

THE

Vision

OF

MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM.

BY
F. STARR,
NORWICH.

"God spake once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not, in a DREAM, in a VISION of the night."—JOS xxxiii, 14.

"And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream DREAMS, your young men shall see VISIONS."—JOEL xi., 28.

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TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
"COMING STRUGGLE AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE
EARTH."

DEAR SIR,

The frankness with which you have granted me permission to *dedicate* this work to you, demands a primary, and grateful acknowledgment; arising from the impression I have, that a favourable inference, must be the accompaniment; although it does not necessarily involve either of us, in the unrestricted adoption of our several views of the present momentous crisis, at the same time, it cannot but strike the minds of those, who have read the "Coming Struggle," and "Midsummer Mornings' Dream," also, that there is a singular coincidence in them, in reference to the Present War; and what renders that coincidence the more remarkable, is, your deductions are made from Scripture Prophecy, and mine entirely from the Prophetic teaching of the *occult power*, I have evidently been under.

The more than singularity of this fact, might give rise to the impression that some collusion existed between us, as it has been principally on this account, that I have sought for the permission you have so kindly granted; but I know not whom it is I address, and, therefore, the only reciprocity of feeling that can exist, at all events for the present, between us, must be found, in the circumstance to which I have thus alluded here, and more largely dealt with in the

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work itself; *and*, the far more important consideration, "What is to be the end of all these things?"

"Whether it is a sign, and inauguration of the 'Millennium,'" or not, one purpose I trust is clearly manifest in us, viz.—that we seek to make the matter, *familiar*, in a channel where perhaps, the subjects of either a "Millennium," or a "Second Coming," are the least likely to be discussed; otherwise, *the fact* of your productions, having obtained, so world-wide, a celebrity, should prompt me, to use different language.

I therefore beg you, Sir, to accept of my hearty thanks, for having permitted one of such humble pretensions to literature, as myself, to associate, a "great unknown," with a name, hitherto but little connected, with so high a walk in society; in either case, a matter of but slight import, identified as our productions are, with subjects of such paramount consideration; for to "HIM" in whom all goodness dwells, our *motives* are well known, and by "*Him*" our "works" will be judged. I believe our desire in this respect to be reciprocal, however wide apart we may be on doctrinal points. I therefore feel most unfeigned pleasure, in thus having the opportunity of according my humble testimony, to the able, and concise, manner, in which you have treated the subject, and to dedicate this volume to you.

May *He* in whose hands are the issues of all things, bless you, in your continued efforts.

I am, Dear Sir,

With great respect, and gratitude,

Yours faithfully,

Norwich, 1854.

F. STARR.

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P R E F A C E .

It is no very great compliment to a book, for another to follow it, in the form of a "Key," as an explanation of its predecessor; and the more especially, when the "Key" may fall where no *lock* is to be found to fit it, as will, in many instances, be the case, where this volume finds its way.

For the satisfaction of the general reader, it may, therefore, be as well to observe at the outset, that it is not absolutely *necessary* they *should* be together; all that is *essential* of the volume *this* elucidates and explains, will be found and included with *new matter*, in the following pages. The subject of *real* importance being contained in the *VISION*, which this book *wholly* embraces, and which, in its predecessor, "Midsummer Mornings' Dream," was only partially published, for reasons, the reader will find set forth in the present volume.

The writer has very little to add to the *truths* he has already committed to the public; his wonder that *fiction* should be preferable to *fact*, as exemplified in the comparative demands for one, and the slight regard paid to the

other, in some measure ceases, as he becomes better acquainted with the nature and process of *publishing*.

There are gigantic establishments, can *create* a demand for the most mediocre productions ; when, if the same force be employed against another class, if it were written by a pen, from an angel's wing, would smother it in its birth almost. It is easy to *say*, "a work of merit will find its way" against all opposition, either with, or without capital ; let any one read an article on "Authors and Publishers," in the "New Quarterly Review" for January, 1854, and if he comes not from its perusal, a convert to a different opinion, then *figures*, as well as facts, must give way to fiction.

Be that, however, as it may, the writer in this respect cannot be much a loser, thanks to his personal friends ; and as for *gain*, he is altogether indifferent to it—all he wishes, is, for his work to be *read*—he is satisfied of its *importance* ; and also, that in it, will be found the truth of the saying, "*Fact is stranger than fiction.*"

Some poet has observed,

"Thoughts shut up, want air,
And Spoil, like Bales unopened to the Sun."

Had the writer of these pages permitted his thoughts thus to remain imprisoned, since his first appearance as an Author,

he would have escaped many a sarcasm and many a sneer. But 'tis folly's creed to throw such contumely, on all that treats of earth, as *shadow*; and beyond it, *substance*; he therefore quietly submits to the ordeal.

The restless iron tongue of icy Death, calling daily for his millions at a meal, will, ere long, send his clamorous summons, as well to him who reads, as he who writes; and the only desire of the latter, is, that these same "thoughts" laid open to the sun, may create in others, the same convictions that they have in him, ere the grave messenger revels in his solitary, sad, and selfish banquet.

THE VISION
OF
MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM,
BEING
A KEY AND INTERPRETATION
TO
"MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM."

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THERE are very few persons in the world whose lives have been extended to maturer years, or what may be called the age of experience, but will admit the truth of the remark I am about to make, viz : that at some period of that time, an occurrence has left them a certain duty to perform, the extreme difficulty of which has for a long time puzzled and perplexed them how they are to *begin*. With many people such circumstances are of frequent occurrence, I have been so situated many times in my life, but never did I experience a greater difficulty to encounter, than in forming the determination of writing a *Book*, and of such materials as I knew it must be composed.

It would be alike tedious and unprofitable to my reader to enter now minutely into all the detail of thoughts

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conceived, matured, and then abandoned, to erect a new and completely different structure, as I write now, principally to those who have already perused that which I have written; but it surely must be obvious to all who have read the "Dream," and its predecessor, that the mind of the writer must have been most strongly operated upon, when he compares the totally opposite characteristics of the two books—they may very properly be designated "*the Spirit*," and "*the Man*;" the perusal of the latter, gives evidence of the struggling spirit longing to be free, to write upon the things for which it has taken up its abode, and the former speaking, trumpet-tongued, its own language, in such an unmistakeable manner, that men have silently acquiesced in the evidence it offers of a high and preternatural power, or have quietly ignored it as a thing they cannot understand.

I do not mean it to be inferred that every man has so thought or so concluded; but I do mean to say *all* who have condescended to *correspond* with me upon the subject, and by far the greater portion of those with whom I have conversed upon it, have so concluded. There is yet, however, much ambiguity about the composition, produced by the extreme difficulty I have experienced in what way *best* to set forth the circumstances as they occurred, and at the same time to be able to draw a lesson and satisfactory conclusion from them; for unless this can be done, and in accordance with what is written in the Bible itself, mine is but lost labour, and time is sacrificed in the perusal. I am not without the hope in these few pages that I shall be enabled, by the teaching of a good spirit, to arrive at this greatly to be desired conclusion, and for this end shall subject the narrative to as close a scrutiny, as the important

nature of the subject itself demands, and as far as I feel myself at liberty to deal with it, calmly, and in a humble spirit, to investigate this most (to me) extraordinary evidence of supernatural power and wisdom.

It seems almost a work of supererogation to attempt it, for on looking into the work itself, I do not see how I can employ more forcible language than I have already used, to bring conviction home to the minds of my readers; there is this certainly, to be said in addition, that I have had much time to allow all imaginary delusion to pass away respecting it; I have listened to the doctrines of men (and godly men) with unwearied attention, mixed in the world, occupied myself every day in business, with intricate accounts, to the entire satisfaction of the party for whom I have undertaken the office, I have been strongly solicited to take upon myself the management of the country business of a large Metropolitan company, the situation held open for me for a period of six months, both circumstances giving the denial proof to the assertions of many that my mind is disordered; and yet remaining still with the unalterable conviction, all that I have penned in connection with this extraordinary dispensation, is for a wise purpose in the hands of an inscrutable Almighty.

My desire, even now that years have passed over my head since this occurrence, is to treat the subject coolly (philosophically, if you will), but humbly, inquiringly, whether or not, God, in the various manifestations of the age in which we live, has given this duty into my hands; or whether it is an assumption on my own part, produced by an overheated imagination. Some have gone so far as to assert that I have thus obtruded myself upon the world from

an overweening ambition to exalt myself in the eyes of my fellow-man. My conscience does not accuse me of any such folly; prudentially entertained my convictions are, silence would best become me if *worldly* considerations were with me the paramount object; but all such thoughts sink into utter insignificance as utterly worthless, when compared with the inferences I shall attempt to draw from a review, or retrospect of that which is already before the public. I am "fully persuaded in my own mind," that I am actuated by no such grovelling pretensions, therefore to all such gratuitous charges, I have but one answer, *they are simply ridiculous*. In the first place, I neither look for *profit* from my labours, nor will I receive any should a blessing in the shape of an *extensive* circulation eventually follow; in the next place, I firmly believe that whatever emoluments I may receive, will have to be obtained wholly, and entirely by dint of hard work, either of my head, or my hands, and I am not insensible to the fact, that the more I indulge in entertaining such thoughts as I do in reference to this dispensation, the *worldly-minded* from whom I may receive the results of such labour, are not likely parties to entertain a very high *commercial* value of my services;—notwithstanding I persevere, and although I know I have a sea of opposition in contending influences before me, shall not rest from my endeavours till I have proved to demonstration, there is a feeling working within me, that no allurements, no temptations, bribes, or terrors, can countervail; constrained by a love in that which I desire to do, far, very far, beyond any equivalent the world can bestow, or is in the province of any individual, however rich he may be, to present me with. I am very well satisfied that in so far as this may be

considered a *personal* question, or an enquiry into its truth as a narrative of personal occurrences, beyond the circle of my personal acquaintances, or the immediate members of my own family, that it is a question of comparative insignificance, for if it be "personal," then is my narrative worth no more than any other marvellous tale or history, set forth as *facts*, or garnished with fiction. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," or the "Universal Dreamer," might lay an equal claim to acceptance with its readers.

But I contend the consideration of this question is NOT "*personal*" (although many parties fully alive to its doctrine, and admitting it to be of Heaven, are of a contrary opinion), and this position I feel myself called upon to prove, and which I shall endeavour to do as I proceed with my interpretation of the various phenomena, as they present themselves; and my alluding to these "contending influences" as hindrances, is not with a view to show they are offered vexatiously, but more to prove that my *interest* really lies in another direction so far as relates to worldly circumstances. Many of my friends would deter me from proceeding in the course I have laid down for myself, because they say it is against my *interest* to do so; my own family withhold their concurrence, especially my brothers, some from the view they take of it religiously, as they call it, and another, for whose opinions I entertain great regard and esteem, desires me to desist because he does not wish to have it made a matter of public notoriety and conversation, that "*lunacy* is in the family," in consequence of the allusion I felt it necessary to make to my own father. If he or they will only take the trouble to *read*, that which hereafter follows, I will undertake to prove as clearly as that

two and two are four, both to him and to them, that what men called "lunacy," was an *especial visitation of God for an ESPECIAL purpose*, unless his and their spiritual and moral vision be as dark as Erebus itself, or they have partaken of a draught of "deadly wine."

Another writes me a long epistle, in which he quotes Scripture passages with a race-horse rapidity, and tells me I am "dreaming still;" that "God does not work by such means;" that "all revelation by visions ceased when Christ ascended into Heaven," &c., &c., if so, what becomes of "Stephen's vision;" "Paul's wondrous sight;" "Peter's trance;" or that last marvellous revelation to "John" in the island of "Patmos," all subsequent to that ascension? True, "John" threatens with the plagues, that are written in that wonderful production, all who shall "*add* thereunto," or detract therefrom; in this respect I am happy to say I feel myself free, for as one of my most luminous correspondents says, in his letter to me, "you are wrong in calling your work a Revelation, for it reveals nothing more than I have known, and other Christians have known long before." So much the better for me, and the position I take, for it revealed to *me* that which I was ignorant of all my life before, and therefore I called it a revelation, and by so doing brought upon myself the castigation of one many years my junior, but who claims to be intimately acquainted with that which appertaineth to "heavenly wisdom." This, I know, "I was blind, but now I see," and it is by the means employed as I have narrated them in the "Dream," he may try to upset the doctrine—"Thou speakest sometimes in VISIONS to thy saints," but I defy him to demolish the *fact*.

Then, again, I am twitted with, "we walk by faith and not by *sight*," if I offer to advance my doctrine, by a further appeal to proofs; it is very true it *is* the Christian's doctrine, taught by "Paul," (parenthetically) as we read in his 2nd Epistle to the "Corinthians," 5th chapter and 7th verse (for no where else do I find it in the New Testament), yet let any one turn to the 9th chapter of "Acts," from the 1st verse to the 9th, and let them say whether or not it was "sight" created his "faith." God works mysteriously, he has done so from the foundation of the world; many Christians (when I use the word Christian I mean those who sincerely believe in Christ, as the Son of God, their Redeemer and Saviour of the world, I do not understand it in any other light), can hardly tell you *when* their first dawn of reason or Christianity began, so imperceptibly, and gradually, has it progressed in them; but they are firm, and can truly say they "walk by *faith* and not by *sight*;" but there are cases analagous to this, of which I have written, which I could adduce in hundreds of instances, without any helping hand from the annals of the Roman Catholic Church, or any adherents to that erratic form of religious faith, but from men diametrically opposed to that church; I will relate one instance here. A gentleman and *very near relation* of him who has so "twitted" me with his arguments, communicated to me the following *fact*. I was riding with him in his chaise over his farm, and we got into a discourse upon religion, and he said (without being in the least aware of what had happened to myself, for I had not uttered a syllable then respecting the visitation), "I was myself a great sinner and disbeliever," and gave himself a great many more characteristics than it is at all necessary for my

purpose to introduce here, "but it pleased God to afflict me with a serious illness, so ill, that I lay on my bed without the slightest hope of recovery, or hope of *any other sort*; I was in racking pain, and could hardly listen to what *Henry* said to me, for he would often come and talk with me about another world, all of which I could'nt understand, when one night as I lay groaning and almost shrieking with agony, a *bright light* filled the apartment, and I distinctly saw a figure as of fire, looking upon me, and immediately I cried out 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me;' all my pain left me in an instant, and ever since I have been an attendant at your brother's chapel; I have never named it to a soul before, and I don't know why I have been induced to name it to you now, for it is six years ago, but it is so, Sir, I assure you." Poor man, he was filled with gratitude, for though a burly heavy man, he sobbed like a little child, as he approached the *denouement* of his narrative, *he* did not know why he had been induced to tell me the circumstance, but *I* knew well enough, why it was intended I should hear it; *as* an argument, it is as forcible a one as I can give, because it is as direct an evidence and answer as I can offer to my somewhat dogmatic rebuker.

But were it necessary, I could give instances of the same kind, that would more than fill this book, which have come to my knowledge, by the writings of parties themselves, and whose letters are still in my possession; but I see no advantage in publishing them, it is my own work I have to deal with, and deduce from it, if possible, a lesson for all to learn. I repeat here, what I have before said, a *Christian* requires no sight, or "sights," or "sounds," the "Monument" might be moved by invisible hands on to the top of

“Primrose Hill,” it would not disturb him, it might have the effect perhaps of causing him to look more ardently for his “Lord’s coming.” But it does not follow that he who is *not* a Christian, might not be *seriously* disturbed by it, and led to make some enquiry into the truth, and by a parity of reasoning, “sights” or “sounds,” properly set forth as heard and seen, by those upon whom some kind of reliance may be placed for the truth, may be the means, through God’s blessing, of turning the thoughts of the heedless, the infidel, or the backslider. I have no other object in view in that which I am attempting, I am sure; but it remains in other hands to produce the effect, for if when Christ himself was on earth (working miracles before the very eyes of men) “marvelled at their unbelief,” what right or reason have I to assume that my argumentative philosophy should turn men from darkness to light,—from the power of sin and Satan unto God? If men won’t believe the Bible says another of my correspondents, how can you suppose they should believe you? All true, very true, the same argument might have been applied to “*Paul*,” and most likely was, by some of his intimate friends, but he went on—on—on; he never once wavered, never once turned back; through peril and prisons, through shipwreck and tempest, through fire and sword, on he went in the majesty of his strength, created by a “*sight*” of his blessed Lord and Master, and yet he lived to say, (“we walk by faith and not by sight.”)

Books there are without end, publishing extraordinary facts of this kind; the American press teems with them, and whoever ignorant of the publications of the “movement,” imagines that these claims are not forcibly wielded with ingenuity, candour, popular adaptation, and *success*, is

egregiously mistaken. The "movement" is rapidly advancing, and becoming "one of the signs of the times." I do not identify myself with the "movement," because I conceive in the instructions I *say* that I have received, as conveyed in the words of "*The Voice*," and which I distinctly *heard*, viz: "It will occur to thee hereafter how thou mayest *best* serve me," that it would not in my case be the best way to make known the great truths of the Gospel. I imagine that were I to take the position of a leader, and attempt to form a congregation, and *preach* to them upon what I have "seen and heard," that it would have a diametrically opposite effect with those who know me personally, for anything of this kind is so decidedly at variance with every previous act and circumstance of my life, I should expect as much proselytism from it, as I should do were little Keeley himself to dress in canonicals, and set forth the doctrines of Wesleyanism, or any new *ism* with which his mind might be impressed.

I would rather content myself with thus quietly re-considering the subject, not only for my own benefit, but also for those who may feel interested in following me through the enquiry; for after all is said and done, the great questions to be considered, are, to what end do all these things tend? What is the belief created by them? and what effect have they upon the course of life hereafter to be pursued?

I am quite free to confess that I did my work with considerable fear, lest I should give offence; but now that I have brought my mind to re-consider all these things, and being "fully persuaded" in that mind that they have been shown me for a wise and good purpose, and that "perfect

love casteth out fear," I feel that I can exclaim, with the wife of "*Manoah*," on the occasion of the promised birth of "*Samson*," "If it had pleased the Lord to kill" me, "he would not have shown" me "all these things," nor yet have allowed me to place them on record. (See Judges, 13th chapter, 23rd verse.)

It is possible, nay more, it is probable, I have not hit upon the right means to convey the most important truth a man can have imparted to him, and that from those who are (as the servants of God) jealous of anything which interferes with his holy word, I may receive much condemnation, especially if they fancy I am endeavouring to teach a *new doctrine*; but God looks at the heart, he knows and understands my motives, therefore to me it is a matter of small consideration, comparatively, what characteristic they may give it, if *hereafter* it brings me not into reproof. But this I hold, that it is an utter impossibility for any man who feels the light of God's truth has been shined into his heart, to remain passive; he must speak, or act, or write; he cannot possibly keep these things to himself, when he knows the great dangers he has been permitted to escape, and at the same time *knows* there are those he loves and esteems, walking in the same dangerous path he has been mercifully snatched from; he makes known the circumstance almost at all hazards, many times indiscreetly, forgetting that it must be the same power that saved him, to bless his efforts, and produce the same effects; this was instanced in the case of the leper whom Christ cleansed when upon earth, he said "See thou tell it to *no* man," "but he went and noised it abroad, so much so, that Jesus was obliged to depart out of their coasts." It is the same thing now, the

newly emancipated soul knowing no bounds to its joy, sets forth to preach the "glad tidings," and that so suddenly, that amongst his former associates he obtains for himself the unenviable notoriety of fanatic, lunatic, or dissembler. I have taken every pains to avoid this conclusion in my own case, but the half-incredulous smile, when I speak to some, the meaning elevation of the eyebrow, the curled lip, and unmistakeable shrug of the shoulder, tells me that with many I have not succeeded in creating that impression; they sum it up and say, "You have dreamed a dream."

CHAPTER II.

AMONGST the many and perplexing difficulties I met with from not having an immediate adviser to whom I could make known my thoughts, was the most decided opposition manifested to the letters I wrote upon the subject to clergymen, gentlemen to whom I was a stranger, and whom I personally was unacquainted with. One in particular to whom I wrote, answered me from his pulpit, from the general Epistle of "Jude," and with such marked emphasis on the words "wandering *stars* are they, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever," that for a time I really felt as if he must be right, and I under a terrible delusion; but the same night dispelled the fear, the "sign" spoke clear and intelligibly to me, "It is I," "*be not afraid*," and I wrote again and again; three times did I write that excellent and faithful man to advise me; when, finding me to be really in earnest, and convinced of the reality of the "visitation," he preached again to me, and clearly told me how to act, for in a tone unmistakeable, after an allusion to parties so situated, his words of healing balm were, "Go and say Father what is it thou wouldst have me to do?" The sermon itself fully determined me, and I have since often, when thinking upon it, likened it to the circumstance of the child "Samuel" going to the Prophet "Eli" three times ere that Prophet fully perceived that the Lord had called him, for I felt as a child in these great matters.

It is needless to add, that I followed this advice, but my difficulties were not lessened in the matter; for some considerable time I could form no plan satisfactory to my own mind, I knew well enough what my opinions of the “*marvellous*” or “*supernatural*” *had been*, the determined judgment I had at all times put upon any attempt to impress my mind of their reality, that I looked upon it altogether as a forlorn hope. I could not, however, dismiss it from my mind, and therefore resolved, come what might, to make a narrative of the occurrences *as they had happened*, and let them speak for themselves; but here again was my perplexity increased. How is it possible to characterize the almost conversational dialogue that took place? Who can I say it was? If I say “the Spirit,” what will men think? and if I say who *I* think it was, they will say I am a blasphemer, and in this way did I hold communing with myself, doubting, fearing, and almost despairing, when, one day after having received full and satisfactory evidence, that I should be able to succeed in *publishing* my work, as I walked to my dwelling, with these and similar thoughts, *close at my side*, uttered as from a person nearly touching me, came the words distinct and clear, “*Call it the Voice.*” I turned instinctively towards the sound, but there was no one near me, a slight tremor came over my frame, but it was only for a moment, it conveyed everything that I required to relieve me from the difficulty I was in, and in it I recognized the truth of the words, “Oh thou that answerest prayer.”

The relation of such circumstances as these, I am well aware affords grounds for the accusation that has been brought against me, of a desire to “set” myself “up as

somebody." I cannot possibly avoid it if it does; it is only another of the "difficulties" I have to contend with, and must be met with corresponding disclaim. The absurdity of an attempt on my part to "set myself up," is made manifest every day of my life, there is not a person so *insignificant*, but has it in his power at any moment to set me *down* if he was *unfeeling* enough; I experienced a lively instance of it the other day only, from a vulgar, insolent, low bred fellow, a *tax gatherer*; one of those minions dressed up in a little brief authority, who perform the part of *andrews* in an inverse ratio; making *sad* instead of *merry*, wheresoever their unwelcome presence comes; acting upon his "authority," sneeringly with vulgar familiarity asks me for the "Guv'ner," an appellation I did not respond to, when he tells me I needn't be so "high and mighty," for says he, "he is your Guv'ner, for every body knows you can't take care of yourself." I have strength enough in this little body of mine to carry him out, and lay him in the kennel, for the heartless allusion, but I bear it patiently. If then such *canaille* have it in their power to set me down, and I know and feel that they have, where is the ground for the assertion that I want to set myself *up*? All such charges I might certainly have avoided if I had chosen to remain silent, but in so doing, I should have looked upon myself as serving the cause of *my late master, the devil*, and for whose service I proved myself as efficient a creature as he could very well have had, *but like all other masters, when they hear of their servants speaking a little too loud in their dispraise, especially if it happens to be the truth*, dismiss them without a character, and forget all past advantages they may have gained, by stigmatizing their efforts, and using

every possible influence to create animosities, and make enemies of those who would, perhaps, otherwise be their friends.

I say, all this I might have avoided or escaped by silence; but how could I possibly have escaped the interrogatory *hereafter*—"Why wert thou silent? Why didst thou not attempt something? Other people might say thou wert under delusion, but thou *knewest* to the contrary?"* What excuse could I have found? The plea of poverty would have been of no avail, when I knew that I had but to make an application to my old friends and acquaintances to help me; I was sure in my own mind they would enable me to carry out my views—it was but surrendering that insufferable pride of heart, I fear too many can lay to my charge, which God has himself declared "goeth before destruction," and that haughtiness of spirit which precedeth "a fall"—to enable me to set forth, to the best of my ability, the love of the Saviour for poor lost sinful man. If, in doing it, I have gone beyond my province, I alone must be the sufferer. The "fall" predicted for such as shew this unbending spirit I most assuredly have had; but I feel I can say with Christian, in *his* great struggle with Apollyon, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; for when I fall, I shall arise."

* *Bunyan* supplies a similar argument between "Christian" and "Apollyon," in his memorable battle with him in the Valley of Humiliation. *Apollyon*—"And when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast *heard* and *seen*, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest." Poor Christian admitted it and much more, but added, even in that, he should come off "more than conqueror," *through him that loved him*; "for *his* Prince was a Prince of pardon and of peace." The issue of that combat is well known to all Christian readers.

In fact, the opposition that I meet with on all hands, now that the nature of my communications are made known, is of the most determined and spirit depressing character: that is, it would be *spirit* depressing, but that I feel myself so remarkably supported in the trial. Who, for instance, would not abandon, as fruitless toil, an object which meets with so small an amount of reciprocity as the results of my applications present at this moment? Out of upwards of one thousand letters to parties not knowing me personally, not ten per cent. replies have I received; in addition to which, I have had a strong argumentative tuzzle with two or three parties (quite *gentlemen*), who treat me and my project as "visionary," the substance of which I will endeavour to give an outline of. Nothing but the firm conviction that I am right, could possibly support me against such a tide of opposing elements; but I know very well that Satan will not leave a stone unturned to baffle me in my designs. Anything that is at all calculated to make the subject of the "*Second Coming of Christ*" as familiar as "Household Words" in the mouths of mankind, is just that very thing against which he turns all the subtilty of his energies and his powers; that is, the powers of hell, for there are many there high in his office, and in his councils; it is only reasonable to conclude such should be the case, because he knows that in that "second coming," all his power will be at an end; and the less men are made acquainted with the subject, the better for him and his kingdom; and if I did not *know* this to be the case, I should take the small amount of countenance (comparatively) that I receive in my project, rather as an evidence that God does not wish me to proceed in it; but I cannot look at it in that light, with the daily

evidences that I have of an "actual presence," even as though I were *touched* by an immortal finger. I do not invoke such evidence, but I daily pray "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me;" and it so happens, that exactly in proportion as the whole powers of my mind are directed to the establishment of a corresponding belief in the minds of other men in relation to this "visitation," which has been established in *mine*, then is that peculiar evidence *most* powerfully conveyed, "*This shall be the sign between thee and me.*"

But let us leave that, the reader cannot *feel* it as I do; and my only reason for alluding to it so often, is, because my observation of English readers, and English audiences, has always led me to the conclusion, that they have both intelligent eyes and willing ears for *facts*, and this is, as part of this "Visitation," an equal *fact* with the rest.

I spoke of opposition in "argument," and giving an outline of it, the gentleman will, I trust, pardon me if I make too public the nature of it, for he is in reality a very nice gentlemanly man, and one to whom I am under considerable obligations, and is, moreover, a man of high standing and employs a vast number of men; he is in the paper trade, and his name is '*Manotheworld*,' and when I applied to him to lend me his assistance, his reply was very nearly in substance as follows:—

Manotheworld. Well, really, I do not like to refuse you; to tell you the truth, for the amount of a few copies you know very well is no object to me, and so far as a few pounds to assist *you*, they are at your service willingly; but I cannot hold with such *doctrines* as you and others are endeavouring to instil into the minds of mankind generally.

Suppose, for instance, every body were of the same opinion as you evidently are, that *the second coming of Christ is very near at hand*, what, I should like to know, would become of *trade*? What's to become of speculation? Who would work and toil as they now do, and are forced to do; for what I can see; it is all very well for you to set still and write about these things, but I can see very clearly, establish your doctrine and you would "turn the world upside down." My reply was, that it did not necessarily follow that such would be the case; bring such a conviction home to the minds of mankind generally, and with it you bring a sense of *duty*; every man would then know the station to which he had been called in the providence of God, and he would exercise himself therein, keep to his province, be less ambitious, and more *contented*, consequently more happy.

Manotheworld. Oh, all very well to put on paper, but I say it would put a stop to trade.

And there he stuck, and I could not beat him away from his position till I brought the Word of God to bear upon the discussion; for although one of the nicest men to talk with, and withal fond of society and merry makings out of his business, he is a very strict church-goer, and a regular professor of Christianity. Well, I said, you are now using exactly the same language that was used when "Paul" first preached the doctrine of salvation by the Cross of Christ. The men of *business* in those days cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." It was part of their craft, and doing away with that goddess to worship the true God, made them cry out "What is to become of our trade?" for they made great profits in those days out of their *religion*, as they called it; you are now employing precisely the

same line of argument they did, which you may read of in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, commencing at the 24th verse.

Manotheworld. Why it does seem a great deal like it to be sure, but then we are so much more civilized than they were; we know more in arts and sciences; besides, I can never bring myself to believe that God made this world, so beautiful as it is, and so full of his riches, for the purpose of destroying it.

No, nor did he for that *purpose*, God intended very differently; it is for man's *sin* it will be destroyed; but as you believe in the Bible, or say you do, *it is written* that a "*thousand years*" shall intervene between the second appearance of Christ and the final destruction of the world, so that it cannot concern your trade much, or those to whom you may leave it, whether, that which I say *will* occur, takes place in your time or mine, or not; a thousand years is a wide margin for things upset to be set right again; and, doubtless, the "second coming of Christ" *will* upset everything; but the peace of the following period will make ample amends, generations will go on even after that; and in the process of things, as it is written in Ezekiel, 38th chapter, and 9th verse, there will be "an unwillingness in some," that is, as the effect of the "second coming" wears away, men will be carried by their different passions as it was in the days of his first coming, and almost immediately after his crucifixion. Paul, when he wrote to the *Galatians*, told them "Ye *did* run well, why have ye fallen away? Who hath bewitched you?" and this only a few years after what they had themselves *seen*, actually SEEN and heard; what then, may we not be led to suppose, will occur during

the thousand years of peace, in the "unwillingness of some" to "worship the King," the Lord of Hosts, "and to keep the feast of the tabernacles," as it is written in Zechariah the 14th, and 16th verse; therefore I cannot as yet see any reasonable ground you should have for withholding me your support; and with this remark, after a little of the "courteous" we parted, he probably of the same opinion still, although the poorer in this world's riches, by the amount of a few copies of my book.

CHAPTER III.

THAT which has struck *me* as the most remarkable feature attending the publication of the work we are now attempting to review and explain, is, the almost entire silence of the press respecting it; I mean that portion of it to whom I sent copies of my first production, and who, on the whole, favourably reviewed it. I have not seen so much as a single notice of it from *them*, nor have I been much disappointed, much less chagrined at it. I know the difficulties *writers* for the "press" have to contend with, and how needful it is for them to produce only such articles as suit the *proprietary*, whether it be an individual or a company. The question most with them is, what will make my paper, or our paper *sell*, rather than looking upon it as man's immortal tongue, the tongue with which the dead can speak to the living; and as mine will be, I trust, when I am laid "low in the valley." Even the "Times," from which I quoted a paragraph from their review of Dr. Newman's pamphlet, wherein the writer states, he looks for a revelation through a "*Person* and a *Book*," and "not through any Church." They are silent upon what I *called* a revelation, but they can employ *columns* in writing upon the "Vision of *La Salette*," and the revelations to "Joe Smith," the great book of the "Mormonites." I could, perhaps, furnish the key to all this, but it would be a breach of faith. I don't suppose my readers would be the more

ready to believe me because I had shown that great writers who state that their periodical, or journal, or whatever else cognomen they give it, "circulates into every nook and corner of the civilized world," have two opinions on my book! one for the world through their *herald*, and another for *me*; yet such is literally the case. My work was *questionably* reviewed by one, which I bore very complacently, wrote the gentleman, saw him, conversed with him, and have by me a correspondence from him that would fill 50 pages of this book, in which he fully and freely admits the work to be the "evidence of a *divine visitation*;" but it would be useless for him to write it, as "the *proprietors* would not allow it to appear;" and this is from a man of gigantic intellect, and superior theological acquirements. Other testimonies I am in possession of, which carry equal weight with *me*, as would the *recorded* opinions of one man in the press; but I know they will not carry equal weight in furthering the sale of the work itself; and on that score, therefore, it would have been more gratifying to my feelings, if a more public notice had been taken of my "effort;" and it is these circumstances which, perhaps, cause me to use my argumentative reasoning so dogmatically, as it may appear to many of my readers, because I *know* that my testimony is TRUE. Certainly they have great powers, but in point of fact they are only *individual opinions* after all, any more than the various testimonies to the belief in my statements are, which I have received from all quarters; they certainly become more than individual opinions when *adopted*, and had they *honoured* me with an opinion of a favourable tendency, I should have endeavoured to perpetuate it, beyond the copy of the day's journal; and if

of an opposite character, should have endeavoured to forget it.

I don't know why I should trouble myself to express my feelings thus; perhaps it arises from some little feeling of disappointment—perhaps *pride* has to do with it, but *so* it is, they have *not* noticed it. It is as well, perhaps, that it is so, for who can tell what the capriciousness of individual opinion might have done in consequence of a favourable notice; it might have led to a public condemnation of the journal in which it appeared, as some foolish men think *their* act of burning a newspaper is, on the occasion of a political excitement, which might be very properly called *political lunacy*; therefore, after all, it is not a matter of so *much* importance, that my small light

“like a good deed in a naughty world”

should cast so feeble a ray; either way I am content; they may notice or not, it cannot disturb me, for I can sing the song of the “Shepherd's Boy” now, commencing,

“He that is down need fear no fall.”

A rare song to know, and goes to the tune of “Contentment.” Still the plural noun is a terrible compound of two letters after all, and can, if it likes, give me a severe fillip for this cantrip of mine; that is my way, I would risk any thing for the *truth's* sake, and if I have not written the truth, I am the most miserable of liars, and one whom God will utterly abhor, as it is written, “*a liar shall not tarry in my sight.*”

It really does seem to me to be a work of supererogation after all, to take such pains to produce a belief, when I know that “God is able of the very stones to raise up

children unto Abraham;" he has but to shine into the heart of man, and in one moment, as in the case of Paul's miraculous conversion, all can be accomplished; mine was the same—instantaneous. I saw it in one moment; but it is not the way in which Scripture is to be fulfilled in converting the soul of man, any more than Christ was to have been liberated by twelve legions of angels: see Matthew, 26th chapter, 53rd verse. Christ was to suffer that man might live for ever. Man has to endure temptation and to overcome the evil one, even as Christ overcame by patient submission to the divine will; such cases as this work has set forth are *exceptions*, and very hard to believe in; you will find it was the same in "Paul's;" "he assayed to join himself to the disciples, but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple till Barnabas took him," &c.: see Acts, 9th chapter, 26th and 27th verses, and until I can meet with some friendly Barnabas, to enable me boldly to preach in the name of Jesus, I suppose men will be afraid of me. It does really make me smile sometimes to see the *peculiar* way in which some parties address me, so careful lest they should in any way hurt my feelings, and almost doubting whether or not I am really "recovered." Happily for me I am at liberty and without *the walls* of an asylum; but were I *within them*, and insist upon the truth of all that I have written, no committee in the world would ever have sanctioned my being let loose upon it. I was a very painful witness to the attempts made by many when I was there, to convince me of their perfect soundness of intellect, but any effort to convince their jailors was only laughed at; and generally speaking the jailor is their witness at the board, because they are the "*keepers*," and

hence, long incarcerations, when those who have been instrumental in placing *patients* under their *care*, are indifferent to their removal from it. Suppose, for instance, that my wife had not wished me to be liberated, I should have been there to this hour; pretty law that, and first-rate legislation.

