

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Guthrie.

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

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[A Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

'Borderland' for April makes a bold bid for almost enforced attention, and an equally bold strain upon even the well-seasoned Spiritualist's confidence. We refer to its 'Stories from the life of a modern magician: Astounding narratives of personal experiences by a pupil of Bulwer Lytton.' These Stories, five in number, tell of an exchange of bodies between two friends, with highly useful suggestions for a sensational novelist; confirm the 'superstition' concerning 'the evil eye'; narrate some surprising experiences with a Mr. Jacob, of Simla (including growing delicious grapes from an old walking stick—a grape-vine stick—and the transportation of a friend and a horse and cart three-quarters of a mile in a few seconds); give instances of rain-making of even a terrific kind, and justify the story of 'She.' We should like to see the interior of Mr. Podmore's conscious or sub-conscious self, after passing this cataract of 'impossibilities' through it.

'Borderland's' very useful setting forth of Bible Borderlandism or Spiritualism is of real value. It is done by no means for the first time, but it needs to be done again and again, and by different people for different readers. The 'Anthology' is preceded by a reprint of a handbill by an opponent of Spirit-communication, marshalling for the fiftieth time the stale old commands which are so largely misapprehended and so crudely misapplied. Mr. Stead will have no difficulty in showing that the Bible is not only in favour of spirit-communication but that nine-tenths of it are incomprehensible without it.

We must dissent from one statement in Mr. Stead's introductory remarks. He says, 'Even now there are great tracts of territory under the dominion of the Queen where the first duty of the magistrate is to extirpate witchcraft. Professor Crookes himself, or the Editor of "Light," would feel no compunction in stamping out witchcraft in South Africa as ruthlessly as Moses did in Canaan.' We are sorry to find Mr. Stead making so extremely bad a shot.

Interesting extracts are given from the report of the seances who experimented with Eusapia Paladino after her break-down at Cambridge, but Miss X., who puts the extracts together, minimises their value, as usual. Other very readable Articles are 'Spirit Photography—the psychic pictures of the medium Firmin' (in the years 1877-9; but we are inclined to think that 1896 will yield a story and pictures of far greater value); 'Spiritualism and Christianity: Exhortations and experiences'; 'What is Mediumship? Inspiration, Ossession, Telepathy, or Dreaming?' and 'Dreams: interpreted and explained.' But the most valuable contribution, and the one that will 'tell' the best is Miss X.'s story of the Burton messages. We are promised more, through the Psychical Research Society, and more is also, in this Article, feebly suggested as a possibility. We shall hope to hear of it, and to see good use made of it.

We have received two or three of Mr. Haweis's sermons, on 'The Immaculate conception, or How was Jesus Christ divine? a re-statement and a reconciliation'; and 'The Last Judgment.' As to the first, Mr. Haweis believes that 'a terrible war between two powerful parties is about to convulse and lacerate the Church of England' on this subject. We doubt it. We are past passionate feelings concerning old dogmas and concocita; and people will patch up and pretend or transform, not furiously fight. Of course, these sermons are about as vivid, as picturesque, as entertaining, and as unsettling as anything could be.

A bundle of cuttings, from 'The Chicago Daily Despatch,' has been sent to us. They contain highly-coloured descriptions of some exceedingly startling occurrences at the Grand Pacific Hotel—or, rather, an enormous and deserted building at one time used as the Grand Pacific Hotel. The reporter is so inanely funny—and the funny reporter is so rapidly ripening into the amusing liar—that we hardly know what discount to allow: but we gather that terrific noises have been heard and unaccountable lights have been seen in the building night after night, that strong attempts have been made in vain to find out their cause, that Professor Herrmann, the conjurer, with certain experts, had failed in an attempt to explain the matter, and that about eighteen months ago there was a very bad case of suicide in the hotel. There is a watchman on the place, whose duty it has been and is to go over it at regular intervals. He seems to have had a bad time of it, as the following extract from one of these long Articles will show:—

Sunday night's performance was unique in the history of ghostly doings.

About 12.30 o'clock the watchman was on the fourth floor of the building in the east, or Clark-street, end. He goes over the entire building at regular intervals to protect the place from fires. He had just entered the east hall when he heard a low, plaintive moan. As the watchman is a believer in the theory of familiarity breeding contempt, and, furthermore, as he had wasted too much energy in previous hunts for the ghost, he smiled and stamped on, his heavy tread on the bare flooring echoing and re-echoing up and down the corridors.

