

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.

AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF FAITH.

"It is my hearty prayer to the Father of Light and to the God of Truth, that all human authority in matters of Faith may come to a full end; and that everyone who has reason to direct him and a soul to save, may be his own judge in everything that concerns his eternal welfare, without any prevailing regard to the dictates of fallible men, or fear of their peevish and impotent censures."—Bishop Chandler.

THERE can be nothing more derogatory to true spiritual life than the assumptions of Authority. Men who have been favoured with a "little learning" and appointed pastors over certain congregations acquire a ready habit of assumption, and prove themselves popes in miniature. They somehow, or other, get hold of the reins of Authority in faith, and it is astonishing how well they manage them. Those however, who submit to their dictum, are mere human puppets, pulled about by the string of Authority, and scarcely deserve pity. Yet the fact that men and women exist, who blindly accept the gospel of the priest, be he catholic or protestant, and never dream of asserting their individual rights of conscience in faith, is subject for deep regret.

Luther struck a heavy blow at Authority, but he did not kill it. He only disabled it. Since his time sects have accumulated, and amidst the greatest diversity of doctrine there has nevertheless, been exhibited more or less, in them all, the same spirit of Authority which subjugated the conscience, and held captive the understanding in the days of Luther.

As protestants, we boast loudly of "civil and religious liberty," yet how little of the individual liberty of conscience, which alone can be of practical worth, do we as a people possess? Authority is the badge of sectarianism. It looks like the figure-head on a vessel—very imposing—but it is nevertheless, a weak substitute for religious liberty. Unless we accredit human nature with mental impotence, we must concede the rights of thought and speech, in matters of faith, to each and all "who have reason to guide them, and souls to save?"

It is the high privilege of man made in the image of his Maker, to claim superiority over all lesser existences. But how much inferior to the brute creation is he, if his soul, or thinking power, in matters of the highest importance—his eternal welfare,—is used for him, and not by him?

Authority in matters of faith, stands in the way of spiritual progress and makes religious war a necessity. If men universally acknowledged the rights of conscience, there would be an end to the disgraceful conflicts in the churches, that make men more like demons than christians. No wars have been more terrible, no results more disastrous to the human race, than those which have originated

under the banners of religious Authority. Freedom to think, fearless of all human authority, on the vital questions of religion, is the prerogative of the human being. He who violates the sacred office of the priest, which should be exercised in ministrations of mercy, to chain the human thought to his own special dogma, is a barrier to spiritual progress. We want religious and mental health. The age needs more of the spirit of humility and the strength of individual character. Men who accustom their limbs to exercise make them strong. Weakness results from bodily lassitude. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind. Once accustom the brain to think for itself, it will become strong and healthy. But on the other hand, let it indulge the luxury of lassitude, and consequent weakness, it will be appalled at the very shadow of Authority, and lose even the power to discriminate between the shadow and the substance. It is true we may err in judgment, and for lack of perception think often very wide of the mark. But that is no reason for placing implicit faith in the opinion of others, without we first ascertain that their opinion is really infallible; and to do that we need infallible powers ourselves. If those who presume to know all about the "unknowable" were not like ourselves—fallible—there would be reason doubtless, in giving them the preference in matters of faith, and blindly submitting to their authority. But seeing that they can necessarily *know* nothing beyond what we know ourselves, it is a wicked abuse of the powers of mind for any of them to exercise authority in matters of faith. Religion is a thing of individual experience. A man may obtain it for himself, he cannot deal it out to others. All the preaching and books in the world, without the sanctifying influence of God operating upon the individual conscience, would have little effect. If we must know the power of truth before we can realize its worth, surely we must feel the need before we can "work out our own salvation." Take away the individuality and you destroy the manhood. Human authority has this fatal tendency.—It paralyzes the soul and renders it unfit for religion; because its power to accept religious truth is inherent and only capable of exercise in freedom. Authority in matters of faith, maintains supremacy over thought only by its subjugation. Fancy the condition of that soul which dares not "work out its own salvation," but vainly imagines a fellow, fallible being, because of his "sacred calling," can do it for him. Can anything be more humiliating? If we are to possess "the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free," we must "work out our own salvation," and hold ourselves responsible to no mere human authority for the faith that is in us. Spiritualism comes to teach us this, and to strike a heavier blow at Authority than was struck by Luther. All human institutions are raised on fallible foundations, and are liable to be washed away by the floods of progress. But whatever of truth belongs to them, belongs to progress and is in no danger of being destroyed. The truth is eternal and is the only authority to which men should yield. Sects have their mission in the grand scheme of life, but they are not the "all in all," only parts of the grand whole. It matters not under what banner, or creed, a man

travels, if he wields the wand of Authority in matters of faith, he worships himself, and not God, and instead of recognizing the universal brotherhood of mankind, ignores it. How such a man can claim to be a christian, is to us an enigma. He who has most love in his soul, is the nearest to God, and consequently, the most humanitarian. Hence, he has no selfish feeling of authority in his breast, but on the contrary, a desire to see all men free as himself, to worship and to love, "without any prevailing regard to the dictates of fallible men, or fear of their peevish and impotent censures."

QUIBBLING.

The writer of the paper "At home with the spirits," which appeared in "All the Year Round," March 2nd, which paper was reviewed by us in the "Spiritual Times," has again ventured in his supreme impudence to attack Spiritualism. Under the heading, "Doubtfully Divine Missions" he assails "the pretensions of the Spiritualists" and to his own satisfaction, quite annihilates them. Here are the writer's remarks upon our article which appeared in No. 102 of the "Spiritual Times." It will be seen that he only attempts to bolster up the "mis-print" of *fortune* for *future*, and to defend himself against the charge of violating the rules of privacy. There were several other points in our remarks, which we are vain enough to deem incontrovertible, this *may* be the reason for the careful omission of the name of our paper, lest perchance some reader of "All the Year Round" should read both sides:—

"But before repeating this twice-told tale, we will advert for a moment to some angry denunciations which have been levelled upon our article entitled "At Home with the spirits," which recently appeared in this journal. In that article it was stated that Mr. Home had sent a circular to his friends begging them to support his lecture, as "much of his *fortune* must depend upon the issue of the experiment." It is complained, in the first place, that it was a violation of the rules of privacy to publish a private circular, and the second that the writer substituted "fortune" for "future." Now, as to the first point, it could be no violation of the rules of privacy to publish what had already appeared in a daily paper; and as to the second, the word "fortune" was simply a misprint of the journal from which the passage was copied. Let us see how the appeal stands in the authentic circular which has been sent to us for our correction and reproof:

"Much indeed of my own *future* must depend upon the issue of this experiment."

