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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—IGNATIUS
LOYOLA.

The Saints and Servants of God is the name given to a series of works that would well furnish a separate gallery of illustrations of Spiritualism in Biography, as presented in the history of pre-eminently devout men and women of the Roman Catholic faith. I do not, indeed, find that these present any phase of spiritual manifestation that may not also be found in the pious of a different faith; but there is this difference, that generally, the biographers of the latter regard all facts of the kind, and all belief in them, as an evidence of weakness, of which they feel rather ashamed, and for which they make the best excuse they can; while the biographers of Roman Catholic saints, in general, so far from being afflicted with any scruple, on this head, regard these facts rather as evidence of saintship; hence, while the Protestant biographer keeps experiences of this kind out of sight as much as possible, the Catholic sets them forth with, perhaps, a little ostentation. With the one, the temptation is to keep them back, or explain them away; with the other, it is to magnify them beyond their actual proportions, and to accept and record as verities whatever accretion of supernatural legend and myth may redound to the glory of the saint. In the one case, a vigilant prosecution is required to ascertain all the facts; in the other, it is necessary to accept those recorded as such with some degree of reservation—to endeavour so to discriminate that while not rejecting those which have a legitimate claim upon our belief, we may not be deceived by the well-meaning, but, perhaps, too easy faith of the devout.

Among the modern saints included in the series of works above-named, and published with the sanction and approval of two Roman Catholic bishops; the most eminent—the one who has had the greatest influence, and whose history embodies most completely the varied phases of spiritual manifestation which now call forth so much opposition, as if they were a new thing in the world—is,

I think, unquestionably, St. Ignatius, of Loyola, founder of the Order of Jesuits. His life, translated from the Italian of F. Francesco Mariani, a Jesuit, which I have mainly followed, is the most full, and is considered to be the most authentic.* A few ears, however, is all I can now glean from the corn field which these two substantial volumes present. The outward facts of his life may be briefly told.

Ignatius Loyola was born in 1491, in the castle or palace of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, in Spain, overlooking the Bay of Biscay. Being of noble birth, he was sent as a page to the court of King Ferdinand, where he acquired a knowledge of the military art, and distinguished himself as courtier, soldier, and gallant. In the thirtieth year of his age, while bravely defending the fortress of Pampeluna against the French, his leg was broken by a cannon ball. The clumsy surgery practised on him rendered it necessary for his leg to be broken a second time, to be re-set. This was followed by violent fever, extreme weakness, and other dangerous symptoms, so that his physicians declared he could not live many days. On the eve of the feast of St. Peter he received the sacrament, as it was believed he could not hold out till the morning. He, however, with great confidence, invoked the intercession of St. Peter, who appeared to him in his sleep, and by a touch cured him. When he awoke he found himself out of danger, his pains left him, and his strength began to return. Though he looked upon his cure as miraculous, he still "retained the spirit of the world." During his convalescence, to while away the time, he called for some book of romances, being fond of tales of chivalry; but as none such were at hand, there were brought to him instead two others, one, *The Life of Christ*, the other, *Lives of the Saints*. He began them merely for entertainment, but soon read with very different feelings. He became entirely absorbed in the *Lives of the Saints* as to spend whole days in reading it. A new purpose—a new life began to dawn upon him, and to take possession of him. These saints, these hermits, these holy men—they were of the same nature with himself; what they did he also might do. Soon old thoughts and feelings revived—the love of glory, the fear of ridicule, and more than all, his memory and heart whispered to him of a certain great lady to whom he was bound by attachment and vows of knightly service. Then his desire to emulate the heroic actions of the saints would revive, and so his mind was swayed to and fro with conflicting passions and purposes. But he perceived that while his thoughts of God and a religious life filled his soul with joy, and peace, and consolation; the other thoughts,

* *Life of Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Jesuits.* London: RICHARDSON and SON.

though they inflamed his imagination, and were attended with a present delight, left behind no satisfaction, but rather a sense of bitterness and heaviness of heart. At length, after much serious reflection, and "impelled by an inward instinct," he resolved to follow the footsteps of Christ and of his saints, and to devote himself to a religious life. One night, in the fervour of devotion, before an image of the Virgin, he consecrated himself to the service of her Divine Son, and vowed an inviolable fidelity. "Whilst he was engaged in this act of devotion, suddenly the whole palace was shaken, and in the chamber of the saint, more particularly, the wall was rent, and the glass of the windows broken to pieces." His biographers are doubtful whether this was "an effect of the rage of the Devil," or whether God, by this sign, testified His acceptance of this sacrifice, "as a like sign happened in the place where the faithful were assembled after Christ's ascension (Acts ii.), and in the prison of Paul and Silas (Acts xvi., 26)." "Another night Ignatius saw the Mother of God environed with light, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. This vision replenished his soul with spiritual delight, and made all sensual pleasure and worldly objects insipid to him ever afterwards."

As soon as his strength permitted, he left Loyola for the monastery of Monserratto, clothed in the dress of a pilgrim and a penitent. Here, with the utmost contrition, he confessed his sins; and "having read in his books of romance how knights, before girding on their swords, used to keep watch a whole night under arms, he adopted the same custom, and applied it to the spiritual warfare he was about to begin, determining to watch all that night before the image of the Blessed Mother of God. This he accordingly did; sometimes standing and sometimes kneeling; lamenting his past sins, confirming his good resolves, imploring her assistance, and commending himself to her protection. At the early dawn he received the blessed sacrament, and hung his sword and dagger before our Lady's altar; he then gave his mule for the service of the monastery; and when the day broke he quitted the place in haste, turning aside from the beaten road to Barcelona, in order that no one might hinder him from executing his design."

At Manressa, a little town about three leagues from Monserratto, he entered the hospital of St. Lucy, where he attended the sick, and performed for them the most menial and disgusting offices. He also practised the greatest austerities and mortifications, insomuch that he often fainted from weakness, and was found lying on the ground, cold and apparently lifeless. He subsequently confessed that such excessive acts of penance were sometimes an impediment to more important things in God's

service. While at Manressa he wrote *Spiritual Exercises*; a work designed as a manual of conversion, and similar in its general scope and design to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. He was greatly assisted in writing it by his own spiritual experiences, especially by those false scruples of conscience by which he was at this time specially tempted, and which he believed were infused into his mind by the Devil.

In 1523 he journeyed to the Holy Land, where he purposed spending his life in visiting the holy places, and in labouring for the conversion of the Mahometans; but, in obedience to the authority of the provincial superior of the Franciscans, after staying there but a short time he returned to Spain. He studied, first, for two years with great assiduity at Barcelona, and then for a year and a half at the University of Alcalá; labouring at the same time in the catechising of children, and in the reformation and conversion of profligate and worldly persons.

At Alcalá he was accused of heresy and sorcery, but upon examination he was justified by the inquisitors. He was, however, forbidden to wear any singular habit, or to give instruction in religious matters, as being destitute of authority. At this trial "so many testimonies were brought forward of the innocence and holiness of his life and of his good deeds, that it seemed more like a process for the canonization of a saint than for the condemnation of a criminal."

Finding that he could do but little good in Alcalá, he removed to the College of Salamanca, where he expected to pursue his studies and labours without hindrance, but in this he was again disappointed. It was a new and strange thing in Salamanca to see a layman publicly discharging the duties of an apostle; and the priests, shamed by his example and exhortations, looked upon him with suspicion. Calumnious reports were circulated against him. He was again thrown into prison, and his limbs chained. While confined in prison, the rest of the prisoners broke open the prison-doors and escaped, Ignatius and his two companions alone remained. In twenty-two days after his arrest, the judge declared him blameless in life and doctrine, and, with certain restrictions, he was permitted to labour for the good of souls. Finding that continual obstacles were placed in his way, he resolved to leave Spain for Paris, where he arrived in February, 1528.

In Paris, after perfecting himself in the Latin tongue, he went through a course of philosophy, and received the degree of Master, at Easter 1534. Here, while Calvin was collecting followers in the same city, Loyola gathered around him the companions (of whom one was the celebrated Francis Xavier) who

formed the celebrated Society of Jesus. With this Society, as its founder, and first General of the Order, till his death in 1556, the history of Loyola is henceforth identified. He framed its laws and administered its affairs with singular prudence and ability; and by his modesty, meekness, humility, and considerate regard for others, won the affection of all with whom he was associated. No society, probably, ever called forth warmer eulogy or fiercer invective than the Society of Jesus. Both alike testify to its power, and to the force and fervour of conviction which brought forth such mighty results. In less than a century from its foundation, in 1534, its members had increased to fifteen thousand, and it had eight hundred religious houses in all parts of the world. It occupied the chairs of philosophy; directed the course of education; influenced statesmen and governments; and its missionaries and emissaries explored the world, and penetrated into every class of society. As Luther was the leader of the Protestant movement, Loyola was the leader of the counter-movement. The Society of Jesus was the great bulwark of the Papacy in the sixteenth century, regenerating it within, while defending it from all attack without. Europe and the world are this day something otherwise than they would have been, but for Loyola and the Society of Jesus. The only body at all corresponding to this Order in the history of Protestantism is the Society founded by John Wesley. Though separated by a whole continent of doctrine, there is, indeed, much in common between Loyola and Wesley. Both alike were saints and servants of God; both were earnest, diligent, methodical, with great capacity for government; both were men of prayer and faith, self-denying, full of love to Christ, and of zeal for the salvation of souls; and both were firm believers in that intercommunion between the natural and the spiritual world, of which no man, perhaps, had larger or more varied experience than Ignatius Loyola.

Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, remarks of Loyola:—
 “The saint was often favoured, amidst the tears and fervour of his devotion, with wonderful raptures, visions, and revelations; and some of these visions and other supernatural favours St. Ignatius mentioned himself in short notes which he wrote, and which were found in his own hand after his death, some of which notes are published by F. Bartoli; others are mentioned by Bibadencira, who inserted in the saint’s life, as he declares, only what himself had seen, or had heard from his mouth, or from persons of unquestionable authority, and whose life of his holy founder, by the order of Saint Francis Borgia, was carefully examined and approved by the principal persons then living, who had frequently conversed with the saint—as Salmeron, Bobadilla, Polancus (who had been the saint’s secretary),

Natalis, &c." Mariani enumerates as "favours he received from God:" "Frequent apparitions of Christ and of his Mother; high knowledge of the Deity; divine ecstasies and raptures; visions of fiery lamps of light; divine illuminations so abundant and distinct that it seemed as if nothing more was left which a mortal could understand." For the sake of brevity it will, perhaps, be best to classify these spiritual experiences of Loyola, without regard to chronological arrangement. It would be impossible to detail a tithe of them.

Visions, Illuminations, Revelations.—I have already adverted to Loyola's vision of the Virgin Mary at the Castle of Loyola, which confirmed his conversion. Several times, especially at Manressa, he again beheld her in vision. At Manressa, on his voyage to Palestine, and again at Storta, he had frequent visions of Christ; insomuch that his biographer assures us that the appearance of the Lord Jesus, and the many divine illuminations he received, so deeply impressed this holy name on the mind of the saint, that he resolved to give it to his Order. Ignatius tells us that, "Out of the house, in the church, and whilst celebrating (the mass), I saw the heavenly country, or the Lord thereof, so as to have intelligence of the Three Persons, and in the Father, the Second and Third. Having received light and strength; having entered the chapel to pray, I felt, or more properly speaking, saw, by some supernatural power, the Holy Trinity, and Jesus as the Mediator of it, represented to me, to communicate to me that intellectual (spiritual) vision." On a second and a third occasion, he saw the same Being or Divine Essence in the form of a sphere; and this, he says, "I felt and saw, not obscurely, but clearly, and in most bright light, in appearance as the sun, or exceeding it." He tells us that he had many revelations of the Holy Trinity, by which his mind was illuminated beyond the reach of study. Some of these experiences exactly correspond with what is related of George Fox and Jacob Böhme.* One day, "as he was standing in the Dominican Church, the wonderful order observed by God in the creation of the world was revealed to him; and he himself has confessed that he saw these secrets, though he could not explain them in words, even if he would." Another time, when sitting on the bank of a river near Manressa, "his mind was suddenly filled with a new and strange illumination, so that in one moment, and without any sensible image or appearance, certain things pertaining to the mysteries of the faith, together

* See, in particular, the passages quoted by me from *Fox's Journal*, in the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, vol. iv., pp. 51, 52, and 53; and from *Böhme's Aurora*, in the *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. iii., pp. 387, 388, 389.

with other truths of natural science, were revealed to him, and this so abundantly and so clearly that he himself said that if all the spiritual light which his spirit had received from God, up to the time when he was more than sixty-two years old, could be collected into one, it seemed to him that all this knowledge would not equal what was at that moment conveyed to his soul. From that time forward his mind was enlightened as if he had become a different man." This was almost immediately followed by an experience which he regarded as of altogether a different kind. "When he had returned to himself from the elevation of mind caused by this visitation, he went towards a cross which stood near, to thank God for this signal favour, when a vision appeared before him which he had often before seen in the hospital. This consisted in a certain luminous appearance, of which he could only say that it appeared to him to resemble a serpent more than any other form, and that, as it were, from a multitude of eyes, but not from real eyes, a vivid light proceeded." This Ignatius understood to be the Devil, and we are told, that "on many other occasions, both at Manressa and on his journeys to Rome and Paris, the Deceiver appeared to him under the same figure, but his aspect was always hideous and deformed." One more vision I will relate. On the death of one of his companions, named Ozzes, Ignatius saw his spirit, surrounded by bright rays of light, carried up to heaven by angels; and not long after, as he was hearing mass, "a band of the blessed spirits presented themselves to his sight, in the midst of whom Ozzes shone with a beauty surpassing all the rest. This vision left such an impression upon his mind that for some days afterwards it was always present to him, and he broke out into cries of joy."

