

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.

No. 115, Vol. III.

AUGUST 15, 1866.

PRICE 2d.

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 to 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.

MRS. BERRY'S SPIRIT-PAINTINGS.

WE lately paid a visit to Mrs. Berry to inspect her spirit-paintings, which we are much pleased to inform our readers have accumulated and improved considerably of late. It would be a heavy task to present a catalogue, with a description of all these curiosities in colors. We must choose the lighter task of confining ourself for the present to the following three—"The Bleating of the Sheep," "The Heart," and our favourite, "Samuel." Before proceeding, we desire to inform our readers that the paintings are first produced; and then, before the medium knows their meaning, she is directed to the bible and her finger is placed on a certain verse, which gives the key to the mystery of each painting. This is one of the most convincing methods possible to satisfy Mrs. Berry of the extraneous intelligence at work in her marvellous paintings.

"The Bleating of the Sheep," is a piece, which though full of rich colors, is an enigma to the uninitiated observer, who, doubtless, would exclaim—it is a conglomeration of colors, nothing more. But when it was produced, the following text was given, in the way described:—"And Samuel said, what meaneth then this bleating of the sheep *in mine ears*."—I Sam. XV Chap. XIV Verse. On looking minutely at the painting, we saw a little sheep, as though in the act of bleating, looking out from the beautiful drapery of colors.

Respecting "The Heart," we had better say little. It is a great subject, and as we are not an anatomist, we might make mistakes. It is doubtless, an imitation of the exterior of a human heart. The text given to the lady after its production, was, Proverbs, XVI. Chap. I verse:—"The preparations of the heart in man." We now turn to the third picture, which claims our fullest praise. We looked at it a considerable time, and even then, failed to do other than admire the rich colours and peculiar outline of the painting. We were destined to remain outside the temple of mystery whilst others were privileged to enter. Thus we lost a full half-hour; but at length were admitted, and beheld a veritable human-looking face—the profile of an old man, peering from a mantle. This is so wonderfully unique, and so marvellously executed, that we gazed upon it for a long time as though transfixed. As with the other paintings, so with this, Mrs. Berry was directed to the bible for the key to this temple of mystery. She found it.—I Sam., XXVIII Chap. XIV Verse,—"And he said unto her, what form is he of? And she said, an old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself." These are only a few of many subjects illustrated from scripture, by the spirits controlling Mrs. Berry; but they are sufficient for our present

purpose, and answer a demand which is much felt in England, for that class of mediumship which removes the manifestations from the plane of what our opponents term "the ridiculous." Without losing one iota of our regard for spiritual manifestations of the lower kind (which are perhaps more necessary in this age than those of the higher character), we nevertheless point to Mrs. Berry with feelings of pride; because we observe the elements of great things yet to be, should she continue to devote herself to the glorious task assigned her. Surrounded by the means to satisfy any reasonable longing for excitement, it is not only praiseworthy, but surprising in Mrs. Berry, spending, as we know she does, almost her entire waking moments for the development of the strange gift which has scarcely been her's twelve months. In the majority of cases, when mediumship is developed amongst the well-to-do, they "cabin, cribb, and confine" it to a very *select circle*, and never even dream of its mission. When on the other hand, the poor are proved to be the select agents of the angel world, for the cause of Spiritualism, they are so hampered by poverty, and beset by difficulties, that they eagerly use their divine gifts for gain; and often retard their own development, and sometimes bring odium upon the cause. It is therefore, doubly gratifying to witness the devotion of Mrs. Berry, who we feel sure, is ready to serve the Truth in any way that may appear to her right. We have little fear for her, because her gifts have been well used and the results correspondingly good. We indulge the hope, that at no distant future, some central institution may be established in London where Mrs. Berry's drawings and paintings, and others, may be preserved for the good of the cause. Whoever shall write the history of Spiritualism in England—a task worthy the pen of Mr. Howitt—will not we trust, lose sight of Mrs. Berry's contributions towards its advancement. We have only to say courage, courage, yet a little while, and the opposing forces of ignorance which are arrayed from the side of science and learning, shall quake and fall before the eternal truth of Spiritualism.

Let it be a gratification to Mrs. Berry to feel that she is chosen as one of the gifted few who are destined to break down the barriers of materialism and selfishness, that Spiritualism may reign triumphant.

THE KINGSTON MEDIUM.

MR. CHAMPERNOWNE, has furnished us with the following list of the various musical instruments played upon in his presence, by invisible power. We epitomise them as per copy:—

1, the Drum; 2, Organ; 3, Concertina; 4, Violin; 5, Flute; 6, a Bell; 7, Musical Box, weighing 8½ lbs.; 8, Jew's Harp; 9, Accordion; 10, Guitar; 11, Piano; 12, Cornopian; 13, a Toy Horn; 14, Banjo, with Trumpet, Drum, and Banjo together. 15, the Fife.

THE SPIRITUAL TIMES.

It is necessary in the midst of our editorial work to say that we shall deem it a kindness, if those few yearly subscribers who have not yet forwarded to us their promised aid towards the support of the *Spiritual Times*, will do so at once. We do our best to present a paper worthy the acceptance of Spiritualists and sincerely hope that we may receive such aid as will enable us to work on hopefully. It is only to repeat the history of most class papers to say that without extraneous aid the *Spiritual Times* cannot long exist. We have not for an instant lost faith, or faltered in a work, which at times has been most arduous, because we feel that the cause we espouse is the cause of humanity, and as far as strength and means will permit, we shall "go on our way rejoicing," satisfied with the rewards of duty. The majority of yearly subscribers have readily and most kindly sent in their subscriptions. We require the rest to do so at once, to enable us to fulfil to the letter, our part of a contract, which we feel morally binding upon us. The *Spiritual Times* is in its third year. It has had a curious history, and one too, full of lessons. We should be sorry to see it die through the apathy of Spiritualists who ought to feel it a pleasure to aid the organ which has always aimed to spread the blessed gospel of Spiritualism. We are quite ready to hear objections urged as to this and that, being not exactly as it should be. But neither this nor that, nor in fact anything connected with the paper, can be improved by apathy.

Before leaving this subject, which is by no means pleasant to us, we desire to thank those very kind friends who have stood by us, 'through ill report and good report,' and to say, that our regret will be deepened, should we be compelled to stop the paper; on account of the tender and graceful acts of kindness which have made our hearts beat in unison with theirs.

SECOND CONVENTION OF BRITISH
PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

We have received one or two letters speaking highly of the Second Convention of "British Progressive Spiritualists," which was held at Newcastle on the 25th, & 26th of last month. We regret not having been able to be present, in order that we might give a full report of the proceedings.

We print on another page, part of a paper written by us, and read before the Convention by Dr. McLeod, on the "Aspects of Spiritualism, and Organization."

We understand that a full report of the speeches, &c., will be issued by Mr. Burns, in about a month's time, and that the Third Convention is to be held in London, some time next year.