The difficulty with me has been more in the *manner* in which to convey to the minds of others, the matter I have to write upon; in itself it is abundant enough, but how to place it before the mental eye of the reader, in a pleasing and enticing manner, exceeds the powers of my invention. I can only look upon myself as telling a plain, unvarnished tale, in which there is nothing but the plain and undeniable truth to rely upon; and hence the only plan I can adopt, is to request my reader just to fancy himself sitting by my side, and listening to my relation of these facts, as though he and I were there and then witnessing them. For me to attempt anything in the shape of flights of fancy, or fine rhetorical writing, would only be attended with disappointment both to myself and my reader; I shall entirely rely on the truth of my assertions, to establish themselves, by the interference and *blessing* of a *higher power*, for if any thing more than another was calculated to convince me of their absolute truths, it would be found in the determination I feel to overcome every obstacle that is thrown in my way. Every day have I to contend with a difficulty which in itself is of that nature, that, situated as I am, wholly independent of what pecuniary results may accrue from the publication of them, my disposition and temperament is, that I really feel sometimes in such a state of mind, I could take the MSS. and throw them piecemeal into the fire, so ridiculous

are the obstructions thrown in my way. I cannot recapitulate them now, they must not appear in this work, because there are men here in this city of mine, who are afraid to have the truth spoken of them; and though they think I do not know whence the opposition I experience proceeds, they will one day, to their cost, find themselves woefully mistaken. Here I am bound down as it were, in fetters of iron, and which but for the truth of my narrative, and the great desire I have that it should be of a beneficial tendency in quarters where I think it will be well received, and by parties I really esteem, but for these considerations, and the sense of duty I am called upon to perform, I am free to confess I would throw down my pen and risk the consequences of silence. Such pettifogging tyranny as I have been, and am still obliged to submit to, to obtain a certain result, after the wide field, and important transactions in which I have been engaged, are of the most trying nature to me; and why I thus advert to them, is, not only to say all shall be made one day as clear as the noon-day sun, but the rather that these considerations may obtain for me that *credence* I am so solicitous to obtain.

CHAPTER IV.

IN pursuance, then, of the plan I have laid down, let us take up the book and proceed in the investigation of it; and in the first place, let me at once state, that although it is *called* a "Dream," it is no dream at all, my reasons for so calling it, being the instruction I received from "*The Voice*" to call it "Midsummer Mornings' Dream;" and, such being the case, it occurred to me the best way to make the narrative accord with its title, would be to write it *as* a dream. I had, moreover, from a child been acquainted with "John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," that I thought it would read somewhat similar—a very presumptuous thought I admit; but the circumstances as they actually occurred to me seemed so analagous, that I was the more easily led into that style of composition. I had, in fact, imbibed a kind of sardonic affection for one of "honest John's" (as my father used to call him) tribe, that I scarcely, if ever, met a tinker by profession, but he would occur to my mind involuntarily; the words, therefore, as they present themselves in the work, "Then I saw in my dream, &c.," may be substituted with the words, "Then I saw," leaving out the words, "in my dream," and it will read pretty much as each circumstance happened.

The earlier chapters of the work are introduced to show the state of my mind upon religious matters, up to the period of hearing the words from the lips of the preacher, in

the church of St. ———, at Greenwich, viz: "Natural religion is the religion of fear," up to which time nothing occurred upon which any explanation here need be offered; also to set forth as clearly as I could, what was the course of "*conduct*" I followed up to that period; to ascertain what ground there was for the scandal industriously circulated prejudicial to my character. These parties I know, and one day shall let every body else know as much as I do about them; if they can upset me, or my works, let them do it, I dare them to the contest. But it would be altogether unreasonable to suppose that Satan (or his emissaries, which is about the same thing), would stand idly by and suffer the attack I hope and trust, through God's help, to make upon his kingdom, without offering every opposition; he and they are doing it, and I take it from whence it comes. My fight is not yet ended, the "Valley of Humiliation" with me is a long, long valley, and the enemy strides across it, strong as he was when poor Christian had his long battle with him; and thanks be to God, I have the same armour on that he had, the same shield, and the same sword, so that I do not fear either what he can do to me or man either; therefore any thing that I can do, in humble dependence on the Spirit's teaching (not presumptuously), to throw additional light upon this *extraordinary evidence of God's power and wisdom*, I shall attempt, if possible, to bring the reader to the same convictions I have myself of its reality and tendency.

And the very first portion of the work that most needs interpretation, is a part I cannot illustrate; I mean the latter portion of pages 48, to the end of that chapter. It seems strange, that on the very threshold, as it were, there

should be a stumbling block, but so it is; and in reference to this introduction to mysterious beings, and all that subsequently transpired, it seems almost an anomaly that I should at the very outset as it were, to supplying a key or interpretation, meet with a difficulty I cannot surmount; but so it is, the mystery which it most certainly is even to me, must so remain; to write upon it more explicitly than I have, is what I would not attempt under any circumstances. I am forbidden. I would, however, add thus much, that it is fully competent to them, if they think proper, to throw additional light upon this portion of the evidences of the supernatural. I know they have the opportunity, and I know also that they have received a copy of the "Dream," which I sent *after* I had seen one of their number in London two years subsequently, and where I should *least have expected* to have met him, it being apparently accidental. There was a serious serenity in his countenance, when he answered my enquiry, whether he had received my first book, viz: "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life;" his reply was short and laconic, "Yes, we have received it, but it was not what we expected." I was then in London for the purpose of obtaining the names of subscribers to the "Dream," and I gave him a card I had issued for that purpose, and said, "when *that* work comes out (which the card alluded to) you will find in it everything you *do* expect, I think;" he took it, smiled, and said, "*lose no time about it.*"

I shall take care a copy of this work is sent to the same destination, and if *they* think proper to do away with the mystery, *well*; if not, it will remain so with me to the day of my death. The gentleman who has favoured me with such

a lengthened correspondence in reference to the work, expressed his surprise at this secrecy, instancing the case of the Apostles of old, doing everything openly, "with publicans and sinners," "not keeping back anything," &c. True, they never alluded to anything they might have *had* to keep back (Paul excepted); and if I had not done so, perhaps it would have been better for me, but having so done, I must battle with the difficulty as I best may. I could see no other way to introduce the narrative, and, as it was the *ground work to the whole structure*, it must be obvious, I had no other way to begin.

When the Angel of the Lord visited "*Manoah*" and his wife, he prayed to know more of his visitant, and said, "What is thy name, that when thy sayings come to pass, we may do thee honour?" And the Angel answered, "Why seekest thou after my name, seeing that it is secret." I have had enough and more than enough, to cause me to hold my peace, either in asking to know more, or further explaining their mysterious appearance and dis-appearance. All I have to say in reference to it is, that as I have written it, so it happened; read the 10th verse of the 12th chapter, 1st Corinthians, on "discerning of spirits," and then refer to the narrative itself. I would just add, that at the request of a very influential and intelligent gentleman in London, I accepted an invitation to attend a meeting of a few friends of his (who felt greatly interested in my work) at a house in Brunswick Square, for the purpose, expressly, of explaining this very portion of the narrative. On the morning of the day, and up to a few hours before the appointed time, I was in as good health, and as strong as ever I was in my life; but on my way to the house I was suddenly struck by an

invisible hand so that I could not move a limb without suffering most excruciating pain; instead, therefore, of going to my appointment, I had to be put into a hot bath, and to bed; the gentleman at whose house we were to have met, was also visited similarly, that he had to keep *his* bed. Many people may think there was nothing in it; no matter, it was "sign" enough to me, and hence, with other reasons, this part of my narrative must remain what it is, A MYSTERY.

After such an interview as this is recorded as taking place, and my *thorough conviction* that these *beings* in whose society I had been the previous evening, and seen again the following day so mysteriously, and so mysteriously *again* disappearing from my sight, whilst I was looking on them, were of more than mortal mould; it is nothing more than reasonable to suppose, that my mind "*would be disordered*;" and that I should show such was the case, by some extraordinary outward act or expression. But here again we have the testimony of a witness if necessary, to prove such was *not* the case; my friend, Mr. Spike, whose house had been my home for more than a month, can give evidence that there was literally *nothing* to attract his attention; the business part of the matter I had to arrange with him, *immediately after these circumstances had occurred*, was done quietly and coolly; he very confidently took my cheque on our agent in London for the amount I was his debtor; and the only remark which passed between him and me of a religious tendency, was in reply to his expressed hope that I had "made it answer my purpose during my long stay in London and at his house," see page 57 of "*Midsummer Mornings' Dream*," and my reply. That gentleman is now residing at No. —, Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons,

London, superintending the arrangements of his establishment as a lodging house, of superior accommodation and comfort, and from whom every intelligence, in reference to this portion of the narrative, may be obtained. It is true that when with my own sister, I said more, viz: that "I had seen and talked with *Angels*;" and I am still of that opinion; nay more, am *sure* of it. People would stare at me with all their eyes, if I stood up in a congregation to *tell* them this; but there is nothing *new* in the doctrine, that angels are upon the earth at this very moment of time; it is believed in by many; it was so in the days of St. Paul, or he would not have advised the "Hebrews" to be "careful" how they "entertained strangers;" and in the days of the Provocation, "when your fathers tempted me forty years," it is written, "*He sent evil angels among them.*" See what I have written "on the presence of Angels" in pages 228 and 229 of the "Dream;" for these things really *demand* our close attention and inspection.

We now come to that part of the book, which by many will be called the "mad part of it;" inasmuch as whilst under the influence, and listening to the words of "*The Voice*," many things I both did, and said, would obtain for it and me, that characteristic; although I can very safely say, that no one person, not even my children, gave any evidence that they thought so.

Chapter IV. therefore, requires very little comment, nor is there any necessity to remark upon chapter V., till we come to the period when my attention was called to *the little band of soldiers playing at war*, beyond the passing observation, that insofar as it was optional on my part to go where I liked (so far as respected any restriction that was

put upon me, by those I was with), I did on one or two occasions, attempt to do *contrary* to what "*The Voice*" intimated I should do; I might have as well attempted to move the house which I inhabited; and, therefore, having discovered I was under an occult agency, I could not countervail, I abandoned all attempts at self-government, and did exactly as "*The Voice*" directed; but I would just intimate here, that there could be no possible ground for *fear* on the part of my wife, or she certainly would not have entrusted herself, and our youngest child (then only about two years old), with me in a gig, drawn by a horse I was not intimately acquainted with, nor would my friend have lent it to me for that purpose if he had entertained any fear; yet all this happened after the certainly questionable exploit of immersion in the "*Public Baths*."

However, this we will pass over, and take this *prophetic part* for a few passing remarks. The observation I made at the time, when my attention was drawn to the circumstance of the little band carrying flags and banners was, "This surely can mean nothing," to which "*The Voice*" replied, "it does, it is pregnant with meaning, *note it in thy book*." So I saw that the flags represented different countries, amongst them the "French," "Russian," and a *white flag with a figure upon it I could not discern*, but I thought it emblematic of "*Austria*." As they marched, they were attacked by a petty regiment carrying the "*British and American flags*," which *routed the former party*, and as I drove by them, they played "*Rule Britannia*," to which I afterwards added the national air of the *Americans*, thinking that *as they had assisted in beating the enemy they had a right to share in the honour*." This is as the paragraph

stands in the "Dream," to which is added a note at the after part of the work, that I drew my wife's attention to it, and telling her at the time, that it was intended to convey to me, that war was coming upon the nations of the earth ; but as she did not *hear* what I *heard*, of course took no further notice of it, than as she said, "a parcel of boys playing at soldiers."

Now this circumstance, with my remarks upon it, must be taken, in connection with the "Dream," *as a whole* ; and I can only offer as a reason, that I did not in the book itself, openly prophecy of this war, was, because whenever I spoke of it as an event *certain to take place*, I was so thoroughly ridiculed. There were, moreover, at that time, in our city, some exceedingly *wise* (in their own conceit) and clever *men*, who could so far see into futurity, that they not only ridiculed me, but they ridiculed the government, and tried by the issue of hand-bills, and inflammatory language at public meetings, to prevent the raising of the militia. Cobden, also, had just returned from France with *his discoveries* ; those who had to do with the production of my work also, were tinged with the same miraculous foresight, and considered anything inimical to the "universal peace movement," was only a fitting subject for ridicule and reprobation. I had, furthermore, an impression my work would have been subjected to a *review* from one of these same gentlemen ; I have, therefore, deferred allusion to this prophetic intimation, for this book, *TILL IT changes his opinion of the war question.*

Many will say, then, how can these two opposites be identified ; such an *event*, and such an *evidence* of it ? The same question might have been asked by the inhabitants of

Jericho, if they had been told the destruction of their city would be accomplished, after it had been compassed about six times, in as many days, by men with silent voices, but blowing trumpets of rams' horns, and on the *seventh* day it would be compassed *seven* times, and the people were to shout, at the command of "Joshua," and so it would be delivered into the enemy's hand, and destroyed. Suppose all this to have been communicated to an inhabitant of Jericho, at the time, what would he have said to it? Even as many persons I have no doubt, have said already, of the *prophetic* portions of *my* book, "it is a mere chimera of the brain." But what is more prophetic than that portion of it in page 69, whilst under the influence of the attending spirit, my attention should be thus drawn to this juvenile army of soldiers, playing at battle; my remark at the time, "this surely can mean nothing;" the reply, "It does, it is *pregnant with meaning, note it in thy book,*" (another proof that which I had seen, and that which I was to be made further acquainted with, was not intended for me *alone*;) and then to see and notice the emblems of the different countries, symbolized by their flags, "Russia," "Prussia," "Austria," "France," "*America*," and "England." When I wrote what I did upon it in the year 1851, there were no *outward* signs of the present war, and I forbore to comment upon it, by a *prophecy*, there would be such an outbreak as at present exists; I felt that had I done so, men would only have laughed at my prognostic, and it might have invalidated the by far more important nature of the communication that I had to make.

As a proof of this, I did one day, or rather evening, long before I commenced writing, venture into the company of

a small coterie of politicians, and advanced my views as modestly as I could, upon what I knew would take place, viz: a "*coalition ministry*," and a "*war with Russia*," and they absolutely laughed outright at the "absurdity" of the idea. I bore their contemptuous conduct very patiently, and merely said, "well, you will see my words will come to pass, the political horizon may not at present show *you* coming events, but it does me;" but I should never have so spoken, had I not gathered it from what I have written as occurring to me *in June*, 1850, and what was afterwards shown me in the dungeon of the asylum. I was not only laughed at, but I heard afterwards I was declared "mad," that is, they looked upon me as a "mad fellow." Much in the same way "Elisha's" messenger to "Jehu" was looked upon, I dare say. They asked "Jehu" whence came this '*mad fellow*' to you?" but not one jot or tittle of his prophecy fell to the ground; it was realized to the very letter, mad as they thought him. See Kings, 2nd book, and the 9th chapter. Many persons who *read* of these things as having reference to me personally, may be under the like impression, or, if not disposed to treat me quite so rudely, may say as the three gentlemen "Christian" discovered in his progress, told *him*, "We see no danger," "Yet a little more sleep," "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom," and the like generalities; but how they can do so after such an evidence as this book is before them, is to me *more* than astonishing; the "madness" (if there is any about it) is with them, not with me.

But it is very clear now, from the words I have therein written, as having been spoken to me by "*The Voice*," I *might* have so done, even as I now do, PROPHECY that the

end of these things will be the subjugation of *all these powers* by the united force of *England* and *America* only: and this I venture in the face of the *fact* before me at this moment, *America* silent, *France* our ally, and calculating on the co-operation of other powers. I have reasons for so saying, wholly and entirely independent of anything I may have heard from others by way of opinion on the existing state of things; or what I have read as written by others (*subsequent to the appearance of my own volume*) with the assistance *they have had* of concurrent events, on what is to be the issue of the "coming struggle."

I would respectfully submit, that my views upon these matters, both of a *political* and *religious* tendency, are entitled to some consideration from the fact, that they arise entirely out of the circumstances connected with this book; that they have not been pre-conceived ideas. I may, I think, most unhesitatingly appeal to those who have known me for upwards of "Twenty Years" of my active life, I mean that portion of it in which I have been mixed up with the world, whether upon either of these topics, I ever attempted to occupy either their time, or their attention. My experience in these matters always led me to the conviction, they were best let alone in public company, inasmuch as at all times I discovered their discussions led to personalities, and generally ended in unpleasantness, so that whenever these subjects, *politics* or *religion* were started, it was my invariable rule, whenever I found matters getting to what might be called fever heat, to try and put an end to them by a suggestion of an altogether different tendency; and in which I generally succeeded, at some little cost and sacrifice to myself; ("assume a virtue if you have it not" I think I

hear you say), but such *was* the case, and I would rather at any time have sung fifty songs, than have heard one altercation. I therefore say, for that very reason alone, these circumstances which I have narrated, ought to have a more than common acceptance with my readers generally, because I never was recognized as either a politician or a theologian.*

* "Paul," in his 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, 14th chapter, and at the 22nd verse, says: "Prophecy serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." Now this *prophecy* of mine, relative to the issue of this war, is just the sort of prophecy that an *Englishman* would like to indulge in; the "wish" might be "father to the thought," as it were, *i.e.*, he would like the idea of belonging to a country, that had it in its power to put down oppression of every sort and kind; but it so happens I am not alone in this prophecy, although it certainly did stand alone (*unexplained*) till the "coming struggle amongst all nations" made its appearance. The author of that production says, "Russia will subjugate France, and place a *King* on that throne, of his own creation," consequently a minion to do his work; and that *then* the cry will be to brother Jonathan, "Come over and help us," and this he deduces from Scripture prophecies. At the time I wrote what I did, I knew nothing (comparatively speaking) of the Scriptures, and yet the reader, with the explanation I have offered, cannot fail to see there is the same prophecy by "*The Voice*." Now I am perfectly sure my work had neither been seen, or heard of, by the author of the "Coming Struggle," and hence my reasons for the dedication. But as all translators and interpreters of the 2nd chapter of Daniel, whom I have heard, agree that the *present era* is the fulfilling of that prophecy, I especially call attention to the 43rd and 44th verses as strengthening my *own* prophecy:

"And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men: but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay."

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

For America and England, although divided, are as much "*one kingdom*," as my brothers residing there, or Hull, or Exeter, or elsewhere, are *one family*, and in my opinion, the present amalgamation is about as likely to endure or "cleave to one another" as the "*iron mixed with the clay is*;" *it is written*, "they shall *not* cleave to one another."

CHAPTER V.

THE narrative goes on with the recapitulation of occurrences in which there is much of a prophetic nature, but upon which it is not necessary now to remark; there are types and shadows in almost every page, which will one day stand more prominent as realities, I have no doubt; but at the time I wrote them, they were introduced more to show, that I was perfectly aware of what was passing, and also what I both did and said. I now see the realization of many things, taking place, but that which requires more comment than another, is the circumstance of the *mark in the hand*. "And I saw, as it were, a sea of glass, mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his *mark*, and over the number of his name, standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God; and they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb:" Revelations, 15th chapter, 2nd and 3rd verses. When I wrote as I did respecting this "mark," I had entirely overlooked the above passage; but every other part in the Revelations which spoke of the "mark," had made such an impression upon me, that it was with a very considerable amount of misgiving, that I alluded to it at all; and more especially after listening, as I often did, to a lecture on *Poper*y, or came from what is called "controversial preaching." I was not by any means ambitious, any more than I am now, of

being considered one on whom "the Beast" had set his "mark," and more especially when I had heard the "Roman Catholic Church" called "the Beast;" nay, more, she was characterized as the "scarlet whore let loose from the bottomless pit of hell." Nevertheless, I reasoned with myself thus, "if you write at all, write the *truth*, every thing as it happened, excepting such points as you have received a *command to be silent on*;" and I am now very glad I did not allow my fears to overcome me. It is said of children and fools (and I am both, in these great matters; Paul was a fool in glorying), that they generally speak the truth; at any rate, I wrote it, and now whether it is the mark of "the Beast" or not, I thank God that he has brought this passage to my consideration, for in it I discover the victory is to be obtained, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, even over the mark of "the Beast" itself, whether it be "the Roman Catholic Church," as my friend ——— says it is, or not.

After I had received this mark in the hand, the *occurrences*, as narrated in the "Dream" thus far, had been the means of introducing me temporarily, to the care and protection of the keeper of a subordinate *asylum*, which happened to be next to the house in which I had received this "mark in the hand," accompanied as it was by the words of "*The Voice*," "Fear not, thou wilt not be hurt, but thy right hand upon the wrist will be cut, just over the vein, it is the mark I shall set upon thee, heal it not, let it heal of itself." I have elsewhere observed, that it was *necessary* for carrying out the *purposes* of this "visitation," that I should have to be made the occupant of an asylum; this the reader will find if he has patience to go forward, and hence

these acts *characteristic* of lunacy.* But in so far as any "fear" of me was engendered, I am perfectly satisfied that neither my wife nor children entertained any whatever; in fact, I don't think Mrs. S. really knows what fear is, and therefore, what I have to say upon that point is this, that insofar as fear of me was concerned, there was no more necessity for such rigorous means to be taken, than there is at this very moment, and this is a feeling I shall entertain to the latest hour of my existence. I acquit *them* of all blame in the matter, I know the influences they were under in being "over-ruled;" *Satan* had his hand in that, as he had in the days of *Job*; but if he thought the *humiliation* would have prevented me from making these things *known*, he miserably miscalculated; and the more especially, now, that through the blessed teaching of a calmer, and more holy spirit, I have been able to discover the *cause*, for which it was necessary I should be so incarcerated. It is only requisite, then, before we enter upon the full detail of the *vision*, to observe, that I was in the evening of this day, transferred to the *care* and *protection* of the master and keepers of the superior asylum of the City.

There is one portion, however, of the narrative, wherein the instruction of "*The Voice*" to put the "*shoes*" into my pocket which I had taken such rather rough possession of

* I am thus particular in this allusion, more to satisfy the scruples of one of my brothers, whose *sensitiveness*, lest an impression should be formed that "insanity is in the family," is peculiarly awakened. If he will but bestow a portion of that common sense Providence has so largely blessed him with in fully considering *all* these circumstances, I think I shall be able to convince him, and others also, that lunacy is no more an hereditary consequence in a family, than *hereditary wisdom* is a prerogative of the *peerage*.

(although the poor woman only laughed when I did so), which it is as well to remark upon. I could not discover any scriptural application of such a singular request, till one day, reading in the 4th chapter of Ruth, at the 7th verse, I read, "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel, concerning *redeeming* and concerning *changing*, for to *confirm all things*, a man plucked off his *shoe* and gave it to his neighbour; and this was a testimony in Israel;" a circumstance I was in ignorance of before. But independently of that, I found it useful in diverting the attention of the keepers when they made their murderous attack upon me afterwards, which, with other interesting matter, will be found in the work itself.

But what strikes me now at this distance of time, as the most singular fact, is, that all throughout and up to this period, with all these concurring events, my mind itself should have been in so perfectly *placid* a state, and that the words of "*The Voice*" all throughout that week, or rather nine days, should have fallen so quietly on my ear, that in the midst of passing events, I should have them there so indelibly fixed, be so satisfied that he was my *friend*, and yet not to feel an inwardly religious and really devout feeling of *heart*; there was no sense of sins, nor need of a Saviour about me, at and up to this period; although conscious that something wonderful was coming upon me.

I am perfectly willing to admit, the feeling I had, was, that I was about to receive the rewards of a life of very hard labour, to effect certain objects, in which I had been successful for others, at my own cost and sacrifice; and that in accordance with what those mysterious beings alluded to, "I should have to undergo much trouble before my riches

would come to me," and that this was a portion of that trouble I was undergoing, therefore, after having stood upon the defensive against the combined attacks of *these parties*, my feelings can be better imagined than described, when I found myself the occupant of a miserable dungeon; lighted with one small iron-grated window, paved below with composite, with a small drain at one corner, a kind of *trough* about six feet long, elevated on four legs, in which was a sack of coarse hempen and cotton cloth, filled with straw; a pillow of the same class, with a sheet, blanket, and coverlid, of the coarsest materials, and filthiest aspect possible; the stench from which was abominable, and into which I was peremptorily ordered to undress and "get," or threatened with further brutal violence, and was also *strapped down* by the left hand and leg.

CHAPTER VI.

WE must now copy, almost literally, from the work itself we are endeavouring to illustrate and explain. To give a definite account of my feelings when I found myself thus stripped and bound, is wholly beyond my capacities; perfectly conscious I had been under the influence of an unseen power, and that power I believed to be of divine agency, how to account for it having brought me into such a place, and under such trying circumstances, was entirely beyond me to explain.

I tried all means to exercise my mind on past events, to reconcile them one with another—what I had taken—how I had been living—but could find nothing to warrant my being brought to that state—“what have I done to deserve this fate?” I asked, involuntarily; and then my mind was brought to bear on my invisible attendant, with whom I thought I held a long conversation; for addressing him, I said, “whatever could these fellows want, by treating me in this brutal manner?”

The Voice.—“Thou shouldst have done as I told thee, been quiet, and then thy fate would not have been so hard as it now will be, but I will not forsake thee—even here I will be with thee, so long as thou stayest; and so long as thou canst see that chimney and cowl before thee, thou mayest be sure I am here, and that no harm can come to thee; there is nothing else thou canst discern as thou now liest, but when thou lovest sight of it, *I am away*—GONE from thee.

I verily thought at one time thou wouldst have been killed, but thou hast courage I see when thou art roused ; but be careful how thou ever attemptest it again, for thou must see it is not thy own strength that has thus far preserved thee."

I promised obedience, for I had now become altogether alarmed at the aspect of things ; and in the bitterness of my heart, I cried out, " Tell me, then, oh thou mysterious being, who and what thou art !"

The Voice.—" Be silent then. Lie *still*, that thou mayest hear ; for the least rustle of the straw that is in thy bed, will drown my voice."

Hearing these words, I began to hope for comfort : and arranging myself in the best position I could, that would be likely to last without disturbance ; (albeit, the leather straps sadly inconvenienced and annoyed me) although in great pain, I lay still, almost as death.

" *The Voice* " began.—" I AM AN INVISIBLE SPIRIT—but stay ; dost thou *believe* in invisible spirits ? I have stood by thy side when thou hast with thy lips given utterance to the words, ' I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, *and of all things* VISIBLE *and* INVISIBLE ;' and yet thou didst *not* believe in anything thou didst not *see*. I have heard thee often thus ; dost thou *now* believe in things *invisible* ? but remain still ; ere I have done, thou wilt believe, I have no doubt."

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" Ah, indeed ! who could have told thee that ? It is the only *secret* I should have gone to the grave with."

The Voice.—" I know such is 'thy intention, but thou seest *I know it*."

It was indeed true—the secret of my heart was known ; so, if I needed nothing else to convince me of an actual unseen presence, that

was enough ; and I lay almost breathless, but with my heart beating audibly, and in great anxiety.

THE INVISIBLE SPIRIT.

“I am an invisible spirit. I have been by thy side ever since thou wert born. I was with thee when thou wert nearly blind from affliction, in thine infancy. I was eyes to thee then ; it was my hand that saved thee, when, a child, thou fell into the deep waters, and thy father plunged in, at the voice of thy brother’s wailing that thou wert drowning. I know thy thoughts now ; thou sayest that thou hast a perfect recollection of thy sensations. So thou hast, but it was I that supported thy father in the watery element ; for it was beyond his depth, and thou knowest he could not swim. Thy life was then well nigh forfeit to thy disobedience ; for thou wert told not to venture near the water. Again ; my hand saved thee from a dreadful and violent death, when thy little arm was broken into shivers, and the coach wheels took part of the skin of thy forehead away. Thou wert near death then ; but in the hardness of thy heart, when thou wert carried to thy poor distracted mother, thou calledst out thou wert not hurt, and t’would soon be well. Thou didst not join in prayer for that deliverance, as did thy parents, at thy bedside. Again ; I was with thee, when sudden death was well nigh the forfeiture of thy disobedience, and thy arm again paid for thy folly. Hadst thou fallen from the horse, thou wert told *not to ride again*, upon thy head, there would have been an end of thee then, but I interposed and saved thee ; thou didst not acknowledge me then.

“I was by thy side when thou rescued from the same spot thy own life had nearly paid the forfeit, thy sister ; thinkest thou, it was of thy own power she was kept so long above the water, that *her* life was spared ; and yet thou gavest not to *me* the glory ; but took it all to thyself. ‘I did it,’ saidst thou ; ‘it was I.’ Have I not been with thee, in all thy numerous accidents ?” (and here the enumeration went

on so fast, I could hardly follow—but so conclusively, that there was not one event in my life, of any consequence, that was not touched upon), “and yet thou hast never acknowledged the invisibility and power of the Spirit ; and thou art yet in the gall of bitterness, and the bond of woe. Oh ! how many times have I thus spoken to thee ? and yet thou *wouldst* not hear. Dost thou remember, at the very altar, how thou hast acted ? when others, at the name of Jesus, ‘ bowed the knee,’ and gave utterance to their belief in the name, ‘ *and in Jesus Christ our Lord.*’ Dost thou remember, how thou didst haughtily throw back thy head, and say—O, I heard thee say it—aye, *twice* have I heard it, in the *Church*, and in the *Cathedral*—whilst in the *act* only of adoration, thou didst wickedly say ‘ And I do not believe in ONE LORD JESUS CHRIST ;’ and in that spirit of wicked unbelief didst thou continue to the end ; and yet thou hast been suffered to live, although thou hast thus tempted the LORD thy GOD. I have been with thee, all throughout thy late trials and afflictions, and yet thou hast not *once* called upon me ; but I am now going, thou wilt be left alone in this terrible dungeon. See ! the sign I directed thee to is fading from thy sight ; is there none upon whom thou canst call to help thee ? *No ; thou art* SPEECHLESS ! and now I am going, and so art thou ; none can save thee ; *down, down, down* thou art going, and I—see ! I am gone !”

Then I saw the sign he had given me to look upon was indeed *gone*, and that I trembled from head to foot ; great drops of sweat fell from my temples—a dreadful sinking at the heart—an “*astonishment*” I had hitherto been a stranger to. Had an awfully long and loud peal of thunder suddenly burst from heaven, without the slightest previous evidence of its coming, the “*imagination of the heart*” could not have been more *completely* “*scattered ;*” sense of *thought*, for a time, utterly and entirely gone ; and all throughout my frame, a terrible sensation of *consuming heat*. The time occupied in the relation of all that I had done (*for he told me of every thing I had done in my life*), had brought on *darkness*, and around me seemed gathering

horrible spirits, which howled in mine ears hideous noises ; a dreadful evidence of *sinking of the whole floor, into an everlasting depth*, seemed realized.

“ And for a season after,
I could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made” these things upon me.

Now there are many parties incline to the opinion, that this state of feeling, and that which is continued throughout that terrible night, 10th June, 1850, was neither more nor less than “*delirium tremens*,” occasioned by my manner of living before hand. There are parties in existence who are *peculiarly interested* in their endeavours to establish this belief, but a more base, and lying insinuation, cannot possibly be advanced. It is for this reason I wearied the patience of my readers in the way I did, in the endeavour to account for almost every hour of my time, how it had been employed, &c., for *weeks previously to this visitation*. No man has come forward, or *dares* come forward, to dispute the *truth* of what I have written, or to attack me of being guilty of the least possible excess of any kind, beyond that I have myself admitted ; neither had my mind, nor my feelings, been operated upon in any out of the way, or extraordinary manner ; my business matters had all been transacted highly satisfactory to myself, and *ought* to have been to those who sent me out (such as I had the *management* of), nor had any thing whatever occurred, to create in me a feeling of “*excitement* ;” my system was as cool as it is at this very moment I write ; no fever, nor any thing whatever different in me that I could discover, till I was made sensible of this terrible evidence of an angry power, a power, however much before I found it useless to attempt to resist,

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now that I was bound, in the dungeon of a mad-house, would have been *worse* than madness to have endeavoured to elude. I *did* try, positively tried *hard* to make myself believe it to be all *delusion*, but it was all useless, "*The Voice*" followed me up closely. "It is useless," it said, "thy attempts to employ thy mind on other things, *thy hour is come*, and now thou *must* hear me." The narrative proceeds, (and strange as it may seem to the reader, even *then* I could not divine the purposes for which I had been thus visited).

Yet I awoke not from my mental sleep in this great agony, though *perfectly sensible* of all I felt and heard ; so, as I lay communing with mine own heart, which was throbbing convulsively, I heard a voice from heaven, calling me by my name, and saying "I AM THE LORD THY GOD,"

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"Thou thinkest thou art hardly dealt with, seeing that thou hast done these things of which thou hast spoken (for I had ventured to plead for mercy on the ground of "*good works*"), and in that thou hast kept this commandment,* mercy shall be shown thee ; but I will reprove thee and set before thee other things which thou hast done."

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And then, in terrible array, was set before me, the heavy catalogue of my sins, with the rapidity almost of light ; then there was adjudged to me the punishment for them ; at the same time that judgment was tempered with *mercy*, by a reference to such good as I had done in my

* The first commandment *with promise*.

life time ; the which, of course, I leave out here, merely observing that the evil awfully preponderated, and all I said, or could say, was " I am rightly served ; the sentence is a just sentence." So I abandoned all hope, and gave myself over to despair, and an everlasting death. In vain I wiped from my face the great big swelling drops—in vain I moved my limbs about my horrid bed ; the same devouring heat possessed me, and o'er my face I distinctly felt the *crawling of the worm that dieth not*. Smoke and vapour, too, encircled my hot bed ; fire also seemed to envelope my filthy pallet ; loud hysteric laughter and the shrieking of the *damned spirits* ; horrid imprecations and blasphemy, unceasing ; and yet I was not consumed. " Surely," I thought, " this cannot last long ; I must soon be burned up, and shall become extinct, ere the term of my punishment is elapsed. The property of fire is to burn." This was my idea of hell, that no being or spirit could *live* in it ; but it was too palpable, too evident to dispute ; I *LIVED* and was *not* consumed. Oh ! the horrors of that dismal time ; minutes seemed hours, years—nay longer ; *time seemed interminable* ; but *prayer* I not once thought of. I felt *condemned*, that the sentence was *just*, and that I ought *not* to pray, although I had always believed in God (so do devils, and tremble too). Sleep I could not ; my eyes refused to slumber. No forgetfulness there ; no *sleep* of death, but life of death—a prospect of an everlasting living death—NO END. " Here then," I exclaimed, " I shall lie ; never more see a creature whom I shall know ; and I writhed in my hot bed of despair. I envied the raving maniacs I had seen during the day ; would that I were as they seemed to be, *without intellect*, dead, annihilated ; but to be *thus*, and *know it* ! Oh, how insupportable ! nor did self-destruction ever once enter into my mind, to end this horrid reality ; my earthly existence, I thought, *was* ended ; I had died—*died to live this everlasting death*. No hope—

" *Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell.*"

No use crying " what shall I do to be saved " *now* ? I involuntarily

said "I am lost—lost for ever! woe is me, that I heeded not in time." In this dreadful state, methought years and years, "*ten thousand years*" had passed away, when looking upward toward the grating, I saw *one ray of light* break in, the smallest possible evidence that the horrid gloom would be dispersed.

THERE IS A HELL. It requires no such awful evidences from me, as this terrible scene discloses to prove it. *It is written*, "and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment." "Lazarus died, and was carried by the angels into 'Abraham's' bosom;" the rich man died also, and *as it is written* such was his doom, and he prayed for a drop of water only, to cool his burning tongue, and then he prayed that "Lazarus," or some one might be sent to his brothers and relatives, that they might be *warned*, lest they be brought into that place of *torment*. What was the answer? "They have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them, if they hear not them, neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." How dreadfully true does the last portion of that passage appear to me to be—"neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Many men disbelieve *me*, notwithstanding all that I have written, and what more can I say than is already recorded, for I have been dead to the world certainly. Oh! my friend, if you be amongst that number I once was, who reasoned, there could not be such a place as *hell*, or of torment after death, dispel the terrible delusion, for that *is* the delusion in its fullest sense of the word; and one of the strongest weapons Satan wields; he tells you, "God is too great, and good, and merciful, ever to prepare such a place for those he has created;" and in that he tells you the truth,

for it *was* not *prepared* for you, but it was "*prepared* for the Devil and his angels;" and if, when the great day comes, you be found on the side of Anti-christ, *with him and his angels*, you will most assuredly be numbered, although that place was not "*prepared* for you." There was one upon earth who said, "*I go to prepare* a place for you, for in *my* father's house are many mansions, that where *I* am, ye may be also." And it is but deciding *now*, whom ye will serve, whether that preparation is made for you or not. It is but to confess *with the mouth, as it is written*, "If thou shalt confess *with thy mouth* the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe *in thine heart* that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." How simple, yet how efficient; but the heart you say rebels, and you want to know the remedy, it is ready at your hand, in one word—PRAYER; "*Lord* 'p *my unbelief*." It is enough, God exacts no long prayers, he does not require them, he knows what you would say, long before you would give utterance to the thought *as it is written*, "Thou knowest my thoughts long before;" and you have but thus to pray and he will hear.

