

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.

NOTICE.

THE Editor of the *Spiritual Times*, by the advice of several of his friends and supporters, has consented to attend a meeting to be held at the Lyceum Hall, on the first floor, 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., on Thursday evening next, Sept. 20th., the chair to be taken at 8 o'clock. The subscribers, and all who desire to see the paper more extensively circulated, and more than ever, representative of English Spiritualism, are respectfully invited.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT."

THIS expression of Goethe has been repeated through the centuries. "Light, more light!" the soul of humanity awakens in the darkness of ignorance, where superstition, tyranny, and wrong, like turnkeys, hold the keys that lock the fetters upon the limbs of thought.

Gradually as the ages have rolled along, the light of Wisdom has sent its divine rays into the almost impenetrable darkness of the soul's prison, and the strong desire for freedom has possessed it, and it has cried in agony for "Light, more light!" A new existence, beautiful as the rising sun, opens before the imprisoned mind the moment the rays of the Everlasting Truth pierce the dense gloom of Ignorance. What fetters, what monstrosities, tyrannies, or organized conspiracies, can avail to keep the soul in darkness, after it has fairly caught a glimpse of the new heavenly existence, dimly perceived by a few rays of intellectual and spiritual light!

Like stars, human beings differ. One star differeth from another in glory, yet they are all more or less glorified, more or less gifted with the power to shine in the firmament. A glow-worm is a mite in comparison with the moon, nevertheless, its lustre is as divine and beautiful. So with human beings when light is given them from on high, they let their "light shine before men," and truly "glorify their Father which is in Heaven." As stars differ, so men differ in the power to reflect their lustre.

"Light, more light!" is the text of the gospel of freedom. The heroes and martyrs of all time, in one form or other, have preached from it. The world owes its progress to the illuminating power of "Light, more light!" which has been the cry of the past, of the present, and will be the cry of the future. As the soul of humanity ascends the spiritual ladder and realizes more and more of Paradise, it must cry for "Light, more light!"

Eternal Progression means light, inexhaustible light. Annihilation were preferable to perpetual darkness. No

theological hell could be more uninviting. We rejoice to know that our Heavenly Father gives us day as well as night. It is our own fault if we walk not in the radiance of day, for we are assured that all are His children, all are born to the inheritance of Immortal Life. Why then need any of us hide our faces from the sun and curse the fate that robs us of light? We can all look for day, even as the night passes; but alas! how many of us elongate the night, and grow to love darkness rather than light!

There is no human tyrant that can fetter the soul. It is quite a mistake to suppose there is. A man's soul can be as free when the body is in fetters as when it is unchained and unconfined by stone walls. Cannot a fettered slave bless God and realize the blessing of God which He ever bestows on all who bless Him, regardless of position, creed, or colour? We forget that "things are not what they seem," and estimate wrongly in consequence. Take the man with a "conscience void of offence," and persecute him; can all the scientific modes of torture combined, make his soul confess itself a liar or coward? Let the records of the world's martyrs attest the soul's independence in this particular at least.

The imprisoned and fettered are not the only slaves. Doubtless there are more slaves who are called by the world respectable freemen. They have the liberty to sin the more and enslave their own souls, which is a serfdom a few years of the earth life may not suffice to end. As an illustration of the power of soul, or its reception of spiritual light, we are reminded, not for the first time, of the story of Protagoras and the laughing philosopher, Democritus. Protagoras was a common porter, yet he was a philosopher. His condition did not rob him of genius. He was engaged carrying a heavy bundle of sticks, when he was met by Democritus, who seeing the sticks arrayed in geometrical order by the porter, expressed his surprise, and prevailed upon Protagoras to undo the bundle, which he did at once, proving to Democritus that even a poor Greek porter had a soul gifted with genius. "God moves in a mysterious way," as in the case of Protagoras, He raises out of the dust of conditions the precious ore of Truth, and makes the poorest peasant rich with the wealth of Intellect.

"Light, more light!" for the churches. "Light, more light!" for the states. "Light more light!" for the peoples. All need it, all degenerate without it. Give us light, ye favoured of the world, ye who have learning, time, and talent! Neither your wealth nor your knowledge belongs solely to yourselves. Ye were born for higher purposes than those belonging to the gratification of self. We are thankful for the measure of light already ours, but we need more. Poverty and crime, wealth and selfishness, hardened hypocrisy, and cruel despotism, go hand in hand. The foes of light surround us on all hands. They occupy our pulpits, sit in our habitations, and direct the formation of the characters of the young. They place themselves in the way of intellectual, social, domestic, and spiritual reform. Turn which way we will, we are shewn the rush-light of some Spurgeon or other, and are expected to see no further. But the darkness is impenetrable with all the

rushlights in Christendom. The light of God which can never become extinguished, illumining every darkened soul willing to receive it, is alone the "light of life," the light which can dispel the thick spiritual darkness. "Light, more light!" this is the deathless demand of man. A demand which faggots, prisons, and all the inhumanities of the ages, could never suppress; because it is a demand consonant with man's nature, the satisfying of which brings him nearer and nearer to his Maker.

Spiritualism, that divine teacher which commenced its mission on earth "from the beginning," but which priests of all creeds, and professors of the acknowledged sciences, have ignorantly assailed, vainly essaying to trample it under their feet, takes up the beautiful expression—"Light, more light!" and the world moves still, we trust a little faster, towards the "Better Life," where peace, harmony and freedom prevail.

Spiritualism is no painted doll of fashion, elaborated in gew-gaws to set the world agape with admiration, but a regular equipped warrior, fighting for light, and the world's redemption. To be a Spiritualist, therefore, one must be prepared to follow a sturdy general, one who fights to conquer, and conquers for humanity. Darkness is an indispensable condition of Nature. So is light. But mental darkness befits only the mentally blind.

"Light, more light!" the patriot cries,
 "Light, more light!" the voiceful day replies.
 Light for the soul to see the way
 That leads to Love's eternal day.

BLIND TOM.