ETHICS OF THE DUST.

"I assure you, strange as it may seem, our scorn of Greek tradition depends, not on our belief, but on our disbelief, of our own traditions. We have, as yet, no sufficient clue to the meaning of either; but you will always find that, in proportion to the earnestness of our own faith, its tendency to accept a spiritual personality increases; and that the most vital and beautiful Christian temper rests joyfully in its conviction of the multitudinous ministry of living angels, infinitely varied in rank and power. You all know one expression of the purest and happiest form of such faith, as it exists in modern times, in Richter's lovely illustrations of the Lord's prayer..

The real and living death-angel, girt as a pilgrim for a journey, and softly crowned with flowers, beckons at the dying mother's door; children angels sit talking face to face with mortal children, among the flowers;—hold them by their little coats lest they fall on the stairs;—whisper dreams of heaven to them leaning over their pillows;—carry the sound of the church bells for them far through the air; and even descending lower in service, fill little cups with honey, to hold out to the weary
RUSKIN.

ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM AND ORGANIZATION.

(By J. H. Powell.)

Modern Spiritualism is becoming a power in the world, and is destined to bring us out of the wilderness of darkness, into the glorious Canaan of light. But it is at work in a very silent way, eschewing pageantries and pedigrees and all the useless machinery of display. It does not call upon its disciples to wear either drab or lawn. It asks for no vested interests in land or learning. It is cosmopolitan, and therefore free. Neither popes nor princes, synods nor councils, have any vested rights in its name. It comes to us from the remote past—even, "from the beginning"—and opens its arms to embrace Humanity. It asks not what a man thinks or believes, but what he is. Its church is the magnificent cathedral of nature; and its preachers the everlasting mountains, seas, cataracts, flowers, and above all the human soul. No creed which merely makes a man a mental serf; or conventional usage which is only a convenience of the age, can affect Spiritualism in the least, other than to give it work to do in "shaking up these dry bones." As the light of Spiritualism gradually illumines the dark places of life, we see how the "dead things are embalmed" and presented for the living—how sound is taken for sense, and lust for love—how ignorance in rags is fostered and fettered by ignorance in ermine—how the word is substituted for the spirit of Religion. The moment that the marvellous finger of Spiritualism Christ-like, touches the eyes of the "blind leaders of the blind." The perpetual newness of beauty is felt as well as seen, whilst the passion is excited for the still newer wonders of the Immortal gardens of Paradise.

The lessons of the past, have mostly been learned in deep sadness. Power has seized the reins of Authority in matters of Faith, and ruled the world with an iron hand. Religion the sanctifying missionary of Spiritualism, has been welcomed only by the brave and true, who are ever the world's martyrs. And alas! the cowardly and false have made for themselves "new gods, hung upon their necks the sign of the cross, decorated them with costliest gems, and worshipped the work of their own hands. Thus the world has grown to regard the outer as of more value than the inner and to be pleased with its prettiness. No wonder we have a state of society to mourn over, which is a Babylon of 'confusions worse confounded.' Hypocrisy, cant, caste and selfishness, are not very diminutive figures in the world's living portrait-gallery; nor do I see that Old Theology has within its veins the healthy life-principle, which alone can breathe into the nostrils of these human monstrosities "the breath of regenerate life. I rejoice however, to know that other and better portraits have a place in the great human picture-gallery. I should be sorry to libel human nature by supposing for an instant that mock-virtue and mock-piety hold undivided sway. Examples of heroism of the noblest kind, may be found daily in every grade of society. These are the bright pictures which relieve the dull array of unheroic ones, that hold so prominent a position in the life-gallery. Doctors of medicine and divinity differ, and well they may, when their medical and doctrinal prescriptions, although involved in dog-Latin or pure Latin, shun the light of progress! but I question whether the most dogged doctor, or the most dogmatic divine, would contend that humanity have arrived at the zenith of religious life, and that the spirits of evil have ceased to influence the children of earth.

If there is one question upon which there is common agreement I think it is this, viz., that the state of society does not speak much for the institutions which for ages have claimed the right of teaching "The Way, the Truth, and the Life;" although I doubt not, they have done much good and served, however inefficiently, their day and generation. No past age ever needed spiritual regeneration more than this, and it is a matter for rejoicing that the resources of the spirit-world are all-sufficient for the purpose. Looking superficially at society, we are led to ask, what is life for? What is the use of the clatter and jostle, the hate and strife, and perpetual gold-scrabbling which mainly occupy the greater half of human beings? Spiritualism gives the answer, and Religion endorses it. Humanity is progressive. We cannot reach perfection in the "twinkling of an eye." All the faculties of the mind need developing. The spirit abides in the temporal body here for a short period only, and must pass "through the valley of the shadow of death" ere it can be fit for the Higher Life. What would life be worth without conflict? Struggle strengthens the soul. The true man feels the sublimity of endurance, when he can fully appreciate the blessed ordinance of life-consecration to Duty. It is very delightful, no doubt, to think only of the sweet peace of home and all that is beautiful everywhere, and to feel that yet a little while, and we shall reach an eternal home, where the beauties of earth will be transfigured, and sorrow and sin unknown. But let us not deceive ourselves. If the world were the abode only of peace, and all its paths paved only with flowers and other beauties, we should lose the charm of novelty and find such misery in the perpetual sameness, that we should make war and disu-

gure beauty for the sake of contrast. Ever the stern facts of life preach to us thus—God has wisely made man “a little lower than the angels,” that he may aspire and struggle, and win the victor-crown which is in store for those who “work out their own salvation.” Ever we poor apologies for heroes, are questioning God as to the necessity of evil, and are ready to praise Him for the good, but not for the evil. But why not recognize the necessity of conditions and believe that God doeth all things well. Shall we bless Him for flowers and not for the manure upon which they feed? for the sun and not for the storm? for day and not for night? for life and not for death?

It is the mission of philosophy founded upon the broadest range of natural phenomena, to see the working of Providence, even in the saddest human conditions. “Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of God.” Orthodoxy may solve the problem of evil to its own unphilosophical view, by giving the devil credit for infinitely more than his due. The unshackled thinker will say with Pope:—“Partial evil’s universal good.” If the beautiful flowers need the soil and manure as well as the sun and shower, we can but rejoice that the conditions exist which supply the need. He who would say that God created the flowers and the devil the manure, would not be likely to win the respect even of the Orthodox. Nature is a most impartial teacher. She bids us turn over the leaves of her great volume, and learn that material things are but shadows of spiritual things. Look at the lesson of the flowers and the manure. Our spirits, if they are ever to bloom as flowers in paradise, must be nurtured in conditions, the manure so to speak, necessary to their culture. Shall we say with the Theologian, that God created our spirits, and the devil the conditions of evil from which they must spring? Not so, “None are perfect, no not one.” Perfection centres only in God. We look to Him for fuller life, but must nevertheless bear our burden below. How beautiful are the lines from Cowper—

The clouds that ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
With blessings on your head.