The moan suddenly assumed a new complexion—if moans have any complexions—for it rounded out into a 'holler,' and then broke off abruptly as a clashing, clanging, dashing, and banging sounded from the first floor. It seemed as though all the tin and iron ware in the city was falling on the tiling from a great distance.

A SECOND FEARFUL CRASH.

The watchman thought the building was falling in, and started on a run downstairs. As he reached the second floor there was another fearful crash, and then it seemed as if someone was approaching with a string of tin pans dragging behind.

Bang! thump! thud! rattle bang! sounded the utensils. The watchman gritted his teeth and cautiously descended the stairs. Nearer and nearer came the noise, until the crash was deafening. The watchman drew his revolver and stopped. Another step; another rattle; slash, clang, bang, and then, just when it seemed on the very next step, there was a wild, weird shriek struck up, the utensils seemingly began rolling downstairs, and then suddenly everything became deathly still.

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and the watchman, with perspiration starting from every pore, stood shivering on the stairs.

Of course it is all very funny from the public's point of view, but the fact remains that the goings on at night in the Grand Pacific Hotel Building are mighty queer, joke or no joke.

Officer Rowan should be detailed temporarily on the Grand Pacific beat.

Would it not pay better to engage Mr. Maskelyne? But it would be kind to warn Mr. M. what (according to these Articles) happened to his brother conjurer, Professor Herrmann, who, with two others, went to find out and explode 'the ghost.' After sundry experiences, such as the swaying of the floor, the sudden throwing down of Dr. F. W. McNamara, the cutting of a battery wire, and a variety of howlings, the report goes on:—

There was a blast of icy air. A hollow laugh and the professor was bodily taken from his feet, tossed down, and rolled over the floor like a keg of beer in the morning's early light. The professor was game, and picking himself up drew a pair of revolvers.

Click-click, click-click, click-click, click-click, click-click went the hammers—not a cartridge exploded.

Professor Herrmann became excited. The ghost was howling and wailing and rattling pans and clanking chains in the most approved strain. The magician started to howl. For every yell from the ghost there came a louder one from the professor. The ghost beat him, however, for the professor had no tinware.

Suddenly an ominous silence fell. The laboured breathing of the three men was all that could be heard.

'Look here,' cried the magician, 'something is going to happen.'

That magician was dead right. Something did happen. As the professor spoke he joined the other men, and all clasped hands and nerved themselves. The next instant everybody was prone upon the floor. How it happened no one knew. There were no blows struck, no upheaval of the floor, no jerk nor any pull, and yet all went down in a heap.

As we have said, we hardly know what this writer's usual discount is, but it really does look as though Chicago had a very interesting problem on hand. We hope to hear more about it.

We have received a Circular announcing the opening of a free Reading-room and Library in Great Portland-street, W., in connection with the Theosophical Society: and we note that 'a member is always present,' during certain hours, 'to answer inquiries.' This is as it should be.

At the foot of this Circular we find the following:—

WHAT A THEOSOPHIST IS.

Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning towards the metaphysical; of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbour than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasure for the sake of other people; and who loves Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom for their own sake, not for the benefit they may confer — is a Theosophist.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

We always thought that Theosophy, as invented by Madame Blavatsky, was a rather vague affair, compounded of ancient Re-incarnationism and modern Socialism; but we never thought it was quite as vague (or, shall we say, quite as simple!) as the above innocent-looking definition makes it out to be.

Dr. Wilder, in 'The Metaphysical Magazine,' reminds us of an almost elementary truth, and yet a truth always liable to be forgotten or to drift:—

'Of all truths we know,' says Dugald Stewart, 'the existence of mind is the most certain.' We feel conscious that something of us that thinks and wills and reasons is permanent and enduring. While the body is in a state of constant change, and every particle of it is wasted and replaced within a certain period, the being that we recognise as self, as our own actual personality, remains essentially the same. There is an eternal life, a life of the eternal world, which was before our birth upon this earth, which still is, and will be after our existence here shall cease; and of that life and that eternity we are essentially a part.

Every child, even, ought to be taught this. It is perfectly easy, but there is great and varied education in it. Before the age of twelve, everyone ought to know that what we are conscious of is ideas and impressions, not things in themselves—a mighty lesson!

NECROMANCY AND ANCIENT MAGIC IN ITS RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BY PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT.

(Continued from page 212.)