BLIND TOM is following the fashionable world out of town. He has been to Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, Southampton, and a host of other towns. We have had a second opportunity, under more favourable circumstances than the first, of listening to Tom's marvellous performance, and we confess ourself 'mysteriously mystified.' Fortune favoured us. We were on our way to Eastbourne, and met Tom at Polegate, who was under the care of Mr. W. Howard, the gentleman who introduces him to the audience. We shook hands with Tom, and sat in the same carriage with him. Presently the train started, and Tom placed his hands over his ears and twisted his body about in the most grotesque manner. We afterwards understood that he is always thus influenced, or psychologised, by the noise of the engine. He is certainly an oddity, calling himself Professor Wheels, Professor Axles, and Professor Buffer. At the hotel he caused no little amusement by helping himself plentifully to sugar. We are told on authority, but ought not to tell it to others, that Tom actually took thirteen lumps of sugar to one cup of tea. Idiotic or not, he likes sweets.

At the Assembly Rooms he commenced his entertainment by playing on the pianoforte a Greek march, gave a selection from the opera of *Il Trovatore*, and sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." He next played the "Fisher's Hornpipe" with the right hand, "Yankee Doodle" with the left, and sang, "Early in the Morning," at one spell; a feat we should say, not an easy one for the most accomplished pianist. Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," a favourite with Tom, was exquisitely rendered by him, and highly appreciated by his audience. The great test of Tom's wonderful power of imitation, memory, or reproduction, (we should say mediumship,) was given with perfect success. A gentleman, named Beecroft, mounted the platform, and played an original piece, which Tom instantly reproduced. It is the ability to reproduce the most difficult music after once hearing it, that makes Tom a living wonder. We do not believe that the most practised musician could acquire the gift.

Mr. Howard told the audience, that on one occasion, a gentleman brought a musical box, and expressed himself quite satisfied that Tom could not imitate it on the Piano. But Tom did imitate it. We were favoured with a repetition of it.

Tom's entertainment is not confined to the piano. He sometimes repeats whole speeches which he has at various times heard delivered. On this occasion, we were favoured with part of the Lord's prayer in Latin, then in Greek.

"The Dutch woman and the hand-organ," was a humorous piece, which gave Tom an opportunity of displaying his powers of mimicry, both by the piano and voice.

We have no space to speak of other parts of Tom's programme for the evening. We however, feel glad to record our testimony to Tom's great genius. As may be expected, Blind Tom is looked upon by many of the wiseacres as a humbug, and so the matter for them ends. But we feel assured if Mr. Howard can keep heart only for a few months, Tom's fame must widen to such a degree, as to make it unfashionable not to witness his performance.

We have not the slightest doubt of Tom's mediumship. He is exquisitely sensitive to all sound, and may be said to be mostly in an abnormal condition. As to his idiocy, we can scarcely form an opinion from the short acquaintance we have had with him. He does very absurd things at times, and is quite child-like in his manner at others. Psychologists, Phrenologists, Physiognomists, and Physiologists, may all study him to advantage.

"A REFUTATION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM?"

At last "the coming man" has come. It was to be expected that the Spiritualists would not long be able to maintain their arms untarnished, without some Goliath, full of 'reason and faith' of a certain quality, emerging from a Chelsea fog, and, in one encounter, routing and forever silencing them. To drop metaphor, John Henry Elliot, a name, we suppose, unknown to fame, has lately read an essay, bearing the above title, before the Chelsea Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and 'by request' has actually rushed into print with it. With, or without, John Henry Elliot's permission, we shall briefly consider a few "trifles light as air," contained in this 16 paged tract.

The "refutation" opens with an admission, that conscientious "assertors" of "unpopular opinion," even "pernicious" Spiritualists, should have "toleration, nay, fair consideration and respect," conceded to them. Thus well begins, but worse remains behind. John Henry Elliot has a mind, and such a mind! He talks of "Reason," and the laws of Nature, re-echoing the stereotyped alphabet of opposition with "good grace, and unreserved heartiness." Could a parrot do more? Let us confess his aptness at once, and proceed. In a "kindly spirit," John Henry Elliot asks the "honest" Spiritualists "to re-consider the basis of their belief," and "raise the question whether it is well to ignore the experience of the ages, and the distinct teachings of our own reason, because some inexplicable phenomena present themselves, incapable with our existing knowledge of a natural explanation." What splendid logic for a member of a Young Men's Christian Association to have published by "request"! Spiritualists are asked to re-consider—that is to reason upon—what is pronounced "inexplicable." Who told John Henry Elliot that Spiritualists "ignore the experience of the ages and the distinct teachings of our reason"? We wonder that the Chelsea Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association were not ashamed to "request" the publication of such a libel on Spiritualists. The sword cuts the other way. Spiritualists base their philosophy upon the experience of the ages, and the distinct teachings of reason, and make it a standard objection, that such superficial and unenlightened opponents as John Henry Elliot, will forever ignore the experience of the ages, and talk against Spiritualism with so little reason.

John Henry Elliot finds it difficult to treat, or even hear of "the higher manifestations without a flush of anger or shame, that any intelligent creature could accept as truth, such debasing and puerile views of the disembodied state." A few adjectives, if they fail to strengthen the prose or the argument, serve to excite strong feelings of approval from a regular orthodox assemblage. We almost fancy we can see the flush, not of "anger or shame," but of pride, as John Henry Elliot "brought down the house" he was addressing, as the words, "debasing" and "puerile" fell from his inspired lips. After this the reader may suppose he drew breath. In the print a new paragraph follows almost immediately, which leads us to that conclusion, especially as the convenient adjectives which we may charitably suppose, with christian young men betoken

"common sense," of which John Henry Elliot is not at all deficient, for his new paragraph opens with, "Let us try to get a plain *common sense* idea of the thing to be discussed." And he gets it, after describing the ordinary spirit phenomena, thus:—"All of which are beyond or opposed to what we know of the ordinary operations of Nature." What then, of the extraordinary operations of Nature? John Henry Elliot, what a splendid mind is yours! We advise the Young Men's Christian Association to treasure you; by-and-by, you may be as a shining light to them! "Opposed to what we know of the ordinary laws of nature," and so you denounce the views of Spiritualists as "debasement and puerile," because they are based upon phenomena that are "opposed to what we know of the ordinary laws of Nature." Poor young man! you seem to have lost your appetite for adjectives here.

