

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

There is, it appears, a penny journal called the "Anti-Infidel." We should in the ordinary course not feel called upon to notice this somewhat violent print, even when attacking Spiritualism. It has, however, gone out of its way to hold up Stainton Moses as a serious example of the hopelessness of Spiritualism by quoting his last pathetic letter to Professor Coues, and commenting upon it in this fashion:—

In thirteen days his soul had passed on to the great Unknown, and in the prime of life crossed the Jordan to seek the wonders of the Unseen Universe. Passed into the Beyond, but without a guide. Truly, if in this life only we have hope, the hour of dissolution is not cheering. Such men, noble and benevolent as had been their lives, have no claim to die with the words which the Christian may use when about to pass beyond the tomb, "Lead Thou me on."

This precious paper refers also to Colonel Bundy, and after quoting Professor Coues's somewhat pessimistic remarks in his reference to Stainton Moses in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," goes on in this strain:—

The message of the Gospel was to them foolishness. The way of salvation they heeded not. They wandered out of the path, and having at last come to the brink of the precipice of Death, their faith fails them. They find that natural morality is no passport to the land of the Hereafter, and, consequently, they are launched blind-folded into the ocean of eternity. Reader, beware! Few of us can hope to reach the heights of intellectual pre-eminence attained by these moral philosophers. Few of us can show the page of life as cleanly written, but know that unless we have the hand of the Shepherd of souls when about to enter the Valley of the Shadow, we, too, shall be compelled to observe with Professor Coues, "This is cold comfort." If, like the poor Editor of "LIGHT," you feel "awearied—wearied," remember that neither science nor philosophy nor worldly wisdom avails.

We are quite sure that our orthodox friends will, one and all, repudiate this kind of talk, which is published by so well respected a firm as John Snow and Co.

Attention has been drawn by a correspondent to the syllabus and description of "Our Father's Church" in the "Christian World" for February 9th, with more than a hint that the phase of spiritual development represented by Mr. Page Hopps is being neglected in "LIGHT." Now, any careful reader of the paper can hardly have missed the frequent quotations made from Mr. Page Hopps, especially from the "Coming Day." Announcements concerning Mr. Page Hopps's services are made in "LIGHT," and but for illness he was himself to have recently delivered an address at a meeting of the Alliance. How is this consis-

tent with neglect of Christian Spiritualistic opinion? It is pleasant, however, to note that condemnatory letters have been received from the other side, complaining that too much attention is paid to such things as Christian Spiritualism. From all which we gather that "LIGHT" is walking pretty evenly, and that there are some exceedingly fair people whose motto is "Hear all sides equally, especially mine."

There is one point in connection with the religious side of our subject which is a little perplexing to deal with. Following the purpose of the paper, we are bound to use all means of discovering the truth. Sometimes that truth, or apparent truth, may trench upon the field of theological discussion, and pain some susceptibilities. That is to be regretted, but it is inevitable. The discoveries of Professor Flinders Petrie in Egypt, for example, tend to show a close connection between certain psychological beliefs which many of us had supposed to be supremely Christian and those of ancient Egypt; yet, if that be so, we are bound to acknowledge it, however much it may hurt us to do so. The right course is to show, if possible, that the interpretations are wrong.

The "Daily Chronicle" of February 13th has some very natural remarks on the rather serious vocabulary of the Society for Psychical Research. "Hypnagogic hallucination" and "entercephalic vision" are a little alarming at first sight, but the "Daily Chronicle" writer should read some of the memoirs written on Organic Chemistry. He makes, nevertheless, some sensible observations on the work of that Society as reported in the December number of its "Proceedings." Says the "Daily Chronicle":—

As the result of very many experiments, varied in every way that the investigators could think of, and extending over many years, it is hardly longer doubtful that so-called "telepathy" is a fact; that communication does take place between mind and mind otherwise than through the ordinary channels of sense.

And how instructive it is to read the following:—

It is a curious reflection that this discovery—and others which the Psychical Research Society has made—are merely the scientific confirmation of our popular every-day beliefs and feelings. How often, for instance, between two persons of great sympathy and intimacy does one know what the other is thinking of! Scores of instances of this kind, too numerous for the explanation of mere coincidence, will occur to everyone.

Of "crystal-vision," to which we purpose referring at greater length in "LIGHT," the "Chronicle" says:—

There is, however, in this report a prolonged investigation by Mr. F. W. H. Myers of a subject which may lead—if it justifies the early views of the experimenters—to discoveries of the most vital importance. This is "crystal vision"—the seeing in a crystal, or some other medium, of scenes or persons that are in accordance with reality, but not with any reality consciously known to the person seeing. The idea is that a person may thus discover, or be induced to show, what is in the great underlying unconscious part of his nature. The German philosopher, Edouard von Hartmann, may fairly claim a good deal of credit, it seems to us, for any facts reached along these lines of study. It has long been believed there is a treasure in

each man in the secret chamber of his unconsciousness, and Mr. Myers's further experiments will be watched by psychologists with the deepest interest. Mr. Myers, by the way, desires a very widespread co-operation of personal experiment in this matter.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN JAPAN.

A Japanese gentleman named Kinza M. Hirai contributes an article on this subject to the "Arena" for February. As Buddhism has got to mean several different things, especially since the term Esoteric Buddhism was used by Mr. Sinnett, it may be useful to hear what a cultured Japanese has to say on the matter, as far as it concerns his own people. The writer begins by asserting that missionaries and tourists have quite misrepresented the Japanese when they describe them as being "heathen." He says that owing to the strange complexity of the Japanese mind, "more frequently than otherwise, the individual Japanese will be found to be a Buddhist, a Shintoist, and possibly a warm admirer of Jesus." The claim is made for the Japanese that there is a general current of Esoteric meaning understood by them which has not been grasped by the Western mind, and that therefore they are not "heathen." It is, however, with their Buddhism that we have to do. After a reference to the image Amida-butsu, the writer says:—

Here I am obliged to expound the meaning of the word "Buddh," for the Western nations understand it generally as Gautama himself. It has a triple meaning: First, truth or reason, or cause and effect; second, the human consciousness of it; third, the one who is conscious or has the potential consciousness of it.

This title of Buddh is applied to Gautama, but any person who understands universal reason is a Buddh. Again, not only the person who understands, but every human being in the world is a Buddh; for notwithstanding his unconsciousness of reason, he has its highest potency and is governed by it, the only difference being that the one understands well and the other does not. In the latter case, every kind of obstruction blinds him from seeing truth, while in the former, all circumstances are very favourable to his understanding. Again, not only man, but each lower animal, is a Buddh, for he has the same potential consciousness of the highest reason, and acts or moves according to the same truth. I admit that the boundary of understanding is very limited in the latter case, and that those in the lowest class have only dim consciousness in its embryonic state. Still, again, each plant is a Buddh; for though it has not the same consciousness as the higher animal, yet it grows, reproduces, and decays according to the same natural reason which governs us, and it has the potential consciousness of this universal truth. Finally, each inorganic thing is a Buddh; for though it is not conscious as higher organic beings are, yet it is equally governed by the same natural law or reason; and as not only the lower organic, but human beings, are composed of the inorganic in good order, we must conclude that each inorganic thing has the potential power of the same consciousness which we have, because if it has no minimum of potential consciousness, the human being made out of these accumulated non-conscious elements cannot be conscious—no accumulation of zero can make one.

Thus far we understand that all the beings in the universe are Buddh—that is, actually or potentially conscious of universal reason or truth which governs them, which, having neither beginning nor end, is therefore eternal life. The image of Amida-butsu is only the symbol of this eternal universal truth.

And what follows is asserted to be the doctrine of Gautama as accepted by the Japanese:—

His teaching, which is a philosophy, but which after his death took the form of religion, consists of two general divisions: namely Mahayana and Hinayana, or the great and the small vehicle. The former is abstract philosophical reason, and is not well apprehended, except by those whose mental capacity is highly developed; while the latter is the concrete form of ethics adapted to the mass of mankind who live on the lower plane of mentality. Both have the same aim—to obtain Nirvana, which is interpreted by Western nations as the actual annihilation of human desire or passion; but this is a mistake.

Nirvana is nothing else than universal reason, and the misunderstanding comes from the literal or Esoteric interpretation of its attributes. For instance, a stone is falling to the ground; as it moves towards the earth, the motion is that of the stone, but this phenomenon is governed by the law of the attraction of gravitation, which law has no motion in itself, but is changeless and eternal. Again, take another instance of the internal phenomenon of mind, say anger; this passion is an excited motion of mind, but it is manifested through the eternally unchangeable law, which has no motion nor passion.

Now Nirvana is this law; and though it is very calm and dispassionate, yet no desire, no passion, no mental phenomenon can exist without this Nirvanic principle. To explain in another way, passion is itself Nirvana, and is calm and non-passionate; that is, the phenomenon of passion is very excitable, but the principle which governs this passion is not a passion. It is supposed from this idea that a suppression of sensation and desire is necessary; but that is a mistake; such a suppression could not benefit humanity. For suppose the actual annihilation of the passion is attained, a complete cessation of the sensitive organs, with inaction of the mental process, will be the result. There will then be no feeling, no intellect, no will; man would be like a statue in stone, inferior to the earthworm. It is not the aim of philosophers, including Gautama, to make human beings idiotic or senseless, but to teach them the unchangeable principle which may be utilised and deduced for the changeable daily life of human society. Those lofty minds who understand higher, abstract truth are very calm, but also free and active. They need no special law made for them, for they can formulate their own rule of action at any time or at any occasion. But those not elevated upon this plane must be governed by certain temporal laws, especially made for them.

Moral codes, as well as all other laws made by man, are the same as Hinayana Nirvana. These codes have no fixed form, but vary according to the people and their environments. At one time the law will command that certain desires and passions be suppressed, if the tendency of the people is selfish; while again a timid race are ordered to indulge in natural propensities which a bolder people would be obliged to control. But it must be borne in mind that these changeable temporal laws are made variously, according to circumstances, with the measure of Mahayana Nirvana, the eternal and unchangeable principle.