Taking this view of things, I feel that the true soul can find no fault with the work of God. That he can hear the artillery of heaven crash, see the lurid lightnings flash, and know that God is there. We search in vain in the conventicles of Ecclesiasticism for the knowledge of men and things which can truly be said to lift the soul into heaven. When a man once gets his head stuffed with dogmatism, he is a stumbling block to progress. This is at once the weak and strong position of the churches. They indoctrinate, indoctrinate, indoctrinate, and charge dear enough for it. But they teach one very useful lesson, viz., the extreme gullibility of human nature. How supremely absurd it seems for a man gifted with lofty, intellectual powers, to allow nature’s holy lessons to remain unstudied, whilst he greedily swallows thirty-nine articles? But I must not be uncharitable. Those who are so greedy, know no better, and it may be, are being taught, the only way possible to them, how to ascend the ladder of faith. I cannot do other than recognize Almighty Wisdom exhibiting itself through all the varied phases of nature. I may not explain away mysteries, but I desire not to mystify. My own experiences make me humble, and I stand dumb in the presence of stern realities which metaphysicians can no more account for, than can a child explain the phenomenon of the moon in water. But this I know, my own soul-promptings, the divinity that speaks within me, urge me to the work of regeneration, and that the facts of Spiritualism give me assurances of the Hereafter, which are precious beyond the wealth of Peru.

I look around and see society rushing madly into sin. And whilst Spiritualism teaches me to see the wisdom of God even in the evil, it shows likewise His great mercy, in opening up a way of escape; and here do I lovingly embrace Duty, and feel that what Spiritualism has done for me, and others much more deserving than myself, it can do for those around me, who are sunk low, even the lowest in the mire of sin. I look into the various existing institutions, but alas! I seek in vain for that full, vigorous, living philosophy, which can feed the hungry servants of Truth, the only true sons of the Lord. But I am thankful to find it in Spiritualism, the grandest system of religion and ethics the world has ever seen.

The Spiritualist having once tasted of the manna of Paradise, realized the precious joys of spiritual freedom intuitively shrinks from the thought even of returning to the bond-chains of sect. This is the reason so many turn their backs upon ‘organization.’ The feeling is natural, and deserves respect when it grows directly out of the fear of falling into bondage. History is read I think with little advantage, if the reader fail to distinguish between the use and abuse of power.

Organizations everywhere teach the lessons of subjection and utility. They are as it were the machinery of human action, and can never be absolutely dispensed with. All history attests the utility of concerted effort, which rightly managed, is harmonious effort. I do not fail to see that single individuals of great force of character, such as Luther, Napoleon, and others are in them-

selves worth, in point of genius, whole combinations of mere mortal automata. But I ask myself where would Luther have been without the inspiration of the angels and his inspired followers? Such men are raised up to lead, and are the natural head of organizations, which exist wherever souls are subjected to their teachings.

A body without a head cannot exist. A whole is made up of parts which have a natural attraction to each other. Leadership in human institutions, like the institutions themselves, may be peculiarly objectionable to some minds, but in reality, if only the proper leaders rule, and the proper conditions surround them, instead of disorder there will be perfect harmony. A crotchet or quaver, is a note or tone, but not a tune which can only be produced by a combination of crotchets or quavers. The ocean is made up of drops running harmoniously together. Destroy the law of association or organization, and how will your mighty steam ships organized of particles, and equipped with disciplined men, bear their freightage upon the billows? Truly a marvellous lesson is taught in the mighty waters. Fishes swim in swarms—(finny organizations) the very rocks are coagulated particles—the stones commingle and crystalize. Look how the heavens declare the glory of God! The stars associate to praise Him! Nature is indeed a mighty advocate for harmony and fellowship. The birds of the air are mostly seen in groups; so are the flies and insect tribes. Throughout the vegetable, mineral, and animal kingdoms, the same great law of natural organization is apparent. The plant has its structural system—its root, stem and leaves, all receiving nutriment from the cohesive particles of the earth, and colour from the collected rays of light. The miner knows from experience, that coal, lead, iron, silver, and gold, adhere in lumps and are divisible. Inanimate creation bears on its surface in indelible characters, crystalized in rock, written in water, painted in light, the word—“Organization.”

We come up a step higher, and behold the animal formations, and there we gain fresh evidence that “Organization” is an eternal law. It matters not if we examine with microscopic eye an animalculum, or ascend the scale of animal existences until we reach man, we shall observe the same unfailing law—the same principle of the dependence of part upon part, and the same order of progression.

The most sturdy opponent of associations, I should think, would admit, that the teachings of anatomy shew that bone is attached to bone, artery to artery, vein to vein; that the whole animal economy when in health acts harmoniously, and produces altogether, a beautiful combination that disunion would destroy. I remember once looking through a microscope, at the eye of a common house-fly, and saw such marvellous beauty of structure that words are too poor to describe. My involuntary exclamation was—what are man’s achievements in comparison with those of God. We despise the common fly as it crawls upon the ceiling, but what a wonderful microcosm it is to the eye of science. The microscope, and anatomy are indeed powerful advocates of organization, shewing as they do, how the minutest structural system is a combination of parts, each requiring Almighty skill to produce.

Let a man only know himself, and he will know that the harmonious action of the body depends upon conditions which he can in some measure command. If a man’s legs refuse to walk, his head can’t walk for them. If his head refuse to think, his legs can’t think for it. Each member is designed for use, not abuse, in its own sphere. Here seems to me to be the difficulty in most organizations of sects. Legs and heads quarrel as to which shall rule. The result is, disharmony takes the reins and Wisdom is outlawed. So long as men shall refuse to learn of nature they must of necessity blunder on, realizing misery, instead of happiness.

Organizations have mostly been based upon the foundations of human pride and ambition. Sometimes they have been based upon Justice; but more the former I fear, than the latter. I am no advocate for the restriction of individual freedom, which so many organizations imply. Freedom to think is the birth-right of all. Freedom to act contrary to the dictates of Duty, is no right but a wrong of the actor, done to the acted upon. Let us not be deceived by the seductive word *freedom*. We are bounded by conditions, and can only be free from them by being subjected to other higher or lower conditions. Life without conditions could not be. The man who feels his responsibility to God and to his fellow-man, is alone the man who obeys the *Higher Law*, is alone free from the bondage of Self, and there is no greater tyrant than Self to which a man can succumb.

Freedom is a magic word to the prisoner and the fettered slave; but to them it means the open fields, and the liberty to roam abroad. Freedom is a glorious word to the dying when hope is no more; but to them it means the end of physical weakness and pain. Freedom is a divine word to the tired pilgrim of Eternal Truth, whose valiant spirit asks for rest; but to him it means Immortal Life.

The word Release in all these instances would express as much.

