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DARKNESS AS AN ELEMENT OF POWER IN THE
DIVINE ECONOMY.

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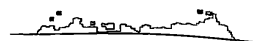
He came at length,
To find a stronger faith his own:
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone,
But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Although the trumpets blew so loud.
TENNYSON.—" *In Memoriam.*"

INSTANCES OF THE PRESENCE OF DARKNESS IN THE MIRACULOUS
MANIFESTATIONS IN THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Lord created the world in darkness, for it was not till the
dawn of it was completed and nearly ready to receive animal
life, that He said, "Let there be light, and there was light." It
is most remarkable that the six days of the vegetable and animal
creation, that is, when the creating power was operating for their
vivification, were properly six nights; "the evening and the
morning was the first day," and so on through the whole six.
It was in the night that Jacob wrestled with the angel, and as
the light began to appear the angel said, "Let me go, for the
day breaketh," as if his power declined with the dawn. It was in
the night that the angel of God slew all the first-born of Egypt. It
was in the night that the great miracle of dividing the Red Sea
was done for the Israelites to pass over, for it says the angel of
the Lord shifted his place from leading the Israelites and went
behind them, so that the pillar of a cloud was darkness to the
Egyptians, but gave light by night to the Israelites. The strong
east wind blew all that night, and made the sea dry land. "And

in the morning watch the Lord looked through the pillar of fire and cloud, and troubled the Egyptians. And the sea returned in his strength when the morning appeared." It was in darkness that the law was delivered on Mount Sinai. There were thunder and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the Mount. And Moses went up into the mount, and a cloud covered the Mount. And the cloud covered it six days, and on the seventh day the Lord called to Moses out of the cloud. When Moses had broken the tables of stone, and was again called up into the Mount, it says again, "The Lord descended in the cloud and the thick darkness." Deut. v. 22. It was in the night that God rained his miraculous manna, and for forty years fed his people upon it in the wilderness. The miraculous testimonies of the dew on the fleece given to Gideon were both in the night. Judges vi. 37 to 40. Gideon's miraculous victory at the battle of the lamps and pitchers was by night, and the attempt was suggested to him by a dream. Judges vii. God first revealed himself by an audible voice to the prophet Samuel by night. 1 Samuel, iii. The miraculous cutting off of the head and hands of the idol Dagon was by night. The witch of Endor raised Samuel at Saul's request by night. 1 Samuel, xxviii.

David in his song of thanksgiving, 2 Samuel, xxii, describes God as exerting his power from the midst of darkness:—"He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And He made darkness pavilions about Him, dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." God employed the night to announce to Solomon in a dream his coming greatness: and when that monarch dedicated the new temple to God, the glory and presence of God manifested itself by "a cloud that filled the house, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." Then Solomon spake:—"The Lord said that He would dwell in the thick darkness." A most remarkable saying! If God dwells in the thick darkness, certainly darkness in itself cannot be unholy. It was by night that the angel slew 185,000 men in the camp of the Assyrians, 2 Kings, xix. 35. 'This is an awful instance of the "pestilence which walketh in darkness." Elihu, in Job, tells us that it is "in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," that God "opens the ears of men;" and it was in the night that Eliphaz in the same book tells us that he saw a spirit, iv. 12. The miraculous events of the book of Daniel chiefly occurred in the night. The dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, the coming forth of the hand at the feast of Belshazzar, and the casting of Daniel into the lions' den, were in the night. Daniel's great historic visions, he says, he "saw in the night." It was the time of the coming oblation that the



Angel Gabriel appeared to him, informing him of the time of the advent of the Messiah.

Proceed from the Old to the New Testament, and you find the presence of night and darkness equally used in divine manifestations. It was by night that the angels announced the birth of Christ to the shepherds near Bethlehem. It was by a star, which, of course, was seen at night, that the Eastern Magi learned that the Messiah was born, and traced him to his birth-place. Joseph was warned in a dream to flee into Egypt, and by another dream when to return with Jesus and his mother. Jesus was forty nights as well as days tempted of the devil in the wilderness. What would be said now by *our* Scribes and Pharisees, if they knew that a medium had been forty days and nights in a solitary place with the devil? It was in the midst of a dark cloud that Christ was transfigured in the Mount, and Moses and Elias appeared to him and his disciples. It was in the night that Christ was seen walking on the sea. It was night when Jesus sought strength from God in Gethsemane before his crucifixion. It was night when Christ healed the ear of Malchus, the servant of the High Priest.

At the moment when Christ expired on the cross darkness fell on the earth. "It was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst," Luke xxiii. 44. The other evangelists say the veil was rent from the top to the bottom. It was in the night that the stone was rolled away, supernaturally rolled away from the sepulchre of the Saviour, for the women found it already rolled away when they came, "very early in the morning," Luke xxiv. 1-2. It was night when Jesus went in to sup with the two disciples at Emmaus, and broke bread, and vanished from their sight. It was evening, when the doors were shut, that he appeared to his disciples, passing miraculously through the closed doors or walls. What is still more remarkable is that our Saviour rose from the dead in the night, for he was already gone when the women arrived, and the angel sitting on the stone which had been rolled away said, "He is not here, he is risen." And he shewed them the place where he had lain. Finally, as Christ expired in the midst of darkness and rose in darkness, so he ascended from the sight of his disciples in a cloud, and as he had himself said that he should come again in the clouds of heaven, so the angel said to the disciples, that he should come again in the same manner as they had seen him go, that is, in a cloud.

It was night when the angel opened the prison at Jerusalem, and brought out the apostles. It was night when Paul and Silas were in the prison at Philippi, "and suddenly there was a great

earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed," Acts xvi. 26. It was midnight when Paul, at Troas, restored the young man Eutychus, who had fallen out of the window, Acts xx. 9. It was in the night that an angel appeared to Paul on his voyage to Rome, and assured him of safety in the coming wreck of the vessel.

Such are some of the numerous instances in the Old and New Testament of the use of night and darkness in preternatural manifestations, and these by God himself, by Christ, by the Prophets and Apostles. Now I do not mean to say that God could not have performed all these things, and enabled his servants to perform them. God is omnipotent, and can do what he pleases, and in whatever manner he pleases, but we know that he has established laws for the government of both the physical and spiritual worlds, and He respects his own laws, and uses them. What I mean, therefore, to say is, that the employment of night and darkness in the sacred history, is an unanswerable sanction to the use of the same elements in the extraordinary manifestations of our time, and of all times. It is more. The long series of these occurrences, from the day of creation to the establishment of Christianity, demonstrates a law auspicious to their performance in the absence of the sunlight, and often of all light; "and what God has joined, let no man put asunder." What is sanctioned and practised by Him needs no other sanction, and cares not for any cavilling on the part of men who have not in a fair and philosophical spirit studied reverentially the law and idiosyncracies of co-operative mind and matter.

True, there is a dark side even to darkness itself. There is the reverse, the reactionary side. All things have two sides, and there is the legal and loyal side of night and darkness, and there is the illegal and disloyal side. That which is a power in the hands of God, the devil seizes on as a hostile power in his. There are those who "hate the light because their deeds are evil." These are of their father, the devil, who, while he uses darkness to overturn and corrupt, hates the light which God and Christ and their followers do not. They love the light, and employ the darkness to procure fresh developments of moral and spiritual light. Here is the grand and eternal distinction between God and the devil, between the servants of God and the servants of the devil. The one party uses darkness for beneficial purposes, loving the light still; the other party uses darkness to corrupt and destroy, to cover all manner of crime and sensuality, of violence and oppression, hating the light because their deeds are evil. The evil know that darkness is a great power, and they

greatly abuse it; and the greater will be their condemnation, for God will punish every abuse of his gifts and power: "woe to him by whom the offence cometh."

Let us now leave God's Book of Revelation, and look into His great book of nature. There darkness asserts its power equally, and claims to be one of the created things and good instruments of the Almighty. "I form the light, and create darkness," Isaiah xiv. 7. These are the words of God, and we see them verified everywhere in His creation. It was in darkness that God created the world. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. *And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*" It was thus in darkness that God was operating as he created the world. In physical but not in spiritual darkness, for spirit has its own spirit-light, and all darkness is light before God. It was in physical darkness, as we have seen, that He proceeded during the six days to create all vegetable, animal, and human life, for each day, so-called, of creation lay between the "evening and the morning."

Thus in that darkness, so much protested against, the world was created. Out of darkness sprang the great world and all things in it, and out of darkness everything still continues to spring. All light and life is born of darkness. The sun shines in the midst of enveloping darkness, for darkness is the substratum of the universe, and all the suns floating in its infinite space do but shed their light into this darkness which is everlastingly, incessantly swallowing up this light, and were the suns to withhold but for an instant their rays, primæval darkness would be found there still sitting on her eternal throne, still asserting her primitive and indefeasible sway. It was, therefore, that the ancients paid homage to Night as a deity. They knew and felt that she was eternal. Nox, most ancient, most regal of all mothers. Nox and Erebus, her husband-brother, the most honoured and widely sung by the great classic poets.

"Nox," says your Lempriere, "one of the most ancient deities amongst the heathen, daughter of Chaos. From her union with her brother Erebus, she gave birth to the Day and the Light. She was also the mother of the Parcae, Hesperides, Dreams, Discord, Death, Momus, &c. She is called by one of the poets, the mother of all things, of gods as well as men, and, therefore, she was worshipped with great solemnity by the ancients." In a word, in the ancient mode of personifying truth, the classical nations thus expressed a great philosophical idea. They felt that out of night and darkness sprang all things. That from them and their mother Chaos came forth all the worlds, powers, lives and living

images of creation. That night still reigned undethroned; though irradiated by the light of suns and stars still ever present, ever undestroyed. Wherever the sunlight is cut off, there instantly reappears the eternal groundwork of darkness. The moment the earth turns one hemisphere from the sun, all is again night and darkness. In the blaze of day close your shutters, or descend into your cellar, and you find the ever-present darkness—Nox unquenched, unconquered. Amid the light sea of every sun, the greater, the infinite ocean of night rolls its everlasting billows, and swallows up the radiance, and makes perpetual waste of it, and drives vast inroads into it, and springs like an immortal athlete upon the smallest point of weakness, and stands confessed in its imperial potency. Nay, ever and anon, this queen of eternity stands proudly forth, and stamps her ebon seal on the very face of the sun, and confounds the astronomer with apparitions of blackness, for which the physiologists labour in vain to account. These are the ever-recurring assertions of the supremacy of darkness.

But if the worlds were created out of the womb of darkness, if darkness still defends her hereditary right, and asserts her presence infinite and everlasting, not the less does mankind demand her helping hand, and owe existence to her beneficent power. All nations, all men—all classes of men—kings, peasants, statesmen, and fools, philosophers and poets, beggars and lords, all—men, women and children—all owe their existence to darkness. In darkness are they all conceived, and in darkness are they matured to the birth; and when they issue to light and claim proudly to be the Autochones and *Αυτόκλητοι*, or self-called of creation, they find that they cannot live many hours without this veiled, the dark, but all-beneficent and embracing and restoring mother. About twelve or fourteen hours of the light to these boasted children of the light, to these philosophers and *savans*, who are no sooner on their legs than they audaciously deny the mother that bore them, are enough to lay prostrate their vaunted strength, to weary their vaunted intellectual powers, and they are glad to accept the tender offices of motherly cherishing darkness. They coil themselves up in their nocturnal blankets, and through the generous night, from the mighty but gentle hands of darkness, they draw that fresh gift of strength which shall enable them to keep on foot another twelve hours of light, in which to denounce their sable mother as an impious hag, and the author of all evil! These are your learned pigmies, swelling in the borrowed light of the sun, like ants on their little hill, imagining themselves the lords of all knowledge, who are nevertheless born of darkness, renewed at every turn of the earth's axle by darkness, groping as in a deeper intellectual darkness and imagining it light, feeding on darkness, drinking the waters of darkness and the wine of

darkness, clothed in the products of darkness; who are every day denouncing their native darkness, and denying her the right to perform her operations in her native realm and element, where it does not suit the theories which their schoolmasters have beaten into them. The great machinery of the universe is from darkness evoking all the wealth of the worlds; in darkness maturing all the sustenances of life, all the materials of art and science, all the instruments and apparatus of philosophy, and yet they will not allow a medium to call in the aid of their common mother for a moment without a sneer and a curse. Certainly, of all the arrogance and unreason which this unreasonable world has to shew, there is none more arrogant and ludicrous than this.