Again, in a well-known passage from Isaiah, we have another instance of the light which modern Spiritualism throws on the ancient records in the Scriptures. The Authorised Version gives the following rendering of this passage (Isaiah viii. 19):—

'And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead!' The word 'peep' is the Hebrew *tsaphaph*, and occurs again in the tenth chapter and fourteenth verse, of the birds that 'peep.' In both passages it clearly means the sound made by the twittering or chirping of birds: hence in the Revised Version it is rendered 'chirp' in both places. In fact, our English word, 'peep,' is derived either from the piping call of birds or from the Latin *pipire*, the sound made by the chick in attempting to break the shell that encloses it. Now this latter exactly describes the usual character of the sound of 'raps' at a spiritualistic séance, as all who have heard them can testify; the shade of meaning in the Hebrew is, I am informed, best rendered by chirping or tapping quickly.* And so the word 'mutter' (Hebrew *hagah*) means to *come to mutter* or whisper; hence the passage, 'Wizards that peep and mutter,' is, no doubt, equivalent to 'rapping and speaking spirit mediums'; the whispering, guttural sound of the 'spirit voice' and the quick recurrence of the 'spirit rap' being recognised then as now.

But the next verse in this chapter in Isaiah is one that has puzzled all the commentators I have been able to consult. It runs thus in the Authorised Version: 'To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.' The last clause being rendered in the Revised Version: 'Surely there is no morning for them.' Lowth, in his notes on Isaiah, renders these words, 'In which there is no obscurity,' and adds that the Hebrew noun here used signifies darkness, gloominess; he says, if the passage is rendered 'in which there is no morning,' it is meaningless, whilst as to the words in the Authorised Version, 'if there be any sense in them it is not the sense of the original.' But from our present standpoint the meaning is surely quite obvious. The prophet is urging the chosen people to turn to and trust in the one living and true God: 'Sanctify the Lord of Hosts Himself, let Him be your fear, let Him be your dread' (v. 13), and he goes on to say: 'When they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, &c.—unto mediums, with their 'John Kings,' or unto spirit rapping, trance-utterances, the direct voice and dark séances,—"should not a people seek unto God?" Why then go into the charnel-house with its gloom and obscurity and repulsiveness? The place for the living is not among the dead; no certain light nor sure guidance is to be found there, the glimmering light you are running after is an *ignis fatuus*, the product of putrefaction, unreliable and worthless, away with it! 'to the teaching and the testimony, surely according to this word shall they speak,'† in which there is no obscurity. No augurs shrouded in darkness, no gloom nor uncertainty. The familiar spirits will leave you puzzled and hungry, until ye turn your face upward (v. 21), then (chap. ix.) follow

* I ought to say that I know nothing of Hebrew, and am therefore indebted to Hebrew scholars and to Dr. Young's great work already referred to ('Analytical Concordance of the Bible'), for the original renderings in the passages referred to.

† Margin of Revised Version, v. 20.

the promises of a great light to the people that walked in darkness and the nation that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death.

And so, later on, the prophet, in those magnificent words in which he confesses the sins of the people, says (chap. xvi. 13): 'O Lord our God, other lords have had dominion over us, but by Thee only will we make mention of Thy name; the dead live not; the deceased (literally "the shades") rise not.* And again in verse 16: 'Lord, in trouble have they visited (or supplicated) Thee, they poured out a prayer when Thy chastening was upon them.' The Hebrew word here rendered 'prayer' means 'chirping or whispering,' the kind of voice imputed to the shades by the Hebrews and other ancient peoples, and in the Scripture is a frequent name for divining or incantation.† For my own part the obvious sense of this passage seems to be as follows: 'Lord, in trouble have they (i.e., the nation) looked for Thee, but they sought after those who poured out trance utterances, when Thy chastening was upon them.' And no deliverance came that way; for 'the kingdom of God cometh not with observation,' and therefore will not be found in any spiritualistic séances ‡

