

I. H. Powell

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.

SABBATARIAN FOLLY.

THE people of England are certainly a free people. They can go to church and chapel, and to public-houses on the Sunday, but they must not hear such men as Professor Huxley, Sir John Bowring, and Dr. Carpenter, discourse on the marvellous workings of God in nature, or listen to oratorios from Handel and Mendelssohn. The Sunday Observance Society, armed with 21 Geo. III., has lately brought the lectures, which were being delivered at St. Martin's Hall on Sunday evenings, to a dead stop. We are not much acquainted with legal statutes, but having heard the act of George III. read, we feel that the Sunday observance Society have made a silly mistake. The act in question was framed to put down places of amusement and entertainment on the Sunday, which, in the days of George III., were much in vogue, to the utter profanation of the day. How such lectures, as those lately delivered at St. Martin's Hall, can be classified with *amusements and entertainments* we are at a loss to conceive. It surely cannot be a profanation of the Sunday, for Science to unfold her sacred treasures in a reverent and simple spirit; or for Sacred Music of the grandest character to be heard. What has been offered to the thousands who have congregated at St. Martin's Hall, has been of a highly instructive and elevating character, manifestly legal, since no law exists which prohibits such lectures. It seems to us, therefore, that the promoters of these Sunday evening lectures betrayed a *needless fear*, in allowing the Sunday Observance Society to bring them to a stand-still. If the Act of George III., which has been thus brought to bear upon the St. Martin's Hall lectures, really means what the rigid Sabbatarians assume, then all Sunday lectures, which are not sanctioned by the orthodox, may be brought to a close at any moment. We have, however, no fears on this head. The feeling already excited in the friends of *real* civil and religious liberty, is such as to make it a difficult, to say nothing of a dangerous, path for stiff-necked zealots of act of Parliament piety to pursue.

Let every man worship God as his own conscience shall approve. It is profanation of the worst kind to force the lips to express what the heart does not feel; and this is what Sabbatarian fanaticism is doing; but vain the task. The majority of thinking people reject the form without the spirit of true worship, and stay away from the churches. And can the churches wonder at this, when instead of progressing with the human intellect, they sieze the weapons of persecution and bigotry, and call upon the State to uphold them in their un-Christian conduct?

Christianity, pure and undefiled, has no need for the machinery of priestcraft and statecraft. Its power is

inherent, and its laws give freedom to conscience. Christianity rejects the trammels of sect, and holds all men to be brethren. Hence, there is no danger to Christianity in men worshipping God as their consciences approve. Those who are so dreadfully scared at a little Science and Sacred Music on the Sunday, if they would only read the signs of the times, and look back as far, only as the reign of George the III., would, we think, hold back, lest the Frankenstein they are creating should terrify all the life out of them. The time is past for Englishmen to be forced against their will, to attend church, and, indeed, the surest sign of the decline of the church would be in its efforts to revive the obsolete statute which renders it penal, unless good reason can be assigned, for being absent on Sunday from church. A religion that needs the prop of obsolete statutes to keep it on its legs, is not a religion likely to win the respect, much less the support of progressive souls. If the Sabbatarians will devote themselves to a careful study of the nineteenth century, and will give the multitudes such spiritual milk as will sustain them, they may bring under their banner almost the whole world. But to invoke George III., and ask him to rule England again, is a sad evidence of their weakness and unfitness. The friends of civil and religious liberty ought to thank them for sacrificing themselves thus.

Truth will triumph let who may oppose. The principles of Christianity are more than George III., and all the Churches. A truth is not the less sacred because it is presented in the language of science; Handel's music is not the less divine because it is presented in St. Martin's Hall. Let us get rid of the narrowness of Sectarianism, and hold Truth above all things. Let us reason together on all questions of vital interest, not sanction the resuscitation of worn-out statutes. No man who loves Truth need fear a discourse on Science and a little Sacred Music.

The success which has attended the Sunday evening lectures at St. Martin's Hall shows that a deep thirst for knowledge exists in the minds of multitudes, and that the thirst cannot get satisfied at orthodox fonts. The Founder of Christianity has said that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath; in the face of this the rigid Sabbatarian sets up Moses and George III. in the place of Jesus, and goes on attempting to make man less than the Sabbath. Let every denomination choose its own ministers, and the people their own teachers. If Professor Huxley and Sir John Bowring and others can supply the proper mental diet for immense numbers of people, neither Moses nor George III., nor the Sunday Observance Society, ought to have the right to interfere. The Sabbatarians, who stickle so much for Moses, and who associate such characters as George III. with him in their insane attempts at subjugating thought, had better be consistent and return to the Mosaic laws in their entirety, for they violate them with the utmost freedom every day of their lives. The triumph of the Sabbatarians, let us hope, is only a temporary one. Whether the affair of the closing of St. Martin's Hall on Sundays will go before the Queen's Bench or not we do not know, but we feel certain if it does the statute, 21 George III., will be found not to apply to such

lectures as have lately been delivered at St. Martin's Hall. Whether the affair come before the Court of Queen's Bench or not, we trust the masses who desire the continuance of such lectures will have the moral courage simply to carry them on, and give the Sabbatarians the trouble of trying the effect of George III., cap. 21, until they are fairly worn out.

Let us not boast of an Englishman's *freedom* if his Sabbaths are to be wrested from him by puritanical Sectarianists. We know of but one way of settling this question, that is, making the principle of civil and religious liberty operative; by doing so we get rid of all statutes of a cramping character, and truly recognize the Christian rule of charity, without which even Sabbatarians become as "a tinkling cymbal and sounding brass."

THE DAVENPORTS.

THE Davenport and Mr. Fay have been giving *séances* in Cork, Limerick, and Waterford. They return again to Dublin on Monday. The Cork papers contain reports of their *séances*, giving a tolerably good outline of what takes place at them. In another column will be found a letter from Mr. Cooper.

AN APOLOGY.

THE *Isle of Wight Observer* published the scandal about Mr. Fay having turned "Queen's evidence," which appeared in the *Morning Star* and the *Times*. The Davenports, through their solicitor, have demanded an apology. The *amende honorable* appeared in the *Isle of Wight Observer*, of February 3rd, as follows:—

In our impression of the 6th of January a paragraph appeared the substance of which was copied from one of the London papers to the effect that "Mr. Fay, who had so cleverly assisted them in London to gull the credulous, had turned Queen's evidence, and was actually engaged in New York in making money by showing the American public how the Davenports do their tricks, and what impostors they had been." We, of course, knew nothing of the writer of this paragraph, but having been informed that it is not only untrue, but that a contradiction has appeared in the paper alluded to, we do not for a moment hesitate in expressing our regret that we should, in common with many others, have been so misled. Our object is only fair and legitimate comments on passing events, and that certainly with no intention to injure any party or individual.

SEANCE AT THE MARSHALLS.