Mr. Hirai claims for the Japanese a subtle power of synthetising all the religions of the world, and concludes with a somewhat highly coloured picture of his hope for the near future:—

Religious antagonists, who insist upon their own truths and oppose others, may be compared with persons who, viewing a circular flat substance from different situations, pronounce it round, or oval, or even straight, according to the point of view. Each conception is correct, and to recognise that fact is synthetical, the complete understanding, the attainment of Nirvana, which we call Satori or Hotoke in Japanese.

In the modern progress of the human mind those different schools of science and philosophy which used to dispute with one another are now tending to decrease their heedless valour and opposition, and are striving to cancel their sectarian differences, and to take up the common points in which they coincide. Religion, formerly the most intolerant of them all, shows the same tendency. The most prominent proof of this is the religious Parliament, which will convene at the Chicago World's Fair next year, when the representatives from all the historical religions in the world will assemble and sit in intimate consultation without any distinction or opposition. The time is not far distant when syntheticism or Japanism is to be realised. Already we behold the rosy glow of the morning of the new era; and as the glorious sun of truth advances in his march toward the zenith of blue heaven, and high noon approaches, all mankind, basking in his warmth, shall be strengthened and renewed.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO.—For the convenience of visitors to Chicago during the forthcoming Exposition, a mammoth hotel is being erected by the World's Fair Co-operative Bureau. The hotel is in blocks, somewhat after the plan of St. Thomas's Hospital, and will contain over 6,000 rooms. These rooms will be let at a uniform rate of a dollar a day to those who pay a nominal registration fee beforehand, and thus secure the right of occupancy at any time during the Exposition. The sole representation of the World's Fair Co-operative Bureau in Great Britain has been placed in the hands of the City Press Agency, 1, King's Arms-yard, and 51, Coleman-street, London, E.C.

EUSAPIA, THE ITALIAN MEDIUM.

The extract which follows is from the "St. James's Gazette" of February 8th. It is interesting as showing both the interest Eusapia Paladino is producing in Paris, and the flippant way the Philistine treats such as her, and her doings:

In the palmy days of the Eden-Théâtre it was the Italian dancer who was enticed to Paris by means of that precious metal which has such a curiously magnetic action upon the human race. But the taste has changed, and now it appears to be the Italian "medium" who is wanted here. The only chance now for the Italian ballet in Paris is to combine genuine "devil dancing" with the choregraphie art, for *diablerie* has become the chief distraction here to those who make it a duty to be fashionable above all things. Eusapia Paladino who, according to reports which have spread from Italy concerning her, is the most wonderfully gifted of all mediums—is expected in Paris shortly. The Spiritualists have been busy collecting money to pay her expenses, because they wish to have her all to themselves; but the scientific occultists, who deny the existence of spirits even when they have obtained good photographs of ghosts, and all who endeavour to explain by physical laws such phenomena as those produced by Colonel de Rochas, would also like to have Eusapia. To them the "manifestations" will lose most of their scientific interest if she be snapped up on her arrival by the table-rapping disciples of Allan Kardec, whom the other party pity because they think them a little madder than hatters. It is remarkable with what facility all these investigators of the mysteries of life ascribe to mental disease the inability of others to accept their peculiar notions. It may happen that this rivalry between the *spirits* and the *spirites* will frighten Eusapia and keep her from Paris. What has gone far to arouse the curiosity of scientific men here with regard to this young Neapolitan is the frank admission by Signor Lombroso that what he had witnessed during the séances at Naples some months since had converted him from the scepticism with which he had previously regarded all the wonderful phenomena attributed to mediums. He was present at these séances, he tells us, in the company of specialists in mental disease, who were almost as sceptical as himself. It has been placed on record that Eusapia was the instrument by means of which things were done that were absolutely opposed to the known physical laws. Assuming her to have been the agent, she made a massive piece of furniture move from its place without being touched. Signor Lombroso says that the effect upon him was that of "a great elephant moving slowly towards us." The comparison reminds one that it is an Italian who speaks; but, making allowances for the poet, who is in every Southern man of science, it is easy to understand that he was astonished to see the wardrobe—for this was the piece of furniture—behaving in such a manner. Eusapia, moreover, suspended for the time being the laws of gravity and equipoise. She was weighed, and while she kept her place upon the machine her weight varied in a way quite inexplicable. Her specific gravity was determined by will. After this, if any male medium should cultivate the noble art of boxing, there will be no means of scientifically ascertaining his "fighting weight." But Eusapia's miracles did not end here; she had the power—so it is declared in all seriousness—of making one solid body pass through another without without leaving a trace of the passage. Thus she could link together two metal rings that had no flaw and which she had never seen before. If "psychic force" can do all this, it surely might be utilised for turning machinery, thereby effecting an enormous saving of fuel. Perhaps the great *clou* of the Exhibition of 1900 will be some gifted medium who will light all Paris with electricity by the simple expenditure of volition. By a singular contradiction, the most powerful mediums are weak and sickly specimens of humanity. They are what the French term *êtres malades*. There is something wrong with them which renders it impossible for them to enjoy physical life like normally constituted beings. This marvellous Eusapia, for example, is subject to hysteria, epilepsy, and catalepsy, and these dreadful disorders of the nervous system date from a severe injury to her brain caused by a fall in childhood. Such facts are not encouraging to those who, being sound of body, are tempted to cultivate their psychic force.

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RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES

FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. XXXIX.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MISS S.

September 20th, 1874. This was our last séance for the present at Shanklin. We met about nine o'clock under the usual conditions. Raps came very indistinctly all over the room, and Mr. S. M. said he saw a hand holding something over the table. Manifestations not coming as readily as usual, we questioned Catharine. She rapped feebly, and told us through the alphabet to "break for twenty minutes, we can do nothing." On returning to the room, Mr. S. M. again described the hand and said it was moving about the room. It went near Dr. S. and dropped something over him, then it went to each member of the circle. We felt on the table and found a large bead, and while examining it we heard a sound as if many more were falling in every direction; they appeared to fall from the ceiling on to the table, then on the floor. Whenever the medium said, "I see the hand," mentioning a definite place, then the sound of the dropping beads was heard. The room appeared full of spirit-light and rose perfume. We heard someone apparently moving round the circle and behind the medium, and the ornamental paper in the fire place was rattled several times. The influence was very strong, and I felt enveloped in a white cloud while the room appeared full of foggy moonlight. I heard the sweet notes of the "fairy bells" at intervals and also a sound between me and Mr. S. M. as if some one was trying to speak. We asked Catharine whose hand it was Mr. S. M. saw. She answered through the alphabet "Benjamin Franklin's." After the séance was concluded, and gas lighted, we found on the table and floor about twenty large pearl beads. While we were picking them up, and collecting them, a shower came down, seemingly from the ceiling, and fell all over Dr. S. and then another quantity fell over Mr. S. M. We gathered upwards of forty. All these had fallen in full gas light. Mr. S. M. discovered when he went into his room that a small pile of musk had been placed there.

October 6th, London. This evening we renewed our meetings in the usual séance room we used when alone. We had not met since September 20th. We heard raps very soon after sitting down, and the room was full of foggy light, and most delicious scent was wafted over us, also wet perfume rained from the ceiling. I then heard strange little jarring raps under my hands, a sound fresh to the circle. We inquired who was manifesting. The alphabet was asked for, and through it "A.P.K." was given. The spirit did not appear able to communicate further with us. Catharine rapped very freely and seemed pleased that the circle had reunited in the old meeting place. Mr. S. M. then became convulsed and we suddenly heard the dropping sound made by I. We said we should like this spirit to communicate with us. In answer, Imperator suddenly controlled the medium, and said he had of late helped much in the written communications through Mr. S. M.'s hand. We spoke of Imperator's long absence from us; he said he had not really been absent, but as it was necessary for the medium to tabulate, and bring before the public past experiences of a spiritual character, he, with others, had been guiding him, and the power had been kept for this purpose instead of being used in the circle. He had not forgotten his friends or neglected them. He spoke much upon the progress of the mission, informing us that the chief part of the work was out of sight, and had to do with the interior nature of man; deep down in the souls of men the work was being carried on, and the soil prepared to receive a further revelation of divine truth. Very much was doing that we knew not of. In this so democratic an age, it would not answer (as in the days of Christ the Anointed One) for only one Prophet to be raised up. Now the truth was coming to many, in many different ways, and what was suitable for one class of minds, was unsuitable for others. It signified but little which road men walked, if at last it brought them to the truth. We must all be prepared for great opposition, for it would come and they were preparing themselves to meet it. No new unfolding of truth ever came into the world without it, and in the end it was good, as it caused those who had the fresh views of truth given to them to tabulate and record instead of merely believing them in an indistinct manner. It was also the means of spreading the truth to others, and truth was spreading far more than was thought, and already their words had been read by

February 12, 1932

THE FOURTH DIMENSION

that the divine blessing might rest upon the assembly.

October 17th. This evening a scene as the gas was extinguished the room appeared full of spirit-light. Mr. S. M. saw and described G. His musical sounds appeared to come from the place he said he was occupying. Then he mentioned Catharine and she immediately tapped on the corner of the table, where he saw her standing. After that he said "Judge Edmonds is here." We asked if he could write for us. A message came through raps, "We cannot write." The "fairy bells" played round the circle. Chom then spoke through Mr. S. M., saying that this manifestation was made by Benjamin Franklin. Before meeting Mr. S. M. had taken three rings from his hands and threaded them on to his watch-chain; his watch was on one end of the chain, and a small pocket barometer on the other; both of these articles he placed in side pockets of his waistcoat, the rings hanging midway on his chain in full sight of the circle. We suddenly saw a pillar of light advance from a corner of the room, stand between me and Dr. S., then pass through the table to Mr. S. M. In a moment the figure dashed back again between us and threw something hard down upon the table. We passed our hands over the table, and found the rings had been removed from the medium's chain without his knowledge. Catharine then rapped very joyfully, asking for the alphabet; the message given through it was "Franklin did it. Cease." During the next fortnight we held several short sittings with the usual manifestations of scent, musical sounds, raps, and light.

musical sounds, raga, and light.

