

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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OCCULTISM IN PARIS.

It is to be lamented that the Spiritist journals of France give us so little information respecting the study of the unseen either in Paris or in the other great cities of the Republic. Perhaps these journals present as good an illustration as one could wish of the narrowness which a dogmatic philosophy inevitably produces. Everything that squares with certain doctrines is taken for granted, anything that does not agree with that teaching is rejected. It is, therefore, elsewhere that we must seek for knowledge of what is going on. More than once in the columns of "LIGHT" there have been given articles from the Parisian and other daily French papers, which have been more instructive than all the French Spiritist journals put together. And now it is in the "Arena" for December that we find the latest account of the widespread interest in things Occult that is prevalent in Paris. The article is by Napoleon Ney, from whose manuscript it has been translated by Mrs. Rose Harrington. Says the writer:—

The lovers of the marvellous in Paris are counted by thousands. They bear different names according to the groups or schools to which they belong. They constitute the adepts of the occult, and their theories make proselytes continually, recruited from the ranks of the higher classes of society.

There is a veritable fermentation in the young Parisian brain which does not escape the intelligent mind. Enlightened people no longer deny it.

In a recent discourse the young and brilliant academician, the Vicomte de Vogué, said to the students of France: "You have only to look about you to see that the world is in travail with new ideas and forms. A sound from the nether world increases and covers all other sounds—cries of revolt and cries of pity; these tell of the pangs of childbirth."

The world of the marvellous in Paris is one of the crucibles where the new cry is silently elaborated. Paris is the most active centre of the old world. We live in the midst of the Occult. It is everywhere. We do not see it, but it encompasses and penetrates us, though we know it not.

According to M. Ney there is one Independent Group for Esoteric Studies, formed by different societies, either affiliated or represented, and this Group is the centre of the most important Occult movement in Paris. At the headquarters of this group are inscribed these among many other societies:—The Spiritualistic Society of Paris, the Magnetic Society of France, the Psycho-Magnetic Society, the Sphinx, the True Cross, the Martinist Initiation Group, the Masonic Groups for Initiatory Studies, all which societies have their headquarters in Paris. Of these groups there are both open and closed meetings, which are held in the Rue de Trévis. The closed meetings are reserved for the initiated alone. "On some days," says M. Ney, speaking of the open meetings, "I have seen there more than one hundred and fifty auditors. They are composed principally of literary people and students from the

schools of higher learning. Many cultured women from the upper world of Paris, elegantly attired, attend without any eccentricity of dress or person." As to the closed lectures, it is stated that "The members of an embassy from the North of Europe attend the closed lectures of the Independent Group regularly." So important has this association become that it is looking for larger house-room:—

Esoterism, or the study of Occult science, is spreading step by step in Paris. It penetrates by infiltration into all quarters, without noise or violence, but with slow certainty, by continuous absorption.

By the side of the Jewish rabbis, Protestant pastors and Catholic monks and priests are becoming propagators of Occult instruction. The *Blue Croix* affords refuge to more than one Romish abbé in its mystic fraternity. One of them, in fact, a doctor of the Sorbonne and a celebrated preacher, is known under the pseudonym of Alta among the members of the Supreme Council of Twelve, called the "Superior Unknown," of the Theosophical Society, of which the seat is in Paris.

M. Ney does not seem to hold the spiritists and magnetisers in quite the same honour as the others. He says of them:—

Outside the schools of Occultism there exist two heterodox groups of the marvellous, contemporary in Paris—spiritists and magnetisers. Both are respectable seekers after truth, but they are experimenters before everything else.

The two schools, psychic and fluidic, have each their methods, which do not accord. Both have caught glimpses of the Hermetic doctrine of a universal fluid. The fluidists are the oldest, dating from Mesmer to Dupotet, passing by the way Deslon, Delange, Puységur, &c. The psychics with Allan Kardec and his disciples have been grouped scarcely fifty years.

The writer concludes with the following remarks:—

What characterises the Occult movement in Paris in 1892, at the close of the nineteenth century, is neither the special sect nor specific rites embodying still unexplained phenomena.

The multiplicity of investigations in our age of extreme criticism have given new and original solutions to questions of history, science, religion, and the origin of things. They are not yet accepted by science; to-morrow they will constitute official instruction . . . when we shall have lifted the sombre veil which hides our origin.

Thus having followed with complete loyalty and entire impartiality the Occult movement, putting aside completely the instruction received in the schools, I am ready to say with the great philosopher, Montaigne, "What do I know?"

Mr. Ney also gives in his paper a story of the occult, which we reserve for a future issue. Altogether there seems to be a very vigorous movement in the direction of the proper study of the so-called supernatural in Paris and France generally. Is it the product of the young Republic's freedom, or is the Republic itself a part of the general emancipation?

THE work of restoring religion to its due place in our politics is a work which every man who does not shirk a citizen's duty can help, or, if he does not help, must hinder.
—CHARLES ANTHONY VINCE, M.A.

ON the stair of memory there stands no angel, unless it be the reproachful angel of our better selves. But when we ascend to the stair of contrition, shining hands are reached out to aid us.—REV. W. J. DAWSON.

"A CHRISTMAS STORY OF CHICAGO EXHIBITION."

Mr. Stead, with that readiness of adaptation which characterises him, has published a story with the above title as the Christmas Number of the "Review of Reviews." To mix up the Unseen with the Chicago World's Fair is a feat worthy of the enterprise that made the "Ghost" number of the same Review such a success a year ago. The interweaving of hypnotism, clairvoyance, and dreaming with the amenities of a voyage across the Atlantic in an ocean-going steamship is delightful. But it would be unfair to tell the story, our readers must get it for themselves. Nevertheless, Chap. XIX is of such importance, especially when taken in connection with the foot note on p. 120, that from that chapter some extracts must be made. The chapter is full of automatic writing, and though the messages are supposed to be given by the hand of one of the persons in the story, Mr. Stead's foot note, which we reproduce, makes the communications vastly more important. Mr. Stead says:—

The narrative in this chapter is not a story, it is a fact. That is to say, the communications professing to be written by the disembodied spirit of Robert Julia were actually written automatically under similar circumstances to those described in these pages by the hand of a writer, who was unaware of what his pen was writing, and who did not know the persons correctly named, or the circumstances accurately referred to by the intelligence which guided his pen. Names and places of course have been altered, and whereas in the story the communications are represented as having been written by the spirit of a man through the hand of a woman, they were in reality written by the hand of a man under the alleged control of a woman. Whatever explanation may be offered, I am prepared to vouch absolutely for the truth of the following statements:—

(1) That the communications were written by the pen of one whose good faith cannot be impugned, and who was quite unaware of what his hand was about to write when he took up his pen.

(2) That the communications began and are continued to this hour, under circumstances practically identical with those in the story.

(3) That the intelligence which controls the hand of the writer, whose own consciousness is never for a moment in abeyance, always alleges that it is the disembodied spirit of a woman with whom the writer had a slight personal acquaintance, who "died" about twelve months since.

(4) That the intelligence frequently refers to names, places, and incidents, in the past and present of which the person whose hand holds the pen has no knowledge.

All this is true. In token whereof I am willing to submit all the evidence and the chief witnesses to the examination of the Psychical Research Society. I know of my own knowledge that the facts are as stated.

The following extracts from the automatically written messages are of great interest—though there is hardly anything very new in them; except, perhaps, in the second extract:—

When the soul leaves the body it remains exactly the same as when it was in the body; the soul, which is the only real self, and which uses the mind and the body as its instruments, no longer has the use or the need of the body. But it retains the mind, the knowledge, the experience, the habits of thought, the inclinations; they remain exactly as they were. Only it often happens that the gradual decay of the fleshly envelope to some extent obscures and impairs the real self which is liberated by death. The most extraordinary thing which came to my knowledge when I passed over was the difference between the apparent man and the real self. It gave quite a new meaning to the warning, "Judge not," for the real self is built up even more by the use it makes of the mind than by the use it makes of the body. There are here men who seemed to be vile and filthy to their fellows, who are far, far, far superior, even in purity and holiness, to men who in life kept an outward veneer of apparent goodness while the mind rioted in all wantonness. It is the mind that makes character. It is the mind that is far more active, more potent than the body, which is

but a poor instrument at best. Hence the thoughts and intents of the heart, the imaginations of the mind, these are the things by which we are judged; for it is they which make up and create, as it were, the real character of the inner self, which becomes visible after the leaving of the body. Thought has much greater reality than you imagine. The day-dreamer is not so idle as you imagine. The influence of his idealising speculation may not make him work, but it may be felt imperceptibly by more practical minds. And so, in like manner, the man who in his innermost heart gives himself up to evil and unclean thoughts may be generating forces, the evil influences of which stir the passions and ruin the lives, it may be, of his own children, who possibly never knew that their father had ever had a thought of sin.

Hence on this side things seem so topsy-turvy. The first are last, the last first. I see convicts and murderers and adulterers, who worked their wickedness out in the material sphere, standing far higher in the scale of purity and of holiness than some who never committed a crime, but whose minds, as it were, were the factory and breeding-ground of thoughts which are the seed of crimes in others. I do not mean by this that it is better to do crimes than to think them. Only that the doing is not always to be taken as proof of wicked-heartedness. The sins of impulse, the crimes perpetrated in a gust of passion, these harm the soul less and do less harm than the long-indulged thoughts of evil which come at last to poison the whole soul.

When the body is cast off the real state of the case is visible. Then it is for the first time that we are seen as we really are or rather have been thinking. The revelation is startling, and even now I am but dimly beginning to be accustomed to it.