On Saturday evening last we visited the Marshalls' again, and had the gratification of witnessing several very remarkable phenomena. Mrs. Berry, whose magnetic power is great, is used by the spirits as a kind of Biologist. On this occasion she was made to put Mr. Marshall through a series of very ludicrous attitudes, and to cause him to exhibit certain facial expressions, which need only to be witnessed to be remembered. The principal feature of the sitting was the levitation of the table, which kept in mid-air some two or three feet above *terra firma*, dancing through the entire tune of "Rory o' Moro," which was being played by Mr. Marshall. If the object of the invisibles is to cheer the spirits of visitors on these occasions, they certainly gain it, for the freaks performed through the mediums excite the risible faculties to a very high degree. Mrs. Berry will prove a good medium.

TRYING THE SPIRITS.

We give the conclusion of Mr. Eddison's letter on "Trying the Spirits," but we by no means agree with him in all he has put forth. In accordance with our usual custom, we allow correspondents, within reasonable limits, to express their views. But the subject Mr. Eddison has chosen is one of such importance that we do not think it well to let it pass without a few comments. We quite agree with him that Spiritualists should satisfy themselves fully of facts before accepting evidence on the subject of Spiritualism; but we totally differ from him in supposing that as a rule they do not. Our acquaintance with Spiritualists, which is not small, gives us the impression that they as a rule

are as careful of obtaining un mistakeable proofs before accepting phenomena as genuine, as men and women can be. But the trying of the spirits is a process of individual experience. Mr. Howitt, for instance, has stated that he finds no deceiving spirits will say the Lord's Prayer, and "Amen" with it. Mr. Eddison thinks he may be deceived.

Mr. Howitt has had some eight years' or more experience, and has well earned his title to authority in the matter. Mr. Eddison has only lately began the subject, and in our opinion is necessarily crude in his manner of treating it. Had he waited a year or two patiently "trying the spirits" without levity, and with a sufficient degree of humility, we feel persuaded he would have blotted out some portions of his letters. The fact is lying spirits out of the flesh were lying spirits in the flesh, and they will ever approach those who will encourage them. But there are many things to consider before we place communications, that to us appear false, to the account of the spirits. It is necessary that we do not deceive ourselves in the conditions forming the circle; and further, that we do not, under any pretext, ask the spirits trivial questions. If we do so, and it be true that *like* attracts *like*, what can we expect but spirits of a low order to befool us? The old idea about the devil transforming himself into an angel of light, and deceiving by inspiring to all that is holy, simply makes the devil do the angels' work, if we, who sit, will use our judgment and accept all that is good, and eschew all that is evil. It is sickening to hear people croak about the devil in the way they do. One would think the devil had turned saint. The very knowledge that lying spirits come to all who will encourage them, even without the better knowledge that angels come to all who will encourage them, is useful, and gives Spiritualism a high influence for good; because none but fools would voluntarily submit themselves to the machinations of devils.

The question asked by Mr. Eddison, as to the spirits being trusted in the choice of a doctor or the making of a will, belongs purely to the mundane sphere. It gives the Spiritualist an idea that Mr. Eddison would use the spirits mostly for mere selfish purposes. Why has man mental powers, if they are not for him to use for himself in such matters? Spirits would doubtless in certain circumstances, advise for the best in cases of will-making or doctor-choosing; but surely Mr. Eddison should have some brighter conception of the mission of spirits to this earth, and see loftier uses for them than *will-making and doctor-choosing*?

We feel sure that our friend who possesses a keen insight of human nature, and who has good capacities for weighing evidence, will yet use them to more advantage than he has done in his last communication. Some of our readers may see other points to touch upon. We have neither time nor space for more at present.

THE PAI MARIRE.

It would appear that the Government have issued instructions to the officers of the native department to furnish reports explanatory of the origin and history of the Pai Marire delusion. Mr. Paris, of Waitara notoriety, has sent in his quota of intelligence, which has been published. It may interest some of your readers. It is an undoubted fact that this superstition took its rise in the province of Taranaki, and as Mr. Paris has for years been familiar with the Ngatiawa and Ngatiruanui tribes, the information he furnishes may be relied on.

"The Maori account of the origin of the Pai Marire, as signifying the name of their new religion, is singularly and superstitiously associated with the wreck of the Lord Worsley. Horopapera Te Ua, the originator, is a Taranaki native, and was for years a teacher (kai karakia.) On the occasion of the Lord Worsley being wrecked, he tried very hard to induce the tribe not to interfere with the wreck further than to render assistance, and desired them to allow us free access to the wreck; but having been opposed by the tribe he was said to have taken their stubborn opposition very much to heart, and went wrong in his mind in consequence thereof.

"A few weeks after the wreck of the Lord Worsley, Horopapera Te Ua came from the Taranaki district, with another native teacher, named Totaiia, to Poutoko, Kopata Ngrongomate's place, where he sent for me. I went to them, and had a long conversation with them. Totaiia was a strong

Kingite, and wanted peace on their own terms which required considerable concessions on the part of the Government. Horopapera wanted peace, and would consent to any terms the Government might propose. He said he was a Government man, and did not want a Maori king, and on being crossed by Totai, he became very much excited and showed unmistakable signs of insanity and madness. Nothing would satisfy him but for me to walk a circle with him, and during the whole time we were doing so, he was repeating the words, 'Atua Pai Marire, Hohou i te rongo Pai Marire, Tihanga Pai Marire, mahi Pai Marire.' At that time nothing had been said of a new religion by that name, and the tribe regarded Horopapera as a madman, and kept watch over him.

"A short time after this he used violence towards the wife of Te Meiha (Big Jack), and in retaliation Te Meiha punished Te Ua severely, by beating him, and tied him hand and foot. From this time the superstitious part of the tradition, as regards their Pai Marire, commenced. Horopapera states that the Archangel Michael and the Archangel Gabriel, together with an innumerable host of ministering spirits, came ashore from the Lord Worsley, and that whilst he was tied hand and foot, as before mentioned, the angel Gabriel appeared before him the first time, and told him to release himself from his bonds, which, with the slightest effort he did. That on Meiha seeing him released, he again seized him and chained him, and put a lock upon the chain. That Te Ua then said, 'What is this to me?' and with the slightest effort again burst asunder the chain, and every link broken and scattered upon the ground. Horopapera set at liberty, the spectators began to say among themselves, 'Can he have done this of his own strength, or is it some supernatural influence?' and from that time they began to be afraid of him. Te Ua then went to his own place in upper Taranaki, and on a certain day he was in his own house, and fell asleep, and was in a trance, when a great light descended from Heaven, and a voice called to him, 'to rise and stand on his feet,' when he saw a great multitude of every race upon earth. A voice then said to him, 'Horopapera, go out of your house, take your son and kill him.' Horopapera took his son and twisted his legs until the bones broke in several places. A voice then cried 'Horopapera, spare your son.'

