

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

What is the restricted province of a reviewer? "The Author," I see, is discussing the question. Mr. Lang thinks that reviewing and snowballing are akin: we are pelted by criticism. Well, when an author writes a book, it is to be presumed that he gathers his materials and presents them in his best way; at any rate, it is to be presumed that he would not present them in his worst way. Or, if he be an originator of thought, he sets forth what he has to say as best he can. The book is printed for the benefit of the public, and certain organs of public opinion are invited to express an opinion on what has been sent to them for that specific purpose. These organs of opinion—from which many readers take *their* opinions—have certain specially qualified people to whom they give a book for review. They do not give a book printed in German to a man who does not understand that language. They do not ask a man who is an expert in geology to write about astronomy. These persons are critics, and the question that vexes people just now is what their province is. I should have thought that it was to offer a candid opinion on the book submitted to them. I have heard that editors have at times issued orders to their reviewers as to the way in which a book should be treated. I do not believe that any self-respecting man would attend to any such orders. I have heard that reviewers have not always read the book on which they pronounce an opinion. I do not think that any self-respecting man would so err against the plain laws of honesty.

But what is the province of the reviewer? I am moved to dwell on this problem by reason of a letter addressed to "LIGHT" by Mr. C. W. Pearce. Mr. Laurence Oliphant was a remarkable man; and a remarkable lady, whose ability and power the Press has freely recognised—her honesty, I presume is not in question, though calling her "a novelist" and speaking of her "imagination" goes very near the wind—this lady has set forth the story of this man's life. It may be that she has written as bad history as Macaulay did, but opinions differ as to that. In the course of trade this book came to "LIGHT" for review. It was put in the hands of a writer who read it with care, who had some exceptional acquaintance with what he was writing about, and with much caution and in temperate language the opinion which he had formed was expressed. Now Mr. Pearce excepts to that statement of opinion. He gives some views of his own as to Mr. Harris, which are interesting, but in no way interfere with the fact that there are other views to be

held. I do not wish to advocate any views at all, but I do wish to put in a strong argument against any interference with the liberty of free criticism. Every man is fallible: and a critic, with the best intentions, may err, but Mrs. Oliphant has set forth facts which have not been denied, though they have been excused, that do to my mind distinctly raise an issue which has not been met.

It is no part of my work to offer any detailed criticism on Mr. Harris' work or on Mr. Oliphant's connection with him. I am concerned just now with the question of criticism, and I think that a man who makes it a condition *sine qua non* of any dealing with a "postulant" that he shall place at his disposal all his worldly goods should not be surprised if he falls in with some critical remarks. I also think that a man who presumes to deal between husband and wife as Mr. Harris did is open to remark. It may be that he has this dispensing power, this Popedom of interference between man and wife—which means the subversion of all social relations—but I cannot see the validity of the claim, and I should wholly refuse to admit it if made. Nothing more than that was said in the columns of "LIGHT," and nothing more than fair criticism would ever have been admitted there. If a critic, who presumes to direct opinion, does not take reasonable pains to qualify himself to do so, he is amenable to criticism himself; but what is fair and temperate in opinion does not deserve the imputation which Mr. Pearce passes on a criticism which contrasts in its tone with that which he has thought it right to adopt.

Camille Flammarion, whose valuable articles in the "Arena" have had notice in this journal, contributes to the "New Review" a paper on "The Photography of the Heavens," which is calculated to make some look of surprise appear on the face of an ordinary man. The International Photographic Congress has recently met at the Paris Observatory to decide on the best way of applying to the study of the stars the possibilities of photography. M. Flammarion records, with all his accustomed lucidity, what has been done since, in the year 1845, a photograph of the sun was taken by Sizeau and Flacault. I need not specify these triumphs of science: but I may remind my readers of the perfection to which this art, now so familiar as perhaps to have almost passed into the region of contempt, has been developed. In 1877 M. Yanssen took admirable pictures of the sun in a half one-thousandth of a second, practically instantaneously. Others have done as much, and the new development is to photograph the entire heavens. The details of plates, apparatus, and methods were fully discussed at the Paris Congress. It is interesting to note, as bearing on the fact that we are all "parts of one gigantic whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul"—a fact that despised astrology has something to say about—it is noteworthy that the collective Astronomers were chiefly disturbed by what they euphemistically called "political events in Chili and troubles in which some other States are involved." Revolutions down below

prevented unanimity of action in observing what was going on above. The revolution of the heavens was interfered with by Chilian and other earthly revolutions. However, it was "decided to leave to each observer a certain latitude, not to exceed forty minutes," and I hope the latitude will suffice.

The gigantic task, which fascinates the imagination, of photographing the whole starry firmament will be completed this summer. The camera has no imagination and the recorded observations will be absolutely free from error—as free as when the same camera by the same processes records the presence of a ghost. A picture of the heavens and a picture of a spirit are equally reliable, given the previous question of the integrity of the operator or such precautions on the part of the sitter as make fraud impossible. I have purchased a glass plate, have prepared it myself, have developed it myself, and have secured on it a representation of what the natural eye does not discern. It seems to me worth noting that M. Flammarion is at pains to point out that the human eye and the observation of man are imperfect and liable to error, but that "by photography alone errors of observation will be wholly eliminated." "I thank thee for that word." It is nearly twenty years since I pointed out that the records of photography are devoid of exaggeration, imagination, or error. Mr. A. R. Wallace has lately put the same case before the public with a power and completeness which is fortified by his own great name, and to which I can make no pretension. Now we are to have an accurate and unimpeachable record of the appearance of the heavens as fixed by this same unerring process of photography. Even up to stars of the fourteenth magnitude—all stars beyond the sixth magnitude are invisible to that imperfect optical instrument the human eye—we are to have all fixed for us and pictured. When I add that there are probably over 40,000,000 stars of the first fourteen magnitudes, it will be seen how vast is the task and how great the possibilities that we may hope for. "Years and years would not suffice, and while the work was in progress the stars themselves would change their positions in space." It would be "not only a superhuman task, but absolutely beyond realisation," by reason of errors of all kinds that must inevitably creep in. Photography does the whole work in — what? A century? The life-time of a generation? A year? No—in thirteen minutes.

So the human eye is supplemented by a new giant eye that sees more quickly, further, longer, and fixes what it sees without error. Four immeasurable advantages. It has to be carefully thought out—for human thought is leaden-footed—that the most accurate observation with the most perfect instrument, which rests on the faculties of the body and the powers of the mind, is replaced by a permanent record on the photographic plate made in less than one second. And far more. The invisible records itself there. We cannot see what the sensitised plate fixes. We have penetrated into the unknown. "Never before in all the history of mankind have we had in hand the power to penetrate so deeply into the abysses of the Infinite." One day we may assist at a function in Mars when some greater one than even the German Emperor displays more untiring energy. With that appalling suggestion I leave M. Flammarion's most instructive article.

"THE KEY," we are requested to say, is now better printed than it once was. The specimen sent to us is certainly more presentable than the earlier issues were.

We have an inquiry for the address of Mrs. Russell Davies (Bessie Fitzgerald) mentioned in "Florence Marryat's" recent book, "There is no Death."

LETTERS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY A READER OF "LIGHT."

NO. V.

DEAR —,—I undertook in my last to trace the effect of this darkness of negation upon some of our leading minds. Before doing so, however, I want to make one point clear to you: the fact, or paradox rather, that there is a light which is darkness. It is the solution of so much that is puzzling. Christ was emphatic on this point. He said: "The light of the body is the eye." You know the passage, so I need not repeat it; but in it He defines the difference between the perception which is all "light" and the perception or "light" which is "darkness," adding, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." The light enjoyed by the dwellers in the abyss of negation is the light of darkness.

One marvels to think, for instance, of such a mind as George Eliot's looking over into the abyss and finding light in its depths. She had travelled over much the same road as I have described. Her early years had been subject to much the same discipline through the dogmas of Calvin. No one can read *Adam Bede* without noting between the lines the chastening of a spirit writing from experience. The charm of the book is the fire of a living soul that glows through its pages—a soul that had felt God and lived. One marvels, therefore, that, although the revolt from Calvin's narrowing limitations was inevitable, she never preserved a germ of the sacred seed, while wandering into the realms of negation, which might ultimately have developed into a Tree of Life, under whose branches she could have peacefully sheltered in her later years. I think I know the reason. Swedenborg, who in after years made so many things clear for me, throws a light on why so many minds of a high intellectual order cannot bend to the utter simplicity of Truth; because they have by overmuch study destroyed their faculty of common perception. "Many of the learned," he says, "who have thought much, and especially who have written much, have weakened and obscured their common perception, yea, have destroyed it; and hence the simple see more clearly what is good and true than those who think themselves wiser. *This common perception comes by influx from Heaven*, and falls into thought and sight; but thought separate from common perception falls into imagination from sight and from proprium (self). That this is the case you may know by experience. Tell anyone who is in common perception some truth, and he will see it; tell him that we are, live, and move from God and in God, and he will see it; tell him that God dwells in love and wisdom in man, and he will see it; tell him, moreover, that the will is the receptacle of love, and the understanding of wisdom, and explain it a little, and he will see it; tell him that God is love itself and wisdom itself, and he will see it; ask him what conscience is, and he will tell you. But say the same things to one of the learned, who has not thought from common perception, but from principles taken from the world by sight, and he will not see them. Consider afterwards which is the wiser."

So, like the student who overstudies and destroys his eyesight, do some minds by overmuch diving into the intricacies of knowledge destroy their mental and spiritual vision for perceiving simple truths. Bear this well in mind, for nothing is more astonishingly simple after all than Truth! It is so near us, so about us, that we overlook it while straining our eyes to seek it in the distances beyond where we fancy it dwells; but, like the simples and weeds out of which our most potent healing medicines are distilled, it is in our everyday path, and we cannot surely miss it if we will but bend our eyes low enough to seek it.