Then there is another thing that surprised me not a little, and that was or is the discovery of the nothingness of things. I mean by that the entire nothingness of most things which seemed to one on earth the most important of things. For instance, money, rank, worth, merit, station, and all the things we most prize when on earth, are simply nothing. They don't exist any more than the mist of yesterday or the weather of last year. They were no doubt influential for a time, but they do not last, they pass as the cloud passes, and are not visible any more.

What is wanted is a bureau of communication between the two sides. Could you not establish some such sort of office with a trustworthy medium or mediums? If only it were to enable the sorrowing on the earth to know, if only for once, that their so-called dead live nearer them than ever before, it would help to dry many a tear and soothe many a sorrow. I think you could count upon the eager co-operation of all on this side.

We on this side are full of joy at the hope of this coming to pass. Imagine how grieved we must be to see so many whom we love sorrowing without hope, when those for whom they sorrow are trying every means in vain to make them conscious of their presence. And many, also, are racked with agony, imagining that their loved ones are lost in hell, when in reality they have been found in the all-embracing arms of the love of God. Adelaide, dear, do talk of this with Minerva, and see what can be done. It is the most important thing there is to do. For it brings with it the trump of the Archangel, when those that were in their graves shall awake and walk forth once more among men.

I was at first astonished to learn how much importance the spirits attach to the communications which they are allowed to have with those on earth. I can, of course, easily understand, because I feel it myself—the craving there is to speak to those whom you loved and whom you love; but it is much more than this. What they tell me on all sides, and especially my dear guides, is that the time is come when there is to be a great spiritual awakening among the nations, and that the agency which is to bring this about is the sudden and conclusive demonstration, in every individual case which seeks for it of the reality of the spirit, of the permanence of the soul, and the immanence of the Divine.

There are degrees in Heaven; and the lowest Heaven is higher than the most wonderful vision of its bliss that you ever had. There is nothing to which you can compare our constantly-loving state in this world except the supreme beatitude of the lover who is perfectly satisfied with and perfectly enraptured with the one whom he loves. For the whole difference between this side and your side consists in

this—without entering now into the question of body and matter—that we live in love, which is God, and you too often live in the misery which is the natural, necessary result of the absence of God, Who is love.

There is much love on earth. Were it not so it would be hell. There is the love of the mother for her children, of brother and sister, of young man and maiden, of husband and wife, of friends, whether men or women, or whether the friendship is between those of the same sex. All these forms of love are the rays of Heaven on earth. They are none of them complete. They are the sparkling light from the diamond facets, the totality of which is God. The meanest man or woman who loves is, so far as they love, inspired by the Divine. The whole secret of the saving of the world lies in that—you must have more love—more love—more love.

You may say that there is love which is selfish and a love which is evil. It is true, but that is because the love is imperfect. It is not love when it leads to selfishness. The love which leads a mother to engross herself with her own children and neglect all her duties to other people is not wrong itself. It is only because she has not enough love for others that her love for her children makes her selfish. The great need wherever love seems to make people selfish is not less love to those whom they do love, but more love for the others who are neglected. You never love anyone too much. It is only that we don't love others enough also. Perfect love all round is the Divine ideal, and when love fails at any point then evil is in danger of coming in. But even a guilty love, so far as it takes you out of yourself, and makes you toil, and pray, and live, and perhaps die for the man or woman whom you should never have loved, brings you nearer Heaven than selfish, loveless marriage. I do not say this as against marriage. I know this is dangerous doctrine. All true doctrine is dangerous. But it is not less true for its danger. There is no doubt that much so-called love is very selfish, and is not love at all. The love, for instance, which leads a man to ruin a woman, and desert her when he has gratified a temporary passion, is not love. It is not easy to distinguish it from the deadliest hate. It is self-indulgence in its worst shape. Now all love is of the nature of self-sacrifice. There are many things also to be borne in mind. We have all not merely to think what is the result to ourselves, but also to other persons, some of whom may not yet be born. To love, therefore, anyone really, truly, means that we are putting ourselves in his place, loving him as ourselves, that we desire for him the best, and give up ourselves and our own pleasure in order to secure it for him. This is true love, and wherever you find it you find a spark of God. That is why mothers are so much nearer God than anyone else. They love more—that is, they are more like God; it is they who keep the earth from becoming a vast hell.

ANGELS—GOOD AND BAD.

There is no reason to doubt that the good angels are as assiduously present with us for our good as the evil angels are for our hurt; since we know that evil spirits cannot be more full of malice to work our harm than the blessed angels are full of charity and good offices to mankind. The evil are only let loose to tempt us by a permission of the Almighty; whereas, the good are, by a gracious delegation from God, charged with our custody. That evil spirits are ever at hand, ready upon all occasions to present their service to us for the purpose of leading us into sin, appears too plainly in the temptations which they continually inject into our thoughts; in their real and speedy operations with the spells and charms of their wicked clients, which are no less effectually answered by them than natural causes are by their ordinary and regular productions. It must needs follow, therefore, that the good angels are as close to us, and as inseparable from us, and though we see neither, yet he that hath spiritual eyes perceives them both, and is accordingly affected by their presence. The language of spirits are thoughts. Why do I not entertain them in my secret meditations, and so behave myself that I may ever hold a fair correspondence with those invisible companions, and expect from them all those precious offices which they are accustomed to perform, and at last be conveyed by them to Heaven and glory? Oh! my soul, thou art a spirit as they are; do thou ever see them as they see thee; and so speak to them as they speak to thee!—Bishop Hall.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED THROUGH "AUTOMATIC" WRITING.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" gives a series of answers, received through automatic writing, to questions propounded by Mrs. Sara A. Underwood. These answers are profoundly instructive. "Pharos" was the guiding spirit. We give some of them:—

As to location of spirit-world, such answers as the following could only be obtained:—

Q.—"Space has no real dimensions. Your sense perceptions, bounded by your relations to so-called matter, cause you to make arbitrary lines which have no real existence, but on your plane it is the nearest you can come to the reality of things. When you step over within our lines you thinkers will wonder at your blindness, but you are not to blame. You long for truth—that is the main thing."

Q.—"Has matter any actual existence?"

A.—"That cannot be answered until you understand what is meant by 'actual existence.'"

Q.—"What we mean by actual existence of matter is as we now know it as related to our consciousness."

A.—"States of consciousness are symbols through which mortal men are brought more surely within the radius of eternal truth."

Q.—"Can you give us any clear idea of your new condition?"

A.—"Pharos says your query cannot be answered on your plane. More spiritual insight, a broader view of Being, and a change of environment are necessary to such knowledge. Sometime you will understand."

Q.—"Will you tell us if we have had any pre-existence as conscious individuals, or does our individualism begin with our birth into this outer world?"

A.—"No. Placed as germs from a great fountain of soul-life your atomistic mortality as Ego begins."

When writing purporting to come from one recently passed over was given, and we asked how he knew of us, this was the reply:—

A.—"States of consciousness here are so different from what you know, that I may not explain to you how I knew as soon as I gained conscious existence that you two could communicate with me."

Almost invariably when one recently deceased claimed to be communicating, there was mention made of the transition period being one of unconsciousness and of consequent weakness and inability to think clearly, "Pharos," the control, acting as amanuensis.

Q.—"Why is it that we get so few messages from our relatives in the spirit-world in spite of our strong desire to do so?"

A.—"Bonds of sympathetic being are stronger than relationship over here. Many whose silence you wonder at were not in accord with you. True lines of sympathy are drawn over here. . . . Blood relations are often hurtful, but soul relations will ever assert themselves and give joy when recognised. . . . Bonds of spirit are stronger than man's paltry blood-relationship."

Q.—"Do husband and wife continue lovers on your plane?"

A.—"If a man and woman—married, according to your ideas—are in true rapport with each other, the change called death does not alter their relations, but if through misapprehension they are mismated, however desirous they may be of higher development, their ardent hopes count for naught if natural sympathy says no. . . . Sympathies and antipathies are stronger here than with you, for here we separate the wheat from the chaff; we only care for the spirits who are at one with us. Changed conditions make new relations."

Q.—"Are the unsatisfied longings of this life satisfied on your plane?"

A.—"Yes. Wants are here generally satisfied."

Q.—"Can you not give some description of life where you are?"

A.—"Spirit-world means more than your thought can reach. Those studying the A B C of life cannot expect to understand the X of Algebra."

Q.—"Will we, or anyone, individually obtain eternal life?"

A.—"Another upward step may shed light on the question just asked. As Omar Khayyam says: 'He knows, He knows!' We do not yet."

Q.—“Do you in your sphere ever see or hold communication with beings belonging to other planets than this earth?”

A.—“Your ideas as to planets are so tinged and gauged by your circumscribed sense perceptions that you would regard what we know of other conditions as mere nonsense.”

Q.—“But can you not at least tell us whether the inhabitants of any planet are like us in form or intellectual conditions?”

A.—“Shadowy beings you would consider the sweet personalities who come from those planets with which our plane has mortal communication; but we know they are real beings, albeit on a far different basis from yours and ours. Changed conditions make it impossible to state, or to clearly know, whether they are below or above us in intelligence.”

Q.—“Do spirits from different planets visit earth?”

A.—“Some do. Change the subject. There are certain limits to which spirits on your plane are bounded because it is thought best that men creep before walking.”

TERESA URREA—THE HEALING MEDIUM.

The “Revista Espiritista de la Habana” reproduces from the Mexican organ “La Ilustracion Espirita” some interesting particulars anent the celebrated medium Teresa Urra. Her curative mediumship commenced in this way: She was sitting one evening in her room when a voice said to her, “Go out, walk round the house, and then come in.” This she did, and on her return beheld an intensely dazzling light, with the result that she was seized with a cataleptic fit. These fits were repeated for thirteen days at intervals of two or three hours, and during the seizures she spoke of things perfectly incomprehensible to her family, who believed she had lost her reason. In her lucid moments she declared that she had been commanded to undertake the cure of the sick.

