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REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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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.

OUR DUTY TO CHILDREN.

As children we enter existence having no voice in the affairs of society. If our surroundings happen to be favourable, so much the better; if on the contrary, they happen to be unfavourable, so much the worse. We may be born to a patrimony of riches and ignorance, or ignorance and disease. We may be born to a patrimony of toil, care and misfortune, and live to curse the day on which we were born. Whatever possessions fall to us by virtue of birth, are manifestly inherited, and ours by no fault or merit of our own. Seeing this, we acknowledge the chain that links the past to the present, and the present to the future; and cannot fail to see how necessary it is for us, as men and women, fathers and mothers, to neglect no duty towards our children, who are to be the men and women of the future. We have it in our power to leave them either legacies of good or evil. We may choose to feed their little souls with the manna of heavenly truth, or the husks of doctrine. To us belongs the mission of surrounding the young with such conditions as will incline them to the practice of virtue or vice. Children are readily impressed; they have no world-cares haunting their young lives (at least not those who may be said to enjoy childhood). "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Parents, teachers, playmates, all animate and inanimate objects that are seen by them, affect them. Hence the necessity of maternal solicitude, genial influences and gentle instruction, to answer the demands of the child's nature. Those only deserve the name of parent in its loftiest sense, who feel themselves responsible for more than the food and clothing of their children. Nothing is easier than to feed, dress and spoil children. Foolish parents imagine that their love for their children is measured by the fine clothes, and quantity and quality of the diet they give them. This is a fatal mistake. Give a child an example of honesty and industry, and although it shall be very coarsely fed and clothed, it shall learn to respect you with a feeling that time will deepen; because by so doing, you give food to the soul which never palls upon the spiritual appetite. Parents who recognize only the animal in their children, are animalized themselves.

Nothing in creation is more beautiful than a guileless child. As its life unfolds we behold heaven upon earth, and instinctively shudder at the brutal theology which consigns what it recognizes as *unredeemed* children to perdition. What in fact can be more horrible than the pictures of God's vengeance, the devil's triumphs and hell's tortures, which theology paints on the memory of children? and yet to this end, more than half our Sunday and Day schools are established; and the fatal result follows, that very many of the children trained in such a darkened creed, get

deeper in the dark as they grope along, and alas! often close their earth-career all the worse for their creed.

There is another side to the picture of child-training, in Sunday and Day schools which acts beneficially, that is, where God's love is made the prominent feature, and the terrible ideas of hell and the devil are kept in abeyance; or the children are past feeling the awful importance of such teachings. The best way to win a child's affections is by kindness; use harshness, and the child will long remember it, and never approach you without fear. Orthodoxy is at war with nature and childhood. It cannot hold its own, and allow even a little child to go to heaven, without the Church first gives it the pass hence. We have no end of absurd ideas promulgated in order to square common sense with dogma. Common sense says, a child can by no manner of means be accountable for the teachings it has received, and certainly cannot be supposed when it dies, to be cast into Hell, where there is perpetual wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the fire is never quenched. Orthodoxy replies with a text, and goes on teaching A. B. C., mixed with the most repulsive ideas which almost annihilate common sense. We have seen so much of the effect of orthodox teaching to make us feel that all hope of a purely national system of religious instruction (religious in contradistinction to dogmatic), being brought about, must depend greatly on common sense—which is often very uncommon—because, whilst the young are drilled into doctrinaires they are losing the vital both in religion and knowledge. Every parent is entitled to send his children to the school he shall think best, but there is little choice for the parents who object upon conscientious principles, to have their children stuffed with some one or other of the dogmas. Until the questions of doctrine are allowed to remain *veiled*, and the founders and managers of schools are free from the thralldom of sect, the rising generation *must* still feed and starve upon husks.

One of the most pleasing signs of Spiritualism in America, is the dawning into life of "the Children's Progressive Lyceum." Cannot something like it be started in England? * Where are the children of Spiritualists to receive that full measure of real knowledge which their little souls require, if they are forever to be forced into the arms of orthodoxy? We must feel that Spiritualism in England is very slow indeed at working necessary changes. We are not desirous of underrating philanthropy and real zeal in the cause of the young which are characteristic of many of the supporters of the orthodox schools; but simply to show that husks of dogma will not satisfy, and that the progressive life of the age demands that its teachers shall be liberal in soul as well as in purse and zeal.

Whilst we are firmly convinced that Doctrinalism is in the way of Education, we nevertheless cannot see that purely secular education would satisfy the demands of the child. We must never forget that the *inner* as well as the outer nature needs culture; and religion "pure and undefiled," can only satisfy it. Religion is not a cloak to be put on once a week and then thrown off again. It is a thing of everyday use, and cannot be separated from education.

without endangering the spiritual health. Let our children be taught, and let the teaching be sanctified by religion, and we may feel sure that in the degree in which we are true to the Higher Law, which is love, the soul of Religion, we shall benefit the rising generation.

. Since writing this article we are pleased to learn that some of the working Spiritualists of Nottingham, have started a Children's Progressive Lyceum. We heartily wish success to the undertaking.

A LADY OPPONENT.

WE have heard Mrs. Law, but the world has not stood still, and we are little the wiser. She delivered a lecture at Cleveland Hall, on Sunday Evening, to prove that Spiritualism is no novelty, but ancient superstition revived. But where was her proof? Echo answer! The lady commenced by reading from the *Spiritual Times* the notice calling upon our readers to send accounts of apparitions, hauntings, &c., and expressed herself highly indignant, that a respectable Journal putting forth 'such rubbish,' could be tolerated in this Nineteenth Century. The *Spiritual Magazine*, Mr. Home's *Incidents*, and Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls*, were the sources from which Mrs. Law drew what little inspiration there was in her lecture. She dealt freely in words 'full of sound, but signifying nothing,' called names, and added assertion on assertion. But what else could be expected from her? Her acquaintance with the subject was limited, her lecture being got up for the occasion because Miss Hardinge had been 'speaking Spiritualism' from that platform. At the conclusion of the lecture, which contained a good deal about Science and *the laws of Nature*, and plenty of what one speaker called "abuse," but which we should call audacity, a discussion ensued, in which Dr. Donovan, the Phrenologist, and the Editor of this Journal took part. After the debate, a vote of thanks was moved to Mrs. Law, for "her able lecture in opposing such humbug." Mrs. Law replied, by saying, that she should follow up the lecture with others. We have only space to say that we pray we may never lose faith in the *Higher Law* by following in the footsteps of Mrs. Law.