"The angel Gabriel then said 'Take your son and wash him with water.' He took his son to a river called Wairau (in the upper Taranaki district), and washed him, and the leg was restored whole as the other. The angel Gabriel then said to him, 'Go back to your house, and erect a new *niu*.' Horopapera inquired of the angel what a *niu* was. The angel replied 'A post.' Horopapera inquired for what purpose. The angel replied, 'Work for you for the acquirement of the language of all races upon the earth.' Horopapera inquired of the angel who was to impart to him the gift of languages. The angel replied 'The spirit of God passing with the winds will teach you.' The angel added, 'as the winds of heaven proceed to all quarters of the globe, so from the *niu* proceeded all the different forms of religion upon earth.' The angel Gabriel then sang the following hymn:—

Gabriel's song of love to his people, standing naked.
 'Motu Hawke,
 God Pai Marire, God Pai Marire, rire rire.
 God the son Pai Marire, God the son Pai Marire, rire rire.
 God the Holy Ghost Pai Marire, God the Holy Ghost Pai Marire, rire rire.
 Glory be to thee, O Jehovah, in this world.
 And the Throne! and the Throne! and the Throne!'

"This is all I know of the origin of the Pai Marire, which no doubt was set on foot by Horopapera Te Ua. The hymn of the angel is now used in their daily religious service, and the sign of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon any of them is a cold shivering at the time they are performing the circle-marching round the *niu*. After the cold shivering has passed off, they are inspired with the gift of languages, some of which I have heard attempted; a perfectly unintelligible jargon to themselves and to others—sometimes may be heard a word of Maori inter-mixed.

"It is due to Horopapera to state that, from every report which I hear of him, he constantly urges the insurgents to discontinue aggressive movements and to sue for peace, but on what conditions I have never heard."

Morning Star.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS—No. 6.

January 21, 1865.

Q.—In yesterday's message you use the term "Spirits of the spirit-world." Does this denote a distinction from any other spirits?
 S.—Yes. The inhabitants of the planets are spirits, inasmuch as their bodies not being so grossly materialized by evil as your earth-bodies are, they are (unlike you), alive with spirit-life, and live in continual open communion with us, even as your earth inhabitants would

have done but for the fall. But they, after the translation to our world of spirits, (which, with them, is as death to you), are never deputed to the particular office of guardianship over any of your earth.

Mentally, I here wondered whether the same guardian spirit acted in that capacity through ages, or only whilst in certain spheres. The answer came instantly, thus:—

It is, almost unexceptionally, the disembodied spirits who have already passed through the peculiar discipline of your earth-life, who receive that office; and it is not frequent for the office of guardianship to be given to the spirit after having attained the highest and holiest sphere of spirit-world life. They, in their turn, are guardians and helpers to the earlier spheres of spirit-life; but are not deputed to the earth-life guardianship. This, however, is not usually attained to, until such time has elapsed, as to have allowed for all the immediately beloved ones dwelling there, the children and their generations, to have passed on from earth and joined the home above. So, my child, whilst progress thus goes on, the same guardian spirit is ever the same, through eternity; ever the link to draw the one guarded, higher and higher. Leave off now.

February 5, 1864.

The spirit of God is the breath of life. Man could not exist one instant, were it withdrawn. Annihilation complete of the complete humanity, the three-fold man, body, soul, and spirit, would take place.

This, we spirits believe, will be the final, and unavoidable end of the determinately wicked man, although it may not occur for many ages after leaving this, your earth.

I have told you, my child, that one of the offices of the spirits of heaven, is to seek out the lowest spirits, and by means of any single ray of God's spirit, capable of being reflected from them, even in spite of their evil, dark surroundings, and long rejection of light. Whilst this single gleam exists, life and consequently power to rise, exists.

We endeavour to arouse the spark into a flame, and gradually to bring them from darkness to light; but there is in the lower spheres, the same gradual progression downwards or inversely, to correspond to our gradual development to the highest heaven; but the final, and the remotest sphere of evil, produces instant annihilation, hopelessly passing (by God's will), even beyond the spirit of God. This is too much for the finite mind to contemplate. Leave such, my child; but learn from this, that frail men cannot exist without the breath of God, the Holy Spirit influence, and life-giving power.

Even as the spirit of God is a pervading influence, giving the breath of life to man in the midst of evil, how much more purely may we become God's spirits, when separated from earth-body life and evil surroundings. God's spirit-life is our life, and it is our constant endeavour to become the embodiments of high spirituality and goodness, love, purity, holiness, and all heavenly attributes.

The Unitarian of earth, on entering the spirit-land, is soon taught the total impossibility of the earth view of one single God. Truly is it one God, but three in one, as the man is three in one; and Many things figure forth the symbol of the great reality of life itself—the trinuo God-head, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Leave off.

St. Leonards-on-sea.

F. J. T.

MANIFESTATIONS AT Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN'S CIRCLES.

(From the Banner of Light.)

ON Christmas eve our family, with the addition of two or three friends, seated themselves with Mrs. A. L. Chamberlain, for musical manifestations. On one side of the room was an open piano, front of which was a small table with a guitar, trumpet, and a few bells on it. Soon the guitar was taken up, carried all around the circle over our heads, while from its strings proceeded such delicious sounds, (if I may be allowed the term), that we were filled with astonishment that such harmony could be produced upon the earth-plane. We had no music to assist the manifestations. Sometimes the playing of the guitar was made to sound in the distance, like a serenade from a skilful performer. Several of our spirit-friends gave their names, and spoke quite long sentences in an audible voice through the trumpet.

My mother whose voice I had not heard for more than three years, spoke long sentences with the same tone and accents that belonged to her while living in a body of flesh. Warm hands were put about our heads and shoulders. One spirit-friend, after talking through the trumpet played whole tunes upon the piano, several parts at once. She was a relation of our family, and used to play upon that instrument before she left the earth-sphere. Another friend, to identify herself, snapped her thumb and finger all around the circle. There were many other things done, such as loud raps, different articles carried from one to another, the contents of our pockets abstracted, &c. &c., but for fear of trespassing upon your column, I will close.

H. K. WASHBURN.

Middlebro', Mass., Jan 1, 1866.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

THE best ground untilled soonest runs into rank weeds. Such are God's children: over grown with security ere they are aware, unless they be well exercised, both with God's plough of affliction, and their own industry in meditation. BR. HALL.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FROM THE SPIRIT OF "MUNA."

DEAR mortal friends, you have desired that some fair angel's hand
Might trace upon these snowy sheets the beauties of its land ;
Might paint before your inner sight a panorama fair,
A vision of that Holy Life, exempt from pain and care.

I know that many cherished friends, those whom you fondly love,
Adorn alike your paths of earth and those in heaven above ;
Friends who will ever prove the same in gladness or in ill,
And who, when mortal loves shall fail, will cling more firmly still.