The effect of this destruction of her common perception upon George Eliot is discernible in her later writings. "Bishops, priests, and deacons" found it desirable to visit her, notwithstanding she had flung aside the law binding on ordinary mortals. For this we justify them; for she had flung aside the law to enact the gospel by giving herself in a true marriage to the man whom, before all the world, she recognised and proclaimed as her counterpart. Circumstances favoured her. She infringed no private rights, all existing ones having been long since violated. She dared, therefore, to be true to the best and highest she knew of truth and love, and who shall say she was not amply rewarded? Had

she but remained true to that memory, how we should have revered and justified her. But the darkness of the abyss provides no hope of a hereafter nor of ultimate reunion, and this grand woman had to confess her weakness and to acknowledge that all her previous life had been a falsehood and a mistake! Bereaved and alone, she had to turn to the human for life and consolation she could nowhere find in the divine, because, "in this life only" having hope, she was of all women most miserable!

Another type that commands sympathy is the character of Robert Elsmere, whose name has written itself on the minds of the present generation with singular interest. It seems as if the subtle Spirit of Evil, noting the conscientious difficulties of the gentle divine, had determined to beguile him effectually. Taking him to the brink, he bids him look over into the many whirlpools eddying below, asking him to which of these he could best belong. Loyalty to Christ makes Elsmere wish to retain the *name*, if not the spirit, of the Master he has hitherto served. "By all means," says Satan (whom we personify for argument's sake), "I'll make a special place for Him; a very good idea! Keep Him! Of course, but not in the old preposterous way that sets Him up as divine. Divine! Nothing of the sort! By the way, you managed that very cleverly, where you let people know you no longer believed in Him. You kept all the reasoning process to yourself. You just, by a few stifled exclamations and mutterings, let them hear the conclusion you had arrived at, that He was *not* divine, but you did not let them see *how* you arrived at your conclusions. Excellent method. It leaves so much unsaid! and proves so little! You are quite right, too. Of course He is not divine—just a common man the same as myself or yourself; not one whit different. What He was you can be. I don't care how much you preach Him, provided you strip Him of all divinity and put Him precisely on the same platform with yourself."

Thus commissioned, Robert Elsmere goes forth to occupy a comfortable corner set apart for him in the abyss, and flourishes as a new "ism." A beautiful "ism." So noble; so apparently *the* "ism," made to supply a long-felt want, so much so that people flock to him and build him a synagogue. Let us hope it may not be found to be a "synagogue of Satan." There are a good many of these about.

Another representative character is Joshua Davidson, who represents Christ as a modern Ben Tillet, pure and simple, with whom titled ladies fond of "slumming" carry on a species of flirtation! Oh, the horror of this ghastly caricature of the Christ, no less than of the true and earnest women who are striving to do His service. It is an open secret, however, that the parent of Joshua Davidson has not an exalted opinion of her sex. Like the Sabbath, she considers they were made for man, and are only fulfilling their destiny when exercising the function of fascination! She, no doubt, subscribes to the opinion of the cynical Frenchman regarding them, that when grown too old to flirt with men they coquette with the "Bon Dieu." Sentiments these, worthy of the abyss from whence originated the idea which created Joshua Davidson as a portrait of the Divine Christ Whom women loved because He knew their sorrows and their sufferings and gave them freedom and salvation. Ah, have these writers who pride themselves on their superior light—which is darkness—no ears, no eyes to see that the true Christ is in none of these parodies, painted—alas, by women's pens—to mar the perfect beauty and transcendent compassion of the Ideal Man, the Divinely Human Christ, God manifest in the flesh, Who stands waiting to reveal Himself to all who have hearts to feel and eyes to behold Him? I hope, in touching briefly on these modern manifestations of the Christ Idea, I have convinced you that "the Truth is not in them."

For myself, I was nearing deliverance, gaining glimpses of light here and there, as at the dawn of day. What a foolish person, I hear some say who may be reading this in the pages of "LIGHT." "Why, if she had only attended a séance she would soon have learnt all she wanted to know from the spirits." My good friends, such a solution of the difficulty would only have been for me another whirlpool of the abyss. I felt God must surely have some other and higher witness of Himself than my drawing-room table! My mind refused to sympathise or assimilate with the darkened circle that summon—even in holiness as many of you do—the spirits of the other world into communion. If I am surrounded, as I believe I am, they teach me far more truly

by soul-speech than by the method of rapping out sentences through tedious alphabetic droppings of letters into words. I desire no materialised return of my dear ones who are gone. Such glimpses serve only to tantalise and accentuate loss. Seekers after signs and wondermongers do not as a rule find Truth unless they go seeking in the name of Truth, and shrink from no investigation to find it. But some of us can arrive at Truth by more direct methods; and the Spiritualism so gained is as much higher and deeper than the table-rapped revelation as heaven is from earth or light from darkness.

In my next and last letter I hope to show you how I passed from darkness into the marvellous light of the "new" and "living" way spoken of in my first.

[We print this, of course without agreement in what seems to be condemnatory of Spiritualism. Of the words of Christ we have no direct knowledge. Of Spiritualism we have much experience.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

ON THE AGE.

An Age feeling about for a faith that shall also be a knowledge; a belief that shall also be a certainty—which is a paradox—and how can it be?

The religion that is founded on a faith and on a belief petrified by fears and perplexed by uncertainties, feels that it cannot stand still, and knows not whither to move. It has no reason to know that the ground whereon it stands is more secure than that which it sees quaking and opening everywhere around it; and it has no reason to hope that a change of standpoint will assure it a greater degree of security.

The morality that is,—divided between a reliance on casual rectitude, based on no religious principles, or on an accurate perception of principles, intellectually formulated, but not carried out in practice. Either a building without a foundation or a foundation without a building. Absolute instability the inevitable result in either case.

The moderation that is,—derived from a more solid experience in the past, which the quicker witted intelligence of the present shows itself little disposed to replenish from the resources of its own self-denial.

Extremes and paradoxes everywhere! Here, intelligence, with no epithet in its vocabulary too contemptuous for the condemnation of credulity, yielding itself up everywhere in a blind subservience to veiled prophets knowing no more than itself. There, philosophy, measuring with accurate eye the forces of the universe, and yet blind to most vital and vitalising truths which children are recognising and picking up at its feet—superstitions, disbeliefs, and credulous incredulities.

On all sides hypochondria! Here, feeding its pride apart, in the narrow circle of its own self-consciousness, fearful of being shaken into self-knowledge by the bracing influences of collision with its kind. There, seeking to dissipate by assiduous activity in outer surroundings the accretions to its melancholy self-abasement which it is ever accumulating from within.

Everywhere,—knowledge increasing sorrow; making light of feeling, while it intensifies its own sensibilities. Everywhere immoderate appetite to *know*, the spiritual "lust of the eye" advancing as surely to the corruption of the mind as the lust of the flesh is similarly, if more subtly, proceeding to the corruption of the heart, eating dust in its "palace of art," offering offerings, and on the verge of performing penance in the same palace, becoming, or already become, a temple to "Our Lady of Pain."

An age of weird conjunctions and incongruous combinations, of simple instincts, often vindicated by unlooked for coincidences; and subtle reasonings discredited by untoward results.

An age in which everywhere men are gathering more concretely into classes and coteries for sustenance and protection, yet wherein no soul shall save itself unless it stand single. Wherein small differences are required to be yielded up to great concurrences, in which individuality shall become so merged in community that it shall hardly retain any consciousness of its own existence, in the knowledge of which alone is life.

An age rushing everywhere into extremes, having no instinct to *wait* because it has no hope.

MAN NOT ONLY A SPIRITUAL BEING.

BY MRS. A. J. PENNY.

In the tenth month of bedridden idleness, musing upon many things, nothing has astonished me so much as the claim on which "Christian Science" professes to rest—"that man is a spiritual being," the speciality of a human creature being that it is a spiritual nature combined with an animal nature.

Leaving alone any reference to Scripture and its account of man's origin, I would only refer here to the stubborn facts of a life that wants food and clothing. These wants no Christian Scientists ignore or deny, and to try and remedy disease by denying its existence, seems to me as strangely inconsequent as if because we have a whole skin we professed to mend worn-out clothes by denying that there were holes and thin places in them.

Faith-healing appears to me to stand on ground far more tenable, though, to my thought, it indirectly lessens the honour of Divine Omnipotence rather than glorifies it; inasmuch as it limits its scope. Even at Bethshan the demands of faith have never, I suppose, been made for the restoration of cut-off fingers or feet, or making broken limbs as whole as they had been before.

Of course the Christian Scientists' endeavour to maintain consciousness on a higher level than physical existence is most desirable; it is a recognition of the reality of things not seen, and the delusiveness of the phenomena of mortal life; in short, it is making conscience rule over sensation; but to rule well is not to silence or cripple the underling.

In a world where all external knowledge must come through the senses, to try and deaden physical sensibility is surely a very perverse way of accepting the discipline and teaching of life. For example, to be unconscious of a little pain would in many cases amount to incurring lasting illness. Is it possible that these excellent Christian Spiritualists really believe that their wisdom is more to be depended on than that of our Creator, the Father of Spirits? And as Christians, how can they possibly avoid the stress of St. Paul's saying that "the creature was made subject to vanity" if from that abstraction they exclude all the irritating weaknesses, depression and losses of an invalid state? If the Divine Will has subjected the human being to the companionship of an animal creature, can they possibly doubt that it is for their mutual advantage, and that something is to be effected for this painfully sentient associate (which no theorist declines to nourish and protect from other risks than disease), as well as for the spirit which it serves, both as a vehicle and as a means of manifestation? This would probably be answered by the assertion that food and clothing are good, but disease evil, and not in God's plan; that disease hinders service, and often clouds spiritual sight. How strange that while science is every day discovering in what we call matter uses and valuables previously undreamed of, any thoughtful person should dare to be positive in deciding what is, or is not, useful for spiritual life! Particularly in this case where the use of pain is in question, seeing that in some parts of our Bible bodily suffering is recognised as a remedial agent.