MR. COOPER has returned, having completed his engagement with the Davenport Brothers.

MOBBING OF SPIRITUALISTS.

SINCE our late visit to Cirencester, a little more excitement than we anticipated, has possessed the people of that quiet, antique town. Spiritualism, like a regular old woman's "bogey," has terrified one of the clergyman into the mad attempt of preaching it down. Since then the letter of Mrs. Gribble, which we gave in our last, has caused a commotion more rough than pleasant. The men and women of Cirencester, must be a noble race, if not of brave ones—of bravos—to instigate their children to mob quiet and inoffensive people for their opinions. The following letter to the "North Wilts Herald," of Saturday, June 30th, from an intelligent correspondent, who signs himself, "A Spectator," will present our readers with a tolerably clear idea of how the "young idea" in Cirencester, "is taught to (s)hoot."

To the Editor of the "North Wilts Herald."

Dear Sir,—Whether disembodied spirits have manifested themselves at Stratton, as asserted in the letter published by you last week, I don't pretend to say, but I can vouch for a series of exceedingly low manifestations by spirits in the flesh, who seem bent upon exhibiting to the passers by their degraded condition.

Your article of quotations on Spiritualism seems to have excited a good deal of attention, especially at Stratton, where copies of the paper were eagerly bought up; and the poor villagers, as the result of their reading, were quite bewildered. I don't blame them for being incredulous on the subject—for in this respect, ignorance and scientific enlightenment, in a large majority of cases, go hand in hand; but they are certainly to blame for their intolerance, which is a disgrace to any English village. There is a youthful mobocracy in the place, the members of which, through sheer love of mischief, make a practice of annoying quiet families; and this mobocracy, since the issue of your last paper, has been let loose upon the unoffending subjects

of the spirit article. Passing through Stratton the other evening I witnessed the scene I am about to describe. Near the houses adjoining the Salutation Inn were congregated a number of youths, some tall and lanky, and others of the liliputian breed, with a few girls—apparently forming one division of the mobocracy of the place. The party whose names have recently been associated with Spiritualism in this neighbourhood happened to pass at the time on their way home, and they were no sooner descried than they were set upon by the whole band, who set up a chorus of groans and hisses. On walked the party, and on came the youthful mob, yelling and vociferating. One fellow called out what I understood to be—"There's a spirit,"—another—"The spirit moves,"—one said—"Do you want a diamond ring?" and another said something about a brooch; but clamour chiefly prevailed. In this manner the party were followed up through Stratton to their residence, the mob halting outside the garden gate, their numbers having dwindled to little more than half a dozen, headed by one or two lanky leaders, who seemed to be well up in the onerous duties of the post. Two little girls also came up, as far as the gate, screeching and screaming, and immediately ran off in the same manner, reminding one of two firebrands. The party went indoors; but one gentleman, who was with them, stood inside the garden gate, and taking out a note-book asked the mob to say something good, so that he might take it down. The benighted youths however, did not appear to be quite so clever as they evidently thought themselves and I don't think he got much. I heard one fellow say:—"It will take a'd—d sight cleverer fellow than you to come over *we*."

This was deemed a witty saying, and the *we* who had uttered it was greeted with applause. So I left the rabble, wondering that such scenes could co-exist with our expensive police machinery, for which the people have to pay so sweetly. I am told that similar annoyances existed long before Spiritualism was heard of in Stratton; but things have now become worse; and I fully expect that the tall, lanky, ringleaders will be pounced upon some fine day when they least expect it, and made to pay the piper, as they so richly deserve.

The moral atmosphere of the place must be exceedingly low, else such a state of things in the face of police domiciliary visits, which have taken place could not exist; and the parents of those youths ought to blush when they reflect that they have not yet taught their children the first elements of civilization. I sincerely hope that all concerned will take the hint, which is well meant, and be wise in time.

ELIZABETH SQUIRRELL.

THERE is a curious, but a most interesting account preserved of the "blindness, deafness, and entire abstinence from food and drink during twenty-five weeks, of Elizabeth Squirrel of Shottisham. During several protracted watches, (always encouraged by Elizabeth,) there was nothing but mystery as a solution for the watchers. How she was preserved—how anyone *could* live without food and drink—none could understand; still the records of her wonderful experiences favour the idea that she *did* live without food and drink for twenty-five weeks. The doctors, the press and the clergy, all very wise, declared the thing impossible, and Elizabeth Squirrel and her parents impostors. But like the general so-termed exposés of the singular and mysterious (mysterious because unfrequent), all the attempts to convict the parties concerned of imposture, were of the most bungling kind. Elizabeth Squirrel's case stands preeminently out in its simplicity and forms a link in the chain of spiritual evidences. Her own description of the Glass Ringing phenomenon is graphic and interesting:—

"Among many things the subject of the glass-ringing has excited a large amount of interest, inquiry, and suspicion; and as it seems to demand a detailed account, I will narrate how it first rang, and the circumstances connected with it throughout.

