reality would not have been as apparent, and when the fluids had disappeared, there would have been the lifeless body. They might have doubted, while the manifestation as it occurred lasted long enough to make doubt impossible, and besides the body being the same, and bearing the marks of its wounds and also of decomposition, the effect of the words pronounced was much greater. In fact the manifestation took place thus, because God wished to produce a great sensation, and the Judge overcome, being unable to deny the testimony of his own eyes and ears, could not hesitate, and at once liberated my parents.

Mr. R.—These expressions in speaking of the body (and received by mediumistic inspiration), "animated" and apparently restored to life" did they correctly express your thoughts?

St. A.—Yes, the manifestations took place by means of the fluids drawn from my own body, and I repeat it, the spirit animated, or appeared to animate the body.

MESMERISM.

Mr. TOWNSEND, a clerical author upon this science, stated that a well-known doctor at Antwerp, was permitted to impose certain tests, "the object of the *séance* being to demonstrate vision by abnormal means." He said,—“if the somnambulist tells me what is in my pocket, I will believe,”—to which she replied,—“a case of lancets.” The doctor admitted the fact, and wanted to know “the number of lancets.” This was answered satisfactorily, but the doctor wanted further evidence of her power, so he demanded to know, “the form of the pocket case,”—which was also accurately described. Still he craved for more evidence, and demanded to know the colour of the velvet lining of the case containing the lancets: to which she replied,—“The colour is dark blue.” He replied, “True, very curious, yet still I do not believe.”

Sheikh Bechir, who was killed in 1859, cured the wife of a relative of a severe tumour, which had foiled the doctors at Beyrout. He secluded himself for 30 days, living on bread and water, before he attempted the cure, which he performed by means of making passes over the woman's body. He was also a *Clairvoyant*, describing accurately places which he had never seen, and of which he could never have read.

THE GREAT WORSHIP.

The harp at Nature's advent strung

Has never ceased to play;

The song the stars of morning sung

Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,

By all things near and far;

The ocean looketh up to heaven

And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand

As kneels the human knee,

Their white locks bowing to the sand,

The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,

Their gifts of pearl they bring,

And all the listening hills of earth

Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up

From many a mountain shrine;

From folded leaf and dewy cup

She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills

Rise white as wings of prayer;

The altar-curtains of the hills

Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,

Or low with sobs of pain;

The thunder-organ of the cloud,

The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,

The twilight forest grieves,

Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost

From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,

Its transept earth and air;

The music of its starry march

The chorus of the prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame

With which her year began,

And all her signs and voices shame

The prayerless heart of man.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AN ANECDOTE.

Aged Abdoolah, Professor of Hindustani in University College London, lately communicated to the Illustrated Papers, the following anecdote of Lord Combermere's career:—

“On December 16th 1824 that distinguished Officer, known throughout the Peninsular War as Sir Stapleton Cotton, and of whom the Duke of Wellington said, ‘I always sleep in peace when Cotton commands the outposts,’ appeared before Bhurt-pore with a large army and a powerful train of artillery. The defenders however, of that strong fortress were by no means alarmed, for the result, feeling a confidence not so much created by a recollection of Lord Lake's disastrous failure in 1804, but became learned Brahmins and astrologers—the former after consulting the shas tras and the stars—had declared that in consequence of the foundation of the place having been laid during a most auspicious conjunction of the planets, it could only be taken by a crocodile which would drink up the water of the moat surrounding it. But the hopes raised by the prediction proved as fallacious as those of Macbeth, whose castle's strength ‘was to laugh a siege to scorn,’ and who was not to fear ‘till Burnham Wood did come to Dunsinane.’ Now, as the wood did come to Dunsinane, so the crocodile did take Bhurt-pore for the name of that animal in sanscrit Comber, while that the prophecy might be almost literally fulfilled. The first exploit of the gallant General was to drive away a party of workmen, whom he found busily engaged in cutting a sluice through one of the embankments with the view of introducing water into the ditch.”

INTERESTING CASE OF PREVISION.

Mr.—, aged forty-one years, is a person of a highly nervous-sympathetic temperament—intellect of a high order, yet, withal one of the most sceptical of men, having for several years been examining the spiritual philosophy and manifestations without being convinced of their spiritual origin. These impressions generally take place while he is sitting passive in the evening. In this condition, thinking of the many old people in the neighbourhood, something spoke to his internal sense of hearing, "Mr.— and wife will be buried in *one grave*." This was verified. The aged couple, previously in average good health, died within twelve hours of each other.