I say that these decriers of darkness are not only born from darkness, and are every twenty-four hours reunited and revived by darkness, or they would go down to darkness altogether, but that they are supported during their hours of light as the constant and unfailing products of darkness. Darkness produces, reproduces, feeds, clothes and warms them. Every animal on which they depend for milk, and butter and meat, or for assistant labour, for wool and silk for their clothes and their bed clothes, like themselves, are produced in darkness, and nourished, if not literally daily, yet quotidianly by darkness. Their wool was created in darkness, and grows half its time in darkness. Every vegetable is produced and sustained just the same by darkness. You must thrust your seed corn, and your seeds of any kind into the dark bosom of the earth, if you mean to have corn and wine, and oil at all; if you mean to have fodder for your cattle, and fruits as well as food for yourselves. All those rich and varied fruits, the grape, the peach, the nectarine, the apricot and almond, the legion kinds of apple and pear, the banana and plantain, the mango and mangostein, the date, the bread fruit, the brilliant plum and melting strawberry, all God's fruits, whether of the torrid or the arctic lands, where would you get them but from the ubiquitous hand and prolific bosom of darkness? Darkness is the handmaid of light, preparing whatever it has afterwards to mature. If you will have wine and beer and cider, you must draw them forth from the dark earth, and then from the dark cellar. The processes which originate and perfect them are conducted in precisely the same absence of solar magnetism, or in precisely the same element as the phenomena of the Davenports, of many other spiritual manifestations, as many of the labours of the photographer, the chemist and the manufacturer. Denounce the photographer, oh man of cynical wisdom, denounce the chemist, denounce the artist of many kinds, denounce the sun which puts out your fire at noon, for they are all guilty of needing absolutely the same probation of shade, or of exciting the light

to defeat the operations of light. The daylight which gives colour to all objects, to the brilliant cloud and the richest tissue, and the most gorgeous or delicate flower, by the same action destroys it. There are laws of light and darkness, laws of God operating uniformly and everywhere in creation, which none but the ignorant, however wise in their own conceit, will think of calling in question. The mightiest agencies of God reside and work in darkness. The earthquake shakes the world, and topples down cities swarming with life, and strikes terror even into the soul of the proudest philosopher, from its subterranean strongholds of darkness. The volcano howls forth its torrents of rocks, smoke and fire from the same dark laboratory of power, where it collected its strength. All the imponderable forces, to which the forces of man are as the crushed straw floating on the storm-lashed ocean, are forces of darkness. The electric fluid flashes only for a moment in flame, but it issues from darkness on its winged way to rend the rocks and the oaks of the forest. It issues from the dark earth to speak along the opaque body of the telegraphic wire. Magnetism exerts its greatest power in the darkness of the metallic or the living body; and that illimitable power so inconceivable in its force, which we call specific gravity, a power wielding and balancing worlds, and keeping all things animate and inanimate in their places on the surfaces of the worlds, a power which defies the grasp of our intellects and imaginations as much as Deity itself—that miracle and mystery of force, where exists it but in an inscrutable darkness? We cannot see it, we cannot know it but by its effects; it lives eternally and infinitely in those secret conditions of the universe, which we glibly talk of, but cannot unveil. God uses darkness for the vehicle of his destroying agencies—and then comes abroad “the pestilence which walketh in darkness.” Out of the same darkness, however, he solicits health and strength. The very rivers and the great ocean itself collect their affluence of waters from the “thick, dark cloud of the thunderstorm, from the exuding forces of the dark earth, and from the deep fissures and cavernous gloom of the mountains.” If then the universe itself and all that it contains demand the processes of inscrutable and incomprehensible darkness, who art thou, O man! who deniest to any operator in matter, in spirit, in both together, the influence of the same potent and heaven-born agency?

There is a significant accord betwixt the operations of nature and the records of history. We have seen how much darkness was employed in the miracles of Scripture. We see it in all history and all tradition. The so-called ghosts, that is, re-appearing human spirits, well called by the French *revenants*, have uniformly used the vehicle of night. That such apparitions

have taken place in all ages and nations is a part of the credibility of history, and cannot be torn out of its evidences without totally destroying them. There is nothing, indeed, on which all times and races of men have been more unanimous than on the perpetual re-appearance of human spirits, and on the characteristic conditions under which they appear. Their time is the night. It is generally in the depth of the night, from twelve to two o'clock—the point of time most removed from the disturbing elements of light, and the electric, magnetic and odyllic properties of light. The spirits who wish to appear visibly to their friends or enemies know the conditions of their own being, and of the influence of the forces which exist in light, and avail themselves of this knowledge. They could be present, but not visible, in the light. In all the old ballads, the ghost vanishes at latest at cock-crow. In *Hamlet*, Shakspeare, the oracle of Nature, makes the ghost say that he is—

Doomed for a certain time to walk the night.

And he is in haste to be gone, and adds—

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.

All these things corroborate the doctrine of the existence of laws and conditions favourable and unfavourable to the exhibition of spirit-form and power, which Spiritualism asserts, or rather re-asserts, in accordance with the evidence of all men, gentle and simple, learned and unlearned, through the unanimous past of our planet.

In like accordance we find all dreams which have proved themselves indicative of coming events are given in the night, or in the closed dark chamber of deep sleep. Still further: all thinkers and workers in the regions of mind have loved the night. The poet, the mathematician, the profound reasoner or intellectual creator, have declared that the night, not only by its silence, but by other and more mysterious causes, seemed to open the inner regions and more living conditions of thought. The exclamation of Lord Byron—

Oh! storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!

expresses the sentiment of hosts of poetic minds.

Nights are their days, their most illumined hours.
By day the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunned by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Imposed, precarious, broken ere mature.
By night, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontrolled and unimpressed, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confined
But from ethereal travels light on earth,
As voyagers drop anchor for repose.—YOUNG.

Let us then sum up—If God works in darkness, and dwells

in it; if all the great operations of Nature, necessary to prepare the sustenance of the millions of mankind, and of all the animated tribes require darkness; if art and science require darkness on many indispensable occasions; if every material on which art and science operate, or which supply their essential implements, all metals, earths, alkalis and colours, all gems and precious stones; the gold and diamond which glitter in the crowns of kings, and on the fair form of woman, are the offspring of the earth's intestine darkness; if it be darkness alone which reveals to man the countless worlds that people infinite space; if the telescope which extends our vision into this radiant archipelago of limitless heaven, almost numberless millions of miles, be in every particle of its substance the product of darkness; if in all natural and many spiritual processes darkness is, as I have shewn, as essential as light, then what becomes of the objections to this darkness so pertinaciously advanced in particular cases? What God so extensively employs, surely man may also employ in all truth and honour,—using it to display the marvels of physical and to cast more light on the spiritual world.

Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eyes;
With gain and joy she bribes thee to be wise.

THE LESSON OF THE GRAVE.

It is no longer so painful to me as it once was, ye two brethren sleeping in the church!—that the hard, cold hand of death struck you away so early from the honey-due of life, and that ye expanded your wings and disappeared. Oh! ye have either a sounder sleep or more friendly dreams, or a brighter waking than ours. But that which agonizes us in every grave hillock is the thought, “Ah! how much I would have loved thee, good heart, had I but known thy death beforehand!” But as not one of us can take the hand of a corpse, and say, “Thou pale image, I have at least sweetened thy fleeting life; I never gave thy faded heart anything but pure love, pure joy;” as we all, when at length time, sorrow, and life's winter without love have beautified our hearts, must step with useless sighs up to the forms that lie overwhelmed by the earth-fall of the grave, and say, “Alas! that I can no longer possess you and love you, now that I am better and gentler! Alas! that the good bosom is now hollow and broken in, and no longer contains a heart which I would now love better, and gladden more than before!”—what is left to us but a vain sorrow, a dumb repentance, and unceasing bitter tears? No, my Christian, something better is left us—a warmer, truer, more beautiful love towards every soul that we have not yet lost!—*Richter.*

TWO-EDGED ARGUMENTS OF THE CATHOLICS.

Oh! wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

It is always interesting "*ab hoste doceri.*" In reading a set of lectures in the Catholic magazine called *The Lamp*, published at 37, Davies Street, Oxford Street, and sold at 63, Paternoster Row, and other places in London, I have been very much struck by the arguments used in support of the genuineness and holiness of Catholic miracles. As these arguments are directed against Protestants who call them in question, they tell with singular force against the Catholic logician in favour of us Spiritualists. The very objections urged by the Protestants against the divine origin of the Catholic miracles are precisely those which the Catholics urge against the manifestations of the Spiritualists being from a good source, and one wonders that the Catholic clergy do not see this. It is worthy of a little of their attention.

In his first lecture, p. 151 of the volume for 1864, the author says that the Protestants, lest they should be compelled to admit the reality of the Catholic miracles, stoutly deny all miracles since the days of the apostles, notwithstanding the positive promise of Christ that miracles should never cease till the end of the world. True; so say the Spiritualists, and the Catholics do not deny the Spiritualistic miracles altogether, but they kindly attribute them to the devil. Here, however, we find the Catholics smarting under this very same charge from the Protestants.

"An opinion very commonly entertained by Protestants is that the Catholic miracles are the work of Satan. Osiander, in speaking of St. Bernard's miracles, says, 'They were Satan's workmanship, for the confirmation of idolatry and false worship.' Witcher, writing against Bellarmine, says, 'The devil might preserve the body of Xavier for a short time odoriferous and incorrupt.' For a short time! Little did this blasphemous writer think that several hundred years after he was gone to render an account of his every word and judgment, the miracle would still be continuing. In similar terms did the Arians and heathens write and speak against the miracles of St. Ambrose, and Luther and the Centuriators of Magdeburg against miracles in general. Can we feel pain at this plan pursued by our enemies? What can be more honourable to the disciple than to be like his master? Can we feel surprised when Christ has distinctly foretold that his true disciples shall be treated as he

had been? 'By Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, he casteth out devils.' If they have called the good man of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household?"

One would have thought that Catholics thus treated by Protestants, and thus resenting it, would have been rather careful not to fall into the like fault. Not a whit of it! The moment the Spiritualists have supernatural facts among them, they are the very first to cast the stones of bigotry, and denounce those facts as the works of Satan. But shrewd fellows as Catholic priests, and especially Jesuit priests, are, it is wonderful that they did not see that by thus doing they were, according to their own shewing, giving them the stamp of Christianity. To be called Beelzebub, says the *Lamp*, and have your miraculous facts called Satanic, is just what Christ foretold of his true disciples. Good! and so we Spiritualists receive the stamp of genuineness and godliness from the Catholics, though rather in a rough way. Whilst denouncing us as workers with Satan, by the very fact of doing so, they are compelled by the words of Christ to acknowledge us not Satanic, but as bearing the genuine mark of Christ's followers. His followers are to be termed workers with Satan as he was. Therefore, say the Catholics, as the Protestants charge our miracles to Satan, they are clearly proved to be from Christ. But the Catholics charge the supernatural facts of the Spiritualists to Satan; *ergo*, by the direct issue of their own logic, they are of Christ.

As there is no escaping from this cleft stick, we are obliged to admit that the Catholics have shewn much less than their usual acuteness in conferring this title of Christian genuineness on the Spiritualists, over the left shoulder. Surely if it were wrong and uncharitable of the Protestants to call the miracles of the Catholics devilish, it is none the less so of the Catholics to call those of the Spiritualists so. They have all the same object—to excite faith in the reality of a spirit-world, and in the immediate providence of God. How much more wise and liberal it would have been for the Catholics to have said, "Well, here at length is a body of Protestants who go along with us, and admit the existence and continuancy of miracles. To Protestants so liberal we can do no less than be liberal too. Yes, brother Protestants, you are right; miracles do and always did exist. We are glad to see the faith of them revived amongst you; and that God has conferred this proof of his favour on you again. Let us then work together for the support of the true faith: for the life of the spirit and the evidences of Christianity."

Alas! it was too much to hope from modern Catholics. It was all very well to receive the stamp of genuine discipleship from bigoted Protestants, by being dubbed co-workers with Satan.

but to avoid imitating their bigotry was too much for them: and thus they have been compelled, contrary to their intentions, to assert the divine origin of the manifestations of Spiritualism, by the very act of denouncing them as Satanic. "Christ," say they, "distinctly foretold that his true disciples shall be treated as he had been. If they have called the good man of the house Beelzebub, how much more they of his household?" True, good Catholics—true; we accept the truth out of your mouths, though it comes rather with an awkward grimace. You and we are both tarred with the same brush as concerns our miracles, and we are sorry that you butt at us without by any possibility being able to put us out of the same flock. By your own acknowledgment we all bear the common brand of one great master, and if we are called by you the children of Beelzebub, don't you see, oh! simple Catholics, that you are owning us as your Christian brethren, even whilst you are trying to disown us. Balaam again coming to curse is compelled to bless! Thus, as the hand of God is too strong for you, and forces you, on your own shewing, to acknowledge us in the very act of denying us—forcing you, whilst endeavouring to hand us over to Satan, to hand us over to Christ—would it not be as well to give over kicking against the pricks, and go to the public confessional and say, "Well, we must give it up. To make out the spiritual miracles to be the devil's doings, is to make them out to be Christ's, and there is no help for it; for that is precisely what Christ foretold. The rule has been applied to us, and we have admitted it wholly and absolutely; and there is no getting out of the trap. The more we accuse the spiritual manifestations of being from the devil, the more we prove them to be from God. We must either give up our own claim, or admit theirs."