In the book of Deuteronomy there is a classification of ancient magic into some nine distinct practices, all of which are condemned. According to Deut. xviii. 10, these offences, so far as we can now trace the meaning of the words used, were as follows§:—(1) The veneration of foreign deities after their peculiar rites; such as leaping through the fire in honour of Baal, or sacrificing infants to Moloch, or throwing stones in a heap in the worship of Mercury. (2) Unlawfully invoking the spirit of counsel and prediction, which was supposed to rest on the King and High Priest, as was done in the case of Balaam. (3) Divination by consulting the viscera of animals, or throwing up arrows, &c.; in a word, taking counsel from any chance occurrence, such as casting lots, &c. (4) Augury by consultation of natural phenomena, such as the flight of birds or movement of clouds. (5) Witchcraft or secret arts, such as the preparation of potions, narcotics, and the use of drugs, for evil or magical purposes. (6) Enchantment or incantation, i.e., spells chanted or spoken. This is one of the most early and central ideas of magic, and is found in the ancient cabalistic books. As all things were created by the words of God, it was thought, if those words could be learned, superhuman power could be obtained. Hence arose the idea of compelling the elementary, or demiurgic spirits, by proper adjurations, to obey the invoker. (7) Charming by music or song. The spirit of prophecy was supposed to descend with minstrelsy; the effect of music on snakes was known to the ancients, and was part of the arcana of sorcery. (8) The spirit of Python, or familiar spirits; Baal Obh. In the Septuagint the word used, as in the case of the witch of Endor, indicates a kind of ventriloquism; that is, a spirit speaking through the mouth of the medium. Ancient writers agree that the *Obh* communicated in various ways, the mechanism of the human body, as in the case of Mrs. Piper, being used by a spirit not its own. (9) Necromancy, or appealing to the spirits of the dead.

It will be noticed that only in the last two prohibitions do we find the counterpart of modern Spiritualism. It is,

* Revised Version, margin.

† See Professor G. A. Smith's 'Isaiah,' Vol. I., foot note to page 445; the whole chapter gives a vivid picture of the Semitic conception of the underworld and their views on eschatology.

‡ The yearning for a hope of a future life was dawning on the nation, as the Exiles saw on their return their land depopulated, their sons and daughters dead and gone. In their disappointment and despair they sought after those who had familiar spirits, in the hope of gaining some assurance that Israel still lived. But the prophet shows how vain and elusive was this quest; on the other hand (v. 3) 'Thou (Jehovah) wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' 'A confidence valid for the next life as well as for this.'

§ See 'British Quarterly Review,' October, 1875.

of course, as true now as then that these practices are dangerous in proportion as they lead us to surrender our reason, or our will, to the dictates of an invisible and oftentimes masquerading spirit, or as they absorb and engross us to the neglect of our daily duties, or as they tempt us to forsake the sure but arduous pathway of knowledge and of progress for some easy lane which lures us round and round. In fine, everything that invades the domain of reason and tends to displace it from its throne was condemned by these virile, far-seeing, Hebrew prophets. We can hear them saying, 'Away with your portents and charms, away with your superstitious rites and observances, away with your slavery to muttering spirits, and fight the battle of life with the reason the Almighty has given you and in the consciousness and strength of His presence.'

If, however, these same prophets were to appear amongst us to-day would they not, with equal vehemence, denounce the evils of our modern life, the forgetfulness of unseen realities which now characterises human thought and action? In the pursuit of material welfare, men have forgotten 'that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal'; reason has been exalted until it has become unreason, and God and a future life have faded out of view. We can well believe, therefore, that what were once prohibitions to a people prone to superstition, who saw an omen in every mystery and a god in every grove, would now become invitations to a scoffing and agnostic generation, whose eyes are blinded to that transcendental world which enwraps and ultimately absorbs us all. But such invitations, it is almost needless to add, would solely be for the attainment of truth, and not to gratify idle curiosity, still less for any immoral or unjustifiable purpose.

There is, of course, much more to be said on both sides of this wide and difficult subject. For example, following the first part of this article your columns record a recent case resembling 'obsession' in old time. Possibly this is an instance of duplex personality; more probably I think it is, what it purports to be, a lower influence, or 'spirit,' acting through the medium. Evil as well as good agencies doubtless exist in the unseen; this is equally true if the phenomena are, or are not, due to those who have once lived on the earth. In any case, granting the existence of a spiritual world, it is necessary to be on our guard against the invasion of our will by a lower order of intelligence and morality. The danger lies, in my opinion, not only in the loss of spiritual stamina, but in the possible disintegration of our personality, in the liability to lose that birth-right we each are given to cherish, our individuality, our true self-hood; just as in another way this may be impaired by sensuality, opium, or alcohol.

In conclusion, let me add that the great object of our life on earth appears to be, on the one hand, the upbuilding, strengthening, and perpetuation of our separate and distinct personalities; and, on the other, the awakening and development in each of the consciousness of an underlying Unity, which links each person into a larger Personal Life common to all, 'in Whom we live and move and have our being'; in a word, the realisation of the fact that we are integral parts and members of one Body. In so far as Spiritualism aids or thwarts these objects its moral effect must be judged; like mysticism, I think it aids the latter, but is apt to endanger the former.