Had you not better continued in the old style of declamation? But possibly you mean to deliver another essay before the Chelsea Christian Association, and secure your fame by defining what you, who talk so much about it, know of Nature. A little modesty is becoming in so young a man. Pray, in future, talk less, and think more. The laws of Nature are an enigma no man has yet been able to solve. Poor young man! we feel for you. Why did you not get some kind scholar to revise your essay. In one breath you tell us what are "opposed to what we know of the ordinary laws of Nature," when you know nothing about it; whilst in another breath, you aim to sink the whole question of Spiritualism in "the vast unexplored field of natural laws, and powers of which we know so little." Logic forever!—"a horse chestnut is a chestnut horse." John Henry Elliot draws another breath, and although he has stated the views of Spiritualists to be "debasement and puerile," "admits the facts that are testified to, without believing in Spiritualism." We ought to be grateful to him for this admission, at least as much as creatures whose views are "debasement and puerile" can be.

John Henry Elliot draws many breaths before he concludes, and ends as he began, having brought no single argument forward that has not been fruitlessly urged by his intellectual superiors, a thousand times. Spiritualism to-day, as in all ages, places its hand on the great heart of mankind, which must cease to beat ere Spiritualism can cease to be.

Our space is too limited to deal *seriatim* with John Henry Elliot's statements and mis-statements. Spiritualism as John Henry Elliot comprehends it, is certainly a hodge-podge almost as bad as the hodge-podge of dogmas subscribed to by John Henry Elliot and his *unreasoning* fellow-pilgrims. He talks of the "pernicious teachings" of Spiritualism, and is silent about the blasphemous teachings of Theology which consign all souls of every condition of moral worth, who fail to swallow the pill of Dogmatism, to perpetual "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth" in hell. What "lying spirits" can parallel the pernicious character of such a darkened belief? And yet he who can denounce a philosophy which he cannot comprehend, must rest on the dogma of perpetual hell for unbelief, or the applause would have been faint indeed, when he let out the secrets of his soul before the Chelsea branch of the "Young Men's Christian Association."

Upon the question of Reason and Faith, John Henry Elliot is exceedingly obscure. He assures the Young Men's Christian Association at Chelsea, that Spiritualists act in direct opposition to Reason, and thereby assumes Reason to be supreme. But, alas! what "a falling off is there" when he says:—"Christians accept the statements of the Bible through faith in the book, and its Divine authority, and could not believe the miracles to be true were they not communicated by the word of God." No Reason required here evidently, and John Henry Elliot can see no reason for it. Faith without a reason for it other than—"I believe." Why? "Because I do believe," is what John Henry Elliot claims for himself. But poor Spiritualists! how he lashes you for lacking, not Faith but Reason.

THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

DURING the last few weeks these mediums have been giving séances in the principal towns of Belgium,

and they appear to be well satisfied with the reception they have everywhere met with. Antwerp is the last town they have visited, where they remained a week, and their success there has been greater than in any town in Belgium, the large *Salle d'Harmonie* being nightly filled with appreciative observers. There are a great many Spiritualists in this town (between two and three thousand). It is also the most catholic town in Belgium. The press has acted fairly towards the subject, and have given excellent articles, adopting the wise course of reporting the facts without attempting to account for them. Amsterdam is the next town proposed to be visited. Baron Holmfeld, from Hamburg, a volunteer in the good cause, has recently undertaken the task of introducing the brothers.

THE PHANTOM GAMBLER.

By P. B. RANDOLPH.

A few days before I left Louisiana, bound on a tour through the East, North and West, for the purpose of appealing to the people for aid to enable me to gratify my highest and only ambition—the establishing of a high grade school for colored children in Louisiana, my adopted State—I became acquainted with Jim Hobart, formerly one of the most noted desperadoes and gamblers in the South-west. Jim is a Texan drover now—but not under his old name. I met him in New Iberia, a town on the Bayou Teche, on the highroad for cattle from Texas, for the New Orleans market. I had just been bidding adieu to some acquaintances, who bade me God speed in my school enterprise, and one of them had said, "Good bye, and remember that P. B. Randolph will ever find a friend in me." I then hastened to the steamer, but as I set foot upon the gang-plank, a hand was laid on my shoulder by a man, rough to look at, clad as a drover, and about fifty five years old. "Are you the P. B. Randolph who held circles at Madame Ferat's in Chartres street, last winter a year ago?" "Yes." "Well, I was there one night when you spoke and said Lincoln would get pistolled; and I had often heard of you before. You were so surrounded by people that I couldn't speak to you; and as I had to go to Galveston next day, why I never saw you till to-day, and even then wasn't sure of you, till I heard Pickett speak your name. I'm a believer in spirits. I live in New Orleans when not on the road, and am going there now. If you will call at that address (handing me a boarding-house card), I will be glad to give you a good supper and have a chat about matters and things in general, and spirits in particular." The whistle sounded; we parted, and I went to La Fourche, to hold myself in readiness to depart upon my mission, nor did I again meet Hobart until I ran across him one day in the last week in June, quite accidentally, in Canal street, New Orleans. I cheerfully accepted his invitation, and together we repaired to an hotel where we enjoyed an excellent supper.

Readers of the *Journal*, will remember my letter about the Voodoo, or Hoodoo, of New Orleans—a pack of the most devilish wretches that ever disgraced the human form. Well, what was my astonishment when Hobart said to me, "I believe in spirits, I believe in Voodooism. I have been saved from the gallows by the first; and killed one man in a duel with bowie knives, and lost forty-three thousand dollars through the last. Listen: In 1849 I got the yellow fever so bad that nothing short of a tramp to California cured it. I went to the diggings, not to dig, but to open a monte bank, big sweat and roulette; and the way I and my partner raked down the dust, was a caution. I was complete master of a pack of cards; no man could hold a candle to me in paker, bluff, enchre or seven up; and for three years I kept this up until I had a five-gallon keg packed full of solid dust, safely buried, and as much more in ready capital. Then I went back to San Francisco, and helped open a faro bank on the Plaza, on the very spot where Peter Job's restaurant now stands; and oh! didn't we rake 'em down! I have known one hundred and sixty pounds of solid gold to be won by our bank in a single night. This may appear strange, but it is strictly true, as many of the men of '50, '51 and '52, can abundantly verify. One day there came a man—stooled by one of our hawks—a middle aged, middle-sized, rather serious sort of a fellow, who gave his name as Hank Turner. He said he never played, but to oblige his friend, would fight the tiger just a little—to try his teeth—that was all! Well, he played—and we, contrary to general usage, let him lose. We usually permit greeneyes to win. We did this, because while pretending to light his cigar by mine, our hawk had told me that Hank Turner had over twelve hundred ounces at the Moffat's office—I think that's the name of the Assayer then most in vogue in France. In three days Turner lost eight thousand dollars, on the fourth night he won all back, and thirteen thousand dollars