It happened that during one of Teresa's attacks, a woman who was known by the nick-name of La Huila, came to the house. She had been crippled in one foot for many years. The medium caught hold of the foot, and pressed it firmly in her hands. Then, coming to, she assured La Huila that she was cured. The sick woman at first would not believe her, but finally made an effort, and found that she could move as well as if she had never been ill.

Two or three days after this a Señora Bajo, who had hæmorrhage in one lung, came to Teresa, who at once said to her, “I am going to cure you with blood from my own heart.” Then she took saliva, in which appeared a drop of blood, and mixed it with earth, and applied it to the middle of the sufferer's back, with the result that the hæmorrhage was at once controlled, and the woman cured. As the two women were well known in Cabara and its vicinity, the marvels wrought by Teresa were soon in everyone's mouth, and her house soon began to be thronged with sick people seeking relief.

Many curious instances are given of another phase of her mediumship. Here is an example. Three ladies, in order to test her, agreed to ask her which of them was the worst. This they did, and Teresa ordered them to go out and listen for the sound of church bells, telling them that the one who could not hear them was the worst. The ladies smilingly complied with the command, but almost immediately returned, two of them looking very scared, as they had heard the bells but could not find out whence the sound came. Then the medium explained to the one who had failed to hear the bells, her knowledge of a gross breach of trust she had been guilty of, with the result that the lady fell on her knees before Teresa, and declared her intention of making reparation.

From eight in the morning till twelve at night the medium devotes herself to curing the sick, and the only ill-effect appears to be the temporary exhaustion of the magnetic force. Teresa never takes money for her cures, and often, as so many of her patients are poor people, she adds a good meal. Unfortunately for Teresa, her fame began to excite the jealousy of the clergy, who possessed sufficient influence to obtain the banishment of Señor Urra and his daughter from Sonora, with the result that Teresa's fame at once began to extend, and she receives every day letters from all over the world expressing respect and sympathy.

Everyone connected with the production of the Spiritualistic paper, “La Buena Nueva,” of Cuba, together with its readers, has been excommunicated by the Bishop of Havannah.

A STAINTON MOSES MEMORIAL.

The idea of a Memorial Edition of one or more of the works of the late Editor of “LIGHT” seems to have suggested itself to several people besides Mr. Morse, as the two following letters testify. It may be well to mention here that we have received a long and very admirable address delivered before the Adelaide Spiritualistic Association on “M.A. (Oxon.)” on October 26th. The paper consists of an excellent *resumé* of the life and teachings of our friend, but it is, unfortunately, far too long for reproduction.—[Ed. “LIGHT”]:—

SIR,—I see that in your issue of the 3rd inst. it is suggested to raise a Memorial to our highly-esteemed friend, W. Stainton Moses, and that it should take the form of a “Temple of Light.” If by such is intended a building, I agree with you as to its non-suitability, but I think we might raise a memorial to our friend which would indeed be a “Temple of Light,” and at the same time a continuance of his life-work, and which would secure subscribers from every quarter of the globe; I mean a Memorial Edition of our friend's works. There are “Spirit Teachings,” “Psychography,” “Higher Aspects of Spiritualism,” “Spirit Identity”—articles which appeared in “Human Nature,” entitled “Spirit Photography” and “Transcorporeal Action of Spirit”; also other essays both in “Human Nature” and the “Spiritualist”; these with a memoir would make a fine three-volume edition, and each should contain a good portrait of him at varied periods of his life, or one might be the reproduction of that photograph of his spirit taken by Buguet in Paris whilst the body was in London, a record of which should be added, as well as any other manifestations through his mediumship which would be of benefit to the world; illustrations should also be given of spirit-manifestations both through his own mediumship and of his investigations through others, such as spirit-writing and drawing, spirit-photography, &c., &c. Such would, I believe, be more worthy of our friend, and as it would be more likely to transform the thought of the world, it would be more enduring than anything we could raise of brick or stone.

The last letter which I received from him was one expressing appreciation of a work I had recently issued, “The Spiritual Songster,” and much as I value that letter, I should appreciate far more highly such an edition of his writings from which I have received so much benefit in the past and which have endeared him to me.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

H. A. KERSEY.

SIR,—I have lately been considering what would be the most enduring, serviceable, and appropriate Monument the Spiritualists of the world should erect in commemoration of the great services rendered to the cause of human progress by our late much-beloved and world-wide respected Editor of “LIGHT.” It appears to me that the one which would be most consonant with his own feelings, were he consulted on the matter—and productive of most lasting good—would be a “Memorial Edition” of one or more of his published works, say, for instance, “Spirit Teachings,” or “Higher Aspects of Spiritualism,” or both in one volume, with a brief biography, issued in a good form, at the lowest possible price.

Such a Memorial would be more enduring than either bronze or marble, for it would commemorate his devotion to truth, make his works more widely known, and serve as an example, not only to people of this generation, but to the many generations which may succeed this; and, as “their works do follow them,” their good effects would blossom and bear fruit even in the spirit-world, and thus be of incalculable good both here and hereafter.

How do I propose that this should be accomplished?

I think there are two ways, either of which, with your kind co-operation, would be quite feasible.

Firstly: The more richly endowed friends of Spiritualism might establish a “Guarantee Fund” (in similar manner to that of the “Royal Agricultural” and other societies for their shows), which should insure the publisher against any pecuniary loss by the low price at which the book might be issued, undertaking that at least a certain number of copies should either be sold or paid for out of the fund within a given time, each guarantor being entitled to receive a number of copies proportionate to the amount of the sum which he or she has guaranteed.

Or, secondly: A general subscription might be raised by voluntary contributions from Spiritualists throughout the world, the amount of which would enable those controlling the fund to determine the number of copies to be printed and the sale price thereof.

I merely place before you a rough sketch of my proposal, I shall be pleased if you approve of it, and can see your way clearly to promote it, and beg to remain,

Cambridge.

ARCANUS.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

This story, or rather legend, for it is two hundred years old, is the one which was referred to in last week's "LIGHT," in the article on Lady Archibald Campbell's paper in the "New Review." Lady Archibald has translated it from the Gaelic:—

There was in Glenfeshie a poor woman whose husband and children had died and left her without support; and so, when she was deprived of all, she saw nothing better than to submit to the will of her Master and go (with your leave) to ask help from her neighbours. They were kind to her, because she was ever faithful and blameless. But then a year of scarcity came on, and she did not wish to burden her kind neighbours, but went down to Strathspey, which you know to be a better corn country. She, being considerate, wished to find her night's lodging where the trouble would be least felt. She went to the house of a rich childless tenant, who (with your leave) was a sort of churl. This tenant was also (with your leave) very good to himself.

You have known many people who, though they do not like to give, like well to hear. He was just one of those people. So he asked the poor widow much of whom she was and whence she came. She told all the truth, and the rich carle's conscience was awakened; and he said to himself, "Here am I that have abundance, and never knew the heartache of losing a child; yet I have murmured against the Highest for not giving me were it but a single one. This woman has nothing left. She is bereaved of children who have looked in her face and warmed her heart. She is come in the cold, ill-shod, and over rough ground; yet she praises the Almighty and looks satisfied."

So this man ordered the woman her supper, and a bed in the corner farthest from the fire. Well, to bed she went which was of short, broken straw upon the ground. These were good days, when southern fashions, of dividing houses and such useless niceties, were unknown. There was nothing taken off the house but the pantry.

This man, being very rich for a tenant, and loving ease, lay on a feather bed. Very ill, however, he rested; and by the glimmer of the fire he could see the poor woman's hard bed in the distant corner where she slept.

Midnight came, and the embers were dying, when he saw a procession approach from the door—six bright lights followed by a small greenish one, like a candle burning in the socket.

Three times he saw these lights move round the bed of the sleeper, and thrice he saw the disordered straw and the clothes about it smoothed and regulated by seven pairs of little hands. The lights returned the way they came; and the man, filled with wonder, could sleep no more. In the morning he told the woman what he had seen, and how much he was surprised to see her sleep so sound upon her hard bed of straw, while he was so restless upon his bed of warmth and softness. "Wonder not," said the mendicant; "I know what you saw, and well know what it means. My children died before they had done evil. Each of them, I have faith to believe, is a light in the presence of the Holiest. I had six, which were the lights you saw; and one born untimely, which was the dim light which followed. They come nightly to smooth the bed of my repose; they cheer my dreams, and the time is very short till I rejoin them. The Blessed Father has not forsaken me."

"EVERYONE who," as Carlyle expresses it, "looks beyond eating his pudding," feels that he has a great warfare to accomplish. Some there are who had rather die than continue to struggle, their sense of right just leading them to self-condemnation. Everyone has an infallible guide in his own heart, if he will but wait and listen.—J. S. MILL, "Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox."

THE DEIFICATION OF DEATH.

The following article, which treats of a matter of much importance, appeared in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" a short time ago. It is by H. E. Criddle:—

The claim made by the writer of an article in a late number of the "Baptist Gleaner" that the majority of communications proceeding from disembodied spirits are of a trivial character and void of startling relations is not without foundation. Like every other effect there is a cause at the back of it and it is to that cause I desire to draw attention.

For a period of fifteen years the writer has made investigations in various countries, with all sorts of people and under different conditions, with the object of demonstrating for himself the truth or falsity of Spiritualism. During the earlier part of these investigations he made the mistake seemingly common with beginners and critics ignorant of their subjects, the gist of which is to be found in the heading of this article.

