

Robb Cooper

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

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.

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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.

THE CASE OF SCIENTIFIC MEN, AND MEN OF MODERN CHURCHES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"You may as reasonably expect to thrust a cannon-ball into the muzzle of a musket as to make a little-minded man comprehend either the practicability or the utility of a great object."—BISHOP WATSON.

The difficulty and almost impossibility of modern men of science and theology receiving the power of faith in the invisible is precisely that in which all civilized men stand as compared with savages. Civilized men have purchased their civilization by the loss of various striking instincts and faculties which savages possess. The savage has a sharpness of vision which enables him to trace impressions of men and beasts on the ground, and amongst the boughs of the forest, where a civilized man can see nothing. He can see objects at a distance that are hopelessly lost to the naked eye of the most quick and strong sighted civilized man. He can hear sounds that tell him of approaching tempests or enemies, and scents odours all of which are lost to the man of culture. He has quick impressions of coming events that obstruct our duller senses, yet verify themselves unerringly where to us all is blank. This is the case of the man of science and of modern theology as it regards belief in the presence and operation of invisible power; in the continuance of those higher operations of nature which are miscalled miracles. His educational scepticism, imbibed though often unknowingly, from the professed atheistic and material philosophers, has utterly choked the native instinct of spiritual consciousness, the native faculty of faith. It is as completely annihilated as the instincts and the acuteness of sense which the savage has preserved. He can no more perceive the existence of spiritual powers and the manifestations of spiritual action than he could perceive the trace of a flying foot on the hard ground, or the turning of a leaf, where the savage will follow unerringly, unhesitatingly. His life may depend on the possibility of thus following a trail, no matter, he has it not, the native, necessary sense, cannot revive it in him, and he must perish if some child of nature, with senses undimmed and instincts unquenched, were not at hand to aid him.

The case, not of individuals, but of whole masses of people is exactly parallel. As civilization has not affected merely here and there a man, but has spread this obtuseness of sense through all civilized society; has made us all purblind, deaf, and senseless to a certain degree, so has the leaven of unbelief deadened the power and faculty of faith

in society at large. The Churches are hardly aware that they are, while cherishing an orthodox abhorrence of Hobbs, Toland, Voltaire, Volney, and others, now thoroughly contaminated by their spirit, which has been poured into them through Paulus and Strauss, and the commentators of the school which these disciples of our earlier Infidels have created. The scientific men have absorbed this view of unbelief in a more direct and conscious manner, and it has so utterly killed in them the fine life, the spiritual nerve which connects us with the inner, immaterial universe, that nothing can ever restore it in the mass of them. They must go on into those regions of spirit where they must, through the shock of a new birth, regain the sentient power of the soul, or they must wander on their way spiritual cripples and idiots, a spectacle to men and to angels. There their material existence, their material tools and appliances, their telescopes and microscopes, their crucibles and dissecting knives will be wanting, and if they cannot work with spiritual eyesight and spiritual apparatus, they must exist in a condition of spiritual impotence, like the deaf and dumb and paralytic, or the idiots here.

Spiritualism, in the mean time, will suffer no loss either from their deadness or their opposition. It will grow exactly as Christianity grew, by reaching and quickening more undamaged natures. It will grow exactly as it has grown through the last fifteen years, expanding through a continuous course of resistance, scorn and malevolence into vigorous millions, just as if no such dead-alive opponents existed. It is the case of Christ's parable of the sower. The men of science, and men of school theology, are the stony ground, and the ground having but little earth, and the ground choked with the thorns of materialism; the seed, however, falls not on them alone, but on the good ground, and brings forth its hundred, sixty, thirty-fold. Those, therefore, who give themselves any anxiety on the account of the invincible deadness and stolid hostility of these incapacitated men are merely lamenting that rocks are rocks and thorns are thorns, and omitting to see and rejoice in the vast regions of good ground, where the truth is springing up in a hundred, in sixty, and in thirty-fold. Regions are these so vast that they are like the new countries into which the healthy sons of labour are pouring by hundreds of thousands annually to flourish into mightier nations than the old ones.

Hudibras, that celebrated hero of the burlesque, had far more sense than we have. He used but one spur—

As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other side would budge, of course.

More fortunate than Hudibras, we need not even one spur. The steed of the spirit is already not merely in motion, but far on his way. The one side of reasonable and credible evidence is in full trot, and the whole question must inevitably follow. For, after all, it is the evidence of numbers, and not the lack of eyes or ears in any individual that determines the existence of anything. A light, a greenness is passing over the earth, that, without any tending or watering on our part, is every day astonishing us by

outbursts of fresh life and beauty—here!—there!—yonder! Over a thousand hills and plains the larks of hope are rejoicing in the sky; the sun rides out royally in his strength, and the harvests of eternity are waving in the winds like an ocean.

SUPERNATURALISM.

Mr. M. D. Conway, gave a lecture last Sunday evening at Cleveland Street Hall—Mr. G. J. Holyoake in the chair—on "Supernaturalism."

Mr. Spear gave a statement of his experiences in Spiritualism. Mr. Holyoake, who summed up, very adroitly ignored Mr. Spear's evidence, arguing that, unless the experiences mentioned by him could be repeated with certainty under proper conditions, they could not be called upon to admit his evidence. Yet in a strangely illogical vein Mr. Holyoake argued that the question of "Supernaturalism" must be settled by evidence. We can assure him that Mr. Spear is only one of millions who can testify to the truth of Spiritualism; but of course, if their testimony be ignored, evidence will be entirely *exparte*, and Naturalism purchase a poor temporary triumph. Mr. Holyoake further stated that he believed nothing which he did not understand, he merely acquiesced. Does not Mr. H. believe that he thinks? if so, does he understand the nature of thought? Does he not believe in Naturalism? and does he understand nature? Mr. H. is usually more logical.

We did not hear Mr. Conway's opening address, and can only express a hope that the subject will be further discussed in the temper manifested at these lectures.

MR. FAY CHARGED WITH EXPOSING THE DAVENPORTS

The *Times*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Star*, and some local journals, have reprinted from the New York papers an account of Mr. Fay's "exposure" of the Davenport's at the Cooper Institute, New York. The *Star*, ever ready to say strong things of the Davenport's, did not fail to turn the piece of intelligence from the American journals into subject for editorial abuse of the mediums. Mr. Fay, who is now in Dublin with the Brothers and Mr. Cooper, it is needless to add, has not left the Brothers or returned to New York since he came over to England with them in 1864, consequently he is relieved at once of the charge of turning "queen's evidence" which the *Star* brought against him. A letter from Mr. Fay, contradicting the slanderous statements about him, appeared in the *Star* of Tuesday, which we hope may have the effect of silencing the noisy scribes who are by far too anxious to catch "a traitor."