It is almost an impertinence to express an unintelligible idea as if it was easy to understand, but to try and explain what is glanced at, when I refer to the body itself being helped by suffering, would be a greater impertinence; for the public mind at present is quite unprepared for such an idea.

Mrs. Kingsford, whose mind is still too influential among us to be spoken of as the late Mrs. Kingsford, did something towards introducing this idea when she wrote of the central ego having to rectify the polarity of all its surrounding atoms by a right and orderly magnetism; this is what suffering in the flesh, patiently borne, may goad our spirits to attempt. For, as we know, the flesh is apt to choose its own attractions until these are barred off by illness; and, just to touch the surface of a deeper vein, I may cite Boehme's significant saying that the old body in which the new is forming like gold in the rough quartz—the sinful, mortal body—"is not all of a transitory substance," our spirits have to help that in it which can endure. When arguing against a contemporary who professed the possibility of becoming totally holy in this present life, Boehme urged that this would be as undesirable as it is impossible before

dissolution, "because then must the kingdom of this world break off from him and then the outward could not become totally set in the renovation." (Par. 52 of "Considerations on E. Stiefel.") While the Spirit of Christ in man conquers in the fight against evil, he is humanising the animal man, precisely, I suppose, as the Christ divinised human nature, making it in His own person perfect through suffering. Sickness offers an opportunity for effecting a similar process.

PSYCHOLOGICAL THOUGHTS.

BY A THINKER.

ON GOVERNMENT.

In an age in which men are occupying themselves so earnestly with the question of forms of government, it becomes of interest to consider what light is thrown upon the subject by Theology. Theology is, in truth, the Philosophy of Government, and what we term Revelation is the display of its eternal laws. The Three Divine Personalities—(*persona*—a mask) or Hypostases—which yet are One—whose relationship with man it is the office of the Hebrew Scriptures either to manifest or foreshadow, will be found, on reflection on the qualities and characteristics attributed to Each, to represent and fulfil the three systems by which the government of men is administered in the civilised communities of the world; and a value is given to all by the evidence thus afforded, that each has its origin in the most interior and fundamental principles of the government of the Universe, and occupies a place of harmonious relationship with the other two.

They are the Autocratic or Despotic; the Constitutional or Liberal; the Republican or Socialistic; each leading to and at times appearing almost to fuse into the other, and each admittedly transitional.

The system of Divine government as revealed to Moses was a pure Despotism based on fear and the manifestation of power. The Lord of Hosts was absolute, dwelling in thick darkness, communicating with His people by message through intermediate agencies, and Whom to see at any time was death.

This system, however, contained a foreshadowing and a promise of things to come, of a more Liberal system—if for the sake of distinctness such a term may be employed—wherein the people (mankind) was encouraged to hope for the enjoyment of more intimate relations with their Sovereign; to behold Him ("He who hath seen Me," says Jesus Christ, "hath seen the Father"), and even to enjoy the exercise of entire freedom of will in respect to Him, in the person of a Son and Heir begotten, as an evidence of and guarantee for this fact, by the Divine Majesty, of a Woman of the People.

The system of Divine government inaugurated by the mission of Jesus Christ fulfilled all the conditions of a pure Constitutional monarchy. In it fear of the Ruler was superseded by faith or confidence in Him. The people were no longer to be dependent on the Sovereign's personal will. On the contrary, the Sovereign Himself condescends to subject Himself to their will, invoking and being dependent for His sovereignty upon their confidence only; seeking no enforced allegiance and leaving them free to choose other rulers, subject only to the loss (*damnum—damnation*) which they must thereby sustain should they see fit so to do.

But even this was not all.

This Sovereign, like his Divine predecessor, made promise of even more enlarged privileges—an even more Liberal system of administration of Divine government to follow. Gathered to His Father, this Second in the Divine dynasty promised to send a Third, in and through Whom the union between the Sovereign and the people should be drawn even closer—should even become One—"One and indivisible" individually, and universally. In this third system of Divine government, God, the all-powerful, invisible, originally unapproachable Ruler-Governor—source and fountain of all power, Divine principle of government, becoming one with and in every individual human nature; and individual manhood similarly becoming one in and with its Ruler in the Divine Republic of the Holy Spirit. A system neither of fear, for in it "all tears" are to be

"wiped away," neither of faith, for in it every man shall "know God," but of that absolute and entire union which is the characteristic and consummation only of Love.

ON SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is the incarnation or embodiment of Love through the operation of imagination and experience. Its mission is, as its name imports, to suffer with, or in connection with, another or others than ourselves. It is triune, manifesting itself in three forms, aspects, or bodies. (1) It suffers with us. (2) It suffers for us. (3) It suffers from us.

Of the first form of sympathy—that wherein it suffers with—walking beside us as a friend, cheering by its presence, sustaining by its strength, comforting by its experience, there is not much needful to be said. Its nature and operations are within the everyday experience of all, either in giving or receiving. It may be called "natural sympathy."

The second form, or aspect of sympathy—that wherein we suffer *for* another by a process of substitution, through assimilation of the other being with ours, or of our being with it—is a higher development of the former, which in its highest degree becomes elevated into it until our spirit becomes merged in, or mingled with, our friend's spirit, and in thus giving ourselves we partake it, and with it its sorrows and its joys. The practical basis of the former is experience, that of the latter is imagination, by which we are enabled to penetrate the lives of others, and to place ourselves substantially in the situations of another.

As imagination is a higher or more spiritual quality than experience, this description of sympathy is more rare and more real than that first-mentioned form of sympathy, which is based mainly on the latter. Its power of bearing the burdens of others in their hours of weakness is inconceivable and illimitable; and it has in it this Divine property, that it invigorates instead of weakening the burden-bearer. It is impossible to exaggerate the strength to be acquired by the exercise of this noble form of sympathy. It may be doubted, indeed, whether it is not the true and only source of all spiritual strength.

This second description of sympathy may be termed spiritual sympathy.

Of the third and highest form of sympathy—that wherein it suffers *from* its object for the benefit of that object—it is difficult authoritatively to speak, because the source or origin of it transcends both experience and imagination. It is a higher, nobler, and more interior form of substitutive or spiritual sympathy, just as that form of sympathy was a higher form of associative or natural sympathy; and it may be assumed that its blessed and beneficent effects are so much the more precious and efficacious, though we may not fully comprehend wherefore or in what degree.

This form of sympathy may be termed celestial sympathy. The only sustained assertion of it as a principle of life appears to be that offered by the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. This suggests, perhaps, what may be its peculiar and blessed efficacy. It possesses in some mysterious way the Divine power of giving life—of intromitting its object into a new and higher development of spiritual existence.

These three forms or incorporations of sympathy, as above defined, will be found to represent and fulfil the function and office respectively of the friend—the bride, or wife—and the mother. These three relationships, which are the three forms or manifestations in which love walks the earth, are, therefore, all represented in these three forms or aspects of sympathy, for, as has been said, love and sympathy are one.

It is surely an elevating and comforting consideration that we each and all possess something—an integral portion of ourselves, which we, nevertheless, enjoy the power of giving away; which it is permitted to us to bestow without reproach or shame on all who care to receive it; by which all who can receive it are benefited and consoled; and in the giving of which we are ourselves enriched and not impoverished.

In this quality we approach more nearly to our highest ideal of Godhead than in any other attribute of our nature; indeed, the unity of God and man may be almost logically deduced from its possession of it.

AUTO-HYPNOTISM

DR. H. H. BRIGHAM.

From "The Better Way."

My first experience with auto-hypnotism (if that be the proper term to use) was in 1850.

I had investigated the rap, table tipping, and automatic writing, but I had never heard of a trance condition. It was on a Sunday morning just after breakfast when my wife, who was in good health said, "I am so tired and heavy with sleep that I am unable to sit up." I assisted her to the bed, and she lay down and in a few minutes seemed to be in a deep sleep. Soon she reached out her hand towards me, which I took in my own. She shook my hand heartily and began to talk to me in a peculiar, feeble voice, entirely unlike her own.

"I want you to tell my folks," said she, such and such things. I promised to do so, supposing I was talking with my wife. Finally, she became impatient and said sharply, "I am John Ruggles, and I want you to get pencil and paper and write what I am going to tell you." Having procured the paper as requested, there followed a conversation of half an hour upon matters of which I and my wife were totally ignorant.

The voice and manner were peculiarly characteristic of John Ruggles, who was a paralytic for many years. At last he said, "Spirits beckon me and I must go; goodbye." The goodbye was caught only by placing my ear close to my wife's mouth, so faint and far-away was the sound.

As he left, the body of my wife seemed dead. She did not breathe; the heart's action was hardly perceptible. Three or five minutes elapsed, which seemed so long that I feared life was extinct. Then she gasped like the last expiring breath, and then another period without breath. Then she gasped again. This continued, each interval growing shorter, until she opened her eyes and asked: "Am I back in this world again?" I replied: "Yes; but where have you been?" "I do not know," she said. "When I was going away I met John Ruggles and he told me he was going to talk with you. Then I saw several persons, your father and mother, your little boy, and I went with them and saw such beautiful things and heard the sweetest music. Just as I was enjoying it all so much, your mother came to me and said: 'Sarah, you must go back now.' When I hesitated, she said: 'You must go back; your work on earth is not yet done.' Then she raised up her hands before me and seemed to press me down. As I came nearer I saw my body lying here and you sitting by and looking anxiously at it."