Levitation, Luminous Phenomena.—In the process of canonization, it is stated that Ignatius was often seen seized up whilst in prayer, and elevated about a cubit's height from the ground. He had no use of his senses on these occasions, and his breathing was alone perceptible. Pasquali, in whose house he lodged at Barcelona, and who secretly watched him, affirmed upon oath, that he had seen the saint kneeling in the air, whilst his chamber was full of light. At the church of St. Girolamo he was "seen by the nuns remaining immovable as a statue, for many hours together, before the altar of St. Matthew; his knees were bent, and he was elevated, and his face beamed like one of the blessed."

A little before his departure from Barcelona for Jerusalem, as he was assisting at a sermon, surrounded by a number of children, at the foot of an altar, a noble lady of the name of Isabella Roselli happened to cast her eye upon him, and saw that his head was surrounded by a bright light, and at the same time

she heard an inward voice bidding her call him to her. This led her to seek him out, for he was unknown to her, and it was by her influence that he obtained a passage for Rome, previous to his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he having relinquished all property, being reduced to poverty, and casting all his care upon God. One night, on a brief visit to his native place, crying aloud in the fervour of his devotions, his cousins Donna Maria d'Orsola and Donna Simona d'Alzoga ran to him, and found his chamber shining with brilliant light, though no candle or visible means of producing light was in the room.

Alessandra Petronio, a celebrated philosopher and physician in Rome, made a public and formal deposition that, when sick, he once saw his own chamber, which was then very dark, the windows being shut, filled with a dazzling light upon the saint's entrance. Luigo Gonzales, who assisted Loyola in the government of a college, has recorded that the face of Ignatius shone to such a degree that he was frequently struck dumb with astonishment. Maffei relates that at Manressa he was seen exalted about four cubits from the ground, and his face shining as the light. Nicholas Lony testified that he once saw a fire-flame on his head whilst he was saying mass. Bortoli relates that a flaming tongue was seen to rest upon the head of Ignatius whilst he wrote the constitutions of the Society of Jesus; and St. Phillip Neri, who often visited Ignatius, used to assure his friends that he had seen his face resplendent with superhuman light, and emitting bright rays which proceeded, he said, from the internal beauty of his soul. It may be noted that, after his death, the body was seen by many witnesses to be spangled all over with small bright stars.

Trance.—At Manressa, Loyola remained in a trance an entire week, during which his corporeal senses and faculties were suspended, “and his state so much resembled death, that he would have been buried if it were not that a faint palpitation at the heart showed that he was still alive. . . . On returning to himself he opened his eyes, as if he was just awakening from a placid sleep, and exclaimed, with accents of love, ‘O Jesus! Jesus!’ and then relapsed into silence.” The companions of Ignatius, who heard him speak of these occurrences, believed that his future mission was at this time revealed to him, and the first sketch of the Society of Jesus impressed upon his mind. When asked why he made this or that regulation concerning it, he generally answered, “Because I heard it at Manressa.” To Jacopo Laines he affirmed that, during one hour of mental prayer at Manressa, he had learnt more than all the doctors in the world could teach him. It is probable that it was while in trance, that his spirit appeared to a friend at Cologne, he then

being at Rome. The account given of this, by Mariani, is as follows:—

At the time that Ignatius was living at Rome, he appeared to Leonardo Clesselio at Cologne. Leonardo was a Fleming and an aged and holy man, who was the first rector of the college in that city, and who governed it for a long time with great reputation of sanctity. He had a most fervent desire again to see the holy father, and to have the happiness of speaking with him; he informed him of this desire in a letter, and begged as a great favour that he might journey over the three hundred leagues, which lay between them, on foot. Ignatius answered that the welfare of others required his stay at Cologne, so that he must not move, but that perhaps it might please God to content him in some easier way. Whilst he therefore still remained at Cologne, one day, when he was not asleep, the holy father showed himself to him alive, and held a long conversation with him. He then disappeared, and left the old man full of the greatest joy at the accomplishment of his desire in so marvellous a way. This account is taken from Ribadeneira.

Thought-Reading, Clairvoyance, Prevision, Prediction. — Mariani says:—"God often revealed to him the secrets of men's hearts, and many things which happened at a great distance, or in future times." He gives several examples. A young man who had joined the Society was in great trouble and perturbation of mind, and thought of returning to the world. Ignatius "having had this revealed to him by God," sent for him in the middle of the night, disclosed to him all the secrets of his mind, to the young man's great astonishment, and entirely cured his spiritual disorder.

Once in Spain he had been kindly and hospitably entertained by certain monks in their convent, and he told the superior that two of the brethren were prepared to forsake their religious habit and run away. When their design was thus unexpectedly and wonderfully revealed they were struck with compunction and repentance, and asked pardon on their knees before the whole community, and gave up to the superior the disguises which they had prepared for their flight. When the holy widow Agnesa Pasquali ended her days in peace at Barcelona, Father Antonio Araoz, who was present at her last hours, sent an account of all that occurred to St. Ignatius at Rome, who looked upon her as his mother, and received great benefits from her piety at Manresa, and at Barcelona. But the letter of Araoz brought no new intelligence to the saint, for he had known all by divine revelation.

"Dr. Michele Arrovira, of Barcelona, while staying at Rome, met Ignatius one day coming from Aracœli, and showed him a letter from Francesco Borgia, duke of Gandia, who was at that time married and governor of Catalonia. As they were talking of this letter the saint said to him, 'Know that you will one day see the writer of that letter General of the Society of Jesus at Rome.' Many years afterwards this prophecy was fulfilled."

To Giovanni Pasquali, when a young man, he foretold the future course of his life, and its many afflicting accidents. These were all so remarkably and circumstantially fulfilled, that late in life; when any consoled him with hopes of better fortune, he used to answer, "Pray that I may have patience, but do not promise me what I shall never have, for no word of Ignatius's

prophecy will fail hereafter, as none have hitherto failed." When at Barcelona, a famous jurist was so moved by the teaching and example of Ignatius that he desired to become his companion, and imitate his virtue. In answer to this wish Ignatius answered, "You will not follow me; but your son will enter the Religious Order which, by God's grace, I shall found." And so he did, and remained in it till his death. This prophecy was made above sixteen years before the foundation of the Society. This account is written and attested upon oath. His biographer says:—"Twenty-four predictions of the same kind are enumerated, all of which were accomplished."

Exorcisms, Hauntings, Rappings.—He is asserted to have had a wonderful power over evil spirits, of which many instances are given. Thus it was related in consistory before Pope Gregory XV., that he delivered one Eleuterio Pontano from an evil spirit, by whom he had been grievously tormented and tempted for more than two years. At Rome, a servant of the Fathers, named Matthew, was attacked and tormented by an evil spirit. His features were hideously swollen; he rolled himself on the earth, and clung to it so firmly, that it sometimes required ten men to lift him up. "Ignatius took the young man aside, and after making some short prayers, he brought him back entirely free. It is true that the devil, in revenge, tried to suffocate the Saint whilst he slept, and bound his jaws so tightly that when he tried to invoke the name of Jesus he could not speak, but making a great effort he forced out the name of salvation, and the monster fled in confusion, leaving him with so great a hoarseness that for some days afterwards he could hardly speak." At the College of Loretto an evil spirit not only appeared to a novice, and "endeavoured, by many delusive words, to persuade him to abandon religion," and otherwise tempted him, "but he infested an empty room, and it seemed as if all the furniture was being shifted about and thrown on the ground, although nothing was ever found out of its place. Sometimes whilst the brethren were at prayer he knocked upon the bench they were kneeling at, and sometimes he was heard making a noise at the head of their beds. Once at supper-time he struck a young Englishman, about twenty-two years of age, on the side, with such violence, that he cried out and turned pale, and nearly fell backwards on the ground. Very often, also, he used to penetrate under the bed-clothes, and torment them in all parts of their body while they were lying crouched like dogs through fear." Agnus Deis, blessed candles, relics of saints, masses, and exorcisms, were all tried in vain. The spirit was commanded in the name of God, to go to the rector if he wanted anything, and leave the other inmates of the College

in peace. And the rector tells us:—"More than once it happened that when the evil spirit had been thus adjured he came and knocked at my door." Once, "there came an importunate knocking at the door, in the middle of the night; I answered, 'Come in,' supposing it was one of the brethren; then he knocked again a great many times, and then perceiving it was the devil, I said, 'Open now in the name of God, and do that which you are empowered by Him to do.' Suddenly, with a great rush, he dashed open the door and the window opposite, so that I feared it was broken to pieces." Another time, at the other end of the College, the rector heard "a noise like an earthquake, and all that part of the roof was shaken." On advancing the noise approached towards him; as it came nearer something came towards him like a great black mastiff, with horrible flaming eyes, and barking with a deep hollow noise, flew at him but without touching him. The rector wrote to Ignatius, who recommended holy water, exorcisms, and prayers. Finding that despite these remedies the evil increased rather than diminished, the rector again wrote to Ignatius, who then sent another letter encouraging the brethren to endurance, and to place their trust in God, adding that he would pray for them, and that by God's grace they would soon cease to be molested. From the time that this letter was read out before the fathers and brethren of the College all molestation ceased. "Neither devils or devilry had any more power in the College, nothing was henceforth seen or felt." This took place in the year 1555; and the occurrences were solemnly deposed to by Oliver Manareo, rector of the College, on being examined before the Court in Flanders.

Again, we read of Ignatius, that at Alcala:—"He was lodged in a room that had been for a long time uninhabited, on account of its being haunted with nocturnal visions and fearful noises. Ignatius had full experience of this on the first night. Not having expected anything of the kind he was at first terrified; but presently recollecting himself, and taking courage, he offered himself up to God, to undergo whatever he might have to endure from these visions, or from the malice of the devil. But the Lord was mercifully content with proving this magnanimity, and rewarded his good dispositions by ridding that room for ever from all molestation of evil spirits, and by taking away from his mind all fear of their terrors and cruelties."

His spirit appears after death.—On the morning of his death a noble lady of Bologna, named Margherita Gigli, "was awoke and terrified, by what seemed to her to be an earthquake; at the same moment her chamber was filled with brilliant light, in the midst of which appeared the saint in celestial beauty, who spoke to her these words:—"Behold, Margaret,

I am going, as you see; I commend my sons to you;' and then disappeared. The woman, full of wonder and happiness, rose up and went immediately to Francesco Palmia, the rector of our college, who was her confessor, and related the vision. Although she had no knowledge of the saint, she described him as accurately as it was possible for those who were most familiar with him to have done. Still, as they had not heard of any illness or danger of Ignatius at Rome, the fathers who heard the story were cautious of believing it; but some few days later, when the news came of the saint's death, at the exact time of the vision, all their doubts were removed."

In 1568, the body of Ignatius was removed, in order to make room for the foundations of a new church. "Father Giulio Mancinelli, a great servant of God, who was favoured by frequent divine visitations and graces, being at that time in Rome, and knowing nothing of the translation which was to take place, began in the evening to hear celestial songs and divine music, which continued all through that night and the day following, whilst the translation was going on, and then he heard afterwards what the festival had been." The same holy father subsequently received many visitations from Ignatius, in one of which, "on the 1st of August, 1610, he revealed to him certain matters for the good of the Prince de Stigliano, who was then preparing some magnificent decorations to celebrate the approaching festival of the saint in a church at Naples."

In a village of Paraguay, called after Ignatius, a young man was in prison, under a false accusation, which so preyed upon his mind that he resolved on suicide. "In the middle of the night when he was fixed in his resolve, he saw a light through the prison door, and supposed it was some friend coming to visit him. This friend was Ignatius, who appeared in light and beauty, and he mildly said to him, 'God preserve thee, my son;' then he laid his hand upon his head, and said, 'Do not afflict yourself, for you are innocent and will soon be set at liberty.' Upon this the young man uttered a cry of joy, which brought the gaoler to the cell, by whom the door was found locked. Very shortly after this, he was released as the saint had told him."