There is no doubt but that the papers took advantage of the fact that a man, bearing the name of H. M. Fay, has announced himself as the late confederate of the Davenport's, and attempted publicly an exposure of their so-called tricks. A few months back we received a letter from this H. M. Fay, in which he speaks of coming over to England as a spiritual medium. We understand that he never in any way had connection with the Brothers. How he could be their "late confederate," therefore, we are at a loss to understand.

MISS HARDINGE.

This lady, whose wonderful inspirational addresses have afforded theme for intellectual admiration for years, is announced to deliver an oration on America at the St. James's Hall, on Saturday next. We trust she may have an overflowed house.

Mr. H. D. Palmer, and Mr. H. C. Jarrett, the manager of the Opera House in Boston, have just arrived in England from America; these gentlemen visit Europe for the purpose of engaging musical and dramatic talent for their theatre in America; they will remain in London a few weeks, and then proceed to Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. Mr. Palmer, it will be remembered, was the gentlemen who brought the Davenport's to this country.

The Spiritualists of Nottingham, writes a correspondent, are flourishing. At a Christmas festival held there upwards of one hundred sat down to tea. Several inspirational addresses were delivered, and the proceedings terminated, giving the utmost satisfaction.

SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 8.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

SEEK and try to find that, that some of earth's children have found, and some would not try to find. When you have found it, try to keep it fast. That is the faith and simplicity and Godliness of Christ. Be meek and humble. Some have sought for it, and have found and retained it, and it has led them to the rock; others have thought they wanted to find it, and have looked another way. Avoid such; they are the destroyers of mankind. They are whirlpools leading to destruction.

INVOCATION.

Father, wilt thou give unto these Thy children that faith and hope they so much need; and wilt Thou give them that grace which is so essential to their spirits? Give them a desire to do as Thou wouldst have them do. Oh! may their hearts be full of love and pity to their fellow-creatures that have not this great light before their eyes. May they be enabled, by Thy grace, to lead forth such into Thy beautiful bright path; and oh! may Thy light so shine that none may go astray that strive to seek after Thee. May they try to follow Him that suffered and sinned not. May they become as little children, meek and lowly, wishing to be taught of those who know more of this light.

Question. May we ask a question?

Spirit. Yes.

Q. Can you give us information about the spirit-spheres?

S. When it is necessary for you to understand the spirit-spheres, then you will know. What good will it do you to go and tell earth's children of the spheres? What good would it do them? It would not be pouring oil on this great light, to make it burn more bright.

Q. May we ask what sphere we ourselves dwell in?

S. Some are in one sphere, some are in another on this earth. They may be in different spheres, though their bodies are in the same sphere. A very bad man, though he is in the same house as those who follow Jesus, is yet not in the same sphere.

Q. Is it prudent to ask the sphere I myself dwell in?

S. You are in the fifth sphere on this earth, if you can understand that. But you may still progress further by faith and perseverance.

Q. What can I do to advance myself?

S. By endeavouring to lead your fellow-creatures into the right path, and asking His guidance and His protection in all things.

Q. I do strive, but I meet with many rebuffs. Shall I persevere?

S. Each rebuff you meet with, remember Christ. You have not had so many rebuffs as He had. He was scorned and despised. Was He not led as a lamb to the slaughter. But He knew He was doing the will of His Father, and leaving footprints behind him for a guide to others.

Q. Is audible prayer beneficial to our souls.

S. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire. If it proceeds from the heart, there is no need for others to hear it; but if it is for their good, pray aloud. You know the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. And forget not to pray for the poor of this earth.

Q. Can we change the laws of our Heavenly Father by prayer?

S. He is a God of Love and a God of Mercy. If your prayers are good in His sight, then He will answer them, for He desireth not that any should suffer.

Q. Are our feeble efforts in spiritual matters effectual?

S. We do encourage you, and you do advance. By-and-by you will see how you advance. It is impossible to hold a light up without shedding its beams around.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

VISIONS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—The well-known author, Mr. C. Redding, in "Yesterday and To-day," states, "I knew a soldier who had fought at Quebec under Wolf. He insisted he often saw supernatural objects. He told me that one day, going over a bridge on a desolate moor, a locality I knew, he saw a great number of persons approaching the bridge, and drew aside for them to pass over. They did so for a full quarter of an hour. They were all dressed in dark clothes, and wore cocked hats, such as he had worn in his regiment, and as all the infantry wore in the old time. I have no doubt the man did fancy what he described. It was evening, the light dim, and he was alarmed, being of a superstitious and timid character in regard to spirits." * * * "Three

or four days before my father died," says old Aubrey, "as I was in my bed, about nine o'clock in the morning, I did hear three distinct knocks on the bed's head, as if it had been with a ruler or ferrule."

This author in the same work has some interesting remarks about dreams. The following one, purporting to be well verified, occurred in the year 1828:—

Mr. George Dixon, of Durham, butcher, dreamed on Sunday night last that two hundred sheep, his property, were feeding in a turnip field on the banks of the Tyne, near Corbridge, in Northumberland—that they had been swept away by the overflowing of that river. He sent off a messenger early on Monday morning, with his instructions to remove the sheep to higher ground, and not to be dissuaded from so doing. The messenger, after riding twenty-three miles, reached the field, and commenced to execute his orders, when the farmer, on whose lands the sheep had been placed, remonstrated with him, and ridiculed the idea of removing the sheep, assuring him that they were quite safe. The apprentice, however, was firm in the performance of his duty, and before he had quite succeeded in removing the whole of the sheep the flood broke down an embankment and covered the field to a considerable depth, the current carrying off five of the flock, which were borne along for some distance, but were finally secured in consequence of their fleeces being entangled in the hedges."—*Durham County Advertiser*, 20th Dec., 1828.

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

THE FOSSIL MAN OF ABBEVILLE.

THE readers of the *Spiritual Times* will, no doubt, be interested in the following account of two spiritual *séances*, at which it was attempted to evoke the spirit of the possessor of the famous jaw found in the quarry at Abbeville. To imagine that it really was the spirit of that personage, would be too much of a stretch; yet as a singular piece of spirit intelligence, it may be welcome. I translate it from the appendix to the third volume of Mr. Boucher de Perthes on "Celtic Antiquities." A friend of M. Boucher de Perthes thus writes:—

"Paris, 30th April, 1863.

My Dear Fellow-Countrymen,—I send you a copy of the result of the *séance*, at which I was present together with a number of scientific men. I add to this the report of the meeting at which George Cuvier was evoked, whose replies have aroused much interest. As they have relation to the finds which have confirmed your first assertions, I trust they may furnish you with weapons against those who attack your discoveries.

You will risk nothing in making some excavations according to the instructions given, although the manner in which they have been given are but in ill-accord with received ideas, and has much of the marvellous in it.