more. That success sealed his fate. He became fevered and we plucked him of his last dollar. Never, never, shall I forget the terrible despair that seized upon him when he toppled over the gulph we had led him to, and plunged headlong into ruin, utter, total, and complete. The bulk of his money we shipped East in charge of one of his party, but although we saw him and the money safe on board the ship, and saw her sail, yet we never laid eyes on either again, for he and it disembarked at Manzanillo, Mexico, and so we were dished in our turn. As for Turner, he cut his throat, and we all thought, and said, that was the last of him, but by the great Hook block! it wasn't, as you will see. After a while the people got down on us, and after hanging a few of our fraternity, they gave us due notice that the summer was likely to be hot—at least for us,—and so we disbanded, and I went once more to the diggings. The same luck attended me, and the dust rolled in by bags full. Till one night there was a crowd in my shanty, and all of us had a fair shake of fortune—the bank being about forty weight of gold ahead. Presently all left, and after cocking my revolvers, I and my partner went to bed. In a little while he was fast asleep, and I was just going into a doze, when there came a terrible rap at the door. In an instant I struck a light, and was reaching for a pistol when, to my surprise, I saw a man in the room, though how he got there, God only knows, nor did it occur to me to ask the question. I did not recollect ever having seen him before. He was dressed altogether better than miners usually are, and to my demand what he wanted, replied, 'Your name's Jim Hobart. I've but little time to spare. Here's thirty-two pound of dust; stake an equal sum. Sit down, and if you're a better man than I am, why, we'll see. Now such challenges were quite common, and although I was weary and had much rather have put off the encounter till the next night, yet the code of morals was such that a refusal on my part would have subjected me to the greatest personal danger. We sat down. I gave him 'chips' to the amount he mentioned, and took an equal number. We played, and so intensely was I wrapt that although I distinctly heard a third voice in the room, it never occurred to me that it was other than my partner's. My opponent won every time. We tried euchre, monte, and old sledge. It was all the same. In two hours he had poked, bluffed, euchred and high-low jacked me out of every dollar I had in the cabin, or the whole wide world. Even my watch, boots, gambling apparatus, shanty, everything was lost to this mysterious player. Just before the last stake was won, I distinctly heard a voice say, 'There! I think he is cured, don't you?' 'Yes,' said another voice, 'and well for him, too, for they mean to hang him at nine to-morrow!' I was frightened, looked up, and to my horror, saw three persons standing by the table, one of whom was my opponent, whom I now fully recognized as Hank Turner; the second was an old chum who had been hung by a lynch mob in Natchez five years before, and the third was the first speaker—my own dead father!

"Now I am no coward, but as the truth flashed on me, I shrieked and sprung from my seat. In another instant my partner leaped to my side. The other three were gone, but not through the door. I hurriedly explained to him that I had just learned that there was hanging afoot; and in one hour from that time we were ten miles on the road, going as fast as two fine couriers could bear us, and the gold dust we carried. Three weeks after that I heard that a mob went to hang us at daybreak.

"I have never played cards since, but did things equally bad. In New Orleans, right around here in Marias street, I saw, three years ago, a beautiful quadroon girl; and to effect my purpose, bribed two of the most noted voodooists to become my agents. I succeeded. The girl was a natural daughter of a celebrated character, who was informed of what I had done. One of his friends espoused his quarrel; we fought; I wounded him; he died, and it cost me forty-three thousand dollars to escape—and the most of that money went to the accursed voodooists, who had all along been using me for their own ends. I got free of all my troubles at last; but no temptation is strong enough to lead me from the straight path again, and when I look back I feel grateful to God that Spiritualism, in one form, saved me; and in another, convinced me that a life of perfect innocence is the only true life."

Such is the narrative of one of the ways that spiritual beings take to bring us to light, truth and goodness.

I have many strange things for your ears, and trust to have opportunities in the West to tell them, and at the same time advance the interests of the Freedman's school.—*Religio-Philosophica Journal*.

CURIOUS DREAMS.

Some years before the erection of those well known lighthouses called the Caskets, near the Isle of Alderney, an Islander dreamed that a ship had been wrecked near those rocks, and that some of the crew had saved themselves upon them. This

story he related to some of the Islanders, but it was ridiculed and dis-believed. The next night the dream was repeated, and the dreamer prevailed on his companions to take a boat and go to the rock, where they found, and brought to the shore three ship-wrecked sailors.

This circumstance, and the supposed loss of the Victory ship, on this rock, was alleged to be the reason for the erecting of three light houses there.

The narrator of the above dream or vision, as a proof of something existing within men as a real principle, independent of the material frame, related further the following circumstance, which, in a letter to the Editor of the "Gentlemen's Magazine," in 1787, he declared to be true. A friend of his, of veracity, dreamed that being in Westminster Abbey, he saw one of the monuments falling, and to prevent it from coming to the ground he put his shoulder under and supported the weight till assistance came to his relief. On his awaking, he felt a violent pain in his shoulder and arm, so that he was incapable of putting on his clothes without help. He did not revive for several weeks, having taken the water of bath for his restoration.

In 1791, before the drawing of the state lottery, a little girl at Stondon, fixed upon the number 10,000, as a 'lucky' number and recommended her aunt to select it, which she declined. It came up as owing the largest sum drawn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

IRA'S DREAM.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

DEAR SIR.—While waiting for the conveyance to take us from the hotel at Namur, Ira Davenport said to me, "Cooper, I had a dream about you last night, of so vivid a character that I continue to realize every particular. I dreamt you were up in a tree holding a large black serpent by the neck, the body of which was coiled about the trunk. It was making desperate efforts to get free, but you held it tight at arm's length, in spite of its writhing, and called on me to come and help you. I said, "I cannot get at you to render you any assistance." "Throw at it," you replied. "If I do, I may hit you." "Never mind," you said, "I may as well be killed by a stone as by a snake." Upon this, I got some larger stones, and proceeded to throw at the serpent. The first two took but little effect, but the third hit the serpent on the head, producing a noise like the splitting of a board, and the monster relaxed its hold, uncoiled, and fell dead." At night, after the public *séance*, we had some conversation with the spirits, and I asked them if they could tell us anything about Ira's dream. The reply was:—"It was a vision, and is significant." "Will you interpret it," I asked. "The snake is OLD THEOLOGY, which you have got by the neck, and is squirming and struggling to get free; but your hold on, our blows are telling, and you will soon see it dead at your feet." "What does the first stone mean," I asked. "Our coming to England; the rest let the future reveal. You began at Brussels on the anniversary of Waterloo, and are now fighting a battle which will be attended with greater results than even that. Our mission is to uproot superstition from the earth. Superstition is the enemy of all progress. Destruction must precede reconstruction. We are now getting the lever under, and shall give it a prize some day. Good night! we will see you again."