To Giovanni Pasquali, who had lodged him in his house at Barcelona at the time he was studying there, Ignatius had exhibited his gratitude during life, and he now came from heaven to comfort him whilst he was leading a life of suffering so profitable to his soul's health. The good man had been accustomed every day for forty years to go and hear matins, and afterwards mass, at the tomb of St. Eulalia, who lies under the high altar in the cathedral of Barcelona. One day it happened that he went to the church a long time before matins begun. Meanwhile he knelt before the altar in prayer, and being in great anguish from his afflictions, he commended himself to God and St. Ignatius, who had quitted this world a few years before, and at last he cried out, "Oh my father, how well you have foretold everything; well must you be able to see

now from heaven what my present life is, when you foresaw it so exactly upon earth. Ah! if you do not grant a remedy to my evils, at least obtain me patience, that I may through these afflictions attain to the eternal salvation which you promised to me." After uttering these words he began to hear a distant sound of marvellous sweet music, which approached nearer and nearer till there appeared at a door to the left of the altar a numerous band of musicians and angels, and men in ecclesiastical vestments, surpassing all earthly beauty. This procession formed wings on either side the altar, and received in the midst of them a priest of very venerable aspect vested in a white cope. Before this the church had been dark, for the clock had only just struck the third hour after midnight, and it was winter-time. But at the entrance of this priest it began to shine so brightly that every place seemed full of light. The priest went up to the altar of St. Eulalia, and after a profound reverence to the Most Holy, he took the thurible from the minister and began going round the altar and incensing it many times. When this was done the band of blessed spirits approached the door at the right of the altar where Giovanni was kneeling, almost in ecstasy at the sight. The priest turned towards him, and looking fixedly upon him, as if wondering that he was not recognised, beckoned him to approach. Upon this his eyes were opened, and he perceived that it was Ignatius, and ran to meet him. The saint received him with a most joyful expression of countenance, and addressed him in the most familiar manner, saying, "Do you remember me, as I can never cease to remember you?" He then consoled him, and confirmed him in the hope which he had held out when he was alive, that he would save his soul. Giovanni wished to embrace him, and as he was asking his permission, the saint gave him his blessing, and the whole vision disappeared. Upon this he cried out, "O my father, O my father Ignatius!" and some priests who heard these words hastened to him, and found him almost beside himself, weeping bitterly; they asked him why he cried out in that manner and wept, and he told them all he had seen, and ever afterwards amidst his greatest calamities the memory of this vision used to appease his sorrow, and bring peace to his heart. This vision is circumstantially described by Bartoli and is attested on oath, though very briefly, by Pasquali.

Healings.—Many marvellous cases of healing are said to have been wrought during the life-time of the saint by his prayer and by his touch. A cook whose hand had been dreadfully burnt, had it made whole on the prayer of Ignatius. A poor man, named Bastida, who for many years had been subject to the falling sickness, "one day was taken with the disorder in the presence of Ignatius, who being touched with compassion lifted up his eyes to heaven, and, after a short prayer, laid his hand upon his forehead, upon which he immediately came to himself, and was never again attacked in the same way." A poor woman in the last stage of consumption, and apparently at the point of death, upon receiving his blessing suddenly regained her strength, so that she was enabled to walk without help. On another occasion, one of his companions being attacked with the fever, was visited by Ignatius, who affectionately embraced him, saying, "Take courage, brother Simon, for most certainly you will not die of this illness." He had been praying earnestly for the life of the sick man, and it was revealed to him that his prayers were heard. This he had immediately told Peter Faber, one of his companions. In fact, improvement began upon the arrival of Ignatius, and brother Simon rapidly recovered his health.

But whatever wonderful cures the saint wrought while in the world, they seem to have been eclipsed by those he wrought after he had left it. "A citizen of Potosi had not been able to walk a step for four years without crutches; when he heard the rejoicings of the people at the news of Ignatius's beatification, he said with a sigh, 'In the midst of all this joy must I be the only one in the city to remain here nailed down by my affliction?' Hardly had he uttered the words, than he felt his feet strengthened, threw away first one crutch and then the other, and flew to our college to publish the miracle that had been wrought on him."

In the year 1601, a boy of ten years old, named Girolamo, son of Onofrio Etruschi, of Gandia, received a horrible blow on the eyebrow, towards the temple, so deep that a finger's depth of lint was laid into the wound, the eye was entirely swollen up, and a violent fever ensued. Pietro Manares, the surgeon who was called in, did everything in his power for a whole month, but all to no purpose, for the wound instead of healing began to suppurate, at which the surgeon was greatly astonished, and was possessed with the idea that some of the bone of the skull must be fractured. Since it was a very dangerous operation to lay the wound entirely open, and examine what might be required, he called in Giovan B. Cuebas to a consultation. Accordingly both went together to visit the boy, and when the whole account of the case had been given by the former surgeon to his companion, they proceeded to remove the bandages from the head, when, to their astonishment, they found the wound perfectly healed. Not being able to understand the marvel, the mother of the boy revealed to them that it was the work of Ignatius, to whom she had made a vow for her boy's recovery. The two surgeons openly confessed the miracle, and all praised God, who is wonderful in His saints.

"At the village of Munebrega, in Spain, Maria Pariente, had a withered arm, which had been benumbed from cold, pieces of the bone had been taken away by the surgeons in their attempts at curing it, and then they had abandoned the case in despair. Encouraged by the mercy which the saint had shown to the other woman, she said, 'O St. Ignatius, if you would heal me also, I too would show my gratitude!' Hardly had she spoken than she felt a sudden crack in the bone of her arm, and return of life into it, and so she also raised her voice, and exclaimed, 'And I also am healed by the favour of St. Ignatius!' and threw her arm about as if it had never been injured, without feeling the slightest pain."

Within half an hour of this event another poor woman, named Maria Santius, who was almost totally blind, so that she could not distinguish people's faces, invoked the aid of the Saint to restore her sight. Immediately she felt a sensation, as if her eyes were turned round, and she could see distinctly far and near. Let me here add a manifestation of a different kind:—"In the year 1611, at Gironda, in Arragon, a monk wrote a biting satire against the saint, and as he was writing on the paper he discovered on reading it over that his hand had played false to

his mind, and that instead of ridicule he had written eulogies. He thought this was some fantastic error, so he scratched it out and went on in the strain he wished; but the words were again words of praise. Still the man was so blinded, that without regarding it he began again the third time, but with the same effect. Again he commenced, when the pen was struck from him, and his own hand struck him in the face. Then at last, in trembling astonishment, he changed his design and his opinion of the saint." The spirit of Ignatius also cast out evil spirits from many who were possessed by them, at least, so it is said the spirits themselves confessed. Among others were four noble ladies of Modena, in whom the spirits "showed themselves by manifest signs. They spoke in various tongues, which the women had never known. They related things which were then happening in distant countries, and divined other things which took place afterwards. They walked on all fours with their knees fastened together. They knew and recognised the presence of hidden relics. Various parts of their bodies suddenly swelled, and the swelling as quickly subsided, with other strange things." After being taken to various churches in hope of relief, but with no effect, the spirits, according to their own acknowledgment were expelled by Ignatius. "One of the fiercest of them" exclaimed:—"There goes forth a flame from his mouth which burns me. St. Ignatius, St. Ignatius drives me away."

These are only specimens of a hundred and fifty pages of similar, and even more wonderful relations, "selected out of great numbers, which it would occupy too much space to recount." And, says Mariani, "I have mentioned none which are not proved by the strongest evidence. All which are here given, and which are not contained in Bartoli, are carefully authenticated;" and Bartoli himself says, of those which I have taken from his pages, "The miracles which God worked after the saint's death are so numerous, that the number of those alone which are juridically proved amount to hundreds, and those which I here give, with the exception of a few which were already in print, are taken from the bull of canonization, the report of the auditors of the court of the Ruota and other juridical acts, and from the public processes and public documents made in various places."

In the process for canonization, all alleged supernatural events must be juridically proved. An officer (popularly called "the Devil's Advocate") is appointed, whose function it is to raise every objection—to sift the evidence, to cross-examine witnesses, and, if possible, shake their testimony. It has come to be a proverb among Catholics, that "The greatest miracle is to get a miracle admitted at Rome." The Rev. F. W. Faber, in his *Essay on Beatification and Canonization*, says:—"Looking at

the matter simply as a question of evidence, it is hardly possible to conceive any process for sifting human testimony more complete, more ingenious, or more rigid than the one scrupulously adhered to by the Congregation of Rites in this respect. Much depends on the decision, and there is no necessity for coming to a decision at all; these two things are continually before the eyes of the judges, and render the ordeal one of almost incredible strictness. No one can study the great work of Benedict XIV. on Canonization, or peruse the decrees of Urban VIII. and Clement XI., without feeling the utmost confidence in any narrative of facts, however supernatural, which comes out of the trial confirmed and approved upon the whole: and we are now merely speaking of it as a question of human testimony which has come out undestroyed from the long, intricate, and jealous cross-questioning of a most ingeniously contrived system of cavil and objection. A fact only requires the appearance of being supernatural to awaken against it every suspicion; every method of surprise and detection is at once in array against it; it is allowed no mercy, no advantage of a doubt, and anything rather than the benefit of clergy. . . . Many a candid Protestant would be surprised, if he only took the trouble to peruse a few of the processes of the Congregation in matters of beatification and canonization."

The *Edinburgh Review*, some time back, insinuated that the aforesaid Devil's Advocate sometimes betrayed the cause of his client to the enemy, but no proof of the assertion was offered. The similarity of many of the events recorded in the life of Loyola, and of other Roman Catholic saints, to the spiritual manifestations through mediums in our own day, will, to many, give them a new interest; and it certainly greatly increases the probability in favour of their general truth, while it shows that they are not the distinctive marks of any creed or church, or evidences of special sanctity, but that they result from the independent action of free intelligent powers, whenever their volition co-operates with suitable conditions.

Loyola had an unbounded, absolute trust in God to supply the wants of those over whom he ruled. Many instances, similar to those I have given of Müller and Franké,* might be related of him in proof of this, did space permit. He used to say:—"Whoever would undertake a great work for the glory of God, must beware of being overwise, and of taking counsel only according to the means he possesses." During a time of war and famine, when the richest men had barely enough to support their own position in life, without giving alms, he supported a

* *Spiritual Magazine*, Nos. 2 and 3, Vol. iii.

hundred students; and so did God provide for their wants, that whilst all others suffered from the scarcity, his subjects were kept in plenty. Luigi Gonzales said that he looked upon this as a miracle. "How a miracle?" said the saint. "It would be a miracle if it had happened otherwise, and if God had failed to support those who trust in Him. Is it the first time you have remarked that our supplies always equal our wants? Let us think only of serving Him, and leave to Him all thought of providing for us. For myself I would take upon me, if need were, to support one thousand instead of one hundred, for one task is as easy to God as another." To another father who said that he could not understand by what rule of prudence Ignatius was guided in this affair, he said, "The more hopeless matters are, so much the more ought we to trust in God." T. S.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

PREMONITION.—DR. J. R. NEWTON, THE HEALING MEDIUM.

"New York, May 18th, 1863.

"An article, in the May number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, stating a case of premonition, admonishes me that I have hitherto omitted to put on record a similar incident which once occurred to me.

"In the early part of 1854, I started on a lecturing tour, to which I devoted about three months. My tour embraced a region of country between Boston on the east and St. Louis on the west, including a belt extending as far south as Cincinnati on the Ohio River, and as far north as Milwaukee on Lake Michigan. I travelled over 3,700 miles, and delivered some seventy discourses.

"When I got through my lectures at St. Louis, I intended starting on a Saturday morning for Chicago, resting a day at Chicago, and on Monday to begin my journey west and north of that place.

"The mode of transportation then was by steam-boat up the Mississippi River to Alton in Illinois, and thence by railway to Chicago.

"On the Friday evening before I was to start, the spirits asked me if I could not remain over at St. Louis till Monday? On making inquiries, I found that I could, without any other inconvenience than travelling all night on Monday, so as to keep my appointment west of Chicago on Tuesday, and as I had by that time got pretty well used to travelling all night, I consented to remain over, without stopping to inquire why they made the

request. I was not without curiosity as to the reason of the request, but I determined to let it develop itself, as thus I could learn some part of the lesson as to their reliability.

“On Saturday morning, while sitting at my breakfast, news came to the hotel, that the steamer in which I was to have taken passage had met with a disaster while lying at St. Louis, and just before the moment appointed for her starting. Her boiler had burst, and every passenger on board had been either killed or wounded.