November 18th. — Mr. Percival and Mr. Gladstones joined the circle this evening. We had the usual lights, scent, and musical sounds, and a constant rapping all over the table. Rector shook the room, and I felt him very strongly, standing behind my chair making vibratory movements. He gave me the idea of being a powerful spirit, as his tread was firm and distinct, when walking round the table. There was much influence in the room and it was full of spirit-lights and floating figures. Emperor controlled and answered many questions through the medium. He told us that Re-incarnation as held by the Spiritists was not true, that spirits were merely incarnated on the earth a second time, but that they progressed through the different spheres, becoming less material as they rose upwards, and that in their transition from sphere to sphere they passed through a kind of death, not painful. It was merely a casting off of the old body that was done with, and taking on at each stage of progression one more sublimated, and more in accordance with the new state or sphere the spirit had entered. There were cases, most rare, of spirits so debased that they sank below the earth-sphere, and were in time re-incarnated, but these cases occurred so seldom that the doctrine of Re-incarnation could not be deduced from them. Emperor did not appear to know much concerning the spiritual movements on the Continent as he was only concerned with England and America. In answer to a question respecting a stone that had been brought from the Pyramids, and when held to the forehead of a sensitive seemed long passed regarding them were detailed, Emperor said that all substances were surrounded by an aura, and that this often took the impression of scenes that had transpired near them. With regard to haunted houses, it was not always that the spirits were really in them, but that the deeds of wrong wrought there had left their impress behind, and a sensitive going into such places experienced a feeling of discomfort and horror as if the evil spirits were really present. All material things had an aura round them, and everything has spirit underlying its substance. Men in the next sphere to the earth were little changed in appearance. Animals were also there, as life once created never died. Bodily sicknesses were the accidents of the body and did not result from previous states. Incarnated spirits might wander beyond the limits of bodily existence to distant places. Men often made great mistakes in dealing with spirits, as they do not know whether the spirits who teach them do so with authority many of them are in great ignorance, and diverse opinions are held by those who are on a low plane of spiritual progress. Men must work out his own knowledge of truth, and by degrees the untrue will be purged away. The army of God's messengers works in orderly sequence.

Prayer.—The original idea of prayer was that of securing a request by flattery or importunity, just as a courtier might do at the court of some eastern king or sultan. It is now spiritualised into the conception that its effect is entirely subjective; that it never really obtains any reversal of the laws of nature, but that it often expands the mind to a frame in which things otherwise impossible become possible.—**S. LANGE, in "Modern Science and Modern Thought."**

Some extracts from a note on p. 210 of the "Concepts of Modern Physics," a volume of the International Scientific Series, by J. B. Stallo, may be of some value in the consideration of this question. The author is not friendly to the notion of four-dimensional space, nevertheless the note is valuable as containing the views of some very clear-headed thinkers. The first reference is to the views of Professor Tait, of Edinburgh. Tait says :

The properties of space, involving (we know not why) the essential element of three dimensions, have recently been subjected to a careful scrutiny by mathematicians of the highest order, such as Riemann and Helmholtz; and the results of their inquiries leaves it as yet undecided whether space may or may not have precisely the same properties throughout the universe. To obtain an idea of what is meant by such a statement, consider that in crumpling a leaf of paper, which may be taken as representing space of two dimensions, we may have some portions of it plane, and other portions more or less cylindrically or conically curved. But an inhabitant of such a sheet, though living in space of two dimensions only, and therefore, we might say beforehand, incapable of appreciating the third dimension, would certainly feel some difference of sensations in passing from portions of his space which were less to other portions which were more curved. So it is possible that, in the rapid march of the solar system through space, we may be gradually passing to regions in which space has not precisely the same properties as we find here—where it may have something in three dimensions analogous to curvature in two dimensions—something, in fact, which will necessarily imply a four-dimensional change of form in portions of matter in order that they may adapt themselves to their new locality.

Professor J. J. Sylvester in his opening address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, at Exeter, in 1869, said : —

It is well known, by those who have gone into these views, that the laws of motion accepted as a fact, suffice to prove in a general way that the space we live in is a flat or level space (a 'homaloid'), our existence therein being assimilable to the life of a hookworm in the flat space; but what if the space should be undergoing a process of gradual bending into a curved form? Mr. W. K. Clifford has indulged in some remarkable speculations as to the possibility of our being able to infer, from certain unexplained phenomena of light and magnetism, the fact of our level space of three dimensions being in the act of undergoing in space of four dimensions (space as inconceivable to us as our space to our supposititious hookworm), a distortion analogous to the rumpling of the page. I know that there are many, who like my honoured and deeply lamented friend, the late eminent Professor Donkin, regard the alleged notion of generalised space as only a disguised form of algebraical formalisation, but the same might be said with equal truth of our notion of infinity in algebra or of impossible lines, or lines making a zero angle in geometry, the utility of dealing with which as positive substantiated notions no one will be found to dispute. Moreover, it should be borne in mind, that every perspective representation of figured space of four dimensions is a figure in real space, and that the properties of figures admit of being studied to a great extent, if not completely, in their perspective representations.

UNSEEN.

We see but half the causes of our death,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and moves in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.

—LOWELL.

Even the Christ Himself men often receive with the mockery of mere emotion. How often we hear His professing followers shout hosannah with the throng, and see them strip off the garments of their pride to lay them at His feet! And then we find soon after these very men consenting to Messiah's death, when in the triumph of some present wrong, against which they have neither lifted a finger nor uttered a word, the cause of the Christ is crucified afresh.—H. C. SPENCER.

* "On some recent Advances in Physical Science," p. 1.
† "Nature," Vol. I., p. 257, et seq.

"THE HUMBUG OF HYPNOTISM."

Such is the pleasing title of an article in the current number of "Truth." If this article had appeared anywhere else, it might have passed without notice, but Mr. Labouchere has done yeoman service in hunting down fraud and vice in so many shapes, that he is entitled to a hearing, and this is part of what he says:—

Some months back I was invited to expose the whole fraud by a "professional subject." In case the expression excites surprise, I may state that the profession is a perfectly recognised one. It is not easy to get a presentable man or woman who has any regular means of livelihood to submit to hypnotic experiments, either on the stage or in the operating room. Public performers and doctors, however, must have "subjects"; and, what is more, they must have subjects, or a certain number of them, whom they know to be amenable to hypnotic influences. As a consequence, there has come to be a regular set of individuals, male and female, who are known to be willing to be operated on—for a consideration. They are paid regular fees; their addresses are kept; they are booked in advance; and they go about from one entertainment to another, like waiters, or pantomime supers, or chorus singers. The only drawback to the profession, as a profession, is that a man must not be too successful in it. Once a subject gets known to the public in that character, his day is over. New faces are consequently always in request, and to make way for them the old hands are continually being turned off. That may, perhaps, go some way to explain the desire of an exceptionally-gifted "subject" to show up the fraud.

The subject who came to me had been a shining light in the profession, and I have reason to know that he was exceptionally gifted. He had performed to crowded houses under several great artists, at the Aquarium, and elsewhere in London and the provinces. He had figured at select séances of scientific hypnotists. He had been privately operated on by medical men anxiously seeking after truth. And, by his own statement, he had humbugged them all. What proof had I, then, that he was not humbugging me? Ample proof. He offered in the first place to do under my direction everything which he had done in public and private séances when under supposed hypnotic control. I contemplated, in the first instance, accepting this offer and giving a demonstration to a select circle, and it was solely owing to myself that this was not done. As a preliminary, I asked him to exhibit a few of his powers for my private edification. He complied without hesitation. He first of all passed himself into the "cataleptic" state, and lay on the floor rigid. Two members of my staff took him in this condition, and laid him across the backs of two chairs, the back of his head resting on one and his heels on the other. He remained so for several minutes. On a pass being made over him with the hand, his body became arched upwards or downwards. Two fairly robust individuals next sat on his body, and the "cataleptic" supported them without signs of inconvenience. He then himself thrust a needle into his arm and through the lobe of his ear, to prove that he was insensible to pain while in the cataleptic state. Next he showed how one side of his face could be drawn down by toothache ("suggested" by the operator), while the other side was distended in a broad grin. Again, at the "suggestion" of the operator, the grin and the toothache changed sides; and so on. He offered to swallow an ounce of cayenne pepper in a glass of water, but, unfortunately, I had no cayenne pepper at hand. I asked him whether he could take a wineglassful of ipecacuanha, and he professed readiness to do it at once. The cayenne pepper I could partly understand; it would be a mere question of standing a certain amount of pain. But I asked him how he managed to control the effect of the ipecacuanha. "We only do it for a time," he said, "you can learn to do it with practice, like the rest of the tricks. But we always bring the stuff up after the performance." He also expressed his readiness to drink oil. Among novel tricks which he offered to perform was that of slowing the pulse while under hypnotic influence. Of this he claimed to be the original inventor. I asked him whether all the "subjects" were equal impostors. "All," he said. He knew them all personally, and would answer for them. He ridiculed the mere suggestion that there could be anything genuine in hypnotism, whether in Paris, London, or anywhere else; but here he may have spoken beyond his knowledge. I subsequently verified this youth's statements in regard to his performances both public and private.

He had undoubtedly been in the habit of doing for months everything he had offered to do for me.