This was all spoken in a clear and well articulated manner, and is almost word for word, as uttered by the spirit.

I remain, yours faithfully,

ROBERT COOPER.

Antwerp, Sept. 6th, 1866.

A SPIRITUAL REVEALMENT.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—The following spiritual revelation is from the "Spiritual Reasoner," by E. H. Lewis, M. D., said to be given by the spirit of the philosopher, John Locke.

"In the darkness and depravity of the human mind, it has not properly appreciated the reality of future existence. It has not realized the sublimity of an intercourse with good spirits, and it has not been suitably informed with relation to the truths which are beheld and known in the celestial world. From this lamentable gloom in which the soul has been sunk for ages, the race has groped with no guide but the feeble light of earthly

wisdom; and thus through a long and doleful night, the children of men have mourned and sorrowed as those without hope, beholding no light, no sign of day in the clouded sky.

But in the present era the dawn is rapidly approaching. It is the mission of spirits again to bring life and immortality to light. They are sent forth as ministers of faith and knowledge to reveal the reality and meanings of the spirit world, to overshadow the thinking souls of men with the glory of the angelic presence, and to speak in deepest tones of love the wonders of the divine creation. To the lowly and despised they whisper, and the heart which was crushed with grief becomes strong with inward hope; whilst beneath the power of the influx which they are pouring into the universal mind of humanity, the clouds of superstition and error will take their everlasting flight.

The midnight of the world has passed. The light of dawn is streaming through the shadows of departing gloom, and the world is awakening to its glorious destiny. The glory of the heavenly spheres is dawning upon the earth, and the brightness of angelic wisdom is irradiating the darkened bosom of humanity.

Behold! the angels have now gained an irresistible control over the world, and they have decided to accomplish the purpose which they have conceived. They will cover the desolated earth with fruits of immortal growth, whose life shall be breathed out as sweet incense unto God. Let the world listen in the future to the revelations of truth, as it has exercised in the past, the influx of celestial breathings."—B. D.

FRESH MARVELS OF SPIRIT POWER.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Knowing that the facts of Spiritualism and their application are of the very highest importance, I solicit the attention of your readers, while I give a brief account of one of the most interesting and marvellous *séances* I was ever present at. On the evening of the 31st, August, I visited Mrs. St. Aubin, a lady who doubtless soon will be well known to all your readers, as one of the most beautiful Clairvoyants and spiritual mediums.

You may have read of her in the 'Zoist,' No. 20, vol 5, July 1848, page 328, she was at that time a child, her name was F. Gorman. There were three others beside myself present at the *séance*. At the table, we received by means of the raps and oscillations, many communications from my beloved children, who have departed this life, all of which were truly marvellous, from the fact that Mrs. St. Aubin, and all present were strangers to me. We then had a dark *séance*, and every thing I wished for was granted to me. My daughter's spirit-hand was shown to us upon the table, and she wrote upon paper placed thereon, although the pencil was upon the ground, in another part of the room. The words that were written thereon were—"Dear mother, put your trust in Christ with all thine heart, He will always be near you."

The lights were truly magnificent, and a beautiful breeze was continually felt at the same time by all present. I then asked the spirit of my daughter to touch me, and she caught hold of me and embraced me most affectionately, and at my request her voice was heard as though proceeding from the wall, and further I asked the spirit to close the door which was wide open and no one near it. At this time a light was in the room, and the door closed without any one touching it. I then placed my bracelet upon the table, which was carried away and made to rattle and brought back to the table again. I then placed a very heavy, long, neck-chain upon the table, and asked the spirit to remove it and put it round my neck, which was done, after having first been carried up into the air and let down several times. There could be no deception, as no one was near enough to me, and especially as a light was occasionally thrown upon the chain; and again I requested my spirit daughter to play upon the piano, which was also done, and many other marvellous things which I am not permitted to relate.

I trust none of your readers will allow authority, conceit, habit, or the fear of ridicule, to make them indifferent, much less hostile to truth, but may they be single-hearted lovers of truth and wisdom, and never fancy themselves too wise and full of sense to yield to truth at all times and from any source. I hope that they may all have the opportunity of witnessing similar facts to those I have described.

Sep. 10th., 1866.

ISABELLA PUGET.

Totteridge, Middlesex.

PORTRAIT AT BRAHAN CASTLE N. B.

There is, or was, a picture there some years since, of a Lady Frances Herbert, who died in the year 1732.

Some years since, the owner of the castle, received a note from

a collateral relative, Lord Kenmure, where he expressed a desire to see her, and to introduce himself as her relative.

He came, and stated he had visited Brahan Castle, observing the portrait of his great grandmother, Frances Herbert, and recognized her.

Upon further inquiry, he stated, that when in Flanders, many years before he and his uncle Lord N. an ecclesiastic, were praying, when a very venerable lady entered the room, and having knelt down, she gazed upon them till their prayers were ended, then she disappeared. Lord K. asked if his uncle knew they were not alone.

"Certainly," said he, "the spirit of my grandmother was with us."

That he was not annoyed or perplexed in the least. Lord K. said he never forgot the vision, as the air and dress of the figure were peculiar and striking. He had recognized the figure again after sixty years interval.

4th. August, 1866,

C.C.

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.

SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I do not know whether this may not be the last time we may meet you here. Our dear medium has been much agitated; she has had many cares, much anxiety, much private suffering. The trials she has had, acting upon her weakly frame, has been all against her; but though she may be early removed from earth, we hope she may yet for some time continue with you. We who are spirits, cannot tell the exact time when she may be taken from you. You will find it too soon whenever it may be. We would not remind you of this, were it not that one day you may find yourselves at a loss for that which now sustains you, for what will you rest your soul upon, when God shall call your spirit to its heavenly home. Our medium has been much misunderstood. The light was hid under a bushel. The time was far advanced before men and women would listen to her. We, your spirit friends, would communicate to you, all spiritual knowledge, but the time is short, and there is much for you to do; therefore, make the most of that which is allotted to you. The many calls upon our medium do not allow her to give us as much time as we could wish, while there are earthly duties to attend to, which none (at least as she believes) can accomplish but herself. There are many important communications that we have been anxious to communicate to you we have been compelled to forgo. You must look around you; she must be taken from the scene of those cares and placed among friends, where we can communicate freely with her without being interrupted. Time is nothing to us to what it is to you. Improve it therefore to the utmost. She is one of God's instruments to call men out of the darkness into his marvellous light. We have much to deliver; the world is enveloped in darkness, error and mystery, it cannot long remain so. It would take weeks and months to communicate the knowledge with which we come loaded. I beseech God, however, whether or not it shall be the last time I shall call upon you, that you may give heed to those things of which I have spoken. Which of you will say to-morrow, "I will seek God and return him thanks, for having sustained me until now." Can you be sure of to-morrow? Oh! Infidel, who holds you in the hollow of His hand? Where is the man who can say, "I shall live, and not die; I have taken council of God." Come down blessed Spirit, help and enlighten those who would cast their burden upon Thee. Man's unbelief, is the storm that is overwhelming us; we can do no more than cast ourselves upon Him who is the life and the support of man.

When the sun shines brightly, and its rays dissipate the gloom, we feel the warmth of its atmosphere; but, again the shadows have increased, the sunbeams departed, the moon has risen, it will not return till the morrow. While the sun is shining you feel its warmth, you think not of it; but, when it is gone you feel its loss. It is thus with spiritual truth. How many alas! have wronged, rejected, and calumniated the truth, which we have been able, blessed be God, to deliver through this medium. Those who have rejected our message, we ask God to forgive them their errors, to purify their hearts, and clothe them with the right spirit. You are travelling on the coast of life, you will be put down at a certain stage, can you find your way to a blessed eternity. The words we utter, through our medium, are

weak and imperfect; when they shall seem perfect, then will God, her Father and her friend, waft her to eternal rest.

You cannot know the feelings of those who have passed from this to the spiritual world. You cannot comprehend them. When you shall leave this house of clay, you who believe in God, and his work, your souls shall be wafted by pure angels far above the sky, and receive a crown of innocence, of glory, and of immortality. You will wonder and enquire why there is all this travelling from one thing to another? There is so much to tell you, so many great and important truths, that we are at a loss which to utter first, which to select as of most importance to you. That something real is beyond earth's control, above man's heart and mind, that is pure and holy, may come down upon you to night. I know what you have to contend with; I know your difficulties and your doubts. Doubt on, so long as you enquire, do not fear or be ashamed to ask God to guide you, to govern your doubts, your unbelief; pray for your medium, that for your sake, and for the sake of others, that her reason, her intellect, her life may be spared, if it is only for another year. My son, no evil influence shall come to her mind, her heart, her intellect. Oh, my friends, if you can believe in God, ask him to shower down His blessings on yourselves and her. Cast all your burdens upon Him who has said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary, and heavy laden and I will give you rest."—*Communicated by T. S.*

HOMELY HOMILIES.

By J. H. POWELL.

NO. 2. — CHARITY.

Part 2.

Beautiful are the lessons taught by Charity. She is the guest of the true-hearted everywhere. Her whisperings are all sermons, sacred to the human heart; like a good guardian angel, she waits upon us even in our days of evil, ready to minister to our inmost needs. Wherever she moves, the angels of heaven attend her. Her works are all registered in the great Book of Life. The selfish man who wallows in the deepest depths of sin, who truly sows the wind and reaps the whirlwind; he whom *respectable virtue* shuns as a pestilence, Charity attends, and oh! what divine love is manifested in her sweet temper. There she waits where sin fetters its victim, seeking to redeem him. It may be, that he will curse and mock her, but if so, Charity will bless the more and never grow wroth.

Do you say the peace-lessons of Christianity are impracticable, and point to the multiplied feuds of a denominational, social and political character in proof of the assertion? I answer, by this very assertion you make more distant the Christian millennium. If you take not the road leading to truth, you must take the road leading to error; which will you choose? will you be associated with angels or demons, both embodied and dis-embodied? If the former, practice Charity, if the latter, allow the waves of circumstance to drift you anywhere but where the angels delight to dwell.

I sincerely believe a true life is really less difficult than a life of sin. But it is on account of the heart losing hold of its teachings, through the want mostly of examples, that it learns so aptly to oppose its simple and elevating mission. Those of you who may have acquired the habit of telling what are called *white lies*, either behind the counter or in the market place, that you may gain a few extra paltry farthings in your bargainings, can you not decide to abandon the practice at once and forever? Is it so difficult to tell the plain truth? surely not! The truth, like a cork will rise to the surface, however much you press it down in your soul the moment you take the pressure off. No, the difficulty is not in telling the truth, but in reality in telling lies. Truth is a spontaneous thing, it trips to the tongue readily because it has nothing to conceal. Whilst falsehood hesitates, and calls to its aid cunning lest it should be betrayed. Those who are in the habit of lying, too well know how a lie needs "backing up"—thus bad begins and worse remains behind. Avoid lying, and you will be a step on the way to Christianity. Those of you who may be guilty of peccadilloes of any description, no matter how much a year you may make in hard cash by them, be decided to rid yourselves of all such taxes upon your conscience, and you will be a step on the way to Christianity. Those of you who are ambitious for worldly power, and who hesitate at little to gain it, learn humility, and direct your ambition in the way of all truth, and you will be a step on the way to Christianity. Those of you who cling tenaciously to dogmas,

forgetting or ignoring the simple and essential principles of spiritual truth, who raise your heads imperiously above all who are not of your own special persuasion, be resolved to forsake, or make subservient at least, the outer for the inner, fully realizing the fact that "all men are brethren"—in a word, practice Charity, and you will be a step on the way to Christianity.

Who are the Christians? not those surely, who exalt themselves, and who despise and persecute the poor—who defame the characters of all who do not see with their eyes, according to the dictum of their doxy—not surely those who attach all importance to *sect*, which is but varnish, and none to humanitarian, and therefore divine living, which is more likely to be healthy outside than inside sectarianism.