“You must know that at the places on the Mississippi they do not have wharves at which boats are moored; the rise and fall of the water is too great to permit that. Instead of which boats are moored to the sloping bank of the river, ‘bows on,’ and the consequence is, that when a boat is about starting on a trip, the most of the passengers, in order to have a view of the shore, are crowded together on the upper deck, directly over the boilers and engines, and near the bow of the boat. They were so assembled on this occasion, and the explosion was so violent as to destroy most of the upper works of the boat, and to hurl the passengers in all directions into the river; some of them were torn all to pieces, different parts of their bodies being scattered around.

“The disaster made a profound sensation at St. Louis, and the more so, that though the number of passengers was small—not exceeding 30—if I recollect aright, not one of them had escaped death or injury.

“On the Monday following I resumed my journey, and it never occurred to me that my being withheld from leaving on Saturday had anything to do with the steamer explosion, until about a month afterwards, when I was on my return home. It was in Auburn in the State of New York, where I had delivered my last discourse, and while waiting for the cars, which were expected about midnight, that it occurred to me to ask the spirits whether there had been any connexion between the two matters. It was answered in the affirmative, and I was told that I should be particularly informed when I should have arrived at home, and be fully rested from the fatigue of my journey.

“In due time, I was informed by the spirits, that they who had accompanied me, in my whole journey, and whose presence was every day made manifest to me, had made an examination of the steamer in which I had proposed to embark at St. Louis, and had discovered a defect in her engines that threatened serious consequences.

“They showed me that the pipe by which water was conveyed from the river to the boiler had in it a valve to stop the flow of the water. That through that valve there run an up-

right stem, at the upper end of which was a handle, by the use of which the engineer could let in or stop off the water, and which, by its position, told whether the boiler was being fed or not. The spirits had discovered in this instance that the valve had got loose on its stem, and that while the handle would tell the engineer that water was flowing into the boiler, the valve was in fact closed, and not open, and the boiler was not being fed as the engineer would naturally suppose; and so they saw the great danger there was of an explosion. They therefore had desired me to delay my journey for a couple of days, expecting that within that time the explosion would happen, or the engineer would discover and remedy the defect.

"I did not know enough of the steam-engine to know whether this account was a true one, or whether there was such a supply pipe, and such a valve, and I made inquiries of an experienced engineer how that was. I learned from him that at one time such valves were in common use, but owing to the very danger of their getting loose on the stem, that mode of constructing them had been pretty generally abandoned. Some of the old fashioned ones were, however, still in use, he said, on the lakes and on our Western waters, though rarely used in the boats on the Atlantic Coast, where the modern improvements had been more speedily adopted.

"I give you the story as it occurred, leaving you to judge it for yourself. This I know, that but for the request to remain over preferred to me on Friday evening, I should certainly have been on board the steamer at the moment of the explosion, and most likely on the spot where all the passengers were assembled.

"There is another topic, touched upon in the the same number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, on which I desire to say a word, and that is, 'Dr. Newton, the Healing Medium.'

"The Doctor was in this city for a year, using his powers, and I had a good opportunity to learn all about them. Many of his cures were very wonderful, and the fame of them drew crowds around his house, so as to obstruct the side-walks. When I wrote my 'Letters to the Tribune' (included in my published Tracts), I knew something of his healing powers; but when I penned the seventh of those letters, I did not include him in my list of cases, because his powers were not then fully developed, as they were afterwards.

"I had become acquainted with him prior to that time, and it is to the manner in which I became thus acquainted that I wish to call your attention. This will not only tend to shew you the process of development, but also shews you what our mediums have sometimes had to endure in this country.

“It was sometime in 1858, I think, or perhaps in 1857, that an old gentleman of my acquaintance—a very worthy man—called on me, and told me that he had at his house a man who had made his escape from a lunatic asylum, and whom he did not believe to be deranged. The man had been concealed at his home for several days—the police had traced him there, and surrounded his house; but as he and his wife would not permit them to enter, the officers had contented themselves with constantly watching, and that was an annoyance the family would not endure much longer.

“I called upon the man, and discovered that he was not insane; that he was in a condition of high nervous excitability, and was a medium in the process of development. He was not himself aware of the true state of things, nor did he know what to do with the manifestations that were real to him, and yet beyond his control. He knew, however, that he was not insane, and was determined not to return to the asylum.

“He had been a merchant in this city, in partnership with his brother; had shown capacity for business, and had been successful. But this nervous excitability had affected him so, both mentally and physically, that his brother and his wife, in their profound ignorance of what it was, had resorted to legal proceedings, had readily obtained the necessary attestations to his insanity from ignorant physicians, and procured a magistrate's warrant for his commitment.

“He had been confined for several weeks in an asylum, and was in real danger, from the consequences of his confinement, of being made crazy.

“As my first step in the matter, I sent for his brother and for the superintendent of the asylum; and from my interviews with them, I learned their view of his case, and was fully confirmed in my own opinion of it. My next step was to instruct the man himself as to his own condition, and to shew him how to cure himself.

“After telling him that he was a medium, and assuring him that what was affecting him was that which I had witnessed in so many cases of development. I had to teach him that it was a matter under his own control, to show him how to control it, and to convince him that unless he exercised that power of control himself I could not help him. It was hard for him to learn the lesson at first. He had never been taught anything of the kind, and knew nothing of his own will-power over himself. Several days elapsed, many interviews with him were had, and experiments tried by him, until he discovered the important fact so necessary for him to learn.

“At length he became convinced that he had acquired the

necessary self-control, and to test him I subjected him to a severe ordeal. I required him to voluntarily return to the Asylum, in company with a police officer, and that in the presence of his brother, and to remain in the Asylum until he should convince the superintendent, and every one else, that he was sane.

“ It was very hard work for him to consent to this. His suffering at the Asylum had been so great, that the thought of returning to it was horrible to him, but I deemed it necessary in order to satisfy him, as well as myself, that he had acquired a sufficient self-control. I reasoned the matter thus with him, and he consented to what I required. He returned to the Asylum. In three or four days afterwards he walked into my office openly, telling me that he had convinced the superintendent of his sanity, and had left without opposition from him or any one. He proceeded at once to arrange his affairs; left his family well cared for, and went West to seek his fortune. I occasionally heard from him as doing well, and in about a year's time he called upon me at my lodgings in New York.

“ Originally I had discovered that he had medial powers, but what shape they were to assume I did not learn. But now I saw that he was to be a healing medium, for his power began already to show itself in that direction.

“ He was then on his return to the West, and I heard no more of him for a year or two, until I was informed by a friend from Boston that he had been fully developed as a healing medium, and was then using his powers in Ohio, where this friend had seen him. Shortly afterwards he came East. He remained in this city a year, during which time he saw some 12,000 patients, and worked many wonderful cures. Since then he has been practising in Philadelphia, and he is now in Boston. And everywhere his remarkable power as a healing medium is displayed to the knowledge of thousands.

“ This man is the Dr. J. R. Newton, spoken of in your May number. It is, I believe, his intention to visit England, in time. If he does come among you you will find him worthy of your regards, not only from his powers, but from his large integrity and benevolence.”

The *Banner of Light*, May 2nd (Boston, U.S.A.), contains a letter concerning a short visit of Dr. Newton to Baltimore, from which we make the following extract, as a pendant to Judge Edmonds's letter. After telling us that the crowds seeking health and restoration of sight and limb had become so great that business in the immediate neighbourhood was obstructed and almost suspended, the writer adds:—

It would be impossible to enumerate the many wonderful cures performed

through his (Dr. Newton's) instrumentality during his short stay of about three weeks among us in an article for your columns; but I will mention a few that came under my immediate observation.

First, the sight of a boy, who had been blind three years, was restored almost instantly. Then a woman, who had been crippled seventeen years, was made to walk as vigorously as if in full health, in about seven minutes. Another most remarkable case was that of a woman who had lost all use of the muscular system, and had been confined to her bed, helpless and without speech, during the lengthened period of eleven years. This was the most utterly hopeless looking case among all that I witnessed. Had a corpse been laid upon his slab, with the request that he should re-animate it, I would have thought it scarcely less rational. In about fifteen minutes that almost lifeless woman walked into the parlour, with assistance, and spoke, though feebly, to her friends.

I refer to these to show the character of some of his cases among the poor. They were paralleled by many among the wealthy and more fortunate of our citizens.

In one case an extensive ovarian tumour melted under his touch like ice under that of heated iron. A most interesting and accomplished young lady, who had been confined to her rooms some three years by a spinal injury, walked down to her breakfast next morning after a visit from Dr. Newton.

I will not trespass further upon your space by referring to particular cases, but will only say that they may be counted by hundreds, and that many earnest hearts are appealing to heaven to pour its blessings upon this noble benefactor to his race.

"May God preserve and prosper him," is the prayer of nearly all who have felt the vivifying power of his touch.

He has also exhibited a most large-hearted benevolence in distribution of pecuniary aid among his needy patients. His charities have been almost as unprecedented as his cures.

Yours, &c.,

WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Baltimore, April 19, 1863.

THE HAUNTED TOWER OF SPEDLINS, WITH A WORD OR TWO MORE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF GHOSTS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE old castle of Spedlins stands on a richly-wooded hill on the bank of the Annan, in Annandale, Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, the river issuing into the Solway Frith, not many miles from the celebrated Gretna Green. Opposite to it, on the other bank of the river, stands Jardine Hall, the modern seat of the family of that name. A well-known artist of Newcastle-on-Tyne, being in Dumfriesshire some twenty years ago, was invited to go and spend a few days at this picturesque place by its possessor, Sir William Jardine. In a letter, which accidentally turned up amongst my papers the other day, this gentleman describes his journey through a very attractive region to pay this visit, accompanied by a friend. He says:—"We left Dumfries in a gig early on a lovely morning, and passed over a most interesting country, part of the road being over the moss where Dandy Dinmont and Brown escaped from the gipsies. I made

Several sketches of Torthorold and Lochmaben, and also of the spot where Old Mortality was found dead, near the place of his residence, and his pony standing beside him. We had just left Lochmaben, when the sky began to darken, and we could see the tempest gathering all around us. It was a mountainous country, and the thunder began to roll fearfully among the hills."

The natural desire of the artist, on reaching Jardine Hall, was to sketch the picturesque old tower of Spedlins, and Sir William Jardine, then a young, active man, set out to accompany him and his friend across the river. The weather had proved stormy, as they had foreseen, and they found the Annan swollen by the rains. They had to cross by a conveyance peculiar to the country, called the "trows." This consisted of two long boxes fastened together at one end, and the two other ends kept pretty wide apart by an iron bar fixed about half way between them—► This curious punt thus assumed a triangular shape, and it was propelled across by Sir William, who stood at the acute angle, and pushed down a pole into the water, betwixt the angle and the cross iron bar, his two passengers occupying each the posterior end of one of the boxes. Our artist thought the transit in this style rather critical, for there were several small islands in the river, and the mountain stream, swollen by the rains, eddyed around these so vigorously as to threaten capsizing. On nearing the farther bank, Sir William, taking the rope used to moor the "trows" in his hand, leaped on shore; but the rope, grown rotten by long exposure to sun and rain, snapped, and the two strangers found themselves rapidly hurrying towards a waterfall, which they heard roaring below. Sir William, hastening to a point of the bank, which they neared in their perilous course, arrested the "trow" by a pole, time enough to allow them to leap into the water, up to their chests, and so wade to shore. Some men on the bank also managed to secure the "trows."

Landing in this drenching condition, the artist and his friend found themselves also drenched from above. The storm had recommenced with fury: the rain fell in torrents, and Sir William, having to return home to an engagement, and having, in vain, invited them to return with him and change their dress, left the visitors to find shelter in the tower. Some mischievous person had, however, filled the lock of the door with stones, and they could not enter. In this plight the artist lost sight of his friend, but made his way to a cottage, the light from which he saw. There he stayed till it was growing dark, waiting in vain for the ceasing of the deluging storm. At length he issued forth, and sought his friend at the old tower. He found it open, but called in vain. He ascended the ancient stairs into the old baronial hall—descended the gloomy steps into

the dungeon beneath. All was dark, wild, and eery, for no friend was to be found. There was nothing for it but to endeavour to make his way back to the hall; but the trows were at the other side; the river deep, gloomy, and furious; the wind howling and tearing the trees to and fro with a roaring violence. In he waded, however, and, going ever deeper as he advanced, found himself within a few yards of the farther bank, up to the neck, no bottom to be felt by the next extended foot, and the stream rapidly lifting him, and about to bear him away. Frantically he flung his portfolio to the shore, snatched at a depending bough, and found himself, to his own amazement, on terra firma. As this is a very fitting introduction to a haunted spot, we may give the artist's own account of the circumstances which have conferred a ghostly reputation on the place.

