

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, 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 the Editor.

Mr. Myers calls my attention to the fact that Mr. Davey contributed to the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research an account of how he was tricked, and how he tricked other people. The matter is profoundly unimportant. No doubt Mr. Davey tricked. No doubt the Society for Psychical Research thought him a good trick to play. They want—if they know what they want—anything that can damage the simple truth that is called by the name of Spiritualism. Mr. Davey did or did not state the truth on one or other of two occasions. He is dead, and cannot answer here. I refrain, therefore, from saying more than that I do not attach importance to his evidence, which is of service only because the Society for Psychical Research has adopted it.

The fact is that Mr. Davey was at once a shuffler and a conjurer. He simulated the phenomena which result from mediumship by tricks of his own. He was clever, but he was not true. And there is even a better thing than the reputation of Mr. Davey, and that is the cause of truth. He must have been a strange person, and the strangest thing about him is that the Society for Psychical Research should have adopted him as one of their witnesses to truth. At any rate, I treat Mr. Davey, who shuffled and tried to bamboozle me, at what he was worth. That can be appraised by anybody who cares to take the trouble.

Mr. H. D. Lowry contributes to "Literary Opinion" some Aspects of the Novel," and deals with the supernatural in fiction. Mr. H. D. Lowry talks of "condescending to the supernatural." Now it seems to me a piece of impertinence on the part of Mr. Lowry. For the supernatural is that which is above the natural, on which Mr. Lowry exists. His notice has evidently been rapidly written, and is without any permanent value. It might as well that he should think more and write less.

There is, in "Literary Opinion," "A Study of James Anthony Froude," with a very excellent portrait of that eminent man. He has been one of the most accomplished thinkers of these later days, and his brother Hurrell Froude, who was the friend of John Henry Newman, is, perhaps, more known than himself. Born in 1818, he came to Oxford with his brother and Newman had declared war against reform. In fact, his brother Hurrell was dead before the younger brother entered Oriel. It is not any part of my business to write a biography of Mr. Froude, but he has

been a remarkable power, and I think it wise to take note of people who see and watch the signs of the times. Mr. Froude has done so, and so has that chippy, gritty Carlyle, whose account of the French Revolution is the finest reading that I ever read. "A godly doctrine necessary for these times." It may be, perhaps, a set-off against that opinion that Carlyle declared that Newman "had not the brain of a rabbit." Mr. Froude compares Newman's brain to Caesar's. He is nearer the truth. After all, men who think have to be reckoned with: the host who don't think may be left alone. The thinkers may be counted on the fingers of one hand, but those who accept anything that may be told them cannot be counted at all.

I have had the advantage of reading "Peter Ibbetson," reviewed in these columns some time back. That Mr. Du Maurier can draw no one who looks at "Punch" can doubt, but that he could have written a novel like this, his first effort, is most strange. It is to me one of the foremost novels of the day. The style is so good: so remarkably above the slipshod stuff that Mudie sends out. A man might be proud to have written "Peter Ibbetson": and then Du Maurier draws, as I think Whistler said of the President of the Royal Academy when he once remarked that he was a good after-dinner speaker, and he believed that he painted.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage is always worth listening to when he speaks, and he never speaks without having something to say. In the "Arena" he has something to say about "The Rights of Children." It is quite time that the Rights of Children should be considered, for, poor things, they are dragged up any way, and they are the parents of the next generation. Mr. Savage has written from the ethical point of view an article that is wholly admirable. What a dreary life is that of many a child! Take an inhabitant of Seven Dials. What a Sahara it must be to him! I am happy to say that I am going to send two hundred of these poor creatures into communion with nature, and I wish that instead of one day I could give them one year, but, at any rate, they will be the better for one day, for anything that brings one back to nature is found to be good for us. Mr. Minot Savage has said many fine things in his life, but he never said a finer one than that a child had a right to be happy. For that means that the child is adapted to his surroundings, which means soul-nutriments. And in view of this one may well mourn over the denizens of the New Cut.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton contributes to the same number a notice of three new books of poetry—William Morris, Lord Lytton, and Edwin Arnold. Mrs. Moulton says that of these there is no doubt who is the best. I am not sure, for though Morris be good, he is very eccentric, and he sometimes writes things which make one remember his happiest times in order to excuse him. Mrs. Moulton is herself a poet, and she must have a poet's insight, for I suppose it is the misfortune of common-place folk not to be able to see or to appreciate what wiser minds easily realise. I

have not been able to find in Mr. Morris what Mrs. Moulton does, but there is in him sterling stuff; for instance:—

ABSENCE.

Not in my life, but yours, I live;
And from myself I seem to be
As far away, dear fugitive,
As you are far from me.

Unlit by you, no light have I—
A fainting lamp that's fed by none!
The earth seems left without a sky,
The sky without a sun.

Come back! Come back! and with you bring
All that with you is gone away—
Warmth, life, light, love, and everything
That stays but where you stay!

PROFESSOR KORSCHOLT'S SUN-ETHER RADIATOR.

I have received a collection of testimonials to the efficacy of this invention. In a preface the Professor tells us that after working out and testing his apparatus for two years, he first gave it to the public at the Hygienic Exhibition at Halle in August, 1891, where a gold medal was awarded for it. It also received a first prize for its influence on the growth of plants at the Horticultural Exhibition in Eberswalde, in September.

Having now sent out about one thousand, and the first edition of one thousand copies of his publication concerning the utilisation of the vitalising power of the Ether being exhausted, he proposes to append to the second edition all the results he can collect of its action, so as to see what percentage of cases it has benefited and in what illnesses it is most effective. To this end everyone who has tried the radiator is requested to communicate the result to him at 73, Südstrasse, Leipzig, if possible before June 30th.

It would be very desirable to have a complete record of its action. These testimonials are very striking, but there are but thirty to forty. Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden has suggested that it acts only on those sensitive to magnetism. I do not personally feel competent to pronounce an opinion on it. Having had one of the disks in the house for a week, I was at first quite unconscious of its radiation, but can now perceive a cold air emanating from it, and believe it to act beneficially. The other kinds, such as the "Ampel," or lamp-form, are, I believe, stronger in their action. It will be noticed that the coils go in opposite directions on the two sides of the disk; that where they go like the hands of a watch is the absorbent side; the other is the radiating side, to be turned towards you.

One person who has "countless cures and improvement" to record, yet says that he is more and more convinced that its action is quite different according to character, morality, manner of life, &c.

Professor Kapp, of Düsseldorf, the last representative of Baron von Reichenbach's Od-theory, says: "The Sun-Ether Radiating Apparatus needs a testimonial as little as the sun itself."

One lady, a message in Berlin, who has an "Ampel" hanging in her bedroom, a "Stativ 16" in her parlour, and a radiating disk to be used when wanted, writes a glowing account of their effect, whereby she innocently informs us that her servant gets up every morning at four o'clock, does everything in their rather large household singlehanded, including the washing, hardly ever goes to bed before eleven, and yet is not at all big and strong, has but small wages, but is always cheerful, often saying, "If we had not the apparatus I could never get through so much work." What an opportunity for London sweaters! I fear they do not read "Light," or we should have them all ordering the Radiator, and the Professor's fortune would be made.

G.C.C.

KNOWLEDGE.—Acquired merely for its own sake, knowledge may be a heavy and undigested mass in the mind of the owner, clogging his activities and feeding only his vanity; but, as a means of some beneficent and well-defined and its provisions can never be over-estimated. Brought into practical operation for the benefit of mankind it will bless a thousandfold him who gains it and the world through him. It will preserve health, promote civilization, and lift up all life to a higher level. Simply storing it up in the memory will not do this. It must be used intelligently, scattered liberally, and transmitted into the very life of the nation itself. Much of the knowledge of the present day will doubtless fade, pass away, and be outgrown, as much of the knowledge of the past has done; yet, if it has been used aright its effects will remain.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

EDITED BY "KIDNA."

Our Easter holiday was this year spent at C—. During our residence there we had a series of messages from former communicators. From these I select three cases:—

I.—THE REV. J. M.

This was the former minister of this parish. I have already dealt with his case. Again, personality, identity, and similarity of both handwriting and signature came out very clearly; the gossipy garrulous nature of the man, as I knew him in earth-life, when we met on the beach, stands clearly revealed. He discusses the talk of the village, while the character and qualifications of his successor in the town are very accurately given. In short, "the man," as I used to know him in earth-life is "there" very much as he was "here." One part of the message, relative to ourselves and our visit to C—, is particularly convincing, but for personal reasons I cannot give it.

II.—THE POSTMASTER.

When in earth-life, this old gentleman kept a stationer's shop along with the Post Office. His successor in the post-office carries on the same business. We had left our note-book at home, and one evening I purchased at the post office a pass book, in which we intended our family medium should write some messages when they came. On going home I opened the pass book and handed it to my daughter, who sat down and began to write in my presence. The first message written was from the late postmaster himself. On this occasion his Christian name was all right. The last time it was written "William," instead of "David." Personality clearly comes out in the message, which is entirely of an earthly character. I can only note one point. He says, "I see you are writing in one of my pass books." After the message had been written, I turned to the title page, and found on it the words, "Sold by D. W., C—." These had been scored out in red pencil by the new occupant of the shop, who had taken over the stock. Unless our attention had been drawn to the circumstances in the message, probably we would never have seen it. The medium certainly did not know what was on the title page till the message had been passed.