But the lecturer goes on (*Lamp*, Vol. IV. p. 314).—"Those who say that Catholic miracles are wrought by Satan's agency, make at once one large concession; they acknowledge that the facts are real; that the miracles are really worked, though they choose to attribute them to other than divine agency." Exactly; and this is a compliment which we owe to the Catholics. They have always admitted the reality of *our* miracles, though they have chosen to imitate their own enemies, the earlier Protestants, and attribute them to Beelzebub. At the same time they ask a very pertinent question, which we ask of them in our turn:— "How is the Satanic agency of these miracles ascertained? They who assert, it can only have known it through a revelation, and if miracles at the present day are only wrought by Satan, this revelation can only be from him, and coming from the father of lies, what can it be but a lie?" Exactly so; If the Catholic and the Spiritualist miracles come from the devil, and that they are

devilish, can be only ascertained by a revelation from the devil, then——&c. We congratulate them on their reasoning. But they go on :—“ The difficulty which meets those who contend for the total cessation of miracles is equally strong, nay stronger against those who maintain that miracles—the reality of which they cannot deny—proceed from the enemy. There is a series, a closely connected series of miracles from the beginning till now. At the commencement God is acknowledged to have been the author of them. When did the change take place? At what period did the miracles pass out of the hands of God into the hands of the devil? The writers and historians age after age, in unbroken succession, narrate histories of miracles taking place by the power of God, and producing the same effects, such as the conversion of the heathen, &c. At what moment did the work of God become the work of Satan.”

Again we say; precisely so! No reasoning can be more admirable. We ask the question of you, good Catholics, as you have asked it of the unreasonable Protestants. Tell us, when did this change take place? When did the devil become converted, and so ready to do the works of God? To proclaim the truth of the existence of the soul, of the world of souls, of the authenticity of the Christian faith, of the communion of saints and other spirits with us; some not very saintly; some not very diabolic; and some of whom we desire the honour of a call quite as little as the most rigid Catholic. When did the devil begin to shew up the folly and imbecility of the Materialists; the purblindness of the scientific; the hopeless deadness of a Protestantism without a faith in the miraculous; the silliness of Atheists and Anti-Christians? When did he assume the offices of the comforter, and come in angelic shape to console the afflicted for the loss of their loved ones; to assure them by proofs positive that “ they are not dead but gone before?” When did this extraordinary devil, seeing the utter inability of churches and colleges, of preachers and logicians to convince the materialized mind of the age of those mighty spiritual truths held and fed upon by the imperial intellects of the collective past, but too large and profound for the dwarfed understandings of this latter time; men whose ambitions and aspirations are exclusively “ of the earth, earthy;” when did he undertake to do that by simple facts which could not be done by the subtlest theology or metaphysics? When? That, good Catholics, is the pithy question, from you to them, and from us to you. At this point, however, you again furnish us with the appropriate observations:—

“ But here again we have the old system of begging the question, the taking for granted that which is the very point in dispute: a blank refusal, in fact, to believe anything that runs counter to

our received prejudices." Yes, there the Catholic lecturer has hit the exact nail on the head. That is the very thing that we too have to complain of in the Catholics. We cannot get them, any more than any other folks, "to believe anything that runs counter to their prejudices." That Spiritualists, or any other *ists*, should have miracles and evidences of spiritual truth, which they think Catholics alone ought to have, is just one of their most obstinate and fondly-cherished prejudices, and I dare say we shall not be able to get them to run counter to it, any more than they will the unreasonable Protestants. And yet how clear-sighted our Catholic lecturer is! "I think," he says, "that if any Protestant will candidly examine this objection, he will perceive that it even tells in favour, rather than otherwise, of the genuineness of miracles, and that the very fact of the circumstance of miracles running counter to the prejudices of the opponents of the Catholic religion shews that they bear the stamp of the Divinity. 'My thoughts are not as your thoughts, nor my ways as your ways,' the Almighty himself tells us. Accordingly, we frequently find that He acts in a way incomprehensible to us, and the very reverse of the way in which we should have acted."

Most true, oh, good Catholic! True, of course, to all other denominations of people you apply it, to Spiritualists as to Catholics. The very fact of our supernatural manifestations running counter to your prejudices, is exactly what you say so justly, the most probable proof that they are from the Divinity. You admit that God "frequently acts in the very reverse way to what you would have acted." I agree entirely with you, and you see the reasonableness of his thus running counter to your prejudices. I can only advise you to shew yourselves as reasonable as your Divine Master, and give up those silly prejudices proved by you to be so opposed to God and the truth, and admit the beneficial nature of spiritual manifestations, as we admit the beneficial nature of genuine miracles in your church. Let us shake hands and be friends. As we believe alike let us act alike; no longer running counter to the plainest operations of our common Father, who means to demolish the so-called philosophy of Rationalism and restore the grand old philosophy of Super-rationalism, admitting the splendour of the upper beams once more to this glowworm-lighted earth, though it should for ever put out the weak optics which can only bear the twilight of physical nature, or the deepest obscurity of mind, steeped and saturated with the fumes of mere earth-science.

It is but just to the Catholics to say how strikingly, in reading this periodical, we perceive the greater spirituality which animates it than that which exists, or rather does not exist at all, in the periodical or other writings of our Protestant public. In perusing

these pages we seem to go back at once into the ages when the profoundest faith lived and amalgamated itself with the aspirations of art, the researches of science, and the pursuits of daily life. When the great musicians, the great painters, and architects, believing in the communion of spirit with spirit, of heaven with earth, of the invisible with the visible, produced those buildings, paintings and statues which remain the wonders of time, and which bear indelibly and perspicuously on them the sense of the spiritually sublime. We perceive that the Catholics have preserved in unbroken succession the living faith of their ancestors. That they live in the world in the perpetual consciousness that they are not divorced from the worlds of the past and the unseen. God and his saints and angels have still for them an ever-present and undiminished reality. They not only believe in miracles, but record them and interventions of Providence, as of frequent occurrence, with the same simple assurance they record the most outward matter of fact. Indeed the life of the spiritual and the natural worlds appear with them blended into a most homogeneous and consolatory union. In the most simple acts they accustomed themselves to see causes for prayer and for intercession for the unhappy or departed. Many of them in opening a door utter an involuntary prayer that thus a door may be opened for sad and tried souls into Paradise. And this religious sentiment is carried on through all the acts of their daily and domestic life.

What a change is there when we turn to the periodicals written by our Protestant and popular writers. Amid evidences of the most brilliant talent, we at once feel that we are breathing a totally different atmosphere. The genial warmth of the upper regions, the cordial spirit of heaven infusing itself into the cold sharp atmosphere of earth is missing. All is bright but chill, clean, hard and abrupt. It is the temper and feeling of a world that never knew or cared for any other world: of a planet which lives for itself, never even sees any other planet floating in the same ocean of universal life, and hopes for nothing more than its own daily round of business, pleasures and impertinences: a region of active research into its own productions and of practical Atheism, or, at least, of indifference to any other research. We seem to belong to a race that, like the brute, has no perceptions out of its own narrow circuit of present and daily catering for the body. It is a world where intellect is worshipped, but it is worshipped as a sort of self-creation, not as a transmission from any higher sphere, and is worshipped by the head and often without any touch of heart. The very light of this literature hides, like the blaze of the earthly sun, the evidences of other and higher spheres, and pours forth all its lavish charms to adorn, enliven, and render sufficient this present, which, spite of it, is every

oment slipping from beneath its feet. It is a world so satisfied with itself that it hates and ridicules the least tendency to believe any other. The older it grows, the more material it grows. Its perception of the more remarkable of its own phenomena when is dying out; and evidences of the curious retention of life in certain animals, as toads, frogs and lizards, which have of late years been brought frequently and directly under the observation of its savans, are so hateful to them that they instantly close their eyes, and swear bitterly that such things do not, can not, and all not exist in this prosaic world. Prosaic! Yes, that is the spirit of Protestant science and Protestant religion. The Bible with its miracles has become to them the most cock-and-bull of cock-and-bull stories. Proofs of the existence of spirits, and of manifestations of their presence to their kindred, are to them only proofs of—insanity. Spirits, according to the most learned and *soi-disant* learned of this learned world, do not, can not, and all not exist, much less appear. Appear! That is the most hateful of all hateful announcements. If they *appear*, all the grand theories of cosmogony framed by our physical philosophers *sappear!* An awful and irreparable loss to them if to nobody else. In their trepidation they, therefore, tell us that though we could see, hear, feel, smell, and taste spirits, we are not to believe our own senses. To abjure and go out of our senses—oh! that nothing of a calamity like that of a posse of clever philosophers being made to eat humble pie, and look like fools!

Therefore, whoever utters a desire for anything beyond the philosophy of our modern Epicureans, "Let us eat and drink and talk very learned nonsense, for to-morrow we die, and then we shall not know whether anybody laughs at us"—whoever even hints at such a thing as spirit, must be held in our modern Protestant science and literature just merely a moon-calf, or at best, a Hottentot. Now, whatever may be the follies, assumptions, eruptions, or bigotries of Catholics, can they possibly be a hundredth part as bad as a condition like this, in which we are seriously requested to renounce our five senses, to coil up all our finer faculties into the compass of a halfpenny ball, to banish every perception of an inner and more spiritual life, and be content with the showy, busy, but soulless existence which our learned and literary coteries provide for us.

In spite of the refusal of the Catholics to admit our angels amongst their angels, we are free to admit that they are by far the more reasonable people of the two sorts. They don't object to our keeping our senses; they only would like us to prefer their senses to our own. Well, that is infinitely preferable to turning idiots or lunatics to oblige a set of philosophers who can't find out that they have any souls of their own. The Catholics have,

out and out, retained a far more healthy spiritual atmosphere than, I do not say the philosophers, but than we Protestants altogether. They have learned—to use the phrase of Thomas Binney—much better than we have, “to make the best use of both worlds.” In fact, they have had the wisdom to retain the co-existent reality of both worlds; and it is worth while for us to ask whether this does not explain the fact which seems to puzzle most people, of why sensible Protestant English people with a very fine and rich church, plenty of bishops and other clerical machinery, manufactured at much cost and expense, and some score or two of popular sects to choose from, are continually going over to these Catholics. Especially why our more intellectual people, our painters, poets, and poetesses are doing so. The fact is, that it is impossible for immortal beings who have not managed to whip all their sentiment out of them by an incessant round of mere amusements, alternated with determined fits of fashionable disbelief of everything, to exist in an atmosphere so cold and lifeless as that of modern literature and science. Catholicism sees this, and on it hangs large expectations. And Catholicism is not far wrong, for nothing is more certain, if Spiritualism does not come to the rescue, that there must be Catholicism, or a Sadduceeism intense and universal, pale, glittering, and life-destroying as the regions of Arctic frost.

GALILEO.

By the desire of his Holiness and of the most eminent Lord Cardinal, Galileo's proposition of the stability of the sun was *qualified* by the Theological Qualifiers as follows:—

“The proposition that the sun is the centre of the world and immoveable from its place is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly contrary to the Scriptures.”

Galileo was obliged to abjure on the gospels his belief in the Copernican doctrine. We quote part of his adjuration:—

“With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I adjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies (*viz.*, that the earth moves, &c.) I swear that I will never in future say or assert anything, verbally, or in writing, which may give rise to a similar suspicion against me.” Rising from his knees after this solemnity, he whispered to a friend—“It moves, for all that.”

ARISE EVANS.

At all times of, or immediately preceding great religious or political excitement, there is a strongly marked tendency to the assertion of and belief in visions, revelations, and other manifestations of communion with the invisible world. The periods of the Protestant Reformation, the English Commonwealth, and even the French Revolution—with all its irreligion and atheism, might be cited on this point. It would seem that whenever men are kindled into an unwonted fervour, latent powers in the soul are called out, and those in receptive states become more vividly conscious of the near proximity of the spiritual world. It may be, too, as Swedenborg and other seers affirm, that all changes, revolutions, catastrophes in our human world on earth are preceded by and are consequent upon certain corresponding conditions and states in the spiritual world, and that through the more intimate conjunction of the two worlds men's interior perceptions are opened to discern these spiritual realities which re-figure, and reflect the shadows of coming events. No doubt unregulated enthusiasm, and the delirium of fanatic frenzy, as well as imposture, freely mingle herewith and render it difficult, in particular instances, to discriminate between delusion or fraud and genuine spiritual vision and communication. But delusion and fraud, however frequent, cannot be the adequate solution of any general and constantly-recurring phenomenon. It will generally, too, be found, as in the matter under consideration, that while there are some instances where the true and the false seem closely to approach, and sometimes even blend in the same person, there are others, like those of Swedenborg and Socrates, that stand out in clear relief, free from all element of dubiety.

The case, however, that I am about to bring before the reader is not one so marked—or of so illustrious a person as the great men I have just named; but an obscure individual of whom probably the reader has not even heard; for though a prophet to a generation, his name, which I have placed at the head of this article, has long ceased to be remembered, being overshadowed by those of the prominent thinkers and actors of his time.

That time was one of marked spiritual, as well as intellectual and political activity; many were the seers, prophets, and speakers under inspiration; but these were chiefly among the Puritans, and those of the stricter sort. Arise Evans was, however, no Fifth-Monarchy man, Puritan, or Leveller, but a Churchman and a Royalist. This makes his visions and predictions concerning the impending judgment on the church and kingdom the more remarkable as proceeding from one who was an enemy to the altar and the throne, but the friend of both.