At the end of this appeal there is a notification that tickets for the lecture, price half a guinea and five shillings, may be obtained either from Mr. Home or his agent. Now, what is the meaning of "future" here? Do Mr. Home's friends pretend that he meant his state in the world to come? Scarcely I think; for the purchase of his tickets could not effect that, unless his object was to obtain money to pay for masses for his soul.

Then it must be his future in this world. And what do we all understand when a man talks about his "future"? Do we not understand him to mean his prospects in life, his means of existence—in point of fact his "fortune"—money? Where, then, is the essential difference between "fortune" and "future"? Our statement that Mr. Home distributed bills among the audience is denied with an amount of indignation which it is difficult to account for. It is a matter of no importance whatever whether he did or did not distribute bills. We can only suppose that the point has been laid hold of in order, if possible, to convict the writer of a wilful mis-statement that might prove him unworthy of credit as to all the rest. It is, however a most unfortunate circumstance for the denial that several persons can testify that Mr. Home handed about among his friends pieces of paper. Perhaps they were not, strictly speaking "Bills." As to Mr. Home's repudiation of mercenary motives, we may simply state that he himself has admitted that he received twenty-five pounds for his services on the occasion.

In the history of impostures and popular delusions it will be found that objections have invariably been answered by the same kind of quibbling. Trifling matters, not essential to the inquiry, have been substituted for the true issue, and exposure has met with the most impudent denials."

What kind of quibbling is this? Mr. Home having devoted nearly the whole of his mediumistic career, gratuitously to Spiritualism, finds himself (as this writer would probably do were he to write favourably on unpopular topics) necessitated to win money. He decides to deliver a lecture, and chooses the much abused subject of Spiritualism informing his friends that "much of his "future" must

depend upon the issue of the experiment." Surely it does not follow, as this writer would have his readers believe, that "future" is synonymous with money. Could not Mr. Home mean—if my lecture succeeds I will devote myself to the platform, if it fails I must adopt some other method to live, but in either case I do not give up my convictions, nor would I for the wealth of an El-Dorado.

It is a miserable species of "quibbling" for any writer to assume that a man's "future" always means "money." We know—if the writer in "All the year round" does not—that Mr. Home has for years been in a state of feeble health, and not all fit to cope with the giant difficulties in the way of Fortune. If he finds he can obtain £25 or £2500, does that annihilate his honesty and prove him mercenary?

We have no space to deal with the article seriatim, which is mainly devoted to the Cock-lane ghost affair and Johanna Southcott. But for the benefit of our readers we give the closing paragraph:

"As to the idle, silly, and credulous persons who are now abasing their intellects under the feet of that grossest of all the impostures—Spiritualism—we wish them no worse than that they may live long enough to see their names blazoned in the next edition of the "History of Popular Delusions," and that they may come to have as great a horror of rapping tables as the learned St. Andre had of rabbits."

Spiritualists have been so often dosed in this way, that they are beginning to "throw such physic to the dogs." Cannot the writer in "All the Year Round," instead of libelling Mr. Home and the Spiritualists manage to take a cold bath, and a little gentle gymnastic exercise, before writing, it might work a miracle in a mind distressed, if not diseased.

THE DAVENPORTS AT BRUSSELS.

Most of our readers will be interested in the letter we give on another page, from Baron Holmfeld, detailing his experiences with the Davenportes in Hamburg. Since then the Brothers have had an up-hill work to do. They are now in Brussels, which contains, as John King says, the concentrated superstition of the ages; here they have given a press *seance* and several public *seances*, and are succeeding better than they have yet done since they have been on the continent. Later advices inform us, that all the *seances* in Brussels go off with *elate*. At one, the celebrated Victor Hugo, occupied the seat of honour; and at the termination of the *seance*, expressed himself surprised and satisfied with the manifestations, adding that they exceeded anything that he could have deemed possible.

We expect our friend, Mr. Cooper, who has accompanied them, to be at home in a few days. Few have been more self-sacrificing and devoted to the principles of Spiritualism than he has been. We can only again express an oft repeated wish that he may never have cause to regret the part he has taken in our glorious movement.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

On Sunday evening 24th, an overflowing audience met Miss Emma Hardinge at Cleveland Hall, to hear her last Sunday evening discourse, previous to her departure for America.

The subject—"The People's Advent," was treated with more than her usual eloquence. The lady commenced by referring to human as opposed to divine force, showing how poverty and misery, resulted from despotic governments. But God's will, as expressed in the laws of Nature, she confidently foresaw—as the second and triumphant force which would eventually reign. Miss Hardinge next touched upon Astronomy, Geology, and the powers of mind; showing the law of progress everywhere made manifest. Science she said, "shows that the formation of a dew-drop, is the history of the formation of a world." Returning to the idea of human force, she said "It is by the right of force that we have the origin of the divine Institution of slaves and the degradation of woman. Make the slave as strong and as wise as his master, and he is a slave no longer." The three discoveries of the

Mariner's compass—the printing press, and labour-saving machinery, gave her hope for the people and faith in their advent. It is impossible to convey to our readers anything like an adequate idea of the majestic outpourings of real inspiration, which marked this discourse. "The People's Advent" would soon be with us were their teachers all endowed with the liberal and divine sentiments which found eloquent expression from the lips of Miss Hardinge. A more pointed discourse we have never before heard, it was full of poetry, yet logical throughout.

"Oh king! Oh priest!" exclaimed the lady, "in vain ye wield your authority over a people who know ye, and are as wise as yourselves." The audience manifested their appreciation of many parts of the discourse, and felt the magic power of spiritual utterance, when the lady adverted to the mission of Spiritualism in the great work of the future. The discourse which was a lengthy one, was received as it deserved to be, with admiration and delight.

Some questions put by two gentlemen, relative to the subject of the lecture, were answered by Miss Hardinge, to the satisfaction of the majority of her audience.

We trust sincerely that she may have a safe voyage to America, and can only express a wish that the good angels will ever attend her, and that the harvest of her labours may be plentiful.