The day following she had little use of one arm and one limb, a condition that corresponded perfectly with that of John Ruggles. This did not entirely disappear for some days.

Some days after I carried the paper to the home of Mr. Ruggles, and they declared everything thereon written true, and well understood by them.

Now, there are several points I wish to note which do not come under the head of thought transference:—1st. The shape of the hand, unlike my wife, yet characteristic of John Ruggles. 2nd. The tone of voice. 3rd. The lameness. 4th. The knowledge was his alone.

Can there be a more perfect representation of character and identity than the above?

The next Sunday the above scene was repeated, but with a new actor, Frank Lovejoy, whose identity and characteristics were as unmistakable as were John Ruggles'. And this has been my experience through all my investigations. The returning spirits have always retained their peculiarities and characteristics.

When the new or old psychic society discovers the law which governs the transference of thought, they will also have to pursue their research further and find the means by which each individual transmits his characteristics and peculiarities before they may set the corner-stone upon which to erect an hypothesis.

THE most popular of our great dramatist's plays is that in which the unseen world and speculations on its nature are most prominently brought in view. Men feel instinctively that without contact with the spiritual the round of experience is incomplete. Did not the classic writers of antiquity produce their masterpieces subject to the same rule?

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, JULY 18th, 1891.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

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LAURENCE OLIPHANT AND T. L. HARRIS.

The following letter, which seems to have been written under a misconception and with some temper, presents a view which we think it right to give to our readers. We must say, in defence of ourselves, that Mrs. Oliphant's book is one that directly concerns us, that it was sent to us for review, that our reviewer expressed a fair opinion, and that we do not find in Mr. Pearce's letter anything calculated to cause us to do more than print what he wishes to say. There are, however, in his letter some expressions which we regret and dissent from.

SIR,—Hitherto "LIGHT" has stood high amongst kindred journals for the studied courtesy and scrupulous impartiality of all its editorials touching personal character and reputation. But in the four-column denunciation of T. L. Harris which appears in your issue of the 27th ult., it has wholly departed from its traditions.

That the secular and "Christian" Press should have followed the lead of the venerable and gifted writer of fiction, under whose auspices the memoir of Laurence Oliphant and his wife was compiled, is not to be wondered at. Oliphant's effort to separate himself from their ways and life was a reflection upon the world which was theirs. That it was abortive did not lessen their resentment. If they had dared they would have denounced him for it, but to do so would have justified his effort. They were therefore "glad" when a distinguished member of their own body found an excuse for their late colleague, and gave them a victim, by alleging that it was all the fault of that "wretched fanatic and vulgar mystic," Harris!

But that you, who know the ways of that Press so well, who often have had to complain of its crass unfairness, and who, but recently, have felt obliged to publish a protest against its attempt to defame the character of that widely respected and marvellously-gifted woman, Madame Blavatsky (who also was in its eyes an impostor, a fanatic, and vulgar mystic), should join in its denunciation of Mr. Harris* and that upon the hollow ground of the biographer's personal deductions from statements of persons now departed this life, is inexplicable and astounding. Nevertheless, to doubt that you have written in good faith is difficult (*sic*), and therefore I bring this to the test by asking you to give me space to correct the misrepresentations which you have been led to print and publish.

You have followed the biographer in making or insinuating charges which embrace every variety of moral turpitude, tyranny, cruelty, self-seeking, malversation, and murder being comprehended in them. Yet you give no proof of any one of them, nor can proofs be found in any letters of the Oliphants recorded in the memoirs.

* Our correspondent surely forgets that we have done no more than to express a perfectly impartial opinion on a volume sent to us for review.

Without exception, every such charge against Harris—and the country from end to end has been ringing with them for weeks past—will be found by the careful reader of Vol. II. of the memoirs to be a deduction of the accomplished authoress herself, or the invention of her fertile imagination. I will trespass upon your space to the least possible extent consistent with doing justice to Mr. Harris, and two illustrations will be sufficient samples of the whole family.

It is stated that the cause of Oliphant's "disenchantment" was the "seeing a valuable ring of Lady Oliphant's upon the finger of a member of the prophet's household."* This "disenchantment" is dealt with by all the reviewers (after the biographer) as having taken place on the occasion of the visit of Oliphant and his dying mother to Mr. Harris, but in her account the authoress is careful to write: "I know no details of this visit except that the sad pilgrims—the dying mother and anxious son—were far from graciously received," and then true to her profession of novelist she draws upon her imagination for the accessories, in which the incident of the ring is delicately presented for acceptance with the mastercraft of the adept in fiction. Well might this talented compiler write, "I know no details of this visit," and for the best of all reasons—the visit never took place! Not only did I become aware of this during my residence at Fountain Grove, but Mr. Arthur A. Cuthbert writes in the "Standard" of May 28th last that he was the personal medium of communication between Mr. Harris and the Oliphants upon this occasion, that they were living at a hotel in Santa Rosa (three miles distant from Fountain Grove), and that they "utterly declined every offer of hospitality from Mr. Harris, or any of us, which, in absolute contradiction to Mrs. Oliphant's statement, I say was profusely and continuously pressed upon them."

Apart from this, however, it is too utterly absurd to offer such a paltry reason for Oliphant's loss of faith in Mr. Harris. No such man who had voluntarily made over all his goods for the use of a community could logically complain of their use therein.

The "disenchantment" arose from a very different cause. It came through his volatile nature and his love of rule. He was unable to remain steadfast to one purpose for long at a time, nor could he brook subordination. These weaknesses of his were seen by Mr. Harris before he joined the community, and as a consequence his application was refused, though eventually granted because of his importunity. Mr. Harris told the brethren at Brocton that his connection would bring great trouble upon them all, but that he dared not avoid meeting it by persisting in his refusal, seeing that he was urgent in his request, and in his own sight utterly willing to give himself up to "live the life" to the end.

After his marriage, which (notwithstanding the biographer to the contrary) Mr. Harris neither consented to nor approved, he being at that time aware that the trouble so long impending over them would by it be brought to a head, the love of rule so conspicuous throughout his life reasserted itself in a supreme effort to supersede Mr. Harris, which failed. It afterwards eventuated in his starting a community of his own, where we may suppose his wife thought it no degradation to "wash the pocket-handkerchiefs!" though the biographer considers such work degrading when done at Brocton. What a travesty upon the religion of Jesus Christ that work should be considered less honourable when done for others!

The charges culminate in one made by the talented authoress in the "Standard" of May 30th, and repeated by Mr. C. C. Massey in the same paper on June 1st, "that Mr. Oliphant received a letter from Mr. Harris after his wife's death, warning him that he (Harris) had killed her for her rebellion, and would also kill him." This awful charge is advanced without the shadow of proof beyond the word of Mrs. Oliphant. The letter was not published, nor offered for publication—the world was to believe that Harris was an assassin, because a novelist said so! No, not quite so. On June 1st, or two days after, Mr. C. C. Massey comes to her help, and says in the "Standard" he is "glad" Mrs. Oliphant has taken the responsibility of making public mention of this, and continues, "I saw that letter and reading it as Oliphant read it, and as there cannot be the least doubt he was intended to read it—between the lines— . . ." So that once again, and this time upon the signed testimony of a barrister, Mr. C. C. Massey, another grave charge is, like all the rest, founded upon a deduction of their imagination, for Mr. Massey says that one "must read between the lines" to find it.

I also am well acquainted with the contents of that letter and so likewise, are many more credible persons in his country; for Mr. Harris sent a copy of it to his friends over here at the time it was written, to allay the indignation against his conduct, which was felt by many, and I unequivocally confirm Mr. Cuthbert's statement in the

* But was the ring on the lady's finger? The fact is not denied. If it is untrue it would be refuted, we think. If it is true, it was a peculiar use of "goods made over for the use of a community," and light, we think, be "logically complained of."—ED., "LIGHT."

"Standard" that the letter was not a threat to destroy life, but an effort to save it.

When Mr. Oliphant joined the community he was honeycombed by disease. His effort at self-renunciation during his life therein arrested the disorganisation, whilst the healing life descending into him through his vitally organic relations with Mr. Harris commenced the reconstruction of his disintegrating organism. When he broke away from self-renunciation and returned to his former state, the descent of the healing life was retarded, and the old order recommenced within him, and extended to his mother and wife, killing them, and slowly but surely working towards death in him also. To make one last effort to save him, Mr. Harris wrote the letter in question, which was one full of earnest warning and yearning love, written as a father would write to an erring child. Had Oliphant read it in the spirit in which it was written, and not "between the lines," as Mr. Oliphant said he did, it would have led forth healing into him over again. Then came, as Mr. Cuthbert rightly said, the supreme crisis. A life and death struggle between the new order of the spiritual unself, which had entered into him at Brocton, trying to maintain its hold in the body, and the old natural order of the selfhood to which he had returned—and he identified himself with the latter.

By sending "Masollam" as his answer he declared to the angel within him, who holds for God the keys of life and death, within every man, "I, Count St. Alba, am perfect," whereupon, there being no further need of his presence, the angel withdrew. After this Oliphant could no longer hold his body in life and vacated it.

There was no vengeance in this, nothing but the orderly sequence of God's law of life and death. The same law was at work in the Oliphants as wrought in Ananias and Sapphira. Each opened to the descent of that life which for purification is sharper than a two-edged sword. Each professed to give themselves wholly to the influx. Each, however, held in his inner heart to his own selfhood—trying to possess both lives. They were neither hot nor cold, quick nor dead, accordingly the angel of the revelation of God within rejected them, and the young men that stood by carried their bodies out from the presence.—Yours sincerely,
C. W. PEARCE.