We cannot be free from either the physical, moral, or spiritual laws. We may violate them and suffer; but moral freedom is ours nevertheless. If we can break a law, we can keep it. In this man proves his superiority over all other mundane existences. Some of us are very slow to learn the lessons of nature. We acquire an easy habit of doing wrong and blaming conditions — of achieving certain triumphs over matter and praising ourselves. Individuality without culture and obedience to Duty may change its name to selfishness. The eternal law of Association runs like a thread through all worlds. Not only have we our little bands of union on earth; but spirits dwell together in unity and are grouped in families.

The ministering angels have all one object, that is—to minister to the lower according to the will of God. The angels congregate and organize to “fight the good fight” of faith, against the organized legions of the nether spheres.

Perhaps one of the strongest supports to sectarianism is the social feeling which is inherent in human nature. It is that which keeps associations together more than the creeds they adopt.

It is gratifying to know that in spite of the flimsy assaults of the press, and the unfair and unphilosophical quibblings of some of our learned savans; and the still more inexcusable denunciations of the pulpit, Spiritualists are accumulating. Making allowance for the “Nicodemians and Thomasians,” there is still a rather large body of Spiritualists scattered over England. Can nothing be done to destroy the barriers which isolate them from each other? Are the objections to “organization” insuperable with Spiritualists alone, whilst every other body of any importance has its organization?

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE IDEA OF THE EXISTENCE OF SPIRITS.

“The idea of the existence of spirits,” says one of our French collaborators (Edward de Las Graves), “and of their intervention in human affairs, may be traced back to the most remote epochs of antiquity. We find it in all the philosophies; it forms from the basis of all the religious systems of the ancients, and the Biblical narratives are full of it. The Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Druids, the Indians and the Chinese had their oracles which they consulted. The Middle Ages could not bury the idea of the funeral piles which devoured their sorcerers and their witches. It has come down even to our own times, braving all persecutions, surviving all the revolutions, physical and moral, of humanity.

“Beyond a doubt this idea, imperishable because it is true has often been associated with a thousand absurdities. Cupidity and the lust of domination have often made of it a powerful weapon, and have not feared even to disfigure, and pervert, and play false with it in order to subject it to their caprices, their ambitions, or their needs. But the time has come at length when the truth is destined to rise and glitter in all its splendour chasing pitilessly the errors which ignorance and superstition have heaped up during the centuries.”

BROWNIES.

These were a kind of domestic fairies, useful and described by Martin before mentioned as seen in the Western Island as a tall man, being a spirit which did several kinds of work, as a sort of domestic fairy, in the Western Islands. King James of England in his *Demonology*, says, “Brownie appeared like a rough man and haunted various houses; some were so blinded as to believe that their house was all the sossier, as they said that such spirits resorted there.” Dr. Johnson in his “*Journey to the Western Islands*,” mentioned Brownie as being a sturdy fairy, who, if well fed and kindly treated would do a great deal of work. They now pay him no wages, and are content to labour for themselves.”

Robert Heron, mentioned him as a very obliging spirit who used to come into the house by night, and for a dish of cream, perform lustily any piece of work that might remain to be done. Sometimes he would work, and sometimes eat till he burst. If odd clothes were laid out for him, he took them and never more returned.” Milton described the fairy character which seems to be identical with the Brownie, or domestic fairy, as “the drudging goblin.”

C.C.

THE ANGEL'S FOREST WALK.

It was the twilight hour; the sun had set the clouds behind,
When a ministering spirit entered through the portals of my mind,
And in a voice of sweetness like to music's softest tone,
She told me a true story of the world to which she'd flown;
She revealed unto my vision the beauty and the bliss—
The grandeur and the glory of a higher life than this.

I could not choose but listen, for such truths are sweet to me,
For the diary of my future I have ever longed to see,
And what my great Creator for me may have in store,
For I would live by wisdom, love, and truth for evermore;
So like the fragrant incense from angels' censers flung,
Into my ravished spirit fell the music of her tongue.

Like songs of heavenly lyrics beyond our mortal gaze,
Like leaves of golden scripture sparkling in the noontide blaze,
Appeared that spirit's language as it sank into my soul,
While her fingers pointed upward to that bright and blessed goal,
The grand and glorious Eden where the flowers can never die,
Land of eternal summer above the starry sky!

Clasped by a golden girdle, flowed her garment to her feet,
Her piercing eyes were azure, and her face was kind and sweet;
She bade me tell to mortals of her happy walks 'mid bowers,
Of that ethereal region of unfading fruits and flowers;
For a fairy from that Elf-land where angels dwell she came,
And her silver ringlets glistened in the moonlight like a flame.

Then with her rod she touched me, and my senses felt the spell,
My brain it palpitated, and my heart began to swell,
She said, “In love and pity I would speak to all mankind,
Of the beauteous world of spirits, through the medium's lowly mind,
For the earth is bound in darkness and like children in the night,
A million souls are crying for the dawning of the light.

For the earth-life's one of trouble and unhallowed base desires,
The torch of passion kindles in man's bosom carnal fires,
Suffering and sorrow chill life's tender chords,
Brother unto brother speaks in scorpion-stinging words;
With hollow shells of worthless creeds, the multitudes are fed,
And I come to tell the glories of the land to which I've fled.

Lo! the heavens expand around me, lit with Truth's celestial beams,
And in all things there's a fitness to my feelings, thoughts and dreams,
All my longings, all my yearnings, are at once fulfilled and met,
And the sun upon my pleasures can never, never set;
My Joy-cup brimmeth over, and I quaff the draught with glee,
And Love's pure golden chalice is by angels held for me.

In Canaan's happy valleys, oh! what gorgeous wonders teem,
Such as have never entered in a mortal's brightest dream!
With a band of loving spirits once I roamed the forest through,
And such a scene of beauty earthly painter never drew,
First I saw an angel, like a king his glory shone,
And within that leafy forest he had reared his emerald throne.

He bade me joyful welcome with outstretched gentle hand,
To this old and waving forest of the glorious spirit-land;
But his form of grace and beauty, and his eyes so calm and bright,
And his soul of melting sweetness, and his locks of sunny light,
Were more than pen of poet, the most lofty could pourtray,
And he became our guardian and led us on the way.

And we raised our tuneful voices in a thousand happy songs,
And brother and sister spirits joined us in unnumbered throngs,
We gathered flowers whose perfumes floated on the passing breeze,
We plucked the fadeless blossoms from the branches of the trees,
And every twinkling grass-blade some happy fancy wrought,
And every floweret sparkled the Messiah of a thought.

Green swards like golden carpets were elastic to our tread,
And skies like silken curtains seemed to flutter overhead,
Cool lakes and coral grottos where the richest jewels beamed,
And fish in crystal fountains like bright water angels gleamed,
And like a silver bugle from among the mountains blown,
From the topmost heights of heaven we heard an angel's tone.