The narrative proceeds:—

"Perhaps *He* will come again," I said; "I may once more hear that glad voice;" and hope seemed lightly to play around the region of my heart, which had been beating heavily, all the time I had been in this horrid state. Oh how anxiously did I watch its increasing—gradually increasing power; *but so slowly* did it come, in comparison to my ardent temperament, that another life seemed almost spent; at length, day—*blessed day*, dawned; *but I saw no sign*. I strained my eyes towards the casement; the space was clear—there was no object upon which I could fix my anxious gaze, but the blue sky. He *was*

indeed gone, and day brought no hope to me. In my writhings I had sunk low in the filthy *trough*; and in my despair, I raised myself the highest stretch my fetters would permit; when "joy! oh joy again!" I cried, "He will be here; his promise is sure, sure." "Whilst thou canst see that object, I am with thee;" this he said. "I *can* see it! and thou art here, then. Oh! hear me, hear me, thou invisible spirit, and save me from these horrors! in mercy save me!" *Mournfully and slowly* came

The Voice.—"I am indeed here, but cannot save thee; thou art yet in the bonds of woe—call on the *keepers* to come and let thee out." So I called. "Call *louder*, they cannot hear thee." Again my voice re-echoed through the building. "It is early, they are not yet out of their beds. Call upon thy brother, whom thou lovest so much, he is here, and surely will help thee?" Then I called with all my might and strength, "John, my dear brother John, come and help me out of this filthy dungeon"—but no answer was there. Exhausted, panting, and *heart-broken*, I lay in *agony of thought*.

The Voice.—"He does not hear thee, peradventure he sleepeth. Call on Sir R. Peel and Lord J. Russell, for these have been thy gods. Call on *them* in the day of thy trouble, and they will, without doubt, hear thee."

And in this way was I urged to keep on shouting, till I thought my very throat would have cracked; to all of which, "*The Voice*" only said, "call louder."* Then I saw that despair was to be my doom by day, and by night also; and in my agony I turned over on my straw, buried my head in my hand, and would have wept, but no tears would come.

The Voice.—"Thou art sinking again! down thou art going, quick, quick! if thou dost not make another effort, thou art lost for ever!"

And as he said, so it seemed to be, the whole place appeared to be falling; I could *feel* the floor giving way under me as before—the

* "I will also laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Prov. i., 26.

sensation was horrible ; but no help was there : I was *fast*—"fast bound in misery and iron." I cried out aloud upon all whom I could bring to my recollection—all upon whom I had called before ; but of no avail, I was going down faster than ever, and could *feel* it, when I heard perfectly clear and distinct

The Voice.—"Call upon the LORD JESUS CHRIST, or thou art lost!"

Spoken as rapidly as the lightning's flash—in a moment, nay, less, the whole truth flashed upon me like that same lightning, and in a voice that might have been heard for miles, I shouted, "Oh LORD JESUS ! I beseech Thee, deliver my soul." It had the effect ; in a moment I felt myself returning to earth, and the trough in which I was laid felt firm ; I *felt saved*, for as I lay panting for breath, and my heart beating as though it would have *burst* its boundaries, I heard the "still small voice" again saying to me, "*Thou art saved* ; but it has been hard work ; lie still for a time and I will come to thee, and speak with thee, *for I have loved thee*, though thou *hast* denied me : and I know *why* thou hast done the things my Father hath thus chastened thee for ; but be of good cheer, thy faith in this matter hath saved thee." These words overwhelmed me, and for the first time I wept—*sorely did I weep*. "Would that I had known this before, oh Lord !" I said, "I would not have done these things."

The Voice.—"I know thou would'st not, but be comforted, all will yet be well."

Then although I felt sad and sorrowful that there should have been so great necessity for this severe teaching and *chastening*, that good would, eventually, come of it, as I should be able to tell of it to others with such sincerity that they *must* believe it ; and then they would be saved from the horrors I had escaped. So I saw, as the day advanced, my heart became quieter, and about the hour of noon, as I judged, the same "still small voice" came to me, speaking words of great comfort to me—that as I had not hesitated to go through with all that I had been told to do, and obeyed "*The Voice*" in every thing, to my own

detriment ; therefore would he establish a *sign* with me : this was done immediately, in such a way that I could not mistake it. *This shall be the sign between thee and me, and in this way will I hereafter speak with thee when thou dost address me ; be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee ;* at which sounds, my heart seemed to leap within me ; and tears of *joy*, such as repentant sinners alone *can* shed, came to my relief ; in which state I lay for some considerable period, feeling that I could have wept *rivers* of tears.

A sign, not seen, nor heard, but *felt*. An unmistakeable evidence, inward, which can be produced by no other agency than a supernatural one, yet inexplicable ; and if Satanic, my doom is a fixed one, for to it I wholly surrender myself. The delusion, *if a delusion*, is a delightful one, for it speaks to me symbolically, and says,—“IT IS I.” “BE NOT AFRAID.” “*I will never leave thee ; I will never forsake thee.*” “*I gave Ethiopia and Seba for thee.*” “*I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.*” It shews me, in mental vision, a crucified Saviour, hanging on the accursed tree ; and I hear the last sounds of his voice, in dying agony, exclaim,—“Father, forgive them ; they know not what they do !”

Thus, then, if this visitation be an agency of hell, Satan is divided against himself, and his kingdom must fall ; for admitting, which I do admit fully, that he has power to produce similar things to those I have *seen* and heard, the question arises how are they to be applied ? what do they *teach* ? Would he, think you, supply his victim, hitherto wholly and entirely ignorant upon the *Millennium*—even the very meaning of the word—with such an evidence to his sight and *reason* as would enable him not only to understand it entirely, but, at the same time, through its instrumentality, enable him to teach and warn others ? Is it *like* the subtilty

of the serpent that deceived our common mother Eve? It would be very like, indeed, that mind of fathomless guile, if, through it, I attempted to subvert the authority the Bible should have in your hearts and minds. But that is not my object; my object is quite the reverse; and I ask, without the shadow of a doubt upon my own mind on the subject, whether or not the Bible predicts such things as these as the *forerunner* of that great day, when “the secrets of all hearts shall be known?” *Is it not written*, “In those days shall your sons and your daughters prophesy, your old men dream dreams, and your young men see visions?” and I am but little more than midway of my pilgrimage to the allotted years of man, and what is this but one of *them*? But to proceed—

Then I asked in what form of prayer I should address him, and he said, “Let me hear thee repeat the ‘BELIEF;’” but my confusion was so great that I could not remember it, and what I did remember, was so imperfect, that I made a complete jumble of nonsense of it; for instance, I said, “Born of the Holy Ghost, and conceived by Pontius Pilate,” and I know not what I did not attempt, in my haste to say some form of prayer or other: so I addressed myself to an “*extempore*” confessional prayer, in which I acknowledged my transgressions, and gave thanks for the great mercies I had received; but above all for the great mercy of this revelation, and prayed for all, through the merits and atonement of the *Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*, in whom now to say I *believed*, only seemed on my part an expression of super-erogation, inasmuch as that I now *KNEW* it.

The Voice.—“Yes, that is true enough, and the prayer in itself is very well; but this shall be thy form of prayer, and what thou shalt do. Every morning when thou wakest, thy first offering shall be to ‘THE FATHER.’ Thou shalt bow thy head *three times*, and each time

thou shalt say 'LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ;' and then thou shalt say the '*Lord's Prayer*,' which thou knowest ; and in the evening thou shalt do the same thing, and say the '*Apostles' Creed*,' commonly called the '*Belief*;' and this thou shalt do every day, so long as thou livest, at six of the clock in the morning, and at eleven of the clock at night ; but thou shalt be allowed three hours' grace either way, and see that thou abusest not this privilege. And now repeat the '*Belief*,' after me, slowly, and talk not such nonsense as thou hast just given utterance to—'Born of the Holy Ghost, and conceived by Pontius Pilate !' but I know thou wert confused, and also that it formed no part of thy education when young." Whereupon, graciously, most graciously did that sweet "still small voice" repeat it sentence by sentence, slowly and distinctly, till at last I knew it perfectly. Then I felt overjoyed in my heart, and began to sing again, which was acceptable—*The Voice* assuring me, "there was much joy in heaven, and that my name was there, and the angels were pronouncing it one to another, and that they were right glad that I had been saved."*

"Exceedingly good and gracious hast thou been, O Lord," I said, "in teaching me what to say, and how to act ; tell me now, I pray thee, *where* thou wouldst have me worship upon *holy* day and the sabbath !"

The Voice.—"Thou rememberest having thy attention taken by a little man, in clerical habiliments, coming from a passage nearly opposite the house of business thou hast lately been at. When thou art in London, hear him ; his *church* is in that passage, and he is also one of my servants."

This was in Friday Street, and my reason for asking this question so minutely and distinct was, because at *all* times, and under *all* circumstances, anything in the shape of

* "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than in ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

mummery, or unnecessary *form*, always obtained from me a feeling of contempt, and especially the ceremonies of Romanism.

I made it my duty to attend service in that church at a subsequent period, and found it conducted exactly as I had been told it was, viz.—simple and instructive, the *Gospel* preached, and *no more*. As a matter of course, I have made it my study to walk in that path ever since: for more direct teaching than this I cannot conceive it possible to receive.

The narrative then proceeds:—

I became, therefore, quite composed and happy; the bed had no disagreeables for me then, nor did I feel any pain at the uneasy and cramped position in which I had been obliged, and must continue to lie. The time was occupied in going over *all* the past, and remarking upon the different circumstances that had happened, both in London and in our walks; and the book that I *supposed* was being written at the time of my versifying propensities, which I asked after.

The Voice.—"Yes, the book is printed and published; but thou wilt not know the language in which it is printed, till thou art up here, then thou wilt see it; but as for books, thou hast written enough in thy life time for fifty books; and as I know thy heart is intent upon writing a book, thou wilt now have enough upon which thou *mayest* write; but that of which my Father hath told thee, thou mayest *not* write upon, that thou must keep to thyself, see thou tell no man or woman, not even thy wife; for on the day thou doest, *he will destroy thee with fire and brimstone!* Still thou wilt see and hear sufficient for thy volume, and thou shalt call it

"MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM."

So at this my heart was comforted, and I felt happy that I should be able to tell some of my old friends that which I knew to be the

truth, and that through it some might be brought into its path. Nevertheless, I felt there was an awful degree of responsibility about it, when I reflected on the terrible anger of the Lord—"When His anger is kindled, yea, but a little;" and that in my endeavour to point out to others "The way, the truth, and the life," even JESUS whom I now *knew*, I should, in pointing to my own *experiences*, run great risk of exceeding the boundary marked out for me, and thus bring into contempt his holy word and commandment. So I prayed for strength, in the day that I should attempt to place these things on record, that I might not be led into temptation; and that the craft and assaults of the devil or man, whensoever they might oppress me, might be brought to nought; and I wept tears of joy, and wished only for my family, that they might see and know how happy I felt.

We then fell into converse upon different subjects, especially the formation of the ministry and events connected with the Roman Catholic Church; and immediately opposite me, on the wall, at the extremity of the dungeon, as it were in *phosphorescent fire*, stood forth the words, PEEL, RUSSELL, and Co., in letters, at least nine inches long.

I did not notice this circumstance in the "Dream," nor some others which appear in this work, for several reasons; but the principal one was, because, in spite of the full assurances that were repeatedly given me during the committing the subject to paper "*not to fear*," I hurried over that portion of the narrative, much after the manner of, and with feelings very much akin to, those of a man who is *skating upon very thin ice*, over a deep and rapid stream; and the quicker I got over it, the safer I felt myself. It is not that the danger is less now that four years have rolled over my head, nor that I am further removed from that *all-seeing eye* I felt every moment conscious of being under, that I

enter more into details *now*, but the rather that I should give some reasons for having hazarded a *prophecy* upon matters so altogether foreign to my usual topics and habits ; for never as a politician or theologian did I ever make my appearance, either in public or in private.

Now at the time, June, 1850, that these words appeared before me, as I have stated in letters of fire, and "*The Voice*" told me, that that would be the construction of 'the ministry (viz., a coalition ministry), I had taken no particular share in politics, or cared who was either in or out ; and when a very few days afterwards the news arrived (whilst I was in this sweet spot) that Sir Robert Peel had met with an accident, and very shortly after *died*—subsequently Lord Derby came into power—I asked myself the question, "What becomes now of the letters I saw in the dungeon?" Peel, dead ; and his sons, nobody knows anything of at present, and altogether the improbabilities of such actually being the case, as a "Peel" in the ministry, that it required no small amount of faith on my part to *prophecy* such an event ; yet if reference is made to page 330 of "*Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life*," there it is, in capital letters, a *Prophecy*, and introduced solely and entirely arising from this circumstance of the dungeon. I had no other data whatever to go upon, and very shortly after that prophecy was written, Frederick Peel was called to the ministry of Lord John Russell. Is it not strange ? But you have in this case nothing but my word to rely upon, as to the fact of seeing these letters of fire. How will the scientific account for this ? Was this "*automatic cerebral action*?" a thing I had never troubled that portion of my body to think upon ?

Ah ! well let us proceed with our enquiry :—

And in the abundance of things which were told me, seemingly to amuse and wile away the time, I had great reason to be glad and profoundly grateful ; and so the day passed with me, singing psalms, hymns, and sometimes songs ; but mostly the “ *Portuguese Mariners’ Hymn*”—the “ *Venite*,” in Latin—and “ *Martin Luther’s Anthem*,” which I had by heart. Then I saw that night, again approached, and that *Tuesday, the 11th of June, 1850*, had passed away ; none of the keepers came to disturb my *rest* ; for it was rest, though I slept not, my eyes being *wide open* ; and in this state I fell into a *trance* ; and as the darkness of the night came on, the horrid sounds I had heard the night previous were about to be repeated, after a great confusion of closing doors and locking them had sometime taken place ; but instead of dreadful imprecations and awful denunciations, shrieking and groaning, it was turned into splendid orchestral music, and I heard the sound of stringed instruments, and a large band of choristers, as distinctly as I ever heard any oratorio in my life ; now and then a *solo*, sung by a clear full voice, that kept me, as it were, in enchantment. Then suddenly there appeared before me a panoramic vision, in which were actors and actresses, beautiful scenery, life-like, and almost close enough to touch. Then it changed, the whole features of the scene assuming one of general devastation ; towers dismantled, buildings toppled down, railroads broken up, and the electric telegraph destroyed ; broken vestiges of machinery, a scene of misery, desolation, and destruction. This remained, with various changes, till at last succeeded a beautifully placid rural scene, with comfortable farm houses, surrounded by fields of golden corn, ripe for the sickle—happy groups of men, women, and children, who seemed to have nothing to do, but enjoy themselves—labour had ceased, and man no longer lived by the sweat of his brow. Then again came sweet and pleasing strains of music, soft and swelling on my rapt senses, till daylight again dispersed the vision of the night, bringing with it a continuance of its glories.

I had not lain long under this inspiration 'ere a scene opened, which engaged my attention so fixedly, that it has never been absent entirely from my thoughts, although not noticed in the "Dream."

Before me was presented a vast field, of glorious aspect, to reach which a deep and wide ravine had to be crossed, and it was intimated that I must "cross it"—the only path being a narrow bridge or plank, without a hand-rail or protection of any sort, scarce wide enough for two parties to walk abreast; and just midway lay, upon a small abutment, a hideous figure, with arms long enough to reach to the centre of the path, immediately beneath whose vicinity, far down in the deep cavity below, lay *dead men's bones*, and mangled corpses, as of some recently fallen over, to meet at the last passage a dreadful death.

"Alas!" I said, "what meaneth this? Must I also traverse this path?"

The Voice.—"Thou must, indeed; and thou must go this path *alone*."

"Nay, then, I am, indeed, lost; for I much question if I reach even so far as those, who, it seems, have got midway, 'ere they have been either frightened or forced over by this hideous figure."

The Voice.—"What if *I* take thee by the hand?"

"Oh, let me but touch the hem of thy garment, it will be enough; I shall then be able to walk steadily."

The Voice.—"Come, then, follow and fear not."

So I followed fearlessly. I held his garment in my right hand, and stood immediately opposite the dreaded enemy as firm and immoveable as if I had been a statue. Face to face I confronted him. *I had* even the temerity to let go

my hold of the garment, and stand with my arms crossed upon my breast, so thoroughly satisfied was I of the power by my side; and, at length, I spoke aloud, tremulous at first, more from indignation than fear.

“Thou hast brought me to bay at last,” I said, “and now it is my turn to speak. By every art and subtilty hast thou tried to subdue me. Once I feared thee; but why, I know not; for my object clearly, since thou hast had dominion over me, has been to serve *thee*, and faithfully have I done it, but a *false master* hast thou proved to me. Even now thou wouldst crush me, if it were in thy power, but I know *thee* now, wholly and entirely: and now thou shalt see how I can fight, for I have laid my help upon one that is mighty, *far mightier than thou*, and by his help I will fight against thee all the days of my life; I fear thee not.”

His hand covered his face, but I could see his restless eye glowering upon me through his long fingers, and saw the writhing of his frame, as if in terrible anger. At length he rose and stood erect; tall and well proportioned; he seemed to have transformed himself, for I exclaimed in amazement, “Gracious Powers! what wondrous resemblance! Why, ’tis ——”

The Voice.—“*Hush!* see, he speaks!”

Scowling upon me with such a look as I never had experienced in my life before, he more growled than spoke.

“Ever since you have been known to me, I have disliked you; and latterly, in tampering with my servants, you have done me much injury, with your prating, boasting of your powers of speech, and doubtless, if roused, *will* speak.”

“That will I, as certain as I live, *if needful*, to twenty thousand people, and they will then see, and know as I do,

what value to set upon your promises or your word ; to me, you have been a *liar* from the first, and this, if necessary, I will show."

With this, he turned upon me another most contemptuous look, and as he receded from my sight, exclaimed in a loud voice, "I HATE you,"* by which I knew it to be *Satan*.

The Voice.—"Thou hast had great faith all throughout, but thou art safe, quite safe now ; he is very powerful, but he cannot now harm thee. Come, let us be going."

So we passed over to the opposite side of the chasm.

I was no longer in the confines of the dungeon ; but, in the spirit, flying through endless space, accompanied by an angel, who pointed out to me various places over which we flew. China and Peru, Hindostan, America, all seen in one short hour, so rapidly did we seem to traverse the air ; California with hundreds of ships, *stranded* ; "left," as my guide informed me, "by the sea, and would eventually perish through the mad search men were making for gold, of which," he said, "there were great quantities in the fissures of the rocks." Over the broad Atlantic again we flew, and back to England, "THE HOME OF THE WORLD." Then I was again in my dungeon, and looking up, beheld the sign, and again "*The Voice*" came to my willing waiting ear.

The Voice.—"Thou wilt this day be visited by the doctors ; but speak not, neither do thou look that way ; but keep thine eye fixed on what I shall show thee ; if thou movest thy head round it will flee thy sight ; but fix thy gaze *stedfastly* on the object before the window, and remove it not."

* There, reader, that's *Satanic* gratitude ! that is what I got for putting THOUSANDS in his way ; for I am sure I am speaking the truth, when I say "thousands" followed in my wake, during the time I may say I was in his *direct service* ; how many more have gone the same path, since I thus took my leave of him, I cannot tell ; for I profess to *serve* another.

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I then saw before me a long procession, in which all the army of heaven joined, angels and archangels, horses and chariots of burnished gold, myriads of souls clad in white garments, others marching in gorgeous apparel, and such an overwhelming whole that no pen could do justice to. In the midst of which, the door of my cell was opened; but I neither turned my head nor looked otherwise, than as directed; but I heard them *talking*; Mr. Gibson or Mr. Nichols said “*let him alone till to-morrow.*”

What struck me most forcibly at the time was, that they (the doctors, and those who accompanied them) did not see the same things which I did, being as clear and palpable to my sight as the *mise en scène* of a *tableaux vivans*, although I did not at the time so express myself; but I certainly concluded that they saw something more than myself to look at; but it is very clear they did not, from the remark that was made, “Let him alone till to-morrow.”

Now, if I take Paul’s account in Acts, the 9th chapter and 7th verse, I find that those who were with him “*heard the voice,*” but “*saw no man;*” nor does it appear even that they saw the light, from that account. The only corroborative evidence, therefore, that he had, was in the sound of the voice causing those who were with him to become “speechless.” But if I turn to Daniel’s account in the 10th chapter and 7th verse, I find it written—“And I, Daniel, alone saw the vision; for the men that were with me saw not the vision.” Here, then, is an evidence that such things as I have attempted to describe, as *present to my sight*, may take place, and yet not be “present” to the eye of another looking on at the time; notwithstanding, in Paul’s case, others did see the light. This reference to Daniel also supplies me with an opportunity of replying to the sarcastic

remarks made by some of the outrageously sceptical, who select certain portions of my book only, to have what they call a "fling at," and do not take it *as a whole*, before they trouble themselves to take it to pieces. Let them read the 10th verse of that chapter, and, in their mind's eye, look at the *position* in which Daniel was placed, whilst the comforting words of "The Voice" were being addressed to him, "O Daniel, a man greatly beloved," &c., and he will there find, that, whilst receiving this comfortable intelligence, he was placed "upon his knees, and upon the palms of his hands." Let the sceptic or infidel read this calmly, thinkingly; and it may be, that, like "those who came to laugh remained to pray," they, by God's good pleasure, may be led to see these things in a different light to that superficial view in which they have first received them.

But we go on with the vision and narrative:—

So they shut the door, and the glorious vision was continued throughout the day. I had neither hunger nor thirst, having been without food from the previous Monday; nor did I need any, for my eyes were feasted with such splendid sights, that I had no thought for the body. Seated on clouds, I saw a multitude no man could number; some with harps in their hands, and others with different instruments of music; the distance was too great to hear their voices, but I thought they were praising God. I lay in this state for some time, with my heart uplifted in silent adoration and praise—for it was evident the vision was for a sign—wondering how I should be able to describe it, so rapid was the succession of glorious sights.

The narrative here proceeds with an omission purposely, for reasons I will endeavour afterwards to offer; that omission, it is the intention of this publication to supply,

and one of the main reasons for republishing: at the same time, it has afforded me the opportunity of giving abundant evidence of my sanity, or otherwise, after so long a period has elapsed, and the varied nature of my occupations "in the mean time," as "Glasgow" says. Whilst I lay in this "wondering" state of mind, three figures, dressed in black habiliments, passed before the window, the size of life, as they appeared to me, and I said, "Who are these, and what is the meaning of their appearance thus?"

The Voice.—"They are the Bishops of Norwich, of London, and of Canterbury; they are going over to *Rome*."

What! I said, going over to the *Church* of Rome?

The Voice.—"No; thou misunderstandest. Their object is a mission to the Pope."

For what purpose? I pray thee let me rightly understand this matter, for thou knowest well what my opinions are upon the absurdities of this same church, and which I have never considered otherwise than as errors, and as fatal to religion or the formation of proper religious feeling.

The Voice.—"And in this thou hast judged rightly. The object of this mission is to do away with all these errors and absurdities; but note what thou seest, and hereafter form thy judgment upon it."

So I saw these three figures passed and re-passed repeatedly, by which it was conveyed to me that the interviews had been frequent, and the communications with England of a numerous and lengthy description; but on the last appearance they were clad in *white*, and I asked why they had changed their garments, and other questions respecting their mission.

The Voice.—"They are returned triumphant; they have won their cause; there is now no longer a Roman Catholic

Church; there is no Pope; but there is one *universal Catholic Church*, in which all the world believes. Lie still; thou wilt see its celebration."

And it was so. The celebration, as presented to my vision, was such as baffles every attempt on my part to put it graphically upon paper. The scene was laid in a vast cathedral, very similar to our own in Norwich. All who officiated were in canonicals, either black or white, but principally white. There were vessels of gold and of silver, but no figures, nor paintings, nor incense, nor host. Above the altar stood the cross, plain and unadorned; and the service was *intoned*. But, oh! the anthems and the hymns of joy, such as I heard, were beyond all that I had ever heard before. All persons, high and low, rich and poor, all joined in holy devotion; and to me, it seemed more like heaven than of earth.

Now this portion of the Vision I intentionally left out in the "Dream." I confess I did not exactly understand it, neither did I feel myself able at all to cope with the meaning it is intended directly to convey. There is no hesitation whatever about me now, in saying, that it is intended to convey the "DOWNFALL OF THE PAPACY," "THE FALL OF PAPAL ROME;" then the question arises *how* it is to be accomplished? What are to be the means employed? Is it, as this vision shows, to be done by diplomacy? By argument? or does it imply a compromise? the latter certainly *not*, because I asked that question distinctly, and the reply was conclusive, "They are returned triumphant," &c.—
"THERE IS NO POPE."

Now I am perfectly willing to admit, that one reason for omitting this portion of the Vision arose from a fear of

man, and the criticisms I might cause to be written by such men as are denunciators of this church, and who are ever and anon preaching "No compromise with Rome!" comparing her to the scarlet whore, and employing that kind of language in a sermon, or in a lecture, one would be very sorry to hear in a calm, and argumentative debate. I fancied I should come under the lash of such men as these, and therefore I thought I would leave this part of the Vision unwritten; but I have had such conclusive evidence (*to me*) that I have done *wrong* in this matter, that I have not hesitated to go over the ground as it were, afresh, and incur all the annoyance, consequent upon publishing, so that I might put the whole matter upon record, fairly and as it occurred. For myself I do not feel sufficiently strong to argue the question as to how this great change is to be effected; I can only point to that which I saw, and heard, in reference to it. With regard to Roman Catholics, I never had any other feeling for them *personally*, than one of great respect and esteem, I mean those with whom I was acquainted, and have at all times recorded my vote in favour of the repeal of their disabilities; but when they sought to establish their religious ascendancy, I did not hesitate to denounce the attempt—it was, I believe, the death struggle, very violent, but as we all know, signally failed. In other respects, they had, in many instances, my friendship and esteem, and whether they are to be led by the Pope, and whether the Pope is to be led by argument to abandon his pretensions, time alone of course will show. Of course I think he will, and my reason for so thinking, is also (of course) derived from this source herein recorded. Other things so recorded, and so conveyed to me, have

become *realities*, and I see no *valid* reason for altering my opinion on this. There are some little evidences already apparent that such will be the case; here is an extract from a speech of Lord Campbell's in August, 1853, as wise and liberal a judge as adorns the bench. Speaking to his tenants at *Moycullen*, on the subject of Roman Catholic opposition to the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, says: "I happened during the agitation on this much vexed question to be at Rome, and to have an interview with his Holiness the Pope. He had the goodness to permit me to discuss the subject with him, and I tried to impress upon the mind of his Holiness the advantages that would inevitably accrue to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, if they were to resort to those colleges; and I must say that the Pope, who appeared to me adorned with every Christian virtue, talked to me with great liberality on the subject. He said what was most fair, namely, that he much preferred that Roman Catholics should have Roman Catholic teachers, *if possible*." It does not seem by this that his Holiness is unapproachable, that he is not to be reasoned with, and that he does not feel that reason is making some inroads upon the errors and dogmas of his church. This is taken from the *Belfast Mercury* of the 29th of August, 1853. Take again, another instance: "Sir Culling Eardley," at a meeting of the friends of the "Protestant Alliance," to discuss the treatment to which English Protestants are liable in some foreign countries, said, in the course of his speech, "that he had had an interview with the late Prime Minister of the present Pope, who was now residing at Genoa, and that gentleman told him that the system of the papacy was so *utterly rotten*, and so *strongly detested by the people*, that

unless some marvellous change should take place, that its destiny *was sealed*." "The gentleman who made this statement was the Count Mamiani, who was for several years the Prime Minister of the present Pope." This I took from the *Weekly News*, December 3rd, 1853.

The narrative then proceeds as follows:—

Then I saw a figure descend from heaven, as described by John in *the Book of Revelations*, like as the "Son of man," in clouds, accompanied by a host of angels clothed in white, and I asked, "what meaneth this?"

The Voice.—"It is the MILLENNIUM. I am come to judge the earth. Note what thou seest."

(What was distinctly meant by the word "*Millennium*," I most assuredly knew nothing of, as I have elsewhere observed; but) immediately I heard the sound of wailing, and lamentation, and woe; the shrieks of women and children, *as I saw them*, rushing from their houses, some frantically precipitating themselves from the top windows of their habitations; men running to and fro, calling on heaven for mercy; others raving mad, tearing their hair; amidst which, Gabriel, the destroying angel, with a bright and flaming sword, was slaying in all directions; the city itself in flames in several parts, and the inhabitants flying away like affrighted deer. In the midst of this desolating scene, I cried aloud, "Oh! my children! my wife and children! where are they?"

The Voice.—"Thy family are all safe, and most of thy friends; thy walk through the city hath saved it, for the most part; be of good cheer, I will make short work* of it with Gabriel, and will return to thee; but note what thou seest."

Then I saw many, whom I knew, led away by the angel Gabriel, into a dark and dismal hell-like looking place, a vast amphitheatre in

* "Because a '*short work*' will the Lord make upon the earth." Rom. ix., 28.

form, where were many walking in despair, others lying prostrate on what seemed a floor or bed of *hot ashes*; the glare from which was dismally reflected by the red mural precipices that surrounded it, far as the eye could reach. One *female form* was there, on which my eye rested for a long time, as she sat rocking her body to and fro, her head buried in her hands, and her long hair streaming through her fingers, nearly enveloping her lovely form—sufficiently seen to show it was one of exquisite proportions. “Oh,” said I, “can it be possible evil should have existed there?” But all I could hear, was the low moan, “FOR EVER”—“FOR EVER”—“FOR EVER”—which seemed her never-ending lament. Much more I saw, but will not trust myself with a *present* description; but it ended in “*Satan bound for a THOUSAND YEARS*,” and then *the door was shut* with a dreadful clang that rang in my ears for hours after. It was too horrid a scene to dwell upon. “Is there no mercy for them,” I exclaimed, “Oh God have mercy upon them;” but I heard no answer. Then suddenly methought I heard a great tolling of bells. “What meaneth this?” I said.

The Voice.—“It is for the dead; the bells will toll for one whole day.”

Then, after a while, I saw in my dream, the whole city was in commotion—processions without end—the day of rejoicing was come, and thousands upon thousands were running to and fro, half frantic with *joy*—men and women embracing each other—old men and women, young men and maidens, children of both sexes, all with their faces lit up with joy and gladness; there was to be *no more woe, no more pain*—“*the good time*” *had come*—CHRIST *had been acknowledged*—“*Satan*” was “*bound for a thousand years*,” and sorrow and sighing was done away—CHRIST had wiped away all tears from off all faces, and pain and anguish was to be no more.

CHAPTER VII.

THEN I saw that I lay upon my bed, lost in wonder, in love and praise, and thinking how I should find words to express all that I felt; in the midst of which, I heard the "still small voice" saying, "Commune now with thy own heart;" and I did so, trying to form some excuse for my previous *unbelief* in anything that had reference to such a *divine foretold event*. The historical life of Jesus Christ, which had been more impressed upon my mind from pictures and drawings I had seen, than from *reading*, came forcibly to my mind; and I wondered why it was that I should have so blindly erred, when I could point to so many *good* men, and *clever men* too, who *believed* in all these mysteries; as also, why I had in the outward expression of these doctrines of faith—or rather, *want of faith*—been such a *rank coward*; for I never had the courage to advance *my* belief as a *doctrine*, and yet so foolishly acted, when I as *equally foolishly* thought "no eye could see it," or would know that I had so expressed myself, or *acted secretly*. The "Omnipresence of the Deity" was a thing utterly beyond my comprehension: "pervading all space"—"present every where"—"knowing all things," even men's thoughts; and then for it all to be recorded in one book, to be referred to in that day, when He shall judge all hearts—what *good* did it do me to think contrary? Why rather did I not say, "It is high, I cannot attain unto it"—"Lord, help my unbelief!" and so I went on communing with myself, when suddenly A LIGHT FROM HEAVEN SHONE ALL AROUND THE DUNGEON, of so bright a nature, that I *exceedingly feared and trembled*; and I "heard a voice, but I saw no similitude." It was the "GLORY OF THE LORD"—the same that had appeared

unto *Moses* in the burning bush—the same light that had shone about *Paul*, when he was smitten to the earth, and became blind for a time ; and I heard “ terrible things,” which may not be spoken again.

A seeming conversation took place here, as between *two voices*, on the subject of the wish I had expressed to *write*, and this was the concluding reply, “ *It will be useless ;*” but it was spoken more in sorrow, than in anger, it seemed to convey a sense of deep sorrow, at the ingratitude of man generally ; it was spoken in the same tone which one might imagine, the word of the Lord came to “ *Isaiah*,” saying, “ I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me—Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.” See *Isaiah*, 1st chapter, and 3rd verse. But “ *The Voice* ” said, “ Nevertheless let him try,” and this permission I sought for the more earnestly, because I felt *so sure*, in my own mind, that it would be impossible for those who knew me personally, to read my version of the circumstances, without believing in their truth, and their reality. I felt that I could bring forward such unimpeachable testimony, that it must be believed, if enquired into ; even supposing men were still inclined to doubt my declarations.

This has been in a measure *proved*, for so true was the testimony I offered, that the first issue of the work was stopped, *because the parties concerned could not bear the truth*. “ *Th. greater the truth, the greater the libel ;*” and it was treated as such, and had to be expunged.

And again I was cautioned how I used the (blessed) privileges that had been given to me in the revelation.—“ *SEE THOU TELL IT TO NO MAN OR WOMAN ; FOR ON THE DAY THOU DOEST IT, I WILL KILL THEE WITH FIRE AND BRIMSTONE,*” are words that ring in my

ears even now, at this distance of time, and will do so, till all life's portals are become closed, and my spirit is returned to the Great God who gave it. Then I saw that the light changed from the bright silver dazzling light to a beautiful pale gold, and then to fiery red, and then it faded quite away, and I saw it no more, but heard

The Voice.—"Thou hast heard the caution again; that which I have committed to thee, keep sacred, and exercise thy discretion in what thou writest."

This I promised most faithfully to endeavour to do so soon as I obtained my liberty; and I said surely none will attempt to upset the testimony I shall be able to offer—a book of such materials as all that I have seen and heard I should think would be greatly enquired for.

The Voice.—"Thou art greatly mistaken in this respect, nevertheless, thou wilt find many who will believe thee."

I observed further, that having been told by *The Voice* to "note" in my "book" such occurrences as took place, how did it happen that such great terrors were held out in the performance of it, seeing that it was foreknown that I should so write, for I said, "It is utterly impossible for me to hear and see these things, and not tell of them to others, especially those for whom I have a feeling of regard, and who are, as I believe, walking in precisely the same path of error that I was."

The Voice.—"It was necessary thou should'st receive this caution, lest thou should'st be indiscreet in thy communications; 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.'"

Let me but have, I said, thy continual help, and I shall be safe from this evil; but if it be not asking too much, how did it happen that one of so unbelieving a heart as

mine has been, so obstinately refusing every evidence of the truth as it is in the Bible, should have been called to such an office as this is. I am not a man of speech, thou knowest how difficult a matter I find it, to speak upon even common topics, and to have to speak upon such a theme of mercy, and love, as this message is, my heart would swell, and my tongue would falter, that at last mine eyes would be the only evidence I could give, that mercy and forgiveness are to be obtained for sins of even as deep a dye as mine have been.

The Voice.—"We knew this, but as thou hast asked why thou hast been selected, it is because thou wrote and published that small pamphlet 'on the distressed condition of the operatives of thy native city.' If thou art equally persevering in this matter, as thou hast been all throughout that, thou shalt at last succeed."

"But thy keepers are coming, and with them, Mr. King; they are bringing thee food; but as thou dost not require it, send them away; and to do this, thou must feign thyself really lunatic. See if thou canst imitate thy favourite '*Macready*' in '*Virginus*.'"^{*}

So I saw that they came in, and, immediately, I made an attempt, and so effectually did I deceive them, that the whole three, bound though I was, turned as pale as ashes, especially poor Mr. King, and seemed glad enough to get from my reach. The experiment, however,

* There seems in this something irreconcilable with the nature of the characteristic I give to this work; but if we refer to the career of *David*, who knew and felt himself to be under the immediate care and direction of God, yet notwithstanding, "*changed his behaviour*" when before the KING; he "*feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard.*" *Vide*, 1 Samuel xxi., 13, 14. I myself was perfectly sensible of all I did and said. David had his *instructions* how to act in his emergency, I have not the slightest doubt.

obtained for me a few *severe blows from the bunch of keys again*, from the wretch No. 2; but as I felt I was acting under command, I complained not, and they left me.