WHAT IS A SPIRITUALIST? I

FROM "WHAT IS RELIGION?" BY THOMAS SHORTER.

In its broad, liberal, and modern sense a Spiritualist is one who believes in a spiritual world and in the manifestations of disembodied spirits to men still in the flesh; but this definition gives no idea of the character of the believer, or of the significance and value of his creed. It includes the Shaker Celibate and the Mormon Polygamist, the African Obi-man, the Hindu Fakir, and the Christian Saint, the sensual Idolater and the pious Sceptic. It may mean only "table-turning and spirit-rapping"; and it may mean the communion of the devout soul with its Creator. It may be that even in its rudest, its lowest, and most perverted forms, the belief in spiritual powers and an unseen world which every man is destined soon to enter is better than *no belief* in spiritual existence—no belief in aught save the animal body and its material surroundings. It raises its possessor above the brute—above the animal nature and appetites common to both; and it contains within it the possibility of expansion, of correction, and of indefinite progress. But between Spiritualism in its lowest types and its highest ideal, how vast the chasm that is to be bridged over!

If, then, we employ the word Spiritualism as a common generic term, to designate all these diverse beliefs and moral states, it is the more necessary to discriminate as to their several orders and varieties; and if we take the name of Spiritualist, to define the sense in which we are so, and the mark at which we aim, to clear away the fog which has gathered round it, so that our position may be clearly seen, and that we may not be confounded with others with whom we possibly have little in common but the name.

Every Spiritualist should, at least, consider for himself where he is—where he wishes to be—in the ascending or descending scale: the *kind* of Spiritualism he is working for, in what direction, and whither it is conducting him. This duty will, I think, become the more apparent if we glance for a moment at some of the different senses in which the term "Spiritualism" is now commonly employed and understood amongst us.

The newspapers, and the public in general, show clearly in what they think Spiritualism chiefly consists, in calling it "spirit-rapping"; and they evidently have little or no con-

ception of it other than this term implies. Even among Spiritualists there are some who understand by Spiritualism only a somewhat wider range of phenomena—the direct manifestations of spirits through human media. M. Kardec and his followers in this view called themselves "Spiritists," and with this limitation of their creed, rightly so. To others, Spiritualism means attending séances, witnessing spirit manifestations, and receiving communications from spirits. To others, Spiritualism means the doctrines and the supposed general scope and tendency of the body of teachings put forth by spirits, or by those who believe in the reality of communion with them. And yet again, to others, it means not only the outward phenomena of spiritual agency, but the facts of spiritual influx which belong to the outward consciousness, and whatever conclusions are fairly deducible from those phenomena and these experiences, and which they deem cover a wide field, are of great significance, and admit of varied application in relation to subjects of momentous interest.

Spiritualism, in short, has different meanings, and is variously regarded by individuals according to their several characters and states. Here, as elsewhere, "the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing." The man accustomed to regard things from the external will see only—and will care to see only—the outward manifestations of spirits; while the philosophic thinker will look beyond, and seek to discover the truths and principles to which they lead. He will try to gain from the study of them new insight into the affinities and laws of spirit and matter, and their bearings on the speculations of philosophy and the theories of science; which he may, perchance, conclude will need to be rectified, to meet the new facts and the evidence of a new "force" which reasonable men, attentive to what is going on around them, are beginning to take note of and consider. Again, to the student of human nature and human history, Spiritualism, regarded as a body of facts, will show a new element in some of the difficult problems and other passages which these studies present, and which may go far to their solution. To the physician, it will bring new light on the causes of insanity and disease; to the artist, on the sources of inspiration; to the jurist, on the value of testimony; to the theologian, it will supply new demonstrations of the great truths of religion, and conclusive answers to the most formidable objections brought against it; indeed, he will see that, more or less directly, it bears upon all the great questions of theology and metaphysics—Providence, Moral Freedom, Temptation, Punishment, the Future Life, Intuition, Illumination, Inspiration, Prophecy, Miracle, Prayer. As in most subjects, so in this the earnest student will find that the more carefully and thoroughly it is investigated, the more does its horizon open towards the Infinite. From the observation of *facts* we advance to a knowledge of *truths*, and from these again to the understanding of *principles*.

Spiritualism is something more than a theme for the exercitation of the intellect, and the gratification of an intelligent curiosity. In its full and true sense, he alone is a Spiritualist who strives to bring his life into entire harmony with the great truths which its facts demonstrate; in whom these are out-wrought in the character, and their effects made visible in the home, in business, in social intercourse, in times of trial and of suffering, and in the daily affairs of common life. Such an one, so far as he realises Spiritualism, as it is embodied in him, is all of a piece, of the same web and woof throughout. He is not the creature of Time, but the heir of all the ages to come. He knows that the life that now is shapes the life that is to be, and to endure through the evermore; and he cannot regulate his conduct by merely temporal considerations. He has a higher ground of action than worldly prudence. He subordinates desire to duty, his lower perishable appetites to the nobler spiritual faculties which alone are his true permanent endowment. Whatever opinions may cling around the surface of the intellect, in the central point and core of character, the true consistent Spiritualist is thus Christian—Christ-like; working out his highest ideal through all the varied uses of a well-ordered life.

While, then, Spiritualism, in its elementary sense, is simply the recognition of a spiritual world and of the facts of spirit-manifestation, followed out to its consequences, it has to the open, discerning, and truly catholic mind, important lessons in science, art, philosophy, and history;

and in its ultimate issue, its crowning development, it coincides with the highest Christian aspiration and endeavour. It is the life of God in the soul of man. To realise this, to aspire after this communion and blending with the Divine, is (in my judgment) to be a Spiritualist indeed—a Spiritualist of the truest, noblest type; and here Spiritualism in its moral, its religious, its divine aspects, in its lessons and its influence, is open alike to all: the lowliest as well as the loftiest minds may be taught, consoled, strengthened, purified by it; made fitter not only for the present life, but for that fuller, that Eternal Life, for which God created man in His own image.

DO ANIMALS SEE SPIRITS?

BY MOSES HULL.

In "The Better Way."

I am not sure that the story of Balaam and his clairvoyant donkey is not true. Indeed, I more think it is than that it is not. Of course, I do not think the animal spoke to Balaam with such visible signs of thought as one of his fellow bipeds could have used, but if, as Swedenborg said, spirits could not lie to each other, may it not be that that power which enables spirits to read each other's thoughts might have opened Balaam's spiritual senses so that it might have seemed to him that the animal was actually speaking and arguing the case with him? He struck the brute wrongfully, and perhaps wickedly; may not his guilty conscience have spoken so positively that it may have sensed that the animal spoke?

But I took my pen to offer a few thoughts on whether beasts do or do not see spirits, or by some means get spiritual impressions. Animals' senses of seeing, hearing, and even of detecting magnetism, are demonstrably more accurate than those of men or women.

Robert Dale Owen undertook, in "Debatable Land," to prove that a dog saw spirits. Old John Brown, the "medium of the Rockies," tells that on a very bitter cold night, when he was riding on his mule in what is now Colorado, he suddenly saw a spirit man standing before him and heard him say, "Go to the river as quickly as you can." He said his mule apparently saw and heard what he did, for the mule voluntarily whirled, and of his own accord went with full speed to the river, about three miles distant; when he got in hearing of the river he heard a man groaning. When he got there he found a man had cut a hole through the ice and reached down to see if his beaver trap was all right, and the trap had sprung and caught the man's arm. The man would have been frozen to death in another hour. He claimed that his mule both saw and heard this spirit.

In the San Francisco "Examiner" of December 18th I find the following:—

"On Sunday, November 30th, Louis Brenner, thirty-five years of age, an employé of the South Park railway shops, was supposed to have died from over-indulgence in malt stimulants.

"His funeral was set for December 2nd, under the auspices of one of the local tribes of Red Men.

"There was nothing unusual about the services until the supposed dead body was placed in the hearse. Then, for some unexplained reason, the horses, which had been used for this purpose for years, refused to go, and became so unruly that they had to be changed for another team. When the *cortege* was ready to move, the horse of Henry Speck, one of the mourners, positively refused to move, and he was obliged to procure another animal.

"To add to the list of uncommon and uncanny events, a runaway team crossed the funeral procession on the way to Riverside Cemetery, and collided with a buggy containing two of the friends of the deceased.

"The men escaped injury, but the buggy was badly damaged. Arriving at the cemetery, the coffin was dropped from the hearse by blundering attendants, to the disgust of the mourners. Another and more sickening accident awaited them. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave, one of the ropes broke, and for a moment the people were horrified by seeing the coffin standing on end in the grave. According to the burial services of the Red Men, it is provided for the liberation of a dove from a small box placed on the coffin just as the first handful of dirt is thrown into the grave.

"This was finally done after the coffin had been properly placed in the grave. With a feeling akin to superstitious terror, some of the mourners saw the dove flutter from its cage and alight at the very edge of the grave. It would

not take wing until frightened away by the men who piled the dirt over the narrow home of the deceased.

"There were unusually thoughtful faces in the procession that wended its way slowly from the city of the dead. The more superstitious began to ponder over the matter, and finally decided to disinter the remains. This work was done one week ago last Sunday, and, to their unspeakable horror, they discovered, as soon as the lid of the coffin box was raised, that the coffin itself was split, and the glass in the cover was broken, as if the dead had come to life and, in the unutterable agony of a realisation of his position, had struggled with the mad desperation of hopelessness and helplessness to free himself from the very grasp of a death whose horrors can be but feebly imagined by the living.