The inclination seems in humanity to credit every visitor returning from the grave with the most far-reaching knowledge of every kind. The slow and gradual development which marks the whole of life's progress coming under our immediate ken does not carry with it any lesson to the casual investigator. A party of persons not remarkable for anything in particular will hold a séance without serious thought or previous arrangement, and if they receive a communication presumably from the lately-departed washerwoman of one of the sitters, they one and all begin to ply her with questions which from the nature of things it is impossible that a being of her mental capacity could grasp even were she surrounded by all the evidence for which the sitters are seeking. One wants to know whether Mars is inhabited, another how far the seventh heaven is away from the first, and a third will ask whether John Smith, whom he knew years ago, is living or dead; all of this miscellaneous information is expected from an intelligence which may have only passed out a few weeks previously and whose capacity when here was of a most limited character.

Another fault is that of forgetting the very deep truth that lies in the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together." It is not reasonable that Cicero or Shakspeare, Lincoln or Longfellow, would desire to return in order to hold converse with circles far beneath them in intelligence and ready to meet any remark with a jeer or a sneer. It is forgotten what an overwhelming majority of those passing out from amongst us are weak, crude, and undeveloped, whose ready return to the scenes of earth is a natural sequence of the lives they have led while here. We have only to catch the stray bits of conversation in a crowd of our fellow-men to realise how little of it is of a highly moral or finely intelligent character; on the contrary it lacks these qualities, and is almost always coarse and poverty stricken. Why, then, should a crowd of earth-surrounding spirits be expected to yield better results?

Relative to the second part of the complaint, would it not be well for the investigator to ask himself his object in desiring revelations and question himself as to the use he would make of them? There can be little doubt that accurate knowledge of coming events is almost as rare in the next sphere as it is with us, but deceiving spirits are ever ready to answer questions regarding the future and generally in a way likely to please the inquirer; not so with those rare, noble, elevated, and heroic souls who have earned the right to read the future. The possession of such knowledge is happily associated with a rightful reticence, those possessing it realising to the full the responsibility vested in them and perfectly conscious of the vast harm liable to accrue by their imparting such information to those unfitted and unworthy of receiving it. Prophecy is not dead, and predictions are all the time being received through various channels which demonstrate what has just been written. The trouble is, people expect to reap when they have not sown. The doubting Thomases of the nineteenth century would all become believers were they content to take the necessary trouble. Patient, honest, and intelligent investigation never fails in obtaining its reward, and surely the possession by oneself of the absolute knowledge that life is continuous should amply repay the doubter for his labours.

He that enlarges his curiosity with respect to the works of nature multiplies the inlets of happiness.

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

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Light:

EDITED BY "M. A., LOND."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17th, 1892.

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.

A MATERIAL LIFE.

Jay Gould is dead, and one of the most perfect exponents of the Materialism of the age has passed on. As the Anarchists are the froth of that underlying Socialism which in the near future we must confront or use, probably the latter, so Jay Gould was the product of the high water of that Materialism which his death has shown to be already on the wane. There has, perhaps, been nothing more instructive for some time than the chorus of reprobation, more or less vigorous, which the public Press has poured on the reminiscences of this man's unholy life. The common conscience has been outraged, and the reaction has set in.

Yet after all Jay Gould and his like are necessary results of the materialism which has divorced the spirit from the spirit's presentment. The senseless adoration of the material manifestation of the divine essence which pervades all things must of necessity promote to a false glory, with all the evils that come of that false glory, what, after all, is only the shadow and not the substance. That what even moderate men would call "wrong" was the continual practice, nay, almost the creed, of Jay Gould, was but the intensification and exaltation of the petty smallnesses which are the daily bread of all to whom this life is the substance and not the shadow. The hunt after wealth, the struggle for power, as power, and not because power may be a good thing, the constant attempt to appear in some way superior to one's fellows, are only the separate presentments of that of which Jay Gould was simply an embodiment. He was after all only a glorified illustration of that "success" which is equally the fetish of the Church and of the world.

But to those of us to whom this world is but a training ground the story of Jay Gould's life is instructive. We see in him the school bully, who remained that, and never became anything else. He had his own way, as he thought, and not knowing he was only at school, imagined that the school was everything because he *did* have his own way. And the world is full of Jay Goulds, who live like parasites on the fringes of the eternal, and suppose that all the universe is in those fringes. This so-called "life" of Jay Gould is useful also because one sees in it, as one always does see in monstrous growths, what the real disease is. And that disease is the substitution of the material presentment of the world for the spirit that underlies the world. Everywhere the canker is visible. It was only a few days ago that a timely and vigorous protest was made in the leading journal against the materialistic proclivities of that Olympus of pure science, the Royal Society. Patents which bring wealth are very much too often the object of

the minds which are supposed to be busy with the secrets of nature. The men of art paint pictures which will sell, and the bookmakers write books to titillate the palates of the multitude who are ready to buy them. The shadow of a material life which the churches have helped to intensify is over everything.

Nevertheless, the shadow is beginning to grow less. The great cry of shame which has gone up over the ill-getting of the millions which the American financier had to leave is only one among many signs of an impatience which will sooner or later break asunder the bonds with which the spirit has been bound. Men are beginning to ask questions of themselves, and the mere fact of being here is not a sufficient reason for them that they are here. Here and there what is called "failure" is already seen to be of more value than what is called "success." The paltry prizes of the world are not always evaluated as they once were, and self denial sometimes has won so great a distinction that it has even been pushed back into the worldliness out of which it had begun to rise. The spirit will not always strive, and the Jay Goulds of the world will be swept away into that oblivion of shame which is their proper home.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

A meeting of members and friends of the Alliance will be held at 2, Duke-street, on Tuesday next, at 7.30 p.m., when an endeavour will be made by Mr. R. J. Lees and other friends to answer questions put by inquirers and the investigators. It is suggested that for this occasion the questions should have reference chiefly to "Homes and Occupations in the Spirit World."

THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT CHICAGO.

The "Religio-Philosophical Journal" for November 26th contains further information as to the wide-spread interest the Congress is exciting among all classes of thinking men. With regard to the legal profession and the Congress, the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" says:—

The legal profession is one that deals with some of the most subtle and perplexing phases of human nature; and one department of the profession of law—namely, the medico-legal—is specially and ostensibly concerned in questions of psychical research. A particular prominence has of late been given to this branch of the law through the appearance in court of cases which seem to turn upon hypnotism or mesmerism, and the introduction in statute-books of decisions respecting the use and abuse of hypnosis. In short, this aspect of psychical research has passed its purely scientific stage, and become a matter involving legal technicalities. The Executive Committee have therefore deemed it important that the legal profession should be well represented on their Advisory Council. The two following letters from eminent jurists of Chicago to Professor Coues will be read with interest:—

Criminal Court of Cook County, Ill., Chicago.

November 10th, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind note of date 7th inst. is just received. I regret that I could not have further conversation than our brief one when you were here. I shall be glad to aid in all ways in my power the objects and purposes of the Congress. I have no doubt that much good and profit will arise from the meeting of so many minds. With much respect, I am, yours, &c.,

M. F. TULEY.

Appellate Court Rooms, Chicago.

November 10th, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—I am willing to be of such assistance as I can to the Committee on Psychical Science, and will serve upon the Council, but cannot give much time to the matter.—I am, very truly yours,

A. N. WATERMAN.

CONSCIENCE, remember, may be a very troublesome companion; it may seem to stand in the way of our interests, of our money-making, of our pleasure; but, be sure of this, every step taken in violation of it will have to be retrogden, if you are to have peace and the blessing of Heaven.—J. THAIN DAVIDSON.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM—ITS DEVELOPMENT—1848-92.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. MORELL THEOBALD TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE ON THE EVENING OF TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6TH.

It was in March, 1848, that the first signal-rap from the spirit-world was recognised. It was little thought then what mighty results were to follow. Such rappings had come before, notably in the family of the Rev. John Wesley. Conviction of their origin, however, was not to be conveyed to the world by that illustrious divine, but by an obscure girl in an American village—Hydesville, New York. Kate Fox, playing with the raps, discovered an outside intelligence behind them. Three years afterwards, some of the leading men in New York—consisting of judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, clergymen, and authors—formed themselves into a society for investigation: and in another three years, not only this but many investigating societies, and families, in every part of the United States, had accepted the Spiritualists' theory as to the origin of the raps. From that day to this, although its adherents have been abused and discredited, and fanciful theories have been propounded to account for the phenomena, no single person, once convinced, has ever been known to retract his belief—unless we may adduce the curious affirmation (subsequently withdrawn) of Kate Fox herself, that she had simulated the raps. But by this time we had not only to deal with the phenomena which she was chosen to introduce, but with thousands of other phenomena, various, and more conclusive of spirit origin.

Naturally the first inquiry was as to the origin of the noises or raps; we had to convince ourselves of the absence of physical causes or trickery, and then to trace them to an intelligence outside that of the sitters. Let us trace the first signals to this outside intelligence, and claim its existence against all assertion to the contrary. I will take Mr. A. Russel Wallace's historical account, for it cannot be improved upon. In "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 147, Mr. Wallace says:—

The signals declared that a murdered man was buried in the cellar of the house; it indicated the exact spot under which the body lay, and upon digging there, at a depth of six or seven feet, considerable portions of a human skeleton were found. Yet more, the name of the murdered man was given, and it was ascertained that such a person had visited that very house, and had disappeared five years before, and had never been heard of since. The signals further declared that he, the murdered man, was the signaller.

The first signals gave the key by which to unlock the many; and subsequent experiences, spread over forty years, have confirmed our belief in their origin. But in this case, if it stood alone, it were easy to imagine another explanation than the one now—after cumulative evidence from other cases—adopted. To go no further, for a moment, than the Fox family—committee after committee of violent sceptics, appointed to investigate these noises and raps, were forced to declare that the cause of the phenomena was undiscoverable by them. The sounds occurred on walls and floor while the mediums stood on pillows, barefooted, and with their clothes tied round their ankles. Mental questions were thus replied to correctly; and when we remember that the mediums were children under twelve years of age, and the examiners sceptical men, resolved to detect imposture, the question of imposture or delusion was pretty well settled in the negative.

