

# SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

BY

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“If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.”—*Acts*, chap. 5, v. 38, 39.

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SECOND THOUSAND.

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## READER,

Indulge this tiny pioneer of a mighty truth with kindness and consideration. Deny it not because like fisherman of old it comes in humble garb; read its unpretending pages and enquire; and as the little star whose twinkle lighted forth the shepherds of the east to the manger-cradle of their infant Christ, so may this lead you to spirit-man,—a guide by Bible light to God and immortality.

EALING, 1857.



# SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

## A Lecture.

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THE subject I have chosen for my Lecture is as you all know unpopular at this day. Spirit manifestations are the jest of your man of science, the derision of your man of letters; they are denied by the people at large, and so strong runs the current of popular prejudice, that even the judges of your land, unmindful of their high position, and that it is their sacred duty on all occasions to hold impartially the scales of justice, hasten to cast aside their ermined robes, and without enquiry, and in the absence of investigation, to stand forth the public denouncers of spirit manifestations. "I blush," said Vice-Chancellor Page Wood in his address to the Christian Young Men's Association, "I blush for the land of a Bacon and a Newton, where such absurdities are tolerated." And he

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recommended his hearers to test the truth or the falsehood of spirit manifestations by an appeal to the juggler of the day. If spirit manifestations be false, well may the learned Judge blush, for the circle of believers is from day to day enlarging its circumference; but if spirit manifestations be true,—and it will be my endeavour to prove to you that spirit manifestations are true,—then perchance the learned Judge may live to see that day when he shall blush, not for the land of a Bacon and a Newton, but for the indiscretion of an English Judge, in thus addressing and advising Christian young men. I bring this to your notice, to shew you the disadvantages under which I labor, and I crave your indulgence while I relate the facts which have induced me to arrive at the conclusion that spirit manifestations are true.

The facts I record were taken down at the time; they may startle, but the question for you to consider is, did they occur?—did they take place?—are they true? Their truth does not rest on my testimony, they are evidenced by many intelligent trustworthy and disinterested witnesses, who have seen and heard, and are ready to bear witness to their truth; and will any of you, merely because

you have not seen with your eyes nor heard with your ears, take upon yourselves to deny the facts I shall state, supported as I have told you by undeniable evidence? You cannot venture to do so unless you reject all the rules of evidence by which in this life we test the truth or the falsehood of what is submitted to our consideration. Let me call your attention to the spirit manifestations of old,—manifestations which are present to the mind of every reader of the Sacred Writings; let me remind you of the old man Samuel, appearing covered with a mantle—of a man appearing in white linen unto Daniel—the men who were with him saw not—of king Belshazzar *seeing the fingers of a man's hand*, writing on the wall—he saw the fingers only, and the thousands assembled at his impious feast, they saw not. I might call to your memory many other passages of Holy Writ which bear unerring testimony to the truth of spirit manifestations—manifestations which you all believe without enquiry, and rightly so, for you find them written by the finger of God in his Book of Truth: the manifestations we bring before you are recorded by fallible men like yourselves, and therefore fitting subjects of the strictest inquiry. That

God did in the earlier period of the world's history, permit man out of the flesh to manifest himself to man on earth, is acknowledged by every believer in the Holy Bible; will you then who profess a belief in the Bible and in the spirit manifestations of old, will you venture to say that the same Great God may not, in the exercise of his Omnipotence and his Omniscience, in like manner permit man in spirit to manifest himself to man on earth at this day? Do you think that man now is nearer to his God than the men of old? Do the men of this age cultivate the flowers of heaven or the weeds of earth? Are love and charity more cherished in this hour than in the days of Daniel? Is not every good sacrificed to the god of gold? Are not the treasures of heaven immolated on the altar of mammon? Do you think that earth is progressing to that state of perfection which God intended, when he sent it forth into space on its mission? is it advancing spiritually and socially under the teachers and instructors of the day? and if not, is it unreasonable to conclude, that means as of old, are again resorted to by the Father of all for the conversion of his children from the error of their ways?

Let me beg of you to bear in mind that many of the truths of this day, however familiar they may be to you, were the ridiculed but of yesterday; and may it not, think you, be within the range of probability, that the ridiculed of this day, shall in their turn become the truths of the morrow?—Indulge not then in ridicule. To ridicule, merely because you cannot comprehend, or do not understand, ill becomes the wisest or the most learned of us shortsighted mortals; or the simplest laws of Nature's God may stand forth the laughing-stock of man. Eighteen hundred years ago, Christ was the object of jest, of derision, and of ridicule—three centuries have scarcely rolled away since the man who dared to say the world went round, was adjudged by the *scientific and the learned* to be impious and profane—and even in our own days, to talk of travelling by steam, or of conversing by electricity, was accepted as sure evidence of an over-heated imagination. And yet Christ, the once despised and rejected, is now the beloved and the worshipped. To doubt Copernicus, to say the world goes not round, would be the act of madman or of fool—steam and electricity, impostors and impossibilities in their day, see them now acknowledged and admitted

truths, encircling God's earth with giant strides ; all bearing witness how God has in his own good time established the truth, putting to shame the scientific jester and the learned sneerer—enquire then and investigate, but do not descend to ridicule.