Unfortunately for the value of this account, Mr. Labouchere then hints at certain matters connected with this "subject" which would damage any evidence he might give in a law court, or anywhere else, but this apparently has escaped the vigilant eyes of the Editor of "Truth." It is to be observed also that the "cayenne pepper" and "ipecacuanha" tests were not applied, and it is worth consideration how a boy in a normal state could make a bridge of himself, and let two men sit upon him. Whether the medical profession will relish Mr. Labouchere's concluding words which are here given is an open question:—

The doctor is the priest of the modern world. He trades very largely on the ignorance and credulity of his fellow-men, but he is also a ready prey to ignorance and credulity himself.

INSPIRATION AND PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AMONG OUR LATTER-DAY POETS.

There is an interesting editorial on this subject in the current number of the "Arena," though not so interesting as one on a similar subject by Mr. F. W. H. Myers in the "Nineteenth Century" for January. Among the psychical experiences spoken of by the Editor of the "Arena" we get the following narrative:—

Alice and Phoebe Cary, those two pure and beautiful sister souls whose lives will be a holy inspiration, and whose verses will make men purer and women lovelier as long as our literature shall last, not only believed most profoundly that their beloved dead were around them, but often beheld visions or apparitions. So frequent in later years were these appearances that Phoebe said: "I know that the dead come back just as I know I think, or see, or know anything else. It is no more wonderful to me that I should see and perceive with my soul than I am able to discern objects through my eyeballs." On one occasion when Alice was fifty years old, speaking of her favourite little sister Rhoda, who passed from life when she was only fourteen years, she said: "I have never to this day lost consciousness of the presence of that child." Both the sisters beheld at intervals the apparition of their sisters. I cannot forbear citing here one of the most extraordinary objective apparitions on record, which Alice Cary was wont to give when describing the wonderful experiences which came into their lives. This story is valuable because it was witnessed by a number of persons and cannot therefore be dismissed as a subjective hallucination. It is also interesting to note that in this case the vision, which in broad daylight was so real as to deceive all members of the family who witnessed it, occurred *before* the children died. This is the story as related by Alice:—

The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when someone in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house and the door open. Upon this all the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda, with Lucy in her arms. Someone said: "She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain." Upon this another called out "Rhoda!" but she did not answer. While we were gazing, and talking, and calling, Rhoda herself came downstairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw in the full blaze of the sun the form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11th; Lucy a month later, December 10th, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy, continued Alice Cary in her narrative, has been seen many times since by different members of the family in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying that he had seen a little girl upstairs in a red dress.

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Light:

EDITED BY "M.A., LOND."

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, 1893.

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.

THE POSITION.

The forecast that was made at the commencement of the year has not been long in coming to the beginning of its fulfilment. The second month of 1893 has not yet finished, and already the question of the reality of the Unseen is fast becoming one of the questions of the day. One hardly likes to speak of it, indeed, as "one" of the questions of the day, for when it becomes a question at all, it is, and must be, paramount, and that it will soon be so it is not very difficult to foresee.

In another column of "LIGHT" there is reprinted in part an article which has appeared in the "Christian World" on the connection between the Seen and the Unseen. "Epoch marking" is a strong word to use, yet that such a leading article should appear in such a paper almost warrants the use of the term. There is no gibe in it—for even the religious newspaper can gibe—but there is a calm statement of the case and a very decided inference that a new revelation of the Spiritual World is upon us. This is not all. Mr. Stead has with his usual energy brought the question of outside intelligence before the world as he alone could do it, and others, like Mr. Haws, have not hesitated to talk of the hidden things of the universe in the magazines of the day, while as to side issues springing out of the new interest that has been awakened in the spiritual nature of man, we have such papers as that of Dr. Charcot on Faith-healing. The spiritual side of our life is coming to the front; once let it get there, and nothing of more absorbing interest can take its place until the field thus opened up has been so far explored that some basis for the conduct of life has been arrived at. But what does this involve? What revolution can be compared with that which must of necessity come when men all realise that death is no longer death as they have hitherto considered it, and that the future of man is not a semi-poetic, semi-religious dream which has nothing to do with our working lives, or what we have hitherto called our working lives—the "working" itself having been so named according to a false standard—but a reality with which this episode of existence has something, but perhaps not everything, to do.

In "LIGHT" some years ago this position was anticipated, and it was then asked, How far should we be ready when the time came? The time has come; to what extent are we ready? To believe in Unseen Intelligence when that Intelligence is only just recognised, and being only just recognised has had no scope to exercise its powers, is one thing; to cope with that Intelligence when rapidly growing belief in, and acceptance of, its existence makes it more powerful, is another thing, and yet that is our position. It was this consideration, not from any hostility to Mr. Stead personally, which caused the leading article in last week's

"LIGHT" to be written. The "dweller on the threshold" is no figment of the imagination, and if we unwarily open the gates of our soul's citadel, that "dweller on the threshold" will at once step in.

But how are we to guard ourselves, how are we to protect and help those who, because they have never realised that there is an enemy in their midst, will not know how to defend themselves when that enemy manifests his presence? To believe in ghosts is about as useful as believing in Algebra; unless the belief in both cases lead to something in the nature of practice, little good can come of either. But what is the practice that we want? What is the education that we ought to have had?

In all science—and science means both knowledge and its application,—in all science the rudiments are left behind as soon as possible. The rudiments of Spiritualism are its ghosts, its strange and puzzling phenomena, its apparent supernaturalism. Beyond these rudiments we get at the knowledge of the existence of higher and more perfect agencies, agencies who cannot easily communicate with men, but who can penetrate the heavy atmosphere of this existence of ours, and meet halfway those who strive upwards and stretch their beseeching hands towards them; and such, called often generically God, are what we want to reach—and the rudiments of Spiritualism will not help. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," does not signify that there should be reared in the honour of the Holy One nothing but whitewashed barns in which noise takes the place of music, but that to see the light of the Eternal, phenomena must be left and intuitional insight be sought after. We are threatened with a new flood of phenomena; if the spiritual meaning of these phenomena be worked out, and another fringe in the garments of the living God be discovered, all will be well; but if the phenomena remain as phenomena only, the "dweller on the threshold," the "prince of the power of the air," will assert his rights, and better the barren purity of an orthodox materialism than the wild saraband of license which such an authority would legalise.

A MYSTIC STONE.

Cassell's "Saturday Journal" is responsible for the following:—

This brief history of a pebble is so weirdly interesting and out of the common that were it not, to the writer's knowledge, absolutely true, it would appear exaggerated and well-nigh incredible. After the last performance of the Passion Play at the Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau, an American lady—Mrs. Bacon—was taking a stroll, and picked up at hazard a couple of pebbles to take home to her son for his museum, a custom she invariably practised of preserving mementoes of her foreign journeys. She noticed nothing peculiar about them, and, indeed, paid but scant heed to them, taken as they were from the roadside. Some time afterwards she had the misfortune to lose her son, and his early death terribly affected her. Turning sadly over, one day, the contents of his small museum, she chanced upon the above forgotten stones, and while examining one by the light she was startled and astonished to notice upon its surface the impression of a face. Close investigation proved it to bear an extraordinary and unmistakable likeness to that of our Saviour, as the head appears in the earliest paintings. The stone has been submitted to the highest authorities in America and at the British Museum, who give it as their opinion that the face is entirely natural, the pebble showing absolutely no signs of having been engraved or touched by an instrument. The only other case of such an inexplicable freak of Nature is that of the Chaucer Stone—where the poet's features are formed by gradations of colour in the substance—preserved in our national collection. Mrs. Bacon has had her treasure photographed, the portrait appearing remarkably clear, and on rare occasions exhibits it for charitable purposes. It is needless to say, in conclusion, that the time and manner in which she made her strange discovery have powerfully impressed her, and that she guards the little talisman with the utmost care and reverence.

MR. STEAD AND THE "CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH."

The "Special Commissioner" has been getting more copy out of Mr. Stead. The Editor of the "Review of Reviews," as we know, claims to have discovered a new form of telegraphy; to this we have already referred. It seems necessary, however, in the face of that claim to give more of Mr. Stead's asserted experiences. This is the first "experience" narrated in the "Christian Commonwealth" for February 9th:—

I know one lady in London whom I have brought to this office more than once by simply wishing her to come. The first time I remember very well. Not knowing that I had this power, I wrote a telegram to send to her at ten o'clock in the morning from Wimbledon, asking her to meet me at the office at twelve o'clock. Something came in the way and I could not send the telegram. Imagine my astonishment on meeting her at the door of the office when I arrived! I asked her what made her come. She said that at ten o'clock that morning she had suddenly felt that she must come to see me, and had counter-ordered the carriage in order to be able to come to Mowbray House at twelve o'clock.

But surely this is not unique. As to his discovery, Mr. Stead says:—

It is new in two ways; first of all, because there is the material hand directed by a mind at a distance, and, secondly, what adds to the marvel is that the person to whom the mind belongs is quite unconscious of the fact that he is controlling the hand of another. In telepathy, as hitherto understood, there has always been volition on the part of the sender of the message, while the recipient merely keeps his mind passive. In my case it is the recipient who takes the initiative and summons, so to speak, the intelligence of his friend to use the hand that is placed at his disposal.

As to the explanation of this Mr. Stead goes on:—

The Spiritualists, so far as I have been able to ascertain, are disposed to assert that in the case of communications from persons who are living on the earth there must be a disembodied Intelligence as an intermediary. That is to say, they would maintain that in every case when a message was written ostensibly by a living person who was unconscious of its transmission it was in reality written by what I call a spook, who reads my friend's mind and then writes out its contents with my hand.

I do not see the need of any intermediary, and, what is more, my spook, who first put me up to this—and, therefore, has a right to be regarded as an authority upon the *modus operandi*—absolutely denies that there is any need for a third party between the two minds.