"The coffin lid was raised, and the full horror burst upon them. The body was lying on its face, the linings of the coffin had been torn to shreds. The hair was pulled out of the head, the arms were bent, and the hands so tightly clinched that the finger nails had sunk into the flesh.

"The face of the dead man was distorted from the awful struggle through which the man had passed, and the cheeks showed that, in his frenzy, the man entombed alive had dug his nails deep into his flesh.

"Horror stricken at the discovery they had made, the friends first made sure that life was indeed extinct, and then replaced the lid of the coffin, refilled the grave, and left the place."

The "Examiner" calls the people who believed there was some occult reason for this strange conduct on the part of the horses, and the other wonderful coincidents that there was something uncanny there, "superstitious." If there had been more superstition there the poor man's life might have been saved.

Alas! we poor, spiritually blind bats, if we could only get our eyes open, might avoid many fatal mistakes. Such clairvoyance as Jesus had when He said, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth," would have saved both the life of Bishop and of the man described in the above extract.

Those horses did not refuse to go for nothing; they saw, perhaps, "an angel standing in the way," as did Balaam's venerable donkey.

APPARITION AT DEATH.

An incumbent in Yorkshire narrates a family legend of such an apparition, witnessed by one of his aunts, and often told by her. This lady used, when a girl, to visit at the house of a gentleman near Ripon, and on one occasion, when about thirteen or fourteen years old, was spending the afternoon there. She was playing in the garden with his children, young people about her own age, when one of them exclaimed: "Why, there is brother walking at the bottom of the garden." She looked up, and recognised the form and features of the young man who was then in India. His figure appeared with perfect distinctness upon a gravel path which led round the garden, but not to any other place. One of the children, a young girl, ran into the house and told her father what they had seen. He bade her run away and go on playing—it must be a mistake. However, he took out his watch, noted the time, and wrote down the day and hour. When the next Indian mail arrived it brought intelligence of his son's death, at the very time when the children had seen his eidolon in the garden.

Canon Humble used to relate the following story of similar character:—"The following curious circumstance occurred to a man I knew very well, named S., then a curate of St. A., Newcastle. He had, when in his previous curacy at L. B., been paying his addresses to a young lady who resided at F. Hall, near B., but a coolness had taken place between them. One summer evening he was riding in the neighbourhood, and saw the lady standing at the end of the drive which led to her house, without her bonnet, and dressed in light blue muslin. He thought at once that she had seen him in the distance and had come out to have a word of explanation, so he attempted to direct his steed towards her. The animal would not go, but snorted and turned away. He brought its head round, but it began to kick and plunge so violently as to endanger his seat. He could do nothing with it, and was at last obliged to follow its wishes instead of his own. The next morning, feeling that some explanation was due, he determined to go and tell the young lady how her dress had startled his horse, and how impossible he had found it in consequence to approach her. On reaching F. Hall he found it closed, and was informed that Miss M., the lady in question, had died the evening before, at the very time he had seen her form on the road."

Thirsk.

FALCON.

A VICAR'S GHOST STORY.

It was towards the end of October two years ago (writes the Rev. C. Lambert, M.A.), when business took me to Portsmouth for a few days. On the Saturday I returned, alighted at Hungerford Station, drove to Aldbourne, a distance of about eight miles, arriving there at 6 p.m. The parish of Baydon was about two miles further on, and the evening being beautifully fine, a glorious full moon making all nearly as light as day, I determined to walk. Upon leaving Aldbourne, at first a short, steep hill is mounted. An old windmill on the left and some cottages next are passed, and then straight on the road, winding gently over the Downs, leads to the next village. On reaching the summit of this short, steep hill, I naturally looked ahead—the road was straight for about 400 yards, nothing unusual was visible; but some distance up, probably 300 yards, a workman, apparently returning from his labour, stood about the middle of the road. He was standing sideways, as if speaking to someone at a gate by which the adjoining field was entered. His short jacket looked snowy white in the moonlight, but in the distance nothing else could be distinctly discerned. I said mentally, "A mason's labourer," and walked on, no thought of the supernatural ever entering my brain. Each moment I was getting nearer, but this workman still held his parley, as I thought. He had now been distinctly visible before me for some minutes, but no motion could I discover, nor voice could I hear. But a few yards now intervened between us. I instinctively stopped—a man, indeed, stood there, but there was something uncanny, unnatural about him. I advanced again; the moon shone brightly, not a cloud bedimmed its pale clear light. No, my eyes deceived me not—a short, slightly-built man stood before me; he wore a white jacket, jet black trousers, he never moved or spoke. The road was narrow; if I passed it must be very near him. But why these nervous tremors? Was I—a man—6ft. in height, with nerves like steel when required, was I afraid? Absurd! But yet I felt I stood alone near something supernatural, some visitant of the nether world, and I trembled. Another step and I was beside it. Great heavens, it had no head! Like lightning's flash the peasant's folk-lore crossed my brain. They tell of a poor suicide named Dore, who many years before, unbidden, had gone into his Maker's presence. Can it be he? I will speak. "Dore—unhappy spirit, tell me, God's priest, can I help you? Will prayers avail? How long wanderest thou these lonely roads? Is that thy hell?—to be compelled to visit, headless, the scenes of thy former life?" But no answer! I stood beside the spirit, and raised my hand to lay it on the snowy shirt—for shirt it was, not jacket—but lo! it passed through vapour—vapour which left no shadow! The sound of coming wheels in the distance. I looked away, and when again I sought the phantom it had gone—the baseless fabric of vision, leaving not a trace behind. All fear or nervousness had left me, but I was bathed in perspiration. I walked on absorbed in thought, my reverie being broken by Brind, the postman, as he drove quickly by. It was now but seven o'clock, and I had reached the clump of trees where Dore (rumour said) hanged himself, and where his grave is shown. I stopped and looked, but nothing more was seen; nor have I since that evening ever witnessed anything extraordinary, although often have I walked that lonely road alone by day and night. Two well-vouched for instances, however, have reached me, one from the clerk of my church, a man of years and courage—an old soldier too. One night, returning home from Aldbourne, a short slight man noiselessly crossed the road immediately before him, carrying a ladder on his shoulder—doubtless to conceal the missing head—and vanished. Later still a lady (whose name I can give), one summer's eve, by daylight, saw the selfsame form inside the hedge, and watched it apparently dissolve into air. And now, ye scientists, what was it? And ye religious teachers, let me ask, what think ye? According to your theory, "A good spirit is too happy to return to earth; a bad one is not permitted!" Which was this? for most certain is it that a visible presence was there. If Allen Kardec evoked this spirit of suicide, no doubt, like others whose replies he chronicled, we should hear that the spirit of the suicide has as many years to wander with a deformed spiritual body from which it cannot release itself as the course of its natural life, had the rash act not been committed.—Signed, H. C. Lambert, M.A., vicar of Baydon, Wilts.—"Marlborough Times."

COINCIDENCE.

Last Friday I was engaged for the monthly dinner of a small club of friends, who usually, on those occasions, dine at a place I will call the "A." On this occasion, however, another place, which I will call the "Z," was appointed, as duly appeared on the notice card I received a fortnight before. But knowing the day of the dinner, I did not look at the card when received, and for nearly the first time I forgot to consult it on the day of the dinner to be sure of the place. (We had occasionally, but not lately, dined at the "Z.") At the usual dinner hour I went to the "A," and, of course, found none of my friends there, and no dinner prepared for us. Assuming that the dinner had for some reason been abandoned this month, and that the notice to me of the abandonment had miscarried, I went to my club and dined there. Hardly had I taken my seat, when an acquaintance at the next table, who was wholly unconnected with our monthly dining club, produced a card of admission to the "Z," and offered it to me, remarking that I might be interested in some things on private view there. The insistency with which he pressed upon me this card, on which the "Z" was conspicuously printed, rather surprised me; but strange to say, did not suggest to me that the "Z" was the place at which I ought to have been at that moment. And yet, as we had met there before, it would have been impossible for "accidental" hint to have offered the required information (for I had a misgiving that my assumption as to the abandonment of the dinner might not be correct) in a more suggestive way. But for this obtuseness of mine, I might still have been in time to join my friends, as I should have much wished to do.

July 4th.

C. C. M.

THEOSOPHISTS IN COUNCIL.

Nearly every European country sent a representative to the first annual convention of the Theosophical Society in London, which has just been closed, and the Portman Rooms were well filled with friends of the movement, while the platform was crowded with members from England, America, India, Spain, France, Germany, and Scandinavia. Colonel Olcott, who was in the chair, testified eloquently to the nobility and worth of Madame Blavatsky. She was one of the most noble women he had ever seen, and one of the most high-minded, although one of the most eccentric. After seventeen years of close friendship and co-operation in forming the Theosophical Society he still held this view as strongly as when they first met in a farmhouse in America. Colonel Olcott took unto himself the blame for bringing before the public the far-famed "miracles." Outsiders, he said, could not understand such things, and it would have been better had they followed the example of Jesus of Nazareth, Who knew that these things were hidden from the world. Their object was to know, to will, to dare, and to be silent. Madame Blavatsky was dead, but the movement would go on without fear or check, and in future ages her teachings would be counted among the most valuable documents in occultism.

After Colonel Olcott, who makes a most venerable chairman, with his white hair and beard, his grave, intelligent face, and fine physique, Mr. Sinnett, another of the high priests of the movement, made a clear and clever address on "Ancient Initiation." Mr. Herbert Burrows, who contrasted the science of Huxley with that of the Theosophists, and other speakers followed—all kind and thoughtful, but somewhat dry, with a dryness which even so serious a subject as Theosophy hardly necessitates. Mrs. Besant, who looked pale and tired, closed with an eulogy of Theosophy and its high conception of human duty and brotherhood, where each serves the other, and where all go on from perfection to perfection.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

LIMITED AND LIMITLESS.