Pray advise me of the course of what you do and discover. I wish you all the success that your love of truth and your perseverance in seeking it and defending it merits.—Yours, &c.,

FIRST INTERVIEW.

M. de L. has asked if the spirit of the man to whom in his lifetime belonged this jaw-bone, deposited in the Museum and found at Abbeville, were able to come?

Spirit. I am here.

Will you tell us your name?—Yo'e.

Were you a victim of the great cataclysm?—Yes.

Was the flood of salt water?—Yes.

Did it come from the north?—Yes.

Were you a chief of the tribe?—No.

A scientific man?—Yes.

You had a language?—Yes.

Of signs or words?—Of words.

Has your race disappeared from the earth?—Yes.

What race of the present time most nearly resembles it?—

That of the north.

The Lapps?—Yes.

Were you herbivorous?—Herbivorous and carnivorous.

How long had your race inhabited the country at the time of the cataclysm?—About two thousand years.

How long is it from that time till now?—Twenty thousand years, as nearly as possible.

What have I in my hand?—A fragment of a weapon of stone or silex.

Were there many men drowned with you?—Yes.

Are there many human remains in the place where these siliceous weapons were found?—No, but few.

Does the fragment of the jaw-bone belong to you?—Yes.

Will the upper part of the jaw-bone be found?—Yes.

Adhering to the cranium?—No.

Can you tell us where it will be found?—At the moment of the cataclysm, the waters of the seas bore with it enormous

stones, which broke everything to pieces. One of these crushed my head; the fragments were separated and carried away by the waters; they will be found at a few metres distant.

How many metres?—About a hundred.

In what direction?—(Very impressively.) To the north-east. (And when made to repeat this.) I say this for the last time.

Can you tell me where we may find your skull or other skulls?—By examining the soil about the excavations already open.

At what distance?—At nearly thirty metres from the place where my lower jaw was found.

Are there other fossilized human remains at Moulin Quignon?—Yes.

And at Amiens?—Very few.

At what depth in metres?—Eight to ten metres.

Are there any near Paris?—Near Paris there cannot be any human remains, as then it was still under water. You must seek a more ancient country than Paris; you are in a good centre for your researches.

Were you taller or shorter than we are?—We were about one metre, sixty—

Was the cerebral system more developed with you?—No.

Were you more intelligent?—No; less intelligent.

Were there several races of men?—Yes.

Did lions exist among you?—Neither lions nor tigers, but elephants did exist.

SECOND INTERVIEW.

In what part of Paris would it be possible to discover the remains of antediluvian animals?—(A map of the Paris basin being produced, the medium's pencil stopped at Montrouge, at the cross roads.)

Did your race belong to the Etruscans or the Indians?—No; to those of America.

Did you know the use of metals?—Not at all; we knew of nothing but stone; rudely hewn, not polished.

Were you strong men?—No.

Cannibals?—Yes; we also ate animals.

Why were so many hatchets found at Saint-Acheal?—(The spirit of Yo'e had left without replying.)

(George Cuvier was then evoked)

Questions of Professor Z**.

You were, then, deceived in saying that man had appeared at a comparatively recent epoch?—Yes.

What should be done in order to arrive at a knowledge of the race of men buried at Amiens and Abbeville?—You must be active and well-advised in your researches, and when you have some materials which will put you on a sure path, you will no longer doubt of the truth of that which it was deemed an error to believe. The relics will form the best documents to aid you in these researches.

Could you, with the assistance of Yo'e, facilitate these researches?—You know that it is not always permitted to us to guide man in what he does. We may sometimes inspire, and then, with the advice we give, he may succeed. However, as that cannot always be, man is obliged to seek. He often discovers, and then, at least, he has all the merit of his labours.

The clear and precise replies of George Cuvier astonished all the *savants* present, who unanimously returned their thanks to him. To shorten the time consumed in replying by the alphabet, two mediums took the pencil. Their distracted air, occupied with other things, while writing with the rapidity of stenographers, admitted of no doubt as to the fact of the great naturalist guiding their hands, and that they themselves were only acting mechanically. Several words closely resembled the handwriting of the illustrious man of science.

Whatever the real value of the foregoing conversation, it will at least be new to your readers, if you think it useful and fitting to insert it.

KENNETH R. H. MAOKENZIE.

Chiswick, Dec. 21, 1865.

MRS. L. H. LACY,

Inspirational speaker, clairvoyante, and healing medium, will commence, on Wednesday evening next, a series of Wednesday Evening *Séances* at the Spiritual Lyceum, to commence at half-past seven. Members of the Lyceum, free; non-members, 1s.

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

Mr. J. H. Powell gave a Discourse on "Poverty" at the Spiritual Lyceum on Sunday last. His Discourse for Sunday next is entitled "Character."

THE DARLINGTON CONVENTION.

The Darlington Convention pamphlet has just reached us. It contains a faithful record of the proceedings of the Convention. Some of the speeches give the idea of life, we had almost said licence; Mr. Gardner and Mr. Burns seem to have appropriated to themselves the right of fault finding. These gentlemen no doubt spoke as their feelings guided them; at any rate, we hope now, having let off the steam of their disapproval "of the powers that be," they are more happy.

The *Spiritual Times* and the *Spiritual Magazine* may possibly be the better for the drubbing they get. We quote, with much pleasure, the following paper, read before the Convention by Mrs. Spear: it is, in our opinion, the gem of the pamphlet, and opens up a question of vital importance:—