Yet vain were all the glories to our ravished sense revealed,
And empty were all pleasures to our eager souls unsealed,
If the spirit's deep affections were not sanctified by prayer,
And our kind All-Loving-Father were for ever absent there,
For when the Soul hath shaken in its flight all earthly ties,
The things which pleased its senses the pure spirit will despise.

I turned, the spirit vanished and I gazed with awe profound,
I stood in solemn wonder as if fixed unto the ground,
The rose of dawn was flushing o'er every Eastern peak,
And I dimly guessed the meaning of the words I heard her speak,
Yet I saw her wings of splendour in a flood of light expand,
Triumphantly ascending to the blessed Summer Land.

THE MAGNETESCOPE.

At the residence of a well-known and respected Spiritualist, P. B. Randolph, the American trance speaker, during his stay in England some years back was often entranced, and many of his grand utterances we believe are preserved. At the time the following was given, the conversation had turned on Leger's Magnetoscope, Mr. Randolph having his hat on, ready to take his leave. He was however, instantly entranced; his hat fell off, and he delighted his hearers with these words:—

God is great! There is no God but God, and all good men are His prophets. So be it unto you.

I am here once more to redeem my promise of speaking of Nature, Matter, Mind, Power, Force, Life, Motion, Essences and all energies whatsoever.

Down the vale of time, our sight doth glance: we see hills and mountains: we know the winds and tides, but take little note of vallies and plains and the visible essences which permeate all things and give vitality to being.

I am glad to meet you, for we can talk together. I am your brother, the "Stranger" spirit who once before met you, to whom your circle of investigators made a promise but failed to keep.

I am well versed in the deeper laws of Nature, and am drawn to you by the affinities subsisting between us.

When the Pyramids of my native land were being built I gazed at and dreamt of the shining stars; when the Sphynx was planted, when the statue of Memnon was fixed, I moved on the earth. I have passed down the vale of years, an old hoary-headed man. I spoke to you once before. Would you only know who I was? I spoke then by proxy; now I am here myself.

You speak of machines to determine the calibre of human souls and their relative qualities. I am interested.

God has created from negative Essences, a something which moves, and has a power of its own. Man can also create from matter machines, and it is possible for machinery to create results as if actuated by a mind of its own, such as the calculating instruments for computing numbers and quantities. The mathematical faculty is transcended by the work of man's hands.

An apparatus may be constructed to do your bidding—almost having a mind of its own, acting in one direction specifically. Memnon's statue is said to have spoken. As a symbol this is true. Statues can be made to act in certain directions. Dead matter can be made as susceptible as a specific agent.

Every particle in nature, and in man particularly, is made to give out an influence having relation to some other particle positive and negative. You may construct a machine which shall always weigh man in a just balance.

I will treat with you now upon the twenty-four Essences, the combining and mixture of which in various forms forming substances: all these are materially unreal. The invisible is the true and real; the substratum is the only reality: God real, matter transitory, for it will return by the spirally ascending motion to its source, the Original Essence—the God-head, the Dead.

The great fountain, or crystallising action of spirit, is God. He exists in a sphere peculiarly His own as a wonderful incomprehensible point. From his body emanate countless waves and rays of light, each differing from the other. Your galvanometer indicates that a different force proceeds from different portions of the Homos as from the Deos.

All this dead or God-sphere may be comprised in a category of twenty-four distinct orders and degrees.

Each one of the aural, aural, and deific emanations will be regarded as a generic term: viz:—

Electricity is one form of the great Essence called Electrine. There are twenty-four distinct kinds of electrical element: now this latter is negative; it constitutes all that you know of matter.

Magnetism is also a generic term, comprehending 24 agents, each specifically different, yet interrelated with its neighbours by its common origin. These are the elements of spirit.

Now there is another member of the great term known by the generic term, Ethyle, 24 members constituting its fulness. This forms the elements which you understand as mind.

Here are body, spirit and soul.

Yet these three—Electricity, Magnetism, and Ethyle, are only members of the 24, each of the 21 others being divisible into 24.

Now let us divide the Electrical element into three parts only; Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen. The intermingling, commingling, of these sub-ethereal essences constitutes the basis of all matter:—for the cortex of vegetable structure—the bark of the oak, the granite rock, the lightning, are all one in every respect, only in different conditions of development.

HERMES.

GUTTENBERG'S VISION.

THE young and poor sacristan of Haarlem was in love. Promising one fete day of spring-time upon the banks of the canals outside of the city, he seated himself under the willows, there to indulge in reveries of his beloved one. Full of her image, he took pleasure in engraving, with the aid of his knife, the first letter of her name, and the first letter of his own name, interwoven as a rustic emblem of the union of their souls, and of the entwining of their destinies; but instead of leaving these letters engraven upon the bark to grow with the tree, as one may see of so many mysterious figures and letters upon the borders of forests and streams, he sculptured these symbols of his love upon little pieces of willow stripped of their bark, and still sweating with the moisture of their spring sap. He then brought them, as a souvenir of his dreams and of his token of his tenderness, to the one beloved.

One day having thus carved these letters in green wood with apparently more of skill and perfectness than usual, he enveloped his little *chef d'œuvre* in a sheet of parchment, and brought it to Haarlem. Unfolding it the following day to regard again his letters, he was astonished to see these reproduced *en bistre* upon the parchment through the relief of the letters, whose sap in emitting itself had thus stamped their image thereupon. This was to him a revelation. Other letters in wood were carved, the sap replaced by a black liquor, and thus we obtained the first block of printing.

Without this prelude the following dream of Guttenberg, narrated by himself, would be less understood. We translate his words almost literally:—

"I heard two voices," said he, "two voices of unknown and of different tone, which addressed alternatively my soul. The one said to me, 'Rejoice John, thou art immortal! Henceforth through thy instrumentality will all light be diffused throughout the world! The peoples who live thousands of leagues remote from thee, strangers to the thoughts of our country, will both read and understand thoughts this day mute, scattered and multiplied, as they shall be, through thyself, through thy work! Rejoice, John; thou art immortal! for thou art the interpreter that nations have awaited to converse with each other. Thou art immortal; for thy discovery is going to give perpetual life to geniuses, who, without thee, would be but dead-born, and who, through gratitude, will all proclaim in turn the immortality of the one who immortalizes them.'

The voice became silent, and left me in a delirium of glory. I heard the other voice; it said, 'Yes, John, thou art immortal; but at what price? Is the thought of thy fellow-creatures sufficiently pure and holy to merit delivery to the eyes and ears of mankind? Are there not many, and perhaps the greater number of them, which would merit a thousand times more annihilation and suppression, than repetition and multiplication before the world? Man is more often perverse than wise and good. He will profane the gift that thou makest him; he will abuse the new understanding that thou createst for him! More than one age, instead of blessing, will only curse thee. Men will be born whose intellects will be powerful and seducing, but whose hearts will be vain-glorious and corrupt; without thee they would remain in obscurity; confined to a narrow circle, they would bring misfortune only to their neighbours; and in their day, through thee, will they bring error, misfortune, and crime to all men and to all ages!