III.—THE LATE CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

One message came here from my late friend Mr. E., whose letter before his funeral was formerly noticed by me in "Light." The details of this message, and of a subsequent one got in town on our return, are too private for reproduction. The handwriting and signature are as formerly. I note the following details in the two messages:—

1. His expressions of sorrow that I could not tell his widow and family about his happiness in his new sphere.
2. He regrets I cannot come back to C— as often as formerly, and refers to my leaving a country house elsewhere.
3. He says he observes the village doctor does not believe in Spiritualism. He must have overheard a discussion between this gentleman and myself which occurred during my visit to C—, and on that occasion the doctor was very sceptical.
4. He discusses the action of the magistrate regarding certain improvements on the beach, a matter which I have no doubt, had his attention when in earth-life and acting as civic ruler of the place.

I might give more details, but deem those points noted sufficient. Taken in conjunction with the family part of the messages, I have not the least doubt that my late friend, the chief magistrate of C—, is still "very much alive" and in rapport with me and my household.

Other messages came, but on these I will not dwell, as my purpose is to show that return to a certain locality brought with it messages from former communicators who had lived and departed from this seaside resort, and whose identity and personality come clearly out to us. The points noted may seem trivial, but my contention is that it is little matters of the kind referred to that convince identity is reached, so far as the outside public is concerned, especially in cases such as those now dealt with, where full details cannot be given.

NATURE makes out justice pure and simple to all according to their works. None are ever slighted.

SIUNAR LANGUAGE.

We quote the following interesting account from the "Religio-Philosophical Journal":—

Can persons be born with a language ?
If so, can they be born with a language different from their mother language ?

These questions I was asked by a friend, who called my attention to an article in an Icelandic journal some months ago, telling me of a lady who died some years ago, who spoke a language different from all others known.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a man who knew Miss Siun Johnson for thirty years. He says:—

Miss Siun Johnson was born at Illugastodum in Hunavatha State. She stayed with her parents until she was twenty-five years old; then they died. She moved with her foster sister, Miss Maria Bjarnson, to Thorkelshill, in Wididal. Miss Bjarnson married Sigfus Bergmann Sigfusson, pastor of Felli in Skagaljord; with them she remained until they died, then she moved from there to the well-known student, Paul W. Vidalin and his wife Elinborg, and with them she remained to her death, which occurred in her seventieth year.

Miss Johnson was seven years old when she began to speak; it happened one time when the children were down on the sea shore playing, gathering shells. She did not agree with them and she began to speak this strange language. Her brothers and sisters were very quick learning her language, although she did not speak it fluently before she was ten years of age.

She was very intellectual, although she never could learn our language. She had great respect for all that was religious, and was a true believer in the Lutheran faith. She was confirmed by the consent of the bishop, and her brother answered for her. She went to the Communion, and I dare say that she understood that better than many who can speak the language. I knew Miss Johnson from the time I was born until I was thirty years old, I learned her language as quickly as my own, and every Sunday I had to translate the Gospel; she kept me busy with her questions.

The following is a list of words from her strange language. She had words for most everything she saw and heard. The wonder is that her language was so distinct from other languages:—

SIUNAR LANGUAGE.	ICELANDIC.	ENGLISH.
Ila,	Gud,	God,
Ila komba,	Gud h jalpit mer,	God help me!
Ila amh-amh,	Gud er golar,	God is good,
Ila ha-am,	Gud vill,	God will,
Ila um,	Gud vill ekki,	God will not,
Ila um fuffa ibb gatigga,	Gud vill ekki ad men ajeu vondi,	God does not want the men to be bad.
Iff-iff,	Ljos,	Light,
Puffa hujja,	Englar,	The angel,
Ila ku-ku,	Himariki,	Paradise,
Ko-ko,	Lesa,	To read,
Puffa,	Madur,	Man,
Ho-fakk,	Nottinn,	The night,
Avv-avv,	Tala,	To speak,
Pi-fi,	Ad syngja,	To sing,
Ofo ha-am Ko-ko,	Mikid langar mig til ad lesa,	O! I wish I could read,
Bae ja offo-umb igg avv- avv	Saeunni thykir bat ad geta ekki talad.	Siun thinks it too bad that she cannot speak.

She loved all that was good and beautiful, and wished all men to be good. She was very quick in learning all kinds of work, and very active in all her doings. She was always working; she could not be idle; she wished all things explained to her and she had an excellent memory and appreciated all good done to her, but was very revengeful if not treated right.—I remain, yours respectfully,

BALDWIN ARASON.

There were different opinions in regard to this language. Many thought it was witchcraft; others thought it a wild language and that Miss Johnson was born with it.

I wish to hear the opinion of some of the good readers of "The Journal" in regard to this language.

Chicago, Ill. P. JOHNSON.

The greatest possible inheritance, after a good constitution, is the principle of economy.

The truth never apologises, never offers an excuse, never begs your pardon for anything, never wrongs another.

The selfishness of a person destroys the good they might do. They retain even what would be good to others only, and close the door against the giver.

SPIRITUAL ALLEGORIES.

No. II. —"THE DOOR."*

Every new perception of the mind, or new thought, is truly a vision. But because the eye wherewith we see is beyond the threshold of consciousness, therefore we are unaware that it is a true "sight," and call it merely a thought—an idea.

Once in such a thought vision I seemed to see a dark and deep valley shut in on three sides by towering mountains. The valley was narrow, and the mountain ranges on either side were long, and stretched away in slightly expanding lines towards the horizon, but the end of the valley near me was narrow and was closed by an enormous mass of solid rock, so sheer and steep that none could possibly climb up it and get to the other side.

Throughout its whole length I could see that the valley was thronged with people. Some reclining by the side of the rivulets and brooks that ran from the hills on either side; some busied in divers occupations; some eagerly collecting flowers, and observing the habits and ways of the birds, animals, and insects that lived in the valley; others, again, sitting on the grass and gazing with thoughtful and often troubled faces at the mass of rock that shut in the head of the valley. But occasionally I noticed that a large crowd of people would leave their occupation for a short time and congregate together in a body on a piece of smooth turf that, commencing from the base of the mountain, stretched about four hundred yards down the valley.

Seeing this I drew near to ascertain what was the cause of this assembly, and this is what I saw: About one hundred yards from the rock was a sort of platform made upon the turf, stretching right across the valley, which, of course, at this, its upper part, was not very broad. On this platform were certain men standing, some in gorgeous robes, some plainly dressed in ordinary garments. In front of the platform, which faced down the valley and away from the sheer rock, a number of people were gathered, some reclining, some sitting, some standing, but all seeming more or less interested in what was going on. What this was at first I did not understand, until I went and joined the crowd; and then I saw for the first time that the wall of rock before which we were assembled was not rough natural stone, but seemed to form a huge gateway of marvellous proportions and workmanship, and on its hinges—evidently fitting the gateway but always wide open—stood an equally marvellous Door. But though the Door was open it was still not possible to see through the gateway, for a sort of mist seemed to fill it, which swayed and changed continually; sometimes getting thinner, and then gleams and suggestions of brightness and beauty could be faintly discerned through it; but again getting denser, and then it was difficult to say what appeared; different people seemed to see different things.

At length I saw a man in gorgeous robes stand forward in front of the platform and address the people in these words: "O ye, the faithful few of the valley dwellers, respect mine office which is to instruct you in our most holy faith of the Door; and attend to and believe my words. Do ye not all understand that without this blessed Door our valley would be a prison, and we should be shut up here—the sea behind us in the distance, and the unscaleable hills around and in front? But blessed be the Creator of this valley; He has given us a Door, whereby salvation is offered to us if we will rightly receive it. But none can come nigh that Door, or receive any benefit therefrom, who is not instructed in the true faith about it by us, your priests, who have been appointed to this holy office and function, to be preachers of the true faith of the Door and to guard you from error. Know ye then that the Lord of the Door hath declared that none shall be availed by it who cannot cross the ditch which stretches before it; and to do this ye must sacrifice of your wealth, and promise obedience to our teaching. Then may ye be permitted to cross it upon the ladder bridge we have constructed, whereby the ditch alone can be crossed, being far too broad for anyone to leap over it. The ditch and ladder are immediately at the rear of this platform of which I speak, and none whom we assist need fear not to get safely to the other side whensoever the dread moment comes when he can no longer remain in this valley. Till that time continue we in the true faith and worship of the Door."

* For the root idea from which this fancy has been elaborated I am indebted to my friend, the Rev. R. W. Corbet, of Stoke-on-Tern.