Arise Evans was a Welchman, son of a substantial farmer, with a proper length of pedigree; and was born in 1607. In childhood he was so often preserved unhurt, amid circumstances of peril and where death seemed imminent, that it was a common observation in the family that there was manifestly a hand of Providence over him. His father dying when he was about seven years of age, without making any provision for him, though "he did abound in riches;" and his mother soon marrying again, he got "tossed from place to place to do any drudgery." When about twenty-two years of age he came to London. On the eve of his departure from Wales for the Metropolis, he dreamed that he stood on a hill and London appeared before him, as if it had been destroyed by fire. Years after, this dream was remarkably fulfilled, and on seeing Greenwich-hill he recognized it as the place from whence he had seen the vision. His early religious impressions were much strengthened by dreams and visions. On one occasion, having heard a sermon on wrestling with God in prayer, he went home and engaged in prayer with great earnestness, and then, as his thoughts ascended in meditation towards God, "being perfectly awake and sensible," an audible voice, near his ear, enjoined him—"Go to thy book." On this, he started up and went to the table where his Bible lay open, and the first words on which his eye fastened, were:—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Reflecting on the applicability of this to his own religious condition; for he had for some time previous been altogether worldly and careless about religion, he says:—"I resolved, with the uttermost of mine endeavour, to obey through God's assistance, in hope to obtain the light promised;—and immediately upon this I had another understanding, that the Scriptures came on a sudden all into my mind, as if I had learned them by heart, with another understanding of them than I had before, for before I looked upon the Scripture as a history of things that passed in other countries pertaining to other persons, but now I looked upon it as a mystery to be opened at this time belonging also to us, and my tongue became fluent, my answer so ready, that all who knew me before were amazed at it, and whereas before I could say little or nothing in dispute, now, within three days, I had all the Scripture at command, and gave upon them such an exposition that none could contradict me, yet so strange that all were afraid to hear me, because that I gave them to understand that the king and kingdom was to be destroyed suddenly. . . . And, having so many visions upon visions to confirm the certainty of the judgment, I could not contain my knowledge, but was forced to declare them to all that I had to do with."

Of course many now began to look on him as distracted, though," he says, "I spake as good sense, and gave them as good reason for what I said as would satisfy men in other cases;" others who had given him employment withdrew their custom from him. Some friends counselled him to at least abstain from publishing these things, as it would only bring upon him loss and trouble. He felt disposed to follow their advice, but as he was about his daily work there came upon him "a great trouble in spirit which increased mightily," and a voice within him threatened him with judgment if he did not make known that which was revealed to him; at the same time the figure of an angel appeared before him with a flaming sword, at which he was so amazed that he suddenly laid aside his work, went home, "and began to write, directing my matter," he says, "in all submission to the King's Majesty." After praying for a blessing on his journey, he opened the Bible thrice in the hope to obtain further guidance or confirmation from the first passage that presented itself. The first place he opened was at these words:—" *Ah sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupters! They have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backwards. Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will not tarry more and more. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.*"—Isaiah i. 4, 5. This, to him, seemed applicable to the British nation, and to the king and his council. The second place was Isaiah xlvi. 15—19, beginning—" *I, even I, have called him; yea, I have called him.*" This encouraged him in the mission he believed was given to him. The third place, Joel i. 5—7, he regarded as indicating approaching judgments, especially upon the Court and Church of the land. Though greatly encouraged, "yet," he says, "being fearful to go to so great a person as the king upon so great a message; and on the other side fearful lest I did offend God in seeking so many times, with much fear I opened the book the fourth time, and the place was, Exodus xxiii. 21, 22,—"*Behold I send an angel before thee,*" &c. Being thus "mightily strengthened," he went to Greenwich, where the king then was, and with some difficulty succeeded in presenting his writing to him. As he continued to have visions and revelations "to confirm that the king and kingdom must speedily be destroyed," he went again many times with writings to the king, but finding that these were not heeded, he began to declare publicly to all the Court, especially to the shops and doctors when they passed by, the destruction that was impending; but found that they turned a deaf ear, and that "could not hinder the judgment which was to come without fail upon them."

He goes on to relate that "Other visions and revelations came unto me, giving me to understand that now I must go from Greenwich to Essex-house, and declare to the Earl of Essex that he must be general of all England over a party that was to execute judgment upon the Court." "After much ado," he got an interview with the Earl and informed him first privately, and then, being brought by the Earl into the dining-room, before the gentry there present, that the Earl would and must be general of all England, and that there was a judgment to come upon the nation suddenly. Though the company turned all that he said into jest, and the Earl protested that he neither meddled with the Court nor the Opposition and could not therefore be their general, yet Evans saw that they took the matter more seriously than they would have it appear, and at parting the Earl proffered him a piece of gold which he refused.

He next deemed it his duty to forewarn his kinsmen and acquaintance, and accordingly in June, 1634, went to Wrexham, in Denbighshire, where his mother with his father-in-law were living. They, wondering at his strange declaration, brought some of the ablest ministers in those parts to confer with him. These men, after much converse with him, so far from considering him crazed, affirmed to his friends that he discoursed with much reason and understanding of Scripture. Some neighbours, however, persuaded his family that unless he were put under restraint he would bring serious trouble upon himself and them; accordingly they shut him up in his chamber, and kept it guarded for three days, at the same time keeping him as much as possible from food and sleep, thinking that by thus weakening him his delusion, as they deemed it, would be dispelled. On the morning of the third day, as he lay down expecting some sign of deliverance, he tells us "There came in at the window a round cloud in colour like unto the rainbow, and it covered me, abiding upon me about a quarter of an hour, and when it came upon me I was so revived as if I had eaten of all the delicacies in the world." The cloud departed in the same manner as it came in, until it ascended out of his sight. Just after this, two of his brothers came in on a visit from Merionethshire, and when they had conversed with him a short time, became indignant at the affront put upon him, and remonstrating with their mother on the folly of her conduct, he was set at liberty. As, however, he had now declared what had been revealed to him, he complied with her request to make no further discourse of it. But some time after, it being market day, and a great number of people assembled from all the country round to hear a celebrated preacher, he became troubled in spirit to know how without breaking his promise he might yet fulfil his duty in forewarning the assembly of the

coming judgment on the nation; and hit upon this device: He bought an earthen platter and when the sermon was ended, and the people about to depart, he threw up the platter, which falling on the stones was broken to pieces, at the same time declaring with a loud voice that so should the kingdom be broken. This sign, he says, was more spoken of and thought about, and longer remembered than if he had preached an hundred sermons.

He tells us:—"My visions from 1633 to 1635 were innumerable, and did terrify me so that I had no rest in my spirit day nor night, because I could not prevail, nor get any seriously to consider what I had to be made known, and God required of me, that I must make it so known before the chiefest authority in the kingdom, whatsoever it cost me; and value not my life to bring it to pass, that they might take special notice of it, that God might be justified when it came to pass; and that they might know that God is just, and did not bring judgment before He shewed the cause of it, and would have shewn the way to prevent it, if it had been received in due time."

In 1635 he married, having previously forewarned his future wife that he must go forthwith to London and there be put in prison, and remain there three years, and that she would then be a means of releasing him. On coming to London his prediction proved true; he was brought before Secretary Windebank for alleged treasonable writing. At his examination he re-affirmed what he had before in a letter to the Secretary set forth at large—that the king would certainly die by the hands of his enemies, and the Church and kingdom be turned upside down; adding, he knew that for his declarations he would be put in prison,—that he would remain there three years, and then be set at liberty, and that before that time signs of the coming troubles of which he had forewarned them would begin to manifest themselves. He was forthwith taken to a prison at Westminster, where pen and ink were kept from him, and no one was permitted to visit him. After seven weeks he was removed from his cell and placed among the felons; where he remained upwards of two years, when his wife being permitted to visit him, he sent her to the King's Privy Council and to Secretary Windebank, to desire them to compare what he had written with the signs of the times, and requesting that he might be set at liberty. Through the good offices of Secretary Windebank, who seems from the first to have had a favourable impression of him, this petition was complied with, and his release effected.

It may be added that, in 1650, at the instance of Colonel Jones, a certificate, subscribed by a number of householders and respectable citizens, was presented to the Council of State, in evidence that the declarations of Mr. Evans as to the calamities

which befel the nation, had been to their knowledge publicly announced by him years before ; as has been set forth.

In 1643, he was in frequent controversy with the Anabaptists. At one of their meetings, as they were jeering at him for a prophet, and demanding a sign,—a woman present in particular violently railing at him, he was impelled to say to her—“Woman, thou shalt not be here this day seven-night at this time to rail against me for declaring the truth.” Hereupon those present declared this should be the sign they asked for ; if she came there at that time then would he be a false prophet ; if she came not, they would own him for a true prophet. The woman said,—“I will be sure to be here to prove him a false prophet ;” Evans answered, “I will refer it to God, let it be so now ye have taken a sign to prove me.” The next Sunday he went to their meeting, the woman came not, and nothing was said about the sign ; but the Sunday after as he was there she came in railing at him :—“Ah ! this villain hath slain my child, for at the same-hour he said I should not be here my child departed, so that I could not be here for all the world.” Evans then seriously addressed her and the company ; and the woman altogether changed, pacified, and yet trembling with fear, went away.

Mr. Evans relates other instances of warning, prediction, trance, and vision : Some of the visions which he regarded as symbolical, seem trivial ; and his interpretations of them fanciful ; but in all there is an evident simplicity and sincerity. Whether we regard him as deluded, or not, in reading him we feel that he was at all events an honest man. He shows little skill in the verbal presentation of his visions, ecstasies and other experiences, which are overlaid with the verbiage and colouring of the time ; but, however eccentric at times his language and conduct may seem, there can be little doubt in the mind of a judicious reader that he had a genuine spiritual gift of insight and foresight, that he was subjected to abnormal conditions, that he had true and sometimes clear perceptions of the inner world, and that his mind was opened in a marked degree to spiritual impressions and communications.

He seems to have found little favour with either of the contending religious parties, whether Romanist, Anglican, Presbyterian, Independent, or Anabaptist. In 1646, we find him again in prison ; this time not on a charge of treason, but of heresy, or rather blasphemy. He was accused of claiming to be the Christ. As the Fifth-Monarchy men were about this time beginning to preach Christ's immediate coming and personal reign as a political ruler, to supersede all other government, the charge may, however, have had also a political signification. But his meaning on this point seems quite clear, and is one at

which no Christian need have taken offence. In his declaration before the Recorder he says:—"I never believed nor understood myself any otherwise than thus; that though there is an union between Christ and me, so that I dwell in Christ, and He in me, John vi. 56: yet there is a distinction, so that He is my Saviour, and I am but his bought servant to do his will," &c. A few years after this, poor Nayler suffered terrible martyrdom on the same charge, and (apart from the extravagant conduct of his followers) probably on no better foundation. Indeed Evans may be regarded as, in some respects, an immediate precursor of Fox and the early Friends; and portions of his writings might be taken as excerpt from Fox's Journal.

When the king was taken prisoner, Mr. Evans had a long interview with Cromwell, who treated him with marked respect. He advised Cromwell to treat the king with merciful consideration, that this would gain the hearts of the people, who would be drawn to his side, and strengthen him against his enemies; and he warned him of the calamities that would follow if the king were put to death.

After the king's death, though not immediately, Mr. Evans used what influence he had to bring about the restoration of the monarchy, being specially urged thereto by fresh revelations he began to receive. By these revelations he was enabled in June and July 1651, to give notice to Mr. Hugh Peters of the king's coming to England. One day as he was passing Whitehall—where the king met his death, a voice came from there:—"Be stirring in what thou art about;" and he was directed by the voice to write a book, which he published about a year afterwards as, *A Voice from Heaven to the Commonwealth of England*.

There is extant a curious petition by him "To His Excellency, the Lord General Cromwell, and the Honourable Council at Whitehall." This petition sets forth—"That the petitioner having the knowledge of God's secret counsel, being called thereto, hath declared it freely to all, these nineteen years, as you may see in his book called *A Voice from Heaven*, written in the year 1651, and directed to the Commonwealth of England: and also further the preparation of God in him to the same purpose from his nativity to this time: and the effects thereof you have also in his book, called, *An Echo to the Voice from Heaven*, written in 1652. In which books is sufficiently shewed God's determination by the actions God hath done in fulfilling the words of the petitioner, from the date of the said books to this time, and you may conclude God will fulfil the remainder thereof, so that as sure as the Parliament is dissolved, so sure shall the king come to his throne; as is sufficiently proved in the aforesaid books." Referring to the blood shed in "these unnatural civil

wars," he goes on to say—"Your petitioner rather would turn blood into water, and water into wine, to cherish the hearts of the sorrowful; and that the waters and tears of repentance might wash away the guilt of blood, and become wine of consolation to this nation in their union with their king; without which conjunction to their native and right king, there is no hope of peace, certainty and safety, to this nation." He, therefore, prays that they will "speedily proclaim him king, and save an ocean of English blood from being spilt." This petition is dated "May 16, 1653."