From which it will be seen, that whether the Spiritualists (whose opinions on this point would be found to differ greatly from one another) are right or not, Mr. Stead actually falls back on a disembodied intelligence for corroborative testimony as to his theories, the usual mistake of the beginner. He then gives an account of what this Intelligence has communicated to him, and there seems some internal evidence in this account that some agency, perhaps still embodied, has impressed Mr. Stead. The Higher Self, or absolute Ego, is not a new conception:—

"Oh, she says that there are some things you can't explain, and that if you will explain how your mind is able to move your body—that is to say, if you can explain how mind is able to control matter within your own skin—she will be able to explain how another person's mind is able to control your hand, although that mind is outside of yourself."

"How near does she go to explaining it?"

"What she says is this—that the real self, the Ego, sits behind, as it were, both the physical consciousness and the mind. When the real self wishes to communicate with others it uses at its pleasure either the physical senses, which are employed, as you may say, when the communication is within short range, or the mind, which is also an instrument, although more subtle than the grosser mechanical appliances that make up the body. The mind is used for communications at a distance that lie outside the range of the five senses. And this is the answer to those who, like Mr. Mackenzie, ask whether it is not

possible to tap the contents of anybody's brain (a criminal's, for instance), and make him write out a confession with my hand. The real self is as much master of the mind that moves another person's hand as it is of its own tongue, through which it usually communicates with persons who are within hearing distance. I cannot get any message whatever with my hand that is not willed to be communicated by the real self of the other person, but it is quite possible that the physical being of that other, through whom the real self ordinarily communicates with the world, knows nothing about the communication, and even would prefer that the communication had not been made."

The following stories were then told to the enterprising interviewer, as illustrations of the way the Higher Self communicates:—

One case happened only the other day. A friend of mine had taken a course which I wished him very much not to take. In his letters to me, written in his own hand, there was nothing to indicate that he had broken his promise and had gone on forbidden ground. But he wrote with my hand in great distress telling me that he had done exactly what he had promised not to do, and although he had almost by a miracle been saved from utter destruction, yet he had sinned and was on the verge of despair. I sent for him and upbraided him with his breach of faith. He denied it, and declared that I was quite mistaken; whereupon I simply produced the detailed statement which he had written out with my hand twenty-four hours before and read it over to him sentence for sentence. He then frankly owned up and admitted the truth.

One of my friends, at a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, was using my hand, and he wrote somewhat in this fashion:—My bodily self has written you a letter to-day. Don't take any notice of it. I have a great deal of trouble with my bodily self; it is in a morbid and diseased condition. What I have really done is as follows. . . . I sent the communication over to my friend, and he admitted that there had been a struggle within himself, and he had attempted to keep from me the item of information which had been communicated through my hand.

At present it is, perhaps, well to let these accounts pass without comment. Of their extreme importance there can be no question.

As to the question of the identity of the communicating Intelligence that put Mr. Stead "up to" all this—to use his own phrase—we have already given some account in the article on the Christmas number of the "Review of Reviews." The following, however, is too important to be overlooked. Says Mr. Stead:—

I now come to the last proof of the identity of the communicating Intelligence with my deceased friend—that is supplied by the descriptions of clairvoyance. I have now the evidence of three different clairvoyants, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Lees, and Mrs. Bliss. None of these persons knew who she was, nor did the last two so much as know that there was any such person as my spook. At separate sittings held for other objects, I have asked my spook to write, and when she had been writing through my hand Mrs. Davis and Mr. Lees separately described her appearance, which was taken down at the time. Both described the same person, her general appearance, the expression of her face, the colour of her hair, her general character and apparent age. I lay stress upon the age, because I was under a misapprehension as to her age. I thought she was only twenty-five, but both the clairvoyants separately declared that she was over thirty. I said they were wrong, but I took down their statement. Imagine then my surprise when I found, on referring to her friends, that she had passed her thirtieth birthday.

But the last and perhaps most remarkable evidence I had of her identification was supplied no later than last Saturday night in this very office. I was having a sitting here with Mrs. Bliss and some friends. Mrs. Bliss is a lady whom I had not seen for twelve months. She knew nothing about my developments, except that I was a writing medium, but she did not know anything as to the identity of my spook. When she went under control, she stated that she saw a lady standing behind me whom she described with accuracy and precision, and then getting up, with her eyes shut, she went to the mantelpiece where the portrait of my spook, as she was in the flesh, was

standing among eight or nine portraits equally conspicuous, took it in her hand, and brought it over to me, making signs that this was the person whom she had seen.

One cannot but anxiously await further developments and corroborations.

THE "CHRISTIAN WORLD" ON THE UNSEEN.

The "Christian World" for February 9th contains a remarkable leading article headed "A Bridge to the Unseen." Among latter day signs there is, perhaps, none more important than that such a leader should appear in such a paper. The article begins:—

Is the present age about to receive, on a great scale, fresh evidence concerning man's relation to the spirit world? There is no doubt that such a reinforcement to faith would be an immense boon to multitudes of perplexed minds. The fact has to be faced that, despite all the arguments of theologians, the supernatural element in the Scriptures, and the important Church doctrines founded thereon, have, with a large section of the thinking world, been of late falling into discredit. Hume's famous contention that miracles are contrary to our experience, while false or mistaken evidence is not, has somehow stuck in the throat of the present generation. It has made men prodigiously sceptical on the subject of Scripture testimony. When Renan declares that Christ's career came to an end with His last sigh upon the Cross, and when Strauss demonstrates to his own satisfaction how the myth of the Resurrection arose, many people are disposed to take it for granted that the witness of the Evangelists, of St. Paul, and of the Early Church has been finally disposed of. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his recently-published volume of essays, maintains that the "whole vision (of the future world) has become so shadowy and uncertain that its hopes and its terrors alike cease to have any tangible influence." Mr. Buchanan, in one of his latest epistles on the controversy that has raged around his poem, says, "the question between Christ or Christianity and the world is this. Is there or is there not another life beyond this life we live? If Christ established that splendid certainty, Christianity will never be played out. . . . Humanity up to date has proceeded on the assumption that it was false, or, at least, doubtful." The growth of the scientific spirit, in its application to the study of history, has caused men to judge of the phenomena of past epochs by the laws which they find operating in their own, and the tendency is increasingly strong, as these representative quotations show, to reject statements as to what has happened in the past, which are not borne out by corresponding experiences in the present. The challenge to Christianity then is, if it would bring the world back to genuine belief in its supernatural histories, to produce corroborative evidence from contemporary phenomena. Mr. Stephen, in the essays just alluded to, declares that theology is unable to scientifically prove one single point of its contention about the supernatural.

After so clearly stating the case for one side, the writer goes on to state the other with equal lucidity:—

The remarkable feature of the present position is that exactly upon this crucial point a large and constantly increasing body of witnesses, whom it would be very difficult to convict either of fraud or of imbecility, are coming forward to declare that the evidence demanded, and declared impossible of production, is actually accessible. Our readers may remember a book by Florence Marryat, to which we a short time ago drew attention, entitled "There is no Death," in which the well-known authoress relates her experience of intercourse with departed friends, her dead daughter amongst them, on evidence which she declares as good as any which Stanley could produce of the truth of his assertions about his Central African forest. Mr. W. T. Stead is a man generally supposed to have his wits about him, and he is now furnishing the Psychical Research Society with testimony of communications received by himself from the spirits of dead persons, on the truth of which he is prepared to stake his whole reputation. And now a book, entitled "Do the Dead Return?" published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, has just appeared by "A Clergyman of the Church of England," full of statements of personal experiences, which he challenges the deniers of an existence after death to explain.

Then there follow some extracts from the book, "Do the Dead Return?"—a book already referred to in "LIGHT,"

and these weighty remarks conclude a very serious article:—

We must leave these statements and the others of which this remarkable book is full, to make their own impression on the minds of our readers. Whatever theory may be formed of them, it is evident that the materialism and agnosticism, which of late have so loudly claimed to represent the really cultured and sane mind of the age, and which flatly deny to man any knowledge of the unseen, are now being squarely challenged on their own ground. The agnostics must either explain these phenomena or abate their own pretensions. The theme is ripe for a thoroughly scientific investigation and for a scientific verdict. The gainsayers and deniers of the age have a plainly-defined issue put before them. The New Testament is a record of spiritual phenomena and revelation. We are told these things are incredible, because nothing answering to them is producible now. It is for materialistic agnosticism, in the light of what is declared to be actually going on in our midst, to prove that statement.

"SPIRIT."

From an article, indeed the first of a series of articles, on Psychical studies in the "Religio Philosophical Journal" for January 28th, we extract the following. It is inserted mainly because matter is here once again assumed to exist independently of spirit. But why must these things be talked of in such jumbled rhetoric? The good that is in such articles is frequently lost through this. The writer says:—

Why? What? Whence? Wherefore? Where? is continually asked concerning spirit.

Over us, through us, beyond us, leaving the shores of the farthest universe, sweeps the illimitable ocean of spirit in which we live, move, and have our being. Theologians limit this omnipresent spirit to a person and to the outbreathings of that person "whom they call God and know no more." He is made a holy Jove, subject to all human passions, or he is the refined fetich of cruder days. The universal pulsating ocean of spirit throbbing with love, incarnating itself in myriad forms which play their parts—then sink into the elements to be used in other incarnations, each finer than its predecessor—this is to the theologian unthinkable. Right here let me say that by the word "incarnation" is not meant the Theosophical use of that overworked quadrisyllable. It is merely the use of matter by spirit, toward finer and still finer issues. When in its finest and ultimate incarnation in man, spirit can and generally does become an organic, individualised immortal entity.

Towards this end have the ages wrought. For it have all phenomena appeared, then sunk into oblivion. Spirit turns the potter's wheel, by means of which all coarser forms of life are ground and ground. In the language of Fiske: "The universe is not a machine, but an organism, with an indwelling principle of life. It was not made, but it has grown." Reverently do I write of this spirit in which all are one. It is the "one soul" which makes all communication between persons possible, the "Wine of God," the divine energy, the underlying cause of all things. And every struggle, every experience, every aspiration only sweeps us nearer and still nearer the source from whence we came. In it we float as the fish within the ocean, yea, still more intimate than that, it is the beat of the heart, the star within the brain, the life of life, the love of love. In this thought there is a grandeur and beauty in which the heart loses itself with adoration and awe. And is this spirit something or nothing? Is it substance or shadow?