"First then it is no musical glass (as has been asserted), but an ordinary and half-sized tumbler; not adapted, whatever might be applied, to become the least musical. The fact of its ringing is so intimately connected with a supernatural agency, and with my intercourse with spirits, that whoever believes the one, cannot reject the other. But to proceed. The ringing of the above-named glass commenced in the beginning of May, 1852, and has continued to be heard till within these last few weeks. My requesting to have the glass brought to me was purely accidental, nor had I the slightest intimation from the spirit-world to make me anxious for it. I had had in the morning of the day on which it was first heard, a very beautiful and choice rose brought to me from the garden; and being anxious to preserve it as long as possible from decay, I requested a young friend, who assisted in nursing me, to fetch me a tumbler of water, that I might place it in; and, accordingly she brought

me the little glass which has had such notoriety. After a few hours had elapsed the rose faded, and I wanted more. The glass was emptied, and left standing by my side till I should receive more flowers; but it seemed not to be destined for a flower vase. Towards evening, as my mother was leaving the room, she heard a sound as if I was touching the glass with something soft; producing a clear, soft tone. She came to my side, and inquired if I had touched the glass; I replied in the negative, upon which she listened with breathless attention, and in less than two minutes she distinctly heard it again twice or thrice. Convinced now that no earthly hand or agent was in communication with the glass, she was at liberty to attribute it to other, and supernatural causes. Certain it is, that I know that it was rung by an invisible agency; and I conveyed to my mother my impressions concerning it. She did not reject what I said, as she had in so many instances witnessed the truth and fulfilment of my statements; still there was a dash of mystery about it that she could not unravel. It was again heard once or twice, as my mother and the young friend aforementioned were seated at tea by my side, and just as I was engaged in giving an animated description of the enjoyments and spiritual views I had been favored with during the day.

"The young person was very much impressed, indeed almost awe-stricken; as she was certain it was touched by nothing visible, and that there had been no sinister design in placing the glass where it stood. Moreover, she was impressed by the fact of its ringing just at the moment when we were employed on topics relating to the immaterial. They looked at, and moved the glass, but, of course, gained nothing satisfactory, or what would naturally explain it, in so doing.

"On the evening of the second day of its ringing, my father came home off a long journey, and consequently coveted a narrative of all that had taken place during his absence. As usual, I was the narrator, and, among other things, I gave him a full account of the glass phenomenon. He was greatly surprised, and was busily engaged in inquiries, when the glass gave three distinct peals, not loud, but musical. He was thoroughly astonished, but perfectly convinced that it was not, in any way, occasioned by me; he was close by it, and saw that it did not move. He relieved my other friends that night, by remaining by my side, and was several times favoured to hear the ringing, and always when we were conversing on spiritual and elevating subjects. It rang as if in confirmation of certain sentences, or as if to remove difficulties.

"It continued to ring in the same manner; and the third person who heard it, has heard it upwards of fifty times; and is one whose veracity would not be impeached. He has mostly heard it when in prayer, close by it, and has expressed to me that his emotions and feelings, when hearing it, were indescribable. It has been heard to ring sufficiently loud to arrest the attention of any one who might have been standing outside the door; while, at other times, it has appeared perfectly ethereal, or more like an æolian murmur.

"One of its most remarkable features, is the fact of its having been more than once a warning, and a call, for assistance to the helpless. I will relate a circumstance which seemed most opportune and providential in its results.

"At the period when it first rang, I was subject to faintness of a peculiar kind; I would sink right off, and fall, without being able to thwart the attack in the least. I frequently lost my breath, and, but for timely assistance, should on many occasions have been in a most perilous condition. I was alone one day, a few weeks after the commencement of the glass phenomenon, when I was suddenly seized with a fit of the kind, and sank quite over the side of the bed, so that I was suspended from it. For some moments I retained consciousness, and felt my breath rapidly receding, without the slightest capability to arouse those in the adjoining apartment. I now lost consciousness, but when I sufficiently recovered to listen, my mother communicated to me the following very surprising fact relative to the glass.

"She had not the slightest intimation of my dangerous position, and was busily engaged with her domestic duties, when she thought she heard a distinct pealing ring; she stopped only for a moment, as she concluded it was the glass, and, having heard it so frequently, she had ceased to feel astonished or alarmed. Again she was aroused, and this time by five or six sharp clear-toned peals, like a very fine-toned bell. She now felt a presentiment of something alarming, and, on entering the room, found me in the painful position before described; and, on raising me, had the utmost difficulty to restore my almost extinguished life. Here is an indisputable evidence of a preserving agency, and is sufficient to convince me that a guardian spirit was hovering over me, and was capable of acting, and did act, upon that material object, in order to make us aware of its presence, and to rescue me from what must, without doubt, have soon occasioned my death.

"There could be no design here, as there was no one to witness or cause this circumstance. It speaks for itself. Here was an object for its ringing, and in the result, a proof of its being the agency of a superior and invisible being.

"From this circumstance have arisen various misrepresent-

ations, such as I have said it was by the flitting past of an angel, the brush of his wing and the like. I have said that I believed it to be the work or effect of a spirit, and that that spirit I believed to be my guardian angel. But what is there so impious in that assertion? why may I not assert what I believe to be correct (even if self-deluded), without incurring reproach, suspicion, slander, misrepresentation, and the like?

"If I am self-deceived, it does not follow that I am guilty of imposition. If I am diseased in mind, am I not an object for pity, rather than scoff? But if it cannot be believed that the glass is a medium, or is acted upon by a superior intelligence, then it cannot be accounted for, but must remain an inexplicable mystery.

"That a circumstance of the kind rarely happens to any one, it does not follow that such events do not occur at all. Its rarity does not impeach its veracity.

"The fact of its ringing is established beyond all doubt. It cannot be the work of imagination, or a deceptive sound, to upwards of forty persons; to one of whom it has occurred as many as fifty times.

"It is a fact which cannot be cast overboard, nor must we throw away as useless what we cannot understand. Some assertions have been made to the effect, that having a small harmonica upon the bed, I was in the habit of concealing it beneath the clothes, and striking or touching it when I wanted to make dupes to the glass: This reasoning I think displays a credulity far more absurd than that of those who do not reject the real fact. The feud about the little instrument is soon settled, when it is known that the glass had rung several weeks before the harmonica ever rested on the bed, so that we cannot trace its origin to that. But suppose it to be so, how can it be accounted for, when I had both my hands in those of another person repeatedly, when the sound was heard? was it not very strange that I should be able to use it for such a purpose? Common sense says that none but a most practised and experienced conjuror could have availed himself of it. I ask common sense whether I can possibly have attained to that perfection without any previous tuition? Again, suppose it were an invention of my own, what could be the motive? Nothing like that would have been carried into practice without a powerful motive: what could that motive have been? I must have been sure that, instead of its meeting with reception, it would, on the contrary, by the greater number be laughed at. It could not then be for notoriety, as no one is so fond of notoriety as to wish for the appellation of a notorious deceiver, or a deluded fanatic.