I ask—who are the Christians if the humble aspirants after truth; the reachers after holiness; the beings whose souls stretch out hands of fellowship to all men because of the divine influence of Charity, which alone can level the distinctions of position and make human nature feel itself akin to divinity, are not? Charity is like a dove, sent to the ark of humanity, bearing messages from the spirit-world full of joy. It is ever a gentle rebuker to selfishness, and whilst it ministers to Time it works for Eternity. I purposely avoid dabbling in dry metaphysics, because I see already so many of the Theological thinkers of the day, doing that particular work with a fatal eagerness. I never yet knew a human soul much if any the better, after being most liberally indoctrinated with the like. Of course I have heard men preach very learnedly, and have reverently felt ashamed of my own ignorance—and oftentimes not a little ashamed of them, for wasting their bright intellects in a worse than useless maze of moon-shine. But why? because they have soared above the common simplicity of Christianity, away into the misty realms of speculation. Here, I humbly suspect is their great mistake. The vital in Christianity is *not*, and *cannot* be seen, or even felt, if it be wrapped up in elaborate bandages of metaphysics. The sooner the world sees this the better. There need only earnestness, sincerity, and a willingness to receive light on the part of any of us, to give us the right to enter the sacred temple of Divine Truth. If we only desire, and will adopt the pure, unsectarian teachings of Jesus, if we will, in other words, seek, we shall find that peace which is the gift of the spirit of God.

Not only is Charity sent as an angel of mercy to us whilst we are on this earth, but it will follow us into the spheres of spirit-life. Not only has God sent religion among men, but He has bounteously commissioned His holy angels to commune with us, and inspire obedience to the law of Religion. In this, we have additional evidence of the divine mission of Charity.

Our Heavenly Parent does not ask of us His erring children, to listen to the behests of Charity, failing to do so Himself. The glorious messages from angel-land, that come to us in our waking, as well as sleeping moments, all teach that He, our Good Father is Love, and that his beatitudes are like Himself, eternal. We have therefore, a key to the mysteries of scripture, and are thus stimulated in the assurance, that even *beyond* the grave, will God and His son Jesus and all good ministering spirits, act under the holy influence of Charity; so that the deepest stained criminal, in God's good time, after having paid the just penalty of his mis-deeds, shall taste of the waters of Paradise.

No subject seems to me more worthy regard than this. By attention to it, we learn the eternal value of Christianity. And if we are wise we shall never consent to part with the *vital*, for the lifeless apology for it, which is presented in so much of the paganism and elaborate doctrinalism of the day which are only "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Whosoever recognizes this, and accepts Charity as a divinely appointed missionary of life, will (that is, if he be not puffed up) make his life a protest against selfishness, and all other deadly sins.

There is an old adage, "Be just before you are generous," which carries with it a useful hint. But this in no way interrupts the general course of true Charity. A man has no right to give away the property of another. But he is enjoined to be charitable with that which is his own. Gifts of money are not always the best we can bestow. If we can spare a portion of our gold for charitable purposes, by all means let us do so, nay, I do not see how we can escape the gift and be truly dutiful to the promptings of Charity. But there are other needs for the exercise of Charity, beside those demanding gifts of gold. And moreover these mostly call for the exercise of faculties which are our own, and can only be rendered inactive by selfishness or antagonistic feelings to those dictated by true Charity. There are those about us impoverished, not for the lack of bread, but for a little human sympathy or advice; those whose wide differences of opinion from our own, ask for gentleness rather than anger at our hands; those who are groping along dark ways of wickedness—involved, it may be, in strong fortresses of doubt, and even Atheism; those who mistake all our most sincere good wishes for them; those who mis-state our statements, willingly or otherwise; those who mortally hate us for reasons they might find it difficult to explain. All these call loudly for the work of

Charity, and whilst we bestow gifts on those that need them, more valuable than mere gifts of money, the latter of which, are often given to swell out the giver's self importance, and may be very far from proceeding from Charity, we enlarge our own souls, for it is more blessed to give than to receive.

May we one and all take courage in well doing, not for the sake of vain glory, but for the sake of truth. May we be strengthened by the ever fresh realities of Divine Love. So that we may hold on to righteousness and win our way through this life, however much it may be beset by tribulation, into the higher mansions of the life to come. If we have faith and will practice true Charity which "suffereth long and is kind," which "envieth not," which "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up." We shall, I feel persuaded, take a proper step on the path of Christianity, which leadeth our feet to pleasant pastures where "angels walk with men," on, on, to the realms of Immortality. Our duty at present, brings us face to face with stubborn natures and strong temptations. It is the mission of the christian soldier to meet these valiantly. Where there is hard fighting the true soldier will not run. The appollyons of earth meet us on all hands; but we must fight them with different weapons to those in vogue. For Hate, we must use Love—for blows, Kindness. These things you say are hard to do—try them. Every effort will encourage you. That which is from Heaven *must* succeed.

Be not ashamed to acknowledge your faith before all men. "Spirits of the just made perfect" look down from their heavenly homes upon you. Be assured that all things necessary shall be given to the faithful. If you fail in Charity, remember though you "speak with the tongues of men and of angels" you "become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Think of the vanity of mere earthly baubles, the shortness of earthly existence. Learn that the spirit world is around you, that its inhabitants, urged on by Divine Charity, bring you glad tidings from the Lord. Know that your life will extend beyond the grave—that your actions here, will regulate your position *there*, then reject the voice of the Spirit, and own no allegiance to Charity or Christianity if you will. That the Good Spirit may guard you from so fatal a decision is my most earnest prayer.

THE UNIVERSE AND ITS GOD.