And now let me relate to you some of the many manifestations I have witnessed, and which can be evidenced as I have stated ; and let me entreat you to give me your undivided attention, and your calm, deliberate, and dispassionate judgment ; so that if spirit manifestations be true—and true they are—you may be possessed of that great and grand truth—“for the merchandize thereof is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than of fine gold.”

Some years ago my children, who had heard of hat moving, tried to move a hat,—the hat moved. They then tried to move a small table,—they placed their hands upon it,—the table moved. From the small table they went to a large loo table, weighing at least 100lbs,—this table also moved, sometimes from side to side, sometimes round and round, with great velocity. The table would move in any direction that was desired, and, so far as we could observe, the movement did not appear to be influenced

by any of those at the table. This movement occurred over and over again.

And here let me arrest your attention: a table moves, and apparently without any aid or assistance from those around it. Professor Faraday gives as his opinion, that the movement is the result of unconscious muscular, or nervous agency; and I am free to confess that, if the phenomenon had not been further developed, I dared not have ventured to have gainsayed the conclusion of Faraday; but pursue the enquiry and you will find that tables not only move from side to side, and round and round, but are raised perpendicularly from the ground. Twelve of my family and friends were seated round my drawing-room table; all had their hands on the surface; on the table was a large moderator lamp in full light; the table was raised at least six inches from the ground and waved in the air, at such an angle that the lamp under ordinary circumstances must have fallen off. One of the party, a clergyman of the Church of England, was so surprised, that he held up his hands, exclaiming—“*the laws of gravitation are suspended.*”

Now in this case all hands were upon the surface of the table;—if there be muscular or nervous

agency—in this instance it must have been exerted in opposition to the rising of the table—it could not possibly aid or assist the perpendicular movement, and if this be so, then Professor Faraday's explanation cannot avail. I admit that I failed to arrive at any theory satisfactory to myself, nor have *any* of the *scientific* or the *learned* of the age lent their aid by any suggestion.

I therefore thought it wiser to pursue the enquiry, and with what success you shall see. We sat in circle again and again; in addition to the movement, loud *knocks were heard*; they did not proceed from any of the persons present. We had been told that these sounds were made by some unseen and intelligent being who wished to communicate—and that if any of us would call the alphabet, there would be a sound or knock at the *letter* wanted—that each letter so sounded or knocked at would form a word, and that the several words would be the sentence to be communicated—we did so, and the result was invariable. On the occasion I allude to, the sounds or knocks on the table were loud and distinct;—we asked if the alphabet was wanted, and if so to give five knocks on the table—five loud knocks

were immediately given, which were heard by all at the table. The letters of the alphabet were then repeated, and at each of the letters there was a distinct knock;—by this means we had repeated communications—all of which bore the stamp of intelligence—still I hesitated to conclude, and determined to continue my investigations. We recorded every incident,—we sat in circle—our friends were admitted,—strangers were invited,—and certainly not fewer than one hundred persons had the opportunity of witnessing and examining at my house.

Sir David Brewster, Mrs. Trollope the authoress, and her son Thomas Trollope, my brother a man of intelligence, a friend a collegiate, Mr. Home (in whose presence wonderful physical manifestations took place), and the members of my own family were present one summer evening. The table at which we sat was a long telescopic dining table, having two legs at each end and none in the centre. One end was occupied by Mr. Trollope, Sir David Brewster, and my eldest girl—Mr. Home sat about the centre of one side, having Mrs. Trollope on his left; I sat at the other end, the others present occupying the remainder of the table. There was

no cloth or drapery of any kind—Sir David was invited to look under the table and make every investigation, and he did most properly avail himself of the opportunity afforded him by carefully looking under the table, both before sounds were heard and during the time they were being made. On this occasion I find recorded in the handwriting of my brother, a short account of what took place, I will give you it in his own words:—  
 “Table moved from side to side,—raised at one end,—raised entirely from the ground,—Sir David tried to lift the table—sometimes he could not, at other times he could, or, as Sir David said, ‘the table was made *light and heavy at command.*’”

I had purchased an accordion,—it was called for: hymns and tunes were played, and without any visible agency. After the party broke up, Sir David, in the course of conversation, said—“I should have liked if we had been all standing when the table lifted.” Sir David, Mr. Trollope and myself then sat down to see if it were possible to move the table or to raise it by our feet, but it could not be moved by the united efforts of the feet of all three. I invited Sir David to come the next evening for the purpose of complying with his

request of standing at the table, but he could not, having a pre-engagement.

This table, which is twelve feet long, has been completely turned over, while three of my own family and a friend were seated at it,—replaced, and again turned over,—all our hands being on the surface;—occasionally it has been moved while we were all standing, without any one touching it,—even with their hands.

Mr. Trollope came on the following evening,—we sat round the same table as on the previous evening; the alphabet was called for, and three of us were told to go into another room, to get a smaller table, and stand;—we were not to sit but to stand; we did so—and a heavy card table, on pillar and claws, and which was brought at my request from another room, and at which we had never sat before, was repeatedly lifted off the ground at least twenty inches.