It is substance or essence, but not therefore what men term matter. That is only crude, cooled, condensed, congealed spirit. Spirit is made up of elements or principles. These are intelligent, impersonal, perfect, intuitive. In all human beings these elementary principles are identical in substance, though differing in combination or organisation. One has more love than wisdom, another larger language, another music, and still another mathematics. All principles are inherent in all immortal persons, though many, during life-time, are latent or are but slightly developed. In the region of pure spirit there can be no progress. It is all we can know of deity. Progress is found in form, not in essence; in facts, not in principles; in thoughts, sentiments, will, judgments, not in indwelling and underlying ideas or principles. So far are we from the perfect expression of these essences that it will probably take an eternity to comprehend them.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS ON W. STANTON MOSES

The "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research for December, 1892, contain an article by the well-known Joint Secretary of that Society on the late Editor of "LIGHT." Mr. Myers' opening remarks are as follows:—

In here commemorating the decease, on September 5th, at the age of fifty-three, of my old friend, William Stainton Moses, it would have been more congenial to my feelings to have confined myself to a brief, but sincere, expression of personal respect and regard. But I should not thus do justice to the deep significance of certain events in his career. I personally regard his life as one of the most noteworthy lives of our generation; and from few men have I heard at first hand facts comparable in importance for me with those which I heard from him. Statements like these need serious justification; nor can they be justified without a perfectly frank discussion both of his gifts and of his limitations. What I shall now say I have said in effect to himself, without offence; and his other friends, I trust, will feel that it is only by recognising his points of deficiency—unimportant in themselves, but widely observable and observed—that we can effectively claim recognition for his substantial worth, or attention for the weighty message which his personal experiences hold for mankind.

It was on May 9th, 1874, that Edmund Gurney and I met Stainton Moses for the first time, through the kindness of Mrs. Corper-Temple (now Lady Mount-Temple), who knew that we had become interested in "psychical" problems, and wished to introduce us to a man of honour who had recently experienced phenomena, due wholly to some gift of his own, which had profoundly changed his conception of life.

That evening was epoch-making in Gurney's life and mine. Standing as we were in the attitude natural at the commencement of such inquiries, under such conditions as were then attainable—an attitude of curiosity tempered by a vivid perception of difficulty and drawback—we now met a man of University education, of manifest sanity and probity, who vouched to us for a series of phenomena—occurring to himself, and with no doubtful or venal aid—which seemed at least to prove, in confusedly intermingled form, three main theses unknown to Science. These were (1) the existence in the human spirit of hidden powers of insight and of communication; (2) the personal survival and near presence of the departed; and (3) interference, due to unknown agencies, with the ponderable world. He spoke frankly and fully; he showed his notebooks; he referred us to his friends; he inspired a belief which was at once sufficient, and which is still sufficient, to prompt to action.

This is not stinted praise, and those who knew Stainton Moses will recognise it as a true picture of what has occurred many times when he came into contact with really earnest men, such as Frederick Myers and Edmund Gurney. He would not, he could not, cast the pearls of his knowledge before the general outside world, but to the reverent seekers after truth he always showed some of the stores he possessed.

After this tribute we can the more easily give the following critical remarks of Mr. Myers, which are not quite exact, for though Stainton Moses did not enter always into those minute details which are characteristic of, and necessary to, scientific research as men now understand it—indeed he disliked details—yet he was more careful than Mr. Myers supposes in getting corroborative evidence of the facts of which he believed he had obtained knowledge:—

In the first place he lacked—and he readily and repeatedly admitted to me that he lacked—all vestige of scientific, or even of legal instinct. The very words "first-hand evidence," "contemporary record," "corroborative testimony," were to him as a weariness to the flesh. His attitude was that of the preacher who is already so thoroughly persuaded in his own mind that he treats any alleged fact which falls in with his views as the uncriticised text for fresh exhortation. And in the second place—though this was a minor matter—his natural sensitiveness was sometimes exaggerated by gout and other wearing ailments into an irritability, which he scarcely felt compelled to conceal in a journal circulating mainly among attached disciples.

The reason for noticing these defects is that they constitute the only ground on which Stainton Moses' trustworthiness as a

witness to his own phenomena could possibly be impugned. I mention them in order that I may say that, having read, I think, all that he has printed, and having watched his conduct at critical moments, I see much ground for impugning his judgment, but no ground whatever for doubting that he has narrated with absolute good faith the story of his own experience. He allowed me, before he left the Society, to examine almost the whole series of his automatic writings; those especially which contain the evidence on which "Spirit Identity" is based; and in no instance did I find that the printed statement of any case went beyond the warrant of the manuscript. On the contrary, although that book contains much careless writing and many general phrases of a loose rhetorical kind, I believe that the cases themselves, if stated with proper completeness, would often be found even stronger evidentially than the book makes out.

This is given as it stands; and behind the critic there is after all the friend and sympathetic spirit, and this is quite clear again from some of the concluding remarks of Mr. Myers:—

If, then, on some future occasion it is permitted to me to analyse the records of those strange experiences, the reader will understand the attitude in which I shall think it right to approach them. We must be on the watch, no doubt, for any indication of self-deception, of misinterpretation, of narrow views. But we ought in justice to feel that we are dealing with the work of a sincere fellow-labourer in our seldom-trodden field.

CANON ATKINSON ON GHOSTS.

"Macmillan's Magazine" for February contains a somewhat curiously written article on ghosts by Canon Atkinson. There is a tone half bantering, half serious, about the first part of the paper, which is a little depressing; nevertheless, the reality of the belief in "ghosts" is quite clear later on. It will be observed that the "seer" was made aware of the presence of spirits by something not unlike "intuition." After passing quickly over his early ghostly experiences, the Canon says:—

And so the years continued to pass; and my father died and my mother left the dear old neighbourhood; and I went to college, and saw new scenes and learned new experiences, year by year, and almost day by day; but still I remained a believer, a firmer believer than ever, in ghosts. I felt,—I cannot trace the origin of the feeling, but I had long felt, *felt* rather than thought, or conceived, or concluded, that they paid scant heed to mere mortal beings. But circumstances had occurred to me more than once which induced in me the conviction that there might be times at which they desired to communicate with our flesh-enshrined spirits, notwithstanding their being still in occupation of their clay tenements. But it was not by the stupendously absurd and clumsy mode of spirit-rapping, or spirit-drawing, or mediumistic conveyance; it was by what, for want of better means of expression, I must try to indicate by the words, contact of spirit with spirit. For a single inappreciable moment the current of my intelligent life seemed to be suspended, something in the same way as that of one's material life sometimes is by a sudden great horror; and in an instant, as it resumed its usual flow, there was a new thought, a new knowledge in me which was not my own, but had been imparted perfect and complete.

We then get an illustrative story. The Canon had revisited the scenes of his youth, had got belated while wandering about his old haunts, haunts which included a ruined Collegiate house, a part of which was still habitable, where an old tenant and his wife still lived as in the days of the Canon's youth. In connection with the Collegiate house was a "fateful" bell in a turret. A violent thunderstorm caused the tired Canon to seek refuge with his old friends, and the rain continuing it was found impossible for him to go on, so he made up his mind to stop and sleep in that part of the old building where "no one lived, no one dared to live." After a graphic description of how he spent the early hours of the night, endeavouring hopelessly to get to sleep, the main story is thus told:—

The fire had freshened up again by this time, and as the blaze rose and fell, I noticed the species of movement given by

The dancing flames to the grotesque imagery of the tapestry, and especially to the pallid features of John the Baptist's discovered head; and as I looked I caught myself smiling at the thought how such ghost-like effects would be sure to influence a weak and superstitious mind. Then I sat down in the large arm-chair, to try if I could think myself into sleep. I might have spent half an hour thus, when the outer door was seen by me to open, silently and slowly, and then to be reclosed as gradually and quietly. I should have thought I did for a moment think—that the kind old farmer had mastered his fears sufficiently to come and see that all was going well with me; but the peculiar unmistakable sensation which always accompanied my perception of a spiritual presence, made me instantaneously aware that the present visitation was not one of ordinary flesh and blood. No sound attested either entrance or movement; no vision was discernible to mortal eyes. But I could not be mistaken; nor was I. After a brief pause, an instantaneous or, as it were, electric flash of intelligence passed into my perception, and I knew that the visitation was but begun; that more, and that of moment, was to follow. The door of communication with the inner room was opened and continued to stand open. Next the door of the turret stair in the corner of the inner room seemed to open of itself; I both heard it and saw it from my seat in the great chair. And then came the low, measured, mournful sound of the bell. But not as it had rung, sonorously and with sweet mellow tone, a few hours before when almost in mere wantonness, at the least for the indulgence of the whim of the moment, I had pulled the rope; but falteringly, and, as it were, modulated, as one hears the sound of a far-off bell in a gusty night. Slowly, now louder, now fainter, but each clang plainly distinct, pulsed out amid the stillness of the night the strange solemn sound. I know not for how long it went on; I took no measure of time. At last it ceased. I heard and saw the turret door close again, and then the door from the inner room to mine; after which, for one brief second I ceased to think my own thoughts, and perceived instead a clear mental vision of a tragic thing which had but now befallen, but far, far away from the scene of my present surroundings. It was but for the fraction of a material moment; and yet, as the door closed (as it seemed) upon the departure of the late visitant, I knew right well, and in all its details, what had just taken place and would be detailed in all its horrors in all the papers before the morrow's sun had set. Now I was alone again; and, strange to say, I slept, easily, soundly, without a dream; much more soundly indeed than was my wont.