“Spedlins Castle.—The tower of Spedlins was the scene of one of the best accredited and most curious ghost stories perhaps ever printed. Sir Alexander Jardine, of Applegarth, in the time of Charles II., had confined in the dungeon of the tower of Spedlins a fellow named Porteous, a miller, suspected of having wilfully set fire to his own premises. Being, soon after, suddenly called away to Edinburgh, he carried the key of the vault with him, and did not recollect or consider his prisoner's case till he was passing through the west port of Edinburgh, where, perhaps, the sight of the warder's keys brought the thing to his mind. Sir Alexander immediately sent back a courier to liberate the man; but Porteous had, in the mean time, died of hunger. It is said that famine constrained him to devour one of his own hands; and some steps of a stair, within the small dungeon, are shown, on which he was found stretched out in this deplorable condition. No sooner was the man dead, than his ghost began to torment the household, and no rest was to be had within the tower of Spedlins by night or by day. In this dilemma Sir Alexander, according to old use and wont, summoned a whole legion of ministers to his aid, and by their strenuous efforts Porteous was at length confined to the scene of his mortal agonies, where, however, he continued to scream occasionally at night ‘Let me out! let me out! I'm deean o' hunger!’

“He also used to flutter like a bird against the door of the vault, and was always sure to remove the bark from any twig that was sportively thrust through the key-hole. The spell which thus bound the spirit to the dungeon was attached to a large black-letter Bible, used by the exorcists, and afterwards deposited in a stone niche, which still remains in the wall of the staircase; and it is certain that, after a lapse of many years, when the family repaired to a newer mansion—Jardine Hall—built on the other side of the river, the Bible was left behind to keep the restless

spirit in order. On one occasion, indeed, the volume requiring to be re-bound, was dispatched to Edinburgh; but the ghost, getting out of the dungeon and crossing the river, presented itself at the new house, and made such a disturbance—hauling the baronet and his lady out of bed, etc.—that the Bible was recalled before it reached the capital, and placed in its former situation.

“The good woman at the tower, who told Grose this story, in 1788, declared that, should it again be taken off the premises, no consideration whatever would induce her to remain there a single night. However, the ghost is either tired of its hauntings, or it dare not make its appearance in these modern and reforming times, for it is now several years since the present Lady Jardine had the Bible removed, and laid upon the hall table as a curiosity, where I have seen it. It is of Barker’s printing, dated 1634, and, besides being well bound, is carefully covered with rough calf skin.—T. M. R.”

There may probably be another reason than “these modern and reforming times” for the disappearance of the ghostly miller. Those to whom he owed his miserable death, have long disappeared from the place; and his revengeful soul may not find the same satisfaction in annoying their innocent descendants. Who knows, too, as his landlord, who forgetfully caused his death, has long been a denizen of the same spiritual world, whether he may not have found some means of satisfying his injured mind, or that Porteous himself, as we may reasonably hope, has advanced into a more Christian temper. The burning down of his premises indicates a fiery and revengeful nature, likely enough to seek every means of wreaking his resentment on his injurer. It would be a woeful idea that there are spirits so revengeful that no length of time could avail to raise them into a nobler tone, and yet some of the records of this kind would indicate that hundreds of years may elapse before such dark passions fade out of very degraded souls. This is one of those deep mysteries, which the revelations of the invisible world through apparitions open up awfully before us, and which make us feel how few and feeble are the glimpses permitted us, after all, of the future home of all mankind.

If evil and earthy spirits still hang around this outer life of ours, as a thousand circumstances indicate that they do, for even ages, what is the nature of the liberty thus accorded to such base or ignorant natures? What is the order of police there? What purpose is served in the great economy of God by this sufferance of the lingering and crowding of these earthy essences about the purlieus of humanity? Is it the retributive dispensation of corrupted souls,—of those who have given themselves up as the

willing slaves of vice and avarice, and the revellers in sensuality, and those who have ceased to entertain or conceive any world, or the enjoyment of any world but this?—of the thoroughly materialized philosopher, who has here sneered and spurned at every opening of higher influences towards him?—who has treated the spiritual as drivelling; the ethereal as madness; whose faculties have all converged and culminated into a material sharpness which did wonders in material discovery, because all the eye, and all the heart, and all the power of thought in his possession were metamorphosed by one sole material passion; one hope, energy, and ambition, into a life that was so kindred to this earth that it drew forth its hidden properties by something more than a sympathy—by a homogeneity of nature? Is it the age-long doom of those who denied that God and Christ still opened wide the valves of their inspiration to men: who flung it from them as fanaticism and superstition; who believed that the Creator, if he walked and talked with man at all, did it only at some far-back time?—of those who lived in the pride of intellect, and took to themselves and their own genius all the merit of the discoveries which came through them—who thought scorn that great artists and philosophers should receive new and “glorious ideas” by the ministry of angels?—of those who, hugging themselves in the idea of *their own* intellectual strength, forgot that “every good and perfect gift comes from above?” Is it the purgatory of these, and of the merchant, and the statesman, and whoever else grasped at the world and its fames, and possessions and honours, and built up great families and names, and “gave not God the glory?”

As these refused the kinship and companionship of the spiritual, as they smiled, in most complacent self-glorification, at the hints and evidences of a higher life ever hovering and breathing around them—are they destined to be, in their turn, cast off, for a time,—to our ideas, how long a time!—and suffered to gravitate to that old and sordid scene which alone they loved? Is it what is meant by that which is said, that “in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them?”

May it possibly be that in God’s wonderful recompenses and retributions, these spirits, so lofty in their own conceptions; so deaf in their pride to the meek teachings of the unseen Divinity; many of whom ignored, or boasted to ignore, if not God’s being, yet this gift of a distinct and imperishable spirit, will find themselves drawn down by their mere mundane tastes and habits to an association with the depraved of a different, and more vulgar stamp? That the high in pride, but low in genuine aspiration, will find themselves consorting with the other low, the igno-

rantly, the sensually, the grossly low? Strange yoke-fellows,—alike by one common link, the wanting of the heavenly, but so unlike still in taste, feeling, habit, temperament, and fancy, that their proximity itself must constitute the most exquisite of tortures?

Can this be the condition of those who by very different means, but by one great error have forfeited their right, at least for a great disciplining period, to the “tree of life,” and to “the entry through the gates into the city.” That, indeed, is a singular and a startling passage in the last chapter of Revelations, where when the spiritually and heavenly-minded have cast off the last soils of earth, and have passed into the presence of “the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last,” who have made good their “right to the tree of life,” and the entrance into the eternal city—these are shut out. At the very gates of this divine capital of purified and enfranchised man, it is fearful to find the crowding swarms of these earth-worshipping souls. “For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters (all those who worship whatever is not divine), and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.”

It is a very common idea that tales of hauntings are something to make merry over; but if there be any truth in a thousand revelations by apparition, or otherwise, as by the peculiar condition of Swedenborg, in statements in different ages and nations, there is no philosophy, and few religions, which have a doctrine so awful as these hauntings. What do they tell us? Of souls tortured by the crimes of this life, by the memory of “the deeds done in the body.” Of souls who are ever striving and knocking, kicking and thundering at the gates of earth which have closed behind them, in the vain endeavour to make themselves heard by their fellow-men; who long with a burning desire, hot as that of the tongue-scorched Dives, to snatch the seemingly poor consolation of speaking out to those left behind, the crime which festers and corrodes within them. Souls bound to earth as by an almighty spell, and yet not admitted to that earth. Unable to advance to purer regions, because the word stands written on the eternal oracles that were for a life-time offered to them, day by day, that as the tree falls so it lies. The word which says, “that which is earthy, let it be earthy still,” and that “still,” if not a for-ever, yet of such a duration as seems to the human imagination almost a for-ever. Why, the poor Squire and Dame Children had been flitting about the wretched grange of Ramhurst from the days of George II., yet incapable of taking hold of a single angelry in the infinite world into which they had entered. The miserable burgomaster of Wimmenthal, whose haunting of the House of



Correction at Weinsberg, compelled the appointment of a commission of inquiry, as related by Dr. Kerner, the physician to the establishment, had, according to his own account, been an outcast from heaven, an intruder on earth for 400 years. His crime was the defrauding of some orphan wards, and his father, who had aided him in the crime, attended him in the shape of a black dog. "Without there are dogs." Such was the filthy condition of this spirit that the gentlemen of the commission, were almost suffocated when he came, and the women prisoners in that ward were often made violently sick by his cadaverous smell, realizing what Plato says of such gross spirits haunting tombs and graves. There are said to be evidences of the spirits haunting Willington Mill, having done so to an older house on the same spot for 200 years, and a clairvoyant from a distance, wholly unacquainted with the facts of the case, Mr. Procter says, being asked to go in a trance to this mill a few years ago, not only accurately described the two spirits frequently seen there, but said that they were gone down so deep into the earth, and were in so fearful a condition, that she was afraid to approach them, and in great agony entreated those about her to awake her. The history of haunting presents numbers of such cases.

Now, what inferences are we to draw from such cases? That there is no regulation in the first region of the intermediate state bordering on this earth, for the marching of such spirits off to their destination? That God has no police there, as we have here? That such disorderly souls are suffered for ever to hang about the outlets of this planet, and block up the thoroughfares of onward life for ever? By no means. That great numbers of such spirits still hang around us, the revelations of Swedenborg assert, and those of Spiritualism confirm. But it is simply because the first stage of spiritual life is the only stage to which such gross and heavy essences can attain. They can no more advance into the next and purer state than we can advance out of our material atmosphere. There is a natural, as well as a moral obstacle; or, rather, the moral and natural one are the same. There is, in the words of the Gospel, "a great gulf fixed" between every progressional stage or sphere, impossible to be passed without the throwing off an amount of earthiness which can no more get into that place than a fish can get into the air and live. Impurity of soul is not a mere phrase, much less a mere disposition; it is a state, a substantial fact, which never can be escaped from except by the one grand process announced by Christ—being born again. And how hard is that process to those who have thrown the whole energies of this whole life into the spirit of this life, is shown by the long and weary period in which such souls often haunt the dreary threshold of our earth. God,

undoubtedly, will send them off, up or down, some day, from thus blocking up the postern doors of existence; but his patience is wonderful—his processes are often slow to our thinking, “one day being as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day” with him. As Philip Bailey says,—

“He takes a thousand years to lift his hand off.”

Now, whilst our critics, who refuse to learn, go on telling us that Spiritualism teaches us nothing, there are such tremendous truths as these, amid other and more consolatory ones, that it is teaching us—that Scripture asserts a plain truth, and not a mere figure of speech, when it says, what we sow here we shall certainly reap hereafter. If we sow to corruption, we shall reap corruption. If we sow only earth, we are not likely to reap heaven, but something a very long way short of it. The old dogmas of pulpit theology, that no sooner shall we cast off our mortal bodies than, by a kind of spiritual hocus-pocus, we shall cast off our present tastes, habits, sins, and follies, finds no place in the revelations of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism teaches that this earth is a birth-place of souls, who, as they acquire a consciousness of their peculiar existence, find themselves presented with a Divine Manual explaining the objects of their creation, and the rules by which these are to be prosecuted and attained. They see there, and every day's experience confirms the fact, that this stage of existence is but a mere preliminary; but it is the school of the infinite and the permanent. That here we are to grow and form ourselves into what we are to be, and that not too much time is allowed for the purpose. Yet the bulk of mankind, though they see all this, admit it, and profess to act upon it, immediately fix their nails into the earth as barnacles attach themselves to a ship's bottom, and act as though they were resolved never to let go. They gather, build, scheme, accumulate, fashion their tastes, mould their desires and sentiments, all to the genius of this temporary platform. Their hour of exit, spite of this, comes; they are wrenched off from their sticking place by Death, and they enter on their second stage as thoroughly unfurnished for it as a caterpillar is for flying. Pulpit theology says,—“Cry to God at the last moment”—the God whose manual and vade-mecum you have all along had, and the plainest text of which is, that you are not to expect to gather ‘figs from thistles;’ and, heigh presto! all will be right!” Plead Christ's merits, without having any of your own, and he will instantly perform a miracle—turn you from a very worldly, scrubby, and gnarled old sinner, all rusted, and crusted, and cankered through with this worldism, with avarice and pride, and with a selfishness as tough as ten

gutta-perchas, instanter into a most holy, lovely, mild, gracious, and God-and-man-loving angel, and introduce you as very good company for those who have gone altogether upon another tack, and been all their lives "doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God."

Spiritualism believes in many miracles, but not in such a miracle as that. It does not believe in burnt brick being remodelled at pleasure like soft, unburnt clay. It does not believe that if you choose to make a scorpion, a swine, or a monkey of yourself, during the whole of this plastic and formative life, you can be metamorphosed into a cherub, or a seraph, without a pretty long process, and a most effectual scouring. If we do these things in the green tree, the divine question is, what shall we do in the dry? If we suffer the earth wholly to absorb us, and infiltrate and permeate us, converting us into the earthy, as petrifying water converts wood into stone, when we step into the spiritual world we shall have nothing in common with its higher conditions, and the history of hauntings tells a fearful tale of the age-long difficulty of re-grasping that fine, ethereal life which we have abandoned for the dust and garbage of time.