I had occasion to call upon the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, the author of a work on Mesmerism,—we discussed these phenomena,—he remarked—but why do not these things occur above the table?—I could not then, and I cannot now, give any satisfactory reason. In the evening of

the same day I sat with my family round the table, and the first manifestation that occurred was the moving on the surface of the table, without any visible agency, a large moderator lamp which was a-light,—the globe of the lamp was also moved round repeatedly and sounds were made thereon.

Four of us sat in circle at a house in Chancery Lane, —the alphabet was called for,—the letters sounded, were "*Dear Sir, love God*"—"Dear Sir" was a very favorite expression of a friend of mine. I then said,—is it my departed friend?—will you favor me with evidence of your identity?—meaning the gentleman alluded to—I went through the alphabet,—I could not make any words of the letters, I went through the alphabet again and again, and still the same letters but without meaning. I then took down the letters,—"*Cetteesttresvrais*," and to our surprise the sentence was bad French,—"*Cette est très vrais*"—"It is very true."—I have since ascertained from some of the members of his family that, although no French scholar, this was one of a few French sayings he was in the habit of using.

A man of repute in the literary world was at my house one evening to witness manifestations. It was said to him through sounds on the table—

“We wish you to have faith in the”—and there was then placed in his hand, and by no seen agent, a paper cross, one of my children’s book markers—*“We wish you to have faith in the cross”*—and this paper cross he begged might be given him.

A gentleman, an early companion of mine, was with my family for a few weeks—it was intimated to him through the alphabet by knocks on the table that his aunt *Dorothy* was present; he was surprised, and assured us that could not be so, for he never had an aunt;—he afterwards wrote to his sister, who was residing in the north of England, and I will read you her reply.—

“I never heard of our father having a sister, there were four sons and their father died when they were all very young, but I expect my elder sister over who knows more of our family and I will ask her.—P.S. She has just come and I find *our father had a sister*—our grandfather was twice married;—by his first wife he had one daughter whose name was *Dorothy*—and who died an infant, and who, of course, was our aunt.”

One evening I found seated at my long table, my wife, my second son, Mr. Home, and two friends—  
—I was passing through the room to my chamber,

—I stood for a few moments at the end of the table,—my attention was immediately arrested by sounds;—it was stated to be my little boy who had passed away some years ago. I asked if he recollected how pleased he was when on earth to place me a chair on my return home,—the chair was immediately moved round the corner of the table, and by no visible agency: it was placed behind me, and I sat down upon it.

Now this, as I have told you, was in the presence of five;—one of whom was the editor of a well-known work, "*Occult Sciences.*" This was neither deception nor delusion—all at the table saw the chair moved to where I was standing,—the hands of all were on the table; no one knew that I intended to ask for a chair;—until that instant I did not know it myself.

Neither the nervous agency of Faraday, nor the toe contrivance of Elliotson, nor the muscle theory of Brewster will be satisfactory to you—some other and truer reason must be discovered; and if the philosophic thinkers of the day, who from sense alone construct the plan of speculation, seeing in these phenomena trick and deception, will not stoop to enquire, or fail to discover, it must be left to the

intelligence of the middle classes of this country, who in their love of truth are now enquiring, so that they may judge for themselves.

We were told through the alphabet that my little boy was present in spirit. I had heard of spirits writing in America—Mr. Wolf, of Athens, county Ohio, writes—“*writing is done without human hands, the hand of the spirit is visible while the writing is done*”—I asked if the unseen being could write as on earth—he answered that he would try. I then took from my wife’s writing desk a sheet of note paper, clean, and without any writing on it of any description. I borrowed a pencil from a lady friend who was at the table—the table had its usual cloth—on the cloth I placed the paper and pencil,—both moved as if by a breath of air; the brass fastenings of my table were then displaced one by one, and fell to the ground; the table was opened or pulled out, and by no human agency; every one in the room was seated at the table and had their hands on its surface. I then asked if I should place the paper and pencil on the table near the opening under the cloth,—three sounds, “Yes”—I did so, and immediately the form of a small hand was seen under the cloth,—it

was felt by some who placed their hands upon it,—the paper and pencil were then removed, the form of the hand disappearing at the same time. In a few minutes the same form of hand was again seen replacing the paper and the pencil, the alphabet was called for:—“*Dear papa, I have really done my very best.*”—I removed the paper and pencil, and on that paper was written—“Dear papa, dear mama,”—and signed “Wat.” Watty was the name of my child. No one was aware that I intended to ask for this to be done; it was not pre-arranged even by myself; it was the thought of the moment. I have the writing, *delusion* therefore it cannot be,—deception or imposition it was not: you have the facts, judge for yourselves.

At Sandgate in Kent we numbered thirteen: the table was elevated at least two feet; the accordion was played,—the tune was not known to any of us; we asked the name, and we were told through the alphabet that it was—“the Song of the Sea.”—*A hand and arm* in white drapery appeared, it was seen by *all* at the table on several occasions during the evening, and we had every opportunity of very carefully examining it.