At daybreak, however, I was awake, and the first beams of the sun were flung through the window of the inner room as I opened the little narrow door in its corner, and began to wind up the steps to the quasi-belfry. The bell-rope lay coiled in its lower length upon the floor, as if it had given way at its attachment in the bell-chamber above; and among its coils, exactly where one must have stood to toll the bell, lay a massive silver ring of antique fashion, deeply engraved with some old coat of arms. The floor above was partly broken through, and I saw a part of the rim of the fallen bell protruding through the decayed planks, with signs of ruin around and beneath it.

I said but little to the old farmer and his wife at break fast time, except that the bell had fallen in the night, and that I had been so waked asleep as not to hear the crash; and I left them to their own inferences. The next I took with me to Doncaster; and, on the following day I was enabled to make out, with the help of an antiquarian friend, that it was the seal of the last Warden of Marnsey Collegiate house; the man, that is, with whose solemn invocation of doom the failure of every successive family of owners of the ancient collegiate lands, up to the fifth in order (which was now in its third or latest generation) was by unflinching tradition connected.

While still poring over documents, rusty, mildewed, two of them sealed with the very seal I held in my hand, my friend, with a slight exclamation of horror, read out a paragraph from the morning's paper detailing the shocking suicide, on the very night, at the very hour even, at which I had heard the tolling of the bell commence, of the last representative of the family till then owning Marnsey Tower and Duke's Manor. But to me it was neither new nor a surprise.

People said that my pulling of the rope during the preceding evening had prepared the way for the fall of the bell, and that the gusty, sweeping blast of the storm had completed all that was still wanting. I, however, knew better; but I did not tell everyone what I knew and how I knew it.

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.

"Spirit and Soul."

SIR, May I be allowed to offer a different interpretation to these terms to your inquiring correspondents, viz., that they answer respectively to the male and female principles in man. In the more inner world of being, to which the sphere of ordinary Spiritism is external—in that world to which we shall attain who are "counted worthy"—the soul and spirit are divided, opening out from humanity and duality, and are at will. This is gathered from the book, "The Mother, the Woman Clothed with the Sun," in which the expression of the Divine Duality occupies so prominent a place, and which has always been said to be made in the image and likeness of God. See particularly Vol. II., p. 33. There can be little doubt that this was the view of the Apostle Paul, or that to this he alludes when declaring, "Neither is the man without the woman; neither the woman without the man, in the Lord." A. W. W. W.

A Vision.

SIR, My daughter, who visits the poor belonging to her church, and has the art of winning their confidence, tells me the following: One of her humble friends, a Mrs. G., a very respectable woman, who has been ill, said to her the other day, "My mother has been with me a good deal and comforted me." "I did not know you had a mother living," said the visitor. "No, Miss, she has been dead eighteen years." She then went on to say that at the time named she was a girl in service, away from her home where her mother was ill, but not so as to alarm her. One night or early morning she dreamt that she herself was dying, growing colder and colder, and her limbs stiffening. Then she felt herself to be dead, and about being laid out when she awoke. She looked directly at the clock, and read the time. After getting up, and on leaving her room, she saw her mother dressed as she had left her, in a short bedgown and some flannel over her head, going before her and then disappearing. By the next post she heard of the mother's death at the time of her dream. The girl helped with the funeral expenses out of her savings, but her father wanted her afterwards to send him the rest, which she hesitated to do. She was sitting one day alone, debating it in her mind, when she felt a smart tap on her shoulder. Turning round, she again saw her mother as before, who bent over her and said very earnestly, "Don't do it. It will do him no good." Ever since that time the mother has "come to her," as she says, when in trouble or sickness. She has poor health, and she said to my daughter, "When once the children can do for themselves I wouldn't be a bit afraid to go for, of course, I know mother would be there ready waiting for me." All this was told in quiet, sober seriousness and simple faith. I. S. T. T.

Matter and Pre-existence.

SIR, Mr. W. Paley in his interesting address tells us that "what we call matter is the result of motion—motion, that is, of points of no magnitude"—in short, motion of nothing, and draws the natural conclusion that if matter is only a result of the motion of nothing, then there is no such thing as matter. No doubt the conclusion is inevitable, but I should like to ask, can anything result from the motion of nothing, and if not, will Mr. Paley make visible the point of his argument?

Again, I conceive that such experiments as those of Professor Dewar, of which Mr. Paley speaks, prove, not "that matter is passing away," but that it changes its forms with a change of conditions to a greater extent than has hitherto been suspected. Given sufficient cold and our air becomes fluid; given a little more and it becomes ice. No doubt the living air is in a state of motion, when it is changing into dead ice, but not a particle of it is "passing away." Give it sufficient heat and it will soon be living air again.

"C.C.M.", under the heading "A Beginning, but no End," asks: "If the existence of what we call self, or soul, is not dependent on the existence of the physical body, but survives it, why in the world are we to suppose that it originated in, or with, or by, or from the body?" This question, containing the words "originated with the body," takes it for granted that the body itself originated at a given time—say fifty years ago. But we know that the body is only a modification of pre-existing matter; and in this sense, no doubt, the

soul may be said to have pre-existed. Does "C.C.M." claim "individual pre-existence" for the body? And if not, why not?
 GEORGE HARRUP.

"A Beginning but no End"—Individuality and its Modes.

SIR,—I fear I did not make my objection to "G.A.K.'s" "thread of substance" clear. The thread is not one thing, save, as all objects are, for our unifying intelligence. What we mean by the thread is a succession of homogeneously occupied points of space; and its possible infinite extension is only this, that we cannot limit space, or find ourselves unable to represent a similar phenomenon at any point of space. What "begins" at any point is, we will say, the *minimum visibile* of that point. Well, that is not the identical piece of matter which we find in immediate continuation of it, and so on. So in the supposed case of a body beginning to move and going on for ever, the perpetuation as motion is here simply a disguised conception of limitless time. We make abstraction of all conditions of concrete existence, and look only at the pure form of existence in general. We get our "beginning" from the former, our "no end" from the latter. In that way we can conceive it, no doubt!

But to quit abstractions, and revert to that upon which I have all along most insisted—the natural *presumption* that an individual consciousness surviving the body, and therefore not dependent on it, did not originate from or with it. Now to rebut this presumption, it is not sufficient to say, with "G.A.K.," that we have no evidence of a past conscious state; we must go on to say that such evidence is *to be expected* if a past there has been. The presumption remains in full force if, from the nature of the case, positive evidence is naturally absent. The evidence desiderated is memory. But memory depends on association, and is a revived context of experience through 'affinity with present impressions. Given new conditions of consciousness, a new environment, new interests, all the absorbing pre-occupation of our definite earth-life, the marvel would be if we remembered aught before it, not that we forget everything. Within this organic individual life itself, the active consciousness of the trance state is wholly lost to memory on return to the normal state; and most dreams, though made up out of the contents of waking consciousness, are found to fade from recollection almost immediately on waking, even the difference between the organic conditions of sleep and waking causing oblivion. How total must that oblivion be from the restrictive conditions of incarnation! In this sense it is true that "the spirit has become individualised at birth," that is, new limitative conditions *contract* the individuality and its self-consciousness, which is only a more radical case of what we all observe in our lives here, that intense special pre-occupations contract the circle of our general consciousness, and often even reduce the self-consciousness of character to certain aspects of it. When the tension is relaxed we easily see (and often have to deplore) that this was so. We say then "I was not myself." In this way we are frequently "incarnating" ourselves in external conditions which limit, or further "individualise" our self-consciousness for the time being.

Your correspondent says that he does not suggest that matter produces consciousness, but thinks "that the descent of the spirit, or Ego, may be coincident with the beginning of self-consciousness." A little before he had stated the hypothesis as that of the spirit becoming "individualised and self-conscious at birth." I am totally unable to conceive an unindividualised Ego, or one not self-conscious. And if the coincidence of original self-consciousness with birth means anything and is not a merely gratuitous supposition, it must mean that physical organisation is the determining condition of the origination of self-consciousness. But all we know is that it determines a particular mode or limitation of self-consciousness, and we cannot go beyond that. I admit the distinction between cause and condition, but equally must "G.A.K." admit the corresponding distinction between absolute and modal origination.

I know nothing of the fate of "black magicians," nor am I concerned with special "dicta of Theosophy." But I will conclude with a quotation from Dr. Henry More's treatise on "The Immortality of the Soul":—

The consequence of our soul's pre-existence is more agreeable to reason than any other hypothesis whatever; has been received by the most learned philosophers of all ages, there being scarcely any of them that held the soul of man immortal upon the mere light of nature and reason, but asserted also her pre-existence.

C. C. M.

Where is Heaven?

SIR,—Heaven is around us, and the Kingdom of Heaven is, if we will have it so, within us.

Speak to Him, thou, for He reigns,
 And spirit with spirit can meet;
 Nearer is He than feeling,
 Closer than hands and feet.

Only God is omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient. Where He is consciously felt and delighted in, is Heaven, and where He is consciously felt, but in rebellion, is hell. "In Him we live and move and have our being," and whether the laws of that being are so carried out by us as to bring us into the Paradise state or not, remains entirely with ourselves. The same sun that brings out the scent of the lily, also brings out the stench of the dung heap, and so it is with the human soul. There are natures who tell us that the more they are afflicted the more they praise Him, Who, through that affliction, gives them Himself. Others under the same circumstances become bitter towards God and man. The fact is, crush a rose leaf and only sweetness rises from it. In like manner, crush a viper's egg and the poison emerges, which is its nature.