"If notoriety was not the motive, then there was no motive at all; and, as we cannot conceive such notoriety as it would gain to be enlogising or pleasing to anybody, we ought to be content to allow it to remain a fact; and, if possible, to derive information, and discover points for pleasurable investigations in the phenomenon it presents. I am not attempting to throw a religious mysteriousness over it when I assert, that it has responded to many a petition from the recesses of many a sincere heart; it has decided many an uncertain surmise; dispelled many a fear, and unmistakably announced the presence of some spiritual envoy. And what in all this is so barbarously obscure and impious? Is it not written in the Old Testament, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him"? and is it not written again in the New Testament, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister"? etc.

"It has been remarked as an instance of duplicity, that I would not have the glass removed to the opposite side of the room. I did not see the necessity of such a proceeding. Any one was at liberty to handle the glass, place it upon books, or hold my hands when there was any likelihood of hearing it. All this I submitted to; and was I to be blamed because I would not sacrifice every feeling for the conviction of those who were inveterate?

"I saw no proof of its necessity, nor could I see how it would sustain the fact. The glass stands still near my bed, and shall never know another place. I have no more to say, except that it was heard about six weeks ago, and has not sounded since; and if it never does again, that it has done so, is not the less an incontrovertible fact.

"In addition to this manifestation, I have had others of a sensible kind, which could not be mistaken; of which those about me were witnesses, and which they were forced though reluctantly, to attribute to their true cause. I am not superstitious, nor do I like superstitious people. I do not wish any one to believe without evidence; but there is abundance of evidence in my case—not our own simply, but that of others. The remarkable phenomena alluded to I will not now detail, knowing that they would not be believed, but would be treated with contempt and ridicule by the public; and perhaps expose me to the sufferings of another martyrdom, which I have no desire to pass through. A time, however, may come when more light will be thrown on such subjects, and I may be permitted a hearing. I repeat, I am neither self-deluded nor phrased, and so far from these things having been caused, or attended by a diseased imagination or overheated brain, they produce in me calmness and self-possession. When my first vision took place, my

brother had just come to see me, and was sitting by my side. I was delighted to have him come; was perfectly calm throughout the day, and, during the vision, was quite conscious; there was no aberration of reason; no more delusion than at this moment.

"There may be those who, solicitous for my eternal welfare, may entertain fears as to my acceptance of divine and gospel truths, on account of my mind being so much engaged on the subject of angels and spiritual manifestations; thinking I have attended to the one, to the exclusion of the other, and that as regards her salvation, my soul may be in a state of "winter," as a certain writer on my case has described it.

"I am thankful to be able to tell those who are thus interested about me—and that gentleman in particular—that it was not winter with me when he saw me, neither is it now. To all such I would say, your fears are groundless; converse with good spirits can never injure or mislead the soul, or tempt it to seek refuge in any other than Him who has ransomed and saved it. And if I am in the truth of Jehovah, dark spirits can do no more than tempt me; and He is able to deliver me from all such designs to withdraw my spirit from goodness and holiness. As soon as I trust in angels or spirits for salvation, or even for deliverance from temptation, then will every good and heavenly influence leave me, and I shall be lost.

"My only rock of defence is the Redeemer, and my only justifier, His Spirit. Angels, according to His wise arrangement, are envoys of a spirit-state, and preachers of an after and never-ending existence.

"May God add a blessing, and may the end answer the motive.

M. E. S.

A detailed account of her visions and other spiritual experiences, which it is unfortunate that she has kept back, would we feel sure, be most acceptable to Spiritualists.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

Towards the end of the year 1746, sighs were heard issuing from the corner of M. Letart's printing office, a counsellor of the town of Constance. At first the workmen only laughed, but the following year, in the beginning of January, they heard the noises louder than ever. Loud knocks were heard on the wall, in the same corner where they had first heard sighs, the printers even received blows, and their hats were thrown on the ground. They had recourse to the Capuchins to exorcise the spirit, and the noises ceased for three days, at the end of that time they recommenced louder than ever, and the types were thrown against the window. They sent for a celebrated exorcist, who endeavoured to exorcise the spirit for a week. But again the spirit boxed the ears of a young workman, and the charmer having completely failed in his endeavours, returned home. The spirit then continued his manœuvres, hitting some, pelting others, so that the compositors abandoned that corner of the printing office, and placed themselves in the centre of the room, but without any effect. They therefore sent for other exorcists, one of whom possessed a piece of the real cross, which he placed on the table. The spirit however, did not cease to torment the workmen, and beat the Capuchin brother who accompanied the exorcist, so that they were both obliged to retire to their convent. Others came, and mixed sand and cinders with holy water, and sprinkled the floor, and having armed themselves with swords, they struck right and left in the air, to see if they could not wound the spirit, and tried to detect traces of foot-prints. At last they perceived that he was hemmed in on the top of the stove, and they remarked on the angles the prints of his hands and feet, and also on the cinders and sand. They succeeded in chasing him from there, and then perceived he must be under the table, having left on the floor marks of his hands and feet. The dust that all this disturbance caused in the room made them desist from their pursuit, but the chief exorcist having pulled a board from the corner where the noise was first heard, found some feathers, three bones wrapped in a dirty cloth, some bits of glass, and a bodkin in a hole in the wall. He blessed a fire now lighted, and threw all these relics in, but hardly had he returned to his convent when one of the workmen came to tell him that the bodkin had jumped out of the flames three times, and that the workman who was putting it back with the tongs was violently struck upon the cheek. The remains were then moved to the convent, where they were burnt without any resistance, but the workman who carried them there, saw a naked woman on the market place, and for some days deep groans were heard there. Soon after the disturbances recommenced in the printer's house, the spirit administering blows, throwing stones, and molesting the servants in many ways. M. Letart, the master of the house, received a severe blow on his head, two workmen were flung out of one bed on the floor, so that the house was completely deserted dur-

ing the night. On Sunday a servant carrying some linen was pelted by stones, and another day two workmen were thrown off a ladder.