The Voice.—"Well, thou hast indeed done it, and I don't think Macready himself could have done it better; but it has made thy heart beat high. Turn thyself on thy right side as much as thou canst—thou shalt soon be released; but I have more to show thee, and tell thee of."

So I saw that I lay for the space of about an hour; and as the day wore on towards evening, I was taken up again in the spirit, and shown wonderful things. I saw the "golden streets" where "saints immortal reign," so bright and beautiful, the eye could hardly bear to rest upon them; figures, too, with golden crowns on, walking in the gardens, but at so apparently immeasurable a distance, they were hardly discernible. "This," said my guide, "is the '*seventh heaven*;' but the '*heaven of heavens*' I cannot show thee." Then I saw that we traversed through space beyond the stars; saw again the countries we had been through the night before; and as we flew on the wings of the wind, I could see other bright spirits, winging their way on their several missions; and then I thought on the lines of Milton.

"——Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

"These then," I said, "are they which his inspired pen alluded to?" Then I saw, as we passed through vapoury clouds, we were nearing some great object, and I said, "What are these sounds I hear?" and he replied, "We are now approaching the earth again, for it will soon be day, and my mission with thee is ended."

So I saw that I was again in my cell, and that morning dawned, and I began to feel impatient to be released, for I had been confined in the body then from Monday night, and it was now Thursday. But I had much more to be made acquainted with:—rapidly then commenced another panoramic view; previous to which, I heard the

sounds of different kinds of carriages, some moving rapidly, others slowly, and I said, "What mean these sounds?"

The Voice.—"They are arrivals from all parts of the world, and of the country. It is intended to celebrate the day, to be called the '*Millennial Celebration*.' Every house in the city is filled; many of thy old friends also are here, and waiting for thee; they know thou wilt be released this day, and are coming to welcome thee."

To which I replied—"I had no *desire* to make any appearance among them; if I could only be from time to time made acquainted with what was going on, and they were assured that I was quite well and had escaped all harm, I would rather remain as I was." This was promised, and as I lay for seeming hours and days, all the occurrences were conveyed to me, by *description* and by *sight*. One there was, the *representative* or *Apostle of Christ*, carried in procession, which was made up of the hundreds of thousands of people that had congregated to witness the gorgeous spectacle that accompanied him; bands of music, and the singing of the multitude from time to time, I could hear; waggons and all kinds of vehicles, loaded with fruit and vegetables, coming in, and edibles of all descriptions; each man vying with his neighbour how he could best promote the universal joy. Then I saw public balls, and rejoicings of all descriptions; also numerous assemblies of parties, many amongst whom I knew, and of whom I enquired, arrived from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and my heart exceedingly rejoiced, and I sang "Glory to God in the highest" with my whole heart and voice. Presently I saw, as it were, spirits ascending in great numbers to heaven, and I said, "What meaneth this?"

The Voice.—"These are the spirits of many, whose excess of happiness has been too much for them to bear, and they have died from one cause or other, but they are all saved. The scaffolding that thou sawest fall down, on which were many hundreds of people, had killed a great number, but I have them all with me; many will die in

this way, and others from giving themselves over to tumultuous feelings."

So I saw that shortly I was to be released, and that Mr. King would come to me; previous to which "keeper No. 2" had brought me more food, which I declined to eat, requesting him to send his master to me; to which he humanely replied, that I might "lay there and rot" before he would take any more notice of me because I would not eat; and the reason I would not eat or drink was because "*The Voice*" said, "*Do not eat or drink till thou art out of the dungeon;*" but in this I disobeyed, for after *three days and three nights* fasting, I fancied that nature required something, although I really did not *feel* any craving; and therefore, amidst the most rapid whisperings "it is poisoned! do not eat it!" I took it at the hands of the brute, and promised that I would eat it at my leisure, as he threatened to beat me with the keys again if I did not. The meat I hid under the bed (*where I dare say it is now*), and the bread, after eating two or three small pieces, I threw out of the window; the tea I drank, *but I know I should not have tasted anything* if I had acted all throughout in *obedience* to what I *knew* to be commandment; thus shewing that the sin of disobedience is so inherent in our nature, that we *will* sin *even in the very face of our Maker*. I did not really want the food, but thought I *must* require it after all the time that I *knew* had passed without tasting (*natural* reasoning), being quite sensible of the *time* that had *actually* been occupied.

So I saw that another day had passed, during which many things were communicated to me that should happen, and my vision then I saw was shortly to be brought to an end; but previously to it I was favoured with a sight of all my children and my wife, my brothers and sisters, and several friends, whom I saw as distinctly as ever I saw them in my life; my own family I saw were weeping, for I thought they could also see me as I lay without a vestige of covering upon me but my shirt on the filthy bed, and in the horrid stinking place that it really was. So I waved my hand to them, for they were far off, and

could only be seen in the air, round about the only object before the window, and begged that they might be comforted, for I knew that it was for their good that I had been thus "*chastened*;" so they seemed happy and withdrew. Then I knocked loudly at the boards of my prison house, and called for Mr. King, who at length appeared, and apologizing to him for my rough treatment of him the previous day, begged that I might be released from confinement, and placed in a more comfortable apartment, which he promised should be done, communicating to me circumstances referring to my father, whom, he said, had told him he had "*seen the light*" for which *he* was sent there; to which I replied, "I know it, Sir, I know all; I have *also seen that light*, and all has been accomplished by God's mercy for which *I* have been sent here."

THE LIGHT.

This is a portion of the narrative, upon which I most respectfully entreat a careful and attentive perusal, because *I* think it proves my case beyond all doubt; and I offer it more particularly to those of my brothers and sisters who think proper to differ from me, in the construction I have put upon this "visitation." They have charitably recognised it as a "judgment" upon me; I consider it to be the "chastening" hand of Providence also; but in that both myself, and father, have been similarly circumstanced, how they can apply it in his case I know not; for they know as well as I do, that a more exemplary man never existed. He was religious, bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, charitable when he had the means, eloquent in prayer, to which hundreds in this city can even now bear testimony—his society sought after, and was visited by men of high standing and intellectual

endowments. I have a letter by me from the *Rev. William Hull* (a man revered by many), wherein he asks after "that excellent man, your father." But the blow he received from the hand he least expected, which brought him from comparative affluence to poverty, so shattered him, that his great mind came toppling down, and despondency supervened; during which, for many, many months, he never so much as was heard to utter a syllable—he was as one struck dumb. I well remember the day, and also the day, after having exhausted medical aid to restore him, he was handed over to the *care* of these "keepers" who spoke of him as I have written.

Many times did I visit the asylum, on the days appointed for visitors, although but a boy of twelve or thirteen years; but never once did he give a sign of recognition of me, but turned away when I would have kissed him, and only moaned, and in this state did he continue *till the morning in which he told Mr. King he had "seen the Light."* They were the first words he had spoken since his introduction to the asylum, and I never heard of it till Mr. King himself told me he had so spoken. Let that be compared with what I have written as having *seen*, and what I afterwards declared to Mr. King; and, then, if a doubt remains, let Mr. King himself be applied to, whether or not I have written the truth. He is living, and is an unimpeachable testimony to the fact; and if my readers, whether relatives or not, cannot see in this, God's over-ruling Providence, that I should have this *corroborating evidence* of the truth of what I have written, and that in his hidden and mysterious ways, it was for this *very purpose* we should both be so situated, Father and Son; then have I lamentably erred in the view

that I take of it. The thing stands to my mind so clear and comprehensive, that whether spiritually inclined or not, that mind must be dull of understanding indeed who will attempt to account for it in any other way. If, therefore, in thus reviewing this part of the narrative, I have failed to show, as I promised to do, that *lunacy* was not the characteristic of my father's visitation, or my own, but that God had an ulterior end to accomplish, then it must arise from my want of perspicuity and judgment, properly to set forth that which it really was—"The wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation." My father was very shortly after restored to us, and although the circumstance was *never* mentioned, or alluded to in any way by himself, I can now very well understand the course of action he afterwards pursued. I know what was communicated to him, and in the perfect resignation he manifested ever afterwards, I recognise his entire submission to the will of heaven. After a few short years, he was laid upon the bed of affliction, with an excruciatingly painful, incurable disease, during which he was never known to murmur, though ten long years tried his faith and his patience—he was even cheerful under his affliction, and exhibited, in a most remarkable manner, his full confidence in his Saviour's love. He "passed away" some few months since, full of years, and honoured in his memory; his body rests with others of mouldering clay, but his spirit is in heaven, where, in God's own good time, I pray I may join him; for a more affectionate parent, and husband, it was impossible for man to be. He was also a very intellectual man, exceedingly pleasant in conversation, and of very general information; and when it pleased God to take from him the power of *working*, I

remember very well asking him why he did not write a book? He smiled at my enquiry; but I said, (as I think now), "Well, you *talk* more like one than any man I ever heard." He *could have written on similar things that I have done, for he saw the like*, although beyond the expression to Mr. King, "I HAVE SEEN THE LIGHT," he never named the subject to any one, not even my mother.

I have thus, then, shown you, wherein the *necessity* existed that I should be made the visitant of this place; and I am free to confess, that when I last wrote upon this subject, it did not strike me in the light that it now does; because I was desirous of viewing it in one light only, viz: a *chastening* light—that God had caused me to act in the way that I did, that I might feel the "chastening hand," and become more humble; but in thus further analysing the subject, we are enabled to discover God's wisdom in it. In the first place, it was the *only way* in which I could obtain the corroborative evidence of "THE LIGHT" having been seen; and as I have spoken of it elsewhere as having seen. In the second place, it brought me into a close observance of the system adopted by the men in authority, who are called "keepers," and enabled me to be the means of drawing the attention of the committee to abuses which existed, with a view to bettering the condition of the unfortunate inmates there (which has been done, I believe); and above all, enabled me to receive instruction for the future, wholly and entirely unmolested, by outward circumstances; and this it is alone that has so *indelibly* fixed the occurrences on my memory.

There is no getting away from the charge, I admit, that any man is at liberty if he likes to bring against me; he

may rudely say, "Why, you were insane, there is no doubt about it, or you would never have been put in a mad house." Well, read my version of that insanity, and you must be a blind mortal, indeed, if you cannot see that God, in his great mercy, had an *especial purpose* in causing me to be sent there. Talk about insanity! why the insane part of the question lies with the man who *disbelieves* me; for never did the Almighty speak in more clear and distinct tones than he has done in this visitation; and how insane must that man be who would sneeringly toss these evidences aside, in the face of what is occurring in the broad light of day, and say, "Oh, it is but delusion." MAN! it is NO delusion, the signs are as clear, as when the finger of God wrote "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!" Show me, if you can, a sound, substantial reason, for this being a delusion. I challenge enquiry, and am ready to meet any fairly urged objection to its realities—for no other purpose, I pledge my word, than that it may be the means of causing *some* to enquire for themselves, who are, I fear, still trusting to the mercy of God, and forget the *atonement* that has been made for them, in the *sacrifice of CHRIST*. God *is* merciful, but it is Christ SECURES the mercy.

The narrative of the "Dream" here somewhat abruptly concludes; but another portion of the Vision I did not notice in the work was then shewn me; (because when it commenced I had a fear it would be of long duration, from the nature of its introduction)—A figure habited in a turbaned cap, and closely folded garment, fastened round the waist by a cloth band, or girdle, stood before the window; his beard was long and white, and the unmistakeable features pronounced at once his genealogy. I need not ask his country, I said, he is a Jew; what means this sign?

The Voice.—"Thou art right, but the history of the Jew thou art in ignorance of; thou hast never read of them, not even the '*Juif Errant*' has had any interest for thee; but thou shalt now learn in a few minutes the meaning of the sign."

"Oh!" I said, "I pray thee let me be released from this dreadful confinement, I am sadly weary of this position I am obliged to lie in, and although I have not till now complained, I am in great pain from cramp. I think I understand the meaning—is it not meant to convey to me, the restoration of the Jews to their promised land, that they are to come in and take possession? I have heard of this before, and thou hast so opened my eyes to the wondrous things of thy law, that I think I can adapt the representation of this figure to the subject."

The Voice.—"Well, as thou wilt; I see thou art indeed weary, and I think thou understandest enough for thy purposes, therefore be quick, for thy clothes are being brought to thee, but if thou art more than five minutes in dressing thou shalt not go out."

It is needless to add here I was very quick in my movements; I don't think I ever dressed so quickly in all my life, so ardently did I long for water and fresh air. The narrative does not include this interesting addition, but it is literally true; and what the "sign" was intended to convey, at the time I *now* write, is being carried out; for as I heard last *Good Friday*, from the lips of *Dr. Cumming*, "the Jews are returning to Palestine, the *Sultan* having consented to give up that part of the country to them, in consideration of a sum of money, to enable him to sustain the war against his gigantic adversary."

It was thus the VISION ended; and for the occurrences and words of "*The Voice*," that took place during the remainder of my stay, in this receptacle for the *afflicted in mind*, I must refer my reader to the volume itself, as it would be hardly fair to occupy a much larger space in this by quotation, there being many parties subscribing to this work, who are already in possession of the former; at the same time, I feel it necessary to convey a proper impression of the former one, to my new friends and allies. One portion, however, I cannot altogether overlook, contained in page 114.

Saturday, June 15th, the fifth morning of confinement, when I heard the following most important words:—

The Voice.—"The time is now come, Francis, when thou must decide which thou wilt serve, *me* or ———. Thou hast seen enough, and hast heard enough to satisfy thy belief now, but thou wilt serve but ill: already thou hast forgotten what I told thee should be thy *first* offering; thou hast not bowed thy head, nor said 'LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.'"

I begged hard to be forgiven, and promised future amendment; and in reply urged my present incompetency to serve him as I ought. "Thou knowest"—and I hesitated.

The Voice.—"Yes, thou mayest in future so address me—call me 'Lord;' I will never leave thee, nor ever forsake thee: and I know what thou wouldest say—thy ignorance of the Scriptures, thou thinkest, ill fits thee to be my servant; but there are other ways in which thou canst serve, and these will occur to thee when thou art quite at liberty. But *bind thyself to no man*; at a fitting time I will call for thee, for I have work for thee to do."

Then I saw that I almost wept for joy, and would have done more so; but that it was "a subject of regret" that I could not "speak"

without being greatly excited; therefore I was enjoined not to "*speak*" upon the subject, but only to make for answer to any *enquiry* that which I had myself adopted—viz: that it was the "*wisdom of God and the power of God.*" Then I saw that another day had commenced, and by the same invisible means I knew that it would be Sunday ere I was removed to another part of the building.

The only remaining part of the narrative, strictly speaking, as belonging to the *Vision*, that requires an especial remark, is in page 115, in reference to the fear I should do my work but hesitatingly, and not firmly and courageously, as I ought, which will be found treated of in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON referring to the words of "*The Voice*," it will be found thus written, page 99 of the Dream;—" *Thou wilt now have enough upon which thou mayest write.*" Nothing can be more true than this is, for in that which occurred during the three days and three nights, there was more than enough for fifty books; and herein lies one of the greatest dangers to be guarded against; and that is the too frequent reference to these circumstances, and the tendency it has to lead the mind away *from*, rather than *to* "the Word," the written word; for at the same time that we are cautioned not to exalt the creature, so neither must we exalt the works of the creature. And I feel, and know, that in this respect, I must work very carefully, for there are many into whose hands this book will fall, who have been walking by the faith of the Holy Spirit all their lives long, and they will view, with a very jealous eye, anything that approaches to an encroachment upon sacred ground.

I wish, therefore, in speaking of these things, rather to direct the mind of the *enquirer*, if such there should be into these truths, to the Fountain head—the Bible itself; if, by God's blessing, an *awakening* spirit has been created, by a perusal of these evidences of God's power and mercy. I am quite willing to admit that there is a proneness on my part to attach a greater weight to this manifestation than "fathers," (and they will understand what I mean by the term) are willing to give to it. Although they *see* the hand

of God in it, and admit it to be a remarkable, and wonderful "conversion," they also think that it partakes of that "zeal" which generally characterizes the "child" in these high matters; but cannot receive it in any way as *proof* of Scripture Prophecy. Well, admitted; but the question is, do I write to "children," to "young men," "adults," or "fathers," and "mothers," or do I write to *aliens*? It is not for me to judge. It appears to me, that my mind and heart were so constituted, that it required something extraordinary and marvellous, to turn them into the right channel: and looking back upon my own career, I ask myself the question—are there *any* amongst those whom I well knew, and formed an attachment for, requiring a similar treatment? and my conscience answers, *there are*. Well then, if they *read* of these things, instead of experiencing them, as I have had to do, it leads me to entertain the hope they will receive it as a "*Voice*" to them.

Some, again, consider that all that has been written of was intended for me, and for me *alone*. Why, how can that possibly be, when the words of "*The Voice*" were, "Note it in thy book?" and again that most remarkable portion of the work, in page 115, where, in that which was literally a sustained and long conversation, "*The Voice*" said, "Thou wilt not hesitate to say that thou art 'THE CHRIST' if thou art set at liberty, wilt thou?" and the reply, after I had intimated in my ignorance I would do so, "Ah, I see thou wilt say anything to get thyself at liberty." It is very true, I did so think at the time, that if I offered no opposition whatever to what "*The Voice*" suggested, I should all the sooner be out of confinement; it is literally and truly what I did really think. But see the great

wisdom herein displayed, to be cautious how I did act, and what I should say.

The impressions, that "fathers" call "sudden conversions" convey, are likely to lead the child into all manner of excesses, as to his power, and the extent of his mission. Suppose, for instance, when I was released, and reached my home, I had begun to *preach*, told in high-flown rhapsodical language, all that I had heard and seen, and declared myself a "somebody," like that great abomination, the "*Prince of the Agapemonites*," or some *more recent absurdities and extravagancies* (which, out of *pity* for the parties themselves, and having paid me much personal respect, I do not more particularly notice), what would have been thought of me in such circumstances? It does not need an answer. Equally necessary, therefore, is it for me, in thus quietly investigating the mysteries by which I feel I am surrounded, to be careful how I lead the minds of the readers away from the *Gospel*, rather than to it.

I tell you, then, my friend, there is nothing again so strong for reliance as the Scriptures; and whatever men may say of the "impiety" of endeavouring to *prophecy* from them, *search them*, and search them diligently, for as Christ himself said, "They testify of me;" and so they do abundantly, all throughout, both of his "first coming" to be "despised and rejected of men," and also of his "second coming" in glory, "to judge the quick and the dead;" and if this work testifies anything of a different character, throw it aside, for depend upon it, it is not of God.

But if, on the other hand, it will bear the test of enquiry by *the word*, then take it as a message of *mercy*; not in *addition* to what has been written for ages past, but as an

additional evidence of God's wisdom and goodness; that not even those who *think* they are fulfilling a *duty* in *working* as they do; whose whole time and energies seem *necessary* to keeping their station and connexion together; that not even *these* shall be left without a *warning*, that *Scripture* is *nearly being fulfilled*.

And further, in reference to the "*fear*" I should exhibit. I must candidly admit the truth of it, and plead guilty to having shown "*white feather*," whether as to the matter, or the manner, in which I have set these things forth. I felt, at the time, very bold, I admit, because I felt so completely that I was under an *immediate* protection; but when I became alone, and had no "*Voice*" to instruct me, I then felt indeed my littleness, and how true the words were, that my attempts would be "*useless*." A long time, therefore, elapsed, ere I set pen to paper, excepting private letters. The fear of the press; the fear of the scorn and contempt of the world; the fear of the mocking of the ignorant; the fear of the jealousy of the pharisaical calling me a Pharisee; and above all, the fear that *the truly enlightened* might repudiate my work altogether, that I do not wonder it should have been expected I should show "*white feather*." *Vide* page 115 of the "*Dream*."

"Peter" showed it fast enough, for not many hours after he had been with his master, a poor sorry girl frightened him into a falsehood; but I don't think any one will be able to produce that effect in me. With respect to what I *have* written, I shall not deny it, nor the direct and immediate tendency it carries with it, even *should* the "*Pope*" gain the ascendancy, or "*Cardinal Wiseman*" a kingdom; which, by the bye, many men fear and say will be the case;

but which I no more believe, than that I should myself become either one or the other. I do not deal in quite such hard words, with respect to these *potentates*, as others do; but it is impossible for any man to have a more thorough contempt for their mummeries, and masses, than I have; therefore, should such an advent take place, and I *for a time* am a false prophet, they may take me and broil me, if they will, but my last words will be—Roman error will fall.

If there is one thing *more* than another I am desirous of avoiding, it is that of attaching an *undue* importance to the manifestations recorded in this volume. There is an aptitude common to human nature, in the narrow circle of its ideas, to "*enlargement*," especially when our desire is to create in others, the same amount of belief either the record or relation of a circumstance, has obtained in ourselves. The apostle "John" was not without this failing, I imagine, when he said, "the world was not sufficiently large to contain the books that might be written of all that Jesus did," of which we read in the last verse of his Gospel; but whether he meant what he had done on earth, or what he had done "before the foundation of the world," it is not my province to stop here to enquire; I merely allude to it as one of those instances, in which parties confident in themselves, hazard a corroboration, that in itself, requires an explanation.

Hence, perhaps, I may fall into this same "Charybdis," if I insist upon these evidences, as establishing a certain amount of credence in themselves, unassisted by any other proofs than such as I am enabled to offer; and which at last, rest almost entirely upon assertion. But surely I am not presuming too much if I say that it is impossible for the

mind of an *enlightened* Christian to read of all these wonderful circumstances, without his acknowledging it to be one of those mysterious ways, of a mysterious Providence, by which he makes his *purposes* to be *known*,

“ He who of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister ;”

and I am weak indeed in all the necessary *means* to make this “purpose” *known*, if “purpose” it is admitted to be ; weak in all but faith, that it really *is* so, although at present but partially, and that very tardily acknowledged.

The Scripture reader, and believer in what he reads, knows, that the “latter days,” are to be characterized by visitations of this description ; *and also* that they are to be accompanied by such devices of *Satan*, that “if it were possible,” they would deceive the very elect—but happily for the purpose of obtaining a stronger hold upon the mind of the general reader, there are other prophecies abroad, with which many persons are made familiar ; and yet not quoting a *direct* scriptural authority, but still sufficiently powerful, to arrest his attention to the past, the present, and the future.

There is an old prophecy, which I remember to have heard, that the world, that is, our earth, was to last 6000 years ; and that it was to be divided into three epochs of 2000 years each, and that the end of each 2000 years was to be characterized by a great event, or change. The first 2000 years passed, and *the flood* came, and destroyed all that was upon the face of the earth, excepting what the ark contained. A second 2000 years passed, and *Christ came*, as he was foretold ; and the dead were raised from their tombs, many of the saints which slept arose out of their

graves on the morning that he was crucified. A third epoch is passing, 1854 years thereof, have nearly run their course, and CHRIST is looked for to *come again*, to complete the prophecy—and happily on a far wider scale is his “second coming” anticipated, than was his first advent. It really does rejoice me very greatly, in being able to say, this feeling is much more prevalent than I had in the least degree calculated upon; how *earnestly* then, do I hope, that these few passing remarks of mine, to assist in the digestion of these records, may have the effect of spreading more and more widely, the belief that he will come, and that *soon*, to be our judge. Oh, that many warm-hearted and able *Christians* may feel induced to take this work in hand, and seeing in it the *evidences* of the “Wisdom of God and the power of God,” may be induced to assist me in disseminating it on a wider and more advantageous scale; not with any view to interfere with the circulation of the “sound doctrine” which the Scriptures themselves alone contain, but the rather to lead to them, by minutely examining and comparing, all the circumstances, and evidences, of a coming event, which this book contains, with that volume; and where, by a proper study of its contents, that which is herein recorded as *foreshadowed*, may be found therein undeniably *foretold*.

Surely, then, with such extraordinary and undeniable testimony as this undoubtedly is, it ought to have a wide and extensive circulation. Help it on then, my friendly reader, all that ever you can, for rely upon it, there is not a word but you may wholly and entirely receive as *God’s own truth*. Were it not so, I no more *dare* thus stand prominently—as I may say, naked—before the world, any more than I dare rush suicidally into His presence.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE now only to proceed in my labour of love (for in reality it is no labour to me, in the common acceptance of the word), by the record of such thoughts and references as may occur to my mind, assisted by such extracts as I may deem it advisable for my purpose, to make from other works that have come to my notice, through the instrumentality of unknown friends; that is, *personally* unknown to me. The first I shall take in hand, is a little book written and published in England, by *the Rev. Charles Beecher* (brother to *Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe*, the authoress of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"), entitled, a "Review of the Spiritual Manifestations," read before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, himself a "Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Newark, New Jersey." It is published by T. Bosworth, 215, Regent Street, London. It is a work which will well repay perusal, to all who feel interested in this phenomena. Albeit, it is a work of great profundity, and requires a more than ordinary intellect to comprehend the vastness of his researches. I would, in the few remarks I have to pass upon it, in bringing its doctrine into a test, as compared with my own peculiar case, endeavour to treat it with that courtesy it demands; and which the writer is desirous of conceding to what he calls the "*movement*."

I do not attempt to enquire into it scientifically, although his quotations from learned and scientific men are most

luminous, in one portion of his examination, and would enable me to make extracts, and appropriate them, as if they were mine own; all I want to discover and prove is, if *possible*, that neither *science* nor philosophy has had, nor *can have* any thing whatever to do with that which has happened to me; in the words of "*Jamblichus*," "*De Myst, section 3, chapter 5*," to prove that "inspiration is the work neither of soul nor body, nor of their entire compound. The true cause is no other than illumination from the very Gods themselves, and spirits coming from them, and an obsession, by which they hold us, fully and absolutely, absorbing all our faculties even, and exterminating all human motions and operations, even to consciousness itself; bringing discourses which they who utter them do not understand, but pronounce with furious lip, so that our whole being becomes secondary, and subservient to the sole power of the occupying God;" and before rejecting *my* testimony, let that saying of Isaac Taylor's be well pondered, "That we ought not to reject the almost universal belief of occasional supernatural interference, till we can prove an *impossibility*." An absolute scepticism on this subject can only be maintained by the aid of Hume's oft repeated sophism, that "no testimony can establish an alleged fact, which is at variance with common experience;" for it is admitted there are some instances on record of the sort alluded to, which rest upon testimony thoroughly unimpeachable.

And let my reader bear in mind, as he peruses my remarks, that I am not in any way connected with "spirit mediums," "table rappers," or "tippers," or "table turners." I have never participated in any of these exhibitions. I seek no communion with departed spirits, by either those or

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any other agencies; I never did recognize or sympathize in such things; and nothing on earth would induce me now to do it, even for amusement; not because it has been denounced by clergymen of the Church of England* who have "*clearly ascertained*" it to *be* of the devil; (?!) but because *it is written* "Woe unto him that saith to the wood, awake; to the dumb stone, arise! it shall teach; behold it is laid over with gold and silver, and there is no breath at all in the midst of it." *Habbakuk*, when he declared that warning, doubtless alluded to those who worshipped *idols*. Many there are who do worship this medium, and they lay it over with gold and silver, and lamentable are the consequences to many, if only a portion of what we read respecting them and their communicants is true.

The "movement," be it whatever it may, is now become so extensive in its ramifications, that even against the will it forces itself upon our consideration; and it behoves us to meet it with carefulness. The single circumstance of its having been the means of breaking in upon the acknowledged *infidelity* and *atheism* of the celebrated (!) *Robert Owen*, should entitle it to a subjection to our calmer thoughts, although not the slavish consideration, it appears he has devoted to the subject. We all know it is written, that "God chooseth the *foolish* things of this world to confound the wise;" and, hitherto, it has baffled the skill of the scientific, satisfactorily to account for tables being suspended in mid air, without any *visible* aid, and as for their intellectuality, displayed in "rapping," it is past all

* The Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L., "Table Turning, the Devil's Modern Master Piece."

calculation and credibility. It may be a device of that mind of "fathomless ability and fathomless guile," to divert the attention and thoughts of its worshippers, from the very circumstance it is intended to be the *forerunner* of; and those at *his* "second coming," instead of having their lamps burning, and waiting for their *Lord*, will be found submitting themselves to an unseen guidance, like that of the old devotee, idolatrous and contaminating; *seeking* communications under a *species* of *divinations*. That this is a true inference, few persons, I think, will be disposed to doubt, from the admitted character of the spirits communicating, and from the very *conditions necessary* to obtain such communications.

The contamination, in this respect, is inevitably *idolatrous*. *It is written*, "I will set my face against that soul and will cut him off from his people:" (Lev. xx., iii). You will, perhaps, ask, why then do I so pertinaciously adhere to my own visitation *as divine teaching*? Simply because it *was* a visitation, and I did not *seek* it; nor do I now seek for more *knowledge* in connection with it, than by prayer and supplication to the throne of grace and mercy, rightly to understand the nature of the "mission" to which I unquestionably feel myself "called."

Philosophic and scientific men divide the phenomena into two parts:

1. PNEUMATIC; Natural law with spirits.
2. APNEUMATIC; Natural law without spirits;

and these divide themselves into four classes:—

- 1st. Mysterious intelligent sounds and movements.
- 2nd. Involuntary polyglott speaking and writings.
- 3rd. Apparitions.

4th. Doctrines, revelations, poems, prophecies, and medical prescriptions, all delivered through the above instrumentalities, and all this to be produced through an agency called "*Odyle*." "*Od*," or "*Odyle*," the name given by *Baron Reichenbach, of Vienna*, to a new agent, identified with animal magnetism, that is, automatic *cerebral* or *mental* action. And as my medical advisers have clearly given it as their opinion, *mine* has been an affection of the *brain*, I want a simple answer to this question, how it is that "*Odyle*" should put me in possession of a knowledge I before was in entire ignorance of? Such subjects as the Vision treats of (nay, *shows*, by my description as clearly as I saw it), were of that nature, my thoughts or brain, which ever you please, had never once in my *life been directed to*; how does that happen? I can very well understand, if a man, or woman, give themselves over to the deep consideration of a matter, to the entire exclusion of any other subject or topic, the brain may become so stereotyped with it, that fancy may conjure up such things as I have written upon; or I can understand the case of a man far away from home, and family and friends, with fond remembrance picturing them, to his imagination, all the live long day and night, so intensely, that they produce this "automatic, cerebral action," and through "*Odyle*" may perceive them. But here, in this case, there is no such thing; that which formed the subject of the Vision and the visitation throughout, had never been entertained by me, either in thought, word, or deed. Sorry I am to have to admit it; and I may safely say, I went into that dungeon with my mind as utterly free from the consideration of all such subjects, and everything connected with them, as a child of a week old.

What, then, could "Odyle" have to do with it? Therefore, as I cannot at all reconcile this one point of scientific discovery, I think I may very well leave all the rest *for what it is worth*.

It would be alike unreasonable, and vain in me, to claim this "obsession" to my statements, when we have, on scriptural record, the case of a man who was *with* Christ, on the occasion of his working miracles; who witnessed his crucifixion; heard, doubtless, of the attendant circumstances of his death when he exclaimed, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost, viz: "the rending of the vail of the temple," "the earth quaking," "of rocks splitting asunder," "graves opening," and many bodies of the saints which slept, arose and came out of the grave, after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and were seen of many." All this, this man must have heard of, if he did not *see*; yet, notwithstanding, said, "unless I can see the holes in his hands, and his feet, and put my finger into his side, *I will not believe*." I say, with such a fact as that before my eyes, and my belief, what ground is there for any "obsession," either on my part, or that of any man, who details the circumstances of a mystery? *Man can't create a belief*, it belongs to one only supreme power to do that, "THE CREATOR." It is his grand prerogative,

"And *none* shall in the honour share."

The salvation of an immortal soul is a matter of too mighty a nature for any other power to effect than an infinite one. Finite man cannot accomplish it; man cannot create *faith*; it belongs to God alone—to create the faith necessary to man's salvation; viz: faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, so

that a man is able to say, "I *know* that *my* Redeemer liveth;" as *it is written*, "no man cometh unto me but by the Father;" and again, "blessed art thou Simon Barjonas, for *flesh and blood* hath not revealed it unto thee, but *my Father* who is in heaven." Man is but an instrument in God's hands, which he uses exactly as it pleases him, either to bless his efforts, or to make them of no avail. He may be the means of causing his fellow man, perhaps, to think a little more seriously upon a future state, and where he goes, or what is to become of him when he dies, (for I fancy there are but few who do so think sometimes); but beyond that, his power is as the snow before the noon-day sun, and the impression he may have made, like the impress on the sand of the sea shore. It is God's own work to touch the *heart*, and to give "eyes to the blind;" but if man, in his wilfulness, declines to *ask* for this enlightenment, is it a matter of such great surprise that he should be without it? Surely, what is worth having, is worth *asking* for; and it is written, "all who come unto God by me (Christ), I will in no wise cast out;" and all who will not come unto God by him, there is very little doubt upon my mind, but that they will be cast out. "All are not *Israel* who are *of Israel*;" nor are all men Christians who *say* they believe in Christ. A man may so work upon another, that he will subscribe to the doctrine, but it requires another power to create the feeling consequent upon the belief; hence it is, after all, though "*servants*," we are "*unprofitable*" ones. This reasoning may appear to be what people, I find, call "*Calvinistic*;" for that matter it may, but who Calvin is, or was, at the moment I write, I really do not know; in fact I do not take my opinions from the writings of other

men on this point, therefore what Calvin wrote, I, perhaps, may never know. But man's province, nevertheless, is to *teach* a belief, and there his mission ends—"God alone gives the increase."

Truly, to me, it seems a waste of time to read of all these trials, and examinations of scientific men, into the mysteries of these "Odylic" manifestations, "clairvoyance," "mesmerism," &c., &c. Let the narrative I have given, be but admitted as the *truth*, and clairvoyance and mesmerism is at once explained. I remember very well being more than astonished, at the "frightful accuracy" with which a blindfolded boy told an audience what it was I whispered to his interrogator, at a distance from him of all ten yards, between whom all evidence of *collusion* it was impossible to discover, or attempt without discovery. The boy, to all appearance, was an uneducated boy; and the more strictly to test his ability to give the words I used, I employed such as were uncommon. For instance, I was asked what wine I should like after dinner? and my reply, in a whisper the man himself could hardly hear, was given immediately by the boy, to his question:—"What wine did the gentleman say he should prefer?" "*Tokay*." If I had said port or sherry, or any common wine, I thought he might *guess* rightly; and he was equally correct in other things the interrogator put to him, relative to different articles, such as watches, pencil cases, &c., &c.

Now take my book, and turn to page 112, and if that direction of "*The Voice*" where I should find the sharp knives and instruments the *maniacs* used and afterwards *hid*, does not supply the key to "clairvoyance," "mesmerism," &c., then I am very greatly mistaken indeed. The

agency is a similar one I have no doubt, and closely imitated for worldly purposes to ensnare and seduce the weak minded, as well as the scientific. There is, I repeat, no agency employed for man's salvation, but what Satan imitates so closely, it is difficult to discover *his* share in it. The wonder it should be, ceases, when we know he has the power to transform himself into an "angel of light." See Corinthians, 2nd chapter, 11th and 14th verses.

But for me to go to such manifestations, and seek for further knowledge, through any such instrumentality, would bring upon me, and most deservedly so, the wrath and vengeance of God. It would indeed be a "turning back," although no such agencies have been sought for by me. If those occupying their thoughts with such considerations and experiments, to satisfy that morbid craving of the appetite to know what becomes of the soul of man when he dies, are led to the right fountain—to *Christ*, and abandon all *further* intercourse with these communicators with departed spirits, then God, who brings good out of evil, may, even in this "*movement*," bring a benefit. But *I* would say to all who have tried, or who have not tried it, abandon the idea altogether. Take your bible, "seek peace, and ensue it," for that is the only thing can bring a man peace at the last.

CHAPTER X.

It may be argued, that if this work had been of the nature and character claimed for it by the writer, a more decided manifestation would have been made in its favour, a larger amount of success would have attended it; and, consequently, a greater amount of confidence and satisfaction would have been created in the mind of its author. It is natural to reason so, and there are instances on record strongly corroborative of such a conclusion. The "*Coming Struggle*" is a peculiar instance of God's blessing on the effort; but because mine for the present, exhibit no such pleasing results, it does not at all follow, as a matter of course, it is not what I declare it to be. Paul's life and sufferings lead me to no such inferences. Job's trials indicate no such ultimatum, nor many others I could name, were it necessary to show that success was always an *immediate* consequence of God's commandments being put into execution. Paul, through "much tribulation," lived to see his efforts blessed; Job recovered his lost possessions; and I do not despair of seeing the day when this shall be more extensively recognized, as an evidence of God's mercy, and men shall say, "This hath God done, for they shall perceive that it is his work."