The initiatory raps of the vanished have now become domesticated among us—and with more genial surroundings. Thousands—I might say millions—are now familiarised with them in their own homes. I may be forgiven if I quote from my own as a typical record in "Spirit Workers," how they came and grew in our midst, and in the family circle absolutely alone:—

My wife and I had passed through years of sorrow; and as I look back upon the time I wonder at the unbroken hearts which we carried with us through various consecutive chambers of sickness, worldly trials, and bereavements. The darkest hour precedes the dawn; and while we two, after burying three little ones, sat wondering if these three whom we had lost, one after another, were lonely, and what was really the future into which they had entered, there came a sound which we had heard before, but had well-nigh forgotten. It was only like a bodkin tapping on the table—but our little ones stood at the door and knocked! Had we not previously been acquainted with these tiny raps we

might have left them unnoticed, but we had patience with the raps as they came upon the dining-table, until they grew in number and variety, and until each little one was recognised by his own distinct rap. They came at every meal and joined in our conversation; the table was lifted up and moved about the room, often without physical contact, like a thing of life, and our four surviving children became thus first familiarised with what was to grow into mediumship in all of them.

Meantime Dr. Carpenter, a leading scientist, expounded a theory (previously adopted by Faraday) and welcomed by Materialists who would never give in to spirit (which, by the way, was exactly what Spiritualism came to proclaim). This theory was that all the phenomena now occurring were the result of "unconscious cerebration" or "unconscious muscular action," and several of these very clever people at once began to practise upon their toe-joints! the success of which (even if it could have produced a decent simulation) would not have proved much. But the raps and movements of our own table were then so strong, with only children under ten years of age around it, that I ventured to think I had the disproof of this theory in my own hands. Accordingly I suggested one evening at tea time, when raps and movements were, as usual, vigorous, that we should all lean heavily upon the table—which we did from all sides, and one of the boys sat upon it; when, lo! ignoring all the muscular and cerebral action that had set itself to thwart the phenomena, the table was lifted off the ground to about the height of nine inches, first on one side and then on the other, and so kept in position for some minutes. Now if ten thousand cases could be traced to Dr. Carpenter's theory, that one case upsets the universal application of it. From that moment I never questioned the outside force and intelligence; though many times since I have watched to see if it was simulated. This was twenty years ago. Spiritualists then had not only to meet the curiously devised objections made by men of science—which they have done completely as to the outside intelligence—but objectors also sprang up from the Church. We were confronted with the old Jews and Gentiles. Obsolete instructions to the former, given probably to prevent the abuse of this real power, were thrust side by side with references to the devil and his angels! Timid investigators became frightened, but it only needed a bolder following up of truth to find that she never deceives the hearts that love her.

One of the conditions connected with the phenomenal occurrences was the presence of a sensitive, or medium. It has never been exactly ascertained what constitutes this sensitiveness, although it has been stated that about one out of every ten persons possesses the initial receptivity for the gift of mediumship. It is not determined by character, though character, as might be expected, regulates the mediumship: and persons who are not naturally sensitive cannot, by any amount of healthy cultivation, obtain it. I use the term "healthy" because I am aware that in India and other parts of the world asceticism has been practised to such an extent, and the crucifixion of the flesh so carried on until the emaciated piece of humanity is rendered absolutely unfit for any of this life's work, and attains thus to such a state of psychical non-resistance, as to become the sport of any idle or evil spirit who may choose to possess it. The extravagance of this state simply exaggerates what is true in spirit mediumship, viz., that they who are most passive are the most successful in utilising spiritual gifts. Not to the wise but unto babes, literally, did the first revelations of modern Spiritualism come.

To the first simple phenomena were very soon added others more startling, and shortly their variety became embarrassing. The initial rap was a small beginning to the endless variations which now in quick succession followed, in utter disregard of ascertained natural laws. I will enumerate only a few.

a. Physical phenomena—such as the suspending of the action of fire, diminishing or augmenting the specific gravity of bodies, modifying the solidity and inter-penetrability of matter.

b. Complex phenomena, combining the characteristics of the former: such as carrying water from one vessel to another at a distance. Fire and water becoming willing servants in contributing to fixed conviction.

c. Direct writing, drawing, or painting; pictures or writings being produced without any known human intervention whatever.

d. The appearance of spirit lights and bodily forms, and the utterance, by invisible organs, of audible sounds—musical, vocal, articulate, or other.

e. Spirit photography: the production of photographic pictures of objects not supplied by the artist, or seen through his lens—often in complete darkness.

f. Mental states of infinite variety.

As I have remarked in "Spirit Workers," all these phenomena are real, and although few persons can become cognisant of all, or even of many, yet either by personal experience or investigation, or by testimony, anyone may convince himself of their existence. And any perfect account of the facts of human nature must reckon with them. Accordingly, those who have mapped out a scheme of possibilities and impossibilities are exceedingly embarrassed when they find so many utterly impossible facts knocking at their doors and claiming admission. Men of science have framed admirable schemes of scientific law, have expounded multitudes of material facts, and thus obtained great mastery over nature. But their empire ceases when they try to bring will-force under the categories of fixed and unvarying law, and if will-force is not attached to any visible material embodiment of personal will, they are still more baffled; will-force operating on matter without the intervention of an ordinary material organism is something not provided for by natural science, not anticipated in any organon it has hitherto constructed. Merely natural philosophy is thus confronted with the most impertinent impossibilities, and has no alternative but to eject the phenomena themselves by summary eviction, and pass a vote of annihilation upon them. It is impossible, they say, for one solid body to pass through another: and yet some object, say a book, or sheet of paper, or a flower finds its way into a locked drawer, or is conveyed at an ascertained moment into a room when all the doors and windows are shut—or suddenly falls from nowhere on to a table in the full sight of a family group of unsuspecting and uncontriving people, or an iron ring is fixed so tightly on a wrist that it is too small to pass over the palmar expansion of the hand—or a chair is threaded, so to speak, on two clasped hands. What conclusion is possible except that some hitherto unsuspected laws of matter are in operation, or that the ordinary laws can in some way be suspended, or that nothing is certain, least of all, human perception, human testimony, human faith?

It is not my purpose to quote facts (which I could easily do, did time permit) to substantiate the growth of Spiritualism to this point. It has been ably done by men of eminence before the Dialectical Society, and notably collated in some valuable essays by Alfred Russel Wallace under the title of "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism"; while in the "Spiritualist" and "LIGHT"—themselves a repository of spiritual facts—are found valuable and pithy *résumés* of the opinions of many eminent men.

It is quite impossible in this brief paper to give more than the bold outlines of the growth of Spiritualism in England; and I must confine myself now to this country. In the year 1872 it had established itself as a power, and was a factor not to be ignored in any review of modern thought. The "Times" newspaper usually gauged the popularity of a subject pretty accurately in those days; and consequently we find a long leading article, starting from the assertion that Professor Faraday had traced all the mysterious movements of tables, &c., to unconscious muscular action; but still the thing grew! And the writer naively remarks that "Spiritualists never heeded it"; and further indicates the weakness of his position by adding—"It is evident either that the subject is surrounded with unusual difficulties, or that our scientific men have singularly failed to do their duty to the public which looks to them for facts." Does it?

The "Times" then passes under review the report of the Dialectical Society with the evidence of all sorts of persons—which makes splendid copy! The writer had been to see Mr. Home, and after reporting what took place, adds—as we have heard *ad nauseam* since:—

Somehow or other everything seemed to occur just when we were not looking; but we must confess the chair in the dark fairly puzzled us, and we came away, very far indeed from being Spiritualists, but wishing we could spare time and trouble to come again and again until we had sifted the whole matter to the bottom.

The writer never imagined that *he* was being sifted: and that men like him were to learn that such matters would

very often happen when they were not looking! Then follow letters, in the "Times," of all sorts, in which Sergeant Cox, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Mr. Home take part with shallow "observers" and with other Spiritualists. In fact the "Times" had raised such a hornet's nest about its ears that it had to shut up the correspondence with a semi-apology for introducing the subject; and then proceeded to lay down its own laws for scientific investigation, ending with these very learned words:—

Let us first be positively assured that a spirit has been evoked or that a dining-table has been moved by a mere effort of volition on the part of the operator. When the facts have been once established, Science (with a big S) may be fairly called upon to consider their import.

Spiritualism came to the public, the unspiritual, unsympathetic public, and was treated with derision—nay, with persecution. If it had been possible in those days to burn all the mediums, as they did thousands of so-called witches in the darker age, it would have been done. With shame be it said, men of scientific attainments put themselves in the front of this persecution. It will be in the remembrance of many here how Professor Ray Lankester, soon afterwards, forgetting the patient study which science should dictate in all matters of delicate inquiry, made a rush, like a bull in a china shop, and seized Dr. Slade's slate, and exposed, not Dr. Slade, but his own intolerance. Many were ready to come forward, and did come forward, to testify to Slade's medial gifts; but the law took no cognizance of such, although supported by such names as Alfred Russel Wallace and Dr. Wyld. Resorting to an obsolete Act of Parliament, and, what was still worse, inducing the Government to take up the prosecution against Slade, it became not only an attack upon him but against Spiritualism itself. The paternal Government came forward to define (through its magistrates) the limits of our research, and prescribe what should *not* be a legitimate subject for belief. It was the union of Church and State in its most odious form. Fortunately, through a legal flaw, Dr. Slade was in this case acquitted—though scientific rancour followed. The spirit of persecution grew. Other well-known mediums were watched by detectives, who did their best, again directed by men and women called Scientific, to crush out Spiritualism. Materialism had met such a foe that *one* or other, Materialism or Spiritualism, must be entirely obliterated.