Whereon he turned his back to the people and began in a monotonous tone of voice to read these words aloud from a book he held in his hand: "O Door, we praise thee, we worship thee, we give thanks to thee; we humble ourselves before thee; we are not worthy of thy favour," and all the people bowed their heads and said likewise. But just then another man in plain garments, just like those worn by the rest of the people, started up and cried, "O people, this man who has just spoken to you is in error; believe him not. Think ye that it is needful in order to worship the Door to wear those ridiculous robes, or to use words printed in a book. All these and many other things that he teaches you are pernicious, erroneous notions; and instead of the truth he preaches to you lies in hypocrisy, and would subvert your souls. For the ladders he provides are unsound and will break beneath your weight, and know ye not that the bottom of the ditch is liquid fire, into which if ye fall ye must be burned?" Hereupon a fearful strife and wrangle began on the platform between the man in the gorgeous robes and the man in plain garments: yea, and many others joined in, each asserting that he alone was right and knew the truth, and that all the rest were wrong and in error. Moreover, the people began to dispute of these matters, for the men on the platform constantly appealed to them, and they took some one side, some another, some still others; and all was confusion and uproar: for those who followed the robed priest began to recite aloud at the top of their voices the words of their book, trying to drown the voices of the others; but these others, by no means intimidated, shouted with equal vigour verses of Scripture and ejaculations, and any words that came into their heads, and gradually those who agreed in the matter collected themselves together and formed a little crowd to themselves opposite that part of the platform on which their respective leaders stood. Occasionally, too, the people of one crowd would shout menaces and threats at the people who were not of their crowd, and throw stones, which would all be returned with interest. And all the while the Door stood open, but the people were far too occupied with disputing as to what they were to think about it to pay any attention to the Door itself, or to watch the mists that swayed and swirled in the open gateway. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that the mist was thinner just when the strife and discord was loudest.

Then as I was watching I saw a young man rush out from the edge of one of the crowds and make for a part of the platform on which no one was standing, and getting upon it he turned and began an impassioned harangue, while very soon a little crowd had collected about him to hear. "Ye people of the valley," he cried, "be no longer deceived by these lying teachers and listen not to what they say about any Door out of the valley. What want we with a Door? Is not our valley pleasant, fertile, and full of means of knowledge and delight? Why, then, do ye suffer these who are no more and know no better than ye yourselves to draw you from your only rational occupation, which is to get for yourselves the best of the good of the valley, and see that everyone around us is treated justly and made as comfortable as possible. These priests are all interested scoundrels. They love pleasure as much as you, and they are cunning enough to invent this myth of the Door as a means of making themselves your masters."

And when he had said this some applauded, but most were angry, and the priests in particular almost forgot their quarrel with the ministers in plain garments, and joined with them in crying out to the people that the young man who had spoken should be pulled down from his position on the platform, and by force be compelled to hold his peace.

G.W.A.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.—Take life like a man. Take it just as though it were—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is.

OF THE CREATION, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF EARTH WITH OTHER PLANETS.

(Continued from p. 275.)

When I speak of *seclusion*, it is rather with a view to introspection and down-searching for correspondences upon the lines of internal life-connection with others than to more selfish considerations.

There is a time in the natural world when the vital forces of a plant are all sent out of the manifest earth-form down into the root, there to work out the problem of the increase of further development of species, before the time of manifestation by correspondence with the conditions of the upper world is again attempted.

In the under-working of our planet we deal with causes in the upper with effects. The effect cannot exist without the cause; the cause may remain more potent in unmanifested condition than in manifested.

Therefore, the creatures of a planet register its inner condition. If there are evolutionary and stirring vibrations beneath, the minds of men will be agitated and unsettled, the voice of war will be heard upon the surface of the soil.

If the planetary forces are straining for amalgamation to some great end, some grand upheaval, some general revolt against existing down-pressure, the creatures above will also, by partaking of the vibrations of the under forces, strain blindly towards the same goal; unconsciously, but in true sympathy with the efforts of their world to assert its individual character by the righteousness of equality or attainment of good as the uniter of every kind with its own.

The planets in our solar system respond to earth at this period with only the time idea to distinguish their conditions. Thus the Moon is but the nucleus of a world; dead matter, so to speak.

Venus is in the Edenic condition, and her inhabitants are as we were before the Fall, having all innocence without knowledge.

Mars, the period of the Fall; the baptism of experience in which knowledge seems to involve loss of happiness.

The Sun, the condition of upheaval immediately preceding the Flood.

Mercury, the time of the Flood.

Jupiter, the next stage succeeding it.

Saturn, the period of our earth's new fertilisation and re-creation, in its arrangement of plane upon plane of orderly rhythm.

The rings of Earth corresponding to these planetary forces are all attuned to this measure of change. Earth herself bears witness that she is also in accord with them. Hence the dividing of kinds and the forming of sects, cliques, and brotherhoods finding so much favour in the minds of men, and bringing them to exert all their energies, physical and mental, to this one aim, this one idea. This has its motive power fixed deeply in that hidden force, which is much more potent than the effect of that force, much more universal than the outer system would imply. But to search for this reason one must not ascend into fluidic ideals, but descend into matter, into the realisation of the atomic correspondence of the creature and the vegetable world with the planet of which they are part. Our Earth taken as the Universal Mother becomes for us very different from the isolated, solitary, and sorrowful star that she was supposed to be when viewed from some larger and more fluidic planet, or rather from some corresponding planetary ring of the Earth herself. The winged inhabitants of Jupiter here manifest, showing as angels, having wings instead of hands; and declare themselves to be the servants of men, the ministers of comfort to the sorely oppressed creature, struggling in the thickest of this present wilderness. It is their glory to help these who are thus bound, bruised and torn. It is their privilege for love's sake to endure and struggle against the hardness of life in another for another.

To go down into the roots of the system I claim to be a more reasonable method than the dissection of leaves or the observance of lines in flowers. In the root is the covered system of growth; the outer manifest result is merely a result in correspondence with certain sympathetic conditions which tend to fructify, to produce seed. The plant grows inversely to the creature called man; its head is the bulb or centre from which roots are cast, the organs of increase are contained in detached outspreading flowers—male attractive

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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.) "]

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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.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

WALT WHITMAN* AND OPTIMISM.

I confess that I did not approach the study of this poet with any great predisposition to appreciate him. I knew very little of him to begin with, and the little I did know did not seem to be in his favour: for it was that his lines did not rhyme at all, and did not even scan; that his expression was jerky and unstudied, and that there was a good deal of a very crude sort of egotism in what he said. Fortunately for myself, however, I had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Clarke's admirable paper on "Walt Whitman's Philosophy of Life" at the Christo-Theosophical, and of hearing there some of the finest passages read with such admirable sympathy and expression that one quite forgot the absence of rhyme and formal rhythm in the delight in the sentiments enunciated, and in the fine, vigorous, breezy, rounded swing which Mr. Clarke managed to find in the lines, which quite took away the idea that they were barren of music. Since then I have studied both Mr. Clarke's book, with its admirably selected extracts from Whitman's writings, and also the writings themselves, and my ideas as to his value as a poet have undergone conversion.

Of Mr. Clarke's book it is impossible to speak in too high praise. It contains a most admirably fair and well-balanced criticism upon his author, and is evidently written by one who, while perfectly capable of appreciating all that is fine and strong in the poet, is yet by no means blind to certain blemishes and shortcomings. The book is divided into five sections: "His Personality," "His Message to America," "His Art," "His Democracy," "His Spiritual Creed," on each of which Mr. Clarke's criticism will be found to be most interesting and instructive reading, and far too self-evidently a work of very high literary value to need commendation from anyone.

The spirit of Walt Whitman's philosophy I confess—as his countrymen would say—"hits me where I live." For it is a spirit of that pure undiluted Optimism which I no more doubt to be the true spirit than I doubt that I am. Here one finds that same all-enriching universalism, that refusal to give up anything as the devil's and not God's,

which we find alone elsewhere perhaps in some of the finest passages of William Blake; that word which the world so sorely needs—"all things work together for good." You the poor world imagines that because it seems to have lost its hold on God, God has lost His hold on it. It converts "I do not see good" into "I do see evil," giving the negative quite illegitimate power; and having thus carefully, and with pains, forged its own fetters and bound them about itself, it holds the two ends tightly with both hands, and sits down to bemoan its captivity.

What argument can the pessimist bring to convince the optimist? From the very nature of the case, none! For the question between the two is not *what seems* but *what is*. Not what appears to be now, but what eventually shall be. It is a question between hope and despair; and both of these find their actual power not in the present but in the future. However the pessimist may deny it, it still remains a fact that there exists in the human mind a power, a faculty, that refuses to submit to the denial of the time idea. The pessimist says, "You have no right to argue from what you feel with regard to the possible hereafter; you ought to regard alone the actual now. What right have you to suppose that what is now is not what always shall be?" This is what I mean by the denial of the time idea; for time involves change, modification, else we could not know it. And the reply to it is, "I am not denying present facts, but I say that one of the present facts of which I am most sure is the existence in myself of a faculty of being able to regard the hope of the future as quite as cogent as the apparent despair of the present." What can the pessimist reply to this? Nothing but a gloomy prophecy. "Well, only wait, and you will find your hopes will be disappointed." To which the optimist replies at once, "When I do then it will be time enough for me to begin to despair." Which is "Checkmate!" For here is the inconsistency. The pessimist first draws an argument from the present to deny the future, and then tries to draw an argument from the future to deny the present. First, because things seem mixed now there is no hope for the future; and next, if you won't believe this and submit to be miserable now, the future will convince you of your error. "Perhaps so," I should reply to him, "but *you* are not the future, and so how can you expect me to listen to what *you* say? As for the future I am just as sure that it will be good as you are that it won't be; and if I prove wrong (and of course I am quite open to *demonstration*, though not to *assertion*), I shall at least have had a happy and bright time in the interval; while you, by grieving before the necessity for it arrives, won't have had any such pleasure at all."