'OREAH WANGA; OREAH SIMPLIFIED; THE TRUE WANGA: What it Really Is and How it is Done.' A scientific but plain treatise from a popular point of view, and divested as far as possible of all technical terms. A treatise on Black Magic and Witchcraft in Africa. By Professor Dr. M. Djumbah Cassacanarie. A supply has just reached this country from the West Indies, and copies can be had to order for 1s. 1d., post free, from the office of 'LIGHT.'

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

BY AUTOMATIC WRITING THROUGH THE HAND OF
W. STANTON MOSES.

THIRD SERIES.

[Mr. F. W. H. Myers having kindly sent me, by permission of the executors of Mr. Stanton Moses, three volumes of automatic writing given through his mediumship, I wish to preface the third series of 'Teachings' by saying that as much of the matter which has now come into my possession has already appeared in 'Spirit Teachings,' 'Spirit Identity,' and in former numbers of 'LIGHT,' the messages I am now deciphering will necessarily, in places, be disconnected in order to avoid needless repetition. Furthermore, absolute continuity is impossible, as the messages are written in so small a hand that even with the aid of a magnifying glass I cannot decipher all the passages, and the peculiarity of some of the writing adds to the difficulty.—M. SPEER.]

No. XI.

(MAY 4TH, 1873.)

Yes, the power was very strong, and had become rather unruly. The sitting being deferred had upset the balance of the circle. It is important to sit punctually when you can. It was unavoidable, and will be in many cases, we know.

We were unable to help it. Would it be better not to sit then?

It is not possible for us to say always. Sometimes it is better to confine the sitting to a brief one. If the medium is partly under control the sitting must be completed. An unfinished control is very bad. You must be guided by what we tell you at the time.

That scent. Where did it come from, and how was it brought?

It was brought to you by one of the attendant spirits from the spheres. We have the power of making such by our spirit chemistry, which we cannot explain—by the means of our will-power. We can frequently bring odours, but seldom the material which evolves them. It is more ethereal and evanescent than your odours, and more refined; but even it becomes grosser and more material by the process through which it must pass before it comes to you. Ye cannot picture the beauties of our spheres, the grateful odours, the lovely flowers, the scenes of gladsome delight that surround us.

What are your occupations?

The learning and knowing more and more of the sublime truths which the great God teaches us; the worship and adoration, the praise and glorifying of Him; the teaching of truth and progress to benighted ones; the missionary work of the advanced to the struggling and feeble; the cultivation of our intellectual talents; the development of our spiritual life; progress in love and knowledge.

What earth-knowledge helps most?

Knowledge of aught that is true and good helps in training the soul. Knowledge of self and its needs and wants; of progressive service, in its benefits to man, in all the several ways in which he needs help; knowledge of Nature's laws and of the duty and work of man; this is the knowledge that helps. But none is wasted. No crumb of knowledge of any kind that is real falls to the ground wasted. It all subserves man's progress and God's glory. It all is store which is increased hereafter.

Are your homes material?

Yes, friend, but not as you count matter. Place to us is not as with you. Things are real to us, but would be imperceptible and impalpable to your rude senses. We are not fettered by space as ye are. We are free as light and air, and our homes are not localised as yours. But our surroundings are to our refined sensations as real as yours.

Dr. Speer thought by the grosser manifestations you meant the making of hands, flowers, and so on. Was that so?

No, friend, you misconceive. We brought you scent last night, and we are not gross and earthy. We alluded to the rough and unpleasant manifestations which are shocking to refined taste, hurtful to the sitters, and injurious to the objects acted upon; rude and rough and unpleasant phenomena.

No. XII.

(MAY 7TH, 1873.)

We could get no communications on Sunday evening!