I have been told also, there are parties who cannot read the work; that they have an indescribable kind of *fear* creep

over them, when they take it up for that purpose. What, if the mere *perusal* of these occurrences produces that effect in them, must have been their sad realities to *me*? I did not write half so much as I *felt*, I can assure them; and I take it, this “fear” arises from an inward conviction, that these foreshadowed events are coming upon the earth, and they feel that they themselves are unprepared for it. They, I am inclined to think, are of opinion, their religious exercises in the outward observances of forms are all-sufficient; they attend their church, or their chapel, and as they *think*, join in the *worship* of their Creator. Alas, how many are their number, who follow the intonation of prayer and response, whilst the heart is far, far away. They repeat the words as children do, “Our Father ch’ art in heaven—hallowed be thy name—kingdom come, will be done, &c.,” but the words “*THY kingdom come*,” pass as heedlessly as all the rest, they end with the “Amen,” and there all further impressions stop; it embraces all they think is required, and it stands them in a kind of condonation of sins.

How little do they think, when the words “*Thy kingdom come*,” have passed their lips, that it is a prayer for that period, this work, and its predecessor, brings so vividly before them, not alone to their doors, but to their very *hearth stones*. The “coming” of that “kingdom” will be ushered in by all the terrible attendants I have so feebly pourtrayed, but witnessed by me, as clearly as this paper now before me; and if it so happens those who read thereof are not prepared, have not made up their minds which side they will choose, Christ, or Anti-Christ, it does not surprise me they should have this “indescribable fear creep over

them." Oh, I would urge them, with all the *earnestness* that it is possible to throw into a writing, to seek for that peace which *alone* will enable them to stand against, not only the *recital* of these things to come, but to be able to *look* upon the havoc and devastation that will accompany the footsteps of the destroying angel, and the judge of all the earth. Lose no time I implore you, for whether by *inspiration* or not, whether by *prophecy* or not, that I write upon these things, I say the day is not *far* distant, when, if you be found with your account "unmade up," terrible, indeed, will be that fear and trembling, when "*The Voice*" shall say, "Why hearkened ye not to my prophets who spake to your fathers of old, that thus I should come? Why have ye refused the earnest solicitations that have been addressed to you? Above all, why have ye not asked of *me*, that mercy you now *know* it was in my power to grant? But me ye have, like your fathers of old, 'despised and rejected,' ye have looked upon my cross, and my sufferings, with indifference and unbelief; depart from me, for now I *will* not know *you*."

Oh, my dear friends, this is no visionary scene to draw, this is no effort upon the "imagination" to set forth the consequences to those whose account is "unmade up." It will be all as certain to occur as you are certain to die. What, then, will be the feeling, think you, if the mere perusal of them produces this "indescribable feeling of fear." But it is a good sign rather than otherwise, and I would much rather hear such has been the case, than that these things should have occurred, be read of, and tossed aside, as the mere lucubrations of a hypochondriac, or enthusiast. Read it again, my friend, whoever you may be, *and*

*especially read the seventh and eighth lines in page 97 of the "Dream."**

And what, if all these occurrences foreshadowed to me, in Vision, and which I have so imperfectly set forth, are shortly to be realized in all their terrible reality upon the earth, how will that awful time effect you my reader? Is your account made up? Are you, in any way prepared for it? Have you decided upon that great and important question, "Choose ye whom ye will serve?" Depend upon it, these things have not been shown to me for me only; nor for the gratification that may attend me in either thinking or writing upon them; they have been sent not only to me, but through the wonderful agency of type, and steam, and man's ingenuity, to *you* also. You may endeavour to get away from it, by assuming that what I have written, is the result of a disturbed brain, or an affrighted conscience, but the *fact* remains the same, that *cannot* be disturbed, these things happened. And oh! how merciful is our God, who thus permits a humble, poor, and insignificant creature like myself, to tell you of them. Even suppose these occurrences had *not* taken place, the everlasting memorial of scenes similar to them, has been on record these thousands of years; and so being, alas have been disputed, neglected, and in many instances, forgotten altogether.

But here (presuming that you admit the truth of what I have written), here you have them brought home to your very doors of what *shall* be, and of what shall also be the

* *The Voice*.—"Call upon the Lord Jesus Christ, or thou art lost."—*Midsummer Mornings' Dream*, page 97.

fate of all those who will not believe they have a mediator in Christ Jesus, the righteous. Oh, seek him whilst he may be found, draw unto him whilst he is near, lest all that I have depicted as having seen, *come*, and find you in that "astonishment of heart," with which they (blessed be God but for a short time only, as "the twinkling of an eye," compared to the mercy which followed), *overwhelmed me*.

And should such be the case, (which God in his great mercy forefend), you will have no time granted you then for repentance; his ear will no longer be open to the cry for mercy, your responsibilities have been, by this writing, thus much increased. You had "Moses and the prophets (and I am one in a sense), but ye heard not, neither would ye believe;" "so neither will I now have mercy," "depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Terrible words, but oh! how more than terrible, when uttered by a justly offended Deity, who spared not his only begotten son, but freely gave him up a ransom for *all*.

Yes, my friends, you who now read of these things with this "indescribable feeling of fear" creeping over you, think what it will be, when, on some silent night, when stillness broods over the great and crowded cities of this empire, when bacchanalians without thought, without God, without prayer, without a sense of gratitude or an appeal for safety—on some still silent night when the *Christian* has committed himself to the "Shepherd of Israel," who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, a great and piercing cry shall reverberate throughout heaven and earth, louder, ten thousand times, than the loudest thunder, and the call shall be to the living *and the dead*, by that same "Voice" which said at the grave of Lazarus, "come forth," think what will

be, what *must* be your state of feeling then, if standing by the side of one you love here upon earth, you see him or her, penetrated, as it were, by a mysterious sense of virtue, in every limb, and nerve, and fibre, rise under some irresistible impulse, full of glory and happiness, to meet the Lord in the air, and you left behind. What will be your feeling then, if *reading* of these things only, produce an “indescribable fear?”

If there was a cry, terrible and piercing, throughout Israel, when the Angel of the Lord smote every threshold, how much more terrible will it be, when the same awful instrument of divine wrath and vengeance is employed as described in this Vision, a “flaming sword slaying in all directions,” “because a short work will the Lord make of it upon the earth.” See the *words* of “*The Voice*,” “I will make short work of it with Gabriel.” *Vide page 103 of the “Dream.”* Do you suppose for one moment, *can* you suppose that my *imagination* could supply me with those words? If you do, you are, I assure you, miserably mistaken. It is not you yourself, who think so, it is *Satan* who whispers to you, “it cannot be that he either heard or saw such a scene as is here described;” and yet I tell you, my friend, in the exercise of my solid reasoning, all those things I both *saw* and heard—and it will be so—Scripture declares it, and it was thus conveyed to me, when those sacred oracles were to me as a sealed book. Oh, do not, then, despise this warning, for surely never since the world was created, has the Almighty, in his mercy, spoken louder, or more clearly. Do not be led away by the deceptions of the enemy, who may lead you to a belief in the flippant declaration, that I am either “insane,” or even “disturbed

in my brain;" but look at these things calmly, and *resolutely* set *your faces Zionward*, and FLEE from this "wrath that is to come;" then shall you be able not only to read of these things without fear, but talk of them as those who are looking for his second coming in glory, and expectant participators in that glory, because you have been brought to believe, that through his atonement and blood upon the cross, the justice of God has been satisfied for your sins.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE endeavoured, as much as laid in my power, to construct my work, so that I may not incur the charge of presumption, for I am well aware how many parts of Scripture can be quoted, so as to convey an unfavourable bearing upon it, from those who are jealous of their great master's honour. There are "Gamaliels" of the present day, as there were in the days of the apostles, and they may take upon themselves the office of those who "forge fetters for human genius," and tell you, I am a second "*Theudas*," or a "*Judas*" "setting himself up to be somebody," as we read of in the 5th chapter of Acts, 34th and following verses. But I cannot help adopting the same language he did, when he said, "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it," because I am so fully persuaded that it *is* of God, and that it is for an especial purpose. What course I may think proper hereafter to pursue, I do not at present know; but one thing you may rely upon, it will not be with folded hands. The bible itself, does not advance of itself, it requires adventitious aid; neither do I expect this work to be of any beneficial tendency, unless it be followed up by energetic exertion. All I hope and trust is, that I shall be wholly and entirely acquitted, both here and hereafter, from a charge of having undertaken this "mission," for

either my own personal honour or aggrandisement. I have no such feelings or wishes, it is God's own work, and to him and his holy name, be all the honour. Therefore, my friends, whether four hundred, or eight hundred "followers" of me, as these same men "Theudas" and "Judas" might have had, let me entreat of you not to be regardless of this Vision, nor treat it, or me, with light and foolish remarks, lest haply it be found hereafter, that you have been "fighting against God."

Bear this well in mind, I do not seek to establish a *sect*, or boast myself to be "somebody" more than the common, as some mistaken people of the present day are doing; seeking, as I tell them, to exalt the creature, rather than the Creator; nor have I come amongst you in this way to set up one form of religion more than another. I have in this work clearly set forth what "*The Voice*" directed me in this particular; notwithstanding, I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind, that even the system of the Church of England requires cleansing and purifying. It is not likely even such a reference as this, will be at all palatable to Dissenters, as they think proper to call themselves;—a word, by the bye, I never did like, for it always suggested to my mind, a man of a quarrelsome disposition, under the guise of what he called *argument*. But whether they like it or not, so it was, exactly as I heard it; not a word was said either by "*The Voice*," or any enquiry made by me, upon the subject of "dissent," for my opinion of it always was, and is, that it was more to display the strength of systems, than for any real absolute dislike they have to the formula of the Church of England, that it is kept up. And this opinion is strengthened by the evidence that has

lately been given, of the readiness with which eminent leaders of Dissenting places of worship, have joined with devout ministers of the Church of England, to preserve the connection between it and the *State*, against the wild and irreligious outcry of the noisy, but happily ineffectual body, called "*Separatists*." Doubtless there are imperfections in the system, but show me, if you can, one that is perfect; and if the splitting of straws, on doctrinal points, is to be the decisive claim the sundry advocates of "*isms*," have to the mercy of God, where are your chances of salvation? No! one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, and that church CHRIST, shortly to be established on earth, and all sectarianism scattered to the winds. This it is shall shortly come, and this it is this Vision sets forth, and this it is, this *Mission* is intended to inaugurate.

May the Lord in his mercy grant the day arrive not, before the wandering sheep are called home.

There is another point, I am told, which strikes many persons in reading this work we are reviewing;—that it treats in *too familiar* language, such high subjects as heaven, and our everlasting destiny hereafter. Why, my friends, if any such there should be, who now read this attempt to do away with all mystery attached to it, and render it still *more familiar*, let me ask you the question; is it a matter you ever let come into your thoughts, as to how you may be situated in the world that is to come, or that *change* in our condition upon earth that is now so *rapidly approaching*? Have you ever contemplated it *at all*? Is it not notorious, that men in their arduous pursuit of gain, and honour, and pleasure, will not allow themselves to think upon these things; or if they do at all, it is under the impression that

they are too high for them, and therefore, dismiss them altogether with the too frequent remark, "Oh, there is time enough to talk about dying, let's try and see how we can get a living first?" Why, to such a man as this, to my mind, the subject cannot possibly be rendered too familiar. Make him but *sensible* there are such places as heaven and hell; and the more solemn thought how he is to obtain the one, and escape the other, will follow in their course: and how he is to escape that conviction, after the perusal of these two works, is altogether beyond my capacity to understand.

To tell me that all I have written, as having heard, seen, and felt, is the result of what I had taken, in a word, was "*delirium tremens*," is the wildest, and most absurd assertion ever uttered. Had it been so in reality, is it at all likely I should have taken this means to disprove it? Madness?! alas, the madness seems to me to lie with those who will not accept my version of these occurrences. It seems to me, that all who reject it, are wildly bent upon their own destruction, like a mad horse rushing forward heedless of the precipice, that will render it a lifeless, bleeding, mangled, corpse.

Again, there are others who think my writings are too egotistical, there is so much of self in them, too much of the first person singular, too frequent an occurrence of the pronoun I. There is ground, and considerable ground for this objection; it is a style of composition as objectionable to me, as it is, or can possibly be, to any of my readers; but how was it possible to avoid it in the record of a personal narrative? It was evident to me, that it must partake of such an objectionable style, and therefore I plunged into it at once. The "Twenty Years" is proof

enough of it, but the object, really, was to show that there was nothing I had any desire to screen myself from: thinking that possibly my after writings might produce an enquiry into the "life, character, and behaviour," of one who had been so extraordinarily visited, some slight reference might be made to a course of life I have not hesitated to avow having led; and at the same time to prevent the shaft of malice, or slander, detracting from the more important communications I knew I had to make. For I have been particularly told not to "marvel," if any body "hated" me; and that I *have* had conveyed to me from lips I never supposed *could* have been brought to give utterance to such words, whatever they might have thought. Hate! well, I don't think I hate anybody, not the bitterest enemy I may have in the world; no, *I* can't hate, *Satan* "hates."

CHAPTER XII.

AMONGST the numerous correspondents my work has raised me up, a few (very few) have taken me to task, upon the "lukewarmness" of my remarks, in reference to the Roman Catholic Church, and tell me, that because I am "neither hot nor cold," they will "spue me out of their mouths;" quoting that passage in the Apocalyptic writings of "John," as being strictly confined and applicable to that church. Now I am not of that opinion at all; but because I am of a contrary opinion, it is not to be inferred that I am by any means either an advocate, or apologist, for what I conceive to be the "*errors of Romanism.*" The *penances* of the Roman Catholic faith are, in my opinion, an abomination, wholly in opposition to the doctrine and teaching of the Christian religion. Christ said, "my yoke is *easy*, and my burthen is *light*;" that is not verified in the *penances* imposed by the Roman Catholic faith, nor in the self-imposed punishments of Monasticism. They are not the "sacrifices with which God is well pleased," nor are the "fastings" of the body, or any other *outward* exercise of faith. If I believed to the contrary (believing as I do most fervently, in all that has been so graciously conveyed to me with its *assurances* as well), should I not be justified in secluding myself from the world, and taking up my abode in a monastery, and daily performing religious ceremonies after

the fashion of the monks of "*La Trappe*?" Would this be the "cheerful countenance" that God loves? Would this be following the injunction, "let the Saints be merry and joyful?" No! such errors as these are the abomination of the system, and *especially* when they are employed as a *fraud* upon the rich, who can purchase absolution from their consequences. Besides this, the whole tenor of this teaching and "visitation," with the exception of the night of the 10th of June, was characteristic all throughout of a peace, *cheerfulness*, and tranquillity of mind, such as I never in my life before experienced; nor was anything intimated to me by which I was to conceive an opinion, or express a thought, in an *antagonistic* spirit; nor has this feeling diminished since, excepting when I have felt a degree of self-reproach, in not having set forth these evidences of a special interference of heavenly wisdom in a proper manner.

I have *mourned* over my want of ability to set these matters in the light I so earnestly desire to do, so that every one who reads of them may think as I do, and believe as I do, that it is a merciful act of God's providence to assist the mind of the doubtful, and at the same time to do so without creating enemies:—but it seems utterly impossible to arrive at that desideratum; all men *talk of peace*; and then set to work to abuse each other to obtain it. How utterly at variance with common sense does that seem to me to be; why I believe the very circumstance of the Roman Catholic Church having been subjected to some of the hottest abuse, has been the means of sending over to its ever-ready embrace, many men and women, from *sympathy* alone. To treat them with courtesy, by some has been considered, and is so considered to this day, *Sin*. "You are lukewarm," they say; "you are

neither hot nor cold." I ask is it charitable? is it Christian? The errors of that church are not to be put down by *abuse*. Beat *desperately* a man ever so deserving of it, and you will find others to pity him. It is the same in this instance. Reason is better than declamation, and it has been very clearly shown to me that that is the way in which Roman error will be made to fall, by *reasoning* with them. But how is this to be done, when they resolutely refuse to enter into any argument, when they keep aloof from public enquiry? Why, as it has been shown to me will be the case. I do not say when, nor do I know *when*, but *it will be so accomplished*. In the mean time, I am blamed by some parties, because I do not join in the wholesale, and hearty denunciation of them as a body, and shout myself *hoarse* with the cry of "No Popery!" I believe there will be "No Popery" by a very different course of proceeding, and I wait the event with faith and patience, and in a Christian spirit towards my fellow man, be his creed what it may.

I know very well this kind of argument, particularly if it is followed up, obtains no very enviable feeling for its supporter. Men say, you are neither one side or the other, you are "lukewarm;" take a politician, and if he votes as it is called, "one and one," what is he thought? Yet you will find bodies political are *talking* loud and large enough, about laying aside animosities, and uniting upon the broad principle of "doing good;" reduce it to *practice*, and all their professions vanish into thin air. They have not the moral courage to meet their former "thick and thin" *party* supporters, and sink into the *miry slough* they *mentally* desire to be released from. We have had a melancholy instance of it in our own city of Norwich, not very long since; *party*

was triumphant—*principle* lay grovelling at its feet—'twas *winter* then.

But be the case as it may, I have said quite as much as I incline to say against the errors of Romanism, even were I ten times more confirmed in my opinion of their ultimate downfall; and leave to my (very few) friends, the prosecution of a crusade, that I believe was founded in error, nursed in jealousy, and increased to *persecution* on both sides by misdirected zeal in the advocacy of the *extremes* of the two parties. Already, by speaking or writing as I have felt it to be my duty to write, I have offended gentlemen of this faith, who have ever shown me the greatest possible kindness, and for whom I shall ever retain a feeling of regard as the possessors of every Christian virtue. Abuse a man's religion, and you make that man your enemy; and if not that absolutely, you sever the tie of friendship, if it has existed from your earliest years.

Therefore, in setting forth these evidences of the preternatural, one thing I feel it most necessary to guard against, and that is, an undue assumption, that it should possess a power over the heart of another: there are things related herein, in which wholly, and entirely to believe, one would fancy are enough *in themselves* to set the reader—be he whoever he may—on to the serious enquiry into the real state of his own mind and heart; but it is no more in the power of such a book as this, to create in the mind of the reader, that sense of sin it is necessary for him to have ere he can see the necessity of a Saviour, than it is in the power of the Pope. All the Popes, Bishops, Prelates, Councils, or books in Christendom, can no more change the heart of man, than they can create a fixed star, or soar to the sun;

and I wish my reader, especially if he happens to be an intimate acquaintance of mine, particularly to notice this. My "mission" ends in setting forth these evidences, these facts as they occurred; but you must not rest satisfied with my testimony, you must see and know for yourself: "*no man can save his brother, or make agreement with God for him, no;*" not the Pope himself; therefore, bear this in mind always, that if hereafter you should say you trusted in what I wrote, without asking at the fountain head for yourself, you will have yourself alone to blame for the consequences. As it is written in the 13th chapter of Luke, "And ye begin to stand at the door and knock, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall say unto you, I know ye not whence ye are. Then shall ye begin to say, we have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not, whence ye are, depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity." All this is, I grant you, very discouraging to the young beginner in the path of Christianity, the "**WHAT-MUST-I-DO TO-BE-SAVED?**" path; for many a man has lived his four-score years and never once set out upon the path, therefore, in his eighty-first year he is but a young beginner; but they are to bear *this* in mind, that *this* knocking at the door alluded to, is after the master of the house has risen up, and hath *shut to the door*—IT IS NOT YET SHUT; but the fear is, it may be irrevocably closed ere the application is made. And I think I hear some say, "but how am I to *know* when this change in the heart takes place?" My answer is, it will be conveyed to you in quite *as unmistakeable* a manner as this wondrous manifestation has been to me, although not with its attendant circumstances perhaps;

you will be made as equally *certain* on the point, as I feel certain all has happened that I have recorded. Then you say, "how am I to obtain it?" my answer is, by asking for it; and asking in a proper way. It is no use going about it in an indifferent manner: God knows whether or not you are really *desirous* to be reconciled to him, and whether you do *really* feel yourself to be a sinner; and exactly in proportion to the *evidences* you give of it, will your prayer be answered.

But you say again, your own case differs widely from this doctrine; true it does. I never myself did *seriously* set my face "Zion ward," I was always in doubt and difficulty as to the *choice* of a religion, and yet always had a *desire* to have some; God, therefore, thought well to bring me to a knowledge of himself, and the Lord Jesus, by these means he has employed, and in his mercy, has permitted me to record them for your benefit and instruction. I don't wish to make any strong, or rude remarks, or advance anything in a dogmatic spirit, whatever; but I do really feel I could say something very strong indeed, to any he, that would tell me to my face, that what I have written is more than he can believe. If I have an objection to say as much of any other person, I can say it of myself, and that is, that if *I* did not believe from my heart, this to be the "Wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation," I should *richly deserve* eternal condemnation; but *I* cannot turn your heart, reader, to believe it, it must be the work of *God* to do that. Oh, do not then despise my entreaties to seek him whilst he may be found; draw unto him whilst he is near; for although he is doubtless a God of exceeding great mercy and forgiveness, yet is he a "CONSUMING FIRE."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE great and leading organ of the public mind (as it is *said* to be), commences one of its leading articles with the following: "It is a maxim as old as the hills, that no man profits by the experience of another." Well, it may be as "old as the hills" for what I know, but whoever originated it, in my opinion, originated a great falsehood. I will vouch for it being one of at least eighteen hundred years standing; for no human being who has ever heard of such a man as "Paul," will deny, that millions, and millions, of his fellow men have profited by his "experiences." I am not without a hope, that many will profit by mine. I have proofs some have done so already; otherwise, taking this great *standard* as my "oracle," I, perhaps, might be induced to abandon *my* attempts to influence men's minds and judgments; but it does not intimidate me; I go on, and on, and leave the event to prove if there be a foundation for this "old old maxim," or not, in the present day and generation.

My object, clearly, in the re-consideration of these circumstances, is to show, that these things narrated, were not *intended* for me *solely*; thereby placing myself in direct antagonism with this "old as the hills" maxim. If I have failed to convince the reader to that effect, the fault lies with *me* in the manner in which I have set them before him, for

let godly men reason with me as they will, or worldly men *maximize* as they choose, I can never bring my mind to that conclusion.

It remains therefore, to examine further, for what purpose it has been given to me thus to write, and thus to reason upon what I have written; if it brings not with it a *lesson*, and an important lesson too, it is very clear that I might as well have occupied my time, and the attention of my readers, with some more extraordinary account of the marvellous. A voyager coming off his marine excursions, might as well have laid before you, as emphatic an account of having seen the great sea serpent; or that he had undergone the experiences of Jonah, or any other tale, tending for the moment, to the excitement of a morbid taste for the *wonderful*. To many of my readers, it is a matter of small concern, what may, or may not have occurred to *me*; and it is a matter of regret that I cannot set these circumstances forth without writing egotistically; whether it is apparent, or real, it is unavoidable. The great question to be considered, is; has it, or has it not, any relation to the second coming of Christ, and the Millennium? both of which topics, it must be borne in mind, I was in entire ignorance of, when it pleased God thus to visit me. The first, unhappily for me, was a subject I had never entertained, and as to the second, I did not so much as know the meaning of the word. I am, therefore, left to the consideration of these matters, by bringing them into comparison with the "Signs of the Times;" the declarations of learned men who have studied the prophecies, and above all, to test them by the scriptures themselves. The "Signs of the Times" are of a most portentous character, sufficient of themselves to force

men into serious thought, and require no comment: no man, unless walking with his eyes and ears closed, can be insensible to them.

In addition to the doctrine of the "second advent of Christ," being largely dealt with by religious men of almost all persuasions, it is brought before us in the most clear, and forcible manner, by writings of the most luminous character, unconnected with the pulpit; and the subject is made as familiar in men's mouths, almost as "Household Words." The writer of the "Coming Struggle," and the "Coming Rest," both of which have obtained a circulation almost unparalleled, has, in a measure, prevented mankind from being in ignorance of it; for his writings reach where sermons do not. Dr. Cumming (as high a theological authority perhaps, as we have), *speaks* of it (not *preaching* exclusively), in as clear, and concise terms as possible; he says, in his lecture to the people of Leicester, "That it is *at our very doors*." These gentlemen take for their authority, the scriptures *only*, and which excites as much diversity of opinion, as did the first advent amongst the Jews. They were *about the time* expecting the promised Messiah, but erred in their expectations;—in a word, they mistook his second, for his first coming. Simeon alone seems to have kept the faith. See Luke, 2nd chapter, and 25th verse.

"Among the faithless, faithful only he."

And since writing what I have written, in reference to prophecy and prophets—setting aside the *year* for the second advent of our Lord—it has occurred to me, that if the prophecies enabled those who studied them, to foretel the period of the *birth* of Christ, a like facility would be offered

to those who diligently gave themselves up to their thorough investigation, in the subsequent prophecies and *revelations* of *John*, to foretel the *second* advent.

I have letters by me from various denominations of Christians, respecting my own work. One deems it "unscriptural," to even *prophecy* of the year, or the time of the "second coming." But suppose any one but the Priests who ministered at the Jewish Altar, had done the same thing in reference to the *first* appearance of our Lord; the question is, would it have *actually* been "unscriptural?" Daniel, in the 2nd verse of the 9th chapter, "by books" (not by inspiration), understood the period of the *captivity*, thus discovering the *time* of the unfulfilled prophecy. Another writer observes, "This same Daniel prophesied of Christ's *first coming*, and in terms more explicit than are used in reference to any other period, see the last four verses of the 9th chapter of Daniel." Why I wrote as I did in reference to "false prophets," was, because I took the words of Christ himself literally, "No man knoweth the day nor the hour," &c.; and *also*, because I had no data upon which I could give an opinion, from my own *experiences*; that is, in what I heard and saw. All I felt disposed to say, or even *now* feel disposed to say, is, that *I believe it to be nigh at hand*. If I look for any *extraordinary event* to occur and to *fix a time for it*, I should say 1871-2; by which I mean an *universal manifestation* of *Almighty power and wisdom*, which will be *as universally acknowledged*. What that "manifestation" will be, I do not undertake to say; but *as in the diagram at the end of the work*, "*Mid-summer Mornings' Dream*," prophecies are contained, which allude to a *later period*; it is very clear that *I* do not look

for the end of the world, or any *violent* commotion, to disturb the regular order and working of things in general, *at that particular time* ; but the reason I have for so saying, I keep to myself. I am quite sure, if men do not believe what I have written, they would not, were I to give my reasons for pointing to this period.

Others do not hesitate to point to the year 1866, and the writer of the "Coming Rest," I think, gives the year 1878, and they give as their reasons, the prophecies of John in the Apocalypse, as being distinct and apart from what Christ said, when he was upon earth. *At that time* no man *did* know "the day nor the hour;" but "John," in the *Apocalypse*, after that Christ had risen, to sit at the right hand of his father, writes in the first verse,—“The revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him to show unto his servants, things which must shortly come to pass,” &c. ; and it is from these prophecies they make their calculations.

So far, then, for what others have written, and now what say the scriptures in reference to such a man as myself;—strictly speaking, an unlearned, and unlettered man, “setting myself up” to write a book upon things I was as thoroughly ignorant of four years since, as I am of *Chaldee*, or as it may unfortunately be discovered, of the simple rules of Murray. But here again, if we only give ourselves time to consider, is displayed *wisdom*, for if such a work as this *is*, had proceeded from the pen of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Dr. Newman, claiming for it the evidence of *heavenly* teaching, where is the sceptic reader who would not have said, “Oh, all very well, but we see in it something further, had you not been an ‘Archbishop,’ or you a ‘Catholic’ Priest, we should have had no such an evidence

as this ;” or suppose it had proceeded from the pen of some known *author*, who had been struggling for fame, through a long and arduous life, would not the same class of readers have found a reason, and a motive, for a work of such extraordinary and marvellous character as it is ? In this respect, and so far as I am concerned, you have not a peg to hang an objection on. I am not the *advocate* of this form or that form of religion, of this sect or that sect, of professors ; I tell you plainly what I have seen, and heard, and leave you to your own conclusions :—for, when I say, Roman error will fall, I say also, Protestant error will fall with it ; and there is plenty of that known, without any emblazoning of mine. *Garraways* can tell a tale thereon, if I cannot ; there has been as much *idol* worship in this respect, as in the genuflexions to a dumb statue ; but that is not the business I am sent to write upon, and what I say in this respect, is more from my own observation, than from any instruction I have received.

Hence, then, may be found the *wisdom* of placing these matters to be written upon, in the hands of an unlearned, and unlettered man : the very *circumstance* claims for the production an obsession to its doctrines, if the *individual* does not.

And this ought to operate very forcibly, with many of you who know me personally, as an additional reason for believing that there is in this “manifestation,” “more than meets the eye ;” it likewise affords me the opportunity of reasoning still closer with you. Do you suppose for one moment, that I am insensible to the lash of censure ; that I hold at nought the opinions of such men as wield the instrument for the columns of the “*Times* ?” who can, with one

half-hour's occupation, fritter into fragments, by their ponderous intellects, this mediocre evidence of talent, as a composition even, or what is more to the purpose, the *doctrine* it certainly does in a measure defend. See how mercilessly they treated the peace mission of Sturge and Co., to Russia's Autocrat; the biting sarcasm in the comparison of them, to two or three yelping curs, breaking across a race-course, when the eager multitude are on the stretch of every fibre and nerve, to catch a glimpse of the noble coursers, as they are nearing the goal of victory! The *dogs* attracted the attention for a time, and so did the peace mission, and as the "*Times*" would have us infer, with similar results. It is the pen of such master-minds as these I have *dared*, in a measure, to provoke; and what have they said? as yet, nothing; what can they say? The statements I have made defy contradiction; there is just this for them to say, "He's mad, Sir," as I have seen parties sometimes, when listening to a tale of wonder from an individual, look with lugubrious eyes at his next door neighbour, just point significantly with his fore-finger to his forehead, and the thing is "*settled*." But are you, my readers, to be so satisfied? look again into the matter, and ask yourselves, can one so afflicted so act, so read, so write, so reason?

Think you that I am insensible to the power of those who, with equal zeal for *their* "master's house," can dissect, and analyse, and at last repudiate a work they, in the honesty of their judgment, and purity of their *faith* (*not* by sight), believe to be of a questionable agency? There are parties who have it in their power to write upon this work, with the same effect a sledge hammer would have upon a costly jewel, if its weight were brought to bear upon it. Think you either

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that because I have elsewhere given evidence of the powers of satire and sarcastic writing, that I am indifferent to it as it affects myself? Assuredly not. There is nothing, again, I think, would weigh down my spirit so much, as to have *ridicule* thrown upon my labour: I mean published ridicule, written by a caustic pen, a pen that can cut a deeper wound than any other instrument, then cauterize and probe it; and who so fitted to the work as your English *Charivari*, the terrible baton of the renowned spouse of Judy? yet all these have I risked, nay, more, *courted*, for I have written to them *all* with a copy of my book, and fifty others of the smaller fry; and why? Because that which I have written is the *Truth*, it is God's Truth, and no man or being *can* upset it. What if it does *not* accord with other people's notions—these things happened—they were so, and you have the true statement in the narrative itself as to how far I *sought* them; and again, how does it happen that comparatively speaking an unlearned and unlettered man, four short years ago, as ignorant of these matters, as a child, as much so as I was of the “Zummummims” (a people we read of in the 2nd chapter of Deuteronomy); what but a mightier impulse is it, than a mere desire for notoriety, should thus urge me onward? Struggling as one only of the eight hundred millions of souls, with which this earth is peopled, to make my single voice heard in its mighty Babylon. What but the firm conviction of the strength of my cause can thus enable me to hold on against opposition of every kind and degree? What else but the unalterable persuasion of the truth of his own saying, “My word shall not return unto me *void*?” And it was *his* word, and *his word alone*, that *began* this work in me, as the reader will find in reference to

pages 45 and 46 of the Dream; the voice of the *preached* word of God. Oh, may he, in his mercy, grant, that his word, even *thus* written of, may be attended with the same effect upon those who read thereon, it had on me, without all its attendant marks of his divine displeasure to them.

And what say the scriptures in support of this work, but that "it shall come to pass that your young men shall see visions," accompanied by the declaration, "they *shall* prophecy." What is this but a commandment in one sense of the word? they "*shall*" prophecy, or it may be taken in another sense, they will prophecy, &c.; and what is this "manifestation" but a heavenly vision, and in perfect accordance with Joel's prophecy? and what is my obedience to it, but a fulfilment of it, as one of all flesh on whom the "spirit" has rested? Oh, how worse than an Egyptian darkness must the mind of that man be in, who can rise from the attentive perusal of all these circumstances, and yet remain unconvinced, who still holds to it, there is nothing beyond the evidences of a "disturbed brain," or a "fevered imagination." Oh, how fervently in my heart do I pray for that darkened intellect, and I *mourn* over such an one, if such an one there can be, with a lamentation and sorrow I never before knew or experienced; and why? because I *know* the imminent danger they are in. Let me, then, ere I conclude this chapter, earnestly exhort you, to look into these great matters, matters of life or death to you, to be *decided* as to whose side you will be on, when that great day shall come, of which this work (and I say it with deep reverence and godly fear), this work *is one* of the "signs," it *is* a sign, and it is a sign of the most unbounded mercy, in a God who has never, since the world was formed,

wholly cast out those he has created, although the sins of his people have become so hideous, that he should have repented that he made us.

Oh, my friends, despise not my warning, for it comes to you under such extraordinary circumstances, that of themselves they increase your responsibilities, for 'tis, I should think, utterly impossible for you to say, it is the act and saying of a maniac, or even of one of a "disturbed" imagination. I am to be seen, talked with, written to: I will answer, do anything to convince you of the reality of this warning "*Voice*," not *my* voice, but as I in my heart believe, the voice of one "who spake as man never yet spoke," able and willing to save, to the uttermost, *all* that come unto God by HIM.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE of my most faithful and attached correspondents, in complying with my request, that he would from time to time favour me with the opinion of some of my *ci-devant* and some *soi-disants* friends, does not hesitate to say, there are some who consider me “mad upon one point,” but in other respects think as they always did. Who was the originator of that most conclusive, sapient, and argumentative phrase, I do not know; but this I *do* know—there is not a more convenient bit of logic for men whose meaner faculties will not allow them to embrace a subject beyond a debtor and creditor account. Oh, they say, “all men are mad upon one point,” and our friend is upon this.* Why, there is not a more absurd conclusion to come to, in reference to myself, than this is. Do I not know that the body whom I profess to address my remarks to, are a class of men, the *least likely* to be led away by a mere *tale*? have I not been amongst them, and so closely observed them for twenty long years, that I may say I know them, their habits, and their general impressions upon “*literature*,” as well as I do that of my own household? Do I not *know*, that identified as they are, with transactions of a solid, substantial, almost *all absorbing* character, that

* “And there come in those that are unlearned, and unbelievers; will they not say that ye are mad?”—1 Cor., xiv., xxiii.

anything of an evanescent, and visionary tendency, hardly obtains a notice, much more a sound enquiry? Do I not know, that as a body of men, they are the *last* to allow any thing of the kind to dwell upon their every day thoughts? Assuredly I do. Why, then, do I persevere in my appeals to them? simply because that which I have had committed to me to convey to *them*, is *not* evanescent, *not* visionary (although a *VISION*), and that the rounded peroration thus applied to "all men," does not belong to me. I am not mad upon this point, I am only argumentative and *fervent*: and my fear has been, and *is*, that there may be many who suppose as I used to think; that being called to *commercial pursuits*, my *whole* time, and thoughts, and energies, were to be directed in that channel. It was a fatal error, and my madness is to guard others against that *more* than madness. And besides all this, no man in the world, with the *slightest glimmering* of common sense, knowing the value of time, the *£. s. d.* he could make of himself, would ever undertake such a thing as I am doing—*publishing*, when he knows by experience all its attendant drawbacks. The really insignificant results of what publishers call a large edition when sold, as compared with the cost both in time and money, in producing it, are such that no man, having the least idea of the value of his time, would ever undertake, let him be ever such a gourmand for fame; I would not, positively, put pen to paper in this way for a living, or for fame, not were I sure of *both* beyond the ordinary lot of man, situated as I may or might be to command; and if thus reasoning and thus speaking to *commercial men*, I may be believed, I would offer it as an additional argument in favour of the reality and truth of my statements, and the deductions I have made

from them. I verily believe I could make more money by a grind organ, and a couple of white mice, in four months, than the pursuit of book making under even *favourable* auspices, in six times that period. I know what I have done in bygone years with less likely attractions as a traveller, and I am not so *far gone*, but think I could do the same over again, and most likely shall attempt when my sense of *duty* in this great matter is satisfied.