Nothing is clearer or more palpable to me than the fallacy which underlies and invalidates all pessimism. To be sound as a principle it requires the assumption—(1) That our knowledge now is absolute. (2) That there are no planes of Being higher than this, from whence, when we reach them, things may possibly seem to us very different from what they appear to be to us here. (3) That it is not the natural order that ignorance should come first, and that the child should see hardness and cruelty in many things which, when he comes to clear understanding, he will perceive were the most pure and absolute love.

The poor pessimist! He is, after all, his own best argument. But even here it has to be pointed out to him that this is an argument which is weakened by every single case of optimism which exists in the world around him. And in spite of him their name is Legion. Unfortunate pessimist, how hard is his lot! People will not be wise. They will not see that they have no right to be hopeful. They won't take it on his authority, or, at least, on what he asserts to be his sufficient reasons, that existence is a huge mistake, and that God made a most serious blunder when He *became* and went forth into manifesta-

* "Walt Whitman." By WILLIAM CLARKE, M.A. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., 1892. The Dilettante Library. No. 10. Price 2s. 6d.)

according to the vibratory magnetism of like to like which attracts into their environment such creatures as will, by correspondence or rhythmic force, be useful as intermediaries of fructification. The leaves of a plant are its lungs.

Thus we must first be able to conceive the orderly arrangement going on beneath the surface soil before we can understand, with anything like accuracy of reason, why this result should accrue, or why instinct should draw one species of creature to one plant and not to another, or why different kinds of plants appear to poison each other, or hypnotise each other in a peculiar fashion. This also being manifest in the animal world by correspondence. The rootlets of one plant in correspondence with the rhythm of that life which is stored in the seed by the plant, grow out cautiously to find the exact rhythm in the earth strata correspondent to their own note of appeal for subsistence; and when they have found it, they spread further afield, still continuing in this line of vibratory force until they find an impediment, a block, an antagonistic and unhealthy vibration. Then they turn again into the life centre, the nucleus of being, of manifesting, and search upward and downward for fresh correspondence to their life's current. That which will not supply this to them they abjure, and still press outwards until they break the surface of the soil and become subject to altogether different conditions, where the hardness is done away, and the vibratory measure of the note of response to life seems to answer rapidly as they gather round them more and more sympathetic environment.

But we must go deeper than the roots of manifesting plant-life to find the cause of at-one-ment, of sympathy for produce in the planetary surface-soil. Why do so many varieties of form appear in one spot of earth, when all seem to be nourished alike by one fountain of vigour?

Surely because the Earth itself is compounded of different vital measures, and these show by correspondence to be magnetically attracted through the plant into *rappor*t with the currents of atmospheric vapour above, and through these in their many densities corresponding to other planets which are by virtue of the same Creative Laws made in the one likeness, and having upon them the same superscription as earth.

SELF AND COMPROMISE.

Christianity has failed to carry out Christ's work in humanity exactly in proportion as it has failed to act upon the perfect ideals of Christ Himself. In other words, Christ's intentions and aims have never had a really fair trial given to them by Christianity. From the very dawn of the Church's history, even from the days of the Apostles themselves, one can trace these two malignant evils—Self and Compromise—undermining and corrupting the Church's spiritual life. The consequence has been that the unity for which Christ prayed, and which He recognised as an all-important element in the strength of the work, has been almost entirely lost sight of, and another unity, of a spurious kind, has been insisted upon in its stead. Christ's ideal of unity was a unity of heart and spirit, the oneness of good men bound together by the mutual tie of the abnegation of self and the uncompromising love of God and humanity. In such a unity as this it was impossible for worldly, insincere, and hypocritical people to enter; for the primary essential was a single-hearted devotion to the service of God and a resolute abandonment of the principles of the world. But as soon as this ideal of unity was exchanged for that in which bad men could also be partakers—as soon, in other words, as quality was sacrificed to quantity—the irresistible force which might have conquered mankind was gone. The consequence was that, instead of stamping their foot upon the principles of the world, and refusing to have anything whatever to do with them, the professors of Christianity, in their zeal for converts, sought to utilise the world's principles for their own advantage, flattering themselves that they were thus minimising the evils and imparting a leaven of Divine sanctity which would elevate those principles. What is the result? The Church has not raised the world to the perfect standard of its Great Founder; on the contrary, the world has degraded Christianity to a level with itself.—HASKETT SMITH, M.A.—“For God and Humanity.”

Those not anxious for knowledge will not seek knowledge, and it comes not unsought.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

“Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. And if God so clothe the grass of the field, how much more shall He clothe you, oh ye of little faith?”

There is more in these words of the Great Teacher than appears on the surface. And they are true, not because of the historic statement, but because they embody an eternal verity at all times discernible by those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand. The subtle harmonies of nature in colour, sound and form are everywhere around us, appealing to our receptive faculties: and though, with many, the inward response to them be feeble, still they will settle down in the memory, coming up before the mind again and again for recognition, and ever with increasing power, until the soul at length becomes attuned to harmony and sensitive to every pleasing aspect of the visible world around. Then the great thought breaks in with more and more intensity—If God so clothe the lilies of the field, how much more shall He clothe the human soul made in the image of Deity under the limitations of manifestation? If the lilies, individualised in the universal consciousness are conscious, in their own degree of light and love, bringing that consciousness with them into the astral or spiritual world, how much more shall the human soul bring with it in an intensified degree its mundane experiences of light and love, of beauty and harmony?

Now the gaining to the utmost of such higher harmonic experiences is veritably the laying up of indestructible treasure in the heavens. They will form the groundwork of the edifice it were impossible to raise without them. And that this edifice of spiritual fruition is not the wholly subjective and devachanic life of Theosophists may be proved in part from their own teaching. Madame Blavatsky, talking of the “Ego,” says, on p.171 of the “Key,” that “the Divine man is indestructible throughout the life cycle: indestructible as a thinking entity, and even as an *etherial form*.” And she goes on to say this “Ego,” the Divine man, identifies itself with the reflection, the spiritualised remembrance, the personal consciousness of the ex-personality during the devachanic period. Now, if this Ego, encased in its etherial body and manifesting in or by that body, be in the spiritual world united to the personal consciousness of the preceding earthly being, surely this being, so incorporated with the *etherial form* of the Ego, is one with it: and in consequence of having *form* they must be manifested objectively as one being, and if this being manifests itself in objective form it must be manifested in an objective world suited to its own objectivity. It will therefore be living in a world of actual experience and not in a wholly subjective world. But following the analogy of rest and activity, of sleeping and waking as in this world, it may experience both states as here. Therefore from these considerations it would appear that the Theosophical view of devachanic existence is a limiting of the possibilities of creature life to our present dual experience of sleeping and waking on the earth-plane, and not wholly even to that; for the experiences gained in sleep or trance are not always subjective but objective in an objective world, even on this very earth in which it gains much experience that is retained and assimilated. It is therefore unphilosophical, against analogy, against the many mansions of Gospel revelation and the direct teaching of Spiritualism, the latter giving intimation of lives of progress beyond any that we can as yet conceive of in objective worlds of active waking existence. And if we, therefore, in the present earth-plane are being educated by the blended and varied harmonies of nature, it was not in vain that the vegetable world was so clothed upon in beauty, that the lilies of the field are in their degree individualised manifestations of Infinite Love, the creative principle of the universe from which all things proceed, and of which man is the ultimate expression, the realised likeness of ideal perfection both in mind and form.

Co. Donegal.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

THERE are degrees of courage, and each step upward makes us acquainted with a higher virtue. Let us say then frankly that the education of the will is the object of our existence. Poverty, the prison, the rack, the fire, the hatred and execrations of our fellow men appear trials beyond the endurance of common humanity; but to the hero whose intellect is aggrandised by the soul, and so measures these penalties against the good which his thought surveys, these terrors vanish as darkness at sunrise.—EMERSON.

tion. They will insist on taking him at his own word, with a gross literalism which must be most irritating to him: they will wait for the future to bring that demonstration with which he is at all times threatening them, and won't begin to be miserable now on the faith of his assertion of what will be.

But in truth this can never be a matter of argument, but only and always of perception. If the blind man will persist in taking it hard that the seeing man won't admit there is no such thing as light, why, he must be left to go his own way. For the optimist has just as strong beliefs about the future as the pessimist. He knows that to have suffered any amount of agony and trouble in a dream does not in the slightest degree affect us when we wake, and know that it was but a dream. And if asked how he proved it, he would be wise to reply, "I cannot prove it; I feel it; I just know it." And when the pessimist retorts, "Oh, that's no proof," he might ask, "And how do you know that your view is true?" and the pessimist might reply either "I feel it; I just know it," whereon honours are divided, or "Everything I see proves it"; to which it might be replied, "Then I suppose you have never taken a new view of any matter since you were a child!"