HONESTY AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

Miss Emma Hardinge lately gave a Second Lecture at Kingston-on-Thames, on "The Ministry of Angels and Evil Spirits." The "Surrey Comet" of the 16th, at the foot of a column, says:—

"We admit we did not go to the Lecture in what the Modern Spiritualists would call a proper state of mind. We went there with a prejudice against "Modern Spiritualism," and came away with it strengthened."

Well done! Mr. Editor or Reporter; this is at least honest. But it is an unfortunate admission on your part. If you were a Judge it might be a sad thing for all prisoners brought before you, if you tried them "with a prejudice against them." It is a hard thing for the best of us to lay our prejudices at the threshold of investigation. Until we do so however, the chances are against us attaining to the truth, than which there is nothing superior. If "Modern Spiritualism" were on its trial, we should object to the reporter of the "Surrey Comet" being one of the jury; because jurymen distorted by "prejudice" necessarily look obliquely. It is no recommendation to the press generally, that they prejudge Spiritualism. But the "Surrey Comet" deserves recommending. It is prejudiced against "Modern Spiritualism" and confesses it. Who will say now that no good can come out of the Nazareth of letters? Surely honesty is good, and the "Comet" is honest if not to the backbone to the tail.

EXPERIENCES OF A LADY.

THE "North Wilts Herald," of Saturday, June 23d, extracts from the "Spiritual Times," the account we gave of Sophia Saunders' mediumship; to which is added the following letter from Mrs. Robert Gribble, of Stratton, Cirencester:—

"If it be not trespassing too much on your space, I should like to give your readers a short account of some manifestations that we have lately had at Stratton, Cirencester. I may state that my niece is steadily developing as a medium, and our intercourse with the spirit world is now so frequent that it has become the rule rather than the exception. To me the spirits only talk by means of table movements and through the writing of the medium; but to her they often speak directly, as she has the faculty of seeing spirits, and hearing them speak, sing, and play. She has advanced beyond the mere alphabet of spiritual manifestations, and is progressing as a writing medium; but the other day, while we were holding a private *seance*, something new in our experience occurred. I was occupied in asking questions, mentally, and the little medium was writing replies prompted by the dictating spirit, when I recollected that spirits had sometimes written their own messages, and being desirous of some

proof on this point, I put a piece of blank paper, with a red pencil, under the table, at the same time noting down a question on another piece of paper, and requesting that the communicating spirit would write a reply. On taking up the piece of paper shortly afterwards, I found my question answered, but, to my astonishment, the writing was *black* not red; and I can positively state that there was nothing under the table excepting a piece of paper with *red lines*, and a red pencil. The experiment was tried a second time with the same result. There was a single red mark (forming, however, no part of the writing) at the bottom of one of the sheets, suggesting the idea that the spirit had tried the red pencil and had not liked it. We have received quite a host of communications purporting to come from the spirits of our departed friends, and many of these bear the marks of unmistakable traits of character, which stamp them as genuine, while others, partly of a predictive nature, receive corroboration in the course of events. Of the latter class, I shall, with your permission, give one instance.

"On Thursday morning, the 19th of April last, I received a letter from my friends at Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, informing me that my father had been poorly, and about half-an-hour afterwards I had a communication from my spirit-mother, telling me that 'dear father is quite well now, and that she thought he would reach her in a few days.' This message, which I must say, I looked upon as being premonitory of the approach of death I embodied in a letter to my friends, and had it posted on Saturday evening; but it was too late, as the sequel will show; for before that—although unknown to me—"the silver cord had been loosed, and the golden bowl broken," and the mortal had put on immortality. The letter, as I have said, was posted on Saturday evening; and on the following morning, Sunday the 22nd, I received another letter from Laugharne announcing the death of my father, which took place on Friday the 20th, in the evening nearly two days after I received the spirit message. My little niece was then reading the hymn commencing 'Do not I love Thee, O my Lord'—a hymn, by the way, which the spirits had turned down for me; and when I made her acquainted with the sad tidings—sad only in an earthly point of view—she told me to dry my tears, because my father had appeared to her at that moment, in white, with a harp hung behind him, and had desired her to tell me not to cry, as he was happy. In his characteristic way and with some force, the spirit of my father then removed the child from the arm-chair in which she was sitting, and which he had occupied while on a visit two years ago, and sat down in it himself. He then said—"Tell her not to fret about me for I am happy," and added—"I will play you one of my hymns;" this he did, and then disappeared until sunset, when he returned accompanied by my spirit-mother and spirit-sister, who were robed in white, and had golden harps, on which they discoursed heavenly music. I now hold daily intercourse with my spirit-father, and other friends, whom I can thus affirm are neither dead nor lost, but only gone before, having crossed the very narrow stream of death. I neglected to mention that I was told, before posting my letter on the 21st, that it was of no use; and as my niece was conveying it to the post office, it was thence drawn from her hand by invisible power. I trust I have not trespassed unduly upon your space."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE DAVENPORTS IN HAMBURG.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,

THERE is some interest in watching the proceedings of the Davenport, and the reception of the manifestations of John King and his associates in Hamburg; the town in Germany, which is in closest connexion with England and America, prominent by its numerous and wealthy population, a centre, as it were, in the periphery of Europe. The brothers, together with Mr. Fay, arrived there at the end of May, after having left Berlin, where they had met a most cordial reception from the public and the press, from the highest summits in society, to the lower planes. But all there now being bustle of arms and preparation for war, a general commotion prevailing in a sense opposite to any spiritual concern, large audiences could neither be expected, nor got, and the mediums left that intelligent city with some under-balance as to their expenses. In Hamburg something awkward might already be anticipated, from the circumstance, that the police, when asked for its permit, referred the question to the sanitary authority. The "Stadt Physikus," a Mr. Buck, (to immortalise his name,) declined his interference, saying:—"What business have I with mountebanks and common conjurers, who have been exposed to ridicule in