Therefore, what renders it the more remarkable, is, that intelligence of this nature (for it is absolutely and undeniably *intelligence*), should come at the hands of a man like myself, one never identified with either science, literature, theology, or philosophy, so far as I can recollect, this is one of its most strange and peculiar features. One would have supposed, that connected as the subject is, with matters of such high import, as the salvation of the immortal soul, that some one would have been selected for the office, the tenor of whose whole life and conversation had been, like that of "Timothy" for instance, from his youth up, in the knowledge and admonition of such things; or a Paul at the foot of another Gamaliel: my whole life has been one of toil and trouble, battling with commercial pursuits, that have wholly superseded all consideration of matters of such high import, yet I seem to *know* more than it has taken men their whole lives to acquire, by deep study; and have become all on a sudden as it were—with the touch of a magician—impregnated with the knowledge of things "*hidden* from the wise and prudent."* How wonderful is this feature

* "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and

in this marvellous history, and how difficult to divine the motives of an all-wise Creator in this: in the foreknowledge of God, this, of course, was equally known; but how to look back upon the past, even in the necessary elements of *education*, for such an office as this evidently is, overwhelms and astonishes even me, when I seriously think upon it.

According to my natural way of thinking, I supposed it required a man of very considerable abilities to be able to write, or preach anything which had reference to the Bible. Now with such an one, I am, as it were, standing at opposite poles; and I may very properly say with "Daniel," this vision "has not been revealed to me for any *wisdom* that I have, more than any living;" for I really believe there are very few men indeed, who have so little of their *own* to offer, as I unfortunately have, of a nature fitted for a book; at the same time, sensitively acute to a sarcastic remark, or as it might be, a cutting review; and yet all this I incur; run the risk of—how is it? how does it happen? I am not at all desirous of fame, either *pre* or *post*-humous; infinitely rather, after all that has happened to me individually from first to last, would I have retired to the backwoods of America, and brought up my family in almost primitive simplicity, than seek to *lionize* myself; but connected with a paramount sense of duty as this is, no other course seems open to me; nay, no other course *was* open—and thus it is, that God, in his Providence acts, in the affairs of the world—

prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."—Luke x., xxi.

"Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"—1 Cor. i., xx.

he marks out a course of action which, though not in precise words, yet speaks, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I have felt it to be so, ever since I became free to act, and free from the *surveillance* of man; most assuredly not because I have an overweening ambition of *Authorship* (which I admit is a species of madness, or "*Cacoethes Scribendi*"), but because I have heard "*The Voice*," so remarkably as I have set forth.

In the attempt, therefore, I am now making to bring the contents of these two volumes under one brief summary, I do not wish it to be inferred, that *I set myself up* as a Prophet; because I hold to the opinion, for a man to prophecy, and obtain credence, he must have given evidence of a more definitive character than I have done, in that which viewed *now*, was at the time it was written, decidedly prophetic.

If reference is made to the "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life," it will be found thus written in the Preface to that work. "It is true I have been, as is the commonly-received impression, mentally affected; but as it embraces the consideration of a question of *more than vital importance*, not only to me, but to every body else, I shall defer any further reference to it, until I have satisfactorily established the position, that I know what I am talking of, writing upon, and otherwise acting." This then clearly shews, that if, as many people say, I am "mad upon one point," I was not sufficiently so, to rush *wildly* and *inconsiderately* upon the discussion of that point; nor without taking plenty of time, to weigh well, in my own mind, the important nature of the "*Mission*" on which I consider myself to be sent.

Take the "Dream," and refer to page 52, and you will find it recorded, whilst with those "*mysterious beings*," that

they gathered round me, and that whilst I stood up to receive the "gift" they presented me with, the words of one of them (whilst they passed their hands over my head), were, "*Come let us anoint him, and set him forth upon his high MISSION.*" These are two points to which, I think, I may fairly recall the attention of the reader; first, that I felt I had a certain duty to perform; and in the second instance, it was connected with this sentence, so *mysteriously conveyed*; for although at the time I stood up to receive this command I was as perfectly sensible of the actual presence of *men*, and the room *full*; not one moment after the speaker had concluded his remarks, when I looked up—I stood *alone*! they had *vanished*!

Well, all that followed that event is now on paper, and published, and half over the world; not a county in England that it is not in, or a town of any consequence in which it may not be met with.

And now what does it convey, what do I think or wish to make men believe it is intended to convey? Well, it prophesies, in its way, a *Coalition Ministry*, a matter of no very great import people may say; but, under the circumstances in which it was conveyed—(that is, if I am to be believed, for there has been many a lie sent forth in reference to me, long before I had the opportunity of speaking; and give a lie only a ten minutes' start of the truth, and it is ten to one whether the truth ever comes up to it)—I say, therefore, even *this* prophecy, under the circumstances in which it was conveyed to me, viz: in letters of *phosphorescent fire*, is a matter of very *considerable* import; be it so, or not, it is a *realized* prophecy. Then there is the present war in which we are engaged, prophesied of most unmistakeably, by the

sign seen by others, and declared by "*The Voice*" symbolical—it is realized, the war rages. Men speculate opinions as to its *result*; I have declared it. I have said what that result will be, and how it will be accomplished, and I say it will be so through the *same agency* that enabled me to speak of it as certain to *begin*. If I had not that authority I have another, "Daniel" says so; read the 44th verse of his 2nd chapter, the *great* prophetic chapter of the whole Bible, he there says: "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break to pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." By "for ever," I understand all *time*, till "time shall be no longer."

What else does this manifestation tell us of in *fine*. It tells us, Papal Rome shall fall, *so does the Bible*; it tells us the knowledge of Christ shall cover the earth as the waters cover the great deep, *so does the Bible*; it tells us the wanderer shall be brought home to his "promised kingdom," that "the Lord shall give *his people* (essentially his people) the blessings of peace," "*Israel* shall be restored," *so does the Bible*;* and it tells us in language unmistakeable, there is a *Hell*, there is a God, there will be a *judgment*, *so does the Bible*; but it tells us in, if possible, far more intelligent language, the greatest truth of all, let scripture readers translate as they will; let gospel propounders interpret as

* "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hand again, the *second time*, to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left from Assyria and from Egypt, &c., and from the islands of the sea." 11th verse of the 11th chapter of Isaiah, wholly descriptive of the second coming of Christ, and the restoration of Israel.

they like, or rather *wish* should be the case; let the "infidel," or "sceptic," "scorner," or "indifferent," say what they *choose*; it cries aloud, CHRIST IS COMING; *so does the Bible.*

And it has told us so, you will say, for the last 1800 years, and he has not yet *come*, and all you have to offer as an evidence, is this "Dream" and this "Vision." Exactly so, such is the fact, and so *the Bible also says* shall be *the sign* of the COMING. Oh, if I am now writing to one wilful, stubborn, *unborn* sinner*—who repudiates all that I have said, oh, how earnestly do I implore you to believe in this wondrous evidence of God's love and mercy. Don't repudiate it, don't turn away from this *more than warning*, but turn unto the Lord your God, for he will have mercy, and our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Oh, you can have no *conception* what the love of the Lord Jesus Christ *is*; with what self-devotion he gives up all, that you may be *safe*; how he *pleads* for you, and with what wondrous fertility of thought he will find palliatives for your misconduct, for your unbelief, and *sin*; don't run away with the impression you are too sinful, that you have gone *too far* in iniquity ever to be received, he is ready with open arms to receive you *now*; but if you wait till he COMES! it's no use *then* crying out for mercy, it's all finished, the great drama is at an end, and your doom will be irrevocably fixed; *and that time is very near at hand*, so says this "*Voice*," and so *says the Bible.*

But there is one thing in this work which I look for in vain in the Bible; I could have wished it were not so,

* "Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must be born again."

because *it is written* by "John," in his "Revelations" (a book very few indeed understand, but so *true*, that the passage I allude to, very often disturbs me), it is there said "If any man *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." *Vide* Revelations, 22nd chapter, and 18th verse. Now I was perfectly acquainted with this passage when I wrote my "Dream," and yet I have not hesitated to lay before my readers the words of "*The Voice*," and the *sight* which followed. I allude to page 107, and the "*seventh heaven*." The Bible says nothing about a "*seventh heaven*," nor does the Testament, nor do I know of any writings where the idea is conveyed, not even Mythological: there may be, but I do not know it, and if I did, I should not take it, or any other authority, as a reference or substantiation of what I have written. I profess to examine my own work, and to *test* it by the Bible; and the Bible says nothing whatever of a "*seventh heaven*." See what a position, then, this places me in. If there is one thing more than another that I hate, it is a LIE. I cannot unsay these words, for I saw the blessed place as clear as any thing my eyes ever looked upon, and although at an immeasurable distance, I saw figures clothed in shining gold, walking in the gardens as it were a sea of glass, amongst fountains of living waters, and "*The Voice*" said, "This is the seventh heaven, but the heaven of heavens I cannot show thee." Now Paul, in his 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, and 12th chapter, thus writes: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such a one was caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the

body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

Here, then, we have an intimation, that the *heavens* are divided into *cycles*, for if there is a *third* heaven, of course there is a *first* and a *second*, and by a parity of reasoning, there would be a fourth, fifth, and so on; and I also understand by it, that "*Paradise*" is *independent of* "*the Heavens*;" but why to a seventh only? Seven is a mystic number; search the scriptures, and you will see how often it occurs.* But "Paul," in writing this portion of his Epistle, appears to me to have felt himself, as I have elsewhere expressed myself, upon *thin ice*; he wanted to get over the space quickly. He had heard "unspeakable words," which might not be spoken again; only he does not say this of *himself*, but he "*knew a man*," and "*such a man*," whether in the body or not, God knew, taken up into the *third* heaven, &c.; but all scripture readers consider that he alluded to himself, and there is no doubt but he did, but he says nothing of a "*seventh heaven*." Now in reference to what "John" says upon "adding" to the word, whether or not the "Heaven of Heavens," which is *undoubtedly* in the Bible, includes the seventh heaven, and thereby precludes the possibility of "adding" to the word of God in this respect, I must leave; but I admit this to be a ground of

* *Jamblichus*, (the disciple of an Egyptian priest, *Anebo*), who seems from his writings to have been a distilled quintessence of Egyptian and Chaldee, not to say Hebrew, Greek, and Roman doctrine on these matters, speaks in a work he wrote to the Arch-pagan, *Porphyry*, of the "*seven orders of superior beings*," and describes their epiphanies.—*Vide* Rev. CHARLES BEECHER on "*Spiritual Manifestations*," page 40.

objection, and I never refer to it, either in thought, or speech, without a silent prayer for forgiveness, if in this respect I have "given offence." Still I say, let God be true though all men be found liars unto him, "yea, let God be true, but every man a liar." Romans, 3rd chapter and 4th verse.

I have deemed it necessary to make this allusion and admission, in this "summary," to satisfy both my own conscience and the scruples of many scripture readers, who have not hesitated to point out this passage to me. I could have left out, not only that part of the narrative, but also other portions, which may have told against me, but I did not, I determined to write the *truth*; and if it *is* to be, I confess I would rather suffer for the truth's sake, than I would receive a present reward for a dressed up, and garbled statement to suit people's tastes, of what I neither heard, nor saw, or thought of, than they should perish for *lack* of knowledge. *There are, then, SEVEN HEAVENS, and "in my father's house are many mansions, LITERALLY 'MANSIONS.'*"

I endeavour thus to *argue*, but my *real* opinion is, that *Infidelity*, or the same thing under cover of another name, "*natural religion*," has gained such an ascendancy over *some* men, that *no* "manifestation," however highly spiritualized, would obtain credence with *them*. *It is written*, "The natural man cannot discern things spiritual," and I firmly believe that were a man to appear as "Moses" did, when he came down from the mount, and his face shined, as it were the face of an angel; that naturalists or philosophers would endeavour to trace it to some *natural* cause. A halo of glory around the head of an

Apostle, in the present day, distinctly visible to the naked eye, would be accounted for by *science*, as the operation of the atmosphere upon the exhalation of the body, or something of that kind. As to an acknowledgment from "enlightened man!" of a *supernatural* power, is what his reason won't entertain, and the pride of his imagination will not submit to, notwithstanding the signs and evidences of the present day, altogether baffle the ingenuity of "professors," to account for, or the less informed to acknowledge. In fact, to the scientific, and philosophic mind, the doctrine cannot be accepted, because in accounting for such phenomena, on the principles of science and philosophy, the spirit or apparition must retire *baffled*: the person they *appear* to, under such circumstances, is too *scientific* to receive information or knowledge through such a medium, and *per se* it would not attempt it. Take for argument sake, "Farraday" himself: would he believe he could have seen anything of the kind? A spirit knows this, and therefore would not trouble him with its presence. Or he might be like another *philosopher* I once read of, when told of a "shower of frogs," that "it might be, but if he had seen it he wouldn't have believed it." Ask the astronomer, who lies upon his back for hours of the live-long night, watching for the expected coming of a star, long foretold should be in the ascendant; or an eclipse calculated on a certain day, what his idea is, of the "*Sun*," standing *still*; and then hear his opinion of the command of Joshua—"Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon: and the Sun stood still, and the Moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves of their enemies." Read Joshua, 10th chapter, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses. How will this comport

with *his* idea of *natural religion*? Or the mimic Philosopher, who shall say of the round world, "it dipped" in the waters, and depopulated the earth's inhabitants of that portion of it, leaving the Ark, and its occupants, the only living memento of the event; and then refer him to the words of "*David*," spoken by the "HOLY SPIRIT:" "*He hath made the round world so fast that it never should be moved at any time*;" and then ask him, what he means by the world having "dipped?" For I have heard men so *reason*, and men, too, who have had these words in their mouths for *years* of their natural lives, and *sung* them also.

Hence it is no matter of surprise to me men should think me "mad upon one point." Man is "*wise* in his own conceit;" on such subjects as this work, and its predecessor treats, there was not a more conceited man in the whole of her majesty's dominions—I verily believe—than I was, upon all such declared "manifestations," but see how it has brought me down. God grant the relation may cause thousands who may read it *also*, if of the same opinion I was; but I fear nothing but a second *Pentecost* will effect it on a large scale.

If, therefore, after the perusal of this work, there should be any still inclined to declare me so, I shall not conclude my chapter in the way that "John" has done in the "*Revelations*," by saying, God *will* add to him the plagues written of in this book; but that God *will* turn his heart to think *very differently*, IF he seeks for the truth, through the *only medium* it is to be obtained, viz.: CHRIST, *the way*, *the truth*, and *the life*.

CHAPTER XV.

IF, in writing one portion of this narrative, I speak of my feelings being akin to those of a man upon "thin ice," I think I may very fairly say of another portion, that I feel very much like walking upon red hot iron plates: so full of difficulty and danger to the man does the subject treated of present itself. I mean *Roman Catholicism*, versus *Protestantism*; the two isms that have distracted the world since the days of "Paul" and "Clement," the then *Bishop* of Rome; and whom he speaks of in his "Epistle to the Philippians," 4th chapter, and 3rd verse, as being in the faith and brotherhood, "a fellow labourer, whose name with others, are in the book of life." The word *pope* was not invented then, although he stood at that time as *bishop*, in precisely the same relationship to the *church*, as the *Pope* does now; with the exception, he made no such pretensions as the present occupant of the chair does. There were no "letters of indulgence" then, nor worship of images, nor other *et ceteras* which characterize the passing era; or, we may naturally infer, that "Paul" would not have had "brotherhood" with him; *miracles* there might have been, for Paul abounded in the performance of them.

But *who*, knowing in some degree, what has occurred to individuals, since those days, in the advocacy of the "infallibility" of the one *ism*, and the "apostacy" of it by

the other *ism*, but must feel as I have expressed myself, on red hot plates of iron, when writing thereon for publication, unless, forsooth, he is red hot ambitiously disposed to become a *martyr*. I cannot say I am that way inclined by any means; at the same time I feel something more is due from me upon this subject, than I have already written, and especially as a very considerable portion of time, during the presentation of the *VISION* to my senses, was occupied in reference to that church.

I do not now profess to make this addition to my statement, already printed, but not yet published (nor will be till this accompanies it), as part of the *teaching* of that period; what I now attempt to do, is to *muse* on the past, the present, and the future, much in the same way I used to think, before these great questions upon religion were thus opened out to me; that is to say, whenever I did trouble myself to *think* upon them, which, I am very sorry to have to admit, was very little and very seldom.

Perhaps with my *convictions*, that such a thing as "Romish ascendancy" will *never again take place in this world*, the expression of timidity or fear is gratuitous. It is so, perhaps, so far as *bodily* apprehensions are concerned; but there is such a thing as the opinions of our fellow men, that however fortified one may feel within himself, he does not altogether wish to have of an entirely hostile character, without having placed on record, *some* defences against the attacks that may be made upon his position.

The world is already full of books, I have no doubt, upon this great "*veraxa questio*," with quotations, and annotations, that would puzzle the wisest philosopher that ever lived, if indeed his life were long enough, to read all

that is in print respecting it. Each advocate proving his case that the "error" was caused by the other, by such a flood of printed evidence, no mortal being, unless enlightened from above, could possibly say which is right or which is wrong, excepting by his own *judgment*, assisted by *education*: and, depend upon it, the more plain, solid, and extensive that education, the sooner would the spiritually unenlightened mind detect error; for it would see at once God was not to be propitiated, by either gifts or sacrifices, by fastings or genuflexions, by masses or mummeries, when it had been brought to acknowledge Christ, had been once offered up for an atonement.

Now if I understand aright, the Roman Catholic Church does teach this; but it also teaches a great deal more which is supererogatory, and, as I now believe, *sinful*, inasmuch as it does away with the doctrine of the *all-sufficiency* of Christ; for it says, you must do more than believe in this, for you must add to it, a belief in the intercession of the Virgin Mary, and an innumerable company of saints to back her prayers, and for which the more that is paid, I presume, the greater will be the efficacy. What, under such a doctrine as this, becomes of "Paul's" teaching, "if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain?" See Galatians, 2nd chapter, and 21st verse.

But this is not *exactly* as I used to think upon these questions, although somewhat akin to my musings; for that which struck me as the most singular mode of proceeding, was in the method both sects—desirous of doing away with error—adopted, viz: in the publication of books not one in ten thousand ever saw, and when read, perhaps not one half would understand; and in public declamations, from

which "THE FAITHFUL" (as they arrogantly style themselves) make it part of their religion to be *absent*.

Now how was a right understanding to be brought about under such a state of things as that? Nor was it nearer of accomplishment when tried under more favourable auspices, as the *Hammersmith* debate of eleven nights very clearly demonstrated. And so they have gone on, year after year, with cruel heart-burnings, internal dissensions, and mutual denunciations, from the very place they are sent to occupy for a very different purpose, and instead of making *converts* to their several faiths, they have in many instances, I verily believe, made confirmed infidels.

It is with no feelings of disregard for members of the Protestant establishment that I make such a remark as this; happily it does not apply indiscriminately, but it does, unfortunately, to a great extent; because many reason, if they did not so declaim, they would be "luke warm, neither hot nor cold" And I can confidently assert, I have many times heard, such sweeping denunciations on the heads of the *followers* of the system *preached against*, that I have not at all wondered when the remark has been addressed to me afterwards, "do you call that religion?" with many an expletive, I would not be so uncharitable as to enter here.

For I could never be brought to believe, the Almighty would send to everlasting punishment, millions of ignorant beings, who had been brought by an *erring priesthood*, to make so many bowings, and crossings, more than necessary, any more than I could reconcile to myself, those who *taught* such doctrine, would wholly escape punishment; or that *traffickers* in the welfare of souls, under a different system and dynasty, will receive a *reward* for their labours.

I confess these *were* my impressions, and I may add at the same time, that *nothing that has since transpired with me*, on record, or otherwise, induces me to be of a different opinion now. These errors attach themselves to *both systems*; and errors they are, and will be found hereafter to have been. The delinquency lies with the *teachers*, not with the *taught*, on the one hand, with the *negotiators*, and not *those who listen* to their doctrines on the other.

Many a time I can safely say, before these occurrences to myself took place, have I been startled at the vehement declarations I have heard from Protestant pulpits, against the "Man of Sin," and the "damnable doctrines" of the Church of Rome, till all thoughts of sin and error on my part, were wholly and entirely forgotten; and many a time since these occurrences, I can add, have I left a place of worship, I have entered for the purpose of hearing of "Christ and him crucified" (the doctrine Paul taught and determined to know *nothing else*), with my ears regaled, with a philippic against Lord John Russell, and Catholic Emancipation, mixed up with a history of Popery, that has left me with the impression, the young clergyman had made that question, the most essential element of his academical studies.

Whether a similar system is adopted by Roman Catholic Priests or not, I never experienced; for I do not remember ever to have heard, more than one sermon in English, from a Roman Catholic, and what that consisted of, my memory does not serve me with, for curiosity was the only motive with which I ever entered their edifices; not for edification certainly. Records, however, bear sufficient testimony to what might be expected, if they were in the ascendancy, and

to what would be the intolerant nature of their claims; it would seem they *had* actually become in bygone days, what "Paul" warned the "Galatians" of when he wrote them—"But if ye bite, and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

God forbid that I should "darken counsel by words without knowledge," for I have had nothing to guide me in this matter, beyond what I have added to this narrative in the Vision; the *sign* was very significant, *the three figures on their mission to Rome*; and how, otherwise than thus, the one universal church is to be brought about by human agency, I confess I do not see.

Catholic Priests will not meet Protestant Clergymen on a platform, it is contrary to their religion they say; and, *vice versa*, the *chapel* is not the arena for a public discussion. Are they then to go on in error, "eating up the people as it were bread?" or is an attempt to be made in accordance with that which has been shown me? Many things told me of, and shown me, have already become facts, and I am therefore justified in assuming *this* will also be an *equal* fact with the rest. One thing I am thankful for, that I am neither the Bishop of Norwich nor London, nor Archbishop of Canterbury. Had I been either, doubtless I should have been blessed with equal powers of *mind* that they have—and for such a purpose, it does not seem to me to require much argumentative philosophy—to convince the Pope of the errors and absurdities of the Romish Church; especially, if, as *Judge Campbell* says, he is "a man adorned with every Christian virtue."

The claims made by the Roman Catholic to being the original church, can very easily be refuted, if it can be

proved (which from books I have read I have no hesitation in saying can be), *Joseph of Arimathea*, the man who begged the murdered body of Christ, that he might lay it in his own tomb, *preached the gospel in England* the *fifth* year after the death of Christ,* and that *some of the Apostles preached the Gospel in the British Islands*. *St. Jerom* testifies that *St. Paul*, after his imprisonment, preached the Gospel in the *western parts*, and "*Clement*, in an Epistle to the *Corinthians*—considered genuine, though not canonical—says, *St. Paul* preached righteousness through the world, and in so doing, went to the utmost bound of the west, a term necessarily including the British Islands, and certainly Britain, as all know who are acquainted with the phrase, as used by the historians and poets of that age." All these things, and many more, it is easy to prove. What, then, becomes of the doctrine, that we are indebted to the Pope, or *Popes*, for Christianity, being first preached in England? and that all the *Church property*, &c., &c., belongs to them virtually; about which, all this fighting, and these heart-burnings and recriminations, I fear is created, rather than the real desire, to set up the true cross, and preach the true gospel.

Be it, however, as it may, in this respect God alone is the judge. Christ's words, up to this very hour, have been realized to the letter—"I came not to bring peace, but a sword." That period, I believe, is drawing near to its completion, and the time fast approaching when his advent will be, "*peace* and joy in believing," and not in rancour, bloodshed, and animosity, forcing opinions on unwilling converts.

* Lord Clarendon's "Religion and Policy," vol. i., page 18.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the circular I issued, relative to this present work, I intimated my intention to publish part of the "correspondence" with which I have been favoured, since the publication of the "Dream." With many of the parties I find it would be objectionable, and it so happens, that theirs is the very correspondence, I would rather publish, than any others; because as *writers*, they are well known, and in other instances as *preachers*, are enjoying the fullest confidence of their respective congregations.

What they wrote me, they say, was *confidentially*, and not with the least idea it would ever appear in print. To many parties, this objection would seem paradoxical, because the opinions they have expressed of the volume itself, are very favourable, and indeed such as are very gratifying to me; as they admit the position I take, that the Vision, is a Heavenly Vision, and sent for a high, and wise purpose. But why should they object, to publicly express this opinion? Well, I cannot answer that question; this I know, so far as I am concerned personally, *nothing on earth*, should deter me from speaking, or writing, what I believe to be the *truth*, that has reference to such a high consideration, as man's eternal salvation; but as they have objected to appear in print, in my work, it would be a breach of faith, on my part, to act point blank, against their wishes.

On the other hand, there are parties clamorous to be heard, to have a page or two at their disposal, and to have me, I suppose, for their champion. I have such a bevy of correspondents, it would puzzle a wiser head than mine to answer satisfactorily. But there they lie in a heap, and I view them all calmly and say, *it is a sign*; everything is characteristic of the time prophecied of, which is to usher in, the period of the second advent of Christ. Here are letters from "table turners," "table rappers," "mediums" of different descriptions, claiming different powers of divination; clergymen of the Church of England, and dissenting congregations, preachers of other denominations, and men, who make oath, and say, they have seen "sights," far exceeding in marvel, that which I have written as having seen and heard; assuming to *themselves* a power coeval almost with the Almighty, and threatening me with judgments, and punishments, they say they have, already brought upon recusants to their will; because I do not recognise their power over *me*, and because I cannot say conscientiously, they have *not* seen, and heard, all they declare to.

But I know this, that it is written of these "spirits," which shall come, in the days immediately preceding, the *great* advent of Christ, that they shall use "great swelling words," "with all deceiveableness," and "if possible deceive the very elect."

These words are taken from the Bible itself, and what can be more characteristic of them, than the following letters? The *originals* were written by a youth of nineteen or twenty years of age, under the influence of a "*Spirit*," and whilst he writes *his eyes are closed*. It is afterwards

copied, in a clear, legible, first-rate writing, by a gentleman, an independent American merchant, about my own age, who, under the influence of the same "*spirit*," is attached to this youth, who *now* considers and calls himself, "*Shiloh*." I should observe, in introducing this correspondence, that it arose entirely, from the circumstance, of my Book having been sent them, through another medium.

30, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham,
29th June, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

I will tell you what table moving is, and this unaccountable hubbub about a thing which none understand is for, in two or three words—to confound the wise, whose worldly wisdom will shortly be brought to nothing. It is one of those things which our God allows to bring men to his senses—enough of this—blessed are we who have sense of him.

Dear Brother, a few words with regard to miracles. Miracles are what are wanted to help us abroad in the immense ocean of iniquity and sin. With miracles will come the wonders of former ages, and those wondrous works shall be again. Miracles will be wrought again by the apostles of a new spiritual dispensation; the *spirit of the living Christ* will work, do, and cause to be done, mighty wonders, thereby letting all man know we are the *true witness* of the living God. With miracles will begin a new era in the history of this wofully sinning world. Miracles will banish sickness, yea, miracles will wither and waste away disease from the face of the earth. Miracles will give sight to the blind, strength to the weak, life to the dying, and will cause the lame to walk. Miracles will give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb; miracles shall make the crooked straight; miracles shall raise the dead, and, dear brother, this will be to the glory and honor of Jesus Christ our Master: in his name will we cast

out devils, as did he himself while on earth. Think not that men are not possessed now as they were then—they are more so ; and all who will not believe as we do, in Christ Jesus the Son of God, and him crucified, are possessed of devils. Devils are of divers kinds ; some are violent and show themselves directly we speak of our master Jesus, saying, I deny his divinity, &c., and others cause the possessed one to be evil, and to appear mad, &c. ; aye, turn which way you will, there you see a devil in human form, ready to pounce upon you in every way. But, dear brother, all Satan's works are about to be trodden with him underfoot, and naught will bring this about so soon as miracles ; therefore pray earnestly that you receive the power of Christ Jesus, of doing wondrous things in his name and to his glory. Brother, I hope by some means soon to see you.

P.S.—Table moving, and all such phenomena, are sent and allowed by our God ; but Satan, ever ready to frustrate the works of the Eternal God, has stepped up and is doing his part in that way likewise ; but he will be overcome and bound down, which he is well aware of, and knowing he has but a short time to stay on earth, he is more deceitful, subtle, and powerful than ever. He *shall* be overcome quickly : miracles are done here, and will soon be rolling over the face of the whole earth with the Apostles of the new spiritual dispensation, calling all men to repentance and newness of life, in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour, who will shortly reign on earth ; and signs, wonders and miracles will confirm the words of our mouths to be the everlasting truths of heaven.

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.

You are at liberty, if you wish, to make public in any way, this, or any of my letters. You will receive one of very great importance in a day or so.

Yours affectionately

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.

Dear brother, you will see, and perhaps be surprised that your letters are mostly answered before they reach ; as you will see while you were writing to me yesterday, I was answering, so that you receive answer when I write you, before I see your letters, showing you the communion of spirits, which is a proof positive that we are alike in heart, soul, and mind, through Christ Jesus and him crucified, to save sinners of whom I am chief.

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.

I have dated my letter 29th, it was written, however, yesterday morning, but I had not time to post it. Yours of 28th is just received since which I have written what is above on this page.

Yours,

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.*

Tuesday, 5th July, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am still greatly occupied ; to-morrow I hope to send you a description of an awfully grand descent of the Holy Ghost upon me, and telling me who and what I *am*. You will see much to startle and surprise you, coming so soon as it does from the most high God : when you read you will verily say, *oh, he is the one*. Dear brother, while reading this, remember that Ecce Homo, with the L. R., is not *a man*, but a spirit ; aye, and one with power, and those

* By "Ecce Homo with the L. R." is meant, "behold the man with the Light returning," that is *his* version of the initials.—F. S.

who will not believe in Christ Jesus as the God of all things, shall quickly be turned to him by urim and thummim.

God be with you.

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.

P.S.—Your letter of 3rd July, is received to-day, and I *am ever happy* to hear from you.

30, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham,

8th July, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER,

By the enclosed, you will see who and what I am. I wish you to send me your thoughts on the enclosed, and likewise whether the *Voice* ever told you of such a man as spoken of in the tract,* which you are at liberty to make public in any way you please, as in a day or two it will be rolling over the heads of the clergy.

I expect it will be through me you will be called to Apostleship of Christ Jesus our master, now and for ever. Great will be the doings of the latter day disciples of Jesus, to turn men unto him that they may believe and live.

I should like you to correspond with a true brother in Jesus, whose address I enclose. Joy, peace, and universal happiness shall ere long reign on earth, and ye shall call every man his neighbour under the vine and fig tree. I ever pray the *Holy Ghost* be with you, Amen.

ECCE HOMO

F. Starr.

WITH THE L. R.

* The tract is a publication I cannot think of introducing into my work, and have, only in a very few instances, distributed it. I was perfectly satisfied those to whom I sent it, would entertain the same view of it I did myself,

30, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham,

9th July, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am he that holds the seven stars in his right hand. I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death. You are desponding, neither hot nor cold, and if you do not repent and do the first works, I will come upon you with urim and thummim ; therefore see you repent and keep strong in thy master, for the time is near at hand that you will do his work and no other. Do you not know I ratified what the *Voice* told you months since, thou shalt become an Apostle of Jesus. The ship is already trimming that will bear you with others to a far distant land. Thou art a prophet, the dream is a one perfect prophecy, that even you who wrote it do not understand.

Yes, but if you do not repent and keep up a stout, firm heart, in the cause of your Redeemer, I'll have none of you ; thou must not be luke-warm in his cause, but *hot*, aye, *burning hot*, that all around you may see the brightness of the fire within, therefore, see you receive more fuel ; pour oil on the smouldering embers of thy dieing faith, and let it blaze up like a volcano, that the fire thereof may *crack* and *hiss* with the word of God on your tongue.

How will you be when you are called to do thy master's work—as you now are ? if thou art, it were better thou hadst never been born.

You think and write me *Ecce Homo* with the L. R., that your faith is the same as other men's, who call themselves christians ; oh, if it is, cast it to the dogs, for I will have none of it. I say to you, let the fire of eternal faith again kindle up in your breast, never to become

and hence, I believe, the hostility of this "Spirit" towards me. In some of the letters I have received, it professes to know my *thoughts* ; consequently, to disguise them here, on this subject, would only be an act of supererogation. It is enough to say, that as I do not think it *right* to republish it, the inference may be drawn, I took no trouble to circulate it.

dull or die out, therefore see you do the first works and become again *mad*, for as mad men all the new Apostles will at first appear, and it will be the work of these mad men to preach and teach the gospel of Jesus free from all errors, corruptions, and impurities, and those who will not believe them, *these* mad Apostles of Jesus, they will strike dead, blind, and dumb, and after a little of this, they will not appear so mad as they at first did, therefore, see and make thyself again whole in the faith, and do the first works, for I will call upon you in an hour that you know not, therefore watch and be ready.

*Ecce Homo
with the L. R.*

This is the true signature of Ecce Homo with the L. R.,* which you have not before seen, as I have copied all his letters.

TERTILUS.†

* It will be seen from the *fac simile*, what must be the nature and difficulty of transcribing the manuscript of this Spirit. I have some letters in the original, and very peculiar specimens of orthography and penmanship they are. I think I could write better with my foot; but as he informs me, when writing by himself, (that is, not under the influence of the Spirit), he is *uneducated*, and a few months previously to the date of these letters, wholly unacquainted with matters of religion. The difference in the composition when in the Spirit and out of it, is of a most marked character.

† The "*new name*," given by the "Spirit," to the gentleman who transcribes the manuscript: his address, is *H. R. Isham, 103, Front Street, New York*; where he, with his partners, carry on an extensive, and highly respectable wholesale business.

30, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham,

11th July, 1853.

DEAR BROTHER,

I do not advertise, but by the voice of the peoples ; neither are these tracts sold for money (though they cost much), but we trust to God.

The Lord intends to gather his people together. As for the clergy throwing aside the tract ; when they do so they must tremble. I have said my voice shall call throughout the length and breadth of the land—it shall, for only as a Spirit do I exist. The Spirit of God never er'rs. He has said, I will work, do, and cause to be done mighty wonders, to confirm what I write. Dear brother, he has not failed to keep his word with me : again I say miracles are done here, and the fame thereof to the glory of Jesus, will soon be heard far and wide ; but only by the voice of the people, not by an hireling press, which I scorn to regard. Their sycophant wording trash which is proudly called their leading articles, could, by the spirit, be written in one minute, in words that would make the blood rush and leap through the veins, hot and burning as a lava stream ; in words that would make the brain swim in reading them. Oh, it has power to write in words that would make one reel with giddiness in the conception of them. I say the high ones shall read, read, read, till their brain burns in their head ; they shall read, read, read, and turn away with dread.

I sent the tracts for you to distribute freely as you choose, publicly or privately. I will send you more. I pray you do so. Read well my last epistle to you.

I am ever yours,

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.

P. S.—I was informed at our post office here, that one stamp would clear two oz. of the tracts, and I am very sorry that a mistake was

M

made, as several parcels were posted to different parties ; the mistake shall be set right in future. I would advise you to trust more to the spirit than to man or man's advice. Were I to regard every man's "prenez-vous, naught would be done."

Yours affectionately,

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE L. R.

30, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham,
12th July, 1853.

STARR,

Oh, how long will you be without light, wrong again. You wrote me the Voice never told you of one like the one described in the tract. Oh thou darkened one it did ; aye, and showed you likewise that one is as you saw him, surrounded by thousands of thousands of angels, and he will judge the whole earth and commence the Millennium.