Possibly we all of us rely too much upon, and expect too much from, argument; whereby it may follow that the optimistic poet, such as Whitman, may be far stronger to convince than the optimistic philosopher: though perhaps there is room for both. It is one of Whitman's boasts that he has never condescended to argue about God. How true. For God is not a matter of argument but of experience, just as consciousness is, or sight or any sense. If you, as yet, have Him not in consciousness no one can prove Him to you. If you have Him, no one can disprove Him to you. All earthly growth is growth into the conscious possession of what once we had not. How then can the present fact that I have it not prove to me that it is not, or that I can never know or attain to it.

It is much to be desired that more people would thoughtfully read Walt Whitman. And no better introduction to him can be found than this excellent little book of Mr. Clarke's; which will, I am sure, avail to suggest new views of the great problems of life to all who will devote a little time to the perusal of it.

G.W.A.

VERY STRANGE.

If an American Indian in full fig of war paint, and whatever else goes to make up his national idea of "battle's magnificently stern array," were to spring from a thicket and flourish his tomahawk and howl his battle yell against some lonely traveller, and the lonely traveller were to walk calmly on, paying no heed and showing no terror, that innocent child of nature would probably be considerably "took aback." Yet this is just what is happening to that hardly-used journal the "British Weekly." It has been devoting many columns lately to the annihilation of the Theosophical Society. It has gone upon the war-path. It has proved heresy and falsehood in the doctrines, and fraud and imposture in the methods, of that unfortunate society; and generally "raised Cain," as the Yankees say, about all its sins and shortcomings. And yet, strange to say, the denounced and exposed society does not seem to be at all alarmed or dismayed. It goes calmly on. People of uprightness of conduct and intelligence of mind join it and continue in it, and pay subscriptions to it, just as if all the vapouring and fury of our contemporary were the harmless bluster of some holiday demon with a paste-board trident. Now this is very strange, surely; and should, we think, suggest to the readers of that sheet whether here they have not really some ostensible evidence of the miraculous. To us at least it seems that either the supposed exposures must be exceedingly inconclusive and weak; or if not, and their importance has not been over-estimated by the writer, then there must surely be some magic or charm about a society that can have such things proved against it, and yet not turn a hair, or lose a subscriber.—[ACTING ED. "LIGHT."]]

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers a portrait of Dr. Wyld, reproduced from a photograph recently taken and representing him in the seventy-second year of his age.

Sixteen years ago Dr. Wyld became a witness and bail for Slade at the Bow-street Police-court in an action brought against Slade by Professor Ray Lankester. In his evidence he said: "I solemnly declare that I am not more certain of my own existence than I am that slate-writing produced in Slade's presence is independent of human hands."

Dr. Wyld had the courage of his convictions, but he paid the penalty of that courage by the gradual loss of his large and hitherto increasing medical practice, although he has always said that for this loss he found ample compensation in the satisfaction which his opinions afforded him.



GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

The interest which Dr. Wyld takes in the facts of Spiritualism is due to the circumstance that he regards these facts as at once a refutation of Materialism and a demonstration that spiritual power is the substantial foundation of material forms.

Spiritualists have been sometimes accused of being indifferent, or even adverse, to Christianity, but this accusation certainly cannot apply to Dr. Wyld, for he is an ardent—some would even say an intolerant—believer in the life, teaching, and miracles of Jesus Christ as historic facts, transcending in importance all other histories—miracles being regarded by him as not contrary to nature, but as the accentuations of natural forces through the direct action of spirit upon those forces.

Dr. Wyld was for some years President of the British Branch of Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society, but abruptly resigned his office when the founder of that Society, in the "Theosophist" for May, 1882, said, "There is no God, personal or impersonal," for he argued that if there is no God then, logically, there can be no Theosophical teaching.

Dr. Wyld's book, "Theosophy and the Higher Life," has long been out of print, and his "Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ, as a Continuous Narrative of the Four Gospels," published by Mr. Froude, of the Oxford University Press, is in its four thousandth issue.

FRESH-AIR FUND.

We have already acknowledged the receipt of £4 15s. towards the cost of sending two hundred children into the country for a day's holiday by the proprietors of "Pearson's Weekly." The following additional contributions have since come to hand:—Collected by Mr. R. G. Poole, £5; Mrs. Nelson, 5s.; "Nemo," 2s. 6d.; A. M., Glasgow, 2s. 6d. In due course we shall be able to announce particulars of the excursion of the "LIGHT" contingent.

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN
AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. XVII.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

April 2nd. This evening Mrs. De Morgan, Mr. Percival, and Mr. N. joined our outer circle. Manifestations soon commenced. Rector shook the room, and walked round the circle with a heavy step. Very many sounds and raps were heard, all different. We remarked the spirits had promised to come, and seemed very numerous. They rapped out, "We are." J.N.L. introduced her brother to the circle; he told us he had lived in the reign of Henry V., had passed into spirit life in 1420, was a monk at Bury St. Edmunds, was of the Order of the Benedictines, kept a school, and had been

attracted to the medium by affinity and love of education. He had studied at Oxford and abroad, and had translated "The Siege of Troy." J.N.L. then informed us she was in the second sphere, had passed away young. Emperor came with his soft thud on the table, telling us by raps to join hands. In a few minutes, through the table, message was given, "We have brought stone. Wait." Presently the medium was greatly convulsed, and suddenly a large stone was rolled violently across the table and fell on Mr. Percival's knee. The stone had been brought from the hall through a locked door: every hand at the table being held during the process. Mr. Percival had been anxious to have a proof of "matter passing through matter," and this indeed was a solid one, as the stone was very large and heavy. Emperor then controlled and gave the following address. "We are thankful to be with you, and desire to complete the information we left unfinished. We were then endeavouring to show to you the course of teaching we should be permitted by the Almighty Father to place before you; that course of teaching would concern God as He is related to you, and man as he is related to his Father. We would expound to you God the centre of light, God the centre of influence permeating the world, God acting by means of His intermediary agencies on mankind, God the source of all that is good, the loving universal Father. This would lead me to speak to you of His manifestations at different times to His people. God as the source of all, the Preserver of all, the Sustainer of all. God brought down to man's capacity, manifested to his intelligence, formed in his image; and God too, the All-pervading Spirit, the informing, guiding, directing Spirit, the essence of all that influences humanity. And so we would speak to you of the agencies that operate between Man and God. The angels (as of old they called

them), spirits as ye know them, who traverse the space between you and your God, bring down blessings from Him, while they carry up your prayers to His Throne; these are the steps between God and Man, the channels of influence. These are the influences which operate in your daily life, and so we should come to speak to you of the influence of angel ministry—how man is one of the channels of Divine communications; and then we should tell you of man's accountability, and responsibility for the right use of the influence of which he is the recipient. We would show you how man is accountable, and how there is angelic influence around incarnated souls. We should try and show you how the guardian angel may be attracted by the good heart, and repelled by the impure, and how the guardian's influence, if repelled, lets in the influences of evil. How the influences of the evil ones swarm around him, and how the downward course is rapid and assured. How man owes to himself the duty and privilege of doing what his guardian suggests, both as regards his soul and body, the influence of the body being almost paramount over the soul, which is in process of education. The education, which does not depend upon the body, is carried on in the world of spirit. It is the paramount duty of the intelligence to preserve the bodily influences as pure as possible. Then as to the relations of man with his fellow-men and the State; with man not as individual, but as one of the children of a common Father, members of the family of God. The soul is progressive for eternity, once released from the trammels of the body, progressing from one sphere to another, but compelled to return to work out the evil deeds done in the body, purified and rising upwards to the presence of the Father. There are many collateral points on which we shall need to enlighten you; we have said enough to show how much there is on which enlightenment may be looked for, and instruction expected." Question asked: "When spirits are in the flesh and conscious of having done wrong, can they purify themselves during earth-life?" "Yes; any spirit who is conscious of wrong and anxious to remedy it has always the opportunity of doing so. It is only where will is absent that the process of purification is difficult. All spirits must pass through all the spheres, but not necessarily remain an appreciable time in them. We have spoken of the earth sphere as the starting point of the incarnate soul, and according to its progress here its progress is more or less rapid hereafter. The happiness drawn from knowledge is different from that gained by goodness or wisdom. A soul may rise by goodness or wisdom alone, without knowledge, higher than a soul who is wise but not good. All who have a desire for knowledge can obtain it in the next world. Capacity for the attainment of knowledge differs at different times of life. So with the soul. Capacity may be undeveloped here, and developed rapidly hereafter. Capacity for goodness varies much. A soul may be incarnated in a body which is impure and so be heavily weighted, and a soul incarnated in a body thrown among evil associations drinks in vice, and from no fault of its own is dragged down. Opportunity, in the all bountiful mercy of an All-Merciful Father, is given to it in another state. It is compensated by the law of mercy. You have no materials for judging your neighbours, or each other; before you are able to judge you must be able to divine the motive, judge of the temptations and weigh inducement to sin. There is One who knows, the Omniscient Father who is ever the tenderest Judge. We know little; ye know nothing. We see, as ye cannot, how the love of the Father extends to the most erring of His creatures: the infinite mercy, which is above your sphere: were it not so we should all be extinct." "Is a soul ever annihilated?" "Yes, practically; never dead, but dead to hope of recovery, merged in the mass of evil. We do not know whether it loses consciousness. We have watched the downward course of spirits who never rise again, and who have passed out of our cognisance. The process of degradation of soul consists, first in the elimination of the intellectual qualities, and then in the elimination of the moral. It then sinks lower, and is given over to what is the intensification of evil. These are those who give way to their merely animal passions, those who might have chosen the good but have refused it; great opportunities have been wasted, prostituted, and degraded." "What is the nature of your work in the spheres?" "It is almost entirely praise, adoration, worship, self-surrender to the Most High; drinking in of knowledge and breathing the atmosphere of praise, but not as ye understand it." After some further conversation Imperator

left with the following benediction: "May the Almighty All-wise Father pour upon you, each and several, the blessing of which you stand most in need. He knows it, and in answer to your prayers will grant it."