Yet, oh ! among the friendly hosts upon your side arrayed,
I trust that none will dearer be than your true Indian maid ;
Through many years, o'er many rocks, your life-barks she has led,
And countless blessings on your heads her spirit-hands have shed.

Ah ! when across thy sky was seen the lightning's vivid flash,
And when above your heads was heard the answering thunder's crash,
Could you have pierced the gauzy veil which hid this world from view,
How beautiful a scene, dear friends, would have been opened to you.

Above your forms would you have seen loved Muna's soul of light,
Entwining round your brows sweet flowers of deathless colours bright,
And sprinkling in your paths of earth the blossoms of her love,
The sparkling gems of purity, culled from the shores above.

The songster and the muse have sung of classic valleys fair,
Where flowers of poesy and song perfume the ambient air ;
And where perpetual summer reigns, by fragrant zephyrs fanned,
Where not a wintry gale or frost can reach that Eden-land !

In Fancy's chambers have they walked—in corridor and aisle—
Through every mystic labyrinth, and every dark defile,
To pluck the diamond-gems of song—the radiant pearls of thought—
Which sparkled so effulgently in every secret spot.

Ah, me ! the shining pearls which have their earthly pathways strown,
Poor mortals, in their ignorance, have gathered as their own ;
Have wreathed them into diadems of glorious beauty rare,
And placed them on th' historic page, and bade them glisten there.

Oh, loving friends, our walks of life with countless gems are lined ;
Where e'er our spirit feet may tread some diamond we shall find—
Some leaf of song and poesy upon the heavenly tree,
Which our immortal hands may cull, and earthward waft to thee.

It once was thought a yawning gulf—a deep and dark abyss—
A veil of blackness intervened between your world and this ;
That those you dearly loved on earth—those early summoned home—
Would never speak to you again, or to your firesides come ;

But now you feel a Bridge of Light connects your life and this,
And 'cross it angel friends can float to tell you of their bliss,
And bear to Him, our Father, kind, whose throne is everywhere,
Each aspiration of your souls, each heartfelt, fervent prayer.

Each day your breathless spirits bathe in Inspiration's ray,
Bask in the ever-gorgeous light of Truth's eternal day ;
Each hour, perhaps, unknown to thee, you're treading Fairy Land,
And clasping in your gentle palms a dear and loving hand.

How many sorrowing hearts have asked that some translated friend,
A testimonial of his life, a word of love, might send,
That they might know the destiny of those gone on before,
And realize what will be theirs on that once mystic shore.

The labyrinths of dark despair their tortured souls have trod,
Have wandered here and there to find the shortest route to God ;
Now nearer, and now further off, their weary feet would go,
Until their frail canoes would sink beneath the waves of woe.

Now, friends come from the Summer Land, the curtain to upturn,
That they may see the fires which on heaven's altars burn,
To dash aside the sombre veil which Error's hand has spun,
And breathe of joys in store for them when their world's work is done.

The question, too, has oft been asked, "Shall I my dear ones know
When Death's bright messenger shall come to lay my body low ?
To hear my living spirit on, where dreary night, they say,
Is never known to come to dim the glory of life's day ?"

Ah ! thou inquiring soul of earth, would THAT a heaven be,
If those we love in life below we ne'er again should see ;
If we could not their hearts and hands of friendship link to ours,
And spend with them, in peace and love, eternity's long hours ?

Oh ! what a dreary world would be this so-called Paradise,
If we the dear and true of earth could not here recognize ;
If those who made our outer life so happy and so bright,
Could not be near to love us still in realms of fadeless light.

Far rather would I bless the Power that would my soul consign
To dark annihilation's grave, than such a fate be mine ;
For heaven would be a hell indeed, were such a link of pain
Inwroughts among the shining ones of life's immeasured chain.

Ah ; well we might distrust the Power who gave our spirits birth,
If life did not extend beyond the transient things of earth ;
And if the friends who made our lives so beautiful and grand,
We could not recognize when they had reached the spirit-land.

Then, toiling ones, dispel your doubts, dry up your falling tears,
There's nothing lost, but much is gained in this exchange of spheres ;
Know that the images enshrined in mem'ry's star-gemmed hall,
Are peering through the ether blue in love upon you all.

How often, too, earth's ones have asked if flowers blossom here,
As fair and redolent as those which flourish in their sphere ;
If they are subject to the law of swift and sure decay,
And like short-lived ephemera, as quickly pass away ?

The flowers which bloom in gardens fair beyond the world of strife,
Bear on their little petals there the seal of deathless life ;
No chilling frosts, no wintry blasts, with their destroying powers,
Can come to blight the brilliant hues of heaven's immortal flowers.

No pelting storms, no freezing gales, sweep o'er that golden shore—
That shore unwashed by discord's waves, undrenched by human gore ;
There fragrant zephyrs only blow, and angry billows cease—
The only air which angels breathe is redolent of peace.

That land must be a heaven indeed, where war is never heard,
And where from seraph lips there comes no harsh, discordant word ;
Where clashing steel and cannon's fire no brother's life demand,
And where, thank God ! is never seen the war-fiend's bloody hand.

Ah ! could you take one little glance behind the curtain bright,
Which separates our world of day and your dark world of night,
What a most splendid sight would burst upon your ravished eyes !
What a celestial vision fair of our unclouded skies !

You there would see a mighty band, joined in one brotherhood,
Whose happiness in main depends on one another's good ;
Whose efforts, ever pure and true, unitedly are given,
To lead mankind from ways of death to fadeless life in heaven.

While walking in that fairy land before you would have loomed
Ambrosial fields and grottos fair, by orange groves perfumed ;
Aspiring mountains, lowly dales, and flower-encircled hills,
Updashing fountains, sparkling lakes, and music-murmuring rills.

You would have seen immortal birds, of plumage rich and gay,
Dancing within the gorgeous light of Eden's nightless day ;
And heard the warbles of their throats which floated on the air,
As each note upward rose to Him whose soul is everywhere.

The food which nourishes our life in this its second birth
Is more refined, dear ones, than that you use upon the earth,
From every flower, from every fruit, aroma sweet we draw,
And live and move in harmony with God's unchanging law !

Our spirit-bodies, too, are clad, in either black or white,
In garbs of deep and darkling hue, or robes of dazzling light ;
The more advanced a spirit is in Wisdom, Truth, and Love,
More beautiful will be the dress which decks its life above.

And there are palaces most bright, most kingly and most grand,
Adorning every circling sphere of that refulgent land ;
Castles whose turrets upward reach far in the azure skies,
Whose splendours rich are only seen by our immortal eyes.

In that most radiant spirit-world, where holy joys endure,
We know no difference between the so-called rich and poor ;
For man's life is not measured there by what he has or lacks,
But by that better rule of right—the wealth of noble acts !

Most of the landmarks mortals draw are not here recognized ;
Each one, by reference to his deeds and moral worth is prized ;
We ask not how much wealth of goods a person has in store,
But of the noble thoughts and deeds that he has sent before.