And now let us imagine what must be the torture, the mortification to ambitious souls—to those who on this temporary earth were resolved to be something higher than their fellows; who strained all their powers, and sacrificed every noble principle to take the first rank, to have the first honours; who must be of "the upper crust of society;" who would own no clay in their composition but the finest porcelain clay; for these to be set down in the lowest regions of spirit life, left to crawl amongst the very reptiles of grossness and vulgarity, whilst from day to day they see those who had remembered that earth was but the porch of life—eternity the great and illimitable house; and who had been in their earthly vessels cherishing the divine light and life of love—love to God manifested by love to man; received at the door of spirit existence, by those friends who had gone before, with songs and music, and conducted onward to that higher place which was in accordance with their higher condition. Do we not see in this a teaching of God, a teaching by punishment, a teaching by the means of the very ambition of these souls, which explains in a great degree their rueful hovering so long about this earth? and have we not here the verification of the words of our Saviour, "for many who are first shall be last, and the last shall be first?"

And as to that reception into life by friends and spirit-guardians, does not almost every death-bed of a good man or woman attest it? Do we not constantly find them, as the hour

of transition approaches, when that great awakening comes on the very worst and the very best, that what the country people have for ages called "the lightening before death," when the soul sees, knows, remembers everything of the past existence in a moment, when a great cloud seems rolled away, and the impression is, "Vanity of vanities, all here is vanity." When the silver cord is in the act of loosening, the golden bowl is breaking, the pitcher is breaking at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern, then what thousands of loving and trusting spirits hear music of celestial orchestras, see sights that kindle their faces with a divine beauty, and irradiate them with smiles of ravishment. The beloved of the past and the happiest days stand round them, and say—"Up! come with us! we are all here, the oldest and the youngest, ay, the very little ones who slid away so soon that they have long been dead to all the world but to one little, sacred, never-forgetting spot—the mother's heart. All are here!" Jacob Böhme asked his son if he did not hear that heavenly music, and bade him set open the door that he might hear it better. Mrs. Jameson, who in her day-time used to look very wise over the matter of Spiritualism, in her last hour looked up smilingly as at something above her, and her last words were, "Beautiful! beautiful!" The good Dr. Leifchild, whose very interesting life has just been published by his son, said to his niece, just before he died, "What! don't you hear it? don't you hear it? those heavenly harps?" and then, as if losing all cognizance of this world, he added, in soliloquy, "You can't all go in with me. I must go first; but keep close behind me, and open the gates wide, wide, wide for all!"

The annals of the good are voluminous with such divine recognition. If they tell us anything it is that those, "not dead, but gone before," come then faithfully; have long been working for that advent of the kindred souls; and come in troops and with instruments of music and instruments of protection, a celestial guard through the low first borderlands, haunted by the heavy souls and the unclean souls, protecting them from "the dogs that are without," and escorting them to their appointed "houses, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Numerous too are the narratives of great men, and so-called wise men, of the earth, whose ends have taught the other and fearful side of the lesson. "Who have come in with vanity, and have departed in darkness." The veil that is lifted by these ghosts, who ever and anon, give us some glimpses of themselves, and are received by the other wise men who have succeeded them in their vanity and darkness; with merriment and scorn, is the accordant sequel to such ends. In a word, the much ridiculed history of ghosts is just one of the things in

which the foolishness of God is so much better than the wisdom of man. It teaches exactly what the Scripture teaches, what the greatest men have taught; what the inner consciousness of the universal human heart teaches; and what the philosophy of prudence teaches,—that the credulous folly of clowns and gossips, the bugbears of the nursery, and the village ale-bench, are but the mock-sun of unenquiring superstition, which could not, however, exist if there were no real sun; but the wisdom of the matter is, not to cast aside every story without examination, nor to take every story without examination; but that, having sifted and winnowed your chaff, if there be some grain left, don't be so foolish as to throw away that. A man may be wise or foolish in dealing with anything, but assuredly that is not wisdom which neither thrashes nor winnows, but flings chaff and corn together upon the dunghill of the pedant. And this is my idea of the philosophy of haunting ghosts.

Happily there are visits of ghosts of another kind. Those apparitions which do not attach themselves persistently to one spot often for a long period, and frequently for no intelligible purpose, but come like a flash from heaven on some solemn occasion and then are gone. These are such as, leaving the body in some far-off place, notify to their friends by their presence the fact. Such as are drawn by a natural yearning to give a passing good-bye to those they love, in the very act of passing to a higher life. Such as come to warn of death or of danger, and having discharged their loving mission, are seen no more. This is the bright side of apparitionism, as kindly and consolatory in its nature as the other is dark and yet instructively fearful.

BEN JONSON A MEDIUM.

BEN JONSON, says Drummond, of Hawthornden (*Works*, folio, 1711), told me that about the time the plague raged in London, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which, amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension at which he should not be dejected. In the meantime, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection. The plague here mentioned must be that which raged with so much fury in the summer of 1603.—*Biographia Britannica*.

MYSTIC NUMBERS.

WHILE writing a work on the Book of Daniel and examining the subject of prophecy, I was led to investigate the subject of numbers as presented in the Scriptures, and arrived at some singular results which produced these conclusions:—

That ideas were originally expressed by a presentation to the senses of quantities and forms, the latter taken from animal life. That numbers are universal and have never varied, nor can man vary them; that they are of Divine origin, whilst letters and their various combinations into words are a subsequent invention of man.

Hence when an idea was given, it was expressed by a number; and the various modifications and attributes of the idea, by the various combinations of the number. Hence also when a man was spoken of, the idea was expressed by a number, and all his attributes by combinations of the number; and this pervades the Scriptures. I find the number of man was nine,—the highest and last numeral.

There are many persons who understand the singular attributes of the number nine, different from all other numbers; but for the uninitiated I will give a few illustrations. Take any sum you please, say 42, multiply by nine or three and three, and the product is 378, the sum total of which numerals is 18 or twice nine, and the 18 in sum total is once nine. Now that sum may be multiplied by any number again, and it will not destroy this property of the remainder,—that is, that the sum total of the numerals of which the product is composed shall be an even product of nine; as for instance, 378 multiplied by 4 equals 1,512, sum total 9. Again, 1512 multiplied by 6 equals 9072, sum total 18 or twice 9. Again, all the numerals (from 1 to 9 inclusive) combined amount to 45 or 9; and if you multiply all the numerals (123456789) by 9, the sum will be 9 ones; multiplied by 18 or twice 9, the sum will be 9 twos; and so on up to 9 nines or 81. These are a few of the many attributes of this number, not possessed by any other except to some extent of the number 3, of which 9 is the square. These computations extend beyond mathematical acumen, as does the formation of man.

The notations to the letters of the ancient languages I take to be their predecessors,—the spelling having been first done in numbers. Thus man in the most ancient Hebrew was spelled 1440, or thus A. 1, d. 4, m. 40.

The number nine pervaded the calculations and expressions of the East previous to the Israelitish church; but in that period a system of calculations based on the number 7 was inaugurated.

The periods at first were calculated as of 360 days, and this stood for a year long after the people must have known it was astronomically wrong; yet it represents a complete circle or a sun or a symbol of God, which, when reduced to the Hieroglyphic mode of expression by animals, became a serpent with his tail in his mouth making a circle,—first a symbol of Deity, then degenerated into a god; this transition is thus marked in Gen. xvii. 1 when Abraham's name was changed: the sum of the letters Abram amounted to 243 or one 9; whilst that of Abraham was 248, amounting to 14 or two sevens.

The representative men of those days, Enoch, Job, Methuselah, &c., contained the sum of nine in their names, as did Nebuchadnezzar, to whom the Israelites *went back* into captivity.

These are by no means the only evidences of this theory in the East previous to the Babylonish captivity. Temples were built to represent the idea of a man. They were a microcosm of a man. The Jewish temple was built upon Divine instruction, plans and measurements (II. Chron. iii. 3.): its length was 60 cubits, its breadth 20, and its height 120; hence its solid contents were 144,000, or the measure of a man—containing one nine. The measurement given (I. Kings vi. 2.) gives of solid contents but 36,000 cubits, yet the principle is the same—one nine; and Josephus gives us yet another, being 72,000 and 144,000—still the same principle. And this extends throughout all the plans—the numbers of rooms, the measurements of the porch; to such an extent, *without* any exception, as to exclude the idea of its being an accidental coincidence.

We next come to the temple seen in vision by Ezekiel, where the angel had a measuring reed “six cubits long by a cubit and a hand in breadth.” (Ezek. xl. 6.) The breadth of the building was one reed or six cubits or 18 spans or 36 hand-breadths or 108 thumb-breadths or 144 finger-breadths, these being the measures then used. And the height was one reed, the length 100 cubits, giving a solid contents of 36,000 cubits—again the same sum of one nine. And so with the measurements throughout this vision.

We may now go back to Noah's temple or ark or church, and the solid contents is 450,000 cubits. So in Deut. iii. 11., Og's bedstead was nine cubits long by four broad, “*after the cubit of a man,*”—making 36 cubits or one nine.

We next come to the measurement of the city of the New Jerusalem as seen descending by John, Rev. c. xxi. He says, “I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple of it.” Looking to a future different state in accordance with the promise contained in Jer. xxxi. 31., “Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the

house of Israel. . . . After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be my people, and they shall teach no more every man his neighbour and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me," &c. Now this spiritual state or city was foursquare, the length as large as the breadth, which was 12,000 furlongs, the length, breadth and height being equal. This gives a surface measurement of 144,000,000, or solid measurement of 144,000,000,000, each containing the *nine*,—"And he measured the wall thereof 144 cubits, according to *the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.*" Again all these measurements are on the same principle, from which we may plainly understand the Scripture thus: The Israelitish being a church of types and symbols, the temple there was the microcosm of humanity, to the innermost part of which the High Priest went at stated intervals and received the Word from the Holy Spirit.

When this system passed away, Christ inaugurated a new state wherein the type gave way to the reality, and man was initiated into his position as the Temple of the Holy Spirit, according to the same measure, and what John saw was the idea of the regenerate man or the true measure of humanity,—a temple no longer made with hands, but the temple that Christ raised in three days, where no priest is needed to teach his neighbour who is God; for God is in the Holy of Holies of His newly erected temple in the New Jerusalem. Hence it looks as though 144 was the measure of a man, or true temple of the Lord's spirit.

Now there is another *man*, and to express him we require another combination of the *nine*, and we have it in Rev. xiii. 18., and it reads thus: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: *for it is the number of a man*; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six," *i. e.* 666, equal to 18 or two nines.

I will not multiply these illustrations, but if you think this worthy, I can give some researches in chronology as respects the Hebrew Scriptures, wherein I produce results from the number *seven*, as strange and interesting as the above. R. A. W.

[Swedenborg states that all numbers in the Word signify things and states. The most ancient people, who were celestial and discoursed with angels, formed ecclesiastical computation by numbers, whereby they expressed universally those things, which by words they expressed singularly; but in process of time what these numbers involved became lost, except some general idea concerning certain numbers which have always retained a symbolic character.

That the number nine should be the number of a man, appears consistent with its character as being the head of the numerals. It is the completest of all numbers, being three multiplied into itself, and having its origin in the Divine Trinity.

Also that the number seven being the dominant number in the Israelitish church, arises from that number signifying what is holy, and therefore peculiarly applicable to a church which was, throughout, representative of holy things.

As we return towards the first order of things, there will be revived the knowledges concerning numbers that then obtained.—*ED. of The Crisis, America.*]

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

“And I felt that thought and action were no longer connected with the earthly tenement, but that they were in a spirit-body in every respect similar to the body which I knew to have been mine, and which I now saw lying motionless before me on the bed.”—*Home's Incidents in My Life*, p. 44.

“Sudden arose
 Ianthe's soul; it stood
 All beautiful in naked purity;
 The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
 Each stain of earthliness
 Had passed away; it reassumed
 Its native dignity, and stood
 Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber;
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,
 Yet animal life was there,
 And every organ yet performed
 Its natural functions; 'twas a sight
 Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
 The selfsame lineaments, the same
 Marks of identity were there;
 Yet, oh how different!”

Shelley's Queen Mab.

COUNT DE M——, when Minister at Stockholm, was staying at the house of the Count d' Uglas, after the Countess and his young daughter, who was in a bad state of health, had left him on their way to Paris. One morning he told the Count and Countess d' Uglas that he had passed a very uncomfortable night, for that he had continually seen a kneeling figure, sometimes on one, sometimes on the other side of his bed, and that though the back was turned to him, it perfectly resembled his daughter. The impression was so strong upon his mind, that he sketched the figure, which in fact did resemble hers. On comparing dates, it afterwards appeared that his daughter had died at that very time.—*Autobiography of Miss Knight.*

EXTERNAL SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—HOW PRODUCED.