Paris, and surpassed by every prestidigitateur who found it worth while to represent their tricks? On the sober intimation that it would be wiser to investigate the matter, and then to form an unprejudiced opinion, the answer was,—“It would be wasting precious time to give a moment's attention to such most common trickery.” Nevertheless, the permission was given, and the brothers appointed for a first press *séance*, Thursday the 31st of May, inviting sundry authorities and prominent men to a gratuitous exhibition in the large Convent Hall. A significant indication of the spirit, presiding in the public of this city, was that the Editors of one of the prominent political papers (the Correspondent) sent back the tickets, because it was not chosen for advertisement. The other papers immediately took a most virulent position against any inference of occult or unknown power, being the concurring agency. The current London slang-*encomium*—“clever, very clever indeed!” was the common pass-word, nobody being the least inclined to support spiritual agencies whatever. The only thing that puzzled the leading voices was, that they could not immediately make out *how* the tricks were done. The disappointment for such first-rate intelligences, in not been able to reduce the phenomena to their level, caused in the one a great wrath and animosity against the too clever conjurors; in the others, sundry explications, guesses, inferences, etc., the one more stupid than the other. Could the “media” not possibly be monsters with four hands, the one pair being somehow hidden?—said the one; while the other intimated that the circumstance of the cabinet having three doors, instead of two, would sufficiently account for the trickery. Why are there three doors not two? while the two doors are shut, the man at the third door effects the whole. I heard a lady, somehow connected with Paris, seriously tell that a gentleman from that metropolis had reported that somebody there had asked Mr. Fay, whether he might put his hand upon his shoulder. He declined it, and nothing is more evident than that the trick lies there, viz: in Mr. Fay's shoulder. The “Freyschütz” displayed his mental weakness, and put forward a demand to the Police that it ought to interfere, and prohibit such swindling impostures. Another paper, “Tremdenblatt,” indifferent in itself, but important in its own lurid persuasion, contained its stupid attacks under the name of Leopold Heckscher, a forlorn scribbler of the kind which swarms throughout Germany, averring the fact that the Christians throughout are reduced to the Jewish character, and the Jews, being Annihilists throughout, in a world of materialism, feel all-important in their nothingness. Under the guidance of such spurious lights, the public was like a herd scattered in all directions. Whatever may be the impression upon men like Mr. Richter and his satellites in the “Reform,” notwithstanding their being shut up against spiritual truth, they felt obliged, in the interest of their papers, to yield to the force of the impulse, which prejudice had given to public opinion. The manifestations through nine *séances* were brilliant and imposing beyond description. For every doubt there was an answer in the facts, which were plain and unmistakable. The working spirit, whether you call him John King, or as he calls himself, Henry Morgan, spoke even “*viva voce*” in the dark *séance*, and nobody could complain of having been without special admonition or warning, either by the touch of spiritual hands, or by the instruments, the direction of which, according to wishes or palpable purposes, even to the eyes of a prejudiced audience, was evident. In a secluded *séance* the spirit, animadverted upon the indifference of the people in Hamburg, with his habitual humor advised the brothers to get a tub of “lager bier rolled before the audience and make a good provision of polonius sausages, then they would see the difference, and be sure of a numerous audience.” “You do the business,” he said, “that's your affair; and I do the manifestations.”

The want of interest and attention, as to the manifestations, in this town may be worth observation and reflection, because it shows the low degree of spiritual interest in Germany throughout, and how little expectation may be fostered as to the actual and speedy development of Spiritualism in the great fatherland of scepticism. Nevertheless, during this depressed state of spiritual action in Hamburg, manifestations occurred worth the liveliest attention and consideration. Both the spirits, which take the most active part in the manifestations, the male spirit, Henry Morgan, and the female spirit, Kate, represented as being his wife, entered into repeated and regular conversations, not only in the cabinet, or in the *séance*, but in a darkened room at my house. After a short meeting in the cabinet, the spirit, addressed as John King, told me himself, that in the evening he would give more ample communications, provided the room was made darker than the cabinet then was (early in the afternoon), and when we met in a properly darkened room I immediately felt the trumpet floating in the air and heard the voice addressing me with great distinctness and force, and turning itself to other gentlemen when addressing them. When asking a question the answer was ready at hand, nearly before the last word of the question had sounded, and Kate generally took up the topic, making her remarks often with fun and puns. I asked John King, how he could account for the indifference of the

public in Hamburg. He answered, “the people here are two hundred years behind their time; they are most material and don't pay attention to spiritual things. They won't hear about “geister,” Kate adding the remark, “they call it ‘spuk.’” We asked: “what is the aim of your manifestations?” John King answered: “there is only one aim, one object in view, to convince people about the immortality of the soul. If they come here, people are much the same as they were before, and you may fairly tell them, that as the tree is felled so it remains; only there is progress. I am commissioned to do these things and there are those who direct me. Angels are seen, but far off, on high and distinguished by a bright light.” Thus he entered into sundry spiritual matters, promiscuously interrupted by talkative Kate. When asked whether the ladies might be invited to converse with him, he had some objections on account of their talk. He admitted them however, and begun his communications by taking hold of a basket with shells, and expressing his satisfaction in finding and handling them. He threw them at the ladies and hit them with great exactness and continued the conversation for a quarter of an hour, responding to every question and interpellation, ending with a hearty “good night,” just as if he was exhausted or tired. But Kate did not come forward in this mixed company, and howsoever prone she before had been to speak and make jokes, she now had wrapped herself up in silence.

I am, yours &c.,
C. Dirckinck Holmfeld.

Hamburg, June 10th, 1866.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—Please allow me to call your attention to the address on “The Lord's Prayer, by Mr. Wallace, medium,” which appeared in the *Spiritual Times* for May 15th, 1866, in which there appears a misquotation from the Holy Word. He says in reference to Jesus, “but He Himself says, pray to our Father, my Father, and your Father, but not to me.” Now, Mr. Wallace must be aware that the last part of this quotation is nowhere recorded in the Holy Word, and is no utterance of the Lord's. On the contrary, Jesus reproves one of his disciples for seeking to see the Father out of himself, saying, “Have I been so long time with you and hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father—the Father dwelleth within me.” And Stephen, to whose eyes Heaven was opened, saw the glory of God, and Jesus “standing at the right hand;” and Stephen, thus highly favoured, did not pray to the “glory of God,” but to Jesus, saying, “Lord Jesus receive my spirit.”