Thus, while engaged in worldly works, in gaining treasures vast,
Will not the earth-child strive to win those which for ever last,
And in the princely bank of heaven a goddly sum invest,
That surely will, as ages roll, bring compound interest ?

Remember well each gen'rous deed which you perform on earth ;
Each word in love and kindness breathed will prove of priceless worth,
Will be as precious gems affixed to that resplendent crown
Which will adorn your spirit-brows when your earth-sun goes down.

Then, oh ! put forth your energies in your well-chosen work—
Mind not the obstacles which may within your pathway lurk ;
If ye are steadfast in the right, and stand on Wisdom's rock,
Ye need not fear the winds or waves, or dread the tempest's shock.

Thus I have tried, in language poor, a picture here to paint
Of my most glorious spirit-home, but oh ! I know 'tis faint,
For earthly words cannot describe the glories of the land
Where dwell your parted friends of earth in one united band

Yet, please accept this poor attempt thus to delineate
The glowing beauties of the life beyond the mortal state ;
Your spirit-visions may behold in these few lines of mine
A feeble picture of the home which will some day be thine.

Oh ! may this new-fledged Bird of Time, so happily begun,
Be rich in many a noble work, until its race is run ;
That, when its terminus shall come, your lips may truly say,
"I've done my duty, dying year, during thy pleasant stay."

And when thy earthly day is o'er, thy mortal work is done,
A grander, nobler, higher race your spirit-feet will run ;
Your soul, as seasons roll, will find still mightier work to do,
And spend in joy and peace the years that are for ever new.

—Banner of Light.

MUNA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

LETTER FROM MR. COOPER.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

DEAR SIR,—I am happy to inform you that we had a good time in Cork, the *séances* going off remarkably well and evidently exciting great interest. The audience, which were most respectable, increased as we proceeded, and throughout there was not the least symptom of turmoil, or any unpleasantness displayed. The press treated the subject fairly, and gave long and excellent descriptions of the *séances*, for the most part wisely abstaining from the expression of any opinion as to the nature or cause of the phenomena. The following, which is a second notice from the *Cork Daily Reporter*, will serve to show how the subject was treated by the press in that city:—

"These performances were attended last night by a very numerous audience, the great room of the Imperial being nearly full. The manifestations were more surprising, and the experiments more successful than even on former occasions. A gentleman well known in Cork took his seat inside, and was tied to the Brothers. While inside, the instruments played, the bells rang, and still more marvellous fair white, delicate hands appeared at the opening. A fair, slender arm, like a lady's, was protruded once or twice to the amazement of the audience. The gentleman, upon coming out, declared that neither he nor either of the Brothers ever stirred. The phenomena of the darkened *séance* were equally extraordinary."

Your readers will see from this, that the manifestations are somewhat increasing in power, which is really the case. The trumpet is occasionally thrown out with great force before the door is closed or the light turned down, and I have even observed the hands in the full blaze of the gaslight. Last night, for the first time, we had a second show of hands and arms. In the dark *séance* the tambourine is frequently carried beyond the circles to a distance of twenty or thirty feet.

We are now in Limerick. At the first *séance* there was a great deal of ignorance, and no little rowdiness, displayed. One of the committee, like a certain doctor at Eastbourne, wanted to tie with twine, and because this was not allowed, he would not act at all, and another had to be appointed in his place. At the dark *séance* about a dozen of English military officers came in fresh from the mess, and I anticipated a *mess* to be made of the *séance*, but they conducted themselves, on the whole, more as "officers and gentlemen," than could, under the circumstances, have been expected, and the affair went off all right.

We proceed next to Waterford, and commence again in Dublin on Monday, at the Rotunda, on a more popular scale.

This subject brings us into contact with strange people, and affords great insight into human character. We also receive curious letters, one of which I send you as a specimen.—I am, yours faithfully,

Limerick, February 6, 1866.

ROBERT COOPER.

SIR,—Having been a pleased spectator on last Saturday evening, and minutely studied the wonderfully beautiful feats performed at your *séance*, I beg to ask whether it is against your rule, in any way, that scientific tests should be applied or mentioned. I have no desire on earth to enter the arena in company with those who vilify because they do not comprehend. I do not profess to know the *modus operandi* of your charming performance. I only believe that it is possible to do all that was done by perfectly mundane agency, and having carefully studied mesmerism, &c., as well as the physical sciences, I have a natural eagerness to test, in a fair gentlemanlike way, and by a perfectly scientific process, your feats. At the same time, I do not consider it reasonable nor courteous to press the matter, if you object in the least.

P.S.—Consenting to my request, I shall hasten to wait on you any day after four o'clock.

TRYING THE SPIRITS.

(Concluded from page 31.)

At page 30, last line but one, I say, "This I admitted to be logic." Logic, but very unsatisfactory logic. If spirits inform me of anything the truth or falsehood of which I can verify, and these statements prove to be true, I am then inclined to believe what they affirm as to the truth of facts beyond the reach of human beings here to test unaided. But when I am repeatedly told by these spirits things which turn out to be falsehoods, then I must conclude there is a very prevalent habit of lying existing amongst them. If I am told that an untruth has been vouchsafed to me to deter me from asking frivolous questions, I look to the pages of the "Spiritual Times" and find that those who have what they agree to receive and recognize as good "Familiars" or attendant spirits incited to do so frivolous things without the good Familiar whose aid has been duly invoked interfering to warn or prevent them. For instance, in a recent number, Mr. E. (myself) was told, through the agency of a trance medium, that spirits which told lies or *made fun* of this sacred light, Spiritualism, were evil spirits; or I think the words were—"good spirits will not make fun of it," &c, and I find at page 19 the same medium, when in the trance state, at the Marshalls', made to dance, not only "grotesquely," but ludicrously; and again, at page 26, being *made and impelled* to do so with "more vigour." This medium had very properly advised me to have nothing to do with spirits which lied or made game. Now, what was the above but making fun? If so, it was not a good spirit, therefore I infer an evil one. Mediums are, I believe, sometimes entranced suddenly, without preparation, warning, or solicitation to the spirits. If this be the case and, as I think all Spiritualists

admit, evil spirits exist as a legion having influence over men, what would be their policy if they wished to make human beings the instruments by which they could increase the spread of evil? Why—conceal their designs or cover them under the cloak of seeming good until numbers had submitted themselves beyond redemption to their influence, and then gradually or suddenly make them the agents of evil. Setting aside the fact that murderers have recently—murderers hitherto supposed to be sane—admitted or stated that they were suddenly *impelled* to murder by "the devil," what may we expect if an evil spirit can so suddenly entrance mediums almost without their knowledge, their very will being powerless—mediums who have voluntarily and repeatedly submitted to the evil influence?