WOMAN'S POSITION IN THE WORLD

Is a subject before us, as persons desirous of breaking every yoke of custom or superstition that holds any human being in bondage. Good sense, it seems to me, would say that the test of capacity, and none other should be applied whenever a place is to be filled, be it by man or woman. Fitness should everywhere be studied, that means may be adapted to ends. The fitness of a person for a post is originally determined, I think, by the individual taste or desire; for what a person loves to do is well done. Secondly, by the ability to command the necessary means to perform well its duties and assume its responsibilities. How is it that we find woman to-day outside of nearly all places of emolument, honour, or profit, living without great and unselfish aims—thoughtless of her individual responsibility to God, and of her glorious destiny as a being but little lower than the angels—the height of her ambition being to appear well in society and not live an old maid? The chief cause of this lies, I believe, in her want of true education. The limit of education should be fixed, not by some arbitrary idea of how much a woman ought to know, or how much it is safe to teach without spoiling her as a good housekeeper and a faithful drudge—the principle on which the education or no education of slave is conducted; but the limits of a female education should be fixed as of man's—by the capacity of the individual scholar and the external means within reach. We say to the boy or young man, "Make the best of yourself; there is no danger of your learning too much; read, study, think for the sake of gaining maturity of judgment and a well disciplined mind. Lose no opportunity of attaining knowledge, whether it promises to be of immediate use or not. It is good for its own sake. Its acquisition will strengthen the mind as exercise strengthens the body." We advise him to educate himself by all the means within his reach, not only, nor chiefly, that he may become a more successful merchant or eminent lawyer, but because education is in itself good. It takes him out from the littlenesses of mind and nature and interests him in the great things of life, virtue, truth, honour, beauty, religion. It makes him independent to a great degree of external circumstances, and frees him from the necessity of riches which the uneducated feel, by giving him inward and inexhaustible wealth. But why is this not as true of woman as of man? If she is a rational being, why not treat her as such? Why should she not be made to feel from the days of girlhood that it is her duty and high privilege to develop her whole mind in the proper use of all her faculties? Why should she feel as she often does, that the whole uses of education are attained if she appears well in society and avoids those mistakes which betray ignorance of fashionable rules? Why should manners be regarded so highly, and the substance of a cultivated mind so little worth?—thus reducing everything to outside appearances—making the cultivation of the mind wait on the prettiness of the body—her education less important than the appearance of it—preventing her from seeing the real excellence of knowledge, the essential value of intellectual improvement—taught to respect herself not for what she is, but for what she can appear to be. Is it possible to conceive a system more degrading to everything that constitutes true womanhood? One can hardly credit the fact that what I have said is true, and yet attention given the matter will show any one that female education is often conducted, both in school and afterwards, as if the chief end in woman was to be married, and the chief object in education to secure a good establishment. Whatever will conduce to that end by rendering her attractive, by making her an object of admiration is valued; but the education needed to make her think, to teach her self-respect and self-reliance, to despise the gloss or covering that conceals untruth; in short, the education needed to make a woman of her is comparatively neglected. This is the great error by which, more than by anything else, woman is prevented from taking her right position in society, and from exerting her full influence. She is not educated for her own individual sake, but with reference to a certain effect to be produced on those around her and a certain result to be attained. She is not taught to enjoy study—is not supplied with those intellectual resources which would make her independent of praise or blame. Her ideas of usefulness and happiness are associated with her establishment in life as a married woman, and she does not prepare herself by self-education and self-discipline to be useful and happy through the force of her own character and a cultivated mind in whatever position she may be placed. I admit that marriage is honourable, and that both man and woman should look forward to it with hope and joyful expectations. It is unquestionably to my mind, needed to our highest usefulness and best happiness. Without it our nature is but half developed, and we are in great danger of becoming selfish and narrow-minded. It is the appointment of Providence, the

gift of divine love, and if evaded or refused no complete compensation for the loss can be found. Under ordinary circumstances, therefore, I believe it is a serious misfortune to either sex to remain in what is called single, in opposition, I suppose, to the two-fold blessedness. If anything, however, I believe this is more true of man; for his being more rough and harsh, stands in greater need of the softening, purifying influences of the family circle.

How often do we see amongst the gentlest and loveliest of woman, everywhere welcome and honoured, those who have accounted the prize of matrimony not great enough for their acceptance! They are often the most important members of the family, the consolers of grief, the unwearied attendants in the chamber of sickness, the visitors of the poor; finding in the exercise of all beautiful charities and kindly affections, if not the full happiness of which they are capable, yet enough to make their lives a continual expression of gratitude to God, and themselves a blessing to all around. We may know many such, and in the excellent disinterestedness of their lives, they are numbered among the saints of the earth. But do we often find parallel instances among men? Notwithstanding all the flippant jests upon the subject, my observation leads me to think that a single life is much more fatal to man's happiness and usefulness than to woman's. But for all this, one would not think of making a boy's education turn chiefly upon this consideration, knowing that the way to make him a good husband is by developing his manhood, calling out every God-given faculty into healthy exercise. So woman's education should be conducted primarily with a view to make her a thoughtful, intelligent well-educated person. However much a good establishment in life may increase her happiness, she should have resource of mind and character such as to secure her happiness at all events. Until this is done man is cheated of his just rights—an intelligent wife, a true counsellor, a loving companion—one fit to mould the character of his children in those early stages, when every feeling, thought, and aspiration even make impressions that a lifetime cannot efface; and woman is robbed of her birthright—the development of her mind. No man nor woman can afford to be so short-sighted as to longer deny to woman her right to an education for her own individual sake. What, then, is the duty of all who love justice and prize progress, but to use every effort to open to woman the schools and colleges, whereby her mind may be quickened into greater activity, and strengthened for all labours which in the wisdom of God she may desire or be called to engage in.

In the exact ratio that man becomes morally, religiously, and socially developed, well educated, does he become a respecter of the rights of all of every sex, complexion, and clime. One does not need to study books to know that woman has the same God-given rights as man to follow any profession, fill any station, engage in any work that concerns human welfare that her ability will allow. The fear that she will become coarse and unwomanly in the exercise of her faculties, is entirely swept away by a moment's thought of what it is that distinguishes the strong and healthful from the weak and dissipated, the refined from the debased, the civilized from the savage or barbarian, the well bred from the ill bred—what but wide culture, varied thought, and experience? This fear, betrays, too, a total lack of faith in the wisdom of God in creation, and wholly fails to recognize the positiveness or reality of the feminine element in life, the apprehension and appreciation of which marks the degree of civilization of any people. The election reports of the last few days show how sadly and greatly woman is needed in the politics of the land. Wherever she is debarred entrance, there is indecency, brutality, and the exercise of the lowest in man. The appalling sight of the gallows, in lands calling themselves Christian, is owing, I believe, to the exclusion of woman from its political councils. A state of society wherein the gratification of revenge rather than the reformation of the guilty is the inspiring spirit, is again owing to the lack of her influence in that department of life.

And who better naturally endowed to fill the place of physician than woman? Her matchless endurance, her self-denial, her natural love for nursing and care-taking, peculiarly fit her for that profession. But I would not point out nor have you decide what profession or employment any individual woman should follow. Every place should be open to free and honourable competition. Her taste and capacity exercised will in no wise outrun God's designs, and will only tend to greater eminence in every department. Much courage may we take when we look over the list of persons who are alive to the wrongs of woman. The best and most enlightened of every land rank there; and it only needs the general demand of woman herself, to free her from every shackle imposed by the ignorance of man. Spiritualism in America has proved by actual demonstration that woman has rights and capacities other than those which man or society has accorded to her. Custom, conventionalism, has stood aside for the living spirit of to-day, which has taken woman out of her retirement, where she has served only as ornament or drudge, and placed her where she has filled the function of lecturer upon science, literature, and art, of physician, and of religious teacher. This it has accomplished without asking consent of father, brother, or husband, and through this has awakened them to the contemplation of their great folly and guilt in perpetuating a system of life which robs one half of the entire human race of the enjoyment coming from the direct exercise of their higher powers of mind and skill, and the whole race of that completeness of thought and action which will ever enable it to solve the great problems of life and human destiny. I may say here that I believe that there is a sphere in life in which woman naturally moves and reigns, and the same of man; and that between them is no conflict, but on the contrary, beautiful interaction—the sweet and healthful influences of each prevailing the other, to the production of concord and pure harmony. But only in freedom, entire equality of freedom, can these glorious orbits be discovered. They are not of man's invention, and depend not upon his will; but exist in the nature and constitution of things, and are by him to be discovered. They are not lines of antagonism, division, and contention, but of true union, co-operation, and harmony—where distinctness, individuality is preserved in its purity—constituting a state of perfect bliss, of which prophets have always foretold and poets sung, and for which every breath of every man and woman has and will ever heave a longing sigh until its consummation.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 1.