(To be continued.)

A SPIRIT APPEARING AS A DOG.

The following narrative, given by a gentleman of veracity, was published at Edinburgh, early during the past century.

One W. Sutor, a farmer in Middlemause, in the month of December, 1728, being in the fields with his servants, overheard at some distance as it were, an uncommon noise, and following the voice, fancied they saw a dark, grey, coloured dog, but it was a dark night, they concluded it was a fox, and accordingly were for setting on their dogs, but not one would point his head that way.

About a month afterwards, the said Sutor being in the same spot, and at about the same time of night it appeared again, and on passing it, touched him so smartly on the leg, that he felt a pain all that night. In December 1729, it passed him again at some distance. In June 1730, as he came from Dumlo city, this visitor passed him again, and it spake the words,—“within eight or ten days, do or die,” and disappeared.

He gave an account of it to his brother, and about ten that night, one brother saw it and pointed it out to the other, and to a servant who could not see it.

Next Saturday, it appeared to William, and said “come to the spot of ground, within an hour,” which he did. It came up and said “I am David Sutor, I killed a man more than thirty-five years ago, at a bush by East, the road as you go into the isle.” He said to it, “David Sutor was a man, and you appear as a dog.” “I killed him with a dog, and am made to speak out of the mouth of a dog, and I tell you to go, bury the bones.” Search was made, but no bones found. On the second of December, it came to William and said, “come away, you will find the bones to the side of the withered bush, and there are only eight left, and told him at the same time for a sign, that he would find the print of a cross, impressed on the ground.

Next day, William, his brother, and others, came to the place where they discovered the bush and the cross by it, and about a foot down, they found the eight bones, which that evening were buried in the churchyard of Blair. Several persons remembered the said David Sutor, and that he had enlisted for a soldier thirty-four years ago.

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

SECOND SIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Alexander Smith, in his “Summer in Skye,” seems to be a convert to the reality of second sight, as John Foster was years ago, and tells the following story, from a Catholic priest:

I know there is such a thing as the second sight, because I have had cognizance of it myself. Six or seven years ago I was staying with my friend Mr. Melan, as I am staying now, and just as we were supping a tumbler of punch after dinner, we heard a great uproar outside. We went out and found all the farm servants standing on the grass and gazing seawards. On inquiry, we learned that two brothers, McMillan by name, who lived at Stonefield, beyond the point yonder, fishermen by trade, and well versed in the management of a boat, had come up to the islands here to gather razor fish for bait. When they had secured plenty of bait, they steered for home, although a stiff breeze was blowing. They kept a full sail on, and went straight on the wind. A small boy, Hector, who was employed in herding cows, was watching the boat trying to double the point. All at once he came running into the kitchen where the farm servants were at dinner. “Men, men,” he cried, “Come out fast, McMillan's boat is sinking,—Isaw her keel over.” Of course the hands came running out bareheaded, and it was the noise they made that disturbed my friend and myself at our punch.

All this we gathered in less time than I have taken to tell you. We looked narrowly seaward, but there was no boat to be seen. Mr. Melan brought out his telescope, and still the sea remained perfectly blue and bare. Neither Melan nor his servants could be brought to believe Hector's story,—they thought it extremely unlikely that on a comparatively calm day any harm could befall such experienced sailors. It was universally believed that the boat had rounded the point, and Mr. Melan rated the herd boy for raising a false alarm. Hector still persisting that he had seen the boat capsize and go down, got his ears soundly boxed for his obstinacy, and was sent whinpering away to his cows, and enjoined in future to mind his own business.

But although Hector got his ears boxed, it turned out that he

had, in all probability spoken the truth. Towards the evening of the next day the McMillan sisters came up to the house to enquire after the boat, which had never reached home. The poor girls were in a dreadful state when told that their brothers' boat had left the islands the previous afternoon, and what Hector the cowherd, avowed he had seen. Still there was room for hope; it was possible that Hector had been mistaken; it was possible that the McMillans might have gone somewhere, or been forced to take shelter somewhere; and so the two sisters, mustering up the best heart they could, went across the hill to Stonefield when the sun was setting, and the sea a sheet of gold leaf, and looking as if it would never be angry to have the heart to drown anybody.

Days passed, and the boat never came home nor did the brothers. It was on Friday that the McMillans sailed away on the fresh breeze, and on the Wednesday following the bay down there was a sorry sight. The missing sailors were brave, good-looking, merry-hearted, and were liked along the whole coast; and on Wednesday I speak of no fewer than two hundred and fifty boats were sailing slowly up and down, crossing and re-crossing, and trawling for the bodies.

I don't know how it was, went on the Father, holding his newly filled pipe between his forefinger and thumb; but looking on the black dots of boats, and hearing the sound of their oars, I remembered that old Mirren, who lived in one of the turf huts yonder, had the second sight, and so I thought I would go down and see her. When I got to the hut, I met Mirren coming up from the shore with a basket full of whelks, which she had been gathering for dinner. I went into the hut along with her and sat down.

"There's a sad business in the bay to-day," said I.

"A sad business," said Mirren, as she laid down her basket.

"Will they get the bodies?"

Mirren shook her head.

"The bodies are not there to get; they have floated out past Rum to the main ocean."

"How do you know?"