To the thoughtful student of history and of human nature it may not be altogether profitless to bestow a little attention on the strange experiences of even such obscure and unlearned men as ARISE EVANS. T. S.

MEMORY IN THE DROWNING.

SOME years ago A. held a bond against B. for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When the bond became due, A. made a diligent search for it among his papers, but it was not to be found. Knowing to a certainty that the bond had not been paid or otherwise legally disposed of, A. concluded frankly to inform B. of its loss and to rely upon his sense of justice for its payment. But to his surprise, when informed of the loss, B. denied ever having given such a bond, and strongly intimated a fraudulent design on his part in asserting that such a transaction had taken place between them. Being unable to prove his claim, A. was compelled to submit to the loss of the debt, and also to the charge of dishonourable intentions in urging the demand. Years passed away, and the affair almost ceased to be thought of, when, one day, while A. was bathing in the Charles river, he was seized with cramp and came near drowning. After sinking and rising several times, he was seized by a friend, and drawn to the shore and carried home, apparently lifeless. But by application of the usual remedies, he was restored; and as soon as he gained sufficient strength he went to his book-case, took out a book, and from between the leaves took out the identical bond which had been so long missing. He then stated that while drowning and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, there suddenly stood out before him, as it were in a picture, every act of his life from his childhood to the moment when he sank beneath the waters, and that among other acts was that of placing that bond in a book and laying it away in the book-case. A., armed with the long-lost document found in this marvellous manner, called upon B. of whom he recovered the debt with interest.—*The Progressive Age, U.S.A.*

THE PROPHETS OF THE CEVENNES,

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE endeavoured to demonstrate that though there may be from time to time more extraordinary manifestations of spiritual influence, the principle is universal, and belonging to all times and all nations, as essentially a part of God's economy in his education of the human race as the rising and setting of the sun. I have alluded to many proofs of this in both ancient and modern history, and I am of opinion that one of the greatest works which Spiritualists can do, is to bring forward the scattered evidences of this great fact: to clear them from the rubbish with which time and prejudice have surrounded them, and to gradually fill in the circle of these, till it stands complete and conspicuous beyond the power of indifference to overlook, or of interest to ignore. Every one in the course of his reading can render some service in this cause; every one can bring some brick, or stone, or piece of timber to the building of this temple of a great truth. The facts in question lie scattered over the whole wilderness of history. Some in pagan and some in Christian records; some prior to Christianity; some in religions collateral with it; some amongst the ancient Fathers, others in the middle, and others in recent ages. What would be a gigantic undertaking for any one individual, may become extremely easy to a number, and I invite Spiritualists to put their hands to the work according to their several tracts of reading. *The Truth Seeker* has already done good service in this field, and I trust will do much more: but it will require many truth seekers to range over the whole field of the world, over classical, medieval, and modern ground, before the grand cycle of ages and nations is filled in. I will now introduce one specimen of the matter which lies scattered like long unnoted gold on the very surface of history, but so daubed and defaced by bigotry, malice, and ignorance, that it is regarded by our very inquisitive and philosophic age as the mere dross of superstition and fanaticism.

In most of our English histories we come upon slight and passing notices of certain insurrections in the Cevennes, a mountainous region of the South of France, against the oppressions of Louis XIV., to which some aids of money, arms and men were sent by the government of Queen Anne, but which never reached the insurgents in question. These insurgents were Protestants, and, therefore, deemed worthy of the sympathy of Protestants,

but we learn little from such histories of the results of their sympathy. We find, however, that a number of those insurgents made their way to this country. That they professed to be prophets; to be divinely inspired by the Holy Spirit, and to be enabled by the Divine Spirit to perform miraculous acts like the members of the Primitive Church. This pretension, we learn, immediately startled and disgusted the English Church of that day, both established and dissenting; a loud cry was raised against these French Protestants or fanatics. The Bishop of London called the attention of the French Church in the Savoy to them; the French Church summoned them before its consistory, and the Prophets rejected their authority, declaring that they had no masters but God. This made the outcry against them wild. Dr. Edward Calamy, a great nonconformist divine, whose name would be more correctly spelt Calumny, in the indignation of a fossil divinity, which denies the possession of that spiritual life which Christ promised to his Church, and which the Church once had, but has relinquished for itself and refuses to its neighbour, preached mightily and bitterly against these poor refugee foreigners, for presuming to have the spirit and living works of the Saviour. He presented his book called a *Caviat*, to the Queen, calling angrily for the punishment and expulsion of these blasphemers. Accordingly the unfortunate Cevennois were denounced, put in the pillory, and made very glad to escape from this land of boasted toleration.

There were, however, certain gentlemen who took the trouble to enquire for themselves into the real history, lives and opinions of these unhappy men, who sought bread and protection from Englishmen, and received not merely a stone, but many stones and rotten eggs. These gentlemen, amongst whom were Sir Richard Bulkeley and Mr. Lacy, men of fortune and station, came to the conclusion that the objects of this terrible outcry were simple, honest, pious men, and in possession of all the spiritual gifts to which they laid claim. Whereupon it was immediately sounded abroad that Sir Richard Bulkeley was a little crooked man, whom the prophets had promised to make, through the Spirit, as tall and straight as a poplar, and still more strange things were predicated of John Lacy, Esq., the other great defender of the Cevennois. Agnes Strickland, in her *History of the Queens of England*, retails all these *on dits* gravely, and accuses these gentlemen of countenancing some "rubbish, much like Modern Mesmerism!" Poor Agnes!

Unfortunately for these aspersions on the champions of the unfortunate Prophets of the Cevennois, we find Dr. Josiah Woodward, a clergyman of high standing in the Established Church, at the very time that he is writing against the Cevennois,

declaring the gentlemen who have stood by them, to be men of such high character, that they cannot for a moment be suspected of countenancing imposture, adding his belief in the sincerity of the unhappy Cevennois themselves, though not crediting their conceived inspiration, but treating them as sincere enthusiasts whom English Christians ought to pity, and send home to their mountains, instead of persecuting them. Still more unfortunately for the calumnies heaped by the hard doctrinal divinity of the time on these poor French Protestants and their defenders: we have looked into the accounts given of them by Sir Richard Bulkeley and Mr. Lacy, and find these the relations of men, calm, rational and religious, having every mark of proceeding from sound logical heads, and honourable hearts. In *The Impartial Account of the Prophets*, by Sir Richard, he gives us the mode by which he went to work to know all about them. Enquiring whether the phenomena which they presented proceeded from Contrivance, Disease, Satanical Delusion, or the Holy Spirit of God? Whether these people had any motives of ambition, gain, or a desire to serve themselves by embroiling us with our enemies? Again, he tried if he could reconcile these phenomena to frenzy or madness; to enthusiastic melancholy: or epileptic convulsions? But he was driven from all such explanations, by the sober sense, sound health, genuine piety, and simple truthfulness of these people. "I found them," he says, "not men of impiously hardened consciences, as they must have been, to profess to be actuated by the Holy Spirit, as the Prophets did, when they knew the contrary, but men of sober lives and conversation; men of good characters; pious and devout Christians, and having the fear of God before their eyes." He found them possessing "an extraordinary spirit of prayer and praise to God; the gifts of prophecy, of exhortation, of discerning spirits, of languages, of the ministration of the same spirit to others; and some earnest of the gift of healing, all which were proofs that the Holy Spirit gave in the Apostles' times; and these being shining evidences of its being from God, I durst not," he says, "from some little clouds that now and then seem to our understanding to darken its lustre, conclude that God was not in it, or to take upon me in my faint light, to determine what the all-wise and all-uncontrollable, will, or will not do to us, that are worse than the dust before him."

Such were the cross-lights that gleamed upon me from the opposite statements of the time, as to these "Prophets," which from the natural and honest tone of this brave Sir Richard, little and crooked man as he was, but with a soul evidently as "tall and straight as a poplar," led me strongly to suspect that the stories of Dr. Edmund Calumny and Co. were just such as

beset Christianity, and every new development of Christianity, in the persons of Luther, Fox, Wesley, &c. I turned to enquire what our English writers, historians or travellers have had to say about them since, but hitherto I have found little light amongst them. The Rev. Mr. Smedley, in his *History of the Reformed Religion of France*, indeed treats them in the true unbelieving spirit of orthodoxy, as fanatics; "ignorant people, deranged by enthusiasm," &c. The tone of this hard-shell orthodoxy not seeming to me capable of accounting for the marvels which Bulkeley, Lacy, and the numerous witnesses who deposed to the truth of their relations, before the Magistrates in England, as given in *The Cry from the Desert*, and the *Theatre Sacré des Cévennes*, published in London at the time, I turned to the French authorities—to Coquerel's *Histoire des Eglises du Désert*, Peyrat's *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, Bruey's *Histoire de Fanatisme*, *Memoirs de Jean Cavalier*, *Histoire des Camisards*, *Les Lettres de Fléchier*; to Louvreur, Lebaume, Court, *Lettres de Racine*, and to others, friends and enemies, and what a scene burst upon me! What a scene of tyranny, despotism, and persecution, sublime in its very horrors! What a scene of heroism, of devotion, of Biblical faith and Biblical Spiritualism, in a simple race of mountaineers! What a scene of glories and of sufferings wrought by the demonry of kings and priests, and the bared arm of the Almighty stretched forth in all the majesty of ancient times amongst a simple and trodden-down people! What a spectacle of poor men lifted up by the power of the devil and the mightier power of God, amid their magnificent mountains and their rushing rivers, poor obscure shepherds, and wool-combers, and foresters, into heroes and martyrs equal to the most renowned of the most soul-inspiring times. Earth has few such stories: let us give a brief outline of it. In this paper, let it be the political story; in another, its more spiritual story.

The history of the endeavours of the Popish Church to tread out all real Christianity, a church calling itself the Church of the Lord, yet doing the most decided work of the devil, never was equalled by the barbarities of any Pagan nation. If we had a history of hell, what would it be but a history in which those who still retained any traces of heaven would be tormented by every imaginable invention of cruelty; in which every demoniac fury would be exercised to crush out the last spark of faith and virtue! Such is the history of the great Roman heresy; the anti-Christ of Paul if ever there was one, in which dragonades, inquisitions, burning of people alive, and breaking them on racks and wheels, crushing them with iron boots and the most exquisite of tortures of every kind, figure from age to age. We in this country had our share in this devilry, from which Tophet itself

might have learned fresh lessons of torment, during the days of bloody Mary and the Popish Stuarts, but what has been the fate of England in this respect to that of the continental nations, where the great delusion still reigns, in darkness and strength? The Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Vaudois have left a fearful story of Rome's exterminating cruelty against the gospel of Christ. Protestantism was literally and utterly extirpated in Bohemia and Moravia by the extirpation of the population. We have traversed the melancholy plains of these countries, and the curse of Rome's annihilating fury seems yet to brood over them. What horrors were perpetrated in Styria, in the Palatinate, in Flanders, in Spain and Italy! In some of these countries Popery utterly burnt out and hewed to pieces Protestantism with its myrmidons called inquisitors, alguasils, jesuists, priests and soldiers. But in no country has the reign of intellectual tyranny, of a fearful and remorseless war on Protestantism endured so long and presented so many horrors as in France, and for this simple reason, that the government has never been able to destroy totally the remnant of God's martyrs. We need not tell the long story of the Huguenots, nor recall the night of St. Bartholomew. Henry IV. signed the blessed edict of Nantes, and Louis XIV. revoked it. Then burst forth, with renewed fury, all the murderous soul of Rome. Then again were the poor Protestants hunted down, ruined, imprisoned, murdered by priests, bishops, mayors, intendants and soldiery, at the command of a man whom historians have delighted to laud as Le Grand Monarque, the great Louis Quatorze, one of the most debauched, unprincipled, tiger-souled, and terrible monsters who ever sat on a throne, and made war on all the rights of Europe; the examiner of Protestantism, the desolator of all neighbouring nations. Let the burnt and reburnt Palatinate; let desolated Flanders, and the butcheries committed on his pious and simple Protestant subjects of the South of France, for ever stamp him as the monster he was, and heap shame on the heads of his flatterers and tools!

In few countries is there a region more beautiful than that of Provence and Languedoc, in the South of France. The Viveraies, the Cevennes, Rouergue, Gevaudan, and the lovely regions in which lie Montpellier, Nismes, Uzes, Saint Hippolite, and Somiere. A country of old volcanic mountains, old forests, rapid torrents, and elysian valleys; a country watered by the superbe Rhone, the Gardon and the Ardeche. This paradise of a country inhabited by a brave and simple race descended from Roman blood, from the ancient colonies of Nismes and Narbonne, was one on which Louis XIV. and his brutal minister Louvois, especially let loose the tempest of their persecuting rage. The only crime of the people was that they would not worship God

according to the domineering and superstitious rites of Rome. For this, this much-lauded monarch, politically blind as he was bigotedly remorseless, destroyed or scattered into all the nations round, FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND of the best and most devoted subjects that ever king had, with all their trades, their ingenuity and their industry. Amongst these too were some who rose to high eminence in the English and other armies, and fought against the tyrant. Such were Schomberg and Ruvigny, generals of our William III., who became Duke of Leinster, and Earl of Galway. But it was chiefly on the people of the Viverrais, and above all on those of the Cevennes, that he hurled his desolating vengeance.