Behold, thousands become corrupt from the corruption of a single soul! Witness young men perverted by books, the pages of which distil poisons from the mind! Young girls become immodest and unfeeling toward the poor through books whence poisons from the heart will be poured!

Witness mothers weeping over their sons; fathers blushing for their daughters! John, is not the immortality which costs so many tears and pangs of heart, far too dear? Dost thou wish glory at this price? Art thou not intimidated, John, by the responsibility that this glory will bring to thee?

Believe me, John, live as though thou hadst nothing discovered. Regard thy invention as a bewitching but unfortunate dream, the execution of which could be useful and holy only were man good; but man is wicked, and to lend arms to the wicked, is it not to participate in their crimes?"

I awoke in the horror of doubt. I resisted for a moment, but considered that gifts from God, although they might sometimes be perilous, were never bad, and that to give our instrument more to reason and to noble human liberty, was but to open a vaster field to intelligence and virtue—both divine.

I pursued the execution of my discovery."—*M. DeLamartine.*

MOTHER.—The education of children should not be commenced at too young an age. The body should be allowed all the vitality it can possibly acquire without having it consumed by brain-work. It is a mistaken idea that smart children make smart men. The vast majority of children who mature young, wear out the delicate machinery before they arrive at an age to enjoy their acquisitions.—*Banacr. of Light.*

SECOND CONVENTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

Assembled at Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 25th., & 26th., 1866.

THE Second Convention of this highly promising Association has just finished its sittings in the Metropolis of the North. The success of the whole affair was far beyond the expectations of the friends of Progressive Spiritualism. The large assembly room of Bell's Crown Temperance Hotel, was thickly packed with members of the Association from all parts of England—some even from distant parts of Ireland. The meetings were opened and closed by singing and prayer, and some estimate may be formed of the harmony which existed, when the proprietress of the hotel declared that though she had seen many gatherings of Christians and others in her time, she never before saw such friendliness and unanimity with any party before. The papers read, one by the proprietor of this Journal, were everything that could be desired—replete with interest and information—and the songs and addresses were all of the most splendid and delightful description. Though all men and women are more or less mediumistic, there were no fewer than eleven mediums of acknowledged power present; among whom we may mention: Miss Butterwick, trance and clairvoyant; Miss Chapman, trance and personating; Miss Alston, ditto; Mr. Green, trance; Dr. McLeod, healing medium, remarkable power; Mr. Etchells; the well-known Mr. and Mrs. Spear, trance, inspirational and psychometric, &c., &c.; and the remarkable physical medium, Master William Turketine, with Messrs. Champ-ernowne, Pilborough, &c.

The Convention held *seances*, both dark and light, chiefly however, the former, at which were witnessed by the congregated friends some of the most marvellous and striking manifestations imaginable. Lights, spirit-rapping, (tremendous) table-tipping, &c., and most elegant, pathetic, and instructive songs and addresses by spirits of various spheres. Perhaps, nothing before has ever been heard by a company of spiritual friends, equal to the inspirational addresses of Miss Chapman, of Huddersfield, or the singing of the spirit of *Malibran*, through the same instrument.

As a report of the entire proceedings will shortly be issued, by Mr. Burns, of Camberwell, and all particulars will be therein given, it is only necessary to say further in this place, that the funds of the Association are in a healthy condition; that the officers for the ensuing twelve months are, President, Mr. John Hodge, of Darlington; Treasurer, Mr. Joseph Dixon, ditto; and Secretary, Dr. Hugh McLeod, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where communications, orders for the report (in the printer's hands) of this Convention, may be sent and will be attended to.

The Third Convention is appointed to be held in London in 1867.—*Communicated.*

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

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

A LECTURE UPON THE MIND.

(Through the Mediumship of Richard Wortley.)

Wisdom is the great sun, fixed in the great universe, shining more or less upon all minds, and it may be that a few rays of spiritual light will pierce through my organization, and impress undying pictures upon your souls. I only wish to tell you that mind is a part of God, that it is an undeveloped spirit, uncultivated and unguided by the light of wisdom. It is a mighty halo of spiritual light, it shines like a sun, and is indeed a world of light, of pleasure, or bliss, a world of reality, of endless duration, a world of God's own creation, when it is developed and illuminated by wisdom. I will first ask you a question before I proceed to make these statements

clear so that you may better understand me. Will you follow me? I do not wish to make proselytes, but understand me, this world of mind is great, so great indeed that we cannot fathom its height or depth or width. I must tell some of you who will trust me, that before we take our mental excursion, you must throw off your cloaks. Let us remember this or we shall be sure to get lost in the byways of superstition. I have said there are angels placed at every corner in the mental universe, in other words there, is a voice speaking to you at every turning in the great way of progress. Listen! can you not hear that voice? 'tis the voice of reason, it says, "Why not judge what is right for yourselves, now we shall write this upon the banner of truth and carry it along with us through all our travels in the world of mind and recollect all the grand scenery which we shall witness. Behold the visions have commenced, visions shall we call them? Yes, visions of reality. There is an organ in the human brain, well known to the Phrenologist, called sublimity, this organ calls itself holiness, what men call it and a developed spirit calls it are two different things, if I tell you that sublimity is holiness, will you believe me? If I say all that man ever knew of holiness came to him through this organ of mind, I tell the truth. Let the traveller for truth ask himself what the visions of sublimity mean, and the voice will whisper to his spirit, holiness! holiness! holiness! Look across God's mighty creation and see for yourself, are not the true visions of sublimity extremely beautiful is not the scenery holy? What is that great freckled ball swinging beneath thy feet when thou lookest from the great mountain of sublimity? I ask you who have ventured to follow me? It is the earth upon which I used to dwell, I think I see the surface now and then between those slivery looking clouds, I think I see the very spot where my old body was laid, where the parish parson uttered these words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," yes, I think I knew all the customs and habits which the world used to perform.

I stand off again from earth and another vision comes before me, look there is the moon, throwing its rays upon that dark surface, which I have just seen clothed with beauty. I stand between the earth and the moon, apparently upon nothing, yet am sustained by positive attraction, I love these scenes of nature, and love sustains me. I love to see how grand are the ways of God, and to know that God sustains me, I love to gaze upon His holy pictures of truth, and truth sustains me, I love to enjoy happiness, and happiness is given to me, ah! these are a few simple realities of mind, do you believe me? Is sublimity a true principle of mind? if so, put your trust in it, and it will not deceive you. It is a grand part of the world of mind, cultivate it traveller, wipe the glasses of your mind's sublime telescope, and believe me you will see wonders. Now come the beautiful visions of ideality, some faintly seen, and some exquisitely grand. Ideality is a world in itself, not fanciful but real and truthful to a developed and progressed spirit up in the bright spheres of wisdom. Ideality means nothing, but that which the heavens impress upon our mental sphere. Ideas are pictures of spiritual beauty, they are seen above the horizon of natural objects. They are seen from fairy-land, always dropping before our mental vision, and they startle us sometimes with their sudden appearance. They are prophetic, for they always prefigure something that is to come to the mental traveller, they seem like atmospheric illusions. Some tell us they are mocking ghosts haunting us to death. But I tell you they are not, they are not distinct and clear I will admit to an undeveloped mind. An uneven mind is like a bad machine, it deceives us and produces bad effects. But when reason sheds its light upon the mind's picture, we are enabled to understand them, and put them to great use. No man ever had a picture presented to his mind but which was a reality! understand me rightly, I mean of all the objects seen within the world of mind, there is is not one fails. It only needs the pure light of reason to reveal them to our understanding.