I am not asserting the existence of evil spirits; if so, I should assert a thing in utter ignorance; but I am assuming for argument that such do exist, and ask what would be the result in such a case to their volunteer mediums and others? Imagination and reason must answer. A strict inquirer is the Spiritualists' true friend in his endeavour to discover moral shoals and quicksands, even if he err as to his observations or deductions, just as the pilot who at times errs in capacity or judgment is yet the true friend to mariners navigating a sea and coast—confines far less terrible than those surrounding spirit-land if what we read be true. Such spiritual navigators are denounced. Shall I be so blamed if I, wishful only to discover the truth, should in the attempt destroy some bright illusion—some sweet and seemingly realized notion of the glorious land to which let us hope we may be journeying?

Some recent "spirit-communications," through a medium residing or sojourning at St. Leonards, give us some idea of a beautiful land other than ours, and raise the hope in the minds of those interested, no doubt that they have acquired some knowledge of the bright dwelling-place the for-a-time lost ones inhabit—some communication and link with and to them, but what does the communicating agent ask of us? A change in all our pre-conceived notions of the spirit-life and state hereafter. Instead of passing from one place to another by mere volition, as appears to be the case in our earthly dreams, we are to believe that spirits ride on horseback; that the Catholics are right after all the abuse heaped upon them in their belief in Purgatory, and in the efficacy of a David praying for the soul of a dead son; that there is no Hell, no eternal punishment; that repentance avails even there; that occupations are carried on; old familiar pets exist. This *may* be all true, but where is the evidence—the evidence of an unseen unknown thing? A certain class of spirits may linger near us who are permitted and wish to hold intercourse with us and keep up our interest in them by fair word-pictures. Evil spirits may exist who, like our fiction writers, describe in enticing language some sweet imagined world. An order of beings there may be with all the attributes and powers ascribed to the familiars of the Spiritualists, and possessing a knowledge of passing and antecedent events, personal and family history, with the power also to read the mind and delude, but it does not follow from these facts that the communicating agents are what they represent themselves to be, neither does it follow that they are evil spirits. As is the case with many other things, we may speculate upon these facts and their marvels and mysteries, but still as regards our knowledge of their origin, the end is but the beginning. These agencies I know do good, and advise well, but of what harm may they also not be capable? My opinions on these matters are not formed. I merely suggest *possibilities*. Does any Spiritualist exist who would make his will from spiritual dictation, or from that advice choose a doctor when ill? If not, it seems strange that they pin their faith as to the future state on such teaching.

Men who are about to commit acts of wickedness who have only parrot-fashion from human teaching learned to think of a God watching their actions; may not be sufficiently impressed with a conviction of the truth of the fact to be deterred from the commission of the crime. If they are told, through the agency of mediums, of deeds or secrets of which alone of human beings they are the keepers, and so come to the knowledge that eyes unseen by them are looking on as recording witnesses, then is Spiritualism for good. If men who believe only in this infinitesimal or limited state of being as at present existing on this unit in the mighty universe are led even to think by such means that other states of life, other forms of being, exist; that the soul of man shall endure so long that human language is utterly inadequate to convey even the faintest idea of such a duration of existence.—then is the convincing agency for good, and in its goodness it will enlighten the ignorant.

A sentence or two in conclusion.

Mr. Howitt I see in your last impression, states that no "spirit" he has had intercourse with has accompanied him in the Lord's Prayer and said "Amen" which has told him a falsehood. Let me ask him: Might not a *bad spirit* so pander to his early and his life beliefs as it would also do to the Mahometan with his Koran? A spirit can gain ascendancy by respecting a man's prejudices as easily as plausible man can. What he asserts is no proof, but simply a manifestation.

There has been much controversy respecting the Davenportes. Setting aside any private opinion I may entertain, I contend that the truth or the untruth which attends them and their doings is utterly insignificant in comparison with the mighty issues involved to the human mind,—man's earthly life and eternal destiny arising from a proper conception of the manifestations and tendencies of those agencies which are now operating, Mr. Howitt states, on fifteen millions of human beings, and influencing their actions here, and their beliefs regarding the world to come. Yours,

EDWIN EDDISON.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF RE-INCARNATION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

SIR,—As Spiritualists are, at present, vexed and harassed by a party amongst them that holds to the strange and imaginative belief of Re-incarnation, and as the belief in its practical effects has been already proved

to be deleterious to the interests of Society, it is incumbent on the true friends of social welfare (as all good Spiritualists ought to be), to put down such a pernicious article of faith as soon as possible.

In contending against this dogma, it is useless to arm ourselves with quotations from any of the books which make up our Bible, as few reasoning people, since the publication of Bishop Colenso's writings rely upon the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, any more than upon their exclusive inspiration. No; we must justify our rejection of this absurd tenet solely by reason, experience, and actual spiritual knowledge.

It appears to me that the old argument of the Materialists, against the spiritual life of man, may be used with effect against the theory of Re-incarnation. We know that man, like other animals, proceeds from a seed germ, which is fertilized by the conjunction of the God created principles of male and female (wisely and philosophically, I think, worshipped by the Hindoos in the form of the Lingam, as necessary to human happiness, and held equally sacred by Christ.) This germ for a long time after its commencement of growth and organization, must remain without feeling; and it can barely be supposed to be arrived at a state of consciousness when it becomes a full-grown child, separated from its mother, and breathing atmospheric air. The old questions, then, of, "At what time does God put the soul into the child's body; whether, as soon as it shows life in the womb, or when absolutely disunited from its parent, or at what subsequent time," occur, if possible, with greater force when the child is supposed to be possessed of a soul foreign to itself than they otherwise would.

Children, at the moment of their birth, bear features, more or less compounded, of those of their parents; and frequently even the expression of evil dispositions, arising from their faulty constitutions, evil habits, sins or vices; often, indeed, the impress of hereditary disease, which dooms them unavoidably to an early grave. Sometimes children are the consequences of crime, of adulterous or other unlawful intercourse, and I would ask, does it accord with our natural reverence for our Creator, to suppose that he is bound to send them souls under such circumstances. Ought not the exhibition of life and animation manifested by such infants, some of whom are idiots, and some monsters, rather to be considered to proceed from natural organization alone.

Let not my readers suppose, from the above statement, that I have any leaning towards materialism; such is by no means the case. I have always asserted the fact of spirit-communion, and looked to the ministrations and protection of good angels, as affording the only hope of salvation; but I cannot believe that all children are necessarily born to be saved, considering that the powers of the spiritual world begin to act upon them only after baptism and dedication to God, and this appears to have been the belief of the ancient Mexicans, and the Mythriacs or sun-worshippers, as well as our Christian Church, who, in her baptismal service, prays for the spiritual regeneration of children, and returns thanks for the supposed operation of the Holy Spirit. This spiritual regeneration cannot well be mistaken for Re-incarnation.