On another occasion, allowing his *mental man* to make a journey without being weighed down by the physical body, he passed along a road seldom travelled, viewing with careful scrutiny each object that was along the road when he last travelled it in person. Coming to the foot of a hill, to a house that he supposed was not inhabited, a fearful scene presented itself. In a room, the floor of which was covered with blood, a woman lay bleeding to death. A little girl came from the house, ran up the hill, and returned with a woman, whom he recognised as Mrs. W., an acquaintance. This scene happened twelve miles from the place where his body had been all the time sitting quietly by the kitchen stove. In a few weeks he met Mrs. W., and she rehearsed the story of the woman bleeding to death from the lungs—of the little girl coming to her for aid, etc., exactly as it presented itself to his mind.

A neighbour had run away from his family. No tidings had been heard from him for ten years. One day my friend saw the runaway on a certain street in Chicago, talking with a man from this town. The latter returned, and, on enquiry, said he saw the man and talked with him.

One more case, and I will close. A young lady who lived in my friend's family had been corresponding with a soldier for about four years. They were engaged to be married, but no day had been named for the happy event. The soldier returned to his home in an adjoining county the last of August; still all were ignorant of the time, but expected it shortly. Again, sitting passive, the impression, vivid as a flash of lightning, struck my friend: they will be married on the 20th, of December. This was about the 20th of October. I was informed of this impression soon after it occurred, but it was not told to any other person. I had no great amount of faith in this prediction, but watched events with some curiosity. The marriage hung fire; I heard no more of it till the 19th of December. Near nightfall I saw the bridegroom ride by, and the ceremony sure enough took place on the 20th. Who shall account for these things? I have no theory to bring forward—will leave that to the wise ones.

J. S. WALLIS.
Banner of Light.

MODERN DREAMS.

A dream worth a fifty pound note. Under the head of Gloucestershire, the *Weekly Times* of June the 10th. gives the following:—

"A professional gentleman of Bristol having most unaccountably lost a bank-note for fifty pound every search and inquiry was instituted for it at his offices, of his clerks, and of the porter having charge of the chambers, without the slightest clue being found as to the missing treasure. Diligently and anxiously were the inquiries prosecuted, and great became the anxiety and perplexity of the individuals having access to the chambers; still there was no trace of the lost note. Suspicions and uncomfortable and disagreeable ideas floated in the minds of all parties interested in the affair, when one morning, on the arrival of the owner of the money, he was thus greeted by the porter of the office:—"Have you found the note, Sir?" "No," was the laconic reply. "Well, my wife has told me a singular dream she had last night, and it is to the effect that the bank-note would be found where you placed it—in your great coat pocket." Incredulous that the dream would prove a reality, prompted more from curiosity than otherwise, the confused lawyer duly searched the pocket of his upper garment, where to his great astonishment and gratification, he actually found the long lost note, where it had undoubtedly been placed by himself in a moment of abstraction. It should be also stated that the top-coat in question had been left at his home, quite out of the reach of any persons interested in the office, no idea of collusion could for a moment be entertained."

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.—A dream similar to the above, although not worth quite so much money, has been related to us by a lady residing at Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, and of its accuracy we are perfectly certain. The lady had occasion to pay a doctor's bill, and duly received a receipt for the money. Two years passed, and the bill through some mistake, was again presented. The lady meanwhile, had removed to a new residence, and not only could not find the receipt, but could not tell whether it had been preserved. She remembered however having paid the money, but the doctor was not con-

vinced, and insisted on having a settlement. One night while in this dilemma, she dreamed that the receipt would be found in a certain place, and on searching the next morning, it was found in the exact spot indicated in her dream. The doctor it is needless to add, was soon brought to reason after that.

THE ORIGINAL BELLE BOYD.

An opportunity has arisen of setting at rest all conjectures as to the original Belle Boyd, who some time ago was confounded with Miss Hardinge. The following advertisement has been sent us by a correspondent from the *Era* newspaper:—Mr. Walter Montgomery's Farewell Tour, previous to his departure for Australia by the Great Britain in September. Nottingham Exchange Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, 23rd, 24th, Dramatic Recitals. Theatre Royal, Manchester, for Twelve Nights, commencing May 28th. Mr. Walter Montgomery will be accompanied by Miss Reinhart, Miss Spencer Cooke, Mr. Spencer Cooke, and Mr. Blayney O'Cole. Miss Siddons, the accomplished Tragedienne, will also appear, and Miss Belle Boyd, the celebrated Confederate Heroine, will make her first appearance on the stage (during this period) in the Character of Pauline, Lady of Lyons. Manager's address Walter Montgomery Nottingham.

It appears that Belle Boyd has these curious coincidences with Miss Hardinge:—

Both were engaged in America.

Both took an active part in the war.

Both have been actresses.

Both are now in England.

Both bear the name of Hardinge.

Both are belles by personal attractions.

Both own a paternal name monosyllabically and vowelistically the same.

The one being Boyd and the other Floyd.

These are unusual coincidences, and it is not remarkable that one lady should be confounded with the other. As our readers are aware, the question has been settled upon the highest authority, that of Miss Hardinge herself, and the lady who will address the London public on each Sunday night in June, is the eloquent advocate of Mr. Lincoln's re-election.