Does not this, in part, answer the question "Where is Heaven?" "If I climb up into the heavens thou art there, if I make my bed in Hades, behold thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Nor does this do away with the substantiality of Heaven, for, as Pulsford teaches us, the material sun itself is only the love of God in *ultimates*. As at the Ascension the remaining particles of the physical body of the Lord returned to their original gases, forming the cloud that received Him from the outer sight of the disciples as He went from the outer to the inner, so it should be with us. Up and down are only relative terms, for what is up to us is down to the New Zealander. By fighting our way through the astral plane, the moat of fire which surrounds the Celestial City, we shall, having overcome the "wicked spirits in high places," eventually find out for ourselves where is Heaven. Even while still enclosed in our earth bodies, and afterwards also, arguing from the laws of nature here carried out but imperfectly, we make for ourselves our own surroundings. "Your citizen life is in Heaven," therefore it only needs the outer husk to fall off to find ourselves in our own natural home and sphere, wherever that may be. Spirit is creative. A loving nature will find itself surrounded by the emanations of that nature, lovely as love itself; a bitter nature by the natural outcomes of that bitterness. As we rise towards the inner spheres, and rest more entirely in the Divine Will, so, of necessity, must our surroundings grow in spirituality and therefore in beauty.

Heaven is the soul of this earth, though invisible to earth eyes, as the chariots and horses were invisible at Dothan, till "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man," and he saw the outcome of the Divine protection. Heaven is, of necessity, the vaguest of terms, for what is Heaven to one, would be very far from Heaven to another. Even here, we all have very different ideas of the highest good. There are twelve gates into the Heavenly City, twelve manner of fruit on the Tree of Life, twelve being the number most expressive of completeness, yet of infinite variety. "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you"—the place best suited to each one, and that each one best suits.

Y.Z.

Theosophy and Spiritualism.

SIR,—In your issue of January 28th you have two notes on my paragraphs in the January number of "Lucifer" with reference to the general lack of high spiritual teaching in Spiritualism, and you suggest that because I made an error in describing Mr. Stainton Moses as present with a medium at a séance, instead of saying that he himself was the medium, I am therefore an inaccurate observer. Well, that can only be a matter of opinion and, not wishing to appear to boast, on it I offer no argument. I might as well say that you were incapable of judging the "New Spiritualism" because in the leader of your issue of January 14th you speak of Mr. Frederic Harrison's "letter" to the "Morning" whereas it was really an interview. Frankly, such a criticism would to me be puerile, as your criticism on me also seems to be. Why not have dealt with the main points of my paragraphs?

With regard to the question as to whether Mr. Stainton Moses was controlled by a spirit of a very high order, surely you

could read your "LIGHT." The current number which I had before me when I was writing in "Lucifer" was that of December 31st, and in the record of the séance I find first of all some teaching about Christ which is as old as the hills and has been subliminally of times by normal living men and women, and then under date June 14th, the following:—

After a long conversation Christ controlled and informed us that the chief was coming. The room was filled with much beautiful light, caused by the presence of many exalted spirits, as Imperator, Rector, Doctor, Mentor, Christ, G., and numerous others were present. The influence in the room was delightful. Imperator called it a golden opportunity, a link between earth and Heaven. He controlled easily, and explained . . . that he had been in conclave in the spheres with his Great Master and on the mission in which he was engaged.

Then under June 25th, Imperator speaks again:—

My teaching comes from my Great Master whom I see face to face, and he has his teaching from his Great Master. I cannot yet enter into the spheres of contemplation, but my Master descends to me and has given to me this mission. We are all links in a great chain which extends even to the Most High. The spirits who are under my direction receive their orders from me, and meet from time to time to hold converse with me.

Now, if there was such a spirit as Imperator, and if the English language means anything at all, I was justified in saying, from his own words, that he was a spirit of a very high order. Two friends of Mr. Stainton Moses, one of whom took part in many of his séances, inform me that Mr. Moses always looked on Imperator as a very high spirit. This is one of the points with which I should like you really to deal.

Next as to the teaching. My original statement stands. I do not get any forwarder. Surely if there is this transcendent spiritual knowledge, this philosophy of man's being, &c., which has come from the "summer-land," it is profound. Where is it? I have looked for it in vain, with an honest desire to find. Take Imperator's teaching in these very séances. Absolutely nothing new—nothing which could not have been written straight off the reel by any ordinary persons in their normal state. The other day a friend sent me a reprint of communications said to have been received by a lady, and put forward as of the most profound importance. I have no hesitation in saying that any one with a knowledge of the Book of Genesis, and of particular portions of the Women's Suffrage movement, could have written the whole thing in an hour or two. No, sir. So long as Spiritualism keeps on hammering away at the old familiar physical phenomena, and the old well-worn truisms, which for years have served it for spiritual food, so long will it fail, as it does fail, to satisfy the best aspirations of the thinking men and women of the age who are anxiously looking for a rational explanation of themselves and the universe.

Theosophical Society.

HARBERT BURROWS.

17 and 19, Avenue-road.

St. John's Wood, N.W.

[The paragraph from "Lucifer" was as follows:—

I have before me the last number of "LIGHT," which contains some of the records of private séances held by its late Editor, Mr. Stainton Moses, with a medium who was supposed to be controlled by a spirit of a very high order. There is in them not one single new idea, nothing which is anything more than the outside husk of Eastern and Western Occultism.

And this is the note:—

Now, if this refers to the records of Mrs. S., the medium was Mr. Stainton Moses himself; and if the reference is to any séances described in the letters, then the "control" was not said to be of a very high order. There is a suggestive want of accuracy in this kind of pronouncement.

One of course does not know exactly what a "last" number of any periodical may mean to the writer in a monthly paper, and therefore we did not know that Mr. Burrows referred to the issue of December 31st, and as letters from Mr. Stainton Moses have also recently been published in "LIGHT," containing accounts of other séances, it was allowable to suppose that they might have been referred to, seeing that Mr. Burrows referred to a medium who was not Mr. Stainton Moses. That anyone who has so attentively followed up the literature of Spiritualism should have failed to see that Mr. Stainton Moses was himself the medium at all the séances where Imperator controlled is, we repeat, a somewhat remarkable circumstance.—Ed. "LIGHT."]

Let a gem fall into the mire, and it remains the same precious stone it was; let dust be whirled up to heaven, and it retains its base origin.—SAGE.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible, and by appending their signatures to their communications. In order to insure the requirements of our compiler as to perfect correspondence, no notice received later than the first post on Tuesday will be admitted.]

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Service each Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday, February 16th, Mr. J. Allen. Subject: "Is Spiritualism a Religion?"—J. RAYBOW, Hon. Sec.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARTLEBORO.—On Sunday Mr. James Vetch assisted us by giving a good lecture on "Spiritualism—Its Place, Work, and Power." Its place was here, and to-day: its primary work, to bring evidence of continued conscious, active life beyond the grave; and it had power to do this. In thousands of instances it had clearly shown that "there is no death." February 19th, at 11 a.m., Mr. Bowen and friends: 7 p.m., Mrs. Bliss, chairwoman, &c.—J. H.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 311, CANNERS-ROAD, NEW-ROAD, S.E.—Sunday morning, spirit circle, at 11.30. Lecture at 3 p.m. Evening at 7. Address by Mr. W. I. Long on the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." On Wednesday, circle for inquirers at 8.30 p.m. Social evening on February 25th, tickets 6d. each, light refreshments. Early application necessary. Mr. Long gave an able address on Sunday evening on the question "Does Spiritualism support Christianity?"—J. PERKIN, Assist. Sec.

38, DUNDEEN-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—We had a very successful evening with the guides of Mrs. Bliss on Thursday, tests being given and recognised. On Sunday Mr. J. Lane addressed the meeting, the subject being "Who is My Neighbour?" asking for his text St. Luke x. 30-37, which he ably explained to the satisfaction of all present. Thursday next, February 16th, Mr. Coates on "Psychometry and Clairvoyance," at 8 p.m. On Sunday Dr. W. T. Reynolds of Stratford will address the meeting at 7 p.m., when we hope to have a large attendance.—J. B., Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASHLEY-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday, Mr. C. White delivered a long and very instructive discourse in the form of a chat about Spiritualism, taking the audience back to a quarter of a century ago, and leading up to the present time, to the evident gratification of all present. Mr. Bangs (chairman) complimented the speaker on the masterly manner in which he had handled the subject. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Percy. At Westbourne Park, 55, Tavistock-terrace, on Sunday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason.—J. H. B., Sec.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, 3, Peckville-street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodstock, "Warrington," Brockville; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabannes, Paris; Germany, E. Schönsam, 65, Königgräzer Str., Berlin S.W.; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straten, Apeldoorn, Middelhaan 682; India, Mr. Thomas Hutton, Amalabai, New Zealand, Mr. Graham Hunter, Waikeke; Sweden, J. Fornerman, Ade, Christiansia; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; W. C. Robson, French correspondents, 106, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane:—Sunday, at 11 a.m., students' meeting; and the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., inquirers' meeting. Friday, at 7.30 p.m., for Spiritualists only. "The Study of Spiritualism." And at Wintred-road, Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., inquirers' meeting. At the first Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., inquirers' meeting.

I stood some years ago near the fair city of Geneva, where two great rivers meet, but do not mingle. There the Rhone, the arrowy Rhone—rapid and beautiful, pours out its waters of that heavenly blue, which it is almost worth a pilgrimage to see; and there the Arve, frantic and muddy, partly from the glacier from which it is so largely fed and partly from the clayey soil that it upheaves in its impetuous path, meet and run on side by side for miles, with no barriers save their own innate repulsion, each encroaching now and then into the province of the other, but beaten back instantly into its own domain. Like mighty rival forces of good and evil do they seem, and for long—just as it is in the world around us—for long the issue is doubtful; but if you look far down the stream you find the frantic Arve mastered, and the Rhone has coloured the whole surface of the stream with its own emblematic and beautiful blue. I thought, as I gazed upon it, that it was a remarkable illustration of the conflict between truth and error; and in meditating upon this subject—in thinking of the flow of the healing waters, and reading that they should flow into the sea and heal it—the whole thing rose up before me, fresh and vivid, as a thing that happened yesterday.—W. M. PUNSHON.