

**ONLY A  
GHOST! PP. 5-42**

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Only a Ghost! pp. 5-42 by Samuel Irenæus Prime

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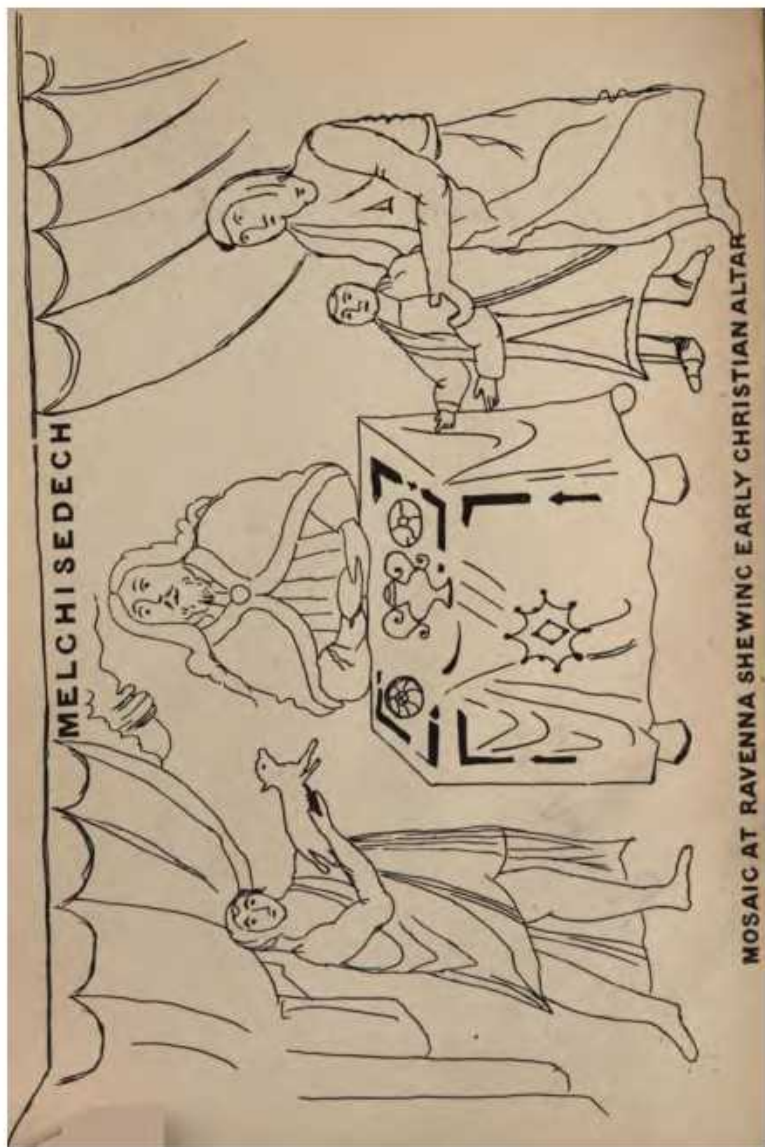
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**SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME**

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GHOST! PP. 5-42**





MELCHISEDECH

MOSAIC AT RAVENNA SHEWING EARLY CHRISTIAN ALTAR

ONLY A GHOST!

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BY

IRENÆUS THE DEACON.



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# ONLY A GHOST!

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## CHAPTER I.

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### WHY I CAME TO LONDON.

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I AM a Ghost. Reader, don't be alarmed, but nevertheless I repeat, I am a Ghost. A ghost of 1520 years' standing; for in the year 347 I was still a deacon of the Church of the Holy Cross, at Jerusalem, under the Blessed Cyril, bishop of the same. And why am I now in London? Why have I left the holy shades and the company of blessed spirits to glide about this black and by no means saintly city? Before I disappear into my peaceful abode I will place on record why I left it, and who induced me to commit such an act of folly. On his release from the flesh and his appearance in the world of spirits, the Rev. Edward Starch, Rector of Grubbington-in-the-Clay, told me that if I wished to see primitive Christianity, set forth as in the times when I lived on earth, I had only to go to Great Britain and listen

to the performance of the "incomparable liturgy" there used. Of course, as a faithful though unworthy deacon of St. Cyril's Church, I took a grave and sympathising interest in all the holy Churches over the world at all times and in all countries; and though I should have preferred visiting Jerusalem once more, or Antioch, or Constantinople, I heard the spirit of the Ancient Church was in England, and to England accordingly I went. In London I was told I should find the true spirit of Primitive Christianity, for many were the epithets of grace lavished upon it. I heard England called the most religious country in the world, and London the city of enlightenment. I heard that all its inhabitants were interested in the spread of the Gospel, and that they considered themselves the most godly people on the earth. So to London methought I would go, to find churches like the Holy Cross, and bishops like St. Cyril reigning over each.

Now, as a ghost, of course I am invisible, but when I wish for information I have the power of investing myself with the outward appearance of an intelligent stranger, and of assuming the language of the country in which I am sojourning. People who would naturally be shy of a Greek-speaking ghost, might have no objection to impart information to a quiet looking stranger dressed in black, and indulging in broken English. When necessary, I can immediately