January 5th, 1865.

My dear Cousin F—, I want to write through you to my dearearthly ones, from whom I was taken so early and so suddenly. (Cousin was sixteen years old, but was very childish and simple, for her years.) I have never been able to write to them, as I do not know anyone but yourself to go to them. I hope they will soon be able to enter into Spiritualism; it would make me rejoice, and they would not then feel that I am far away. It was not from any particular cause that could have been averted that I passed on so soon. I mean, it was not, as you all thought, from taking cold the day I went on my pony; it was the disease that had gradually gained ground from infancy, which at length touched a vital part, and in an instant did I lose consciousness, so that when I awoke again to spirit-life, I hardly knew what had happened but I was happy. Dear papa need not reproach himself that his lessons to me on religious subjects had not been given more directly. Indirect teaching, the insensible influence of a holy life, the ignoring of wilful evil, the deploring of the presence of sin in our humanities, and the gentle training of a pious, beloved mother, did far more for me than any direct lecturing would have done. But my spirit was very young, more so than many who live sixteen years on your earth. Therefore, I awoke in the beautiful gardens in the spirit-land, where all the happy spirits, suited to my capabilities, were thronging around me, as I laid, where I was brought in the spirit, on the couch of flowery essence, yielding forth perfume refreshing and supporting. And my ear was aroused to spirit-life by thrilling songs of welcome and of love! Oh, I did not wish for earth; I forgot it all for some long, long time (in your earth measurement.) I was revelling in joy, surrounded by all beauty, all music; even my favourite animals in life were there to delight me! The most beautiful horse, with a bright shining star over his eyes, was at my side, and I mounted it to explore the surrounding gardens. I was not absolutely conscious that I had passed the gate of Death, I had not thought of dying so young, and with so much home-happiness, and joy and love. Earth was to me very lovely and attractive; the influence of my life there is ever with me, and I long to communicate to them my happiness. Leave off.

Question. Will you tell me more of your spirit-life soon?
Spirit. If I can.

(Same day was continued the message.)

S. I told you I was unconscious of earth-life from the instant death struck me in the early morning of that Saturday, sad to you all, but not to me. Pain deadened consciousness, but I remember, as it were, in a dream, a few of the last incidents, but especially at the last hour, when Jesus took me in His arms; and then I did not come to spirit-life knowledge until I awoke on my couch in heaven. I had much, so much to learn, but from my spirit-youth and purity, from the joyous surroundings of my happy earthly home, and protected by my parents' prayers, I had not to linger in the lower sphere, but come direct. This has been taught me since I came. I progressed rapidly. I found Cousin N— to welcome me and many whom I had not remembered on earth, but recognized by spirit intuition, on meeting them here. Your sister was so like you in resemblance that I knew her, and spoke to her; and she had, by her side, dear aunt, your precious mother, who told me that I could, if God saw fit, open a communication through some medium on earth. She told me much of the truths of Spiritualism, and all its holy light was opened to me, for what God permits must bring good to those who seek it by the aid of His holy Spirit.

Q. I was wondering how a good, pure spirit, who had been in the spirit-land so many years as our sister could still retain sufficient earthly resemblance to be recognized as usual?

(The answer was given without a pause.)

S. Yes; the resemblance in feature is retained for the purpose of recognition, but the beauty of the heavenly form may still progress, and become wondrous to behold. So is it with all good spirits; they are resplendently beautiful in form, in feature, in expression, in gesture, in the every movement, and look, and in every turn of their limbs, is grace. Leave off. I will try to come again."

January 5th, 1865.

S. My spirit-life was at first but the continuation of my earth-life. In this respect, all my favourite pursuits of outdoor pleasures and animal pets were still about me; and as I had never thought much about the future world, and had never pictured to myself an approach to the reality, I was greatly amazed, and thought I was in fairy land. I was told by your sister, dear F., who saw my wonder and ignorance of the real fact, that I had indeed passed from earth; that the dread portals of death had been passed through, and that, whilst young, I was transplanted to the gardens of our Heavenly Father. She told me it had been God's pleasure and will to spare me a life of pain; and also, by my removal, to awaken in the hearts of my dear sisters the reality of the earth-separation, and the needful thought of preparing to be taken away also, for all you who live on earth are apt to live as though life on earth was everything, whereas, it is but as the very first rudiment of spirit-life, to be brought to perfection here. You can form no adequate conception whatever of the extent of the universe of God's world of spirits; it is beyond human power; therefore, the gardens of our infancy, which the wood gardens to your earth-sense gives a restricted view, are, in reality, of immense extent, a sphere in itself, a high sphere, separate from, but on an equal degree with the third sphere of spirit-life. This is from the purity of the infant mind consequent upon its short contact with the earth-sphere of evil. Remember the fact of the vast number of spirit-babies brought here, and then bear in mind the presence of all the pure spirits whose loving office it is to watch and guide our steps; then you may, in a measure, comprehend that the infant spirit-land is wondrous in extent,

whilst diverse and separate from the higher sphere, and more advanced life. Thus it is, with all spheres of every kind and degree. I have learnt much, but, oh, so very, very little to what still remains to be learned. I am still a child in the gardens of the Lord of Hosts, but I have been taken to see the habitations of other spirits. I have been with dear aunt (left unfinished.) Leave off.

F. J. T., St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

(To be continued.)

THE FUTURE LIFE.

The reason we have such a dread of death is, that we conceive ourselves still alive, only in the grave, or wandering through horrors and shut out from wonted pleasures. It belongs to material growths to ripen, loosen, decay; but what is there in sensation, reflection, memory, volition, to crumble to pieces and rot away? Why should the power of hope, and joy, and faith, change into inanity and oblivion? What crucible shall burn up the ultimate of force? What material processes shall ever disintegrate the simplicity of spirits? Earth and plant, muscle, nerve, and brain, belong to one sphere, and are subject to the temporal fates that dwell there; but reason, imagination, love, will belong to another, and, immortally fortified there, laugh to scorn the fretful sieges of decay.—*Alger.*

WHY DO THE PEOPLE OPPOSE SPIRITUALISM?