TRUTH, OR NATURE'S UNVEILING.

We have received from Mr. Jos. M. Wade, of Boston, U.S.A., a companion volume to the little book of aphorisms recently reviewed in "LIGHT." No one will read these aphorisms and doubt that many of them are exceedingly interesting and suggestive, as for example the following:—

Selfishness is afraid to give, and soon finds that nothing is given to it; then it condemns others for the results of its own condition.

The instrument of divine law will never hate, never dislike, never seek revenge, never wage war, no matter what the provocation. He knows that nothing can withstand divine love.

For every form of spiritual knowledge required "inquire within."

And so on. Many very pretty, beautiful and true things for which we are thankful and gladly recognise and approve.

But as to what is to follow, I had perhaps better drop the reviewer and speak in my own name. There is about this book what I notice about so many, an air of self-assertiveness and condemnation of things which are, which it is hard to correlate with a truly universal mind.

For I take it that we are not truly universal unless we recognise that the universe is a unity, and understand that everything within it is for some wise and good purpose. Kindergarten toys are absurdities for grown men: profound psychological problems impossibilities for children. But why should grown men speak of Kindergartens as useless and even evil, hiding truth? and say, "Every child who goes to a Kindergarten does not want to know anything of the great spiritual realities of life"? Of course there is much more excuse for children thinking grown men are foolish in finding interest in what they themselves are not capable of finding interest in. Absolute reciprocity is fair and right only between true equals. If a man hits me, and I think I am thereby justified in hitting him back, that proves that I am his true equal, and certainly not his superior, in spiritual perception. So it is perfectly natural that that which Mr. Wade always speaks of as an evil thing—the Church—should speak evil of him, and of all who are too much in advance of it to enable it to understand them. But when these supposed-to-be-advanced persons turn round, and fling just the same sort of abuse back at the Church, then discerning minds are inclined to doubt whether there is so very much difference between them after all.

I regret, therefore, on this account such sayings as the following:—

What we know as "Christianity" was invented by the pagan priests about the year 225

The pagan creation named Christianity with its spurious virgin-born God is dying.

There is not a pope, archbishop, bishop, priest or preacher on earth who knows the truth. If they did their sham habiliments and paraphernalia would be dropped.

I cannot discover why the ancient Mystics did not discover that Christ was a fiction and Christianity an invention. They seem to have accepted both as of a divine origin.

Those who have accepted a Christian creed are ignorant of divine truth.

Here is one more "hit," not this time at Christianity:—

The creed of organised Theosophists seems to be "we have lived before." If the "Path" is a fair index of their spiritual knowledge they should be given a chance to live again.

Now I am not going to sit down to judge Mr. Wade, but I do demand that when a man professes to be deeply taught, and can say "Everyone who is of the Truth will understand what I have written, and others will not," his writings should bear some evidence of his spiritual elevation by showing that he takes a wide and not a narrow view. Look at the question broadly and fairly. There are men who are called kings, popes, bishops, priests, preachers. How came they thus? Is it that deliberately seeing all that we see they wilfully chose what they knew to be the evil side for the sake of personal gain? Are they really evil forces in the world, consciously fighting against truth? I cannot

believe it! These men are men like ourselves, our brethren in the great family. To themselves they seem to have come quite naturally and normally to be what they are. I myself am, I suppose, one of them, a preacher. Yet because I go into the pulpit in cassock and surplice I am to be told that nothing that I say is true. Have I not just as much right to say that because Mr. Wade publishes his thoughts in the special form of aphorisms, and in books with special red and blue covers, he is in bondage to external forms, and doesn't understand anything about truth? It is not just as purely formal to deny special forms as to insist on them? And if to say "You cannot be right if you do not use these special forms" is wrong, is it not equally wrong to say, "You cannot be right if you do?" To me the only true view is to take the real evil out of formalism by refusing to regard it as being either way a matter of importance. And for myself I would use the most ornate robes or preach in my shirt-sleeves with equal readiness, because I know that form is a matter of no essential value in these things.

While I put forward this as my own opinion I do not wish, because I have no right, to blame Mr. Wade for thinking as he does. Indeed, I am probably a great deal more in accord with him than I am with the opinions of the kings, popes and priests whom he attacks. But we can hold our own truth with thankful gladness without wanting to condemn others not so far advanced, or to say hard things about them.

If I were ever to venture to think that I could tell the world a truth which was absolutely true, I should say the test of the perfect spirit is that it sees good in everything, and evil in nothing: that it recognises that wisdom is justified of all her children; that is, that the truly wise man does not condemn and denounce, but recognises the justice and wisdom of everything, while at the same time he labours by love to evolve himself and help on the whole evolution too, and so is like the Infinite Father Who "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

G.W.A.

THE POWERS OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

But, if such are the enjoyments afforded by devotion to the Spiritual Ministry of Man, even here below, what must it then not be when the human soul shall have deposed its mortal spoils? We see that our bodies, here below, are destined to enjoy all their faculties and hold communion with each other. When they do not enjoy their faculties they communicate nothing, as we see with infants. When some bodies enjoy their faculties and others do not, those which enjoy them can communicate to those who do not, and have knowledge of them; whilst they know nothing of the former. Apply this to the law of souls. Those souls which, here below, do not enjoy their faculties are respectively in absolute nothingness; they may be near each other, they may dwell together, without transmitting any impression to each other. Such is the case of most people of the world, not to say, perhaps, of all mankind; for during our journey on earth, our souls are to each other as the bodies of infants; they really communicate nothing, compared with those active treasures with which they might have mutually enriched each other if they had remained in their primitive harmony. When some of these souls leave their state of infancy, that is, when they leave their bodies, and after having devoted themselves here to the true Spiritual Ministry of Man, they come to enjoy their faculties after death, it is not surprising that they should be able to communicate some of their treasures to souls still in the body, though these understand neither the reason nor the means of this communication, even while they experience its effects. Thus an infant may feel the salutary impressions which another body in possession of all its faculties may communicate to it, though it can neither see nor know the source from whence they come. And, when several of these regenerate souls are in the enjoyment of their active faculties, after leaving their bodies, it is not surprising that they should then unfold all their relations (*rappports*) to each other; this seems so natural, that we need not seek evidence of it in the physical order.—LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT MARTIN. "Man: His True Nature and Ministry." (EDWARD BURTON PENNY's translation, pp. 321-2.)

HUMAN things must be known to be loved; Divine things must be loved to be known.—PASCAL.

"HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION."

This work is divided into three parts:—

- (a) The nature and causes of the disease;
- (b) Prevention and treatment in its earlier stages;
- (c) Treatment in more advanced stages of the disease.

By far the larger portion of the book is devoted to preventive treatment. The author, we notice, is a Professor of Hygiene at the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, and the course of his studies and experience has led him to believe that the terrible scourge of consumption can best be treated by placing the organism under healthy conditions, and trusting to the increased vitality to deal with the intruding bacillus; thus he places himself in antagonism to that school of medicine, with Professor Koch at their head, which is endeavouring to discover some drug or ferment which will kill the microbe without at the same time killing the patient as well: this attempt has, as our readers will remember, been hitherto unsuccessful.

Certainly looking at the genesis of the disease, which, if it is not actually originated by the stress of our modern civilisation, is undoubtedly accentuated by it, as is also that other pest, cancer, it would certainly seem more reasonable to remove the cause and see if the disease would not vanish of its own accord. So, rightly considered, every attempt to relieve the present unsanitary conditions in force in our large towns is at the same time a combat against diseases such as this. The book before us is rather partial than radical. In his preface the author says "It is written mainly for the patient, as the author believes he can, under most circumstances, do most for himself, and also be better able to co-operate with his physician at the same time."

This would apply, indeed, to people who are fairly well to do, but if we take the case of a poor girl working in a factory and living in a slum where hygienic conditions are as rare as birds of paradise, then, though the advice the author gives might be known and appreciated, to carry it out would be impossible. The book may be commended to those who, coming of a consumptive family, are in constant dread of the onset of the disease, or to those who, recognising the incipient stages of it in themselves, are willing to go to a little pain and trouble. We feel sure the author is on sensible lines, and if there is opportunity to carry out his advice it will be of benefit to many besides those for whom the book is expressly written.

G O D.

Yea, my soul loves to free herself from chains,
The load of human sorrows laying down—
Letting my senses wander here below,
I to the world of spirits mount with ease!
There treading under foot whate'er is seen,
I range the fields of possibility.
In her vast prison straiten'd is my spirit;
I need a dwelling which hath horizon.