Probably the peculiar phrase “the glory of God,” at the right hand of which Jesus was seen standing, is best explained and understood by the revelations of Swedenborg, whose veracity is above all doubt, and whose intercourse with the inner world of spiritual being is unquestionable; and that intercourse being of a kind that did not divest him of the exercise of his own rational powers of mind, enabled him above all others to lay down and demonstrate the principles that govern society in that inner world of spiritual being, and thus bring before the minds of his readers a rational perception of the appearances and manifestations in it. His uniform testimony is that God, in His inmost nature, is infinitely above the perception and sight of man or angel. He is altogether veiled within the sun of the spiritual world, whose rays of heat and light are His own love and wisdom, adapted to impart love and wisdom to every being throughout the boundless range of his creation—which rays, on Swedenborg's principles, are “the glory of God.” And he further shows that Jesus was Jehovah manifested in humanity for human redemption, which humanity He glorified, made divine; and now His abode is in that glorious sun, and He can manifest Himself to those who can bear the sight, either as seen in that sun, or out of it, yet manifesting divine omnipotence, which His right hand represents. And it is evident that the impression of His omnipotence made on Stephen's mind was such as inspired him with the fullest confidence that He was the All-powerful One that could receive him into eternal life. When, too, we reflect that Jesus represents Himself as the vine, of which his true disciples are the branches, receiving all their life from him—his words being, “Abide in me and I in you, as the branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine, no more can ye unless ye abide in me;” and also He says, “Come unto me and I will give you life,” with many other passages—it is evident that the Holy Scriptures teach that our life is derived from Him—that He is the regenerator, communicating a new life to man; and thus he is the spiritual Father. And so it is that a true interpretation of the Holy Word presents Him to us, and Him alone, as “our Father who art in Heaven.”

Excuse me turning the attention of your readers to this great subject. Its importance is my only plea for doing so.

I am yours respectfully,

ALLAN DRYSDALE.

Alloa, 18th June, 1866.

HOMELY HOMILIES.

By J. H. POWELL.

NO. 1.—LOVE.

PART. 2.

(Concluded.)

In that beautiful parable of the prodigal son, we have an instance, worth special attention, of the effect of parental love. The prodigal leaves his father's roof, taking with him his portion of goods, and journeys into a far country where he wastes his substance in riotous living. There arises a famine and the wanderer experiences the pangs of hunger. Now begins the work of remorse and penitence, till he resolves to retrace his steps and crave his father's forgiveness. We are told, when the prodigal was a great way off, his father saw him, had compassion on him, and fell on his neck and kissed him. The father did not upbraid the prodigal for his past misconduct, he did what was better—allowed his parental love to control him, and, by avoiding the slightest allusion to the past, stimulated in the prodigal's breast hope in the future. There was a brother at work in the field, who laid the "flattering unction to his soul" that he had not proved recreant to his home, hearing great rejoicings at the house in welcome of the prodigal, he grew wroth and went to his father and indignantly protested against what he considered the unfairness of the welcome given to his prodigal brother, since he who had never deserted the paternal roof had no special feast given to him. The father simply replied:—"It was meet that we make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again—was lost and is found."

Can a more beautiful lesson be taught by worldly philosophy than is presented in this simple parable? Here we see the operation of Love, which beget sympathy, kindness, and forgiveness. Suppose the father had turned his back upon his penitent child—saying:—"get thee hence son, not of mine, but of perdition!" there would have been no cause for merriment and gladness in the house; the father could not have been happy; and the discarded penitent might have wandered sorrowfully into the deepest quagmires of sin. We are told that "there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." Where Love abides there the angels of mercy and divine forgiveness dwell. Had even the prodigal son returned to his home an impenitent, although he would have deserved his father's displeasure, we may reasonably suppose he would not have forfeited his parent's love, which existed independently of the prodigal's actions. So do I confidently suppose it is with our heavenly Father, His love like the sun, shines down upon the evil and the good. It is our own fault if we do not come near enough to realize its fulness.

In our human relations, the presence of Love is always delightful. The sweet love of infancy; the bold love of manhood; the intense love of home; the broad love of country; and the great love of the universe; all give theme for reflection and rejoicing. No man can love God and at the same time hate his fellow man. Humanity are in relationship to the Great Infinite. How, therefore, can man injure his kind and whilst doing so get accredited with godliness? Our outer are the reflex of our inner lives. We cannot be lamb-like and wolfish at the same time. Love is self-sacrificing; yet there is a love of self, but it has neither part nor parcel with that divine Love which weds us to the angels.

Christ who loved humanity so much that He devoted His life to their service, was constantly giving His disciples examples such as the one contained in the parable I have already referred to, where Love, transfigured in the life of the father, becomes the herald of hope and the minister of salvation to the long-lost son. "God is a spirit and those that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." God is also Love and none but those thirsting for Love can truly be said to realize its holy richness. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God;" that is, seek the Truth and ye will of necessity love the Good or God.

A child can understand the plain lessons of the heart. Dry metaphysics would be nauseous diet for its pure soul; but its little spirit feeds upon its mother's smile. Here is manifest the working of Love which the child can feel but cannot reason on. Even so is it with Religion, when it is presented in simple diction. The unlettered can appreciate the deep pathos of heavenly affection, although they may fail to comprehend the "thirty nine articles. The scriptures are very explicit and beautifully simple in all their essential moral teachings—"the wayfarer though a fool need not err therein." But the moment one of the knotty questions of doctrine gets into a simple man's head, depend upon it, he is a very fortunate being if it does not turn his brain. How exceedingly beautiful are these passages:—

"God is Love." "The love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them." "Take heed of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "But he that is great among you let him be as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve." "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

There are no metaphysical intricacies to wade through to get at the meaning of such passages—the wayfarer cannot mistake it, if he be not altogether misled by some kind of doxy. There is a sad falling off from the ancient faith—a want of spiritual life in the churches—less doctrine and more love, the central and vitalizing power of Religion. It is in vain that men occupy themselves in bolstering up orthodoxy and heterodoxy, whilst the fires of faith smoulder out, lacking the breath of spiritual Love.

The dry bones of Dogmatism are strown over the pathway of life and the pilgrims of progress march over them; still the cry is heard—more faith, more love. The world is sick from the excess of dogma—it needs regenerating—spiritualizing with Love—the Divinity of Religion.