One of the best public mediums we ever had—I refer to Mr. Eglinton—was the subject of cruel attack from people who professed interest in the inquiry; but whose real object appeared to be to detect fraud or to create a charge of fraud where no proof existed. The same rancorous spirit hunted down Dr. Monck and many equally valuable mediums. It was frequently the very ignorance of the investigators (especially as regards materialisation phenomena) that led to many a *fiasco*—miscalled, and endorsed by the Press, as an exposure. From this, Miss Florence Cook, whose psychic gifts had been proved over and over again, and notably by so careful and competent an observer as Mr. Crookes, did not escape. Sir George Sitwell thought he had crushed her mediumship when, looking for a materialisation of his own imagination, he found on one occasion that the spirits had transfigured the medium, and so presented to the audience—a spiritual phenomenon but *not* a materialisation; if fraud existed anywhere it was not with the entranced medium. But was there any contract for a given phenomenon? We have since learnt that deception lurks in much of spirit communication, and it is still an unsolved problem. This case opened up a new departure in modes of investigation, and to this day all the mysteries surrounding it have not been solved. It was an unhappy episode, but it led on to the discarding of materialisations and dark sciences before a promiscuous public audience. A discussion on this subject was opened up by Mr. Stainton Moses at the next meeting of the British National Association of Spiritualists, in which many old Spiritual workers took part, and practically from that time cabinets were abolished in all promiscuous circles.

Dr. Monck now had some very remarkable materialisations in full daylight; but in producing such delicate phenomena it was found that success was only assured when sympathetic friends alone were present.

Spiritualists have been always keen to learn even from failures; and gradually, up to this day, they have been learning that in sympathetic circles *alone* can the higher phenomena be obtained. Gradually, as I ventured to predic

from the very first, Spiritualism is finding its most congenial home in the family circle, *without* the presence of a detective; it was once coolly suggested I should permit one to be installed in my own house when we were literally living in the midst of daily spiritual marvels.

It may seem very hard—but so it is—that such slow progress is made in so-called scientific circles. Men of science have not yet learned that our spirit friends will only work upon their own conditions; and our *servants* must either frame their investigations to psychic demands or accept the testimony of reliable students, who do; this is only claiming what is conceded in every other branch of research. Professor Challis, late Astronomical Professor at Cambridge, is about the only one on the scientific side who has stated his belief in some of the phenomena solely from the weight of *testimony* in their favour, in these words:—

Although I have no grounds, from personal observation, for giving credit to the asserted spontaneous movement of tables, I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources and from a vast number of witnesses. In short the testimony has been so abundant and contemporaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.

It took a generation for Spiritualism to obtain entrance into so august an assembly as the British Association. But in September, 1876, we find Professor Barrett bringing up a paper "On Some Phenomena Associated with Abnormal Conditions of Mind," trotting out their newly adopted, but formerly despised, child, named Hypnotism, with Dr. Carpenter's tardy patronage of Dr. Elliotson, paraphrased with Dr. C.'s hypothesis of exaltation as due to the concentration of the whole attention upon the objects which excited attention. But leaving this abnormal exaltation, and begging indulgence, Professor Barrett introduces the subject of Spiritualistic phenomena. Referring to Mr. Home's floating from one room to another, the elongation of his body, his power of handling live coals with impunity, &c., he comments thus:—

These facts are testified by eminent men whose word one cannot for a moment question. Either the narrators *saw*, or *thought* they saw, the things described. Without wishing to dogmatise and willing to accept any correction that may be given, it seems highly probable that the latter is the true explanation.

Despised hypnotism! he might have added, we have found you just in time to minister to us in this dilemma. In 1876, then, we find the hitherto despised power of mesmerism, rechristened, brought forward to account for other phenomena which now embarrassed materialistic thought. Just fancy these *servants* listening gravely to the following explanation, which Professor Barrett now gave to show how it was that some seven or eight learned men *thought* they saw Home floating in the air!—

It is highly probable that the vivid stream of consciousness produced by sensation, having been reduced by quietness and twilight, the minds of those who testify to Mr. Home's feats would readily yield themselves to any emphatic suggestion on the part of the medium! To put this matter to the test of experiment, however I selected. . . a young lad who, in the course of five minutes, was hypnotised, as Mr. Braid would say. The lad now readily believed any assertion I made; with evident relish going through the farce of eating and drinking because I suggested the act, though the only materials I gave him were a book and an empty vase. . . On another occasion when the lad was hypnotised, I placed my shoes on the table and forcibly drew his attention to them. I then suggested that I was standing in them, and after he had given his assent, I said, "Now I am going to rise up and float about the room." So saying I raised my hand, and directing his sight upwards, pointed out the successive stages in my imaginary flight. He followed the direction I indicated with intense and anxious interest, and on my slowly depressing my hand, and asserting I was once more on the ground, he drew a sigh of relief. On awakening he held to the belief that I had in some indistinct way floated round the room, and pointed to the course I had taken. I have not the slightest doubt that after a few trials, this extravagant idea might have been induced in the lad with the greatest ease.

And that is the way Professor Barrett, in 1876, accounted for the testimony of eminent men to Home's levitation. I wonder what Mr. Buckle and Lord Brougham would have thought of this explanation! And Mr. Home thus charged as an impostor!

Professor Barrett then refers to knockings for which no cause can be assigned, and where no imposture can be

detected, and asks, "Is it not possible that there may be *some* foundation for the stories of occasional supernatural irruptions into the present visible universe?" and proposes to appoint a committee to inquire into these phenomena. Nevertheless, Dr. Carpenter assures us that:—

Everyone who accepts as facts merely on the evidence of his own senses, or on the testimony of others, what common sense tells him to be much more probably the fiction of his own imagination, even though confirmed by the testimony of hundreds affected with the same epidemic delusion, must be regarded as the subject of diluted insanity.

Most astounding reasoning, as Professor Barrett says. Common sense is set up as the tribunal before which every fact must pass muster before it can be accepted. But *we* rather agree with Dr. Carpenter here, in referring plain facts to our common sense: it was what Spiritualists had done for years, and it had led them to a higher platform as regards the explanation of the phenomena than that from which the British Association now took up what Professor Ray Lankester termed a degrading inquiry. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace was in the chair, and wisely laid down the rule, which is not always followed in discussions on Spiritualism, that no one should speak who knew nothing whatever of the facts.

We find, then, a spirited discussion sustained by Colonel Lane Fox, Mr. Crookes, Lord Rayleigh (who rejected Professor Barrett's idea that the witnesses were subjects of delusion), Mr. Napier, Dr. Thompson, Conrad Cooke, Dr. Carpenter (who stood up for himself and medical men in particular, and admitted being puzzled by Dr. Slade), Walter Weldon, and others.

Professor Barrett, in his reply, referring to the phenomena, now declared that he had formed *no* opinion as to the cause, but considered the Spiritualists' explanation a leap in the dark which he was not prepared to take. He recognised an unseen existence, called consciousness or being, and thought "there might be an unseen and unconscious influence of energy, or a sphere of personality around that conscious being: in some persons and at some times there might exist an unlocalised sixth sense, generally latent, but which sometimes can be called into existence."

If this is not a greater leap in the dark than accepting the "unconscious energy's" own account of itself, I don't know what is.

The fact is that to some minds no record whatever can induce them to accept the Spiritual theory—nor ever will: but record the facts by all means, even though dissuaded by members of Council who will afterwards follow suit: record them for the use of those who have the gift of spiritual discernment. These facts have fought their way through all obstacles, and to-day they stand recognised as such by thoughtful and competent judges. Still, they are considered by some as the result of fraud, by others as some unconscious energy, by others as evil: here we have, then, the world, the flesh, and the devil: and yet the facts live on, but the venue is somewhat changed.

(To be continued.)

GLAD OR SAD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall leave the smitten strings;
Fate holds and guides the hand of art;
The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone
That through its trembling threads is blown;
The patient organ cannot guess
What hand its passive keys shall press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.

As streams take hue from shade and sun,
As runs the life the song must run;
But, glad or sad, to His good end
God grant the varying notes may tend!

WHITTIER.

THIS is true friendship; to see what is good deep down in another's soul, and to help that upward into life, and to enable it to conquer the outward frivolity and evil. Such friendship as this cannot die.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

In Memoriam.

WILLIAM STAINTON MOSES.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE WITH MRS. STANHOPE SPEER.

August, 1873.

My communications are in full swing. I have nearly filled a book since I have been here. Any attempt to give you an idea of them would be foolish. They must wait till we meet. But I have had very long and most interesting details from the Bishop of his experiences. They are the most striking and curious things I have ever read. Also I have had my promised vision or peep of the spheres. I scarcely know how to describe it: but I have a full description written down at the dictation of Imperator. I don't know whether it was a real or a symbolic vision, but I only know that I should like to have some more of such. Imperator says that it was actual fact. The scenes, the music, the flowers were most ravishing. I thought of you with the flowers. But this will read very like the raving of a maniac, and I must leave all till you can hear the story from the beginning and judge for yourself. I saw, or thought I saw, all my friends—G., Doctor, Mentor, Philosophus, Prudens—in fact, every one, not forgetting the Bishop. At any rate, I have a long communication signed by the whole of them; and last night, alone in my room, I had the most lovely sounds from G., and large globe-like lights from Mentor. Also I have had actual written communications from a new spirit whom Imperator avouches as "S.," and who manifested first at Garrison. He writes the oddest hand, and says very little. Moreover, I have found that the Spirit of Love is John Howard, known as the Philanthropist. That information is from Imperator, who has been most communicative of late. I fancy I shall have a good deal of information of various kinds by the time I reach you if this goes on. . . . There is a whole shower of raps going on here, which means, I suppose, remembrances from Spirit-land. "Yes," they say, in which I cordially join. I look forward with great pleasure to renewing our circle and seeing you all again.