There can be very little, if any, doubt about the fact that the people are much afraid of Spiritualism and what is termed a "hereafter." They are afraid of a judgment for the "deeds done in the body," and prefer annihilation. They desire to see only so far as a mourning coach or a hearse will take them, providing it is a *dry grave* where they are to be laid until the morning of the resurrection. To tell a man that after the death of the body the human form and every sense which he had in the world is retained, and that he leaves nothing behind him but his old worn-out terrestrial body, is repugnant, for he invariably dreads to look upon his *real selfhood*, as exhibited in a *spiritual body*. Newspaper editors pander to this depraved and corrupt materialism, hence they care to publish only such statements as will feed the public tastes of naturalism.

INSPIRATION.

INSPIRATION is universal. A modern expositor says well in illustrating this broader view of it:—

"I turn to the lofty souls who, through breathing numbers, or melodies, colours, marble, or words, have entranced the world, and I hear them declaring that in their higher creations they are overmastered by a power beyond their will. I turn to the reformers and the martyrs, and I hear them proclaim that the word they speak is not their own. I turn to the private experience of us all, and ask if we have not felt, whenever in our highest moments of thought, of duty, or of prayer, some great truth of principle, or energy, or peace has flushed into our reason, quickened our conscience, moved our will, filled our hearts—whether we have not always felt that it was no creation of our own, but rather something that has entered us, within us, and yet from above us?"

The recognition of such a faculty, and of such an origin of it, would enable us to imbibe a universality of spirit which would see everything fashioning itself into one great altar, on which man might present his offspring to God; whilst, for want of this recognition, man seems in the pride of his intelligence to be constantly attempting to create backwards from the natural to the spiritual, and by human reason to construct his God.

Such a view of inspiration, as I would wish to indicate, is not compatible with an *a priori* pronounced notion of infallibility, which the experience of the present modes of thought amongst some of our best theologians, not less than the decision of the Privy Council, have cut away from the Church, but this will be found a benefit and not a hurt for the Bible, which, if it have to be judged from its intrinsic merits, can never be valued at less than it deserves from the world at large. The simple will still understand it in its simplicity, and the wise in wisdom, and it will speak, as it has always done, to the inmost heart of man, from its meeting him in those spiritual depths of his nature where, it is his only guide and helper. It has not so much to fear from the attack of foes as from the strained exigencies of ignorant friends, who are zealous for it above what is written, and who, by putting forward claims which it does not warrant for itself, and which they cannot substantiate, drive into opposition those who are only wise enough to know that the others are wrong.—*W. M. Wilkinson.*

A THREE-FOLD MANIFESTATION, TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR AS THE READER MAY DETERMINE.

By L. JUDD PARDEE.

In the city of Buffalo, to which an invitation to lecture, and my duties as a teacher of the Living Word have called me, reside two gentlemen, over fifty years of age each. They are men not less marked in the circles of business and social life in which their lot is cast, for common sense, than for integrity of character and devotion to the Spiritual cause—in short honest and honourable men; neither given to a hasty zeal in behalf of spirits on the one hand, nor, on the other, slow to recognize the hands of power of that wondrous intelligential force we denominate the invisible. With one of these gentlemen I am at present stopping and with the other I come into almost daily contact and converse; while, not only from both, but from the members of the family of the first, I have received a minute account of the remarkable, not to say astounding, manifestations here to be briefly recorded. I shall make no laboured effort to substantiate or to settle in the mind of the reader hereof the veritability or origin of the facts adduced, but simply setting forth as compactly and clearly as I may, leave each to be persuaded in his or her own mind with respect thereto. For myself, having attentively listened to their recital, and knowing the character of the persons making their detail, I am constrained to believe that they are genuine exhibitions of spirit-power. And nothing remains to be said, by way of preface to this brief narration, but the statement that one of the gentlemen alluded to is a well-known dentist of this city, and the other holds a position in the custom service of this port. A young man of the name of Charles H. Reed, not now here, was the medium.

THE CLOCK.

On a certain occasion, in the month of January, '64, the circle meeting, as usual, at M.'s house on Seneca-street, a more than usual exhibition of spirit-power, amidst so much of the remarkable freely and frequently represented, was promised. I will denominate it the "clock manifestation." The invisibles made a promise, by speaking out of the atmosphere around the circle that if Dr. O. would return an article they should abstract from a jeweller's store, on Main-street, (nearly half a mile from where the circle sat,) they would then and there—though both the jeweller's store and the circle room were closed and shut, both as to doors and windows—produce before them what they had selected from the shop. The promise was given. And scarcely three minutes had elapsed before something was heard settling down on the table around which the circle were gathered and directly the loud ticking of a clock before them was sounded. On striking a light, there stood upright, ticking away lustily, a marine clock, about eight inches in diameter. This was about nine o'clock of a Saturday night. On the following Monday, Dr. O., one of the gentlemen alluded to, clock in hand, called upon the jeweller from whose store the article had purported to have been abstracted, and produced the "ticker." Great was the surprise of the artizan; for he had closed at seven o'clock Saturday evening, and, from the position of the clock in his store should have missed it had it been taken out previous to his closing. It had a private business mark upon it, and he knew it at once. How pale grew the face of that jeweller's wife as she saw the clock returned, and heard of the source and character of the power that had abstracted it.

Query 1. How did that clock get out of that closed store? And, Query 2. How did it get into the shut circle-room? Let the spiritual metaphysicians who are yet debating whether spirits can go through solid walls, turn their attention this way. William Howitt, of England, and the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, will match or overmatch this wonder, and they believe that, by some unanalyzed chemism of spirit, solid matter can be carried through solid matter. Whether or not the solid matter to be transported is first resolved and afterwards reconsolidated, is a nice question to be answered just here; for how could a marine clock go through this metamorphosis and return to its original ticking time, at the "nick of time," as any healthy, good-intentioned, well-behaved, clock is wont to do, when "alive and kicking." And yet, such is one exposition of the *rationale* of feats of this sort. But the going through solid matter by other solid matter—well, let us pause in divine meditation upon the wondrous power of God, in Spirit, and keep astraddle the fence of undecided opinion a little longer.

THE TRANSMUTATION.

On the nights of January 14th, 16th and 20th, 1864, in the presence of the same circle, and the same medium, Christ's mediumistic manifestation of turning water into wine, which, we are told, came to pass in that ancient time of the beautiful Nazarene—was paralleled by the spirits at Buffalo. Promises had been made to this effect several times previous to the occurrence, but the conditions could not, at first, be established. At last the spirits were ready. But at this juncture one of the circle insisted upon putting and keeping his hand upon the tumbler of water placed on the table and provided for the purpose. To this, however, the invisibles would not consent. But when

perfect compliance with their own conditions was obtained by the invisibles, the manifestation was made that night.