After nearly two thousand years' preaching and teaching, is it not strange that the world is still possessed of so little of vital Christianity, which has no special regard for formalism? But the seeds are deep in the human soul nevertheless, and will yet I believe, spring up into beautiful flowers which shall not only adorn but elevate human life. Whilst however, we are merely content to talk about being good, as we bow down to the idols of fashion, and instead of recognising the divine teaching that all men are brethren—and that it is our duty to love one another—build up walls strong as adamant to separate the pastures of the rich from those of the poor; our Religion is none of Christ's, and our talk about godness so much "tinkling brass." Assumed goodness will avail us nothing. Masculine virtues are full and rounded. No age ever needed them more than this. Love is the chief of all the virtues. Do we obey its behests? Do we ever ask ourselves how much love is in us?—love to parent, wife, child, country, God? How much of the self-abnegating principle of Christian love, which sacrifices for the world's good, is in us? Do we hate others because they occupy positions above or below us? If so true Religion, which is Love, can have little influence upon us. Do we covet place or power, regardless of moral or Christian considerations? If so, we need that fulness of spiritual love, which would make us considerate to others and less selfish. Jesus was a humanitarian lover. He was not content with mere theoretic experiences. He was eminently practical. Look at His glorious life and sublime death. Daily doing His Father's will on earth, He yet carried His divine obedience even to the cross, and forgave His crucifiers. Amazing power of spiritual love! can we ever be sufficiently grateful for its sacred lesson! May we one and all, to the best of our God-given ability, imitate the conduct of Jesus; then we shall indeed prove to ourselves the all-conquering power of Love. We can make no sincere effort in that direction without tasting of its fruits.

Let no one fear to approach the footstool of Divine Love because he may be of humble origin. God looks at the heart, not at the worldly position of a man. True humility is a flower of Paradise in the human soul, and is often most tenderly preserved by the poor. God being Love—universal Love—He cannot be the Father of the Gentile and not of the Jew—of the white man and not of the black man. Let none presume to approach the great Fountain of Love with their hearts full of worldly pride and hostility to duty, and expect to be well replenished by it. Seek and ye shall find, (but seek in the proper spirit,) the gracious blessings of Love

The angels of Mercy are knocking at the temples of Theology waiting for admittance. They come to inspire the formulist with love, and to infuse into his church a little healthy faith. A new dispensation is dawning upon us; messengers from the upper spheres love-commissioned, are prompting us to action; and surely as this spiritual dispensation gains power, the soul-forces will be arrayed which shall herald to the world a greater Religious Reformation than that which centred in Luther. Progress is the law of existence both in the mundane and spiritual worlds. In this great law of Progress here and Hereafter, do I trustingly recognise the power of that Divine Love which is free to the vilest sinner, when like the prodigal, he shall return to his Father.

May we all drink deeply of the Love-stream of Divinity, and we shall more fully realize the infinite blessing of life, and gratefully acknowledge the supremacy of Love, proceeding from the Great Life from whom all lesser life originates; then we may expect the angels to rejoice over our choice of that "better part" which a whole world of self-interests can neither give nor take away.

In receiving upon testimony statements that are rejected by the vulgar as totally incredible, a man of cultivated mind is influenced by the recollection, that many things at one time appeared to him marvellous which he now knows to be true, and he thence concludes, that there may still be in nature, many phenomena and many principles, with which he is entirely unacquainted. In other words, he has learned from experience, not to make his own knowledge, his test of probability.—Abercrombie.

THAT there are demonical dreams, we have little reason to doubt. Why may there not be angelical? If there be guardian spirits, they may not be inactively about us in sleep, but may sometimes order our dreams; and many strange hints, instigations and discourses, that are so amazing unto us, may arise from such foundations.—Sir Thomas Browne.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

(Condensed from the "Inner Life.")

PART I.

Oh! mother, stay those falling tears, and, Effie, hush thy sighs;
And give me up to God; till then my spirit cannot rise.
I'm breathing in a blessed trance, and soon I have to go:
The room was dark a moment since, but now 'tis all aglow,—
Aglow with rosy light, wherein the blessed Angels stand;
And I shall keep the May Day in their brighter, better land.

Hush! do not speak. One, with a crown of myrtles on his brow,
Is telling me of wondrous things;—break not the silence now,—
Of streams with liquid melody through pleasant fields that glide,
And there he says, the bridegroom finds his heart's affianced bride.
Strange, mother! I have often heard through nights of anguish long,
As if to soothe my aching heart, a low, sweet bridal song:—
More sweet it comes,—I'm going home,—your forms I cannot see,
But plainer grow the shining ones, with whom I soon shall be!

The May, the pleasant English May, will blossom far and near,
But, in the land I'm going to, 'tis spring tide all the year;
And every day the flowerets grow more odorous and rare,
For gentle deeds and loving words change into blossoms there.
I'm steeped in such delicious rest:—I cannot, cannot stay:—
On the first beam of morning light my soul will glide away.

PART II.

I thought to wake an airy thing, with phantoms pale and white,
Made up of vapours pure and fine, and beams of floating light;
But here I am, with azure eyes and locks of golden curl,
And dimpled cheek, and rounded arm, an artless English girl.
A shadow of my earthly home was all I hoped to find,
But heaven is sure a real world in glowing skies enshrined.
And holy saints, I thought to see with scanty hair and grey,
Are golden youths and maidens fair, dressed for a marriage day.
Through every heart the holy stream of endless worship flows,
But lights the face with loving smiles and blushes like the rose.

The morning-glories climb the eaves, and crimson in the sun;
The daisies in the meadows grow, and seven I find for one;
The hawthorn edges, white with bloom, on every side I see;
The robin pipes, the skylark sings, and hums the honey bee;
The church spire crowns the distant hill; the May pole decks the green;
And, o'er the pleasant garden walks, the orchard branches lean;
The fields are bright with golden grain, the dingles laugh with flowers,
And deeds of cheerful kindness fill the day's delightful hours.

I asked to see my grandsire old;—a youthful bridegroom came;
And grandmamma drew near, attired in robes of lily flame;
A bridal dress it was, and she was here a tender spouse,
With virgin blushes on the cheek and roses on the brows.
I gazed at her, and then my heart found happy words to say,
"Sure you are the Queen of the May, mother! sure you are the
Queen of the May."

PART III.

I thought that Robin was not mine, because when Effie grew
More lovely, he his love from me with scarce a wish withdrew.
And, when he made the most of me, a something in me said,
"A deeper, purer love will come, till then remain unwed."
I little thought to find it here.—But hush! an Angel stands
Outside the pleasant garden-gate, with myrtles in his hands;
And I am decked in dainty white;—my eyes with tears are dim,
With tears of silent joy, that flow all for the love of him.

I know him not by outward name, but oft, beside the streams
Of Paradise I seem to walk, in girlhood's early dreams,
With one who bore that blessed face, so free from earthly guile,
Who came with just such myrtle boughs, and just that tender smile.
'Tis Robin's brother, and he died, on earth, a little child,
To keep his heart in heaven for me, all fresh and undefiled.