Francis, Francis, Francis, think, remember, *one like unto* the son of man as you saw in your vision. Oh, it is pregnant with meaning ; but you know not that meaning ; do not attempt to interpret it, for thou canst not, the Spirit alone will do so, and mighty will do so, and mighty will be the interpretation thereof. Oh, how can you write the Voice never told you of such a one as spoken of in the tract. Think and look back o'er thy vision's shown you by the Spirit. Oh, thou understandest not the meaning of the one who hath the keys of hell and of death, therefore hearken for the Voice. Oh, no, thou wert not about to receive the asked for teaching in regard to the tract, but a delusion, a cheat of the subtle deceiving one ; but thy guardian angel saved thee by calling out thy name, Francis !* Remember all you saw in the Vision of the descent of one like unto

* This in reply to a dream I told him I had.—F. S.

the son of man. These very words are sufficient proof that it is not our Saviour Jesus here spoken of, but one like unto him (see tract) having seven stars in his right hand and feet like unto fine brass, hairs white like wool, face as the sun shining in its strength, voice as the sound of the rushing of many waters, a sharp two-edged sword proceeding out of his mouth, walking in the midst of seven golden candlesticks, exclaiming like muffled thunder, "I am he who liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death." Oh, how long will you not understand this. I have called upon you in an unmistakeable manner, and shall yet do so, *hearken for the Voice*. When thou art called by thy blessed Redeemer, see thou delay not; wife, family, and friends, one and all you will leave for his cause. Naught shall ye do but for him, and I pray you often repeat this prayer, that thereby you receive light. Oh most beloved Redeemer Jesus, through thy mercy and loving kindness I have seen and heard most wondrous things, and I pray thee oh God, continue to vouchsafe to me, thy erring servant, thy love, grace, and mercy. Oh Jesus, pour in my lacerated heart, the healing balm of thy loving spirit; pour in light, oh Jesus, on my darkened soul, that I may see and understand the mysterious way in which thy will is done on earth. Give me light, oh Lord, that I become as a bright glorious lamp, leading erring sinners to the foot of thy gracious throne; give me light oh Lord, and I will be a light unto the Gentiles, and a beacon unto the Jews; give me strength oh Lord, and I shall be mighty strong; make me, oh, Lord, meek and humble, and I shall be lowly; guide me, oh Jesus and I shall walk in thy steps; show thy mercy unto the wicked, oh Lord, and their hearts shall show forth thy praise. Oh Lord I pray thee let not the one like unto the son of man, execute thy judgments on erring mortals, till he is far pushed and his patience much tried. Oh Lord pour down thy Spirit, the Holy Ghost upon me, and I will go forth into the world and show forth thy glory. Oh Lord, thou which art, which was, and which is to come, I cry unto thee with the words thou hast

commanded me. Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; allow us not to be led into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, amen. Dear brother, give heed, I pray you, to this and all my other epistles to you.

ECCE HOMO

WITH THE

L. R.

P. S.—Write to Tertilus, an Apostle of Ecce Homo with the L. R., for a description of the Spirit of Ecce Homo with the L. R.

The forgotten address I intended to inclose for you, this is—F. Cowper, Corner of Church Street, and Edgeware Road, London.

Copied by Tertilus,

30, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham.

The reader must bear in mind, that in perusing these letters myself, my mind was occupied in reflecting on all that had been shewn to me, and all that had been told to me, and that as a matter of *necessity*, I was obliged to entertain them respectfully; to say that I read them with an entire absence of a feeling allied to fear, would be saying that which was untrue, for the thought would suggest itself, in spite of my efforts to the contrary—"What if this Spirit (and a *Spirit* it is, I am certain, that *prompts*), should be *right*? However, thanks be to God, I have been led to examine, and try for myself, and I do not think I am very far from the true character of it.

Gideon, it seems, was a man of much infirmity of purpose, he doubted very greatly, even after the Lord had spoken to him, and shewed him so many *signs*, one would have thought

they would have convinced the greatest sceptic and unbeliever in the world—for after all he had heard and seen, it was needful for him to take a person with him, to see the host of the Midianites—for the Lord said to him, “If thou *fear* to go down, go thou with Phurah thy servant, down to the host: and thou shalt hear what they say; and afterward shall thine hands be strengthened to go down unto the host. Then went he down with Phurah his servant unto the outside of the armed men that *were* in the host. And the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels *were* without number, as the sand by the sea side for multitude. And when Gideon was come, behold *there was* a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along. And his fellow answered and said, This *is* nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: *for* into his hand hath God delivered Midian, and all the host.” See how singularly he became strengthened, viz., by overhearing the *interpretation* of a Dream, that one man told to his fellows.

I have told my “Dream,” and I have heard, and read, not only what this “*Spirit*” has to say upon it, but I have also had the advantage of the opinions of my fellow *mortals*; it is very true, *all* are not convinced of its truth, and bearing alike, but many *are*; and if it were otherwise, I should pursue the same course I am now taking to convince them to the contrary. *Martin Luther*, when he began to preach, was told “all the world would be against him,”

and his reply was, "be it so." "I will be against all the world."

I have no particular desire to be recognised as a theological *Don Quixote*; but I most assuredly will be against all those who are opposed to me in this matter; for it is utterly impossible for any man, I think, to read without prejudice, and be unaffected by them, unless, as my friend H. F. says of several of his acquaintances, "they don't know *how* to read;" a very homely criticism on the judgment some have endeavoured to impress *him* of my labours, *but a very true one*.

If anything was calculated to give the nerves of an individual, situated as I have been, a *shock*, these letters, it should seem, would have had that tendency; but such was not the case, I read them very coolly, and as coolly replied to them; without any of that rant and rhapsody of language "excited" people are apt to indulge in; at the same time that I was inclined to give the *individuals* credit for sincerity, I was not the less imbued with a different sense of the "SPIRIT," by which they were actuated; that is, I consider the "SPIRIT" to be one of the "*cosmocrats*" of "wickedness in high places."

For we are not to suppose the devil is less busy than he was, when Christ was led, by the Spirit, into the wilderness, to be tempted by him; all this writing of the "Ecce Homo" indicates no more than *cant*, in preaching, does. The devil works as effectually with *cant*, as with anything, and affects very great abhorrence of wickedness; and, moreover, is very pious and sanctimonious. He is even respectfully treated in Scripture, for Michael the Archangel durst not bring against him a railing accusation.

He has his work to do, and knows what his office is, but many times does good in the trials men are subjected to by him, ere they are chosen for God's work.

As a friend of mine wrote me once, upon the subject of these letters—"It is no dishonour to any man to be tempted by the Devil, but shows him to be as yet an unwise, or uninstructed man, when he mistakes a trial, or an experience, for a *divine* commission."

A remark, many persons may, perhaps think, as applicable to *me*, as to these individuals; and especially by those who listen only to the lessons of the *abiding spirit*, who is ever with us, to teach us, by the use of our *reasoning* faculties.

It is a new idea, with those who have but a vague notion of *heaven*, that "wickedness" should be found there at all; many thousands think there is nothing of the kind. If so, how should "Paul" write of "wickedness" in "high places," literally among the "celestials?" He knew of much more than he wrote, from what he heard when in the "*third heavens*" in the Spirit; and we have "John's" further testimony, that "there was *war* in heaven:" *good*, obedient spirits, would not make war against their God and Father; hence, till the final day comes, we shall have these "*spirits*" to "*wrestle*" with; and hence the necessity to be upon our guard, against all assumption of authority by them—against any, and every thing, that interferes with the SOVEREIGNTY of CHRIST. These *men*, in themselves, *spoke* well enough of their Redeemer and Saviour; but the "*Spirit*" by which they were impulsed, had caused them to "set" themselves "up," saying, "Lo here, and lo there!" I am "*Shiloh*!" and I am "*The Witness*!" hence I believe it to be a "cosmocrat" spirit and obey it not.

I have many such letters as these, but they make no further impression upon me than what I state to you my readers; all is *characteristic* of the *time* my own narrative sets forth; these things are a portion of the "lying wonders" that are to precede the second appearing of Christ himself; and if I attempt, or am induced, by an overflow of success, to set *myself* up, in other words, exalt the creature rather than the Creator, then depend on it, mine is not a less "lying wonder" than the rest of the "Manifestations" that are abroad at the present day. If they lead to the *true* light, Christ, then good may come out of this evil, but whilst these "manifestations" are made *marketable* and *purchaseable*, there is no more reliance to be placed upon them, than there is on a "Roman indulgence" or a broken reed.

Just as I am writing, here comes another missive from a lady, regretting I did not call upon her when in London to receive a share of the "knowledge" she has obtained from the "spirits," with whom she holds intercourse daily; as she says I must be well aware she "knows much more than can be put upon paper;" (no doubt, and would like me to do it for her), and which she "could have communicated to me." As to my book, I don't know what eulogies hardly she has withheld; but it is in her eyes wholly and entirely true, nevertheless, I cannot conscientiously go to her to seek for information; she holds "*seances*" with Robert Owen, who, it appears by her letter, is also honoured with the visits of Lord Brougham, and Dr. Ashburner, for the same purpose, and many others, from whom I have received letters, but all to no effect; so far as I am concerned, I can have nothing to do with such means of communication with

“another and a better world.” I am perfectly satisfied with the instruction I have received from “*The Voice*,” it teaches me all that is requisite, and if you, my reader, will but believe it, it is enough for you to be guided by in your further search of the Scriptures; *let it lead you to them*, then will its purpose be effected, and even thus much I most solemnly assure you I would not have written, if I could have, by the utmost stretch of my powers of mind, reasoned myself into the belief, these occurrences were for me, and me only; (jumping at once into the doctrine of “election” persisted in to this day by many, in their attempts to establish “the true church,” and call themselves the “peculiar people,” a doctrine I neither recognize nor admit).

Now, on the subject of these letters, I would remark, that previous to this “visitation,” if any one had written to me in the same spirit that these are evidently written and conceived, I should, in all probability, have thrown them into the fire, or shown them to others to *ridicule*; for the view I always took of the doctrine, that such things as “spirits” interfered with the affairs of mankind or the world, was one of the most unqualified denial and rejection. I don’t think I would have bestowed an argument upon it, beyond that conveyed in the word “*pish!*” quite expressive enough, I take it, of a man’s views on any particular point.

But how stands the case now? I have been visited, and wonderfully; I state my case, print and publish it, ask men to believe in it, and they *do*, to a *much greater extent than I had even been led to expect*, or dared to *hope*. I receive these letters from parties I know nothing of; they unhesitatingly believe me and my statements—do I believe theirs? that is the question. I go to my Bible, and I find it written,

"Try the Spirits whether they be of God;" and I proceed to investigate the claims of this "Spirit," what do I find? why, that it has taken up its abode in the person of this youth, and makes him commit all manner of extravagancies, and has obtained such complete command over another of maturer years, a gentleman of fortune and family, that he waits upon him with all the fervour and ardour that characterized "John," the forerunner of *Jesus*: admits and sets forth his claims, to be recognized as the promised "Shiloh" spoken of in Genesis, 49th chapter and 10th verse, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

Now here we have a field for argument, because you will say, and very naturally too, why should we believe your case, and not give credence to the other; for by the account he has published, he says he has *seen* much more marvellous things than you say you have seen; "and you say yourself you cannot conscientiously disbelieve their statements?" Very well; true, I admit that ground, but it is written that these "*spirits*" shall "enter into and deceive many," "calling themselves Christ,"* (or Shiloh); that they shall assume high functions, speak "great swelling words," and make great pretensions, in other words, show the "wickedness" of the "celestials," for as it is written in Job, "the very *heavens* are not clean in his sight." When, therefore, men thus write, or are induced to write thus, by the spirit, they have become, as it were, drunken by it; as

* The reader will not fail to bear in mind, that on this very point I received a caution from "*The Voice*."—*Vide* "Dream," page 115, and this work, 90.

they do with wine; excitements, extravagancies, and religious insanities, are, in fact, merely a fulness of spirit. And when it falls on a weak, or an inexperienced mind, more than it is able to bear, it in a manner is explained, why they should so act. There are very few persons indeed, when a new and brilliant idea, or "visitation of the spirit," comes very unexpectedly, or suddenly upon them, but are apt to fall into these excesses. If reference is made by the reader to page 79 in this work, he will find "*The Voice*" speaking to me of the "many" who "would die from excessive joy," in reply to my question, "what meant the appearance of many spirits *ascending*?" A friend of mine in writing to me upon this subject, and in connexion with these letters, favoured me with a quotation from the works of "Joanna Southcott," (a work I have never read, nor indeed any of the professedly spirit-taught productions, "Wroe, of Bradford" excepted, but in it I found much that was irrational, and what appeared to me foolishly presumptuous). The Spirit said to "Joanna" (so writes my friend),

"If I my spirit did let go,
Joy would sooner kill than woe;"

and this seems to be in perfect keeping with what I have referred to in my own work, and if we ponder upon the subject only for a moment, we shall find that it is in perfect consonance with nature, and with human experience. There are in our *natural* affairs, instances of joy having killed, what the effect, then, will be in *Spiritual* matters, we may easily conjecture, on the minds of the *many*, when the *full tide of spiritualism* is "let go," or in other words, when the "light of the *truth* shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the deep."

Now I have introduced these letters, just to show how *literally* Scripture, in this instance, is fulfilled—as for the parties themselves, the young man and adult gentleman, two more *quiet*, and apparently *amiable* individuals, I never met or conversed with; but they are under the influence of this “Spirit,” which just leads them captive at its will: and my motive for bringing forward this correspondence is, just to show, they are not mere *words*, when people write, and talk about a “Spirit;” but that they really do exist, and are of that kind, St. Paul tells us, we are to “*try*.” Well, I replied to these letters in the best way that I was able, avoiding as much as I possibly could, giving offence, therefore I determined, let it end as it might, to conduct the correspondence coolly, and *respectfully*.

It may turn out, that I *coquetted* with them, (for I admit I had an ultimate object in view) and therefore, it was not a matter of surprise to me, when I received a letter from them, informing me, they were coming to Norwich, purposely to see me. Now this was a great compliment to pay me certainly, to say the least of it, as the distance was 250 miles, they would have to travel, and as they travelled “*first class*,” and lodged at A 1 apartments, it (if any thing) was calculated to give me a vast idea of my own importance. Well, they came and called upon me (but it was not a case of “*Veni, Vidi, Vici*,” for I was unpolite enough to leave them to find me out, not so much as going down to the Railway Station to meet them), and I afterwards passed the evening with them at the Norfolk Hotel, heard all they had to say, and formed my own conclusions; what *immediate* object they could have in coming all that way to see me, I could never discover, but they said they went *where the Spirit*

told them, for on the following evening, they returned to London, and proceeded to Southampton, from whence I had another letter, acquainting me, they would sail on the morrow for America. So far, then, I had not exactly “resisted” them, for they both said, all they wanted to do, was to impress the minds of the people, that this “Shiloh,” was the *immediate forerunner* of Christ’s second coming, and as I then thought, and still think, a very singular doctrine for the *devil* to *teach*; therefore heard their arguments, and listened to the *more* than wonderful manner in which they had been “visited;” and furthermore accepted their offers of assistance, to circulate my book in America.

Well, the last letter I received from this gentleman, was dated New York, November 8th, 1853, from which the following is an extract:—

I have read the “Dream” with much interest, and wonder that so few are ready to give credit to the true origin of such demonstrations. Should you need it, I will send you some money to publish your key, with the letters of “Shiloh,” and will, if needful, advance you the money requisite to defray your expenses over here, as I notice that you are desirous of occupation in this country.

Now this was a thing I had not *asked* him for, although it was the very thing I *wanted*; and for which I had been all along *praying* might come. I therefore thought I would “*try the Spirit*” further, and wrote, thanking him sincerely for his offer, and that I would borrow of him the sum requisite, to carry out my design, in first-rate style and repay him. Well, the *trial* was rather too much for him, for not a word up to this period have I received in reply.

Now, whether it was "*him*," "that man," or "He, she, or it," "that *Spirit*" which prompted these *offers*, I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind, that it is a *lying* one, therefore I am very glad I was led to act as I did, with respect to them, for I believe them to be of that class Paul writes of in "Timothy," 1st epistle and 4th chapter, "in the last times," as "*giving heed to seducing Spirits, and doctrines of devils*," or in other words, they are led by one of those he speaks of in the Ephesians. "Our wrestling," Paul says, "is not with flesh and blood," (the *ἐπιγείοι*, or terrestrial combinations), "but *πρὸς τὰς ἀρχάς, πρὸς τὰς ἐξουσίας, πρὸς τοὺς κοσμοκράτορας τοῦ σκότους τούτου, πρὸς τὰ πνευματικὰ τῆς πονηρίας ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις*."* (Literally, against principalities, against powers, against the cosmocrats of this darkness, against the "pneumatics" of wickedness† among the celestials.)

Most likely they looked upon me as a *proud man*; for I said very little. If they did, I cannot help it, but my impression is, pride, if any existed, was with them, for they wanted to be noticed, and I did not: any way, the young one, not ten minutes after our first interview, discovered there was "something very wicked about the place," and was inclined to go back again, by the next train, but they waited till next day, *Sunday*; during which, they perambulated the city, without visiting a place of worship of any kind, Shiloh's mission being as he said, to upset all Priests, Prelates, Bishops, and other ecclesiastical functionaries; and I come to the conclusion, that as they have not been able to

* Eph. vi., 12.

† He charges his own Angels with folly.

effect that object here, they are gone to see what can be done with the profligate New Yorkers.

Now as I certainly do not *intend* to follow this "calling" as a trade, that is to say, a *book-making* trade of it, I would, at the risk of being thought too much like Paganini, for instance, say all that I think I have to say upon this matter *now*. If I ever see a reason hereafter, to alter the views I take of it now, a very few words will effect it, and which I shall not hesitate to do, and publish, for one moment. Dr. Ashburner did me the favour, to pass an opinion upon my work, doubtless a very hasty one, in which he says, I have allowed a subject to dwell upon my mind, that I ought to have dismissed altogether; and further recommends me, to place myself under some able *mesmerist*, for three, or four hours a day, for as many months. The impression upon my mind is, that I require nothing of the sort: the only teaching in my opinion, that is at all applicable to the peculiarities of my case, I think, is the teaching of the *Holy Ghost*; and if that does not send "mesmerism," "clairvoyance," and "electro-biology" on a *flying* "mission," I am under a very great delusion indeed.

I have set myself to reason on these things, and in array against similar things to them, as it were, against the faculties of men and systems that have grown to a great head, become recognised by heads and rulers of scientific institutions, and I *challenge* them to analyze my two works, and if they can detect any attempt on my part at deception, attach me of it at once, boldly and openly. What I have written, is only in keeping with that which I have done all my life long, so far as I can remember—a desire to benefit others. It is a great demand to make, on the credulity of mankind

generally, I admit; also, that they should believe me to have been of such a philanthropic disposition, to sacrifice myself for the advantage of other people; but it is so, nevertheless; those who *best* know me and my circumstances, know it is the *fact*, although the benefitted parties, won't, and do not, admit it. I may say, so far as my experience serves me, it seems to be a *principle* of human nature, not to acknowledge an obligation. I take the case of a man, whose interest has been my study for years, I support him through difficulties, stand between him and pressing creditors, by taking the responsibility of the whole of his pecuniary affairs upon my own shoulders, and eventually extricate him; he treats me with sullen, silent disdain: I take another, and by a "management" an *honest lawyer* (and I am not such a curmudgeon as to think there are not many like them, and not of the *finny* class, sharks), calls "wonderful," save him from *irretrievable* ruin, and bankruptcy; and he literally *persecutes* me, with the most scurrilous abuse, and would, if the eye of the law were not upon him, give *striking* proof of his ingratitude: * another whom I have established in a business, that has made him respected, and respectable, tells me coolly and with most barefaced effrontery, he considers himself under no obligation to me whatever: again one presents himself, whom I have brought up, educated, clothed,

* The brother of our excellent Chief Magistrate, can give some interesting particulars of this *petite affaire*, if he likes; for although the remembrance of it causes me to *sigh* over "man's ingratitude," the occurrences, frequently create a smile, at the complete *hors de combat* position, in which the "management" of it placed others, who thought they could do whatever they pleased with the "poor fellow"—I say poor fellow, for in a matter of physical strength, there are few can touch him; but in a case of the kind alluded to, he is the merest *whimpering child* imaginable.

supported, till he could support himself, paying all his debts in the mean time, and when he has it in his power to assist me, turns upon me and overwhelms me in the sea of humility into which I have fallen, by making me the subject of a subscription list; defying me to my teeth, the payment of a just debt. Again, I put another in possession of the means, whereby he makes himself a handsome yearly income, *which could not by possibility have come, through any other instrumentality than my own*; and having secured it, tells me to my face, he *hates* me, and wishes he had never set eyes upon me.

All this is very terrible to think upon. Something there must be in me, that is egregiously *wrong*, or I do not properly understand what is *right*;* for they are burthens I must bear, and not complain, because it is God's *chastening*. If any of these parties, whom the "cap" may "fit," feel aggrieved, or in doubt about it, let them come to me, and I will answer them in the same language, *Nathan* used to *David*, in the parable of the pet lamb.

But I am not alone in these disheartening things. I have no doubt were I to *search*, I could add many an instance to this black catalogue, of the truth of what I say seems to be a *principle*. They seem to have been *taught* "Never acknowledge an obligation." The Lord preserve me from such a heart, and forgive them, even as I do.

Few men do these things, without some *selfish* motive, or other; I am not exempt from such a charge, for I was always "puffed up," with the idea, I could not only help others, but I could help myself at the same time; and the

* The marvel of all this ceases when it is written "And ye shall be betrayed by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends."—Luke xxi., x.

result has proved, that I over-rated my abilities. It may be the same in this instance, in the desire that I have to make these things known, and believed in; there is a spirit within me, buoys me up with the hope, I shall be saved from the consequences of so doing; for it is not wholly without fear, I do these things, and it may also be, I may find great reason to regret having gone so far as I have. But I find it altogether impossible to refrain from the attempt to make *everything*, as intelligible, to other people, as they have been made to me; especially when I feel so convinced in my own mind, that **AT THIS VERY TIME**, the powers of Heaven, of Earth, and of Hell, are all three *fearfully* engaged in the combat. It is a far more fearful fight, in its consequences, than is now raging before the walls of Silistria, or Sebastopol: and if this book does not give the evidences of it to the Reader, great is his spiritual darkness.

If, on the one hand therefore, as regards worldly matters, I have not hesitated to jeopardize myself, in name, and fame, in character, station, and circumstances, that others may be benefitted, so now neither do I hesitate, to risk my own position hereafter, because “**I KNOW** that my Redeemer liveth.”

And as I have elsewhere written, when the light of Truth had not broken in upon my understanding,—“**LET THE MULTITUDE LIVE IF IT BE ATTENDED WITH INDIVIDUAL SACRIFICE,**” so now do I say, **LET NOT THE YEAR 1872 FIND YOU, READER, UNABLE TO SAY, I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.**

It is the utmost stretch of limitation I can take, to write, or to speak, for those asterisks * * * * speak terrible things to me, in page 50, whether it be *imagination*, or not; and

will continue so to do, let me be wheresoever I may, no matter what the nature of the *excitement* is, which may be going forward.

I would still add, that *not for all there is in the world*, would I have *that period* arrive, and not have the *knowledge*, that *my* Saviour lived, to make intercession for me, *were I the READER*. If this, therefore, is not speaking clear enough, and loud enough, *I have done*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FAST DAY.

YESTERDAY was the day set apart for "humiliation and fastings," by the nation at large, on account of this war, of which now nearly four years since, I was, by the means set forth in this book, made as thoroughly acquainted, as those now actively engaged in it, and I also believe, I know by the same agency, what will be the result of it; certain it is, I prophesied of it, and spoke of it, as an event sure to take place, but with no other means of knowing than was shown me in this "Vision," and told me by "*The Voice*;" it may, therefore, be reasonably supposed, that I have not felt, a little only, interested, but very greatly so, how the matter is treated of, by the various clergymen in London, and the country. The "Times" newspaper has very admirably facilitated the gratification of this desire, and amongst those most engaging my attention, are those of Dr. Cumming, of London, and the Rev. William Robbins, of Norwich, because their sermons, more than any others, and the texts they have chosen, are more adaptable to the present crisis, than (as I conceive it), any others I have as yet read. The latter gentleman, in his calm, and almost conversational style of address, took his text from Daniel, 9th chapter, and 6th verse, "Neither have we hearkened unto thy servants,

the prophets, which spake in thy name, to our kings, our princes, and our fathers, and to all the people of the land," wherein he clearly showed, from the former and latter prophecies, of that wonderful man ("greatly beloved"), that they are being fulfilled in this present time; God working by man's agency, the foretold extinction of Mahommedanism, and the rise and progress of the fourth kingdom, in the apostate Church of Rome, typified in the figure, by the toes of iron, and of clay, yet to be broken into pieces and scattered to the four winds of heaven; also evidencing the "falling away first," to precede the second coming of Christ, in glory, to judge the quick and the dead. The learned "Doctor's" discourse, from the report, was more practical, as he brought the matter more home to the present time; and as a matter of course, the reporter, whoever he was, has in a rather flippant manner, introduced the remark with a gratuitous, "*as usual*" "The Doctor commented upon the Millennium, &c." Now why should this be? Why should Dr. Cumming not only provoke such a remark, and at the same time show there is not a man in London, who can gather together such a congregation as he can, and does? Not standing room even; and as for a "sitting," it is not to be had in his chapel, unless applied for a long period before obtained; this I know from experience. It certainly is not because Dr. Cumming is a very splendid *orator*; nature, in this respect, has not done much for him, for at a distance he is difficult to be heard distinctly; the slight touch of the northern accent, strikes the ear sometimes a little discordantly, to the *Southron*; and his manner is as quiet and persuasive as it is possible for a man to be. I have heard it said, over and over again,

that his sermons *read* much better than his delivery of them would lead a person to suppose—and it is so—then why is it, he should stand thus so conspicuous? I tell you, my reader, it is because he meets the question as it ought to be met; it is because he has been touched by a live coal, from the altar of God.

The Lord has done much for him, and made him more acquainted with “coming events,” than many others of his profession. The people hear, and they admit the truth of his doctrine, and his inferences—when I say “the people,” I must be guarded; for “the people” as yet, do not believe the terrible day of the Lord God Almighty is near at hand; and especially that class of writers who indulge in the “as usual the Doctor,” when they animadvert, either upon his writings, or his lectures; but it is gaining ground amongst “the people;” and the reverend doctor is *pre-eminently* an instrument, in God’s hands, for disseminating the same, nevertheless he does not escape, either the pen or the tongue of the scoffer.

It has often struck me, what kind of an opinion “the people” of old had, when, for instance, “Noah” would be standing by the side of the ark, he and his sons were building; and perhaps might be led by the “Spirit” to address the few curious “people” who might be gathered round him on a fine sun-shiny morning, and ask him, what he was building that great unseemly looking thing for? in a spot, perhaps, wholly remote from a sea or a river. I can fancy what their reply would have been, or was, when he told them the truth. What difference is there in human nature now? Can we feel surprised that men should curl the lip, elevate the eye brow, shrug the shoulder,

point significantly with the finger to the *brain*? And yet the two cases are analagous in one respect—Noah foretold the drowning of the world, excepting himself and eight persons; “Dr. Cumming” foretells the *destruction* of the world, and all those who believe not, in the Lord Jesus Christ—and I say he is right—and how say you, do *you* know he is right? My book answers for me, my *pen* is *my* tongue; “the sweet singer of Israel” made his *tongue* HIS pen: would that it were my great gift, and that my voice might be heard to earth’s remotest bounds, to preach the glad tidings of salvation, and the second coming of our great Lord and Master, Christ; for so sure as we are now upon earth, this day of humiliation, and fasting, and prayer, is commemorative of the *fulfilling* of the prophecies of God’s holy word; the extinction of Mahommedanism, and the downfall of Romanism; which will be assisted by the effects of this struggle amongst all the nations of the earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

I WOULD just add, by way of conclusion—in which it may be discovered as Johnson said of his “*Rasselas*,” nothing is concluded—that for more reasons than one, I have made in London, and the neighbourhood, a *personal canvass* for subscribers to *this* work; one in particular, which was, the silence observed in not replying to my circular, by some parties, who I knew could very well afford it, and whom I knew to be well versed in the doctrines of Christianity. The interviews brought the explanation—my “circular had been laid aside, and in the hurry of business, forgotten;” but in respect of any doubt I might have formed of the impressions they had received from the perusal of the work this is intended to illustrate, they were dissipated in a moment, and all throughout that canvass, with a few trifling exceptions, I may say I was received with a cordiality truly gratifying. Some there were, doubtless, amongst so great a number who would “think about it,” the meaning of which I could perfectly understand; others who really “did not require a ‘key,’” they “perfectly understood and accepted the ‘lock,’” all of which, was, of course, very pleasing to me. But the ordeal was a very trying one, especially amongst those in the height and hurry of business, in their magnificent palaces. I could read all they would

say in the searching glance they instituted, peering at me from beneath their eyelids, as though they looked on something more than human, or what is worse, less than human, by intellect. It really is no matter of wonder to me they should so think, for everything round and about them speaks so triumphantly to their minds, of *lasting* prosperity and happiness, that for any man to stand forth and proclaim the time as near at hand, when all that at present seems bright and lasting, must fade and die away, they should doubt his sanity; and the more especially when that one is, or was, one of their own body, intimately acquainted with all the ramifications of trade, its nature, and its obligations; still, assisted by the presence of a power I cannot explain, all this "cynosure of eyes," and occasional *brusque* remarks, I bore quietly, trusting to the firm and increasing conviction in the *truth* of all I have written and said.

Notwithstanding, I did meet with some who tried my temper very much indeed; but thank God I was able to keep the bile down, and give expression to my thoughts aloud, in the roar of the Cheapside omnibuses, hurting no man's feelings that I am aware of, with one or two exceptions, which, if I name now, is only that a lesson may be gathered from them for the many. A very old chum that I had "on the road," now fast waning away, but still "sticking" to his occupation, met me with the very flippant remark of, "Oh, all humbug." "Books! why a relation of mine died the other day and left me a whole library of his—Books! I wish he'd left me the money they cost him; no, I don't want no books." I could not have helped it, if it had cost me a *kick*, for I looked at him, as I

sometimes can look when a leetle ruffled, and said, "excuse me, I think Murray's Grammar would be very serviceable to you, good morning."

Another of a very different tribe condescended to argue; "when would Mr. Frank Starr return to the occupation his talents and abilities (!) had fitted him for, and not waste the best years of his life in carrying out a mistaken view of mission for commission?" He spoke feelingly, for the varied nature of my "abilities" (that's "humbug" if you like) had enabled me to put hundreds into his pocket, although the business was totally out of my line, but as a traveller I filled up every crevice, drapers, upholsterers, hatters, tailors, innkeepers, tobacconists, all came within my several "callings," and I have no doubt my worthy friend had not forgotten my hand writing, and liked it better in MS. than in print. He did argue with me, fairly, and listened to me in reply, but he said enough to make me feel very angry, for he "could not suppose God would use such means, and such instruments, as myself and others, to whom my work alluded; moreover, the prophets of the present day were assuming to themselves a position they had no *right* to hold." "There was the Bible," said he, "and we had no right to take it up for the purpose of 'prying' into it," and suiting the action to the word, he took up a letter lying on his desk, and looking into it, after the manner of that worthy lady, Mistress Heukbane and her amiable friend Mistress Mailsetter, the faithful post-mistress of Fairport—(two worthy representatives of mother Eve, whom we read of in "The Antiquary")—he declared his conviction, that not only "Dr. Cumming," but all others who did so, were "impiously" engaged; and as for

the "author of the Coming Struggle!" he would like to tar and feather him, throw him over Westminster bridge, and see if he would *swim*!

I could not help laughing, as I do now, at the recollection of it, because I firmly believe the time will come, when he will not only *think* differently, but *know* differently, for in my experience of his acquaintance, I have no other reason than to speak *gratefully* of him. At present my impression of his religious views, are, that they are more akin to those of ———, whom "John Bunyan" speaks of in his "Pilgrim's Progress;" and I can tell him *this*, that there is more *religion* dressed up in rags, now walking in London, than there is dressed up in canonicals or "satin slippers."

I told him a circumstance connected with my "visitation," which I cannot publish, and as he *knew* I would not tell a falsehood, I believe it staggered him; for he had premised that the "Dream" had nearly driven him "mad," in fact that he was "mad for a fortnight"—(no very strong recommendation of the book to any body by the bye). Well, my advice to him, is, to read it again and again, after he has read this, and I am inclined to think he will come to the conclusion that God is "no respecter of persons," and there is *no* place in which he will not deign to dwell, however humble, and however seemingly inappropriate, *even in the parlour of a poor publican*.

Now, as to whether my friend was correct, or not, in designating it a mistake on my part, having a "mission" to perform instead of a "commission," it would not, perhaps, be disadvantageous to pursue for a few minutes, the train of thought it brings with it. I am quite willing to admit, that the arguments he brought to bear against me, were of

a very powerful nature; and the more so, as that I knew him to be a man of considerable powers of mind, one who had also read much, and from whom I never, that I am aware of, left his society without adding somewhat to my little store of learning. He had read the published works of "Edward Irving," which I had not done, and gave me an account of visions he had had, and from which, he (like myself in a measure) argued, that he was called to a "*mission*." Well, he executed that "*mission*" in the best way that he could, and my friend admitted that he had done "good;" but notwithstanding, he would have it that it was all "*imagination*," and *per se* that *mine* was the *same*.

Well, he supplied me with the only answer I can give to him, and all other similar philosophical reasoners. I asked, in reply to his objections, did you ever *see* "*imagination*?" or did you ever *hear* imagination?" because all that I have written as having heard, and seen, I *did* hear and see. Then the question is, for what *purpose* were these things shown me? to write upon? Why if it does not clearly intimate a *mission*, what *does* it intimate? Here am I in full health and vigour of mind and body, perfectly aware that my time can be far more profitably employed in a pecuniary sense of the word, you yourself would not hesitate to place a "*commission*" in my hands, by which I could earn more money in *one month*, than I am likely, or expect to make, by books in *twelve*, with infinitely less trouble and anxiety, and yet I do not avail myself of the offer, because I do not consider my mission accomplished. Why do I not abandon it to its fate, and satisfy myself with having done enough, and pursue more profitable employment? because it *is* a mission, and neither more nor less

than a mission, and one you will do well to take heed to. Bear this saying well in mind, "*all are not Israel who are of Israel,*" and with such signs and wonders, and realization of prophecies before you, as are at this moment going forward to their completion, well will it be for you if you feel the witness within you, that "the Spirit bears witness with *your* spirit," that you are *accepted* of Christ; for if you do *not* feel it, your chance is but a poor one in the "Good Time Coming." A Mission! why what is *Sheridan Knowles'* but a Mission? Instead of writing for the Stage, he is now preaching the Gospel of Salvation by the Cross of Christ,—He preached last Sunday, April 2nd, from the pulpit of the Rev. W. Brock. Do you suppose he does this, because it is more profitable to him? Assuredly not; it is the "love of Christ constraining him," and he *thinks*, it is the best way, in which he can repay, or make some slight return, for the *love* "JESUS" has manifested for him. At all events, when such men as him, are "called out" of a prominent walk, in (to say the least) a *greatly diverging* line, to such a work as the propagation of the Gospel of CHRIST; depend upon it, it is for an *especial purpose*, which is "a *Mission.*" No man can find fault, with the writings, or plays of Mr. Knowles, for the high moral tone, that pervades them for the most part; but all that high moral tone, is tending to a dependence upon "*works,*" and not looking for pardon, through the atonement made by CHRIST *crucified* for sins. Sheridan Knowles sees this now; he did not see it, when he made "Virginius" his own avenger; but it has not been from *reading*, that he has acquired it, it is the peculiar gift of God himself. And if you have not this *sight*, the fault remains with *you*—you have not asked for it *properly*—"Ask

and you shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you." "Behold I stand at the door, and knock." And as Tupper beautifully observes—

"Prayer is the Golden Key that opens the Wicket of Mercy."

"Well," says my friend, after I had finished my harangue, "I see my arguments wo'nt stop you from *publishing*, therefore put me down as a subscriber." "Of course not," said I, "nor any one else, that I am at present acquainted with." And so we parted, after an acquaintance of nearly a dozen years; but it was the only *real* opposition, I met with, throughout my *canvass*; it will furnish us *both* with a lesson, how it should happen, that he should be in so singular a minority, against so large a number?