"Going out to the shore about a month ago I heard a scream and looking up saw a boat off the point, with two men in it caught in a squall and going down. When the boat sank the men still remained in it,—the one entangled in the fishing net, the other in the ropes of the sails. I saw them float out to the main sea between the two wines," "That's a true translation," said the Father, parenthetically. "You have seen two liquors in a glass, the one floating on the top of the other? Very well; there are two currents in the sea, and when my people wish to describe anything sinking or floating between these two currents, they use the image of two liquors in a wine glass. O, its fine language, the Gaelic, and admirably adapted for poetical purposes,—but to return." "Mirren told me that she saw the two bodies float out to sea between the two wines, and that the trawling boats might trawl forever in the bay before they would get what they wanted. When evening came, the boats returned home without having found the drowned McMillans.

"Well," and here the Father lighted his pipe, "six weeks after a capsized boat was thrown on the shore of the Uist, with two corpses inside,—one entangled in the fishing net, the other in the ropes of the sails. It was McMillan's boat, and it was the two brothers who were inside. Their faces were all eaten away by the dog fishes; but the people who had done business with them at Uist identified them by their clothes. This I know to be true," said the Father shutting his door on all argument or hint of scepticism.

SINGULAR CASES OF SECOND SIGHT.

There is a way of fortelling death by a cry that they call *Taisk*, which some call a *Wraith* in the low land. They hear a loud cry without doors and exactly resembling the voice of some particular person, where death is foretold by it.

Five women were sitting in the same room and all heard a loud cry passing by the window, apparently the voice of one of the number; she contracted a fever next day and died that week.

Things also are foretold by smelling, viz: fish, or flesh, is frequently smelled in a fire, when neither of the two are in the house, nor likely to be. This smell several persons have who are not endued with second sight.

Children, horses, and cows see with the second sight also.

A woman in Skye saw a vision, which represented a woman with a shroud about her, with her back turned towards her, and the habit in which it seemed to be dressed resembled her own. To satisfy her curiosity she dressed herself contrary to the usual way, putting her clothes behind which were always before, and the vision appeared accordingly. Its face and dress looked towards the woman, and proved to resemble herself. She died shortly afterwards.

Second sight was known in the Isle of Man and in Holland.

One seeress of the latter place, saw a smoke about the face, which always foretold death soon afterwards.

A woman of Storn bay in Lewis, had a maid who saw visions and swooned. Her mistress poured upon her face some water, and in baptism to prevent the visions, which according to the evidence of the minister of the place was the fact—that is, it prevented the visions.

A girl twelve years old, frequently saw her own double, when the said minister joined with the girl in prayer, and she afterwards saw not the vision.

Some of the inhabitants of Harris, saw on the Coast of Skye an apparition of two men hanging down by the ropes that secured the masts, but could not conjecture what it meant. They were forced into Broadford in Skye, where they found two criminals receiving sentence of death, and the mast and ropes of the very boat were used to hang the criminals.

A man who lived in Harris, wore the plant called *Tugan Doemonum*, sewed in the back of his coat, to prevent the seeing of visions, which prevented them as he supposed.

Sometimes voices at night were heard singing Irish songs, and one voice resembled that of a woman, who had died some years before.

These accounts, and similar accounts, were related to Marter by persons of as great integrity as any are in the world. C. C.

WESLEY ON APPARITIONS.

Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read; and yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it; and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. They well know (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up of witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air, Deism, Atheism, Materialism, falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands.

One of the capital objections to these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this: "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No, nor did I ever see a murder, yet I believe there is such a thing; yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot, as a reasonable man, deny the fact, although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it, if he pleases, or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime, let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744, Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. He was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found her peace with God and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large; but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:—

"From my childhood, when any of our neighbors died, whether men, women or children, I used to see them, either just when they died, or a little before; and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them both by day and by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons had a bright glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

"I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross, into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there, and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me, and vanish away. This morning as I came towards it, I heard a confused noise as of many people quarrelling. But I

did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple who said, 'It is too early; go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you;' and presently he was gone.

"When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly towards me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home, I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside, he clasped his arms round my neck, and bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. He kept his hold until he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him dead or alive.

"From that time I was crying from morning till night and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying crying, as usual I heard some noise, and rising up saw him come to the bedside. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

"About a week after, I took to my bed and grew worse and worse; till, in six or seven days, my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceedingly glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted a drink or anything, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it, and sat on the chair by the bedside. Indeed I could not speak; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning, when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

"In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing, one night, whether I did well in desiring that he might come; and I was praying that God would do His own will, when he came in and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress; he had on a white robe, which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. About one o'clock, there stood by him a person in white, taller than him, and exceedingly beautiful. He came with the singing of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled, and waved his hands toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

"In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he proposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him and reached my hand to put up his hat; but he went swiftly by me and I saw the wall, on the other side of the lane, part as he went through, and immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died."—*Rev. John Wesley's Journal, Vol. III.*

DR. FERGUSON ON THE STATE OF AMERICA.

Dr. J. B. Ferguson, is evidently taking an active part in the great question of American freedom. Since his famous address to the President, he has sent the following letter to Alex. W. Randall, President of the National Union Club.

Sir,—Permit me to call your attention to a few truisms that all reflecting men of every creed and party would do well to consider in the present state of our national affairs.

There is no disguising the fact that our political horizon looks dark. It will be well for the American people, in whom are undeniably the elements of self-government, to be satisfied with the portents that now darken their sky.

They, with very commendable zeal, have expended a vast amount of blood and treasure for the purpose of annihilating treason in the South. The *finality* promised was the restoration of the Union in its integrity. It should now be remembered—nay, never forgotten—that laws, that whether human or divine, are evolved from elements of power that cannot be infringed upon with impunity. Their most appreciable merit is in the happy adaptability of their moulding to the status and condition of man, socially, morally and politically considered.

From this high consideration the genius and inspiration of men—or call them if you will, the patriarchs of an American family—wrote out a standard text containing the most important judgment of the best balanced minds for future guidance in emergencies. Hence we cannot conceive of a greater hallucination on the part of any one than to lose sight of the regular, distinct, and natural classifications of rights, powers, and benefits comprehended in the Constitution as the supreme law of the land.

Further, it should not be forgotten that customs, usages, the sense of obligation and mental stamina cannot be thrust from the arena of national argumentation without detriment to any

cause having the interest of a great people at stake.