He haughtily commanded them to attend mass, and conform to popery. They stedfastly refused. He then marched down armies to compel them, or to root them out. In 1685 took place the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Finding that neither soldiers, nor prisons, nor the savage violence of priests and magistrates, had any effect in putting down the Protestant churches, Louis determined to banish every Protestant pastor from the country. "If they are already imbecile," he said, "let them stay and rot; if they are of vigorous mind, chase them out!" Accordingly there was seen the mournful sight of every minister compelled to quit his native hills and his flock. But the weeping people would not be left behind. One thousand five hundred and eighty pastors quitted for ever the soil of France, followed to the frontiers by the vigilant eyes of soldiers and police. These good men scattered themselves all over Europe, and on their people coming after them, established new churches. Amongst them were some very eminent men; Claude, Dubosc, Dumoulin, Jurieu, Abadie, Beausobre, Lenfant, Pajon, Bayle, brother of the lexicographer, the world-renowned Saurin, Basnage, Tronchin, Ancillon, Constant, Candolle, &c. Of these Claude and Saurin settled at the Hague; Dubosc at Rotterdam; Ancillon at Berlin. Their flocks abandoned their homes and country, and hastened after them into voluntary exile. Amongst these were fifteen thousand gentlemen, and two thousand three hundred elders.

"They arose in silence," says Peyrat; "and departed in crowds; men, women, and children, a desolate throng. They stole away privately from their paternal roofs, from their native villages, and in small knots sought to escape from their country. Muleteers, though forbidden under severe penalties, dared the enterprise for good pay, and led them by unfrequented ways to the nearest frontiers. The fugitives disguised themselves as muleteers, or colporteurs, or beggars: ladies whose satin slippers had never before touched the grass, walked forty or fifty leagues

in wooden shoes, as peasant women, and gentlemen carried packages or trundled wheelbarrows to escape the cognizance of the guards on the frontiers. Soon the evacuation of the country became so alarming—for the revocation of the edict had deprived two millions of people of the protection of the laws—that Louis issued the most stringent orders that no single Protestant should be permitted to quit the country. Marshal Montrevel, the military commander in the Cevennes, published them there. Every person who quitted the country suffered confiscation of his whole property. Every person attempting it, though in vain, suffered the same confiscation, and was condemned, if a man, to the galleys for life, if a woman, to perpetual imprisonment. If they stayed in the country, they were forbidden to sell their real property for three years, or their personal at all, under the same penalties; and being thus nailed down to their native places, they were all liable to the same penalties, if they attended Protestant places of worship, or gave any assistance to ruined or starving Protestants. Thus given up a prey to the priests, informers and soldiers; confiscation and the galleys or death were denounced against all captains who dared to take them out by sea. The whole Protestant population of the south was now at the mercy of the sword and the plunderer. Their houses were rifled and burnt, their crops destroyed, and themselves were thrust into the galleys by thousands, till they could hold no more, and then the prisons were filled to repletion, and such prisons! Pits and dungeons swarming with vermin, and reptiles engendered by the filth, abysses unvisited by the sun. The unhappy people could neither stand upright, sit, or lie down. They were let down into these horrible depths with ropes, and came up only to be flogged, mutilated, rent on the rack, or broken alive on the wheel. Many after some weeks' confinement, issued from these infernos without hair and without teeth. Carrion and the garbage of cattle were flung into these pits for their food. They weltered in sloughs of impurity; their bodies became bloated, their skins peeled off like wet paper, they were, in effect, living corpses. At length, to disencumber these hells of horror and contagion, Louis was compelled to ship them off in rotten transports to America, indifferent whether they reached land or the bottom of the ocean.

But as the most active and pitiless use of fire, sword, plundering, racking, torturing, hanging and murdering in these slaughter-houses of prisons could not bend these poor but brave Christians, Montrevel the general, and Baviile the intendant, determined to lay waste the whole country of the Cevennes, and exterminate every Protestant. They therefore divided the whole territory into sections, and distributed to every section its troop

of soldiers who went to work to destroy every house, lay waste with fire every field, and kill every man woman and child that they could find. They left only a few towns to which the Catholics might flee till the massacre was complete. Driven by these merciless measures to rebellion, the Cevennois rose and defended themselves. They got up into the mountains, and into the forests, laid up their grain and provisions in huge caverns, and every man that had any kind of arms became a soldier. Yet what a handful against a host! The highest calculation gives only three thousand Cevennois in arms at once; some authors declare that there never were more than two thousand, whilst the king's troops, disciplined in the great wars of the time and the militia amounted to sixty thousand! commanded by some of the best generals of France.

But the handful of brave mountaineers, trusting in God, determined not to die tamely. They elected leaders, and rushed down on their enemies, scattering them and slaying them to a marvel. One of their first attempts was to rescue a troop of their unhappy brethren and sisters and children out of the hands of the Abbé Chayla, the prior of Laval, and archpriest of the Cevennes, and inspector of missions in Gevaudan. This man had a throng of priests about him, and they persecuted the Protestants mercilessly. The cellars of Chayla's palace were crowded with victims, whom he and his priests daily tortured. Sometimes they ran from one to another, beating them with cudgels till they were out of breath. They stretched them on the rack; they invented new modes of torture. They made them close their hands upon burning coals; wrapped their fingers in oiled cotton, and set fire to it. They tied their victims' hands and feet, and lifting them up plunged them down on the floor on their faces. They tied them down in the shape of beasts on all fours, and kept them for days in that cramping posture, unable to look upward. Their victims could only escape, the men by money, the women by loss of their honour. At length the indignant people marched down upon him, demanded the release of his victims, and as he and his impious coadjutors only answered by firing on them, they burst in, burnt the house over his head, killed him, and led away the prisoners singing a hymn of triumph.

Then rose the blood of the long oppressed, and the war went on for ten years. Terrible were the deeds done by the sixty thousand soldiery, with all their massacres, dragonades, their conflagrations, their racks, gibbets, and hangings. Terrible and wonderful were the retaliations of the little two thousand. The limits of one paper forbid us to follow the course of this marvellous story, more wonderful, more desperate, and more triumphant than that of the Scottish Covenanters. It is a

story of volumes, not of an article. But what concerns us is, that the source of their triumphs, and their deeds which rung through Europe, was SPIRITUALISM—Spiritualism of the most exalted, the most Biblical, and the most unprecedented character. Spiritualism which demands for its recorded facts the utmost stretch of faith, but attested by a cloud of witnesses, enemies as well as friends, such as no history, the most universally accepted, can surpass for weight, for numbers, for accordance, or trustworthiness.

When the wretched people were driven to desperation, when the bloodhounds of despotism, and the hell-hounds of Antichrist surrounded them with fire and artillery, with overwhelming thousands, and with daily and insatiate carnage, then they cried mightily to God, and God came visibly to their rescue. They were seized with an extraordinary power and passion of inspiration. They were shaken and agitated by it, as clairvoyants are moved, and are, as it were, transfigured. Then they broke forth in prophesyings, in declarations of trust in God, in exhortations to prayer and newness of life. They foretold all that was necessary for their safety and their success. Every action was immediately regulated by these oracles which never failed. Whether they should fight, or should flee, should hide or advance, was clearly told them. If a traitor came among them he was at once pointed out; if their enemies were planning means for their destruction, they saw them as if present, and heard their discourse. Men, women, and children—children too of only twelve months and less, who had never spoken—spoke in good French, to the amazement of hundreds present, and the words of such children were received as implicitly as those of the oldest and wisest of them. These startling facts stand on the testimony of numbers, and some of them of the highest rank and fame. But it is not here that I mean to go into this part of the narrative, I note it only to show the real source of the unparalleled triumphs of the little band of the Cevennois over the mighty armies of France for years. From the moment that any man received the influence of the spirit, it was observed that he became a new man, whatever had been his life before, and nothing could seduce him from his purity of life and devotion to the cause. The "Spirit," say some of those heroes themselves, "inspired all the military manœuvres, and animated the courage of the chiefs in battle. They had no knowledge of war, nor of any other thing. Everything was given them miraculously." "The Spirit encouraged the soldiers," says M. Fage in the *Theatre Sacré*. When about to go into battle, and the Spirit said, "Fear nothing, my child, I will guide thee, I will be with thee," I rushed into the *mêlée* as if I had been clad in iron, as if the arms of the

enemy were of wool. Happy in the words of God, our little boys of twelve struck right and left like valiant men. Those who had neither sword nor gun, did wonders with blows of a staff or a cudgel. "The bullets whistled about our ears like hail, but as harmlessly. They cut through our caps and coats, but they did no hurt."

Those who were told by the Spirit beforehand that they should fall, went resignedly to their martyrdom; the rest fought in confident assurance of safety, and declared that they often found the bullets flattened betwixt their shirts and their skin. This was the grand secret of those wonders of valour which astonished all Europe, and confounded the most experienced of the royal generals. The sufferings of the Cevennois were terrific. Four hundred towns and villages were reduced to ashes, and the whole country for twenty leagues was left a desert. But the hunted Protestants had made terrible reprisals. They destroyed every cross, image, and symbol of Popery that they came near; levied heavy contributions, and had slain one third of the royal army.

And all this was accomplished by poor simple peasants and artizans! The whole movement was purely amongst the people. They were led and instructed by none of the gentry, who had escaped abroad, or were almost wholly Catholic. Rowland, their commander-in-chief, was a vine dresser; Cavallier, their great warrior, the David of their army, who was a beardless boy when he stood forth as a prophet and a leader, and was only nineteen when he terminated his career in the Cevennes, was a peasant and a baker. Catinat was a watcher of horses on the hills of Vivens. Seguier, Castanet, Salomon, Ravanel, and La Bell-Isabeau, the prophetess, were all carders of wool. Elie Marie was the only one of a family of superior grade. Yet all these conducted their share of the command and of the management of the general affairs with an ability and success which astonished beyond measure their high-born and accomplished opponents, and covered them with continual defeat. These not self-instructed, but God-instructed men, conducted the civil affairs of their community, of a population driven from their homes, reduced to beggary, and to daily peril of the most frightful nature—thrown, in fact, on their hands in one gigantic mass of helplessness and misery—with the same brilliant sagacity as they did the war. They took care to bring in from the enemy abundant provisions and clothing; cattle, sheep, corn and wine. They constructed vast magazines of ammunition and of all necessary stores in caverns in the hills, and in the depths of forests. They quartered themselves and their dependant people in the castles and chateaux of their enemies. They had their hospitals and their retreats for the wounded and invalids, and made up for want of surgical

skill, in many cases, by tender care and native ingenuity. Yet they had surgeons amongst them too.

The great leaders of the Camisards, as they were called—from Camis, the dialectic name of a shirt, because they helped themselves to clean shirts wherever they went, or more probably from the black blouse which they wore, that they might not be easily seen at a distance, whence they were called "The Invisible Phantoms"—were Rowland and Cavallier. Rowland Laporte was a man of about forty, sedate, thoughtful, and endowed with the capacity for managing the general affairs. By his wisdom and prudence all was kept in order, and every one fitted into his or her place. His providential watchfulness, under the immediate guidance of a higher Providence, inspired confidence, and diffused order and harmony through the whole Camisard community. He as well as every commander, was a prophet or medium, and exhorted and prayed and prophesied in their assemblies. These assemblies were held in the open air, sometimes in the glades of the forest, sometimes in the courts of the old chateaus. To them the people, men, women, and children ran in the midst of danger from their woods and hiding-places, carrying with them their bibles, rescued from the flames of their burning houses, and listened intently to the words of the inspired and to their hymns of faith and triumph, till the weak women and children became capable of the most astonishing deeds.

Cavallier was the great genius, the great hero of the Camisards. Youth as he was, of low stature, of a simple, fair and ruddy countenance, and with his long hair rolling in waves on his shoulders, he was capable of carrying with him the spirits of all around him, both when he delivered an inspired harangue, or led them to the battle. At his right hand always rode the gigantic and intrepid Ravanel, with his bushy beard and wild hair; on his left, his younger brother, Daniel, a mere boy, on a fine young charger. At the head of their cavalry they rushed down into the plains, and spread terror amongst soldiers, priests, and the catholic people. They had, through inspiration, knowledge of the movements of their enemies, and laid ambushes for them, and overthrew them with amazing slaughter. Cavallier had a touch of the hero of romance in him; he would dress himself and his followers as royal soldiers, and thus obtain admittance to the castles and forts, dine with the commandants, and then astonish them by seizing them, leading them out of their strong-holds, and setting these on fire. He entered the towns in disguise, and made himself master of all the projects of the king's officers. The people conceived for him the most enthusiastic admiration. They looked on him as their great deliverer under God; and this at length led to the fall of the Camisards. They began to trust



more in the instruments than in the God who had made them. The chiefs arrayed themselves in the splendid uniforms of the slain king's officers. They adorned themselves with gold chains, and ruby and diamond rings. Cavallier and Rowland, and Ravanel, and Abrahamin Mazel, and the rest, might be seen in their broad hats and feathers, and their scarlet coats, mounted on their proud chargers. Cavallier rode a noble white horse which had belonged to Colonel La Jonquiere, and which he took afterwards with him to the war in Spain. They lived in the castles and chateaus of the ancient nobles, and called themselves dukes and counts; but their followers always persisted in calling them simply their brothers. Rowland styled himself Duke of the Cevennes, and declared the country his, won by his sword. They had, though still pious and brave, forgotten partly the rock whence they were hewn, and their glory departed.