A few evenings afterwards the table was near

the window,—it was twilight,—my second girl was touched by a hand,—sounds were heard,—the accordion was played,—the tune was new; we were told by means of the alphabet it was “the Song of the Angels to the Mourners,” followed by a hymn which had been frequently played before. It was then spelt out by sounds on the table,—*some will shew you their hands to night*,—the table was then gently raised and lifted up several times—a *hand appeared* above the table and took from the dress of one of the party a miniature brooch and handed it to several at the table—*hands and arms were then distinctly seen by all at the table of different forms and sizes*; sometimes crossed as in *prayer*, and at other times *pointing upwards*; on another occasion sounds were heard, communications were made, and *hands and arms in white drapery were again seen*. A spirit hand took up a Bible which was on the table and opened it; this was seen by all,—a leaf was *folded down*—the *hand took* a pencil and marked the two verses sixteen and seventeen of the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew: “But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to

see these things which ye see, and have not seen them ; and to hear these things which ye hear, and have not heard them.”

We have not only seen hands and arms, but they have been repeatedly felt by all at the table as distinctly as though they were the hands and arms of living mortals, and we have very frequently shaken hands with them as really and substantially as one man shakes hands with another.

Shortly after the death of a friend of my family, and before his body was committed to the grave, we were discussing his failings in life, forgetful I regret to say of that Christian charity which ought ever to be present to our minds: there were loud knocks—the name of our departed friend was given, and he desired us to read the eighth chapter of St. John, and when we read the seventh verse—“ *He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her,*”—he rapped very loudly as if to admonish us, and to call our attention to our unkindness.

On the first of October my daughter was holding a pencil in her hand,—it was involuntarily guided as it had frequently been before—she wrote without looking, and unconscious of what she was writing,

“ This day I entered a new life, I was born

again, and now I have entered another state, another sphere—I have changed my dress and my wreath—as we *progress here we have on each anniversary* of our spirit-life an assembly of spirits rejoicing with us, and all wear wreaths and dresses according to their progression.” It was represented to be my sister who died on that day five years; and here let me observe, involuntary writing is a very usual way by which the spirit communications are made,—although I admit it is difficult in a lecture to convince you that the writing does not proceed from the mind of the individual, I have no hesitation in stating *that it does not*, having frequently had communications by this means which the holder of the pencil did not know.

She again wrote,—“I lived and loved and saw and felt, but then an illness came, and the soul finding itself in a corrupt and decaying casket, spread its wings and took flight, even as a bird leaves its nest to return no more, or as the blossom falls and leaves the fruit hanging to the tree. I am but a little boy, though since I have been here I have studied very diligently, because I knew it was appointed me to convert my father, and you can imagine how all my best powers were called forth to

have such a soul at stake." This was stated to be my little boy, who had died as I told you.

We had a friend staying with us who had been a tutor to my children—we sat in circle—it was written—"There are some who question the difference between animal and man. The great God made *all*. He made the reptile, the crawling insect, the proud beast, and the soaring bird, and *he made MAN*; but the great Creator of all things drew a long *line between man* and animal; he gave animal an instinct for this world, a beautiful body. He gave man a beautiful body and a beautiful spirit; he gave man (for man is but the name of a garment)—he gave man all thought, all reason; he gave man an inner man—one to meet him above. Question not the animal and man, for the animal is *only* as man's body, there is no spirit to ascend to the God who gave it; it is as a garment, when worn falls to pieces, having no man within. This is for one's friend at the table—tell him that the animal never knows a God, worships not a Maker—man has *God*; how then can he question *such* a difference? man can be like an animal, but an animal cannot be like *man*."

He told us that a few weeks before, the very

subject had been discussed by a friend of his, who held the opinion that there was no difference between man and animal; *this he had not previously mentioned to any of us.*

At a very recent sitting at Eastbourne,—and to this let me entreat your undivided attention—the circle consisted of four of my own family and a Mr. N., who was introduced to us by a friend of ours, *but he, his friends and connections* were unknown to all of us. At this sitting the sounds were distinct, the name of our spirit visitor was asked for, and *Mary L.* was given—she said she was a friend when on earth of Mr. N., and that she wished to speak with him. She said through the table—“Do you remember when we sat together and spoke upon religion, how each of us urged our own views?” Some little time elapsed, there were more sounds, and we then asked if she had any thing further to communicate—she said “Yes,” and there was spoken through the table these words—“*The immortal lives.*” Mr. N. then told us that he and his wife were very intimately acquainted with a lady whose christian name was “Mary” and whose surname began with the letter “L.”—that she had passed from earth some years ago. There were then

ten distinct sounds. Mr. N. said he believed it was about ten years since she died,—that they very frequently discussed together their religious opinions,—that Mary L. always insisted on *immortality*,—whereas he, on the contrary, *advocated materialism*.