Within the narrow compass of the real,
As in a splendid palace, mankind dwells—
With space to breathe and move, and many wells
From which to drink; but needful for his weal
Are the vast heights and depths of the ideal;
That formless, boundless ether which outswells
Into a seeming arch, whose vastness quells
All limitations, flagrant folly's seal.
The future looming large and unconfined,
Free from the trammels of a fixed past,
Gives ample breathing space for endless hope,
Elastic, radiant, far beyond the scope
Of one short life to grasp, or to hold fast:
As limitless as the Eternal Mind.

I. J. S.

NOTABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

During my residence in Boston, U.S.A., a medium of the name of Powell came to the city. After witnessing his peculiar manifestations several times—principally writing on a slate with his bare finger—I induced him to accompany me to the residence of Mr. Epes Sargent, in the suburbs of Boston, when Mr. Sargent witnessed several experiments in this phenomenal slate-writing, with the genuineness of which he was quite satisfied. The slates all being used up, another was required, and Mr. Sargent fetched one which contained some writing that had been obtained at a previous séance through some other medium, which he reluctantly obliterated. By direction of Mr. Powell, the slate was then held by Mr. and Mrs. Sargent and myself, the medium standing behind us. He said, "What would you like to be drawn on the slate?" I suggested a flower, and Mr. Sargent named a rose. The medium then held his hand over the slate, a little above, and moved it as if writing or drawing, for about twenty or thirty seconds. "Look underneath," he said. We did so, and there was a well-drawn rose, and underneath the word "Winona," the name of an Indian spirit, the intelligent producer of this marvellous phenomenon. The incident is mentioned in a note in an early part of Mr. Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," and an account of it was published by him at the time in the "Banner of Light."

Sometimes, while one line was being written by the finger of the medium, a corresponding line would be formed underneath by invisible agency. Occasionally, Mr. Powell would take the finger of a person present in his hand and write with it, and sometimes do this when the finger was covered with a glove.

After witnessing the slate-writing phenomenon of C. H. Watkins at his residence, I accompanied him to the residence of Mr. Epes Sargent, when an experiment was made with a view to ascertain whether writing could be obtained when the medium was at a distance from the slate. Accordingly the slate was placed in the corner of Mr. Sargent's library, and Mr. Sargent and E. Watkins went to the opposite corner, a distance of twenty-three feet, when the writing was produced as usual.

I have had several experiences of the "passage of matter through matter." I have had solid iron rings placed round my arm whilst holding the hand of the medium. This is a common occurrence with certain mediums, such as Mr. Williams and the late Mr. Herne, but it generally takes place in the dark. Once in the presence of Horatio Eddy, I saw a spirit-hand take two rings, and whilst I had hold of the medium, one hand on his shoulder and the other on his wrist, the two rings were placed simultaneously on my arm, producing a sensation like a mild galvanic shock. A lamp was burning at the time at a little distance in front. I once had an experience of the same kind with Mr. Herne in the light. It occurred under these circumstances: Mr. Herne was giving a séance at my house. We were seated round a table in the act of joining hands, preparatory to extinguishing the gaslight. Before this was done, a gentleman who sat next the medium having just taken hold of his hand, who, moreover, had never seen anything of the kind before, called attention to the fact of a chair hanging by its top rail round his arm. He was questioned as to whether it was there before he joined hands with the medium, and he asserted emphatically such was not the case, for he observed the chair standing at a little distance off after the hands were joined. He was also asked whether he had let go of the medium's hand, and he said he was quite sure he had not. The phenomenon frequently took place at Mr. Herne's séances, and was one of its chief features, but it took place generally in the dark. Indeed, I never heard of any other instance of its taking place in the light, and as such I deem it worthy of special mention.

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on June 30th in the school-room of the New Church, Argyle-square, King's Cross, London, W.C. Colonel Bevington occupied the chair. The committee's report states that £707 18s. 6d. have been received in dividends, subscriptions, &c.; legacies £700, and books sold £239 10s. 1d. 4,525 volumes have been delivered, which includes some in German, Italian, French, and Latin. 6,300 volumes have been reprinted.

Public libraries have received 1,139 volumes. 100 volumes are being offered to ministers in Melbourne, Australia, and the theological works have been presented to the Public Library (Victorian) instituted in honour of the Queen's Jubilee at Perth, West Australia. Arrangements are being made for a translation of the work entitled "Heaven and Hell" into the Hindi language for circulation in India. In Italy a further distribution of the "Heaven and Hell" and the "Divine Providence" has been made to the extent of 50 volumes.

QUOTATIONS FOR TOMBSTONES AND MEMORIAL CARDS.

(Continued.)

Why should we weep, when 'tis so well with him?
Our loss even cannot measure his great gain!

Why should we weep? We do not bury love;
We cannot seek that jewel in the grave!
'The dust of earth but claims its kindred dust;
We do not bury life, and cannot feel
The grave-grass grow betwixt our warmth and him;
Death emptieth the House, but not the Heart:
That keeps its darlings safe tho' out of sight.

The dearest souls, you know, part in sleep,
And death is but a little longer night.
A little while, and we shall wake to find
Our lost ones with us face to face, and feel
All years of yearning summed up in a kiss.

GERALD MASSEY.

On wings of worlds they rise our world above,
But float at anchor still in human love.

GERALD MASSEY.

Servant of God, a blessing on thy head!
E'en in the tomb a blessing! Love did move
Around thee, living; Love
Will not forget thee, dead!

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

I know that Heaven for thee is won;
And yet I feel I would resign
Whole ages of my life, for one
One little hour of thine.

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Most beautiful of earthly things!
I will not bid thy spirit stay,
Nor link to earth those glittering wings,
That burst like light away!

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
And go thy way, all pure and fair,
Into the starry firmament;
And wander there with the spirits of air,
As bright and innocent!

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

I know that God is good, though evil dwells
Among us, and doth all things holiest share;
That there is joy in Heaven, while yet our knells
Sound for the souls which He has summoned there.

JEAN INGELOW.

Thee to retain I was full fain,
But God, He knoweth best!
And His peace upon thy brow lies plain
As the sunshine on thy breast!

JEAN INGELOW.

They have forgotten how to weep; and thou
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee
And satisfy thy soul; and thou shalt warm
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.

JEAN INGELOW.

Sustain this heart in us, that faints,
Thou God, the self-existent!
We catch up wild at parting saints,
And feel thy Heaven too distant.

Well done of God to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness!
To us the empty room and cot,
To her the Heaven's completeness.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

No cause for fear. The circle of God's life
Contains all life besides.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I am strong
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Double.

SIR,—Shakespeare tells us: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts."

Can it be possible that in the case of the double, premonitions, fortune-tellings, and the like, the world's resemblance to the stage of a theatre may be further exemplified thus?

We will suppose the men and women of the present age to represent the audience, or spectators; the drop-scene represents the veil between the past and the future, which hides the actors who are soon to appear before the assemblage from their view at the present moment; but other actors have yet to come on the stage before all is ready for the curtain to be raised and all exposed, in due order, to the gaze of the spectators. Psychic sensitives may represent certain inquisitive individuals among the audience who have discovered certain little holes, or rents, in the drop-scene* through which, from the position they occupy, they can occasionally obtain a peep at one or more of the actors as they pass to and fro on the stage previous to taking up the positions which—in accordance with the directions of the stage manager—they are to occupy when the curtain is raised and they appear exposed to full view of the spectators.

It is said, and observation proves, that "coming events cast their shadows before," in which case, of course, the event must be in existence before it can cast the shadow which we perceive before the event makes itself visible; or may I indicate the idea I wish to convey thus: My life's pilgrimage I will take to resemble a journey by coach, rail or boat, or partly by each; either of these conveyances would, in the end, bring me to my place of destination; but it depends on which I adopted, for the time being, as to the variety of scenery though which I should have to pass; I know not what it may be; the set scenes, the vales, the mountains, the streams, the trees are all there now although I cannot yet see them, and would be there for others even though I should never see them. But other things I shall meet with as I journey along, which are not a portion of the set scene, such as clouds and sunshine, hail, rain, snow, thunder, lightning, heat, cold, men, women, cattle and other movable objects; something of this kind is there now, but may be totally different when I arrive at any given point. A sensitive or clairvoyant may possibly be able to see and describe to me the set scene, although I cannot yet see it myself, and yet not be able to tell me every detail as to the weather and movable objects which I shall meet with on my arrival in each particular district.

I am fully aware that I have expressed my idea very imperfectly. Indeed, it is not quite clear to my own mind I merely offer the suggestion for what it may be worth, in the hope that others—yourself, for instance—who are far more capable than myself, may be induced to evolve some workable hypothesis therefrom, aided by their own experience.—Yours faithfully,

ARCANUS.

Cambridge, July 7th, 1891.

P.S.—It may make my meaning clearer if I add that it is intended to induce a consideration of the question as to whether or not it is a fact that all things must exist in the world of spirit before we on earth become cognisant of them. All causes must necessarily precede their effects. Swedenborg says that "the spirit world is the world of causes, and this the world of effects," or words to that effect.

A Plea for Corporal Punishment.

SIR,—Theosophy, which I take to be the ultimate basis of all reasonable religions, proceeds on the belief of the Fatherhood of God, and that man is made in His image. How, then, does the All-Wise Father punish His children,

* The nearer the spectator is placed to the hole in the curtain, the more extensive his view of what is taking place behind it. The slighter the hold which the spirit has on the physical body the greater is its vision of and rapport with things of a spiritual nature. Is it so? After all—is not what men call matter clearly a more or less permanent manifestation of spirit, apparently in differing degrees of solidity? What, in its essence is an atom? What, in its essence is spirit? Who is omniscient enough to define them?

there being two distinct avenues to the real Ego? Do His chastising strokes come always direct on the spiritual nature, or do they not also often fall on the physical? May we not conclude that the weight of penalties incurred by disobedience to Divine laws is borne home as much through the sufferings of the body as through the anguish of the mind?