The circle sat as usual, with joined hands, in the dark, having provided a tumbler of water, from which each sipped, to be satisfied that the liquid was water, and nothing more. In a moment or two the deed was done. When a light was struck, there stood the tumbler two-thirds full, or as when, after the circle had sipped of the water, the light was turned off. I have seen three bottles of this liquid, containing in all perhaps a pint. The colour is a bright red, lucent, vinous one, shining clear through to the light. It leaves no sediment. The taste is like a mild, sacramental wine. I am told it has not changed in the slightest appreciable degree since the transmutation hour. Now, shall we say this was a delusion or a fraud? I am persuaded that there are no just grounds here for either of such conclusions. The spirits gave the philosophy of the fact and feat, and affirmed that, as the atmosphere contained the elements of all material things, they had but to use that chemical knowledge and power they possessed, to condense and precipitate the essential life of the wine, and lo! the thing was done.

But what shall we say of what is now to follow! I refer to

THE OYSTER SUPPER.

On the corner of Swan and Main streets, Buffalo, stands Harvey's Building. On the fourth floor is a front room twenty-five feet long by, say, eighteen feet wide. It has three windows, and is connected with a small adjoining room by a door. Well, in the same winter during which the aforementioned wonders were performed, and some time previous to the clock feat, the circle alluded to held their sittings in this room. So, on a certain Saturday evening occasion, "Samson," the spirit who usually acted as spokesman for the band of spirits in wonted attendance, speaking out of the atmosphere, promised that next time he would furnish the circle with a supper for the benefit of the ladies, whom he requested should attend, alluding to the wives and daughters of the males present who were married.

"What!" quoth Dr. O., "with dishes and knives?"

"Yes," returned Samson.

Well, the hour came round. I have this precise account from Dr. O.'s lips; and others who were present have, personally, substantially attested to the truth of what transpired. So, when we were all assembled, nine males and eleven females. Mrs. M—k, a well-known lecturer, being one of the party, a motion was made to have the room thoroughly examined. Dr. O., Mrs. M—k, and another person, whose name I cannot get, were selected for the purpose. It was found that there were no closets in the room, and no secret holes or hiding places. The furniture consisted of chairs, sufficient in number, a sofa, a table, a stove, and a small wood box; so that, after locking the door of the room, the only possible avenue of entrance for any object would be by the three windows, some sixty feet from the ground, and the aforementioned door connecting with the small adjoining room. This last was then locked, a piece of rope tied to its knob, and the other end wound round the leg of Dr. O., sitting in the inner circle. One of the windows was open at the top about four inches. Thus stood matters.

The circle was then formed, or rather, two of them, the ladies making the outer circle, and the gentlemen the inner. Each circle sat with joined hands. When all the preliminaries had been satisfactorily arranged, not only to induce the proper conditions, but to put all collusion and trickery out of the question, the light was turned off, and almost immediately the manifestation commenced. None knew precisely what kind of a supper was to be produced. The first sound heard was the rattling and clashing of knives and forks and dishes on the table. Directly a gurgling sound was noted by various members of the circle as if something solid and liquid was being poured out of one vessel into another. Almost as quickly, several of those present cried out: "I smell oysters." A light was struck. There, on the table, were plates, and knives and forks for twenty persons, a pepper and vinegar cruet, a large platter or dish filled to the brim with several quarts of oysters, and a plate of crackers.

Some cried out, "We have no salt." Dr. O. suggested that the spirits might possibly furnish that also. So the light was turned off, and immediately was heard the sound of several objects slapped down, as it were, upon the table. When the light was turned on again there stood two well-filled salt-cellars. And in the coal or wood-box was an empty paper bag, which had contained the crackers.

After the party had partaken of the fare, wonder and laughter alternating amidst the feast, some one made inquiry for the can, or whatever it was, in which the oysters had been brought. So the light was again turned off. Immediately, as from the shut and locked entry door, was flung on the floor, at the feet of Miss M., a tin can, with the top torn off.

Then quoth the Doctor: "Samson, tell us where you got the oysters, and we will go and pay for them." Said Samson, in reply, "They are paid for." And when the Doctor still insisted, Samson spoke up again and said, "What! go to Troy?" The inference meant to be conveyed is apparent.

The circle broke up, some doubtful and some convinced of

the spirit source of what had thus wondrously transpired. It was too astounding to be accepted by several as a veritable manifestation of invisible power. The plates, and dishes, and knives, and forks, and salt-cellars, &c., were left in the room when the circle broke up and departed. And there, according to the word of a sceptical young man, who had sat in the circle, (who slept in the adjoining apartment, and who frequently had had various articles brought in and taken away by the spirits), they remained for several days, until, at last, they were unaccountably missing.

Thus ended this affair, and the reader may conclude just what he "has a mind to." I have but acted as a recorder here of transpired facts, the witnesses to which are honest, keen and some of them sceptical men and women.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

THE CHURCH.

The Clergy have denounced Spiritualism with even a more ardent zeal than they have exhibited in their fulminations against each other. Divided as sectarianism is upon many points, it is truly wonderful to behold its unanimity of feeling upon this particular subject.

The Baptist, who shuts out all from his communion that have not been immersed in the pool of salvation,—the Presbyterian, who prides himself in the belief that God has especially elected himself and friends to be saved,—the Methodist who, with a more enlarged view of divine grace, still leaves an ample harvest of God's children to be gathered into the granaries of the devil,—the Protestant Episcopalian, (I beg pardon, the Apostolic Catholic,) who looks with piety, but complacency, upon these as flocks that have wandered from the fold, the shepherds of which are the genuine successors of the Apostles,—and the old mother of them all, the Roman Catholic who, without a shudder or a sigh consigns the others to eternal flames, as the heretics beyond God's mercy, because outside the pale of the only true Church. These conflicting as they do, ready whenever the civil law permits to limit each other from the earth, with one accord unite in fierce denunciation of that which underlies their whole superstructure. The argument which contravenes the power of spirits to hold converse with mortals in the present era, controverts with equal force the entire range of spiritual manifestations in the past. The laws of Jehovah are immutable. God in His infinite perfection, is not variable like man, doing to day that of which he repents to morrow; but seeing from the beginning, the end of all His labours, He has so organized the elements of His universe that perfect harmony and unity are the necessary results of their combined action. Sectarian division and political estrangement among men are caused by the same principles or laws, being brought into action upon differently constituted organisms. A thought given to the masses will lead a portion to one conclusion, the others to a contrary one because of the different conditions of the brain upon which the thought is received. There is no want of unity in the idea, but the impression it produces, depends upon the structure and state of cultivation of the mind to which it is transferred; consequently the many contradictory theories advanced, as fully entirely equal to the satisfactory elucidation of the spiritual phenomena, have not been unexpected by those spirits who have been unfolded in wisdom, and who have power to penetrate with their vision the chambers of thought which are the abodes of the mortal mind. It could not indeed have been otherwise. Like the fluid which necessarily assumes the shape of the vessel by which it is contained, so thought receives its form from the organs through which it must pass. When this principle is properly understood among men all sectarian hate will vanish, all political rancor must subside. Man will understand why his brother differs from his view of any particular subject, and thus understanding will cease to condemn or persecute.