Louis finding that his successive generals and successive armies availed nothing, sent against them the subtle Villars, who afterwards coped with Marlborough on the plains of Flanders. Villars soon comprehended that he might perhaps extirpate the whole race by a vast struggle and a tremendous massacre, but that he could never subdue them. He tried art and flattery. He invited Cavallier to meet him, and gave hostages for his safety. They met at Nismes, and what a scene was that! The people streamed from all surrounding towns, from villages and farms to gaze on the hero of the Cevennes. They crowded round the dense and eager thousands on thousands, kissing his feet and his garments as he rode proudly on his white steed, with his little troop of Camisards opening the way for him with their swords, and Ravanel and the young Daniel riding on each side of him. The proud Marshal and Cavallier met in the gardens of the old monastery of the Franciscans, and the bland and polite royal general poured the subtle poison of flattery into the ear of the young mountaineer. He spoke of the fame which he had won wide through the world; of the wish of the king to make him the commander of a regiment of his brave Camisards, to fight, not against him, but against his enemies. He offered freedom of conscience, though not liberty to have churches, for the brave Protestants of the Cevennes. Cavallier demanded other guarantees and privileges, but Villars told him the king's goodness and the king's word were the best of guarantees to loyal subjects; and the weak youth—weak without his spiritual guide—fell! He signed the contract, and signed it without consulting his chief—Rowland. When Cavallier returned to the hills to proclaim the achievement of liberty of conscience, and to call away with him his regiment of heroic Camisards to fields of distant glory, what a reception was that! What a wild and fearful scene! "What liberty?"

What security?" demanded the indignant Rowland. "No! unless the Camisards had liberty to worship God, not in holes and corners, not in deserts and caverns alone, but in their own churches, and with all the rights and guarantees of citizens, they would live and die with their arms in their hands." And a terrible shout and a howl of fury, mingled as with the rolling of thunder, and the hissing of serpents, burst round the astonished youth from the frantic Camisards. "Traitor! betrayer!" and not liberator and saviour, rushed from the lungs of thousands of infuriated Camisards; from the men whom he had so long led to battle, and who dreaded no death at his command. In vain he explained and reasoned: they would not hear him, till Rowland said, "Though we cannot agree with our deluded brother, let us not depart in anger," and embraced him. Then the hearts of all the soldiers melted a little, as they thought on old times, and when the heart-stricken young champion said "Let those who love me, follow me!" forty strode forth from the ranks and followed him. Forty only who now loved him! Forty only who had followed his banner as the banner of God—of certain victory! Forty only of all those who had seen the wonders of his young arm, and rushed into hottest battle at his trumpet voice, now followed in silence the melancholy hero, and the young Daniel, for the gigantic Ravel, faithful to this moment to God and Cavallier, now stood firmly faithful to God alone. He waved his sword vehemently, and shouted with the Camisard soldiery, "Live the sword of the Eternal! Live the sword of the Eternal;"

That was the fall of the Camisards. The glory of the Cevennes, and its wondrous warfare under the banners of the Almighty, and the visible armies of the angels, visible to the prophets in their hours of extacy, was over. From the year 1701 to 1705, was the period of the most marvellous revelation and conflict and victory. Cavallier and his little troop melancholy and ominous of evil done with good intent, and of evil coming, were sent under guard to Versailles. Cavallier had been told, in one of his illuminated hours, that he should speak with the king, and he did speak with him, and boldly and eloquently for the oppressed people of his mountains, and of the whole beautiful south; but he found quickly that he was only speaking to an old and bloated bigot, surrounded by the most corrupt and priestly influences; a sensual and priest-ridden slave, though the nominal monarch of France. When he reminded him of the treaty made by Marshal Villars, in a voice of thunder he bade him be silent; and the Camisard then knew that he was betrayed. Some friendly voice now whispered to him to fly ere the Bastile shut in him and his forty for ever. But it was not to the Bastile, but to the fortress of Brisac that the treacherous king destined them.

On the way they rode off in the night and reached the frontier and safety.

The subsequent history of Cavallier was more fortunate than that of his late brother chieftains. He went to Holland, and collecting a regiment of French Protestant refugees, he fought gallantly in Savoy and in Spain against the persecuting Louis. At the battle of Almanza, his regiment of Camisards finding themselves face to face with one of Montrevel's old regiments, which had helped to lay waste the Cevennes, the embittered enemies, countrymen, but Catholic and Protestant, rushed on each other with fixed bayonets, and without firing a shot, fought with such frenzy that only three hundred out of both the regiments, according to the Duke of Berwick, were left alive. After that Cavallier came to England. His world-wide fame gave him high distinction, and led to wealth. He married in Holland a daughter of the famous Madame Dunoyer of Nismes, and by that marriage became nephew of Lachaise, the persecuting confessor of Louis XIV, and nominally brother-in-Law to Voltaire! He wrote his memoirs, and became the governor of Jersey, which post he held till his death, which occurred at Chelsea in 1740. But was he as happy as he was prosperous? When he was introduced at Court to Queen Anne, she asked him whether the Lord still visited him, as He did in his native mountains, and the wealthy and *fortunate* (?) ex-Camisard Chief burst into tears, hung his head, and was silent!

The rest of the Camisard leaders refused any compromise, refused the delusive and soon-violated treaty. But the charm was broken, the Divine Spirit which had blazed in unclouded glory upon them, was veiled in a great measure, if not withdrawn. Confidence had received a shock by the defection of Cavallier, and suspicions and weakness crept in. Rowland the brave, the good and the wise, had become, in his own imagination Duke of the Cevennes, and boasted to have won it by his sword. He was soon suffered to fall into the hands of a traitor, and killed, gallantly defending himself against an ambushed and overwhelming enemy. There was no longer any head, any centre of union. Every chief commanded his own independent section of Camisards, who fought bravely, but were overpowered. Some surrendered on condition of being allowed to quit the country; others were taken and put to death with horrible tortures, being kept without sleep, or broken inch by inch on the wheel. The leaders all gone, the poor people endured a condition of sad oppression. No regard was paid to the treaty, and there remains a long story of wars and trampling violence till the outbreak of the Revolution. There is none so sad a story as the story of the Protestants of the South of France till 1787, when Louis XVI. was compelled to pass a much-boasted, but pitiful edict of toleration. The edict

granted the mere right to worship, and to legitimate Protestant marriages, but it rigorously excluded them from the exercise of every civil, judicial, or political function, and it subjected them to the domination of the established church, which had perpetrated upon them a hundred years of the cruellest martyrdom, and yet scowled on them with the eyes of a wolf still licking its bloody jaws. It is a singular fact that it was not to the so-called Christianity of the country, but which was in truth the devil's counterfeit of it, that the French Protestants owed their liberty, their restoration to human rights, but to—Infidelity; to that Scepticism and Atheism which the tender mercies of *soi-disant* Christianity had generated; to that disgust, universal and inexpressible in France, which the oppressions and suppressions, the dungeons, the racks, the fires, the insolence and the darkness of anti-Christ had created, and which co-operating with and encouraging political despotism evoked the tempest of the national indignation, which destroyed both altar and throne. Read the haughty words of Louis XVI.'s emancipatory edict of 1787. "*Pour cette grâce royale, vous serez assujettis au service de l'état et à l'entretien de la religion Catholique, seule dominante; mais du reste, vous demeurez à jamais exclus de toutes fonctions d'administration, de judicature, d'enseignement, et privés de tout moyen d'influence dans le royaume. En un mot, vous n'obtiendrez de nous ce que le droit naturel ne vous permet pas de vous refuser.*"

But Voltaire gave the signal, and magistrates, philosophers, and literary men, became the organs of tolerance, the echoes of the mighty voice of Ferney. Tolerance was the word of universal order; prosecutors general, Rippert de Montclar, Servan, La Charlotais, demanded it from Parliament; Turgot and D'Alembert in journals and pamphlets; Fenouillot de Falbaire in the theatre in his drama of *The Honest Criminal*; Paris, France, demanded it in thunder. The new philosophy penetrated through all the pores of superannuated society, and decomposed it utterly as the air decomposes a corpse. It was not monarchy, it was not Christianity, but the National Assembly which proclaimed the freedom of the mind, and yet it is remarkable that that assembly elected as one of its first weekly presidents a pastor of the church of the desert, a son of the martyrs of the Cevennes, Rabaut Saint Etienne! And when the dungeons of Anti-Christ were thrown open, they found in them crowds of miserable beings, the sight of whom would have drawn tears from a Caligula. These victims of the holy and infallible church, chiefly women, overwhelmed at the idea of deliverance, fell at the feet of their liberators, and could only express their sensations by sighs and tears. Many of them were eighty years of age. One of fifty-three years old had passed thirty-eight in her prison. Marie Durand, sister of the martyr of that name, had

been cast into her dungeon at five years of age, and had passed all her youth there.

The fiery conflict of the Prophets of the Cevennes had at length its triumph. This was the issue of its inspirations and its martyrdoms. The mighty had fallen, but the weak, mighty in God, had remained. Protestantism survived all the dragonades. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes the Protestants of France were calculated at two millions. They are now calculated at three millions, after the enormous numbers who were destroyed, or who emigrated to America, to the Cape of Good Hope, and to most of the countries of Europe. "Let us conclude our history," says Peyrat, "by an observation which is the conclusion natural and consolatory. It is that the result of this gigantic dragonade, of this political oppression has been almost null. That the greatest wound given to French Protestantism has been the expatriation of half a million of its children, yet they remain no fewer in number. The Cevennes have given to the world a great and salutary lesson. They have proved that the apostleship of the sword is impotent to convert souls, and that in order to triumph over a despotism the most colossal, it is only necessary for the very weakest people to suffer in silence and hope. Happy are they who believe, who love, and who hope."

And the picture which he draws of these Camisard Spiritualists so late as 1840 is beautiful. "The tourists who to-day traverse these mountains, pondering on the tragic events of which they were the theatre, admire with an involuntary astonishment the profound calm, the serenity of spirit of these hospitable populations. Their calamities have not left one particle of resentment in their souls to embitter the pious and the martial traditions which they recount to the stranger. The vestiges of persecution have as completely disappeared from the soil as from their hearts. Only the inhabitants of some cantons have not rebuilt their churches, they continue to worship in the desert. How often, in my wanderings, have I suddenly heard arise in the distance a psalmody, simple, grave, somewhat monotonous, but of a profoundly religious character, which the winds have borne to me across the woods, mingled with the murmur of torrents and the tinkling of the bells of the flocks and herds. I have hastened towards it, and have soon discovered on the skirts of the forest, or in some meadow, two or three hundred of the faithful listening in pious absorption, to the words of their pastor, stationed on a rock, at the foot of some ancient oak which canopied him with its branches. Ah! how tame becomes every form of worship after that adoration in the wilderness, amid that living nature which mingles its majestic voice with the hymns of man, under a heaven whose transparent depths permits the mystic spirit to catch glimpses of the invisible. Our emotion is doubled when

the desert, like the Champ Domergue, is a spot consecrated by the prayers and the combats of their ancestors. The pastor there, the minister of Valais, is the descendant of the patriarchal Elie Marion. The young catechumens bear the names of warriors and martyrs; for the religious families, the descendants of the inspired Camisards, remain yet almost entire. The Seguiers are remaining in the village near Magestavois. The posterity of Castanet, under the name of Mallaval, descended by the female line, still inhabit the cottage of that chief at Massavaque. The Mazels are a populous tribe. The Maurels, descended from the sister of Catinat, are small proprietors, farmers, and coopers in Cailla. The Cavalliers, prosperous also, have quitted Ribaute, but a stock of the Laportes—the family of Rowland—of which an offshoot is transplanted to St. Jean du Gard, flourishes still in the ancestral house of Massoubeyran, and the youngest of these shoots has received the name of his illustrious great uncle, the Camisard general—ROWLAND LAPORTE.

A MURDER DISCOVERED IN SWEDEN BY A DREAM.

THE following is translated from a Gothenburg newspaper (Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfartstidning) of the 8th July:—

“On the night of the 18th of June last the married woman Anna Greta Nilsson, of the village of Högstale, Bokenäs Parish, in the county of Bohus (in which Gothenburg is situated, being the capital thereof) dreamed that the widow Johanna Johansson, 31 years old, living in a neighbouring homestead, had been delivered of a child, had killed it, hid the body for eight days in a shed for keeping firewood in, and afterwards thrown it in a bog situated about 1,000 feet from the village. As soon as Nilsson had got her clothes on in the morning she hastened to the bog, and observed immediately a child's foot sticking up out of the shallow water. She waded into the water and took up the lifeless child, which was wrapped in an old sack, to which a big stone was attached, in order to sink it to the bottom. After the corpse had been delivered to the authorities, the suspected woman was arrested and brought into the jail at Uddevalla. At the first examination, held there on the 4th instant, she at once confessed her crime, relating the circumstances exactly in accordance with those revealed in the dream of Nilsson, who was brought in as a witness, and confirmed her statement about the dream by her oath. After the hearing of several other witnesses, supporting the likelihood of the truth of the widow Johansson's confession, she was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.”