After concluding the letter Mr. S.M.'s hand was made to write the following messages:—

"We greet the absent friends, and rejoice in the power given to us to bestow our blessing upon them. We shall meet the circle with joy. DOCTOR."

This is the result of the rapping. As I concluded, my hand was controlled. "Is any other spirit here who can write?" Doctor answers:—

"I will endeavour to fetch our friend" "I, Prudens, add my salutation, greeting your friends in the name of the All Wise. PRUDENS."

"It is not easy to write on paper which is new and not permeated with the influence. Farewell. DOCTOR + RECTOR."

September, 1873.

Your most sad news has just reached me. It was not unexpected after what I had heard. I do not remember ever being more upset by any incident that did not affect me personally. Indeed, I cannot help feeling that this does affect me. I seem so to have been brought in contact with her in reference to Spiritualism, that I feel it as a personal loss: and deplore it with all my heart. Ah! what one would give for ten minutes of her experiences now. She has probably solved the great mystery which through life has remained and ever must remain unknown. At least, if not solved, it is in process of solution, unless indeed the spirit has not yet awakened to life. Where is it? What is it doing? Will it be able to satisfy friends left behind of its continued existence? These are questions which crowd on one; and I cannot answer them yet.

The mind passes from such subjects to the sadder realities of this life, the gap that is made never to be filled up on this side of the grave.

It is a blow that shakes faith, and casts the spirit adrift to believe in mere cruel chance and inexorable law. Surely a life so valuable to her family was worth sparing if God can spare. Surely a mind which was dimly groping about and being led to new views of God and the hereafter might have been spared to complete or, at any rate, to pursue the education, if God can spare. I have had no sign of communion, nor can I communicate even with my own spirits in my present disturbed state.

April, 1874.

I have had a lot of information about different religions during my stay at Bedford, and have got a pretty consecutive view of the religions of the world, with more minute particulars about the future and my own part in it than have yet been given. It seems, as we have long supposed, to be an organised attempt—or, I ought to say, plan—to reveal further God's truth and an equally organised plan on the part of the Adversaries to thwart and crush it. The struggle is one that will continue for long. It is not before the world as yet. And what passes current as spirit agency is the work of the Adversaries, turning men's hearts from the truth. Such is the picture, a reproduction very nearly of the state of things that precluded the Advent of Jesus Christ. I have heard from friends of those three little children of Mr. Nigel Jones, through Mrs. Watts. They are very anxious to hear of the circumstances of the communication. A curious after-corroboration if such were needed.

Bedford, August 2nd, 1874.

Before leaving town I went to a séance at Mrs. FitzGerald's, curious to see whether the state of utter prostration I was in would interfere with John King. Mrs. F. received me very kindly, and I subsided into a corner of the sofa in peace. No one was there but Mrs. C. and Mr. Percival, and we five sat in the little back room. Peter was in great force. We had very good perfume. What they have called scent before I never could perceive. But on this occasion I asked for some scent, and Peter came over to me and told me to hold out my hand. When I did so, a small hand touched it in the palm. He told me then to smell my hand, and I perceived a very marked odour as of attar of roses.

There was no sort of doubt as to the fact.

All the manifestations were very strong: the voices loud and clear. The musical-box was wound up, and that frequently, and we had the little dancing lights which you have heard me speak of. After the break we pinned the curtains together, placing Mr. Williams in a chair within them. I drew my sofa up close to this chair, and on another Mr. W.'s legs rested, so that my ear was within a foot of the curtain, and my hand could touch his legs—that is, through the curtain. I had simply to extend my hand, and I could touch his feet at any moment.

The manifestations, owing to the heat, were not so pronounced as usual, but they centred round me in a way that enabled me to observe with care. I was frequently touched by a hand which rested on my shoulder (the one nearest to the curtain), while Peter was talking in the room to the other sitters. But the phenomenon of the evening was on this wise: John King came to me as I was lying back in my corner of the sofa, and took my right hand in his, and placed it on that part of the curtain which covered Mr. W.'s feet. He pressed hard, and I felt the boots exactly as I had seen them when Mr. W. lay down. He then took my left hand in his right hand, and held it firmly. He said, "You hold my left hand?" "I do." "Your left hand is on the medium's body?" "On his boot." "You can feel it?" "Distinctly." "Now do you see me?" As he spoke, the light flashed up brilliantly, and immediately before me, looking into my very eyes, was the well-known face of John King illuminated by his lamp.

He was not more than eighteen inches from me. I grasped his hand, and my other hand rested on the sleeping body of the medium behind the curtain. In that position he remained for, I should say, thirty or forty seconds, passing his lamp up and down over face, beard, and drapery, so that I could see perfectly, even the earnest eyes and the full beard. He then disengaged his hand from mine, and disappeared. I frequently heard the medium sigh, and turn in his chair, and at times I heard the sound of Peter's voice and John King's so closely together that they were almost synchronous. I could not, however, say positively that I heard the three together: only Peter's voice and the medium's movement. After this John King came without his light to catechise me. "Did you see me?" "Yes." "Did you feel the medium?" "Yes; I felt his boots, at any rate." "Was there a foot in them?" "There was. I am not quite so green as not to find that out, John!" "Well, mind you are to write about it. It is not everyone to whom we can give such a proof as this." "I wish you could." "So do we. We do what we can. Would you like to feel my drapery?" Accordingly he threw over my hands a mass of

drapery very like muslin, but a little coarser. It was very soft to the touch. I begged for a piece of it, but he declined. Soon after he showed himself to the others, but during the whole evening he never left my corner, and when his light was passed over his face near to Mrs. F., who sat at the far end of the table, I could see the leaning figure bending over the table. The light before the face enabled me to see that quite plainly. Moreover, there was a whole body and a pair of substantial legs. Of that I satisfied myself. Peter soon afterwards removed the medium's coat, and brought it out, telling us to feel his drapery. After the séance Mr. W. was sitting as he had been before, minus his coat.

Would it be possible to persuade an outsider that this description is perfectly unexaggerated, scientifically accurate, and that the phenomena were observed by a perfectly normal condition of mind, under no excitement, and with such facilities for observation as made deception or illusion impossible? Would it be credited that this goes on regularly, and has gone on for years, and has been witnessed and described over and over again by those who have seen it so often that the pulse does not quicken or the mind become unbalanced at the sight, and yet that to the vast mass of the British public it is yet as a story out of "Gulliver" or the "Arabian Nights," or a figment of a diseased brain or a device of Satan for bewildering mankind?

My letter has got to an overgrown bulk. I wanted to put on record my impression of John King. If you will preserve the letter I can refer to it, if necessary, when I come to write on the subject.

Before the materialisation began I asked J. K. to give me a piece of direct writing. He took paper from my hand and returned it presently. When I looked at it there was written, "Peace and rest. J.K." It was what I so much wanted and so longed for. I was so tired and worn, and so weak that rest was my prevalent idea.

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.]

Odours—"Spiritualistic" (?)

SIR,—It was in the early morning hours in each case, between three and four, of November 25th and 26th, that the following incident occurred in this house. I was perfectly wide awake, and had been so for some time. All my senses were on the alert, and I was in full possession of my consciousness. All at once the room was pervaded by three separate odours—one as of boiling, new-made coffee; another as of grilling or frying mutton chops; and the third as of a batch of bread taken out of the oven and gradually cooling off by evaporation. I had become familiar with the odour of the coffee. That experience had occurred so often as to have lost any novelty, but the chops and the bread were new features. Now, I am as perfectly certain as I can be of any fact outside my consciousness that these odours did not proceed from anything in this house, in the houses of my neighbours right and left of me, in the houses in the next road, whose gardens join ours, or in the houses on the opposite side of our own road. Try as I will, I can discover no reasonable hypothesis which will account for the existence of these odours apart from the Spiritualistic one, although why spirits should be so idle and unpractical as to fill a room in such a way with no purpose to serve as one can see, I cannot understand. One curious fact in connection with the matter is this: I did not wake my wife because she was sound asleep, and also because I had detected the presence of the coffee odours over and over again when she had been awake, and she had never smelt them. Now, her olfactory nerves are very acute, and certainly the odour of coffee is sufficiently pungent to be detected by two persons in a room at one time, if one person can detect them.

Some non-Spiritualists, who will, of course, be very "superior people," will perhaps smile on reading this letter, or curl the lip of contempt at what they will consider my extreme credulity. This will not in the least degree affect me, for my beard began to grow many years ago, and every day convinces me that the judgments of man do not always reflect the judgments of God, and that certain classes of facts are inaccessible to certain casts of mind. St. Paul laid down a philosophical principle, which is altogether

independent of the truth or falsehood of Christian theology, when he said, "Now, the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged." There are people to whom the apprehension of Spiritualistic phenomena is, in their present condition, a simple impossibility, and therefore all we have to do is to teach our truth, bear our witness, and then leave the whole thing. Some will believe and some will not believe, "nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure."

Are there numerous instances in the literature of Spiritualism of the production and distribution by spiritual agency of odours of any kind?

49, Finsbury Park-road, N. FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

Dream Symbols.

SIR,—I have never been present at a genuine séance, nor have I ever witnessed the phenomena which, according to your paper, are quite common through the power of a medium; but I understand that a code of signals is agreed upon, of which the unseen Intelligences avail themselves, and messages are spelt out by raps.