“*The immortal lives !*” These simple words are addressed by a departed lady to her friend on earth. —Yes, this all-important message is conveyed to earth by knocks—A FEW KNOCKS ON A COMMON TABLE solve the doubts of a life time, carry conviction to the heart, and dissolve unbelief like snow before the mid-day sun. Yes! materialism that has withstood the THUNDERS OF THE PULPIT, FALLS PROSTRATE BEFORE THE SPIRIT KNOCK; and is this what man in his vanity proudly proclaims to his fellow man to be unworthy—can the messengers of God think ye have a holier mission?—is it unworthy to turn man to his Maker?—to lead him in mercy on his bended knees, to bow before the throne of the Great Eternal, and confess his God and immortality? —Unworthy!—Do ye judge by appearances in spirituals as in temporals?—Are the gilded trappings of earth still wanting, as of old, to seal man’s belief?—Will ye ever cling to the tinsels of life?—

Do ye imagine they form part of God's high kingdom?—You, professing Christians, you ought to know, that *God's will* is not dependent on the *world's externals*. He wills—let there be light, and there was light. *God and God alone*, with tools so humble can *produce results so vast*. “The foolishness of God” (says St. Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians) “is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men:—God hath chosen *the foolish things of the world* to confound *the wise*, and God hath chosen the *weak things of the world* to confound the *things which are mighty*, and base things of the world and things *which are despised hath God chosen*, yea, and things which are *not*, to bring to nought the things that are.”—1 Cor. i. 25, 28.

Remember that the greatest and the grandest truth that was ever heralded from earth to heaven, was humbly proclaimed through one of woman, in a stable born, cradled in a manger, introduced into the chief city of the Jews riding on an ass;—by one who on earth had nowhere to lay his head:—“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head;” by one who was disbelieved and was crucified; by one who the *learned and scientific* of that

day declared *had a devil and was mad*; and yet humble, despised and rejected as he was—he is *our God and our Saviour*—judge not then by externals—let the experience of the past be your guide, and be slow to determine.

And now let me relate to you some of the teachings—many of them in answer to questions asked,—sometimes through knocks on the table,—sometimes delivered in trance, and at other times by writing.

“When you join a circle have all your minds in a proper state, for if not it is much harder for us to come; *prepare yourselves beforehand by prayer*; we do not come for amusement, we come not as a wonder, not *to astonish*, but for a *great mission on your earth*; we come to teach and to sow the *seeds of love, truth, and faith in your world*.

“Open your ears and close not your eyes, for you shall have true words coming from holy fountains to teach the lips heavenly things: you may despise, you may spurn our commandments from the humbleness of the servants, but remember that servants are chosen from those who offer themselves for hire.

“The Spirit has not the power of taking again

its natural body; if it were so, this would throw the laws of nature into wild disorder, and disturb created things, for the body was given to profit the future, not the future to profit the body.

“ Long ago man desired to hear these sayings but he was not prepared for them, and now he does war against his own senses.

“ The Sabbath was made for man, that he may turn from his zealous pursuit after earthly things, giving his thoughts to the God of all his wealth and every good, loving all goodness before that which is unholy, truth before that which is false, wisdom before that which is foolish, virtue before that which is vicious; fearing and loving God, giving him your life and all your goods, having love, mercy and justice, partakers with your broken vows, walking humbly before God and man, thirsting after pure water; works do not harm *the soul* whether done on the Sabbath or not, if they *be good*.

“ God hath made everything with an ulterior object in view; he hath created man for eternity, placing him here that he may form his life for his hereafter, giving him power to drink of his living waters, or of that water which is sweet to the eye,

but bitter to the taste, grateful to the body, but hurtful to the soul, making the man who drinks of it thirst after the things of this world in preference to the things of the other world, and laying up for him little which will profit him in the world hereafter.

“Nothing is impossible for the great Jehovah to perform. The One that made the heavens and the earth, every flower, every tree, that One can and *does send us to earth to throw* the rays of his light upon mortals. How can ye doubt when we tell you that we are from God? ye know that by the fruit ye judge the tree, and the fruits that ye pluck from our trees, are all sweet, and good, and holy. The blossoms that fall from our trees upon you are pure white; then the tree cannot be an evil tree, for ye have had the fruits, and they are good. In the *Word* it says, try them, to see if they be of God. Do that; have no fear—let not such a thought flash across your mind, for it is like the lightning, although the flash is quick, it must somewhere leave a scorch. Dispel that thought, be assured that we are from that great God. We have been sent by him to your world for one great mission. It will take time to fulfil that mission,

but it will be accomplished ; and then the mortal that now sees no God, no future home, then that mortal will bend his knees in thankful praise to him and to us.

“ Think not that it is contrary to the *word of God*, it is the reverse, for now *the time* is when the word of God is being fulfilled. Angels are visiting and *revisiting the earth*. Think not that we are not of the highest source—fear not to step in our path, but walk nobly on—care not for the world. We want principally to instil into your mind that God sends us ; ’tis no frivolous thing ; ’tis no evening’s amusement, but it is a great grand teaching ; ’tis the key to open the gates between earth and heaven ; ’tis the material to rebuild the bridge of life which is now broken and shattered.

“ We come to make your world a new world ; some of us, we speak figuratively, come as gardeners to weed and sow rich seeds, so that the world may be covered with beautiful flowers : as it is, there are more weeds ; others come to draw aside the veil of *disbelief and materialism*.

“ Remember that *we come from God* ; we are his *messengers only* ; we, the vessels from which the pure water comes ; He *the light, the true life, the*

*bread of earth*: we only *the plates which* bear it to you. *First love God, then his Word, then his messengers*: we are, like yourselves, his *children*, but we have unbuckled the *clothes of earth*; we pray to him, we bow to him, and worship him the one great God; look to him, *he must be the first in everything*; he above, orders all things; remember that we are from God, his messengers to communicate with you.