No, friend, we could do nothing, because our power was utterly wasted by our efforts to control the spirits who wished to manifest. We had few spirits in comparison present, and we felt it right to repress all manifestations. Moreover, we shall now very jealously guard and watch your circle when you attempt to enter into communication with us. We warn you, friend, yet again, that the legions of the enemies are now specially wakeful. They are banded together for an organised attempt to defeat us and our works. They are massed in force, and must be resisted with care and earnest watchfulness. We have before sought to impress on you the necessity at all times for great circumspection in seeking intercourse with us. Many of the errors in communication, many of the frivolous and light messages, many of the turbulent manifestations are chargeable first of all on the composition of the circle, and a want of care and solemnity in seeking for information. Men rush in to gape and question curiously. They know not what they do. They are idly gratifying worthless curiosity, and they have their reward. Or they sit down inconsiderately, and as the child who ignorantly handles an edged tool and injures himself thereby. Like the child, too, hurt and angry, they throw away that which they have ignorantly misused, and blame it for their own fault. Never was there more care and circumspection requisite than now. Never was it more essential that ye should trust yourselves very humbly in God's hands, and follow the guidance of His spirits who minister from Him to you. Never was it more vitally necessary that ye test and try the spirits, whether they be indeed of us, or whether they be rather of the rude and undeveloped horde who are massed against us; who falsely assume our colours; who mar our works and wreck many a soul; who are powerful for mischief, and who find their chiefest aid in those who confidently place themselves in their power. Beware of such! Beware, friend! We can guard you, if you will, but without your co-operation we cannot help you. Many a channel of Divine influence will be seized on, and made the vehicle of that which shall discredit us. Bewary, and with earnest and honest purpose seek the Truth; prepared to give no heed to seducing spirits nor to their words. They shall be defeated in the end; but much they can do that will harm the world and retard our work.

We wish very much to sit at Douglas House early next week but we will do nothing save by direction.

When it is right your wishes shall be met; but you must not seek without guidance. We shall be always glad to tell you of our work, to give you of our knowledge, and aid you in your search for truth; but you must be wary and not seek save when we know that we can protect you. You saw once, friend, how an undeveloped spirit could seize on a medium to her hurt and sorrow. Careless communicating causes mischief to her, and she is still in danger. We would warn you that such danger besets all who are not guarded and guided rightly. We see that which you cannot see. Beware of all low and undeveloped spirits, however powerful be their manifestations. They are not safe for you now. Avoid all public communing with

the spheres. It is not safe, lest you, too, be seized upon. In your own circle fear not; you are safe, except when we warn you not to sit in circle.—DOCTOR.

No. XIII.

(MAY 11TH, 1873.)

Can you tell me who were the manifesting spirits at our last séance?

There were many friends, under the control of Rector, the Lieutenant of the Band. He has returned, and hence it is that the elements are more under control. He is skilled to manage them, and will be able to give you pleasant manifestations from time to time, if you will follow our orders. You must not attempt a public séance, nor attend any public circles.

Miss D. and Mrs. M.'s?

No, that will not interfere. We mean circles where the conditions are not harmonious, and where the sitters are unknown to you.

DOCTOR.

No. XIV.

(MAY 12TH, 1873.)

The column of light described last night was spirit light of unusual size; the star which you saw over the mantel-shelf was a more brilliant light, the sign of the presence of the Chief. These lights are the concentration of the power which we use for manifesting. It is principally extracted from the circle, but is partly brought with us. It is more usually seen in the foggy, diffused form, but we can condense it into brighter and more refined forms under favourable conditions.

The little Pauline was visible to you clairvoyantly. Your spirit eye was unsealed, and you saw what to others was invisible. In this case your spirit acted independently of your body. In the same way you have seen the Chief, but dimly.

Changes in the Band?

They will not affect you greatly. They will be principally spirits whom you do not personally know. Little D. will not be permanently attached to the Band, but will revisit you at times. He is going to the Third Sphere, where he will have the benefit of instruction, and will be able to supplement the knowledge which he has obtained with you. Rector will continue to be Lieutenant of the Band. Philosophus, Prudens, and I remain. The spirits who go are principally those who have been temporarily attached to the section of love, art, and physical manifestations. They have progressed, and will go upward. It is also likely that your earth-guardians may be changed. They have work in a higher sphere. Their place will be supplied with care.

Dr. John Dee does not go?

No; nor J. N. L., nor Dr. N.—at least, not yet.—D.

No. XV.

(MAY 14TH, 1873.)

Are there separate planes for different souls?