In dreams we see the dead and the living, strange and familiar places; we travel in a mysterious manner, and witness all sorts of tragedies and comedies, and wake in the morning wondering what it all means. Can it be that unseen Intelligences are with us trying to communicate, in dream-pictures, meanings which for want of a code of symbols we are unable to grasp?

I should like to try an experiment, and suggest that as many of your readers as feel inclined should agree upon the following symbols, and for a month record their dreams and the subsequent events, sending the results to "LIGHT":—

- Fire—hasty news.
- Water, to be *in*—trouble; to be *on*—safety.
- Earth—a birth—secrecy.
- Air—a journey.
- Red—danger.
- Green—caution.
- White—health and success.
- Blue—a meeting.
- Yellow—sickness.
- Black—sorrow.
- Brown—depression.
- Child in water—death.
- Friend in white—good news.
- A horse—difficulties.
- A cow—riches.
- A dog—quarrels.
- A cat—treachery.
- A pig—good luck.
- Groups of children—trouble.
- Flock of sheep—an inheritance.

KATE BURTON.

[The above suggestion has hardly the value that the writer seems to suppose it to have. The code of signals ordinarily used is as well understood as anything may be, there being nothing about it of an individual character. But the moment symbolism is carried beyond this, the personality of the percipient comes in, and what is of bad presage or interpretation to one person may be good to another. As the "heart knoweth its own bitterness," so does the dreamer know, if he *does* know, the meaning of his own dreams. Hence the fallaciousness of all dream-books.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Posthumous Apparitions.

SIR,—In criticising my article, "The Philosophy of Posthumous Apparitions," "G.A.K." says that I have made the fundamental error, in dealing with this question, of assuming that qualities are things. Will you permit me to point out to "G.A.K." that to say this is to ignore the principle on which my article is based? Qualities are forces caught up as vibrations by a plastic medium which pervades the human body, and are reproduced by this plastic medium automatically on demand. I do not rely solely on Theosophy or on my own acumen for this assertion, but also on the recognised ability of one of our philosophical authorities, Professor Bain, and on the corroborative evidence of the British Associationists. To use my critic's own example, Ideas, Emotions, and Actions bear to the plastic medium the same relation that colour does to the thing coloured.

"G.A.K." asks, "Are we to understand that the 'astral' of a person in the body is capable of taking possession of a shell and controlling it to the complete deception of the living person?" What I meant was that the synchronous vibrations between a shell and a living astral body produce a mutual effect which does not necessarily depend on the Will for its initiative, but which is automatic in its action.

In my article I purposely avoided discussing the action of the human will on shells because by so doing I should have been forced to enter into conflict with certain Spiritualistic tenets, and this I desired to avoid. I also refrained from any consideration of the inherent consciousness which the facts of association necessarily predicate of the astral substance, also of its relation in this respect to individual Will and the consciousness of living man or departed spirit, because I could only discuss this subject from a purely Theosophical point of view, Theosophy being the only system of philosophy which to my mind gives consciousness its proper place in cosmic and microcosmic life. In fact, I make no pretensions to having exhausted the subject, but I do say that the theory of posthumous apparitions developed in my article explains the phenomenon of materialisation, and I know of no other theory that does, and that this theory properly handled in its connection with human Will will solve many a hitherto apparently insoluble problem.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

"The True Church of Christ."

SIR,—As the letter which my friend Madame de Steiger writes under the above heading—highly appreciative though it is—does not make it sufficiently clear in what respect she regards the work represented by me as "destructive," I shall be glad to state as follows:—That work is, first and foremost, interpretative, and is destructive only in the sense of reconstructive. Its aim is defined exactly in the following citation from "St. Dionysius the Areopagite," which stands as motto on the title-page of the statement of the Esoteric Christian Union*—"Not to destroy, but to construct; or, rather, to destroy by construction; to conquer error by the full presentment of truth." As will be obvious, such a design does not necessarily involve the "destruction" of anything that exists whether of symbol or ritual, or ecclesiastical organisation, or aught that your correspondent includes under the term "objectivity," but only their regeneration by means of their translation into their spiritual and divinely intended sense. And it is precisely because that sense has been lost—as declared in Scripture it had long been, and would yet long be, lost—that a new "gospel of interpretation" has been vouchsafed in fulfilment of the promises in Scripture to that effect; and this from the source of the original Divine revelation, namely, the Church Celestial, and by the method which always was that of such revelation, namely, the intuition operating under special illumination. So that the restoration thus accomplished is that at once of faculty and of knowledge; the appeal on its behalf being, not to ecclesiastical authority, but to the understanding. But even this is not to say that "mystery" is destroyed; but only "mystery" in the sense in which it is denounced in Scripture as the "mother of abominations"; the sense, namely, in which ecclesiasticism has used it—to denote something that transcends and even contradicts reason. For in its true sense, now restored, "Mystery" means only that which, being interior, mystic, spiritual, requires the application of reason to a higher plane than the sensible.

Even the priest, though hitherto deservedly regarded as the "enemy of man," will not be "destroyed" under the new régime whose inauguration we are witnessing. For in becoming interpreter as well as administrator he will be prophet as well as priest, and speak out the things of God and the soul instead of concealing them under a veil. So will the "veil be taken away," and Cain, the priest, instead of killing Abel, the prophet, as hitherto, will unite with him, becoming prophet and priest in one. And instead of any longer corrupting the "woman" Intuition, and suppressing the "man" Intellect, he will purify and exalt her, and enable her to fulfil her proper function as the "Mother of God" in man, and will recognise the intellect when duly conjoined with her, as the heir of all things. Thus, becoming interpreter as well as administrator, prophet as well as priest, and recognising inter-

pretation as the corollary of the understanding, the prophet-priest of the regeneration will give to man freely of the waters of life, and that only true bread of Heaven, which is the food of the understanding, instead of the indigestible "stones" and poisonous "serpents" of doctrines, the profusion of which, by divorcing usent from conviction, involves that moral and intellectual suicide to induce others to join him in committing which, Cardinal Newman wrote his "Grammar of Assent." True it is "faith that saves." But the faith that is without understanding is not faith, but credulity.

But though coinciding with your correspondent in deprecating "destruction" as conceived of by her, I do not coincide with her in holding that the dogmas and doctrines of the Church represent the "mature and illuminated thought of the great Œcumenical Councils"; but hold them to be as little the product of official ecclesiasticism as is the "New Gospel of Interpretation" itself. Rather were they derived, like it, direct from the Church Celestial, and belong to the original revelation which in times pre-historical was committed to the keeping of the Sacred Mysteries, successively, of Egypt, Greece, and Syria, to be inherited by their Christian successors but without the key to their signification: for that had been forfeited and withdrawn. This is to say that the Church called Christian knows neither the source nor the meaning of its dogmas, rituals, and symbols; but has inherited them unintelligently from the past, and has transmitted them mechanically to the present, using them meanwhile as a basis whereon to create and enforce a system of doctrine and practice directly opposed to them, the object of which system was not the world's salvation, but its subjugation, by terrorising it into subservience to the ecclesiastical order. Hardly otherwise would the Church have had foisted on it the creed of Caiaphas and his doctrine of Substitution, in place of that of Christ and His doctrine of Regeneration, to the rejection of a God Who, as Love, could alone be the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," in favour of the blood-loving being, which Christendom alone has hitherto been allowed by its priests to recognise and worship as God.

In conclusion I beg to commend to the consideration of your correspondent, and all who with her are disposed to accept ecclesiasticism at its own valuation, the caution which it was deemed necessary more than once to impress upon the recipients of the "New Gospel of Interpretation," and which was this: "Do not be too kind to the Christians. The Church has all the truth, but the priests have materialised it, making of it an idolatry. For materialism is idolatry, which substitutes the appearance for the reality, the form for the substance, the material symbol for the spiritual signification."

EDWARD MAITLAND.

A DREAM PROPHECY.—Among romances of the Melbourne Cup perhaps the following is the most noteworthy. From the sporting column of the Gippsland "Times" of October 26th (six days prior to the running of the Cup Race) we have culled the appended paragraph, which should be of especial interest to a lucky South Australian legislator, who also "dreamed" the winner:—"Here is something in the way of a dream tip from a dreamer who has been successful in the same line before. Last year, a few days before the Melbourne Cup, a gentleman then residing in Sale, and well known in the Maffra district, informed a number of friends that he had a dream showing Malvolio as the winner of the Cup, and mentioning his number (I believe No. 8). It is not necessary for me to remind sportsmen that Malvolio won. This year our old friend has given us plenty of notice of a dream similar in character. Whether it will turn out as correct remains to be seen, but the circumstances are certainly very remarkable. A few weeks ago the Malvolio dreamer, who not long ago left the district, wrote to a friend in Sale, and told him that he had dreamt that Glenloth won the Cup, and that he saw number 13 put up. The Cup has not been run, of course, but from the list of acceptances published in to-day's "Times," it will be observed that it is very likely indeed that Glenloth's number will be 13 on the card." Curiously enough Glenloth was No. 13, and Glenloth won.—"Adelaide Register," November 4th.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

This Society of Spiritualists, founded for the purpose, primarily, of uniting those who share a common faith, and then of giving information respecting that faith to those who seek for it, has now occupied Chambers at the above address. There will be found an extensive Library of works especially attractive to Spiritualists, the various Journals of Spiritualism published in this and other countries; and opportunities of converse with friends like-minded. The Alliance holds periodical meetings at which papers on interesting phases of the subject are read, and discussion is invited. Donations solicited.

Minimum Annual Subscription of Members and Associates, One Guinea, payable in advance, and on the 1st January in each year. Further particulars may be obtained from B. D. GODFREY, Librarian, on the premises.

* "The New Gospel of Interpretation." (Lamley and Co., 1 and 3, Exhibition-road, S.W. Price 1s.)