It seemed to be a cruel fate, that I should wither down,
Just in my girlhood, with a blight upon my May Day crown;
But now I see how kind it was, in Him the Angels love,
To wean my heart from earthly things to endless joy above.
I fall and worship at His feet, like her who knelt of old,
And wiped the precious tears away with tresses all of gold.
I kneel and bless His holy name; I should not here abide,
If Jesus, for the love of me, had suffered not and died.

SEEING FACE TO FACE.

I think there is great grandeur in the fact that Christianity has not made a full revelation of the things to come; I think there is a great deal of grandeur and originality in that idea. There is a reason for that in the discipline we need. Gradual growth must develop us and make us all we should be; Christianity should not reveal everything to us. I have no faith in those revelations which pretend to show us the hidden world turned inside out. We need not to see it, and this is the

reason why Christianity has not shown us the details of the future life, and flashed them upon our vision. But at the same time, as a religion of benevolence, Christianity would have informed us if these great primary instincts played us false. A remarkable passage of the New Testament, in which Christ is speaking to his disciples, refers to this very point. "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." I think a great deal of what Christ did not tell us. He did not tell us there was a God; He did not tell us there was a Father of life. I hold that even the sceptic, even he who insists that Christ was nothing more than a good man, even he must conceive that Christ was not a benevolent being, if he left these primary instincts uncontradicted, they being false. Therefore I argue that as Christ has not told us they were false, they are true, and point to something higher and better.

Yes; we see darkly, but we do see. And in the very faculty of seeing there is proof that we shall see better face to face. O, desolate, martyred mourner! face to face shall you have recognition in heaven. But why need I raise that question for a single moment? You shall see, not face to face with these poor masks of clay perhaps, subject to the mortal weakness of our dim senses; but face to face in a more deep and intimate realization than we can now even think of. O, you shall see and know those whom you have lost. In this deep fountain of affection is the proof that you shall see face to face, because, though dimly and darkly, you do see a little now. My friends, the inference from superstition is not scepticism, as some foolishly and in a most shallow manner argue. They go on and tell us many believed these distortions of the blessed conceptions of the future life, and what do they infer? It is all a shadow, all nonsense—the priest's theory, the doctrines of the Bible, the sacred books of other nations, all are nonsense, all dreams. You might just as well tell me that all life is nonsense; you might just as well tell me that the pyramids of Egypt stand upon nonsense; you might just as well tell me that the sure foundations of earth and heaven stand upon nonsense, as to tell me that this deep primal faith that has moved the world, in God the Father of life, is anything else but true.—*Dr. E. H. Chapin.*

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.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Question What difference was there between the mediumship of the Apostles, and the mediums of the present day?

"They were mediums of God's own choice, prepared by Him, for the pure inspiration of His word.

"Truly will Spiritualism throw a bright, clear interpretation upon much of the scriptures. The ancient prophets, in their visions were influenced even as your mediums of this day are. The higher the character and yearning for all good, so much greater will be the pure development. The Old Testament and the New Testament visions, were given through inspired writing mediums, and were the highest development of mediumship that God has ever given on earth.

It was needful, for the gift of the holy scriptures. So did He choose, high and holy mediums, and train them, directly by His holy spirit quite independently of us, His ministering spirits, and usual mediums between God and your earth-mediums, who from the long rejection of spirit-intercourse, now, could not be influenced by God direct, and yet live. The body frail and earth-like would die. But He, through His holy prophets of old—they being peculiarly capable of receiving spirit influence, and living nearer to God, in a truly childlike spirit receiving His inspirations, were so trained and inspired by the Giver of all good, to receive the pure word, and to transmit it to posterity. They had greater need of spirit influence, being deprived of the holy teachings of Christ's life on earth.

"The histories of the tribes of Israel, with all their sinful wanderings, and want of trust, were written as histories, and show how prone human nature ever is, to fall from good and follow evil. They were taught by direct messengers from heaven. Angels commonly walking with them in human form, as in the case of Jacob, who truly wrestled with God. They had as you have, evil spirits. For "like to like" is the universal law and those who idly, and for earth-purposes, sought aid from spirit help, would naturally bring to them the earth-like and undeveloped natures. Much of the history, is also symbolical. In those days, much was taught by symbolical images. In the early days of the world, when mankind, as a race, were in their infancy, and had no precedents to learn from, that was God's way of giving instruction. The psalms of David and other songs of praise were spoken under spirit influence, and preserved by His wisdom and goodness, for our edification and holy profiting.

The prophecies were given in visions, inexplicable to the receiver. Daniel was the most directly God like medium—a prayerful,

God-like spirit, living in his integrity through all the earthly temptations which beset him on every side. The Eastern nations were, and still are great mediums. Seeing that in their quarter of the globe all the early experiences took place, and it was, as I tell you, in the early days, that all was directly taught by spirit intercourse. Leave off."
St. Leonards-on-Sea. F. J. T.

THE CONDITION FOR REGENERATION.

ON Monday evening, June 18th, a private sitting took place at our residence. Among the mediums present, were Mr. and Mrs. Meers, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and Miss Cogman. A harmonious circle was soon formed, and some table manifestations of an ordinary kind took place. We present a tolerably full report of the entranced utterances of Mr. Wallace and Miss Cogman.

(Through the Mediumship of Mr. Wallace.)

When man shall realize the fact that he is an atom in the economy of the universe; when he shall learn that he is a Divine spark, emanating from Deity, he will be in a condition for regeneration. The body of man is composed of all the materials that compose the universe. Man is a microcosm, or a little world in himself; a connecting link between the animal creation and the spirit world. When man shall realize the fact, that he is a Divine spark, or spiritual substance; when he shall possess the consciousness that he is an immortal being; when he shall realize the fact that he exists for eternity, and that he lives for happiness or misery, the work of regeneration will begin. But regeneration does not take place instantly—it is a work of time. When man fails to look at himself in the light of immortality, he asks: "for what purpose do I exist? Is all nature in harmony, like a musical instrument, well-tuned, and man alone the only thing that is discordant?" Reason says:—"Yes!" When he realizes the knowledge that God has appointed means by which he shall receive consolation; when he is in a fit condition to receive it, he will be in the way of regeneration. Much has been written on Free-Will. The reasoner says: man being in a prison, where is his free-will? But whether a man be a prisoner involuntarily or voluntarily, he can will to be spiritually free.