He moreover intimated, notwithstanding all I had written to the contrary, that I knew very well the word "Millenium" meant "a Thousand Years," and he judged so, doubtless, from his intimate acquaintance with me, and my acquirements, such as they are. Now strange as it may seem, at the time I now write, I have no other authority than his own, that this is the literal translation of the word; for I have not so much as looked into a Latin dictionary to ascertain, although I *do* know that "*Mille*" in French, means One Thousand, and which I take to be derived from the Latin, therefore if it does really mean, "One Thousand Years," let him once again peruse that portion of the Dream, which treats of the word, and apply it with the additional force, this further explanation must give to it, as applicable to the circumstances there narrated. And I offer this as another proof, that I seldom or ever spoke with him, without as I before stated, leaving him a wiser man, than I met

him. If he will not accept this as evidence, then I most respectfully, but at the same time very firmly, tell him, that he lies, under a very great mistake.

Another of the expostulatory genus has addressed me, "Why, what do you make all this fuss about a book *for*? What do you expect to get by it, you say it's a bad *trade*, why don't you give it up? People won't thank you for disturbing their minds I dare say, and you say yourself you don't expect any benefit from it in another world, about which you know no more than I do, what can induce you to carry it on against the stream in the way you are doing, is I must say a puzzle to me." Well, I said to him, did you ever read John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*? What was it made that man persevere against all kind of opposition think you? to write as he did in a prison, and with little prospect of ever getting out again? Do you think he was without a feeling towards his fellow creatures, that was not tainted with a *sordid* motive? because if you do, I think to the contrary. My opinion is, that when he began to write, he had no other object in view, than to enlighten his fellow man. Now, strange as it may appear to you, that's *my* object, and I don't expect to gain by it, either here, or hereafter; although it *is* written, "Their works do follow them." "Well," says my friend, "I don't mind helping *you*, but if you ar'nt 'cracked' my name is not ———, and yet to hear you talk and see you act, if *you* are mad, I don't know where we are to go for sane men."

And thus it is, I have had to beat my way throughout a personal canvass, which, on the whole, perfectly satisfies and re-assures me, if assurance were required, in addition to those "experiences," which have not left me one single

day since I heard "*The Voice*" say, "*This shall be the sign between thee and me, and in this way will I speak with thee when thou dost address me; be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.*"

But because I thus reason, it is not to be inferred that I look for any reward in consequence of my perseverance in bringing out this work, in spite of the sea of opposition that has been brought to bear against me; far from it, I neither ask it or do I expect it, because nothing but the finished work of Christ himself, can atone for sins. All that man *does*, avails him nothing, not even if he gives his body to be burned. It seems a strange doctrine to hold forth to a man who does not see Christ as he is, "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," for he would immediately turn round and say, "then where is the use of my doing any good at all?" "What's the use of my charity to this, and that Institution?" Not an atom of use, if, (mind the *if*) if, it is done to make atonement to God for your sins. God has declared his acceptance of one atonement, and one only, and that atonement is Christ. *Dr. Johnson*, on his death-bed, gave a lively instance of this. No man can dispute the high moral standard of his "works;" but they failed to bring him that "peace" of mind, his friends, who surrounded him in his last days, were desirous of imparting to him, by referring him to what he had *done*. "Yes," he said, "He knew what he had done in that respect, but would God be satisfied?" So he sent for theological men, and they reasoned with him, but all in vain, he was unhappy, till he remembered a plain, simple sermon he once heard from a preacher, but little known or noticed; he sent for him, but he declined to attend, and

merely sent on a slip of paper, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." It brought a gleam of hope to the poor dying "*Doctor*," and he sent again, *urgently* desiring to see him, but the same reply came; and thus, being left entirely to himself, without the aid of man, he prayed the "Holy Spirit" to reveal the "Lamb" to him, and his prayer was answered. Therefore you see in this instance, that "works" are not to be relied on, in a dying hour, or this strong minded man had plenty to refer to.

Thus far, then, I have earnestly endeavoured to execute my mission, and have now little else to do, than to take my farewell of those friends, who have thus kindly assisted me in my efforts. The object I desired to accomplish, has been fully obtained, and if, in placing these matters on record, I have given offence to any whom I have applied to for help, I am most sincerely sorry for it. I look upon it as a mission, especially to those with whom, in bygone years, I have associated; for most assuredly, without their aid, I could not possibly have accomplished the object. I would, for many reasons, have been glad, had the effort been more immediately successful, but like the "*great battle*" *yet to be fought*, the *issue* of these publications has yet to be ascertained—I *shall not neglect my offspring*, and hereafter, under a more prosperous personal regime, they may re-appear in a more profitable manner—for the present, I am happy in being able to say, that very few to whom I was *personally known*, have refused to assist when I made the application; but the nature of publication is such, that it requires very extensive auxiliaries to arrive at profitable results. This, so far as it affects *me*, is a matter of very small import; I had hoped by its agency, to have worked myself into that

position, that would have enabled me to appear once more on the same stage, so many years of my life had been passed, and to do that, it was *necessary* to release myself from a *direct* feeling of obligation.

This, I thought, might have been accomplished by a presentation to the *school*, although *no time* will ever obliterate from my memory, the *sense* of it, to the commercial body generally. I allude more particularly to the period of my immediate return from America, when an appeal was made to you, without my knowledge or sanction, by one who had it in his own power to prevent it; indeed I may say, there was no *necessity whatever* for the proceeding; had he acted *at the time* as he was afterwards *forced* by a legal application; in a word, had he paid me that which was my *right*, and which he *afterwards* paid to my assignee (Mr. R. B. Scott, to whom I refer for the truth of that which I now assert), no such application would have been made to the "body;" for it is a singular fact, the amount he had to pay, was within one sovereign of that I received, through the agency of that application.

It would have been miserable pride, and folly, under that humiliation, to have refused the offer afterwards made, to place my son in your institution; I accepted it, with the melancholy hope my fortunes would yet mend, and instead of being a recipient of that charity I had myself been actively engaged in forming, I might repay tenfold; hitherto that sweet hope has been denied me—my spirits became broken, and but for my stout hearted little friend R. B. S., nothing earthly could have saved me. I had received the last blow, dealt by the hand of *ingratitude*, and all I wished for, was to die, little knowing then what death was. But it pleased

God to raise me up a friend in Mr. S.,* and by his aid, I was enabled to keep alive a *nucleus*, from which "hope's never-dying embers" faintly emitted, one glimmering ray—through his instrumentality, the flame revived, till it became too serious a matter to ask his further assistance; under those circumstances, I placed the trade he had enabled me to keep together, in the hands of others. I was sorry it necessitated me to leave his hospitable roof, but so it was, and the immediate result was, I became once again a "traveller" in the home department.

I knew, and felt it to be a forlorn hope, I was set upon, even in an "*undermining*" system, but I undertook it, principally for this reason; it was *said*, that I could not travel again, that in fact I could not obtain another engagement, and the *meaning* that *saying* conveyed, I determined to give a decisive negative to. I did so, but although I experienced at the hands of all my old friends, the heartiest reception, and every possible sympathy, I could not hold my head up as I wanted—indeed as I had done, and moreover as I could see very clearly it was impossible to make the home trade pay, and the foreign also, I was right glad when an excuse was made to give the country trade up. The object I had in engaging in it at all, was obtained, and although hitherto I have failed to realize what I *ought* to have done, the day will come when I shall have full compensation.

I have deemed it only fair, to give this hasty epitome, as an act of justice to myself and children, and an act of duty I owe towards you, who have so generously assisted me; it

* "*Fiat justitiæ ruat cælum.*"

is but an imperfect outline of facts, but still enough in it I trust, with what I have in another work enigmatically written, to satisfy those of my friends who have generously taken up cudgels in my defence, when I have not been present to defend myself.

There are always two sides to a question, my enemies and slanderers have had their *say*. I have not been able to speak, but by my *pen*; there is this difference, their words pass away, leaving their sting behind; mine are lasting, tangible and in form, let them be disproved if untrue. I am not afraid of the truth, and I only regret, nay more, I deeply deplore, I cannot at present tell the *whole* truth, in reference to my *commercial* career, but if I live I most assuredly will, and we shall then be able to see what is meant by the words, "Defend my cause against ungodly people, oh, deliver me from the *deceitful* and *unjust* man;" words that were brought to my notice, in a way, *quite as remarkable and marvellously, as any single circumstance* I have employed my pen upon, or troubled you to read; which I shall set before you as a plain matter of fact, some time or other, for you to accept or repudiate; and not as "*Mr. Beecher*" would call it an "*emanation of the mundane imponderable*." Every *fact* and *figure*, connected with the *dishonest* and *heartless* transaction, will I one day make as public as is this declaration, whether by so doing I speak evil of "*dignities*" or not.

It may appear in this attempt to set myself right in the eyes of the world, that my object is to obtain the praise and approbation of *men*. I have no such object, I am not insensible to the esteem of my fellow man, and especially those with whom I have associated; but my object in thus

alluding to past circumstances, is of a very different nature. I have two sons at present, I may have more, and it is not given me to know, (for I at present “*know* only in part”) in what sphere they may hereafter move; it is possible in the same sphere I myself moved, for so long a time. They may probably hear my name mentioned, and I wish them thus to have the opportunity of saying, that there is not one circumstance, connected with their father’s commercial career, which he did not wish, nay, earnestly desire, every man might be as thoroughly acquainted with as he himself was; and that he sought every opportunity to make them so, but for want of means, was baffled. And I write this now, expressly for that purpose, if, in the future, (when I can *smile* at the law of libel) I should be prevented making it still more clear than it now is, that *I* have not been the author of the miserable grievances I have had to contend with—and this I shall most assuredly attempt when I can see my way clear to do it *effectually*; not by any means in a spirit of revenge, but that my children may know *I* have not been the cause of their privations and sufferings, and my friends be satisfied, I have not brought these calamities upon myself through want of attention to matters of business; for had my affairs been *honestly* conducted by those I left in charge of them, and the result of my efforts *afterwards*, *honourably* and *honestly*, according to *agreements* discharged, no such thing as a claim upon charity, or generosity, would ever have been made on my behalf.

And now, gentlemen, let me entreat of you to bear with me and my “infirmities” a little longer, whilst I thank you most sincerely for the manner in which you have accompanied me upon this long journey. Almost to a man those

upon whom I had fairly *calculated* would support me, have done so throughout ; those who started with me are still my companions at the close. Four years will have run their course since I first made application to you, and during that period, some among the exceptions have gone the long road whence no man returns. They now know whether I am right in the doctrine I have endeavoured to teach ; they were your companions, and friends, as they were mine, but they come not back to us, to tell us the road they went. We have "Moses and the *prophets*," and if we believe not *them*, we should not believe though we *were* to see one of those to whom I have alluded ; or if any were to *see*, or had really the power of "discerning spirits," he would not be believed, it would be set down as "hallucination" or "delusion." Let this argument rest. I have seen such things (even since I have been in London to solicit your support), that were I to tell you over again, I very much question whether you would not entertain the same opinion of me. They in a measure guide me, but they are not for publication, or to guide you.

As a "*prophet*," I cannot say that I come before you, because that of which I tell you has been prophecied, ever since the foundation of the world ; nay, we are justified in saying, before man was created of the dust of the earth. The only thing I can "add" is, that I firmly believe, not only this Vision, but other things occurring before your eyes, defying the skill of the naturalist, or the philosopher, to trace their authenticity, are to intimate, or convey to you, the "GREAT CHANGE" is near at hand. I have exhausted every argument that I can make use of, to *prove* the same, and I much fear, more to your wearisomeness, than to your pleasure, or your profit.

But I cannot thus take my final leave of you in the character of an author, without thus most warmly expressing, my hearty thanks, to so great a number of private friends, as have borne with me, throughout these nearly 1000 pages of closely written matter. There will come a time when the secrets of all hearts will be known; it will be as clearly pronounced what *motive* I have had in *writing*, and what *motive* you had in *assisting* me, as will be the sentence upon each of us. May the Lord in his great mercy grant, that we may have nothing to answer in that day, in respect of these publications, of which we shall be ashamed.

I now very respectfully bid each of you farewell, my mission is ended; I should look upon it as impertinent, again to address a book to you, specifically, upon a subject on which there will be a difference of opinion, so long as the world stands; what I have said, has been in the sincerity of my heart, that it should produce in you a corresponding *belief*, the circumstances have produced in me: if I have failed, my hope is not the less ardent, that when this warfare is ended, each of us may experience that blessed reality, where raging foes create no rude alarms, nor the long rest from care is broken; where unclouded suns are free from midnight shades, and where the bright noon of joy is sacred, high, and eternal.

Farewell, then, my brother travellers. Whether we meet again on earth or not, may God, in his mercy grant, that we may meet in heaven under one great *Presidency*, "JESUS," "the SHEPHERD and BISHOP of our SOULS."

FAREWELL.

May GOD in his mercy add his *blessing*—AMEN.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

THE writer of an Essay "On the Presence of Angels," has drawn the attention of the reader to the appearance of the angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem; on which occasion I should think, they presented themselves in such array, as it was impossible to mistake them for other than what they really were; viz.: a "*heavenly* host." But, in pursuance of this subject, "On the Presence of Angels," from my own experience, I cannot express myself to that extent. Excepting in the "speech" and "countenance," there was nothing about those I saw, distinguishable from mortal beings, until they themselves gave some evidences to the contrary. The same reasoning may be inferred from ancient biblical history. If we take the 17th chapter of Genesis, we find God talking with Abraham, and declaring his covenant, and promises of Isaac. Afterwards, in the 18th chapter and the 1st verse, we have it recorded, as "he," Abraham, "sat in the tent door in the heat of the day;" "he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo, *three* MEN stood by him." There does appear in this, from Abraham's conduct, in "running to meet them," and "bowing himself to the ground," that he either recognized something different in their *appearance*, or was, after what God had previously said to him, in *expectation* of some further divine message; for, he addressed them as "My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, &c." But it does not appear that Sarah, his wife, discovered any difference in them, from *her* conduct and speech.

Again, in the case of Lot, as he sat in the gate at Sodom, as we read in the 19th chapter of Genesis, and the 1st verse, "There came two *angels*, and he rose up to meet them; and he bowed himself with his face toward the ground; and he said, behold now, *my lords*, turn in, I pray you, &c." *How* it was Lot saw they were *angels*, does not

appear, but we afterwards read, in the 4th and 5th verses, "the men of the city," "compassed the house round," "and they called unto Lot, and said unto him, where are the MEN which came in to thee this night?" Then again we read at the 16th verse of that chapter, after the "morning arose," that whilst "he" (Lot) "lingered, the MEN laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters." So that it does not appear, in this instance, they had, either in *wings* or *apparel*, any distinctive emblem that they were otherwise than mortal beings.

Another case I select from Joshua, 5th chapter, and the 13th verse: when he "was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, behold, there stood a MAN over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him, and" *asked* the question "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" Now, had he presented any other *appearance* than a *man*, with a sword, doubtless he would have *bowed first*, and not left his worship, with "his face to the earth," till after he had declared himself as a "Captain of the host of the Lord."

Again, in the case of Manoah's wife, see Judges, 13th chapter;—when the angel of the Lord appeared to her, with the promise of the birth of Samson—when she made her husband acquainted with it, she gave no further intimation of his being a *heavenly* messenger, than that "his countenance was like the countenance of an angel of God, very terrible." And afterwards, when Manoah himself had prayed to God, that he might be favoured with an interview with this messenger, and God had hearkened to his prayer, that "he came again to the woman, as she sat in the field;" "and she arose, and told her husband, and he came to the MAN and said, art thou the MAN that spakest unto the woman, &c." Thus far, there was no indication *outwardly*, that he was otherwise than what he appeared to be—a MAN, until the sacrifice was offered by Manoah and his wife; when he, (the angel, or man) "*ascended in the flame of the altar.*" I have

quoted these instances, to show that there have been cases analogous to what I have herein written ; for, neither should I in all probability, have thought differently (especially at this distance of time), to their being *men*, who have thus mysteriously attended my steps ; but, from the something indescribable in their countenance, and upon which I could not stedfastly look ; and the *knowledge* that at one moment I was gazing upon what appeared from touch and sight, to be veritable flesh and blood, and bones and sinews—and in the next instant, my eyes on the same spot, were fixed upon *vacuity*.

It does not appear, upon the record itself, of the “ Presence of ” these “ Angels,” in what way they took their departure, excepting in the case of Manoah ; but I dare say there are many other instances to be found corroborative ; particularly in the 1st chapter of Luke, when Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, in the temple, and afterwards to Mary, but in what garb arrayed is not stated. I enter thus particularly into this part of the question, to meet what might be the natural surmise “ Of what are angels seemingly composed ? ” as also to bring into full force and bearing, on this point, *Paul's* advice to the Hebrews, as contained in the 13th chapter, and at the 2nd verse—“ *Be not forgetful to entertain STRANGERS : for thereby some have entertained ANGELS unawares.* ”

It is a very common saying with some people, when speaking of others, “ If ever there was an angel upon earth, he ” or *she* “ is one.” This writing may, perhaps, interfere with the negative character of that axiom : and Paul's words admitted, if mine are not as applicable *in our day and generation*.—Note copied from “ *Midsummer Mornings' Dream.* ”

F. S.

NOTE II.

THERE are many cheap publications now issuing from the press, evidently the production of *Evangelical* men, under stirring titles ; but why they are issued without the names of their several authors, is a

puzzle to me ; perhaps it can be explained by the existence of the "*Thirty-Nine Articles*." They all, however, bear upon one grand point, viz: the approaching consummation of all things. Amongst them, worthy of attentive perusal, is a pamphlet, under the title of "The Coming Time of Trouble," which I very strongly recommend to my numerous friends and subscribers.

For my own work, I may add, I am so thoroughly impressed with the nature, and *high purport* of the visitation throughout, that had I the means to do it, I would have the narrative of the occurrences printed in every language under heaven, and circulated in every corner of the earth. As it is, I shall, to the utmost extent of my ability, cause it to be published, wheresoever, whensoever, and howsoever, I may have the opportunity ; and any assistance warm-hearted Christians may feel inclined to render me, will be most *gratefully* felt, and thankfully acknowledged.

NOTE III.

THERE is another work to which I would also call the attention of *my* readers, viz.: "*The Revival of the French Emperorship*," by the *Rev. G. S. Faber* ; and if they should be, like myself, but a novice in these great matters (as to time in which I have had to make them my study), they will not fail to perceive, the *singularly corroborative* circumstances of *the Vision* ; and the declarations of "*The Voice*," with the deductions this gentleman has made, from the "*sure word of Prophecy*," whether in reference to the present war, or to the *Millennium*. It is hardly necessary for me to add, I was in entire ignorance of the existence of such truths as these, until *after* I had published my *Vision*. And this work I have only now perused (the printers waiting for this note), I may say I have made it a *point* not to study or read any works bearing upon these things, until *after* I had written all I had to say of myself ; with the view, I will frankly confess, that I might afterwards better *test* my own opinions and inferences.

And the only conclusions I can come to, are, that my own narrative sets forth in a *plain*, and unmistakeable manner, *the same events* that are coming upon the earth, without all the laboured detail of prophecies, and historical occurrences, chronologically considered, these and similar works contain; alike wearisome and difficult to bear in mind throughout, to those whose thoughts and labours have been, all their lives long (as mine have been), directed in another channel; to what *results* have yet to be ascertained.

NOTE IV.

F	L	M	N	L	W	O	L
		8	7	2	1		
		I	D	A	N		
		4	3	1	2		
		2	9	1	8		
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		2	1	4	3		
			5	8			
			2	1			
		2	3	4	1		
7	8	2	1	3	5	4	6

This prophetic diagram, it will be seen, is in the *form of a cup*, a circumstance I neither planned, nor did I notice at the time I introduced it in the former work. In one sense it is emblematic of the

humiliation it has pleased God I should experience. I have drank that cup to its dregs, not, I admit, without much wincing, and the exhibition of the feeling it has created ; it is human frailty, of which much still remains to be eradicated.

Time, and submission to the decrees of Providence, will, I trust, accomplish this ; meanwhile, the prophecies contained therein, run on to their fulfilment. The solution of them, will be found amongst my papers, when I am no more ; and then, if anything else be wanted to complete the characteristic of the work, my biographer, whosoever he or she may be, will have ample proofs, in other documents I shall leave behind.

F. S.

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LETTER TO ROBERT OWEN,
ON THE
SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS

TO HIM,

AS PUBLISHED IN
"THE SPIRIT WORLD," FOR MAY, 1853,

BEARING HIS SIGNATURE.

BY F. STARR, OF NORWICH,

AUTHOR OF

"MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM."



SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Norwich, May 31st, 1853.

TO ROBERT OWEN, LATE OF LANARK, SCOTLAND; AND
NEW HARMONY, NORTH AMERICA.

IT has ever been the rule of my life to make amends for any ungracious act I may have fallen into, at any time, with any of my fellow-men. On the first occasion of my making my appearance as an author, I took the liberty to write to you rather a strong letter in my work, entitled "Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life," in reference to the conversation we had, when we were fellow-passengers on board the "Northumberland" packet-ship, from "New York" to "London;" you then endeavoured to implant in my mind your theory of the non-existence of the body after death, whether as soul or spirit, and that "there was no God!" I was, I must say, even at that time, "horror struck," not only at the words used by you, but at the manner in which you treated the subject; not as a Christian, but as a *philosopher*. Subsequent *occurrences* to me caused me to write the letter I did to you, and publish it. My desire is, to make the "amende honorable," if I possibly can, having perused your letter, or remarks introduced in the journal called "The Spirit World," No. 1.,

P

Vol. I.; and I hope, in doing so, I may not be considered in the same light the Member of the House of Commons was, when he was called to order by the Speaker, and made to apologize. I may be a very uncharitable man, considered by many, and I dare say I am, for I find it very hard indeed to wholly forgive the injuries I have received; but I suppose I must do so before I go hence. "Yes," says my sign, but like "Joseph," (another "dreamer," many years ago), I can't forgive all at once. I must make my brethren *feel* a little, as he did, you know; he "spoke roughly to them," and although he knew them, he did not deal with them *exactly* as though they had been his brethren. He had not *forgotten* that they *sold him*, and I have not forgotten that I have been "sold;" wretchedly, miserably, ungratefully "sold;" and if I had listened to your arguments, and *acted* upon them, as once a poor fellow did in Manchester, after he had heard your lecture, I should have been sold, SOUL as well as body; for I wanted very little incitement, at that period, to put an end to myself: often thought of it; but I felt sure there was an hereafter, although you resolutely stuck to it, there was not; and so you see, I don't forget even these things, in this attempt at the "amende honorable" to you. But to your remarks; here they are:—

From a paper called "The Spirit World," May, 1853.

Published by W. R. Hayden.

"It is unavoidable that those who will not fully investigate a subject entirely new to them, and who rashly give a crude opinion respecting it, must remain incompetent to express a sound or useful judgment respecting it.

"Such has been the case with those who have yet opposed the truth of the manifestations made by the spirits of our departed relatives and friends.

"I have patiently traced the history of these manifestations, investigated the facts connected with them—testified in innumerable instances by persons of high character,—have had fourteen séances with the medium, Mrs. Hayden, during which she gave me every desired opportunity to ascertain if it was possible there could be any deception on her part.

"I asked many of the spirits of my own family, questions to test their identity; also from several of my long departed friends, and from some well-known characters known to me only by their writings, and in all these instances the answers have been true, prompt, and direct, and always rational. Incorrect, and often absurd, replies are sometimes given to strangers at the first or more interviews; but from my own experience I am induced to believe that these false replies proceed from the unprepared state of mind of the enquirers, from their desire, known to the spirits, to deceive; or from the inexperience of the questioner, how distinctly to put the questions so as to obtain correct replies.

"I am not only convinced that there is no deception with truthful mediums, in these proceedings, but that they are destined to effect, at this period, the greatest moral revolution in the character and condition of the human race; and that these wonderful manifestations are the promised second coming of Truth or Christ to the inhabitants of the earth.

"The intercourse which I have had with the spirits of members of my departed family, and others, has been of the most gratifying and delightful character.—ROBERT OWEN."

It is without any address, but I copy it from "The Spirit World," and I want to analyze it. I want to find

out, if it be possible for man to find out, whether these spirits be of God, as we are taught to do in the Scriptures. See 1 John iv., 1; for it is written that in the last days "there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."—Matt. xxiv., 24. Moreover it is further written, "*Know ye not that we shall judge angels?*"—1 Cor. vi., 3. Now I have read your remarks very carefully, and there is all that blandness of character about them, for which you are, to the casual observer, so remarkable in your conversation, &c.; and I am free to confess—with many would carry conviction, especially those who had not enjoyed the pleasure of your society, shut up in a floating citadel, on the broad waters of the Atlantic; but I *have* had that distinguished privilege, and I cannot forget those thrilling words you used to me—"There is no God!" "*there is no hereafter!*" What is it you say now? and how is it said? You recant. You say there *is* a God—the soul *does* exist hereafter. You say also that you have talked with the departed spirits of different members of your family, through another "*medium*," and also persons whom you knew only by their "*works*." I wish you had said *who* those persons were, that we might have known what kind of "*works*" they were which they wrote; for it is written, "they rest from their labours, and their '*works*' follow them." Moreover, it would have been as well to know, whether those "*spirits*," the members of your departed family, had departed this life in the faith you *taught*; for I have a strange remembrance of all you said, on board that "Northumberland," and I remember, in answer to a very godly and devout

lady, we had on board with us, you *boasted* that your children believed as *you* believed; now these are important things to know ere we can receive *your* testimony. That you have had "spiritual communion," through the "medium," I am not disposed to cavil at, or doubt; but there are certain marks about your testimony, coupled with my own "experience," and my own recollection of the scenes on board the "Northumberland," that make your testimony appear to me in a questionable light. But this is the most suspicious part of the whole letter, you say: "These wonderful manifestations are the promised second coming of truth, or Christ, to the inhabitants of the earth."

Now what do you *mean* by this? What have you introduced the little word "*or*" for? "The Spirit of Truth, or Christ" you say, "is coming to the inhabitants of the earth." Do you not know that it is written "That *no man* can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost?"—1 Cor., xii. 3. Is this doubtful intimation of your faith in Christ Jesus calculated, think you, to advance the doctrine that these "spiritual manifestations" are of God? But I forbear further questioning till I see further "manifestations" from you, or your pen; and unless I see, and am perfectly satisfied that your whole dependence and faith is upon the merits of a crucified Saviour, your advocacy of these "spiritual manifestations" is, to my mind, anything but satisfactory.

You must pardon me if I write too strongly upon this point, it is because I feel it to be a point of the greatest importance; and I tell you this, without fear of contradiction, that unless these "spirits" with whom you say you have had "communion" bring you to the knowledge of the

“truth,” as it is in *Jesus*, they are *not* of God. They *may* be the means of *leading* you to the all important and absolutely necessary conviction, viz., the *necessity* of a Mediator, a deep sense of sin; especially if you reflect upon the mischief your life and writings must have produced, in the doctrines you have promulgated, and have been the mistaken advocate of; but I do not discover this in the *feelings* that you say have been created within you by these “communions” you have had with “the departed spirits of different members of your family, and those with whom you have become familiar with, by their writings.” If they do *not* bring you to this sense of your utter unworthiness, in the sight of that God you have for so many long years denied the existence of, and the necessity of having a Saviour and Mediator between you and him; then, were I in your place, I should put about as much trust in these “spirit manifestations,” and experience about as much *happiness* from them, as “*Saul*” may be supposed to have experienced, on the occasion of “*Samuel’s*” spirit being raised by the “*witch of Endor*.” Mind me; I do not dispute the *fact* of your having had “*spiritual communion*.” I have every reason to believe you have, and I *do* believe you have; but are they of God? Shew that they are by your *acts*. Don’t throw a doubt upon the *sovereignty* of CHRIST. Don’t attempt to give his name and person another characteristic, such as the “Spirit of Truth;” but say from your *heart*, and promulgate it by such means as you have at your command, wherever your writings before have penetrated, that these “communings” have brought you to believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and that you believe God the Son, that is, *Jesus*

Christ, will “come again”—(not the “Spirit of Truth come again,”) to be our *Judge*. Do this, and I shall be much more inclined to believe the “spirits” you have communed with are the “spirits of the *blessed*,” than I am now inclined to do.

Remember this, there are two great antagonistic powers at work; the struggle is becoming stronger and stronger, every day—Christ and Anti-Christ. The power of the latter is drawing to a close, and proportionably with it, are the death-throes of a more powerful character. Remember that Satan is a fallen *angel*, of great power. Michael, the archangel, when contending with him for the body of Moses, dared not upbraid him, but said “The LORD rebuke thee.” Be ye sure he is not less vigilant *now* than he was *then*. There is not a mystery that he will not attempt to *imitate* and if possible countervail; like “Aaron’s rod,” if you have read of it, it became a serpent, *so did the magicians’*; they threw down their rods and they became serpents, to be eaten by the more powerful spirit in “Aaron’s.” So it may be now. God is pouring out his “Spirit upon all flesh,” by these extraordinary and marvellous “manifestations;” but Satan does not look on, quietly and contented. *His* spirits are abroad also, and those who, through their agency, interpret against *Christ*—no matter under what guise, or form, “*social*” or *moral*—these are they in whom the Spirit of Christ *is not*, and at the great gathering, will be found amongst those who are *without the pale*. Look to it then, seriously, for whilst writing to you, I am speaking also to others; nor would I do it, but that I believe I have *authority* so to speak and so to write. If these “manifestations” bring you to the knowledge of God, and of his Son, *as the*

Saviour of mankind, then are they of him; and you require no more *communion* with them, but to exercise yourself according to the teaching of his last will and testament, by *faith* and repentance towards God, through Jesus Christ, his blessed Son. What necessity, if these things had been *established* in you, think you, was there for fourteen “séances?” “The whole need not the physician” you will say. Well, my hope and desire is, that you may be made whole; but the “*medium*” must be CHRIST! not Mrs. Hayden.

A few more words on this “*table-moving*” mania, and I have done. I do not enter into it scientifically, as to whether it be PNEUMATIC, or APNEUMATIC; that is “*natural law with spirits*, or *natural law without spirits*,” for it is evident enough, from the accounts we are furnished with, that the phenomenon baffles the enquiries of the “*wise*.” I will, therefore, conclude it to be one of the evidences that God “hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.”—(*vide*, 1st chapter of Corinthians.) But, even with this concession, it is discernable the plan is *interfered with*; for, by their own admissions, there are “lying spirits” among them. But what, if all the tables and chairs of our Charing-Cross establishments were, by the agency of these spirits, carried into mid-air, (like Mahomet’s coffin, as it is said, between heaven and earth), and there perform to our sight, one universal polka; what would it avail, think you, if it brought not those who saw it to a sense of sin and a knowledge of Christ? I tell you *nothing*—literally *nothing*; it would only be one of the signs, that are to precede his SECOND COMING, working

with "lying wonders and all deceiveableness;" and of which there are enow already at work, to turn the thoughts of the greatest sceptic in existence.

Now farewell. May the Lord direct you, and not you *only*, but all who are making enquiries into these remarkable manifestations, to a knowledge of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

I am, yours respectfully,

F. STARR.

. *From the "Norfolk Chronicle," Saturday, June 18th, 1853.*

"We are sorry to announce that Miss C——, the young lady in Surrey Place, who was reported, some weeks ago, to have suffered from trying the 'table-moving' experiment, by means of the above agency, is much worse. *Her hands are now firmly clenched together, and it requires great force to separate the fingers, even for a moment, from the palms of her hands.*

This extraordinary affair has caused great excitement, in the medical profession."—*Morning Advertiser.*

What "*Blessed*" Spirit had any agency in producing this effect, think you?

TWENTY YEARS
OF
A TRAVELLER'S LIFE;

BY
MR. FRANK STARR, OF NORWICH.

~~~~~  
"Hope was glad in the BEGINNING, and fear was sad MIDWAY;  
But sweet fruition cometh in THE END, a harvest sweet and sure."  
~~~~~

Reviews.

"A Star of no common brilliancy, whose anecdotes and humour, and indefatigable jollity, will amply reward perusal. The genuine adventures of a Commercial Gentleman, told by one of the craft are something

'Unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,'

and lose nothing in the hands of the present chronicler. The unceasing flow of his animal spirits, and the infinite variety of situations, and incidents evidently real, which give life and vitality to every page, make the Book a MOST ADMIRABLE RAIL OR STEAM COMPANION.

"He is not without his serious and sober moments, which give a charm to the individual man; and when we say that his book is published with a charitable object, we have said enough to recommend the worthy laureate of the road."—*Globe*, September 13, 1851.

"There is a good deal of amusing *badinage*, "bagman" anecdotes, &c., &c., to be found in its pages. The objects of its publication are for so praiseworthy a purpose, we can only hope that it may fulfil the wishes of the author, two creditable purposes being served at one and the same time.

"The following is a pretty bit of picturing, "*The Swale (Richmond)*, Yorkshire." (*Here follows quotation.*) *Weekly Dispatch*, October 12th, 1851.

"Commercial Travellers are always lively; and among the whole of that remarkable body, Mr. Frank Starr is unquestionably one of the most animated. From first to last, in the original, and in many respects, extraordinary volume

before us, his abounding animal spirits hold him in good stead, and impart a most exhilarating pleasantry to each of his agreeable and very life-like descriptions. The entire narrative is the result of a long and close scrutiny of the manners of Commercial Travellers, viewed through the medium of a Commercial Traveller's habits and peculiarities. Hence it will come to many readers most welcome, and to none more so than those to whom it is particularly addressed. We accept it as the genuine expression of the feelings of the Author.

"From the very outset of his excursions to the close of them, we recognise the *verve* and enthusiasm of temperament peculiar to the class to which he belongs, and we feel assured that his volume will at once command for itself the popularity to which a perusal of it satisfies us that it is entitled.

"He passes under review the most striking scenes that he has witnessed, the most remarkable events that have occurred to him, and the different people worthy of a reminiscence whom he has met with in the course of his wanderings; and as each representative of his race passes before his imagination, he criticises them with a voluble rhetoric, a good-humoured railery, and a hearty facetiousness, which irresistibly carry you onward; * * * * *"—*Weekly Times*, Oct. 19, 1851.

The *Daily News*, of October 22nd, 1851, after some very happy remarks on Commercial Travellers, observes:—

"Hence we would scarce believe our eyes, when we opened Mr. Starr's book. Our first amazement gave vent in the verse—

'Did ever bagman write a book before?'

Disraeli and Watts say nothing of it. For a while, indeed, we feared Mr. Frank Starr was nothing but a sham. But as we read on, we soon came to the conviction that none but a veritable bagman could have written a book so free and easy, desultory, intensely anecdotic, and racily idiomatic—chokeful of story—as the volume printed and got up with Metropolitan elegance just issued from the press at Norwich. The land-lubber has too often, perhaps, since the days of Dibdin and Dr. Moore, personated the literary sailor. But we defy any man who is not a member of the craft, and initiated in that vast freemasonry, to produce anything so rich in the *vernacular*, as these lucubrations of Master Frank Starr, of Norwich. In this point of view, quite independently of its other merits, Mr. Starr's is a *most remarkable book*. It contains a larger amount of genuine provincial idiom than almost any book we could name. And it is *perfectly astounding* to see how nine-tenths of it, not

merely in words, but in modes of thought and expression, is identical with what we are so much disposed to ridicule in the Yankees and other Americans. (*Here follow some extracts.*) We like and respect the man who is what he is, intensely; and this merit Mr. Starr possesses in the highest degree. He is in soul and body, speech and demeanour, gig, box-coat, and bag, *intus et in cute*—a bagman, and nothing but a bagman, and his 30,000 brethren of the craft will fail in their duty, and forfeit much amusement of the kind most congenial to them, if they do not extensively patronize him."

From the *York Herald*, November 15th, 1851.

"We have little doubt, '*Twenty Years of a Traveller's Life*,' will meet with a very extensive circulation, for it is something out of the common way, differing from any work that has ever come under our notice. It may fairly be termed a *literary curiosity*."

"That portion of the public who love light reading will also do well to peruse it, for in it they will find no lack of *amusement in every sense of the word*."

From the *Sunday Times*, November 23rd, 1851.

"This is an agreeable gossiping work, upon all sorts of subjects. It is made up of extracts from the Journal of the Author, who is 'everything by turns, and nothing long,' and dashes on

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

with all the heartiness of a man desirous of 'getting over the ground' in a manner to please himself and gratify his readers. The work will repay perusal, and it has a special recommendation to the 'craft' as half the profits are to be appropriated to that excellent Institution, THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S SCHOOL."

MIDSUMMER MORNINGS' DREAM,

BY F. STARR,

8vo., Price Five Shillings and Sixpence.

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Orders for either of the above addressed F. Starr, Norwich, will be duly attended to.

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