The meeting of the British Association may be regarded as the scientific harvest home of the year,—the occasion when we look round and estimate the additions made within the twelve months to our knowledge of the physical universe, and put them by, in the shape of ascertained fact, in the treasuries of the world. Mr. Grove's opening address has for its main purpose to enable us to form an idea of the position which science now occupies, the ground it has traversed, the fields of investigation on which it still casts the wistful eye of inquiry and speculation. It is a thoroughly modern, a thoroughly robust and manly sentiment, to which Mr. Grove gives expression, when he remarks that the exercise of the understanding is a higher delight to the educated mind than the mere gratification of the love of the marvellous; but his discourse is from first to last a striking illustration of his succeeding words—namely that the man who investigates nature will never lack satisfaction for his love of the wonderful. The wonders which God's hand has made must infinitely transcend the wonders which man's imagination can devise; but it is curious to observe what may be called the closeness of similitude occasionally occurring between the dreams of imagination and the realities of the universe. Who has ever heard, save in the literature of fable and of fairy-land, of lakes of silver or seas of mercury? Yet it appears, if we may trust the latest indications traced by scientific men upon the subject, that large portions of the surface of the moon are covered with molten silver or mercury, or other glittering metal in a condition of fluidity. Who has not thought that Swift reached the utmost limit of imaginative license when he wrote of miniature men surrounded by the scenery of a miniature nature? But science now tells us of miniature plants, Lilliputian worlds, revolving in their orbits like the greater globes. Not only are there asteroids of "only three or four miles in diameter"—what a charming realm for one of the dispossessed Serene Transparencies of Germany!—but others descend to the size of "a cannon-ball or even a pistol-bullet." And if, in these infant worlds, there existed fully-developed vegetable and animal kingdoms, we can only say that the marvel would not be too great for the power of Him with whom all magnitude, colossal or microscopic, can be nothing more than the form in which He chooses to make His power and presence perceptible to the finite mind.

It is a suggestive, it is almost an awful thought, that "the further we penetrate into space the more unlike to those we are acquainted with become the objects of our examination,—sun, planets, meteorites, earth similarly, though not identically, constituted, stars differing from each other and from our system, and nebulae more remote in space and differing more in their character and constitution." We spoke of "ascertained facts;" but the more widely our examination is extended, the more forcibly are we impressed with the conviction that it is only provisionally and with faltering tongue that we can call anything a fact in God's world. Even of gravitation we can say no more than that it affords the clue to a certain number of phenomena in our own and neighbouring systems. In the remote stellar spaces, "the nebulae present more difficulty, and some doubt has been expressed whether gravitation, such as we consider it acts with those bodies—at least, those exhibiting a spiral form—as it does with us." After all, the weightiest word that science

can speak to us is to remind us how little we know or even see of the works of God. It is now beyond question that light is a force. Like all other forces it tends to exhaustion, or, to speak correctly, to be converted into another form of force, while in action. The light from a sun, from a star, becomes gradually paler and more faint as it traverses immensity: and there may be—who can doubt that there are?—worlds so distant that their light dies utterly before it reaches our locality in space, and that they are thus necessarily and eternally hid from us? It is our duty to rise, so far as the mind is capable of rising, to the sublimity of the conception thus opened up to us of the Divine power. Why should that part of the universe which has come within the possible compass of human vision be so great as that which lies beyond it? Why should not that which cannot possibly be seen by us transcend in extent that which we see, as much as the vision of God transcends the vision of man? Why should not this mighty and wonderful universe, stretching out in spaces to us inconceivably great, thronged with myriads of worlds, be but the last thin foam wreath on the verge of the ocean of being, the utmost skirt of that material garment in which the Almighty clothes himself? How true as well as beautiful are the words of Mrs. Brownning—

"God Himself is the great poet
And the real is His song!"

But, if this is true, are we not bound to acknowledge a want in the address of Mr. Grove? To speak frankly, we think that the President of the British Association, in leading us through these outer chambers of God's house, might have said more about its Owner and Maker. We do not refer to Mr. Grove's adoption of the Darwinian hypothesis of development; though we are distinctly of the opinion that he fails to adduce anything like adequate proof that there have not been, at intervals in the history of the world, accesses of miraculous energy, exercises of creative power, by which the progress of life has been carried from stage to stage. Neither Mr. Darwin, nor Professor Huxley, nor Mr. Grove, has yet shown that man or nature can produce a species without aid from the Divine Power. But we are ready to admit that the theory of development is not incompatible with reverence, and that if the Almighty had chosen that the entire universe should be developed from a single grain of dust the infinitude of His wisdom and power would have been none the less displayed. What we object to in Mr. Grove's discourse is the absence of a pervading recognition of the Creator, the want of that reverence which the subject ought to inspire in all rightly-constituted minds, the constant reference to nature and to nature's laws as if these were agencies in themselves and not mere forms of the Divine energy. But it is not only for a due recognition of God that we look in vain in this address,—we miss in it an adequate recognition of man in man's noblest attribute—mind. Let it not be said, that, as Mr. Grove's subject was the material universe, it would have been irrelevant in him to refer to the world of mind. We maintain that it is only when viewed in connection with mind that the material universe is an ennobling or elevating study. It is by constantly recollecting that the mental power by which the secrets of the universe are explored is a more subtle, mysterious, and original force than any of those it discovers, that we retain the sense of human sovereignty over matter, and feel that the reason which investigates nature, and the conscience which from nature points to nature's God, confer upon man a greater majesty than his most splendid conquests in the material universe.

Dreary, indeed, would be the consummation to which physical science conducts the race if it reveals to man this universe, not as the glorious writing in which, on the skies of night, in the orient colours of dawn, in the lilies of the field the Almighty writes His name,—not as a sublime temple in which, with ten thousand symbols to excite its veneration and awaken it to its praise, the spirit of man may worship its God,—but as a tomb, the more ghastly for its glittering, in which, after contemplating the material splendour for a few fleeting years, it is eternally buried. Better, infinitely better, than this, was the simple, joyful reverence with which the monarch minstrel of Zion looked up to the heavens, the work of God's finger, the moon and the stars which He had ordained. Miserable indeed would be the exchange if, for a few mechanical comforts added to our lot during the poor seventy years of our sojourn here,—for a somewhat superior cooking of the mess of pottage which is all the earth can give us at best,—we were to barter our sense of a Divine Fatherhood and our heritage of an immortal life. To us it appears an inconceivable and appalling theory that this universe should be a thing of matter only; that mind should be the last and highest product of its blind development; that this mind should open for a moment upon the universe which produced it, and should then be re-engulfed by the dead, blind, ruthless force which had given it birth. We, of course do not accuse Mr. Grove of maintaining this frightful theory; but this is the inevitable result of physical science when it does not recognize the creative power of God and the supreme and inalienable majesty of mind. It was the opinion of Sir William Hamilton, and it is ours, that physical philosophy without moral and mental philosophy is an education in atheism.

"Christian World."

ON A TOMBSTONE AT CHELTENHAM.

Death is but an embarkation
From this rough earthly strand,
May it be an emigration
To the bright and better land.

Here we bid adieu to friends,
In time so swift and fleeting,
There we'll meet again our friends,
In hallowed friendship greeting.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

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