Yes, assuredly. Spirits may be on the same plane and yet have reached it by differing routes, and be of very divergent character. The spheres seem to you places like your world, and it is perhaps impossible for you to picture them otherwise. But you know that even in your world there are many souls who are distinguished for different virtues and excellencies. You would not perhaps say of many when they cast aside the body and go to their work in the spheres, that this is good and that evil, or this is better and that best. You would rather say, perchance, that they differ among themselves in their varied excellencies: that this was more loving and gentle; that more

wise and versed in knowledge: that more humble and teachable; the other more philanthropic. Of one you might say, in praise, that whatever faults were plain, he was a dutiful son, a loving husband. Of another that his intellect had wrought good service to his country. Ye would not say whether the man whose tongue and pen had ever been ranged on the side of right and justice against wrong and oppression was higher than he who had spent his life in ministering to suffering and woe, in tending and soothing misery and want. You would rather say that each in his sphere was good and noble. So it is with us. There are states or conditions to which souls naturally gravitate; and in these states or spheres there are divisions. Souls attract souls by congeniality of pursuit, by similarity of temper, by remembrance of previous association, or by present work. To some the life is more active, to some more contemplative. They are different, yet equal in grade. The spheres are separate states, and they have their own characteristics and peculiarities. They differ from each other, though not so greatly as from your earth sphere. The occupations are varied by loss of the body: though there is occupation for all. Time and space as ye know them are gone; no provision for the body remains; the energies of the spirit are more concentrated and less selfish.

Food? Movement?

No; not as ye understand them. We are supported by the spirit-ether which interpenetrates space, and by which your spirit bodies are even now nourished, though ye know it not. It is the universal food and support of the spirit, whether incarnated or not. Will-power suffices for our movements. We are attracted by sympathy, repelled by antipathy: drawn by desire on our part, or on that of those who wish for our presence. Our movements are governed by the exercise of will-power, by ourselves or others.

Appearance?

Spirits grow in light and beauty as they progress in knowledge and love. Their appearance is typical of their state. The crown which you see round the head of the Chief typifies his exalted state, his purity and his love, his self-sacrifice, and earnest work for God. It is a crown which belongs only to the noblest and the most blessed. The spirits of wisdom are typified by their robes and auras of sapphire blue, in their appearance to other spirits; the spirits of love by the crimson which typifies their self-sacrifice and devotion. Those who are distinguished alike by love and wisdom will naturally show it to spirit eye in their appearance. There is no power of disguise. All shams are stripped off, and hypocrisy and pretence are impossible. None can disguise his fault or merit; none can pretend to that which is not his. This is an inherent property in spirit-existence. Like consorts with like, and spirits of several degrees of development naturally find their congenial home.

Do you know anything of the spheres beyond yours?

Little, friend. The passage from our Seventh Sphere to those beyond is the great change which is analogous to what ye call death. We hear little from beyond, but we know that the blessed ones who dwell there have power to help and guide us even as we watch over you. But they tell us not of their work, nor of their occupation, save that they are occupied in nearer views of the Divine perfection, in closer contemplation of the causes of things, and in nearer adoration of the Supreme. From thence no messenger returns to us. Our knowledge is gathered by impression and by the unspoken communications of the great spirits who guide us. We are far from that blissful state. We have our work yet to do, and in doing it we find our delight. We wait in humble confidence the time when we shall be transplanted to our new state, and learn more and yet more of God.

Imperator told me that there were spheres below the earth.

Friend, the subject is too vast for information now. Cease.—D.

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Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

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SPIRITS AND CO.

We have once more felt it to be our duty to read a fresh attack upon our case for Spiritualism. That duty comes round as regularly as the tax-gatherer, and with about as much variation in the claim: the same old texts, the same old warnings, the same old anecdotes, the same old pity, the same old threats. But we must confess that the booklet before us is a little varied. It is called 'Spiritualism: What is It?' by William Evers; and we cannot briefly indicate its general drift better than by inventing the rather frivolous title we give to this Article, 'Spirits and Co.' For what is it that Mr. Evers does? He very usefully shows us that the facts of the case are steadily forcing their way into the minds of this kind of assailant. He admits the facts: but he goes farther afield than the Spiritualist for an explanation. He tells us that the thing is far more complex than the early Spiritualists believed; that there are many agencies at work, and that therefore a strong element of uncertainty pervades every kind of phenomena.

Here is a digest of his difficulties and his agencies:—Magnetism is given off by those who are present at a séance: how then, when sounds are produced, can we tell when magnetism ends and spirit begins? 'Mediums give off their own notions.' 'Thought-transfusion and cross-magnetism' create confusion and make it impossible to say when we have a genuine and unblended spirit message. 'Elementaries' amuse themselves by personating those whose presence is desired or whose company would be acceptable, and 'the identity of spirit friends is impossible.' There is with us all a 'second self,' and it is always open to doubt how far this self is the communicant. Besides, we are surrounded with evil spirits; and then there is the whole question of 'Satanic agency' to be taken into account.