The true conception of this law will dissipate the great source of contention and strife among men. When each mind is willing to pursue independently researches for truth; not leaning upon the authoritatively expressed opinions of others, nor consigning to eternal torture and despair those who travel by other paths; then instead of desiring to destroy the temple erected by another, which suited his needs when he sought its shelter which may be dear to him from its reminiscences, it will be seen, that a better, a more practical method will be to erect a structure so much more grand in its dimensions, so beautiful in its proportions, that it will necessarily attract those who have grown weary of the narrower confines of their more circumscribed homes. The mind which from childhood, is led to look with reverence upon the appointed teachers of a gloomy theology, which is impressed with the necessity of receiving certain dogmas as ultimate truth, or paying the penalty of their rejection in the eternal flames of hell; the mind so fettered in its action has not capacity to go forth in freedom and love of truth, seeking throughout the vast domain of the Great Father foreknowledge with which to adorn the chambers of the soul. The world of thought beyond their prescribed limits is dark and gloomy—filled with imaginary monsters, who wait in angry impatience to catch each wandering soul that may be so heedless of the admonitions and warnings of the pulpit, as to venture within those forbidden grounds. Man though giving evidence of progress in science, in art, in all the various fields of knowledge pertaining to the earth-life, must still be limited to the imperfect conception of the past in his views of the celestial existence. The same people that hail with delight any new application of a principle in the world of matter who shower honours and emoluments upon him who is so fortunate as to be the instrument of its promulgation will, with an inconsistency most glaring, heap condemnation upon his head, who has the temerity to vow that he has perceived a new light in the spiritual firmament. Confine your thoughts to earth; let the operations of your mind produce that which will enable man to carry his cotton or corn with more rapidity and less expense to the market where it can be exchanged for coin, and your name will be held in remembrance by the race who accept you as its benefactor; but dare not ask your brother to look with you on a more pure and perfect picture of the Great

Author of our being; dare not say to him my mind in its search for truth hath discovered that our Father delights not in torture, in vengeance and in wrath;—say not at your peril that the dawn is approaching, when the dark shadows of the theological midnight must disappear, and be superseded by the effulgence of the coming morn when the radiance which fills the home of light and love will descend in richest streams and penetrate each soul. This great Truth that our Father is not a God of hatred, vindictiveness and revenge, is more important to the human race than all the cotton gins, steamboats, locomotives and telegraphs, that now aid man in his material labours; but what is the reward of him who fearlessly announces this opinion to the world, and asserts his ability to demonstrate its truth by the evidence of those who have passed beyond the physical into the spiritual life, and who in their own experiences, have learned that a repentant soul who seeks for light and truth with meekness and humility is never cast aside, although his repentance comes not while in this rudimental sphere? Do those to whom he brings these glad tidings extend to him their meed of praise? or hail him as their deliverer from unutterable woes? Oh no! language is too feeble to give expression to their scorn.

The cry is impostor, visionary, fanatic, insane one, or agent of the devil. The power of the land is invoked to crush the monster, and that mightier engine the press is put in motion to asperse the reputation, falsify the acts, and cast ridicule upon all who have the independence to extend to him the hand of fellowship. That theological system which suited man in the past, before his mind had searched the perception of the divine law of love, is still exerting its influence on the present, and casting its dark and gloomy shadow along the pathway of the future; but the time will come when it must lose some of the power which it now so perniciously wields. While the man of earthly nature has been delving with unflagging energies in the work of his choice; the purer, the more spiritual mind has been soaring amid the leaves and gathering precious thoughts, with which to give happiness and peace to the weary toiler. Thus the blending of the mortal and spiritual spheres has been effected.

The man of stocks and lands—of glittering wealth and earthly power has had no aspirations for a better home or a purer life. His appetites have been appeased, his desires gratified; his mind has been satisfied, with the accumulations of cupidity;—the world has honoured him;—the mean in spirit have looked up to him, and in the enjoyment of the present he has had but little leisure to contemplate his probable condition in the future.

Wealth and power, when they absorb the mind and satiate the heart, hang like a heavy pall, observing the beautiful landscape which extends beyond the material sphere; but when these are the concomitants of life not the chief end and aim of man's efforts; when the mind rises in freedom to a region where the joys and griefs of earth have no entrance then, the spiritual nature becomes enfolded in wisdom and love, and the resplendent beauties of the spirit-land are ever present to the mental vision.

Thoughts such as these were the natural out-growth of the manifestations and communications of the spirits who now gathered in concourse around our "circle."—DANSKIN.

DEATH.

The cumulative fund of human experience, the sensitive affiliating line of history, like a cerebral cord of personal identity traversing the centuries, renders a continual succession of generations equivalent to the endless existence of one generation, but with this mighty difference—that it preserves all the edge and spice of novelty. For consider what would be the result if death were abolished, and men endowed with an earthly immortality. At first they might rejoice, and think their last, dreadest enemy destroyed. But what a mistake! In the first place, since none are to be removed from the earth, of course none must come into it. The space and material are all wanted by those now in possession. All are soon mature men and women—not another infant ever to hang upon a mother's breast, or be lifted in a father's arms. All the prattling music, fond cares, yearning love, and gushing joys and hopes, associated with the rearing of children, gone! What a stupendous fragment is stricken from the fabric of those enriching satisfactions which give life its truest value and its purest charm!

Ages roll on. They see the same everlasting faces, confront the same returning phenomena, engage in the same worn-out exercises, or lounge idly in the unchangeable conditions which bear no stimulant which they have not exhausted. Thousands of years pass. They have drunk every attainable spring of knowledge dry. Not a prize stirs a pulse. All pleasures, permutated till ingenuity is baffled, disgust them. No terror startles them. No possible experiment remains untried; nor is there any unsounded fortune left. No dim marvels and boundless hopes beckon them with resistless lures into the future. *They have no future.* One everlasting now is their all. At last the incessant repetition of identical phenomena, the unmitigated sameness of things, the eternal monotony of affairs, become unutterably burdensome and horrible. Full of loathing and immeasurable fatigue, a weariness, like the weight of a universe, oppresses them! and what would they not give for a change! anything to break the nightmare spell of *ennui*—to fling off the dateless flesh—to die—to pass into some unguessed realm—to lie down and sleep for ever: it would be the infinite boon!—*Alger.*

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