Another argument against the belief in Re-incarnation appears to me to be derived from our actual knowledge of the spiritual world. At various circles, for a long time past, most respectable people have attested their recognition, through mediums, of the voice, gait, gestures, and handwriting, of deceased relatives, who have also brought to their recollection forgotten facts, as a further proof of their identity. These spirits must have carried with them, therefore, into the other world, their individual minds, memories, and personal characteristics; and can we believe that God would be so cruel as to annihilate them, and doom them to a second death, merely to unite them to the mindless and hardly conscious bodies of newly-born children. I do not think, either, that any of the spirits so revealing themselves, have expressed any apprehension of such a fate.

I do not pretend that there is anything new or original in what I have said above; but I think that English Spiritualists should have a summary set before them, of all such facts and arguments as can be brought to bear against the Doctrine of Re-incarnation, and having done my best in aid of this object, I hope that others of your contributors will do much better.

T. E. P.

A COMMUNICATION FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

December 27, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,—I intended writing to you long before this, and should have done so if I had been located, or likely to be, long enough to receive a "*Spiritual Times*," or may be an answer, for I long to know how you are getting on in the Spiritual Movement; likewise to know how Emma Hardinge is getting on. I left England about the same time she arrived. I have read about her for years, and expected to have heard her in America, but have so far been disappointed; but I believe she will be soon back again, and you must make the most you can of her the time she is with you. I am glad to tell you she is very much liked and very much talked of in this country. In New York, Boston, Hammonon, Great Falls, and other places that I have been, the people, one and all, speak well of her. This was highly gratifying to me, as I have thought so much of her mediumship myself. I believe she has come back to the old country to finish up the work that the Davenport and other mediums have begun. She will be able, through her attendant angels, to answer the sceptics satisfactorily. I know she has the well wishes of the American Spiritualists with her; and I am satisfied that a host of spirits of the highest order are with her, to assist in her noble endeavours to free the minds of bigoted creedmongers from the ignoble chains that bind them. May the Father of all good spirits assist her.

I have to thank our Heavenly Father and His holy angels, for their kind protection during the voyage, and for their guidance to this haven of rest, although, perhaps, only for a few months. It has been my lot to be settled in a very pleasant little town with quite a considerable number of

true-hearted earnest Spiritualists, and a good many mediums. I personally know six—three of each sex. Soon after my arrival, I was invited to a circle, at a well-known medium's of the name of Lord, when a lady of the name of Bidwell in the circle, and not a regular medium, was influenced by my last wife, who passed on last November, twelve-months, and who called Spiritualism a delusion, only a few short hours previous to her going to the spirit-home, but who, on this occasion, was heartily glad she could find a medium she could make herself known through. Soon after the medium went to sleep, she began to play with her fingers on the table, as though she had a piano playing upon. I did not notice anything particular in this, till one of my daughters, the youngest whispered to me and said, "That is the tune of one of the exercises my last mother used to play on the piano. The other two (there were three of my daughters sitting with us), recognised the actions and the movements of the medium as personifying their last mother, which, I am happy to inform you, was as perfect as anything could be. She also promised to give us the particulars of her passing into spirit-life, and her employment in that life, as soon as she could have more control over the medium. This being the first time of her manifesting herself to us through any medium, she could not speak much, but quite sufficient to be thoroughly known and recognised by myself and my three youngest daughters. I should have liked all her friends of the Established Church at Dudley, to have witnessed such a meeting as this. They could not then have denied the truthfulness of spirit communion.

A few days after, she gave my oldest daughter a similar test, through Mrs. Thomas Foye (the regular personifying medium at the hall.) (On the Sunday night following, November 26, at the Spiritual Hall, High-street (where the Spiritualists hold their regular meetings Sunday afternoons and evenings), Mrs. Foye was influenced by the children's own mother, who took them by the hand and spoke to them separately, the youngest crying and sobbing bitterly, who saw by the side of the medium, as she said, the shadow of her own mother. Afterwards a scene took place that I cannot describe. Suffice it to say that the audience mostly were in tears. This was another proof of the reality of spirit-intercourse.

On the same evening, later on, a gentleman on the opposite side of the hall deliberately got up and came over to me, and put his hand on my head, and in a few minutes began to speak to the audience, telling them some of the particulars of my former life. One I will mention.

He told them I had formerly had the gift of seeing spirits, and that I should have this gift restored. On the same night, as soon as I got the light put out after going to bed, I felt distinctly a very soft hand touch me three times on the head, as much as to say "yes, you will have this gift restored." I was thinking of the extraordinary doings of the evening at the time, so that I was prepared for anything that might take place, and I fully expected to have my spiritual sight restored right off, but in this I was disappointed till the next Sunday evening. After the close of the meeting, I had some conversation with this gentleman and others, and I learned that the gentleman had formerly been a clairvoyant-medium, and that they had not heard anything from him for some time. This may be the means of bringing him amongst them again, for he is thought a great deal of as a medium, but had not been much amongst them of late, owing, as they thought, to his shyness for fear of being hurt in his profession, as doctor of medicine; but I think they were mistaken, for the Dr. told me in going home with him, that he felt a strong magnetic attraction on the side of the hall where I was, which induced him to come over, place his hand on my head, and speak as he did; and he thought he was going to be used by spirit friends as a medium again, for the benefit of poor humanity, and that he says he is willing to do all in his power to bring about the end of the Lord's Prayer, our Father's will on earth as it is in heaven.

Now comes the proof of his mediumship. On the next Sunday night, December 3rd, he came from home, not with the intention of going to the hall, but as he was passing it he was induced to go in, and after he had been in some time was impressed to speak. He went from his seat to the other end of the room, and then turned and looked direct towards me at the opposite end, as though he was going to speak to me, but when he began he told the audience he was going to say a few words to them on the "Immortality of the Soul" and its kindred subjects. This to me was a feast, and drew, at once, my attention to him; and, in a few minutes, my natural sight began to change, and my spiritual sight to be opened, so far as to see that the Dr. had disappeared and some good looking, well dressed coloured man in his place with very long hair reaching to his shoulders, about the Dr.'s own height, addressing us, so that you will see his words on the former occasion came true about my seeing, &c. I hope and sincerely hope the time will soon come that we all shall be able to walk and talk visibly with God's messengers on this earth, and then we may think the time is come, spoken of so often.

The will of God being done on this earth, as it is in heaven. O hasten the time our Heavenly Father, is the prayer of yours in the cause of Truth.

THOMAS DUFFILL.

Great Falls, New Hampshire,
United States, America.

I forgot to state that I mentioned to the audience what I had seen, and the Doctor said that he was generally influenced by an Egyptian physician, and that the description I had given him of the spirit coincided with his own.