(To be continued.)

A VISION.

At a late *seance* at Miss Cogman's, Mr. Meers saw several scenes in the spirit-world; at length in the trance sleep, his attention was directed to a gloomy dungeon, in which was confined a dark, human-like body. We give his own description:—

My spirit-guide told me it was an imprisoned mind, and that mind was mine. My guide next told me to contemplate the vast and glorious firmament, to penetrate its illimitable space, and there behold the wonders of the Great Creator's work. The heavens declare the glory of

God, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work. Slowly did my spirit appear to soar through the vast region of gloom and darkness that surrounds our earth, and then I saw the glorious sun, in all its majesty and beauty, casting its hallowed rays, on all the material or solid bodies in the heavens, with which the eye of man is familiar. My spirit-guide told me it was the life-giving principle to all material growth. I saw the cold gloomy, unfathomable realms of space, which to us in our undeveloped state appears a clear blue atmosphere of light. I saw it was filled with myriads of atoms which had emanated from the tree or fountain of life—the Great Divinity; and each of those atoms were intended to perform some part in our material world. I saw how the warm bright rays which stream from the glorious sun, were cast upon our earth, and then reflected back again, so forming an atmosphere of warmth and light around us, which is the secret of our natural material existence.

I next observed the beauteous stars shining with their thousand eyes of borrowed light, constantly twinkling their prismatic colourings, and yet without one ray of natural light within them, and the bright silvery moon, the silent queen of night, gently gliding through the firmament its calm exterior like a mirror reflecting back the light thrown on it by that marvel of marvels, the wondrous, sun! But who can contemplate the beauties of the heavens without a feeling of sublimity and awe. Observe how each of the planetary bodies revolves in its own orbits, they never clash or come into collision, so wisely are their movements all arranged. I would advise you to consider them; study them well. Study will give you knowledge, knowledge will make you wise, wisdom will make you good, goodness will make you loving, and love will teach you to venerate and know the Creator, and that is the secret of progression here.

But there are many other suns in that unbounded space of which no human ear hath heard, or mortal eye hath seen; I can see one now, it is inhabited. On it I see a man of dignified deportment; the expression of his countenance appears austere, and yet beneath, and in his eye, I can detect, all the more noble qualities of love. The texture of his raiment is most beautiful. How shall I describe it. You talk of velvets and satins with admiration; but they are naught to this, and cannot be compared thereto, as nothing perfect is yet sprung from mortal hands. These are perfect, and are all produced simply by the operation of the will. His mantle is not scarlet, it is not crimson, it is not vermilion, and yet it radiates them all. His girdle it is not green, it is not purple, it is not gold, and yet it looks like them all. All below is white. There are mansions in this sun, I can see one of them; it is not glass, it is not crystal, it is not diamonds, and yet it is transparent, and I can see all within it. And there are lakes here; they are not water and yet they seem to flow. I cannot tell what they are for, except it be to give beauty to the scene. And there are trees growing here in most beautiful profusion. I do not see leaves upon them, but they are laden with flowers, choice flowers and very fragrant. There are birds upon the branches, not like our birds, but with most perfect and elegant plumage, and they are singing birds, but they do not sing like our birds; they sing songs with words, in praise of Him who created and gave them life. Why do we not see and know of these beautiful suns? It is because our natures are too grovelling, and too much like the earth-worm; but the time is coming when we shall know of them; when man shall be more spiritual and less material, then shall he be able to look around and contemplate the whole Universe of God's Creation.

My spirit guide now informed me that he would tell me more upon the same subject on another occasion. I then appeared to pass through an immense space of cold and gloomy atmosphere, and on opening my eyes was unable for a few seconds, to fully realize my condition on finding myself surrounded by my friends, and I must acknowledge I should greatly prefer being an inhabitant of the spiritual sun I had seen, rather than a resident in our material moon.

THE IDLE CHILDREN.

There were once three children, who, instead of going to school, as they should have done, stood loitering about, grumbling that learning was such a stupid thing.

"Let's set off to the wood!" they all three cried at once—"Let's off to the wood, and play with the little animals there; they never go to school!"

When they came to the wood they asked the animals both great and small, to play with them.

"We are very sorry, but really we've just now no time," replied the animals.

The beetles hummed: "That would be fine if we were to idle with you, children; I must build a fresh bridge of grass—the old one is not safe."

The children crept so softly past the ant-hill; and as for the bee, they ran away from her just as though she had been a venomous beast.

The little mouse cried in a shrill voice, "I'm gathering up corn and seeds for the winter."

"And I," said the little white dove, "am carrying dry sticks for my nest."

The hare only nodded to them: "I can't come and play with you for the whole world," said he: "I've got such a dirty face, and must go and wash it."

The little strawberry blossom said: I must make use of this fine day, and ripen my fruit that it may be ready when the old beggarman comes to look for it."

Then came a cock, strutting through the wood. "Dear Monsieur Chanticleer, you surely have nothing to do; you can come and play a while with us."

"Pardon," cried he with great gravity; "I've noble guests at my house to-day, and have to set out a feast for them;" and bowing very stiffly, away he went.

Then the children accosted the little stream that was running along so merrily. "Do dear little stream come and play with us!"

But the stream asked quite astonished, "What do you mean children? Yes indeed! I don't know what to do, I am so very busy, and yet you want me to play with you; I can't stop either night or day. Men, beast, gardens, woods, meadows, valleys, mountains, fields, I must give them all water to drink, and wash all the clothes besides! I must turn the mill, saw planks, spin wool, carry along boats upon my back, put out fire, and heaven only knows what else besides. I stop and play with idle children, indeed!" and away the stream flowed as fast as it could.

The children were growing quite disheartened, and thought they must give up all hope of finding playfellows in the wood, when they saw a finch sitting upon a branch, singing and eating by turns. They called out to him their invitation.

"Can I believe my ears?" exclaimed the finch, greatly surprised. "You children seem to me under a great mistake. I've no time to play, not I! Here I've been chasing flies all day, and now my young ones want me to sing them to sleep, I'm singing to them the praise of labour. How can you children think so badly of me? No, you turn back again, lazy children and don't disturb the industrious folks in the wood."