Would it not then be presumptuous for us to suppose that we have found out a better way in dealing with our children, and that the vulgar rod can be laid aside?

For my own part I think all undeveloped moral natures require corporal inflictions, and that the world in thinking it has got beyond the wisdom of Solomon and Lycurgus has really fallen short of it.

M. W. G.

Jehovah and Azazel.

SIR,—Having read with interest the Rev. J. Page Hopps' address on "A Study of the Old Testament Jehovah from the Standpoint of Spiritualism," I wish to throw a side-light upon this subject from a Kabbalistic standpoint. In justice to the "Old Testament Jehovah," and with regard to the minute directions for ceremonies which are ascribed to this Deity, it should be more generally known that an occult meaning underlies the aforesaid directions. Those given (Lev. xiv.) for the cleansing of a leper, for instance, contain a profound alchemical mystery.

The generally received Kabbalistic theory of the "Jehovah" name is, I believe, that it is a glyph of the perfect union of the higher and lower natures. It is not until we examine this name in conjunction with that of "Azazel" (see Lev. xvi.) that a new light dawns upon the mind. We then discover that Jehovah, whatever may be its meaning elsewhere, here stands as a symbol of that everlasting principle, the true "Star of the Sea," of which Goethe speaks in other words in the closing lines of the second part of "Faust."

LEO.

Madame Greck.

SIR,—Some friends of mine residing near London would be glad to know if Madame Greck gives public as well as private séances; if so, they would, I think, be easily persuaded to join a circle, and in that way her séances would be more easily reached by the many than if restricted to the few. It has been my privilege to have several sittings with her, and I consider her a first-class medium, and her guides, particularly "Annie" and "Sunshine," most truthful and reliable. I have also found great benefit from the prescriptions of Dr. Forbes, who seems always to enter so kindly into the ailments or disease we may apply to him for. I should feel obliged if you would insert this in your next week's number of "LIGHT," as my object in writing is in case Madame Greck has no public séance to ask you to persuade her to open one. I have been a Spiritualist many years, and though surrounded on all hands by Materialists, am anxious to speak a word in defence of my beliefs.

E. A. HOSKINS.

SOCIETY WORK.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Hopcroft delivered an instructive trance address, Mr. W. Wallace, the pioneer medium, giving some of his early experiences. Sunday, at 11, Messrs. T. Pursey and R. Holmes, clairvoyance; at 7, Mr. Veitch, "Psychometry, with Experiments"; Thursday, 7.45, Mr. Hopcroft; Saturday, 7.45, Mrs. Hawkins.—C. WHITE.

PECKHAM RYE.—The lecture last Sunday given by Mr. Lees was entitled "The Ministry of Angels." His position was that life being eternal, upon the evidence of the Christian and all other religions, some employment must be open to us after we leave this state. The tendency of all good men being to benefit their fellow-men, what more rational than that to do the same will be their labour of love. A large audience listened to this definite pronouncement of Spiritualism with a close and rapt attention. Next Sunday, at 3.15, Mr. Lees will give proofs of the continuity of life, and the ministry of departed intelligences.—J. H.

311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday, July 12th, Mr. W. Long spoke upon immortality, giving the view held thereon by Spiritualists. Several members also gave their

opinion on this and kindred subjects, making an interesting meeting. Sunday, July 19th, 11.15 a.m., first meeting of Mutual Improvement Branch; 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., "The Spiritual World," Mr. W. Long; Thursday, July 23rd, consideration of federation, 8.30.—A. L. WARD, 59, Trinity-square, Borough, S.E., Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Sunday last good meeting. Mrs. Mason's guides gave us a grand spiritual discourse upon "Love and Harmony," urging us all to attain it by helping each other while here in our earth life. Sunday next, 3, Lyceum; 7, Mr. Darby. Tuesday, at 8, séance, Mrs. Mason. Sunday, August 2nd, Rev. Dr. Rowland Young. Our Lyceum continues to make progress. The children pay marked attention to our mode of teaching, the solos and recitations being well rendered by Alice Buckeldee, Ernest White, and Annie Jones. We hope to give them a day's outing if funds permit. We, therefore, appeal to the generous friends of our cause for help. Donations will be thankfully acknowledged by the conductor, Mr. MASON.

HYDE PARK OPEN-AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION (NEAR MARBLE ARCH).—Last Sunday the debate advertised did not take place, as Mr. Veitch was under medical advice not to speak. We were pleased to see the speakers "federated" together, and in consequence a very influential and interesting meeting resulted, attracting a large concourse of people, who eagerly sought our literature at the close. Some explanations were rectified at first, by last Sunday's disputants; and then Messrs. Darby, A. M. Rodger, Bullock, Drake, and others gave addresses advancing the cause of Spiritualism. Next Sunday at 3.30 (weather permitting). The attendance of sympathisers, and literature for distribution, requested.—PERCY SMYTH, 34, Cornwall-road, W.

WINCHESTER HALL, PECKHAM.—A few members welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Everitt; about eighteen partook of tea at the society's premises, 33, High-street. Mrs. Everitt very kindly consenting we sat in circle. Without delay there came distinct knocks; clairvoyance given by Mr. Waters at the morning meeting was confirmed and the name of the spirit spelt out. Strange to relate it was one of Mrs. Everitt's band, the table moved without human contact. The many proofs given were fully appreciated and will be a source of encouragement to the workers in the cause whose felicity it was to behold such convincing manifestations. Evening, Mr. Everitt gave a very concise address, subject, "The Duality in Man's Nature," adducing personal evidence of a very striking character, also contended that we do not lose consciousness. Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Lees concluded the service which was attended by an attentive and numerous audience. Sunday next, Mr. R. J. Lees, 11 and 7; Monday, 8, "Spiritual Culture." Friday, 8, Healing.—J. T. A.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last, July 12th, our platform was occupied by Mr. Robson, whose guides spoke upon the following subjects which were chosen by the audience: "The Philosophy of Mind," "The Necessity for Worshipping the Deity"; "How soon after passing from the Body can the Spirit return?" "Can any Light be obtained from the Spirit World to Help Man?" The whole of these subjects were treated in a calm, intelligent manner, much information of a valuable character being imparted. The importance of holy living was again and again referred to by the guides. Many and beautiful were the illustrations used to show the necessity for worship of the Deity. Two beautiful poems were also rendered by the guides on subjects chosen by the audience. The first poem was on "Inspiration," and the other "Where is Heaven?" Both were given in a masterly manner, our audience being well pleased and much edified. Sunday, July 19th, at 7 p.m., Mr. Davies. Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Bliss. Saturday, at 8 p.m., developing circle.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CONSTANT READER."—Yes: the book is the same. It is now scarce.

R.—We print in this issue a defence of Mr. Harris, which will vouch, at any rate, for our impartiality. But we may point out that we merely reviewed a published work, as we do when such come under our notice, and have nothing to do with the private opinions of persons in what is a public matter. It is obvious that the little space at our disposal cannot be occupied by expressions of opinion not founded on knowledge.

E. A. H.—We print your letter, and, no doubt, Madame Greck, or some one on her behalf, will tell you what you desire to know.

"REJECTED."—You will find that we have complied with your wishes. Send address. We are too ill to write at length, and are out of London. Any letter will be attended to. Your letters with enclosure (£10 to be applied as directed), are received: also your subsequent letter. We cannot reply at length in these columns. If you desire a detailed answer you must give an address.

NEW TEACHING FOR THE NEW AGE.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

This column will be used by one professing to explain, on the authority of the Bible itself, why all teaching hitherto given in its name is now unsatisfactory, and does not appeal to the Reason of Mankind.

For such unsatisfactory doctrine, spoken of in the Book itself as infantile, or a "Milk System," will now be offered a Rational System, called "The Kingdom"—that which we are all told to pray for.

The conditions for changing from the "Milk System" to such Kingdom will be given.

The terms may not be very easy. The work may require our best intellects to think out, from the symbolic language in which the conditions are laid down. But all interested must help such workers to devote time to the subject. Should those best fitted by their faculties for the work be unable to give the time from want of means, the means should be found.

Essentially it seems necessary that all desiring such "Kingdom" should consider themselves children thereof, and act as such. Who refuses will be considered as refusing such childhood, and cease to be counted such. All rejecting will finally be swept from "The Kingdom."

The promises and the threats are clear enough in the Bible itself. On what authority they are made and what chance there is of their fulfilment will be one subject for us to examine.

These subjects are not supposed specially to interest the readers of this journal, "LIGHT," nor to relate to the orders of Spirits and Forces they are occupied in studying. The now proposed studies relate essentially to the Ruling Government of the Universe: to Intellects existing, or fabled to be under such Government, and as belonging to the Governing Society or Societies of the Universe or Space: perfectly natural Beings acting and moving by natural laws and means as much as we do ourselves: therefore Superhuman, not Supernatural, except, of course, the Supreme Power over all, WHO is called Supernatural, having created, or rather made, Nature.

The columns of "LIGHT" will now be used, because its class of readers recognise a common Rule with the Advertiser, which is:—

If Communion, or Intercourse, with other orders of Intellects or Conscious Beings is desired or sought for the volition of such others must also be studied, and any conditions they insist on attended to.

They seem to have arrived at this Rule from believing in the Existence of the Intellects they wish to study.

Apparently Religious Teachers not believing in the Existence of the Intellects they profess to teach us about, all applications to them to aid the publication of the necessary conditions have been

REJECTED.