COMMUNICATION FROM DR. HUGH McLEOD OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

MY DEAR SIR,—I promised you, some time ago, an account of a *séance* we had at my house, when certain very demonstrative manifestations took place; but I am, and have been, so very busy in healing the sick, and battling for the truths of our beloved philosophy down here, that I have delayed writing to you till

now. But it will be useless telling you of *one séance*, for I hold one or more every night, and would, if I had all my own way, hold one *en permanence*, so truly charmed am I with spirit-intercourse. Suffice to say that we see the forms of our spirit friends who come at our request, at all hours, from the homes of eternal felicity. In short we hear knocks, raps, thumps, bangs, crashing, hailing, showering, rustling of dresses, patting of hands, and faces, and heads, illuminations of the most extravagant character, questions and answers by the hour, disclosures of all sorts, cheering, instructive, astonishing, startling, confounding, shocking to the propriety of such persons as belong to the school of the venerable "Sairey Gamp," and I don't know what. Fenders and fireirons rattled, noises as if hods of mortar were cast down the chimney, spirits running helter-skelter up and down stairs, and I do not know what besides. The best part of my spiritual experience, however, is to tell you that it has changed the whole course of my life. A slave to superstition or falsehood of mankind, am I no longer. I have quitted Fudgedom, and have begun the great pilgrimage from darkness to light! I care for nothing but God and His truth. Considerations about money or business affect me no longer. I shall work away, and trust to Him. If the Lord of heaven and earth, who, as the old book says, "owns the gold and silver, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," if He is insufficient, good bye to all hope for help from any other quarter. I am prepared to heal the sick, my legitimate calling, or break stones by the way side, or pick oakum, so long as I know and feel, that under the circumstances, I am doing the "will of Him that sent me." If I don't get paid for my labour in the current coin of this realm, I shall have the great draw to make hereafter; and such a hereafter!

Miss Cogman is staying at my house for a day or two. She is a nice, plain, open-hearted good girl, and an unmistakable medium. She lacks that great *taking essential*—a good English education—but she is but a girl, and can easily be taught. Spirits can, if they choose, teach even English grammar, but they do not choose to do that which one may so easily do for himself. It is only another way of saying, "Roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre!" Jesus could have rolled away the stone too, quite as easily as he raised the dead body of Lazarus to life. Oh, that we would only more truly apply these magnificent lessons of the Holy One of Israel to ourselves. Nevertheless, this plain and simple-hearted creature, Miss Cogman—Deborah she likes to be called—though uneducated, carries on and about her person the true gems of spirit-power. She is one of the great *Aurarii*. She is a medium. Let no one reject her jewels, because she cannot describe them in correct language. I will write to you again and give you further particulars.—I am ever yours truly,
HUGH M'LEOD.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, February 1, 1866.

ETERNAL REST.

Through the Mediumship of M. LETMARIE.

(From the *Revue Spiritualiste*.)

WHEN I quitted the material body several discourses were pronounced over my grave, all replete with the same idea. "My friend," said one, "go and enjoy eternal rest." "Soul," said the priest, "repose thyself in contemplation of the Divinity;" "Friend," said a third, "rest in peace after thy well-spent life." In short, the thought of eternal rest was the foundation of each tender farewell.

Eternal rest! what did they mean by this expression? What is meant by those words so continually repeated as an individual vanishes from among us, and enters the unknown state?

You think we rest, dear friends. Oh! strange error. You realize rest according to your views; but look around, does rest exist there? The trees are now about to shed their rich foliage, nature seems preparing for dissolution, yet, if sought, new life will be found beneath this apparent decay; the sap, the flower, the insect, and the fruit, all that will adorn and be fruitful are being purified in this great terrestrial laboratory.

This mountain, which appears eternally immovable, does not rest; the infinite particles of which it is composed accomplish an immense work of amalgamation and separation, and this slow transformation arouses first surprise and then admiration in the student, who finds in all different instincts and mysteries to explore. If the bowels of the earth are thus agitated, it is that in that great crucible, the air we breathe, and the gases which sustain all nature are prepared. Earth imitates the millions of planets that you perceive, whose movements and continual labour are ever obedient to the sovereign will. Their evolutions are mathematical, and if they contain other elements than those by means of which you exist, be sure that those elements labour for their purification and perfection.

Yes; for their perfection. This is the word of eternity, for perfection is the aim, and for the attainment of this general movement, so wonderful in its varieties, yet harmony in itself, atoms, particles, sap, minerals, trees, animals, men, planets, and spirits toil; all their tendencies are the same, and lead to God,

the centre of all attraction.

Since my departure from earth, my mission is not accomplished. I seek and labour each day; my mind, enlarged, more readily grasps the directing power. I feel improving while usefully employed, and innumerable spirits are employed like me in working for the future. Believe not in the doctrine of eternal rest. Those who pronounce such words know not the hollowness of such a creed. You who hear me, can you destroy thought, or force repose upon your minds? No; mind ever seeks and labours, and with due deference to sceptics who deny spirit-power, it exists. We prove it, and will prove it still better at the right time. We will teach these incredulous disciples that man is not simply a collection of atoms, united by accident and destroyed by the same, but we will show them man, shining forth by the power of his free will, master of his destinies, and labouring in this earthly Gehenna for that power of action necessary for other existences and other trials.

"THE BOSTON LIBERATOR."

The *Boston Liberator*, which came into existence on the eve of our first Reform Bill, and went out of it on the eve of our second, has seen, before the close of its five and thirty years of labour, its gigantic task entirely performed—its work accomplished and its purpose complete. Slavery is destroyed; and it now remains for the triumphant emancipators of the freedom to train and lift them up to the responsibilities and privileges of their new condition—bondsmen no more, but free citizens of a free land.

William Lloyd Garrison, already a well-known labourer in the cause of the enslaved negro, bestowed upon it, in 1831, his new year's gift of the *Liberator*. He said in his opening address, "I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead. I desire to thank God that He enables me to disregard the fear of man, and to speak His truth in its simplicity and power."

The first number of the *Liberator* newspaper was issued on Saturday, January 1, 1831. With an old press and some second-hand type, the paper was printed in an upper room, which served, at first, for printing-office, counting-house, and bed-chamber. Russell Lowell, the American poet, long ago commemorated the enterprise of the young David, with his stone and sling:—

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen
Toil'd o'er his types one poor unlearn'd young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,
Yet here the freedom of a race began.

Help came, but slowly. Surely no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less.
What need of help? He knew how types were set;
He had a dauntless spirit—and a press.

The American Anti-Slavery Society had not then been formed. Garrison stood, at the beginning, well-nigh alone. Five and thirty years have passed away, and his work is done; the giant is slain; the object of the *Liberator* is accomplished; and its existence was brought to an end with the close of the year 1865.

"God forbid," exclaimed the devout Governor of South Carolina, General M'Duffie, in his Message of 1835, "that my descendants in the remotest generation should live in any other than a community having the institution of domestic slavery, as it existed among the patriarchs of the primitive church, and in all the ages of antiquity!"

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Inexpressible must have been the joy and thankfulness of the veteran Garrison, when, "with his own hands," he "put in type" for the *Liberator*, in the closing week of its existence, "this unspeakable, cheering, and important official announcement."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

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