God made two diff'rent languages for spirits:
In sounds articulate one flies through air;
'Mong men this bounded language is acquired;
It for our present exile wants suffices,
And following th' inconstant fates of mortals,
Changes with climes, or with time passes.

Th' other,
Sublime, eternal, universal, boundless,
Is th' innate language of all intellect;
Not a dead sound diffus'd along the air;
It is a living language heard in bosoms,
Is heard, explain'd, and spoken with the soul.
This speech, when felt, doth touch, illumine, inflame;
Burning interpreter of what souls feel,
It hath but sighs, deep warmth, ejaculations;
It is the Heavenly language used by pray'r,
And solely known on earth to tender love.

A. DE LAMARTINE.

WHAT can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience? to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned to us? to be proof against poverty, pain, and even death itself? so far as not to do anything scandalous, or sinful to avoid those evils? to be able with decency and resolution to withstand adversity in whatever guise it may assault? To be able to do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues a soul of heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity.

* "Hygienic Treatment of Consumption." By M. L. HOLBROOKE, M.D. (London: L. N. Fowler, Ludgate-circus. Price 8s.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

The Luminous N.

SIR,—The incident of the "Luminous N," as attempted to be explained by M. Petrovo-Solovovo in "LIGHT" of the 11th, is interesting, but did it not occur to anyone during the weeks of its appearance that the interposition of a sheet of paper or other opaque material between the offending lantern and the column would have solved the difficulty: and prevented crowds of citizens from standing all a-gape for hours to see a phenomenon so easy of solution, if arising from such a source?

June 13th, 1892.

T. S.

London Spiritualism.

SIR,—A letter in a contemporary bewailing the low ebb to which the public propaganda has fallen in London, prompts me to ask through your valuable columns for the support of those who are desirous of inaugurating a series of meetings at some central hall during the coming winter, so as to supply a want long felt not only by London Spiritualists, but by the very numerous body of provincial and American visitors. It is suggested that two gatherings be held each Sunday: one for explanatory purposes, where the intelligent stranger may learn something of the Spiritual Philosophy in a manner thoroughly befitting our glorious cause, the other where a Holy Soul Communion for Spiritualists only may take the place of the very mundane seance so painfully rife in our midst. Active and financial support is earnestly solicited. Those willing to assist are invited to communicate with

W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., S.L.S.S.

311, Camberwell New-road, S.E.

June 13th, 1892.

Federation Proposals.

SIR,—In your last issue you say you are thankful that Mrs. Besant has made a move in the matter of Federation. You go on to remark that there are *three* societies, viz., the Theosophical, the Christo-Theosophical, and the Alliance. Allow me to call your attention to a *fourth*—the London Spiritualist Federation. This Society has borne the burden and heat of the day in the fight for union. Last autumn it held a course of the largest Sunday Spiritualistic meetings which London has seen for years. And I am proud to say that its platform is entirely *free*. On that platform, under the chairmanship of Mr. Read (who, though an ardent Spiritualist, is an Agnostic), we have had Theosophists such as Mrs. Besant and Mr. Mead, and the Rev. Dr. Young, a Christian Spiritualist, besides others of almost all shades of belief, and lastly myself, a believer in the *bête noire* of the simple Spiritualist, "Re-incarnation." I must also call your attention to the noble work done in the parks by some of our members, a band of unselfish workers who merit the highest praise—men who follow in the footsteps of those early pioneers who fought the good fight before Spiritualism became an aid to filling half empty churches, or advancing the sale of "shilling shockers." In fact, before there was money in it. I may also add that the London Spiritualist Federation was the first to protest against State interference with Hypnotism. We were not supported, but Mrs. Besant may be more fortunate. I trust that if any effort is to be made towards union that our co-operation will be desired, and we shall be prepared to assist to the best of our ability. Both the Theosophists and Spiritualists know that I have advocated more united action for many years. I hope that the day is drawing near when there may be a real brotherhood amongst us.

A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L.

Hon. Sec. London Spiritualist Federation.

Health and Mediumship.

SIR,—Since you kindly invite the opinion of your readers on this subject, I should like just to mention that I have all my life enjoyed, under God's blessing, unusual good health in every way, and am privileged to sign myself as a "medium" in Christ's holy work on earth.

I have been rapidly developed by Him, passing through a very fiery ordeal, and "baptism of fire," which is doubtless in some form or other the experience of most mediums before they are cleansed, that the Holy Spirit can

work in them and through them to others, this being, I apprehend, their high and holy function. I still enjoy fine health and increased powers of work of every kind (intellectually and physically), and have been taught that by daily prayerful consecration of my gift to God, and perfect obedience to commands, and guidance given (usually in writing) I shall always be protected from any evil influence; though I was at first permitted to suffer, that I might learn what that meant, and teach the lesson to others. Is it not possible that it is the want of this faithful and prayerful obedience that causes much to be given that is apparently valueless, and the health of the medium, especially if delicate naturally, to suffer? They should be surely strengthened thereby, seeing that Christ knows all, and can protect His instrument to whose charge He commits His wondrous gifts, if they truly turn to Him. "RHA-OO-MEL."

Amateur Conjuring.

SIR,—Mr. Davey's experiments in conjuring seem to have given satisfaction to some of his friends. Those he showed to me were not such as would at all interest persons who had properly investigated Spiritualistic phenomena. His so-called imitation of spirit-raps seemed to be a repetition on a small scale of the amusements at the old Polytechnic institution. The so-called imitation of psychical slate-writing which he showed me was a poor affair. I told him it reminded me of some of my simple conjuring experiments of more than fifty years ago. It pained me to observe how his antipathy to a certain medium biased his mind and warped his judgment against the cause which that medium had espoused. At Mr. Davey's earnest request I narrated to him a number of my experiences, and some of the results of my investigations with twelve non-professional mediums—investigations undertaken at different times during a period of more than twenty years. I also told him of tests which I had received through Mr. Eglinton's mediumship, on matters regarding which Mr. Eglinton was entirely ignorant; and I asked Mr. Davey how he would proceed in attempting to imitate such tests. Mr. Davey replied quite frankly that he would not attempt anything of the kind, for, he said, "Nothing of that sort can be done by conjuring."

Mr. Davey professed his ability to do cleverer things in conjuring than he had shown to me, but he declined to do them in my presence, or in the presence of my son. Nor would he allow me to examine any of his apparatus.

I do not know whether he made thought-reading a feature of his later experiments, he could probably have trained himself in that line. Twice he anticipated me by saying something which I was about to give expression to. I asked him how he managed to guess what was in my mind; he replied he was not trying to do so, but the thoughts had suddenly come into his mind, and he was merely testing his own accuracy by anticipating me in giving expression to them.

June 13th, 1892.

ANDREW GLENDINNING.

"Liberty."

SIR,—The article in your issue of June 4th on Mr. Tindall's pamphlet contains one or two misapprehensions which perhaps I may be allowed to comment on.

Speaking of the oppressive employer the writer says: "He represses their freedom, and the State must repress him; and the fact that he himself is treating others in the way that he says the State has no right to treat him, takes away all moral effect from his protest." One would really suppose from this sentence that those of us who object to the State control of factories and other similar interferences are actuated by some peculiar love for the manufacturer and a desire to enable him to heap up wealth at no matter what cost to his fellows. This is a misrepresentation ever ready to be hurled at the head of the unfortunate Individualist, although nothing could possibly be farther from the truth. We object to these interferences because they are bad for society as a whole, and chiefly for the workmen who are supposed to benefit by them. Were the usury laws repealed in order that a few money lenders might make a bigger interest? Unquestionably no; they were repealed for the relief of the borrower. Under the usury laws he paid the market rate plus a compensation to the lender for the risk of breaking the law; by the repeal of these laws he was enabled to borrow without insuring the lender against such risk. So with the Factory Acts. We demand their repeal

primarily in the interests of the workmen. The great thing necessary for their prosperity is abundance of capital. Capital necessarily employs labour; and therefore the more there is of it the more is labour in demand, and the higher the price it can obtain. And the great evil of all interference with trade is that it checks this expansion of capital. I mention this as one out of many ways in which the workman is injured by his so-called friends and in which he would be benefited by the stony-hearted individualist, who is supposed to care for nothing but the accumulation of wealth for himself and his class.

In the penultimate paragraph your contributor has put forward the most astonishing economic doctrine ever promulgated. We are actually told that a rise of rents would follow a decrease of population. Ignorant persons like myself have hitherto supposed that rents rise because of the pressure of an increasing population upon a limited area of land. But it appears that we are quite wrong; rents depend upon the "assumed ability of the workers to pay," and not at all on the demand for land and houses!

I am glad to see that Theosophists and others are at last realising the evils of State interference with Hypnotism. They have apparently learnt something since the abortive attempt of the London Spiritualist Federation to raise a protest last year. Our efforts were looked coldly upon, but they seem to have been in the right direction. The medical profession, of course, is only taking advantage of that love of State meddling which certain Theosophic leaders have done so much to foster.

F. W. READ.

"Dreams of the Dead."