The former relationship existing between master and slave has become dissolved. It has no just claims to permanency to exist longer. It had been sustained for a long time upon a tide of sluggish socialty. The eye of the nation at one of those peculiar interims whose periods have ever given birth to revolution, discovered it as a monstrosity. Thus were freemen made at one fell swoop.

Suppose we let this suffice in the way of sudden transformations. To the sincere philanthropist as well as the honest patriot there is certainly enough in the conditions resultant to claim the full exercise of all the wisdom and prudence we as a people can command.

"Agreed," says a Conservative of principle.

"Not yet," says passion's Radical. "We can instantly legislate an intellect for the freedman; endow him with all the privileges of a free white American citizen!" ye gods! All nature's diversity harmonized by statutory law! It by no means requires any large degree of discernment or superior mental acumen to conclude that we would stand in no small danger when exposed to the reckless indiscretions of such rapid law manipulators.

Governments, at times, have been known to change their complexion, and centralization is not infrequently the result obtained from such energetic "tinkers!"

The people have vindicated the right to sustain the present Republican form of government *intact*, and intact it must remain or it is worse than a failure. Why? Because it has the power to crush those it was organized to protect; those it should protect, or it ceases to be a constitutional Government. Special law-making for the sole benefit of any one class of people militates most disastrously against the rights of those who are not included. And, again the doctrine on which the entire fabric of this great Commonwealth is founded is alike indestructible in its spirit and unmistakable in its language. *It carries with it the doctrine of a non-departure of any single interest from a bonded whole.* It denies State alienation from the parent stem, and in this denial it has something to offer in return. Were this not the case, it would be no contract whatever. Rights and privileges to be such must be both given and required. The party making the conditions and the one assenting thereto must enjoy respective benefits accruing from such assent, or there would be no compact made. Territorial conditions are resigned and State governments formed on no other principle than this one. Thus do we expand in the Executive and Judiciary Departments of our system. These sovereign robes of nationality must not, *cannot* WILL NOT be torn in shreds at will. A military mantle may be thrown over them in war. But in peace there must be no attempted monopoly of interest while the Constitution is our estate. Such ideas are much better suited for kings and satraps than for Senators expressing Roman greatness and American liberty.

There is no hope for the reconciliation of the fierce antagonisms that faction now feeds and fosters but in the people. Our legislators are infatuated by the illusions of power and the glory of victorious legions. The people, therefore, to save their liberties, must strengthen the Executive arm of State with such unflinching support, such unswerving fidelity, as shall defeat all mere experimental and dangerous measures. The people are the spirit of the Government. Whenever they sleep there is danger of in-conditionalism at the very portals of their temple.

Peace has returned again to the country; but she must be offered her old pedestal back again upon which to sit enthroned as some guardian angel of power protecting the destinies of an empire whose ultimate eternity alone can shadow forth in its true greatness.

... ..

It is better in most instances to bend rather than break. It is axiomatic in this: render unto Caesar his rights and your own become more permanent. Our condition imperatively demands:

First. Reconciliation.

Secondly. Suitable rights to capacity.

Thirdly. Respect and education to incapacity.

These are the sure maintenance of our former Government and a safe guarantee of its uncompleted perpetuation in the future. Our present dilemma is unsoundness to well conceived principles of equitable legislation. Dare we act irrespective of these and further despise the commendation or censure of those for whom we are so prodigal in legislation!

All of which is respectfully submitted.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. B. F.

True religion, says Bayard Taylor, is never spasmodic. It is as calm as the existence of God. I know of nothing more shocking than such attempts to substitute rockets and blue lights for Heaven's eternal sunshine.

THE TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.

Ethereal yet visible; for bright
 Unto intensity through purest light
 Indwelling, was that chariot of the skies.
 The horses, too, were creatures not of earth;
 Their necks were clothed with thunder; and their eyes
 Starry with beauty, told of heavenly birth.
 No harness fettered them; no curb no girth
 Restrained the freedom of those glorious ones,
 Nor traces yoked the chariot at their heels;
 It followed them, as planets follow suns
 Through trackless space, in their empyreal courses;
 For lo! the fiery spirit of the horses
 Was as a mighty presence in the wheels,
 And in the dazzling whirlwind which behind them flew
 And caught Elijah up, as sunlight drinks the dew.
 Away, away to heav'n those steeds upbore him;
 Leaving the clouds as dust beneath their feet.
 Wide open flashed the golden gates before him;
 And angel forms of splendour rose to greet
 The favoured prophet. Oh, the rapture sweet!
 The ecstasy most thrilling which came o'er him!
 But thoughts are voiceless when we soar thus high;
 And, like the lark that vainly strives to beat
 With little wings the air and pierce the sky,
 We fall again to earth. Elisha there
 Wept o'er his loss, but wept not in despair,
 No; though a few regretful tear-drops fell,
 He knew that with Elijah all was well;
 For through the open gates of heaven there rang
 Strains of the song of welcome the angels sang.
 Oh, who can picture that transcendent sight!
 Who fitly can relate the wondrous story!
 Who paint the aerial beauty of that night
 Or sing the fleetness of those steeds of glory
 And God's triumphant chariot of light
 Entering heaven! Never in depth or height
 Had mortal gazed on such a scene before;
 Never shall years, how long soe'er their flight,
 The solemn grandeur of that hour restore,
 Till the last thunder echoes "It is done!"
 And the archangel, dazzling, as the sun,
 Descends to earth; and, standing on the shore
 Of ages, swears with upraised hand by One
 Who lived ere time its circles had begun,
 That time shall be no more.

G. WASHINGTON MOON.

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.

THE TRINITY.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye have life. The hidden word must be prayerfully sought for. For, to read, without entering into the spirit, would be like receiving food into the bodily system when there is no power of digestion. Line by line must be taken to the heart. Thus my child will fresh beauties unfold themselves from the hidden treasures of the word, hidden *only* to those who read it carlessly."

Can you clearly explain through me the doctrine of the Trinity?