“Be charitable one to another, live for God and not for man, and build up for yourselves monuments that will not rust. *Be prayerful*; by that we do not mean repeating words; when you take a garment and give it to some *poor person, that is a prayer*; we take it and lay it before the throne rejoicing. Be charitable and love your neighbour.

“Truth and charity ought to be *the chief robes for mortals* to be clothed in—for oh! the robe of charity and the mantle of truth are indeed glorious in colour. Children of earth, wear these robes for our sake, for your sakes, and for the world’s sake. Let the *Bible be your star*, and let *faith be your golden staff*, to aid you in climbing the hill of life.

“The fool after *death expects judgment and mercy*,

he knoweth not that his *bad actions* accompany him, and *they* are his *righteous punishments*.

“ If any hardship or trial is placed before you, bear it calmly, be as a child ; remember, what He bore and suffered for you ; we wish you to *think of heaven before earth* ; look above to the fitting up a place for hereafter, *not for the present* ; remember that each good action forms a *diamond for the crown to come*, and each bad action a jet which will disfigure that crown. Some are required to give up *worldly goods as a trial of faith*, some their dearest tie on earth : it is always the *chief love* you must *surrender* ; trust fully in the Lord and he will provide ; think of Abraham. Mortals, let each moment be improved, be shielded with trust in God and faith, that each day may find you have done some good ; live for God,—think not that there is *not a future* life ; what is the use of being born, if you are to end in death—how sweet to know that hereafter you shall have what you have labored for.

“ Many mortals despised on earth are the highest here ; in our world there is no difference between the peasant and the lord.

“ You should always try, and be in a state to pray,

for prayer is truly the gate to all the heavens ; it will open the doors for you. Many think they can enter without prayer—it is wrong,—that cannot be,—for when ye leave this world, if ye have never prayed, ye cannot *bear the atmosphere of good and prayerful spirits*. It is of no use to pray for temporal things, except through *spiritual things* : some pray for earthly riches, prayer *will never give* them ; you should pray for *spiritual* wealth.

“ There is progression in all things—as an acorn to an oak. These manifestations are acorns, which will in time become spreading oaks. If *we bear bad fruits, condemn us, not before*.

“ With the coming year, rub clean the tablets of your minds, and begin afresh ; clothe yourselves with new garments, and inhabit a new house ; look not back into the past year to notice *the little good* you have done, and think that sufficient. No ! begin the *new year afresh*,—live *more for God* than for man,—look to him who reigns above as the Father of all, and *let us, his messengers*, convey your prayers and lay before him your requests. *Love one another* as he loves you—be charitable,—walk nobly and well up the path of life, wishing to gain the home above ; do not loiter on your way

for earthly beauties which fall and decay,—devote your life to gain the home above ; may God guide you and bless you,—may he comfort you when in sorrow,—may he allow us to keep you from the winds and blasts of the world, and when the winter comes, may his sun ever warm you and keep you from the cold. May God bless you, and keep you, and watch over you,—may you pray to him, love him, and worship him for all the blessings he bestows upon you ; use well and nobly the powers he has given you ; we pray for you, and earnestly wish you to rise high and think *less of the world : look upwards and be strong.*”

On Sunday evening, the sixteenth of November, the spirits desired us to read the sixth chapter of St. Matthew ; it was then written—“ We wish you to impress upon the minds of all, that *we* come to light man to the BIBLE AND TO GOD, and to lead those who are his lost sheep, to the Great Shepherd.

“ We come to earth,” say they, “ not to propagate a new doctrine, not to add to nor take away from, God’s Word, but to hold it before the eyes of men as a lamp to light them to their eternal home. We come, not to alter one jot or one tittle of the Word of that Great God, whose children we all are ; we

obey his commands, he is our and your Father ; we come to take man to his Bible and then to God, to shew man that by the Word only can he get to heaven. We come as a bright light to lead you to the Bible ; you read the Bible, but do you understand it ? We come to open the leaves of the Bible which have been so long closed. Do your teachers open them to you in all their heavenly beauty ? They may try, but they do it not, and therefore we come. We see men, for the want of proper teaching, daily turning from their God, and disbelieving in the future. Oh ! it is a fearful sight, and we come to point to the Bible, to God, and the home above."

This is why they come ; they come to enforce, explain, and expound the Bible. This they do daily. Time will not permit me to give many examples ; the following must suffice. It was written, "Read the second and third verses of the eighth chapter of St. Matthew." We read, "And, behold, there came a *leper* and *worshipped* him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, *thou canst make me clean*. And Jesus put forth his *hand*, and touched him, saying, I will ; be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy was cleansed."

The two verses were thus expounded.

“ *By leper*, you must understand one who profanes God and his truth and word. Leprosy is a *spiritual disease*.

“ *To worship*, is to acknowledge the Lord God and believe in him ; God and man manifest in the flesh.

“ *If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean*. Spiritual confidence in God’s power and glory, which every one must have ; every one must have full confidence in God to be made clean.