SIR,—May I be allowed to correct, from a Theosophical point of view, some misstatements occurring in Edward Stanton's "Dreams of the Dead," upon which you have commented in your issue of the 4th inst.?

First, in reference to human infants.

The spiritual soul or Buddhi manifests, or rather joins itself to the individuality at a much later date than that of two years of age; a child not becoming a morally responsible being, capable of generating Karma, until the age of seven.

"Manifest," as used by Mr. Stanton, is rather an awkward word, for the spiritual principle can scarcely be said to exhibit itself in any, save a very few, of the human race at its present stage of development, much less in a baby of two years!

Until the first seven years, and often afterwards, children are but little better than animals, owing—not to the absence, as is seemingly inferred, of the human mind-principle, but rather to the failure of the undeveloped brain to receive and tabulate its impressions.

Secondly, with regard to idiots.

They are, I believe, of various classes.

In some cases the brain of an idiot may be the result of a long course of neglect, by previous personalities, of all impulses towards intellectual and spiritual life; in which case the consequence of atrophied mental and spiritual faculties is inevitable, Nature no longer supplying that for which there is no further demand.

Such a personality must have suffered the total loss—for one incarnation at least—of his higher principles.

But in other cases the obscuration of the thinking principle, or mind, may be but a temporary Karmic effect which, at the end of a life, can be, and often is, removed; as in the case of idiots, and persons of unsound mind, whose mental cloud appears to clear on the approach of death.

In such cases the Ego still overshadows the personality, which it cannot, however, succeed in impressing, owing to the inadequacy of the instrument through which it has to function.

Thirdly, as regards the question of Karma, while it is true that no man possesses what he has not earned, it is equally true that he may and does abuse these earnings. The case cited of the Lemuro-Atlanteans exemplifies this.

Themselves the incarnations of spiritual intelligences, who had, in past cycles, acquired the divine powers which characterised the Fourth Race, they gradually allowed dawning passion and physical powers to pervert their higher, divine attributes; with the result that the Lemuro-Atlanteans degenerated into a race of black magicians.

Karma is not fatalism; but while it is instrumental in forming the tendencies and character of the personality, it

necessarily excludes freewill in the strictest sense of the term from the domain of the lower man.

The personality is the result of a vast mass of accumulated Karma, and each man must be, therefore, to an extent limited by the restrictions he has formed in times past for himself.

He is free, in so far as he has had, and still has, the power to make himself limited; but the real freedom, because the real man, comes from a higher plane.

C. E. Woods, F.T.S.

SOCIETY WORK.

Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Service every Sunday, at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday next, Dr. Reynolds. Subject: "Spiritualism and the Bible."—J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

132, ST JOHN'S HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, WANDSWORTH, SPIRITUAL HALL—Sunday next, Mr. Cable, of Pendleton, on psychometry, at 7 p.m.; Wednesday at 8 p.m., Mrs. Ashton Bingham on physiognomy. Mrs. Ashton Bingham sails for Montreal in a few weeks.—A. B.

86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday last Mr. H. Hunt gave a fine lecture on "The Evolution of Religion." Meeting on Sunday next, at 11 a.m.; at 7 p.m., "The Mission of Spiritualism," Mr. Hunt; Thursday, Mrs. Spring, at 7.45 p.m.; Saturday, Mrs. Mason, at 7.45 p.m.—C. I. H.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—Mr. Long on Sunday last dealt with the "Facts, Frauds, and Follies of Spiritualism," in an able style, and was greatly appreciated. On Thursday, Mr. Coote received quite an ovation for his services. Mrs. Stanley on Sunday next, at 7 p.m.; Thursday at 8.—Z. B. FREEMAN.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH, 14, ORCHARD-ROAD.—On Tuesday, at Mrs. Mason's seance, the attendance was large, and great satisfaction was given. On Sunday we had a very good meeting, Mr. Hector Bangs read a paper on "Life, Death, and Immortality." Mr. Mason, in an exhaustive speech, demonstrated the duty of Spiritualists to their fellow men and women. Messrs. Ware and Holloway spoke on the same subject. Mrs. Mason gave specimens of clairvoyance. Tuesdays, seance at 8 p.m., Mrs. Mason; Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins.—J. H. B., Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday next, spiritual seance at 11.30 a.m.; Lyceum at 3 p.m., "How to Conduct the Spiritual Church," by Mr. W. E. Long, at 7 p.m. In reply to numerous inquiries the Wednesday seance is open to the public at 8.30 p.m.; mediums for clairvoyance and psychometry Messrs. Long and Coote, but applications for private seances should be made by letter only. The annual summer outing will be held on Monday, July 11th, to Keston (Kent) by brakes, starting at 9 a.m.—Mr. W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address, J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace, the last Sunday in each month at 7.15, reception for inquirers; on Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of mediumship; also, at 1, Winifred-road, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., for students and inquirers. And the first Sunday in the month at 7.15 p.m.; reception for inquirers.—J. A.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION: OPEN AIR WORK, HYDE PARK.—On Sunday last the inclemency of the weather prevented us from holding our usual meeting in Hyde Park, near the Marble Arch. Next Sunday, at 3.30 p.m., Messrs. Wyndoe and Percy Smyth. Helpers are still wanted to distribute a large quantity of literature which we have for free dissemination. It has been decided that the workers and Spiritualists generally of the Metropolis shall be invited to assemble in large numbers in Hyde Park, on Sunday, 26th inst. Meeting to be held between Marble Arch and Grosvenor Gate; to commence at 3 p.m. Speakers: Messrs. Darby, Rodger, King, Emms, Wyndoe, Bangs, Jones, Brooks, and Wallace are expected. All speakers who will come are cordially invited. The London Federation meeting will be merged into this one.—PERCY SMYTH, Organiser of Open Air Work to L.S.F., 123, Lancaster-road, Notting Hill.

PECKHAM SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET.—On Sunday evening Mr. Lees' guide discoursed upon "Where Shall I Find God?" He remarked that there are two sides to religion, the intellectual and the

emotional. When we wish to reach the higher latitudes of spirit we must have a prophet to guide us. We are told that "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and that is quite as much as we want. The man whose heart is pure, the prophet tells us, is insensible to the jeers and contempt of others. The man who consistently does right for right's sake is getting his heart cleansed of all corruptible matter. The throne of God is in the heart of every man, therefore we must keep our hearts with all diligence. Sunday next, services at 11 and 7 punctually; Monday, at 7 p.m.; Thursday, at 8 p.m., healing.—J. T. AUBY.

DEATH THE BENEFICENT.

Thought of Thy veiled face, Thy awesome hand
Is absent never from our hearts one hour.
Nigh unto all we love, we see Thee stand,
Glorious Thou art, we know august Thy power,
Beyond the power of all the Kings of Earth,
Thou mighty mate of the fair Angel Birth;
Emancipator of Mankind, oh Death!
Thou vivifier of the Spirit's breath,
Oh, wherefore shudder we beneath Thy hand!

Thou Janitor of the new life of man,
Who with Thy left hand shuttest out old Time,
And with Thy right hand, holy Angel Death,
Dost open the portals of immortal day;
Thou, who dost stop, and yet dost quicken breath
Within the very victim Thou dost slay;
Thou Sphinx, whose riddle lieth neath the sod,
Which we alone in Heaven may learn to scan,
When we, by Thy bright stair, may mount towards God.

All nature pictureth Thee, Thou Paradox!
Autumn, with hectic beauty all aglow;
With fair Fruition standing hand in hand,
Ripe corn and grapes onwreathing thick their locks.
Joyously waiting harvest-home with God.
Soft Spring, who bids the frozen waters flow,
With tender verdure clothing rugged rocks,
Bursting bleak winter's adamant band,
And raising floral angels through each sod.

Thy glorious twofold mystery all things show,
In shifting pictures to our awe-struck eyes,
Bidding us school our hearts, and grow as wise
Through hope, as blissful spirits are, who know
Thy joy, through blessing having passed Thy gates
Hymning Thy praise, and now can smile with Thee,
Seeing our shuddering at what awaits
Each blessed creature summoned to arise
Out of the flesh and be as spirits be.

—A. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

J. P. G.—Declined with thanks.

Looking at points of unity, we might say there is but one religion under many forms, whose essential creed is—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—disguised by corruptions, symbolised by mythologies, ennobled by virtues, degraded by vices, but still the same. Or if, passing to a closer analysis, we observe the shades of difference, we shall find in these varying faiths the several instruments which perform what Cudworth calls "The Symphony of Religions." . . . To say that different races worship different gods, is like saying that they are warmed by different suns. The names differ, but the sun is the same, and so is God. As there is but one source of light and warmth, so there is but one source of religion. To this all nations testify alike. We have yet but a part of our Holy Bible. The time will come when, as in the Middle Ages, all pious books will be called sacred Scriptures—*Scriptura Sacra*. From the most remote portions of the earth, from the Vedas and the Sagas, from Plato and Zoroaster, Confucius and Mohammed, from the Emperor Marcus Antoninus and the slave Epictetus, from the learned Alexandrians and the ignorant Galla negroes, there will be gathered hymns and prayers and maxims in which every religious soul may unite—The Magnificent Liturgy of the Human Race.—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.