"Impossible indeed is it my precious child, for the body imprisoned in its earth-shell, to let free the spirit to the wonders and mysteries of inner life."

Spirit, by being so long beneath the paralyzing influence of the earth surroundings, can only after many hard struggles, gain the mastery over the body. Such must ever be the case, more or less. It is the penalty mankind pay for yielding to evil. They have as it were, become slaves,

But the truth of God's love, revealed in the scriptures, and again figured forth in His son Christ Jesus, and now so to speak, revealed by the gradual opening of the spirit-life to spirit perceptions, and senses will all help to set him free from the thralldom of satan, so long striving for the mastery, and so often appearing victorious. But never can evil in the end prove conqueror. God or good is over all, and in all, and in the end will come forth joyous and triumphant. Yes my child difficult as it is for your earth-language to find expression in words for explanation to your mortal senses of the mystery of the doctrine of the Triune One, even so, may I give through your mediumship, such as is possible. Oh! my child seek it prayerfully.

One God pervades the world and the universe. By Him we live, move and have our being. For could it be at all possible for His all-pervading presence to be withdrawn, instant annihilation would be the result.

This pervading influence breathing the breath or spirit of life into all and through all, (for life is even in and through all nature and the universe)—this ever presence, is the Holy Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost.

In the highest and holiest of the heavens, the centre all, like to the sun, but infinitely beyond expression greater, resides the essence, the Father the Lord of all, from whom the Holy Ghost, spreads, as it were, His universal pervading presence.

God, in His Infinite loving kindness and mercy, in order that frail weak humanity might grasp the wonderful idea. Or rather to put in the human heart the residue of His personality, ordained that the son, that is Himself, should take upon Himself the form of man, and mingle on your earth for a short season—"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." How else, could humanity feel the persuasion of the personality of God, now cannot the Christian even know that Christ is one who clingeth closer than a brother. One who by taking upon Himself our suffering frame—yet without sin, can be an ever present help in time of need. Man in his humanity, as I have taught you, represents the image of God, in his body, soul and spirit, in like manner do all things figure forth the Infinite Creator. Leave off now my child."

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F.J.T.

SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE.

Delivered by Miss Cogman in the trance state, at Mrs. Marshall's on the evening of June 22, 1866.

(An Indian spirit) "I am a departed spirit, and I shall speak to you of spiritual existence. This is not a new class of phenomena come upon you—one that is originating just now and will soon be gone, but it has been established from the creation of the world. There is nothing new, nothing. I will just turn your attention to what you call the history of the bible. Read it through carefully, and at the same time ask that your thoughts may be directed, and that you may think rightly on the grand subjects which will there meet your eye. Yes, and see whether spiritual knowledge did not exist in the early days, whether the departed ones ne'er came back, whether men were always guided by their own power, or whether the hand of God was not with them always and in every place, and think it not a dry history from which you can gather milk and honey.

Man is born a little babe, but he emerges from that state, his body grows and his limbs expand, he progresses from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. His mind also grows, if you train it aright it is gradually raised from the toys which pleased it in childhood to the instruments of its education, to books, and as it leaves the rudiments of education for more advanced studies in science and art, it expands and progression goes on. What has this to do with spiritual existence, you will say? I will tell you, that just as the material world progresses, so does the spiritual world. There is more power in the spiritual world now than there was a thousand years back. Why should there not be spiritual as well as material progression? Spiritual existence you will see to be true if you look into it. Trust not to man, although you should love him as a brother, yet trust him not, for you see that he is deceiving you day after day in trifling affairs, in little matters which are not of much consequence, and if he can deceive you in small things, his mind will progress in that way and he will deceive you in greater. But spiritual existence is true. You must pass through this world and be trained for another, but where is that other? not far off, and it is not built upon vapour that vanishes like a thunderstorm, nor upon anything that will melt away. The truth of spiritual existence you will find for yourselves. You need for that purpose no books, no forms and ceremonies, no formal prayers; let all your prayers ascend from your spirits, and not from those lips of yours, for then they mean nothing, no, for prayer from the lips vanisheth, and does not ascend, but if you utter prayer from the inner life, it can ascend, because it is powerful. Why, men know nothing! They know not themselves!

Mrs. Marshall here exclaimed—"There is a beginning with them."

A short pause followed, and the medium went on:—

Though they learn and study much, they know but little. I will give you my history of this life. This skin is discoloured by the sun, but not the inward life. I was brought into the fields and I gazed around me with amazement. Was this, I said, all the work of man? did it proceed from his mind, his thoughts, his will? Surely I thought, I must go a little further, and find a power outside myself. I wanted to study, although I had never read a book, but the charming fields were my book, and the flowers the first syllables of my lesson. I gazed upon the flowers and the trees, and put syllables together until I could spell words. I looked upon the flowers that were smaller than the trees, and upon their lovely colours, and asked, could I think that I had done it? I knew that the land in which I lived was inhabited by men like myself, and I asked, could I think that they had done it? Yet I saw something greater. A greater mystery still prevailed over my mind. I thought there was another lesson for me to learn, and I did try to learn it. As I gazed up to the stars at night I heard a voice whisper in my ear, and I knew that to be the voice of my teacher, and so I was taught, and so I learned my little lesson, till at last, you see I have fairly entered my college, where I now learn every science and art. I love my school, and love and adore my teachers, who teach me things that are pure.

But to return to my subject. If there are any here who are not acquainted with spiritual existence, I would ask them only to study their own lives—to look back to the day when they were placed on this earth and see how, even until now, some unseen power has interfered with and governed them. Every day you hear a small voice kindly whispering to you, it may be that of some gentle sister warning you from the path in which you are running, or that of some loving brother, showing you the lamp to illumine your dark way, or that of a loving and affectionate mother, pouring down upon you tears of joy, and gently guiding you from darkness to light, and from mysterious ways into those that are plain."

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Dickson.—The Poem was sent us by a Correspondent. We have never seen the original, but believe it to be a spiritual production.

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.

COMPLAINERS 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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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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