“ *And Jesus put forth his hand* ; putting it forth is God’s will being executed : hand, means power. Remember he is always putting forth his hand.

“ *And touched him*. *By touching* is meant the communication of the will and the power ; the man diseased was brought unto the Lord, the divine influence, and *was cured*.

“ *And immediately the leprosy was cleansed*, that is, having confidence in the Lord’s power, he was made clean by the Lord’s omnipotence.”

To you who truly read and spiritually understand God’s word, and act upon its precepts, spirit manifestations may not be wanting ; but to you, if such there be, whose Bible rarely sees the

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light; to you who never strive to understand it spiritually, spirit manifestations are a necessity, or you, immortal as you are, will find when you have put off your mortality, that you have lived in vain.

And even to you who seek not the aid of the immortals, spirit manifestations may not be unacceptable. Is it no consolation to the wife, who has been bereft of the partner of her years, to commune with him in spirit? "*The immortal loves,*" said Silk Buckingham, in spirit, to his wife on earth. The mother who has restored to her God her darling child, the fond object of her earthly hopes,—has she no consolation in holding converse with him? He tells her he is happy, and that his love survives the grave. "I am not dead," said a child to his father, who did not believe in immortality. "I do live, I am not dead." Are these not words of comfort to a disconsolate parent, weeping for his child and refusing to be comforted because he was not? To the believer in spirit manifestations, death has no sting, and the grave no victory; and if spirit manifestations bear no other fruit than this to earth, where is the man that will not be thankful to receive them?

I have given you but a very faint and imperfect outline of spirit manifestations. I cannot bear them to you in all their freshness and their vigour. They are of daily occurrence,—we love them,—we reverence them,—they are woven into the very web of our existence, and would that I had power to convince you of their importance and their truth.

And now let me ask,—Is there any one so unreasonable, or so prejudiced, as to deny the truth of my statements? To deny without enquiry is in opposition to the common sense of every age—'tis foolish to deny, 'tis childish to deride; “the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;” and yet that is no evidence of the non-existence of a Deity; and you, many of you, have said in your hearts “there are no manifestations,” and yet that cannot be taken as evidence of their non-existence.

Before man ventures to deny, it is his bounden duty to enquire. To deny without enquiry—to reject because of cradle prejudices—ill becomes the man created by God in his own image: he may do a sad wrong, a wrong to himself, a wrong to society, and a wrong to his Creator. Give Spirit manifestations then your most careful consideration. The question

for you to consider is, are Spirit manifestations true, or are they false? That is the question; a question which each man must determine for himself. It is one, in my humble opinion, which you will do well to consider fairly and honestly, having the truth and the truth only, in view. Determine for yourselves; let your creeds, whatever they may be, rest a-while in their cradles; break through your spell-bound prejudices, and exercise your reason free and unshackled on the facts I have placed before you; exercise that reason which elevates you above the brute creation—that distinguishing mark which links man to his Maker, unbiassed and untrammelled by the falsities and the conventionalities of this world; and in the exercise of that talent, forget not to offer up a prayer to your Father to guide you a-right, for reason alone, without prayer, may not lead you to truth. *Judge of the tree by its fruit*—is it sweet or bitter to the taste?—point out one word in these manifestations which does not bear the impress of truth, carrying healing on its wings to the nations of the earth, holding forth the Bible as the lamp giving light to the world, enforcing its precepts, expounding where obscure, and explaining where doubtful; pointing to salvation through Christ,

teaching man in love how to progress here, so as to be advanced hereafter; planting and nurturing in every bosom, love, and charity, and holiness, and purity, and forgiveness, and every virtue which can adorn the man and make him happy here and happier hereafter,—that hereafter to which we are all fast hastening,—that long home to which man goeth as the sacred writer in the heart-cheering language of inspiration saith, “When the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl broken; when the wheel is broken at the fountain, and the pitcher at the cistern, *then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it; man then goeth to his long home.*”

And do you not desire to know something of that long home? Does that long home never cast its shadow over your wakeful moments? Do you never breathe a prayer in the silent hour of the night to our “*Father which art in heaven*” beseeching of him to pour into your soul more light as to that kingdom which you pray may come, and of which your knowledge is so limited? And if God, in the infinitude of his mercy, and in the plenitude of his love, were to send a spirit from heaven to hold communion with you, and to tell

you all that you desire to know, would you deny God's messenger and spurn his message? would you not reverently receive his message, treasure it as the pearl of great price, and proclaim it on the house tops, so that all who have ears to hear might hear?

If then we, who believe in, and have embraced the truths of spiritualism, having carefully enquired and investigated—having heard with our ears, and seen with our eyes—if we have had the privilege of communicating with God's messengers, and of holding sweet converse with the immortals who have been lifted out of their mortality—bear with us, if we earnestly desire to impart to you the knowledge we possess.

And who will venture to deny my conclusions? he must be prepared to prove that what I have stated is not fact, but falsehood or delusion. Are falsehoods created but for interested motives? Is it interest to risk the respect of your friends and your neighbours?—to hazard your position in society?—to be pointed at by the high and the low? Read the every-day history of life, and see if such are the motives by which falsehoods are engendered.