Thus taught by the animals, the children turned back to the school very willingly, finding that play is alone the reward of industry and work.

Mrs. Mary Howitt's New Stories

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE DAVENPORTS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—Your readers will be pleased to learn that the Davenport Brothers are still at work on the Continent. After remaining at Brussels a month, during which time they gave *séances* nearly every night to large audiences, they visited Liege, a large manufacturing town in Belgium, where they remained five nights and excited the astonishment of several hundred persons.

The Belgium press has acted very liberally and honourably towards the subject, and through its instrumentality the fact has been made known to thousands. In Louvain the Brothers were particularly successful, the hall overflowing, the audience being composed of great numbers of students of the University.

In addition to the public *séances* at Brussels, private ones were given, one to the chief literary society, and also to the Spiritualists, who considered themselves "nothing unless critical," and carried their tests to a ridiculous extent; so much so, that they came and tendered an apology for their conduct the next day.

Two highly successful exhibitions have been given in this town, which by the way swarms with Roman Catholic Priests. The Brothers go to Charleroy next, and after visiting a few other towns in this country proceed to Holland.

I remain, yours faithfully,

ROBERT COOPER.

Namur, July 28th.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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

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

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

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

THE "SPIRITUAL TIMES" BY POST.

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

Copies.	Months.	Months.	Months.
1,	3d.,	or for 3,	1s. 8d. 6 3s. 3d. 12, 6s. 6d.
2,	5d.,	" "	2s. 9d. " 5s. 5d. " 10s. 6d.
3,	6d.,	" "	3s. 3d. " 6s. 6d. " 13s. 0d.
6,	1s.	" "	6s. 6d. " 13s. 0d. " 26s. 0d.

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

Now ready. In one volume, Demy 8vo.. Post free, price 7s. 6d.

SUPRA-MUNDANE FACTS, IN THE LIFE OF J. B. FERGUSON; Including twenty years' observation of Preternatural Phenomena.

Edited by T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., author of "Forty Years of American Life," "Biography of the Brothers Davenport," &c., &c.

This book contains the personal experiences of Mr. Ferguson, and his observations during twenty years, under favourable circumstances, and over a wide range of territory, of very remarkable phenomena, from the most striking physical, to the higher forms of psychical or spiritual, manifestations. It will also present, from the copious records of Mr. Ferguson, specimens of wisdom and philosophy given from the interior, and many facts orally related. The work of the editor will be the selection and the arrangement of the records furnished him, and the orderly narration of the facts, and he has reason to believe that no work of the present time contains accounts of more remarkable, varied and important phenomena than will be found in this volume.

All order to be sent to the "Spiritual Times" Office.

LYCEUM, 14, Newman Street Oxford Street, W

PRINTING.

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

Glimpses of the Supernatural,

OR THE

Modern Spirit Manifestations, BY ADIN BALLOU.

Price 1s. Post free 1s. 2d.

This is the most condensed and useful work we have yet seen on the subject of Spiritualism. May be had direct from the office of the "Spiritual Times."

WORKS BY J. H. POWELL.

Now Ready,

In one Vol., well bound. Post free, price, 5s. Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row.

LIFE INCIDENTS AND POETIC PICTURES.

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

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

From the Examiner.

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

From the Observer, Oct. 22nd 1865.

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

From the Caledonian Mercury.

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

WOMAN, AT HOME AND ABROAD: A Glance at her Domestic and Social Condition. Price 3d.

SPIRITUALISM; ITS FACTS AND PHASES. Illustrated with Personal Experiences, and Fac-Similes of Spirit-Writing, Price 2s., post free.

As an individual contribution to the general mass of testimony on this great topic of the age, it is very valuable.—*William Howitt*.

Mr. Powell's statements of the answers he received to queries are remarkable, and as he is evidently a truthful writer, we cannot do otherwise than advise the public to consult the work. * * * Many persons will read Mr Powell's narrative with interest, for it has no lack of the marvellous set forth in vigorous language.—*Public Opinion*, March 12th, 1864.

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

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

To be had of the Author, at the "Spiritual Times" Office.

ALPHABETS FOR SEANCES, TWOPENCE EACH, to be had at the "Spiritual Times" Office.

IN THE PRESS. HOMEY HOMILIES BY J. H. POWELL,

Author of "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures."

- No. 1, Love. to be followed by
- 2, Charity.
- 3, Poverty.
- 4, Riches.
- 5, Character.
- 6, Death.
- 7, Immortality.
- 8, Angels and Demons.
- 9, Innate Ideas.
- 10, Spiritual Needs, and others.

Each tract will be complete in itself. Price one Penny, or seven-shillings per 100. To be had of the Author, 'Spiritual Times' Office, 6, Sidney-Terrace, Grove Road, Victoria Park E.

☞ No. 1, 'Love,' will be ready in a few days.

PARCELS OF THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM TRACTS can now be had at the Spiritual Times Office, containing an assortment, one shilling.

J. H. POWELL, Editor of the *Spiritual Times*, will be happy to arrange with Secretaries or Agents, to deliver the following Lecture, or others Subject, "The Facts and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism."

SYLLABUS.

Origin of Modern Spiritualism—Phenomenal Facts—Tokens—Hauntings—Apparitions—Varieties of Mediumship—Professional Adult Mediums—child Mediums, &c.,—extraordinary Personal Experiences—Tables Wafted—Music Played—Rappings on Furniture, Ceilings, Floors—Drawings—Direct & Automatic Writing—Beautiful Spirit-Messages—Cui Bono, the question answered—Instructions for forming circles and developing Mediums.

DR. McLEOD is prepared to receive calls to lecture, and make such engagements as will not necessitate his stay from home more than two days. Address, Dr. McLeod, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sixteen Pages, Weekly: New Series of the **THE ENGLISH LEADER.** A Journal for the Discussion of Stationary Questions.

"Conduciveness to Progress includes the whole excellence of a government."—J. S. MILL, M.P.

Price Twopence. Publishing Office, 282, Strand, London, W.C.

Price Twopence. Post-free Threepence. **"WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS TAUGHT."** Reprinted from the *Spiritual Magazine*, may be had at the Spiritual Times Office.

This pamphlet is one of the most vigorous of Mr. Howitt's numerous writings on Spiritualism. It is in every way suitable for circulation.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

THE "SPIRITUAL TIMES" is now Published by Mr. F. Farrah, 282, Strand, E.C.

Just ready. Price 6d. Post free. 7d. A WORKING MAN'S VIEW OF TENNYSON'S "ENOCH ARDEN."

A spirited and closely analytical essay. The readers who were delighted with his former book (and they were many), will find in this new effort, fresh grace and strength. Mr. Powell's criticism may advantageously compare with many more pretentious utterances of opinion.—*Lloyds News*, January 27.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor JAMES HENRY POWELL, 6, Sidney-terrace Grove-road, Victoria-park, in the County of Middlesex, August 15, 1866.