It is admitted by the scientific that certain substances and localities generate, absorb, condense, and concentrate the electric element. Spirits mingle and temporarily interfuse their own spherulic electric emanations with this pervading physico-electric element, which then serves as an intermediate agent by which they act upon grosser matter. This is in perfect harmony with our own experience in daily life. How do *we* move, walk, or pick up? Neither our legs, arms or hands, do this or that of themselves. They are but *agents* acted upon and moved by some hidden force. We say the mind. But the mind, so far removed from the grossness of obvious materiality, must itself have intermediates. Bone, flesh, muscle, the *electric* and *magnetic* forces, and the still more refined nerve element, afford these. They all push one upon and into the other; and so the chain, commenced in thought, is carried along and ends in action. Spirits, then, by this interfusion of their *vital* magnetic and electric forces with the in-dwelling and surrounding local *physico-electric* and magnetic elements, get into connection with ponderable masses. The mind conceives, the will starts, the magnetic and electric currents expand and contract, the motion shoots along the line, takes hold of every fibre of the mass, and grasps the substance itself; *that* is obedient to the intelligence guiding all, and under its direction the manifestation is produced.

How do spirits rap? Upon the identical principle educing the thunder-clap. Two clouds, the one charged with the *positive*, and the other with the *negative* electric element, meet, and forthwith the shock and clap takes place. The *positive* cloud rushes upon the sufficiently substantiated resisting *negative* one, and the detonation, proportionate to the vigour of the charge, and the measure of resistance, strikes upon the auditory sense. Now spirits must have a sufficient quantity, and a proper quality, of the positive and negative *physical* and *vital* electricities, to give the *rap*. They use a nicely adjusted battery. All the difficulty, then, in making the detonation rests in the procuration of a proper battery. Hence, though they find in our bodies a certain amount and quality of the *vital* electricities, and in tables, floors and walls, a given measure of *physical* electricities, they *generally* do not, without a special developing process on their part, find the adapted quantity and quality in human forms and in inanimate substances. So they must prepare the physical constitutions of mediums to evolve the necessary forces. Occasionally, it is true, they discover mediums whose natural

physical qualities supply the requisite elements. It will be observed, that most rapping mediums possess active sanguine or nervous temperaments, evolving and throwing off large quantities of vital magnetism and electricity. Spirits desire to rap on a table. The medium is near by. By an exercise of will they surcharge that table *from* the mediatorial sphere with a sufficient amount of the adapted quality of electricity. There was in the table a measure of physical electricity, but not *vital* enough, or sufficiently compacted and condensed in it. They prepare the negative pole of the required battery, thus, in that table; then they positively *will* from themselves, and there goes streaming, in a fine current, obliquely downward—an electric force positive to the element filling the interstices of the table. The shock ensues, and the *rap* is heard. The resistance to the projected force is from the pores of the wooden mass, permeated by the negative electric element. You may beat the air with as huge a club as you can wield, but no sound save the whirring of the club cleaving the atmosphere is heard. There must be, as in the cloud, an *adequate* resistance. Now the electricity in the table is the medium through which the positive descending force takes hold of as it *strikes* the wooden substance—and the sound—the *rap* goes forth from that. The need is of a properly prepared *resistance*—a fitted battery. Electricity from the spirit, or spirits has a certain affinity for the electricity in the table. It does not strike the wooden substance primarily—it is seeking a *resting resistance*—and shoots along and through the element in the table into it, and forcibly impinges upon its porous mass. You can't get a rap on the *air*. A cloud is a certain substance.

When spirits desire to rap on walls, floors, or on stone or metallic substances, the *modus operandi* is the same. In all of these reside certain electricities, which may be increased as to quantity, or modified as to quality, from the fullness of the medium's prepared electric sphere. We have used the term *electric* in its general and convertible sense. It is but *one* agent, or force, but it differs in its kinds and qualities.

And spirits, also, *tip* tables, chairs and ponderable matter of heavier weight. To do this, the human medium is, likewise, generally needed. We would remark that there is a difference in the quality and quantity of vital electricity in the tipping medium from the one sphered for rapping. In the former, that element is not necessarily so largely evolved and thrown off—nor is it of so vital and intense a nature—at least, in mere gentle tipping of a table. Yet an individual may be, and frequently is, both fitted as a medium for tipping and rapping. When, too, huge and very ponderable substances are tipped or rocked, the electric element must be rapidly and largely evolved, and be of

sufficient density. Suppose the table is to be tipped. The medium, one either naturally so, from idiosyncrasy of physical constitution, or prepared and developed in this sphere by the appropriate manipulatory magneto and electro-surchargements and *equalization* of the spirits—is seated at it, with hands upon its surface. Affinities ever fuse, or seek fusion. The evolved mediatorial electricity, streams from the body and hands, envelopes and fills the partly naturally charged table, *marries* with its indwelling life, and they—these forces—become one. So the medium and the table may be said to be *sphered* together, through the fusion of the electric elements. Spirits take hold of and tip the table through the mediatorial electric sphere enveloping and permeating it. The will to tip goes forth in a stream of their own aroal electricity, fuses with that surrounding the medium, strikes into the pores of the table, grasps its mass, which, obedient to the intelligence moving, tips as directed. The arms of the medium are as wires, along which the current from the willing intelligence rushes. The individual is emphatically a *medium* between the moved substance and the mover—a spirit, or spirits. They do not so much operate upon the current in the arms of media, as they grasp the table itself. Hence, if they desire, or are requested to move or lift a particular *leg*, they take hold of *it*, through the medium of the surrounding and permeating electric element. How this is done, we think we have shown.

Undeveloped spirits from the grossness and density of their spheral emanations, and so, from being more in affinity with gross matter, more readily move solid substances; and frequently are employed by higher authority to give physical demonstrations. Educated or advanced spirits cannot so easily, if at all, from their spheral evolvments—so fine and refined are these—*without prepared apparatus*, take hold of and move gross matter.

Spirits *write* by control of the arm and hand; they control the nervous centres, and voluntary motions leading to the arm. They so get in the sphere of a man that, mingling theirs with his, the spiritual will operates upon the mediatorial organism, intercepting the electric flow between the arm and the battery—the brain. There is no need of absolute paralyzation of the will, but only of a sufficient abeyance of it as respects the voluntary use of the arm on the part of the medium. Then they grasp the arm—say at the wrist and above the elbow—just as they take hold of any material substance as heretofore explained. The usual voluntary control is held in abeyance. The arm, then, becomes, in part, an unresisting machine. They move that machine. They take hold of it through the medium of the electric element. The arm is full of that. And just as we, each of us, by an exercise of will, shoot along the nerves currents of electricity, positive and

negative—which by expansion and contraction move muscle, that grasping the bone and the mass of flesh—and so use the arm, just so do spirits use the member they control. They will the arm to write—and forthwith proceeds from them the sufficient force to control it, as we will, and control, and use any member of our bodies. Then, too, it is not always or absolutely necessary for the spirit to grasp the arm with its hands. A circle of spirits projecting an irresistible combined and united will-force, striking down in a compact current of electricity—the power of the current proportionate to their willing force—may, miles away and off, write through a medium. Let the medium sit passive—the arm in an easy rest—with pen in hand—then the forceful current freighted with a strong, guiding will-power, descending penetrates through all the muscular fibres and nervous tissues of the arm, controls these through the medium of the indwelling electricity, and uses—and *writes* by that member and its hand.

In some individuals the *involuntary* resistance is greater than in others—in some to that degree as not to permit a conscious automatic control. Hence, it is sometimes necessary for the medium to be magnetized before the spirits can sufficiently control the hand to write through it. In some cases there is not a sufficiently continuous repose to admit of spirits' control. The cause of this is either an irritable nervous condition, or an exceeding activity of temperament, approximating to an unbalanced condition. It is clear to the writer, that if this method of control could be generally and easily obtained in the mediatorial sphere, it would the more manifest its work; for spirits love to write their exact thought, even if they cannot give it the desired dress. Ideas from spirits coming even by automatic or mechanical writing, apparel themselves in part, from the mind-sphere of the medium. Those conversant with this method of manifestation well know that fact. The thought may be from a disembodied intelligence, but the orthography and syntax will often be the medium's.

Notices of Books.

Passages in the Life of Dr. Leifchild, Minister of Craven Chapel.
By his Son, J. R. LEIFCHILD, A.M.

DR. LEIFCHILD says that his father, a cooper, of Barnet, and a Methodist in religion, “believed in all John Wesley’s ghost-stories, and in the spirit-origin of all the odd noises which the founder of Methodism described with so much detail as disturbing the peace of the Wesley family.”

“He always expected to see a spirit from the regions beyond the grave, nor did he dread, but rather coveted the interview.

On one occasion, after having preached at a distance from home, on the text, 'Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water,' he found upon his return, on a dark Sunday night, a considerable part of the road completely overflowed, and the waters rising higher and higher. At first he drew back; but recollecting the text from which he had been preaching, he chid himself for his unbelief, and boldly committed himself to the waters. He was borne along safely, but in what manner he never could determine. He declared that he was filled with divine peace and satisfaction of mind, and, to his astonishment, he found himself, after some considerable time, safe on the other side. Even on his death-bed he retained a recollection of the peace he then enjoyed."—p. 13.

"Our family," says Leifchild, "was not without its tales of wonder and superstition. My grandfather's credulity has already been mentioned; and one of his daughters could a tale unfold that would enthral the young, if it only amused the old. One of his sisters, also, was a believer in ghosts and ghost-lore, and could narrate a tale which she solemnly declared to be a true history. This shall be related in my father's words, as it happened in his St. Alban's period.

"I will give an account of an occurrence which soon after befel my aunt, for the truth of which, as an event, I can vouch, but of which I can offer no solution. She was standing in a little shop fronting the street while a customer was being served. On a sudden, her absent son passed in the street before her, and, as he passed, gave her a look of recognition, which so surprised and overjoyed her, that, forgetting everything else, she rushed into the street after him. When there, she could not see him, and concluded that he was gone to the alley, which led to the abbey, (my father pointed this out to me, and the place of apparition) and meant to hide himself away. We went, as soon as we could assemble, in search of him, but could not discover any trace of the son. My aunt then concluded that she had seen his spirit, and fell seriously ill. I noted the circumstances in writing at the time, and pondered over them.

"A few weeks afterwards my father came to see us, and my aunt truly divined his errand. He had received a letter from the captain of the ship in which her son was sailing, stating that the unfortunate lad had fallen from the mast, and fractured his skull. While lying on his death-bed he directed the captain to write to my father, whose address he named. The dates of this misfortune and the hallucination corresponded precisely. The deceased was a clever, amiable, and handsome youth; and his mother never completely recovered her animation after his death.'"—p. 21.

It is worth while to ask here, in passing, how long educated men will continue to use such words as superstition and hallucination, in relating psychological facts, from fear of being thought credulous? Here we have Mr. Leifchild, an A.M., stating that his family had its tales of wonder and *superstition*, and he relates, as one of those superstitions, the circumstance just quoted, which his father asserts to be "an event for which he can vouch." Here we have Dr. Leifchild himself, a D.D., and minister of the Gospel, relating as an event a mother seeing the apparition of her son who was killed that moment at sea, and he calls the mother's seeing him an "hallucination." Now, Walker defines superstition to mean "unnecessary fear, or scruples in religion; religion without morality; false religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence; over-nicety; exactness too scrupulous." Let Mr. Leifchild apply any of these meanings to the fact related, and see what nonsense it makes. Was the mother's seeing the apparition of her son—a fact proved by the subsequent news—"an unnecessary fear, or scruple in religion?" was it "religion without morality?" was it "false religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence?" was it "an over-nicety; an exactness too scrupulous?" or was it, in truth, a simple, honest fact, which Mr. Leifchild was afraid of calling by its right name, and therefore fell into some sad twaddle?

But the learned doctor, his father, cuts as bad a figure from the same moral cowardice. This, which he calls—"an event for which he can vouch," the mother seeing her son at the moment of his death far away at sea—an "hallucination." What is an hallucination? Turn to Walker, and it is "an error, a blunder, a mistake." Where was the error, the blunder, the mistake? Certainly not in the mother, whom the doctor admits to have seen a reality—"an event for which he could vouch;" the error, blunder, and mistake are in the doctor, who dared not to say that it was a genuine sight of her son, though it was an event to be vouched by him, and so talks, like his son, only nonsense.

"One Sabbath morning," here Dr. Leifchild himself is speaking of an incident during his ministry at Kensington, "a singular lapse of memory befel me, which I had never before and have never since experienced. When I rose from sleep, I could not recollect any portion of the discourse which I had prepared on the day before; and what was most strange, I could not even remember the text of the prepared sermon. I was perplexed, and walked out before breakfast in Kensington Gardens. While there a particular text occurred to my mind; and my thoughts seemed to dwell upon it so much that I resolved to preach from that, without further attempting to recal what I had prepared, a thing which I had never ventured to do during all my ministry.