Upon what ground do you launch the proposition of delusion? Examine our conduct, canvass our actions,—in what particulars do they differ from your own?—they are a mixture of good and of evil, of right and of wrong, acting from day to day as you do, and you are not deluded; but if your theory be correct, it only remains for you, sound minded as you are, to believe in spirit manifestations, to rank with the deluded.

My friends, *I have one object, and one only, in view; to communicate to you the facts we have witnessed—facts, which have induced us to arrive at the conclusion, THAT SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS ARE TRUE*; we desire to afford you the opportunity of reflecting and judging for yourselves; I give you my opinion, but I do not presume to ask of you to adopt it; all I venture to suggest is, examine into the truth of my statements, and, if true, do you not think the subject worthy of earnest consideration? Grapple then with the facts as men, and shrink not as children from the enquiry. Apply your minds to the task, and give us the deluded, as you call us, the benefit of your conclusions, and the reasons on which they are based.

In searching, however, for these conclusions, be

not guided by men of natural science only ; this is a spiritual, not a natural enquiry. Spirit manifestations are not of the things of this world ; they are not within the *home-spun circle* of men of natural science, out of which they vainly imagine nothing can exist. "Beware," says St. Paul the Apostle, in his Epistle to the Colossians. "Beware lest any man spoil you through *philosophy and vain deceit*, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." "The *natural man*," says he, "*receiveth not the things of the spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned.*" And in his Epistle to the Romans: "Mind not high things, but condescend to MEN OF LOW ESTATE. BE NOT WISE IN YOUR OWN CONCEITS."

Look at the records of the past. History bears testimony how men, giants in science but dwarfs in spirit, wrapped in the cobweb-woven mantle of their own greatness, guided by their natural knowledge only, ventured to decree God's Holy Word a fable, the Son of God an impostor, and eternity a delusion ; and yet a few humble fishermen, with little knowledge and less science,—with minds

as unwarped as when they first went forth from their Creator's hand in all their innocence; men, whose minds had grown strong,—seeing God in every star, and recognizing him in every storm—they, in the humbleness of their calling, were the chosen instruments of the Almighty, and, under his guidance, they preserved, and handed down Christ and his commandments to the nations of the earth. Dash ye to earth! Will ye crumble into dust the marble figure, fair in form and graceful in proportions, because the ignoble chisel of the humble sculptor is the chosen instrument, to bid her stand forth from out her rock-bound cradle, where for ages she had slept nursed by the hand of time? Dash not then from ye *spirit manifestations*, because a humble medium is the chosen tool in the hand of an Almighty Artificer, to wake them from their slumbers, to go forth teaching and instructing as of old. Reject them not—examine their proportions—and if truthful, store them in the choicest niches of your consecrated temples—cherish them as your household treasures, *for they are of God*—their progress is certain, and their success is sure; they will not return unto their Maker void, for they are his messengers; they will not weary in well doing;

they will not rest from their labour of love, 'till the advent of that day, when nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more: when mortals shall walk hand in hand, treading God's earth, clothed in the glorious robes of charity and truth: when the land shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea—then shall there be one fold and one shepherd, and then shall their mission be accomplished.

## APPENDIX.

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SINCE this little pamphlet was ready for publication, we have had many interesting and instructing Spirit manifestations.

On the 5th of October, 1856, my daughter, after family devotion, held her pencil as usual.

It was written ; “ we will write you a prayer.”

The following prayer was immediately written out :

“ O God our Father above, instil into our minds goodness, purity, and truth ; transfer Thy likeness within us, that Thy face and Thy features may ever be within. Guide us and make us humble, for we are *all* little children in Thy sight ; wash our hands that they may be whiter than snow, and free from the dust and the dirt of this world—lead us—let us hold firmly Thy hand that we may never fall, but be carried above the world and its *falsities*.—Humbly we ask these blessings, and we ask to be Thy children and Thine only ; and may we attain to be able spiritually to say, My God, Thy will be done, *not mine*. Amen.”

We have had religious teachings, explanations, and expositions of the Bible.

On the 4th of October, 1857, it was written :

“To-night a trance—advice to all, and a prayer for the Day of Humiliation.” We were exhorted to be humble—to walk aright—to love God—to have charity and goodness—to sacrifice calmly when God requires—to remember that sorrow is but as a tiny cloud, and that the sun is shining above.

And then followed this prayer :

“Almighty God our Father, bless and guide us, that we may this day fast in spirit; fasting from natural thoughts and natural desires; but not this day only. May this day be as the breathing of a silver bell, reminding us that every day should be as this day. Let us think of our spiritual welfare only; for if Thou wilt, Oh God! but bless us spiritually, Thy blessing will bend us naturally. Let us all bow to Thy will, and though dark seems the cloud, may Thy divine light and love show to us the shining path beyond. Let us reverence this day, not as a day set apart, but as a type of what Thou our Father above, art ever whispering and wishing us to do. Thou, our Lord, art ever knocking at the door; oh! may we let Thee in now and

for ever. And may our lives ever be one long fasting day to Thee, our God and Father, and to Thee only; and may'st Thou, Almighty God, Thou, the Most High, ever bless us, and love us, and guide us.—*Amen.*”

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