PREMONITIONS.

It often happens during the moments of undisturbed quietude, and thus while the thoughts are in a state of easy fluency, the sudden and vivid thought of an absent person comes unbidden into the mind, to be immediately succeeded by the unexpected appearance of that person. We know one lady in particular who, by this mysterious inward monition, often announces the visits of her friends or acquaintances to her house hours before the persons arrive, and if the persons named ever fail to arrive according to prediction, it generally if not always proves, on inquiry, that they were *intending* or *desiring* to come at the time, but were disappointed. This inward sensitiveness to the approaches, intentions, or conditions of absent friends is often greatly increased when just prior to death, the soul is relaxing its connection with the bodily organism, and is beginning to assume its normal action as a disembodied soul. For example, but a few days before this was written, a sister of a friend of the writer, on a bed in an upper room, in a dying condition, and scarcely able to speak, announced the arrival at the street door of her sister from the country, though none of the family expected the sister's arrival at the time.—In another instance the writer was told by a member of the family of a dying lady, that just before the exit of her soul from her body, she announced the approach of one of her relatives from the distance of a mile or more, and thence followed him in his path, telling at what moments he passed certain points, tracing him to the very door, and mentioning the moment he was about to enter, when immediately he came in and confirmed all she had stated. To these soul-connections the writer can bear testimony from personal experience, having repeatedly perceived, and told accurately, the states of his family at particular moments when absent from home, and having in one instance actually left his place of business and gone home, three miles distant, under the impression that his children (who were left alone) were in great trouble concerning some untoward occurrence in which the *dog* was involved. While on his way home, he received from the hands of a friend, a note from his eldest daughter, urging him to come quickly, as Rover had bitten a neighbour's little girl, and the father of the girl had threatened to shoot the dog.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Correspondence.

SWEDENBORG AND MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I cordially thank you for having at last given us an opportunity of knowing what it was that Swedenborg said about David and Paul. It had been scarcely hinted by biographers, but charity led men to believe that it could be neatly explained away by able critics. It appears to me that biographers and critics have incurred a serious responsibility in thus concealing from the public these manifest hallucinations of the prince of mediums, or so-called spirit manifestations. Had these mad visions been freely published, as they ought to have been, many years ago, I doubt if "Mediumship" would have grown to its present height, the question becomes plain. If Swedenborg's perception of Paul's condition was right, then Christ has died in vain, and the Bible is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. If Swedenborg's perception of Paul's condition was wrong, then, judging the sack by the sample, all such experiences as Swedenborg's and so-called modern Spiritualism, are a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Some would refuse to judge of the sack by the sample. Such would continue to maintain that "mediumship" was only "delivering tracts in proof of the existence and nearness of the spiritual world," when it was accused of denying the power in the human understanding to attain to all truth without the aid of the beggarly crutches and bondage of signs, wonders, witchcraft, sorcery, necromancy, laying-on of hands, anointing with oil, external ordinances, or any other thing which belonged to man's childish state. These were declared to be of no value, when, with the abolition of the Jewish law, (A. D. 70) man had arrived at the perfect manhood state, having no longer need of such a schoolmaster. (See 1 Cor. xiii. 8-13, and Eph. iv. 11-13.) Just as the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven, in power and great glory, after his resurrection and ascension into heaven, during the apostolic age, which terminated A. D. 70, on the fall of Jerusalem, and the abolition of the Jewish law, and indeed the end of the old world of miracles and childishness—just, I say, as all this left many attached to the corrupt traditions (1 Pet. i. 18) of their fathers, in agreement with Christ's prediction (when the Son of Man cometh will He find faith in the earth); so, no doubt, Swedenborgianism or Mediumship, for they are really one and the same thing, has a long lease yet. But I think it will receive a heavy blow and great discouragement by a free and abundant circulation of these mad visions of Swedenborg. I am encouraged to ask you to publish these sentiments of mine in your Magazine, and your remark that "the Spiritualist has no fortress of dogma to defend." Then let him not attempt to defend the wild and wicked dogma that the human understanding any longer needs such rubbish as this of Swedenborg or any other medium to prove the existence and nearness of the spiritual world. Conversions and infidelity by such means are no conversions at all. A man may be deprived of his reasoning powers by such appeals to his gross senses, and then with a weakened mind confess that his former opinions were wrong. But this is no intimate conversion of the free and manly understanding which God has given to man. On your own shewing, Swedenborgianism, which must include his mediumship, or spirit manifestations as you call them, has not prevented its converts from being "silly," if not "dishonest." Why should we expect any better results from the conversion of silly people by other machinery of so-called "Spiritualism?"

To this Spiritualism I have long entertained a great aversion. This display of its effects on Swedenborg has greatly increased that aversion. How nearly is one of the noblest understandings wrecked by this miserable delusion! But it would be far better for no one ever to read another word of Swedenborg than that men should be kept in ignorance of the fact that his wisdom was obscured in intervals of deplorable insanity.

Excuse the freedom with which I have spoken on this subject. I deny none of your facts or phenomena. They prove the still debilitated and demoralised condition of the human mind; for they could not take place if men knew and enjoyed the privileges *which have been bestowed* upon them, to see no longer, as in the apostolic age, "through a glass darkly," but "face to face," the Lord Jesus Christ divested of the burden of the Jewish Law, and of all those childish things under which the Apostles groaned (2 Cor. v. 4), looking for and hasting unto the day when these beggarly elements of the old Jewish heavens and earth were melted with fervent heat. In Jerusalem, in ecclesiasticism, in the law of Moses or the flesh, which was a ministration of death (2 Cor. iii. 7), were summed up all the evil of that old serpent, superstition and sensualism, which had shed the blood of all the prophets who from the foundation of the world had preached faith in holiness, and had urged mankind to cast to the moles and the bats their external mummeries and necromancies. When all pretence for religious establishments and spirit manifestations, sanctioned by Divine authority, was taken away by the fall of Jerusalem and the completion of the prophetic and apostolic age of the world, then rang through all the world to eternity "Rejoice over her, ye holy Apostles and Prophets, for God hath avenged you on her." And no Swedenborg or other medium shall ever reverse that decision, declared A.D. 70, so plainly that "every eye" may see it. Then and there was made the eternal "judgment to rest for a light of the people" (Isaiah li. 4.) It is the crowning evidence of the truth of the Christian religion: it establishes the fact that Babylon (or ecclesiasticism and superstition combined against the Lord and his Christ, (Acts iv. 27) is fallen, is fallen! Behold all things are made new, and there shall be no more death. All this came to pass at the end of that old world, "when Eber also perished for ever" (Numb. xxiv. 24), and men will understand it in proportion as they abandon mediumisms and churchisms.

Let me not be supposed to be desirous of underrating "the grand truths" published in the writings of Swedenborg. But these did not require his experiences of spirit manifestations. He was, as you observe, an hereditary medium or seer. We are all more or less infested by this old serpent; and if Providence were to wait till we had destroyed it before he opened the eyes of our understanding to discern the spiritual world, we should remain the slaves of the natural world for ever. Swedenborg's great truth, the correspondence of spirit and matter, from which all other truths follow, was planted in the world, when Swedenborg was in his teens, by Berkeley's unanswerable proof that matter is the function of mind. For the beautiful demonstration of this truth afresh, I recommend the perusal of Mr. J. S. Mill's new work on Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy. Heavenly sophia, or wisdom, has no need of the sophia which descends not from above, but is earthly, animal, demon-formed. (James iii. 15.) This demon-formed sophia exists in the human will, in the flesh and blood, and cannot enter into the kingdom of God. (1 Cor. xv. 50.) Swedenborg inherited such a fearful amount of "the present so-called modern manifestations" (to use your own words) that perhaps we ought not to wonder at the fierce conflict which ensued when, as he says (not the will part, which loved church, state and government) "the intellectual part of his mind was illuminated by immediate light from the Lord," "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John i. 9.) Surely a man had better remain technically an infidel than see Paul in hell. As Swedenborg could not see that this demonized sophia had been deprived of all pretence of having Divine sanction by the completion of "prophecies, tongues and knowledge," in the apostolic age, what more natural fact that he should see his direst foe in the greatest apostle of free grace and of the perfect manhood state? The recorded fact is a providential warning against all "mediumship" as an "abomination" (Rev. xxi. 27) which denies that the New Jerusalem rose when the old one fell, and so makes the word of God of no effect. Bear with me in this language, I entreat you, as you acknowledge that you have no fortress of dogma to defend.

If I have appeared to you to be offensively dogmatic, take this as my apology. I have wished to be as brief as possible, that I might not occupy too much of your pages; and brevity is apt to appear dogmatic. I should have preferred a more lengthy argument, a more copious illustration from Scripture, an assurance



It was not going to be a waste of words if I endeavoured more clearly and fully to separate between the precious and the vile in Swedenborg's writings, and to explain more in detail the fundamental fact that the end of Jerusalem is the end of the world.

W. P. G.

[We cannot think that our Correspondent forms a correct estimate either of Swedenborg or of more modern mediumship. We entirely agree with him, however, in blaming the concealment which has been resorted to by Swedenborgians of those convenient parts of Swedenborg's writings, which we have now for the first time brought prominently before the public. There are many more strange passages which, if necessary, we can bring forward, and which will adequately prove how little Swedenborg is infallible in his mediumship. Like other mediums he was sometimes deceived, and it must be remembered that in all we have laid before our readers as to this prince of mediums, our object has been simply to present the truth, and to strike at the root of that destructive error which attributes infallibility to his writings. It is that only which makes the Swedenborgian sect small and so narrow, so fanatic and so bigoted. Were they to recognize his true position, and leave him open to criticism and free inquiry, his would still be the greatest and the fullest soul whom it has pleased God to send amongst men since the Bible times, but like Theodore Parker, we object to swallow him whole, or any other man.

Our correspondent appears from his remarks to have once allowed him whole, and now that he finds him uncomfortable on his stomach, he wishes to get quit of him altogether. In our opinion this is not wise of him. Why should he presume to "judge the sack by the sample," when he must know by long reading of it that it is not a fair sample of the sack? Our plan is to take each grain of the sack and judge of it by itself, and to reject all sampling of it as only leading to error. What the Swedenborgians do is the very same thing as our correspondent does. They judge of the sack by the sample; but they choose a sample of the best grains, and say that all the rest are like unto it. This is their grand error, and we shall be happy if what we have published shall be the means of preventing this for the future.

They are not wise persons, therefore, who would, like our correspondent, reject all mediumship because error is mixed up with it. To take the instance of Swedenborg; surely our correspondent would not wish that Swedenborg had stopped all mediumship in its earliest stage, and have left unwritten all the glorious developments of his spiritual writings, because they were not all equally good—or because some of them are positively absurd and silly. Or take the mediums or prophets of the Bible;

because they, too, were not always equal, and wrote things hard to reconcile, are we to reject the whole? It is infallibility which he sighs after, and rather than miss that, he is willing to give up all. Not so we. We wish to find out infallibility, if it exist, after trial, and not before. Free inquiry and intellect will tell us what is true, and only what is proved true is infallible. Our friends arrive at infallibility, therefore, from the wrong end, and we commend to them the correction of their method.

These absurdities of Swedenborg, not less than his supernatural wisdom, prove his mediumship. We see them in all high mediumship, and we thank God for them, because they leave the human mind free—nay, impose on it the necessity to judge them by the intellect, as well as by the heart.

Our correspondent misjudges, too, what is the aim and purpose of Spiritualism. It is not to dwell in dreams and visions, to sit at tables, to collect stories and narrations of healing power, of clairvoyance, and of possession. It is to catalogue the powers, and to chronicle the independent existence of the human soul. It is to create the belief in a spiritual cosmogony—new to us, vast, universal—the sole mother and continent of all that is material in this outside world. It is to bring back to mankind the faith in God and in his Providence, and to make us his children in place of setting up for gods on our own account, and dwelling in the outside, instead of in the eternal verities of spiritual power and forces.

How easy then for us to pass by the crudities of mediums in this grand pursuit of spiritual laws, and keeping our eyes fixed on these, to form our knowledge into stones of the grand Spiritual Temple of humanity.

Why spiritual yearnings and inquiries must absolutely have ceased A.D. 70 we really do not know. The fact appears to be otherwise; and as we look upon the world as being still under the Providence and creative power of God, we are content to see that all things are well, in the highest sense, as proceeding from Him, or by His permission.

These powers of the soul, which are a part of Spiritualism, are not of our making, and we are not therefore called upon to apologize for them. All we do is to observe them reverently, and try to make them subservient to the discovery of the spiritual laws of the soul and of God's spiritual universe.—ED.]