“From this text I preached, and it was ‘Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ I preached with great liberty, and in the course of the sermon I quoted the lines—

“‘Beware of desperate steps! the darkest day—
Live till to-morrow—will have passed away.’

“I afterwards learned that a man in despair had that very morning gone to the Serpentine to drown himself in it. For this purpose he had filled his pockets with stones, hoping to sink at once. Some passengers, however, disturbed him while on the brink, and he returned to Kensington, intending to drown himself in the dusk of the evening. On passing my chapel he saw a number of people crowding into it, and thought he would join them in order to pass away the time. His attention was rivetted to the sermon, which seemed to be in part composed for him, and when he heard me quote the lines alluded to, he resolved to abandon his suicidal intention.”—p. 101.

At page 119 Dr. Leifchild both asserts his belief in “a special retributive providence even in this life,” and in his own occasional gift of prophecy. The passage provokes some remark, whether there was not rather a triumph in the good man’s mind over his fallen enemy, and as to what others might and often do call a coincidence; but we give it as it is, and are glad to find the same persons who hold spiritual revelations at one time to be superstitions, and at another to be hallucinations, at others admit them to be religious truths. A brother minister had maligned Dr. Leifchild, and his son and biographer thus proceeds:—

“The good man’s rooted conviction was that all such persons as his unamiable backbiter would certainly be punished, either in themselves or their children, for such misdeeds as the one specified; and this belief he held most strongly in relation to all injuries inflicted on God’s righteous ministers. Of course, therefore, while he endeavoured to forgive his base brother, he prophesied in his own home that the said brother would be punished in this world, in himself or his household, though he himself might not hear of it. But the remarkable thing is that he *did* hear of it, and in a singular manner. Later in life a lady, who was in urgent need of money, applied to him by letter, and founded his claim to notice on the fact that she was the daughter of his old friend (!) at Bristol, naming the very minister who had been the base brother. My father shewed me the letter with the air of a man who finds a long-maintained theory strikingly confirmed. ‘Here,’ said he, ‘is the fulfilment of my prophecy. Here is the daughter of my old enemy in absolute distress. Who could have conceived this would happen when I was at

Bristol, and he was in the height of his pride? I will send her a sovereign, not because she has any claim upon me, but because I wish to prove to my own mind that I have forgiven her father's malignity.'” And he said it, says the son without any allusion to the past, of which the daughter was probably uninformed.

At Bristol, Dr. Leifchild became acquainted with John Foster, the celebrated author of the *Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance*, and many other compositions, the profound knowledge of human nature and acute analysis of character displayed in which warrant the high estimation in which he is held by the Congregationalists and a large public beside. We are glad to learn that “Mr. Foster had a firm belief in many stories of supernatural appearances;” and, says Dr. Leifchild, “he one day asked me if I doubted the reported facts of that nature, or disbelieved in the occurrence of such visitations. On my replying that I did, and that greatly, he exclaimed—‘Why, sir, what argument is conclusive against them? Did you never hear of a young man of extraordinary powers at Bristol, with whom Dr. Priestly corresponded, and that he had been supernaturally visited, though he had previously been altogether incredulous on the subject? Dr. Priestly wrote to this young man to know if the report were correct, adding, that if he did not deny it, he should interpret his silence as an affirmative, and that in such case he should alter his own opinions on the subject.’ I could only rejoin that I still disbelieved.”—p. 162.

At page 197 we have a curious exemplification of the constant check which the spirit of modern education keeps on the Divine Spirit in preaching. “I was once,” says Dr. Leifchild, “preaching at Craven Chapel, upon the subject of ‘Importunity in Prayer,’ from the narrative of Jacob wrestling with the angel, and became impassioned towards the close. I really felt as if God were only waiting for the people to strive with him in prayer for a blessing to bestow it upon them. I felt that they might, at that time, have it; and Charles Wesley’s hymn on ‘Wrestling Jacob’ came to my recollection. The peculiar character of his poetry, that of aggravating a thought, and working it up to a climax, is most evident in that fine composition. I then repeated, with great earnestness, parts of it, and these lines with emphasis:—

‘I never will let go my hold—
Be conquered by my instant prayer—
Tell me thy name, and tell me *now!*’

I now perceived an unusual emotion in the large assembly. It extended and deepened itself by sympathy. A vast number of people seemed to me to be upon the point of rising and responding to me. I felt sure that I had but to proceed in the same strain and they *would* rise. Here was a temptation; but it occurred to

me, what a condition we should be in if I were not able to quell the excitement after they had risen. I feared it might advance to extravagance. This, too, was the time when Mr. Irving's devotees were vociferating in strange tongues, not very far from me in Newman-street, Oxford-street, and disgracing themselves by enthusiastic outbursts, with which I feared any excitement amongst us would be confounded. On the other hand, I thought if this were the work of God, I might offend him, and retard it by my timidity. All this passed through my mind instantaneously, and while I paused for a moment or two, I inwardly invoked God's influence and direction, and I then determined to proceed in a dispassionate strain, and thereby I calmed the minds of the people.

"I have never yet been able to determine whether I did right. But my brother, who was then attending upon my ministry, came into the vestry after this sermon, and declared that he had been in such agitation, between a strong impulse to rise up and speak aloud, and his sense of decency and order, that he would on no account voluntarily suffer such excitement again, but would rather go out of the chapel."—p. 198.

This account is very expressive of the crippled state into which even the best condition of the ministry of the pulpit is now brought by the paralyzing efforts of mere school theology. The ablest and most honest men act, under its influence, as paralytics, not sure of their own movements. Dr. Leifchild was a powerful preacher, and produced strong convictions in many minds; had he learnt like the apostles, and like the great disciples of all times to rely fully and confidently on the divine spirit and its inspirations, and less on the modern system of sermon manufacture, how infinitely much more he might have done. What a vast distance there is between the condition of those who went forth taking no care as to what they should think, or what they should say, assured that in the proper hour it would be given them, and of those who have now placed their chief dependence on a careful pre-composition of a discourse framed on the model approved and taught at theological seminaries! Such preachers, with the reliance on their own work instead of God's work, and the fear of criticism before their eyes, at the very moment when the true spirit comes upon them, stand confounded by its effects, and dare not trust its teachings. On the very verge of a grand spiritual effect, they pause, reason, and are lost. Had Whitefield or Wesley done this, where would have been the mighty works which "shewed forth themselves in them?" Where would have been those thousands and tens of thousands startled, appalled, shaken, and broken to pieces—those stocks and stones raised in the fire and whirlwind of the spirit into living and new creatures? Where would have

been the wondrous effects which they produced, the great churches which they raised out of the very refuse of a lost and demoralized population?

The man practised in any craft or science trusts entirely in his acquired power, and fears no mischance. The acrobat, the musician, the painter, the master of any nice or subtle art, go calmly through the most difficult passes and manœuvres with all the dexterity and assurance of nature itself; but the modern preacher, standing on his academic stilts, finds the spirit suddenly coming in upon him and his hearers, and he trembles, and cannot move another step. It is conscious weakness that undoes him. The cripple dare not leap for he knows that he shall fall—that is left to the healthy subject. We read nowhere of the apostles stopping the in-rushing of the mighty wind of a Pentecost lest it should produce confusion or extravagance. The outsiders did think them drunk, but the people were added to the church to the amount of three thousand at once. Dr. Leifchild never could tell to the day of his death whether he had done right or wrong in calling down this invocation. For our part we should have been continually haunted by the awful words "Quench not the Spirit." And how are we to understand the very next words of his filial biographer? "One prominent characteristic of his preaching was its stimulating and quickening power for Christian work. Instructive and informing as it was in relation to many sermonic topics, the issue of all was to infuse a spirit of ceaseless activity into all willing hearers. He would have a congregation distinguished by its zeal, energy, and liberality."

These remarks seem rather adapted to a preaching which gives free scope to spiritual action, under the safe guidance of a mind accustomed to divine influence, than to the checking system, which stops the rising effect, and then wonders whether it has done right or wrong. Such a system may maintain decent, respectable congregations in an orderly but hybrid condition of greenish unfruitfulness, but it is not the system of "stimulative and quickening power for Christian work." And this we say, not in any blame of Dr. Leifchild, who was a vigorous, and learned, and useful minister, but in regret that such a man should be held in bondage of church or chapelism when he might have broken forth like Whitefield or Wesley into a mighty husbandman, irrigating whole districts with the flooding waters of life. And so may many others, if they can only break the bondage of modern *convenances*, and dare to be simple, old-fashioned Christians.

The words of Dr. Leifchild, just before his death, show that he had then opened his ears to sounds about which he had no doubt. To his niece he said, "What! don't you hear it? don't you hear it?—those beautiful harps!"

In closing these remarks we may note the singular disclosures which this volume gives us of that fear of criticism in preachers to which we have alluded. Dr. Leifchild was terribly afraid of preaching before Robert Hall—Robert Hall of preaching before Dr. Chalmers! The sense of the man and the scholar was too much alive for the sense of the Apostle, which knows nothing but Christ and Him crucified, and fears no man when it stands in the circle and amid the lightnings of God's Spiritual Sinai, before which the greatest intellects forget critical propensities, and tremble and worship. We hear of no such critical terrors haunting the inspired fishermen.

TWO MORE HONEST LETTERS.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr. Barge to Mr. Home:—

“ Beech Mount, Higher Broughton,
“ Manchester, June 1st, 1863.

“ DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your courtesy in sending me to-day the *Spiritual Magazine*; in which, to my surprise, you publish, *in extenso*, my letter of April 9th! You usher it to the public in juxtaposition with a name, honoured and respected in Lancashire, Colonel Wilbraham, who compliments you upon your ‘séances,’ and negatively cushions my objections to your book.

“ I admire your pluck, fairness, and candour; aye, even your criticism; but you are somewhat hard upon my ‘ignorance.’ Come now, Mr. Home, this is too bad! To be ‘ignorant’ is my misfortune, and not my fault; and for my want of capacity you ought not to *twit* me; but I am sadly afraid that, underneath the surface of your *attempt* to be funny, there is an under-current of annoyance, although you *do* try to look composed, and to pun on my name, and speak of ‘London barges’ as being adapted to ‘carry heavy goods and rubbish of all kinds.’ Not of ‘ALL kinds,’ good Mr. Home; for when your book was brought to my ‘craft’ as ballast, it was deemed too inferior, and was instantly pitched overboard! I immediately wrote you. This made you angry, and you publish my letter, meant for you only, in to-day’s Magazine. It will do you good; and the interlarding it with personality will *tell* well for you, and do me no harm. I hope, some day or other, to take you by the hand, and make your personal acquaintance! *we* will talk about Florence, and speak of a namesake of yours, for it cannot be *you?* who gave a *séance* in that lovely city; and (let me speak

it '*sub silentio*') *phosphorized the cornices of the room!* The trick was discovered by a quick-sighted Englishman, and the Spiritual Lecturer was compelled to fly from Florence next morning, in order to escape a sound ducking in a horsepond. Don't let us tell this to a gaping public, who care little for you and less for myself. So now, Mr. Merryman, put up your drumsticks and draw the curtain.

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"THOS. BARGE.

"P. S.—As an emetic I recommend '*Spiritualism in Australia*,' page 283, in to-day's Magazine.

"D. D. Home, Esq., &c., &c."

[Mr. Barge is quite right in his supposition that the phosphorus incident does not apply to Mr. Home, who will be much obliged to Mr. Barge if he will publish the name of "the quick-sighted Englishman" and get him to authenticate the story, which we shall be happy to publish.—ED.]

A good example is not long without followers, and we are much pleased to find that Col. Wilbraham's frank and decisive letter has been the means of our now introducing a similar letter from the literary veteran, Mr. S. C. Hall. We sincerely trust that others will be induced to follow these examples. If those who believe were only true to themselves and to their convictions, we should in one short month be able to turn the laugh entirely against the silly pressmen and materialists who think that their din can prevent the truth from being heard, and that their ridicule is sufficient to extinguish all spiritual laws.

"8, Essex Villas, Campden Hill,

"June 10th, 1863.

"SIR,—I follow the example of Colonel Wilbraham, and desire to record my belief in the statements put forth by Mr. D. D. Home (*Incidents of my Life*). I have myself seen nearly all the marvels he relates: some in his presence, some with other mediums, and some when there was no medium-aid (when Mrs. Hall and I sat alone). Not long ago, I must have confessed to disbelief in all miracles: I have seen so many, that my faith as a Christian is now not merely outward profession, but entire and solemn conviction. For this incalculable good I am indebted to '*Spiritualism*;' and it is my bounden duty to induce knowledge of its power to teach and to make happy. That duty may, for the present, be limited to a declaration of confidence in Mr. Home.

"Yours, &c.,

"S. C. HALL, F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law."