English Leader.

SECOND SIGHT.

Connected with the family of Mackenzie of Seaforth, Scotland, is a curious tradition mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in one of his ballads.

Isabella, wife of Kenneth, then Earl of Seaforth, offended Kenneth Oich, a seer, who divined by means of a pebble. He saw that a future chief of the clan, would be deaf and dumb, would sell his lands and lose his sons, and that finally the estate would be possessed by a female "with snow in her cap, who would come from beyond the sea." The seer cast the pebble into a lake behind Braham Castle. In 1796, the prediction was fulfilled, for the chieftain of the clan was deaf and dumb, and his four children died young. The lands which had been in the family for 500 years, were sold by Lord Seaforth, last mentioned and Lady Hood, one of his daughters, widow of Sir Samuel Hood, became possessed of the inheritance in the absence of heirs male. The "snow in her cap" was taken as typical language for the usual widow's cap. This widow married Mr. Mackenzie of Seaforth. The pebble above mentioned seems to have been a species of dining crystal, used even now.

A VISION.

In the Mansion House of Castle Freke, County Cork, Ireland, are several family paintings, one of them of the 18th century, represents a Mrs. Wilson, an interesting and delicate looking woman, of whom there is the following tradition. The husband was on military duty in Flanders, and she was expecting intelligence about him. One night after she had retired to bed, her maid, who occupied an adjoining closet, heard a scream in her mistress' apartment. There she found Mrs. W. much excited, and gazing with intense earnestness at some object invisible to the maid. A funeral procession seemed to sweep slowly past the foot of the bed. The craped mourners and the plumed carriages appeared to emerge many in number from one of the walls in the room and to vanish through the opposite wall. At length came the hearse, with its plumes, and on it lay a coffin without a lid: a sable pall was thrown over the coffin, leaving the face of the corpse quite exposed. My husband exclaimed Mrs. W. as the well known features scarred with wounds received in battle met her eye. The phantom hearse passed on at the same slow pace, and vanished through the wall. Mrs. W. took a note of the day and hour at which she saw this phantasm and she learned subsequently, that at that exact moment her husband fell in an action in Flanders.

June 10th, 1866

C. C.

All Communications for the Editor to be addressed to him at his new residence, 6, Sidney-terrace, Grove-road, Victoria-Park, E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Two lines and under, 1s.; every additional line, 3d.; a reduction for a series.

All Advertisements, payable in advance, may be forwarded to Mr. J. H. Powell, at his new residence, 6, Sidney-terrace, Grove-road, Victoria-park.

Advertisements for insertion in the current number must reach the Office two days before the day of publication.

TO THE TRADE.—The *Spiritual Times* is published at 10 o'clock on the day preceding the 1st and 15th of the month, by F. FARRAH, 282, Strand.

COMPLAINTS have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty in obtaining it should send to us, and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 4s. 4d. per quarter.

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To facilitate the obtaining of the *Spiritual Times*, packets will be sent direct from the Office post free to any part of the United Kingdom, by remitting, in advance, as under:—

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Post Office Orders must be made payable to Mr. J. H. Powell, at the Post Office, Mile-End.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF Progressive Spiritualists.

THE Second Convention; JULY 25th, & 26th, 1866.

This Convention will meet for the transaction of the usual business of the above Association, on the days of Wednesday and Thursday, July 25th, & 26th. To commence at ten of the forenoon, in the large assembly room of Mr. Bell's Crown Temperance Hotel, Clayton Street, close to the Central Station of the N. E. Railway, Newcastle upon Tyne, Northumberland.

Spiritual friends intending to be present—to take part (or otherwise) in the proceedings, are respectfully requested to intimate the same, with as little delay as possible, to the Secretary, Dr. Hugh McLeod, Newcastle upon Tyne, } Newcastle upon Tyne. June 15th, 1866.

N. B. A circular, with particulars, will be forwarded to all persons intending to be present.

PRINTING.

Circulars, Bill-heads, Address cards, Pamphlets, Books, and every description of Printing at Reasonable Prices at the office of the "Spiritual Times," 6, Sidney-terrace, Grove-road, Victoria-park.

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This work contains an account of the Author's remarkable Experiences in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, together with a judicious selection from his Poems.

May be obtained of the Author, "SPIRITUAL TIMES" OFFICE.

From the Examiner.

There are some curious details in his account of his life—good, because genuine transcripts of experience.

From the Observer, Oct. 22nd 1865.

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

From the Caledonian Mercury.

From the itinerant career which Mr. Powell has pursued, his book necessarily contains the record of some strange scenes, and the descriptions of some singular characters, and "the story of his life," as told by himself, is not without its lesson and warning. His poems indicate feeling, truth, and earnestness.

Just ready. Price 6d. Post free, 7d.

A WORKING MAN'S VIEW OF TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

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