Many have travelled from sect to sect, and found no rest until they became *en rapport* with the Spirit-world; then they have been led to consider all dogmas and forms as the mere husks of faith. The world is not yet prepared to understand pure religion, without dogmatic notions. No! it will take ages yet, before mankind can throw off the pomps and vanities of the world and live a life of love, of peace, and of unity. The true spiritually-minded man can look at all the religions of the world, and see upon what step of Jacob's ladder they stand. A true spiritually-minded man will look upon all as children of God. The Religionist and the anti-Religionist, the pure and the impure, are alike brothers; for God is no respecter of persons. Though there be some cast in prisons as criminals, yet they are still God's children, and if He has not placed them there, He has permitted them to be there, that they might gain in experience and attain to virtue.

(Question.) Does the spirit that addressed us, take interest in the spiritual movement on earth?

Spirit—"Yes!"

"Does it perceive satisfactory progress?"

Spirit—"Yes! Seven years ago we predicted that manifestations would be given publicly in London, and that mediums would spring up in all directions. We stated that a shout would be heard throughout the Island. We further stated that the sword would pass through America, and that, that great blotch, that abominable system of man-stealing, would be abolished. We also stated that the sword would be drawn through Europe, and you see the consequences. One more prediction we made, viz.—that Spiritualism would centre in this metropolis, and that from England mediums would be sent to all parts of the world; these things have yet to be fulfilled. We opposed the false doctrines of Free Love. We also stated that the doctrine of Re-incarnation or Metempsychosis would be promulgated. We have been asked, "will evil predominate? Will evil continue in the world?" We have given it as our opinion that this world was never intended for a paradise."

(Here Miss Cogman was entranced, and was made to say:—

"Men must all become spiritualized and pure. What will be done with this earth? Shall this beautiful earth be consumed? Shall the lovely flowers be destroyed?"

Mr. Wallace,—“Judging from the past, we see islands where there were seas. In about 72,000 years from this time, the sea will be the dry land, and the dry land will be the sea. So the world travels on, but man is still man. For men are created men and not angels.”

Miss Cogman:—"Then there will be no end to material bodies?"

Mr. Wallace:—"It is written that in the beginning was *logos* or language. We declare that there never was a time when God alone existed."

Miss Cogman:—"But my friend, my eyes are dull and I cannot comprehend what you say. I want to know if the world will cease to exist?"

Mr. Wallace:—"So long as ether exists, material things will exist; "as it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be." All is progression! What the Divine Essence is, no mortal can comprehend. There are no angels or spirits, but which were once men in material bodies as we are. It is written that God created man "a little lower than the angels." The highest archangel in the heavens knows not what he will be. God cannot destroy the work of his own hand. We are all parts of "that stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul."

Miss Cogman:—"The veil is still before my eyes I cannot see."

The following was then delivered by Miss Cogman:—
"Persons will say:—"Trouble, trouble is before us. We are never happy; there is always something or other, coming to cause us pain. It makes us wish that we never trod the earth, or were never born." "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." If there were no trouble, there would be no real happiness. Men do not know, they cannot see the spiritual spheres. They do not know this little Island, they do not know the earth, and when a man cannot look before him, and make his mind happy, poor in spirit he must be. We must be subjected to all pains. If a man could be perfectly happy, he would lie down, and feel even happiness insipid; a little pain would give him relief. We see the little babe, a mysterious little thing, it cannot see its mother, it cannot hear her voice, until its little senses are awakened. Its mind progresses with the body, and as it grows illustrates the law of progression. And this is the progression I have to speak of. It is God's progression! Now we will tell you how men's minds have been trained to this great truth of Spiritualism. They called it at first Providence, and now they call it Spiritualism. But some do not like the term. Spirit! Spirit! Oh! come among us I pray! and may we also lift up our life-spark; may it be developed, and not dwell too long on this lower world of doubt! We want something more than the shadow. "Ask, and ye shall receive," the way is strait—the lamp is light—you may see, but if you place your own stumbling block in the way, you will fall over it."

How strange it is, and yet how beautiful, and yet how mistrustful, that we can judge our brother's character by his appearance. We see a man who is a little higher than the animal. Is there no progression for him? Pity him, and help him onward, for his mind has not been trained, his senses are dark. Then we should light him up, with the bright light of knowledge. Those who can give knowledge to such an one, will find that he will begin to look upon the flowers, and then raise his eyes higher, even to the stars, and wonder who made them. He will not be satisfied when he has gazed upon the stars. He will feel that his mind has been neglected. Whenever you see a brother thus, pity him, and help him onward. Shall we look upon such a man whom we have described as a little higher than the animal, and say—that he is doomed to be damned, and must be burned in everlasting fire? No! rather say that his intellect will burn with everlasting fire. Never regret that you speak words of kindness to the poor and dejected. Everything has life. There is no death. We may call it death—call it the shadow—but really and truly, all is everlasting life."

TEXTS.

These texts, it may be interesting to our readers to know were given to Mrs. Berry, by the spirit controlling her, using her finger and pointing to them with great rapidity. [E.D. S. T.]

"WHEREFORE I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands."—1 Timothy, 1 chap. & 6th. verse."

"But *there* is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."—Job, 32 chap., 8 verse.

"The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."—Job, 33 chap., 4 verse.

"His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth."—Job, 33 chap., 25 verse.

"For the day of the Lord is near upon all the heathen."—Obadiah, part of 15th verse.

"And all flesh shall see the salvation of God."—St. Luke, 3 chap. 6 verse.

"And I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make *you* afraid."—Leviticus 26 chap., 6 verse.

"And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases parted from them."—Acts 19 chap., 11, & part of 12 verse.

"The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will."—Proverbs, 21 chap., 13 verse.

"Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."—Psalms 90, 1 & 2 verse.

"Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—St. Matthew, 18 chap. 19 verse.

"Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—St. Matthew, 15 chap., part of 28 verse.

"And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence."—St. Matthew, 19 chap., 15 verse.

"And when we cried unto the Lord, He heard our voice, and sent an angel."—Numbers, 20 chap., 16 verse.

"Cannot I do with you as this potter saith the Lord. Behold as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand."—Jeremiah, 18 chap., 6 verse.

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.

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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.

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