In common with all these alarmists and denouncers, the writer of this booklet dwells with great unction on this last ground of warning. He says:—

Let us probe this matter. We contend that the science of the superhuman in man is being perverted by Spiritualists, and this by the surrender of the will to what is generally believed by Spiritualists to be the spirits of their departed friends. Spiritualism, principally through the medium of suggestion, is being used as a channel by Satanic agency.

From this proposition, our meaning is seen to be that whatever there are of manifestations from the other world, they are not from departed spirits, but from Satan and his angels.

If we object, and urge that very frequently the communications are of a very high order, as strong in their good sense as they are moral in their tone, we are told that this is only Satan's artfulness. 'No

good spirits appear at séances.' Surely it is not requisite that a person should be a Spiritualist in order to see the gross unfairness of this—or, let us say, the sheer arbitrariness of it. In truth, there is such intense bias in it that one might almost be content to put the whole thing aside, and let the writer alone. But, if we can make him useful, we will bear with him: and, as these difficulties and objections are always turning up, it is desirable that their correctives should be at hand, almost as commonplaces.

Will this writer and persons like him believe that we welcome such works as this? It is not good that people should be left too much or too long to the fascinating notion that intercourse with the unseen is all beautiful and simple; or to the dangerous idea that whatever comes from beyond the veil is likely to be true; or to the misleading theory that spirit communications which are endorsed with 'Thus saith the Lord' are necessarily from the Lord. In fact, one of our tasks is to loosen people from reliance upon what is called 'Revelation.' Here, in this very publication, and in all such publications, we have vehement quotations of Bible texts, and these are hurled at us as conclusive. But what are these texts? Quotations from a book consisting for the most part of spirit messages, and messages immensely varying in sense and tone; and yet millions of people who denounce Spiritualists cling to these messages, and act in a way beating the lowest-grade credulity of any Spiritualists we ever heard of: for it is left to worshippers of the Bible to quote spirit messages of any kind, from any of its books, as equally authoritative and equally true.

Still further: will these writers really take to heart the fact that we admit to the full the reality of evil agencies in the unseen? We not only admit it, we assert it, we urge it. At the same time, we think it would be very foolish on our part to see evil everywhere, and to half invite the evil by morbid dwelling upon it, and to not so much 'resist the devil' as blend him. We never cease to advise inquirers to be on their guard, but we also never cease to remind them that a good God is over all; and, if a good God is over all, it is monstrous, it is, in a way, impious, to imagine that only the hosts of hell can reach us here.

Mr. Evers, oddly enough, does not help us to make that strong which is our surest safeguard against evil—the inner self. He quotes, only to reprove, the advice of a Spiritualist: 'Let us trust our own heads, hearts, and inspirations. Let us follow the light within.' He would prefer to urge our acceptance of Bible texts, that is to say, to silence head and heart, and to put out the inner light, in favour of a spirit message given maybe three thousand years ago!

Only one more point; and then, having extracted a useful object-lesson from this writer, we shall very willingly part with him. He says:—

In a Spiritualistic paper we read that:—'Amendment cannot take place in the other life; for as the tree falls, so it lies. Man's life cannot be changed after death; it then remains such as it had been; nor can the life of hell be translated into the life of heaven. It is manifest from this, that those who come into hell remain there to eternity, and those who come into heaven remain there to eternity.'

We challenge him to give us the reference. We do not say that no Spiritualist paper ever taught this: we are not infallible: but we shall not believe it till we see it. The world has some queer people in it, and, for all we know, some one who thought he was a Spiritualist may have talked like this: but we have yet to meet a true Spiritualist who would say that amendment is not possible in the other life, and that those who pass into hell pass into it to remain there for ever.

We have our faults: but we leave at least that monstrosity to 'the defenders of the faith' on the other side of the way.

ADDRESS BY MRS. H. T. BRIGHAM.

On Friday evening, the 1st inst., an address was delivered by MRS. HELEN T. BRIGHAM to the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. After a pianoforte selection by Miss WITRALL (valse, Chopin), MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS, the President, who was in the chair, addressed the meeting, referring in cordial terms to the American visitors, Mrs. Brigham and Miss Belle Cushman, to whom he conveyed the warm welcome of the friends present. He then moved the following resolution:—

That this meeting of members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance offers to Mrs. Helen T. Brigham and Miss Cushman a very hearty greeting as visitors, and also as representatives of the Spiritualists in America, especially at



MRS. H. T. BRIGHAM.

(From a photograph by A. D. Wyatt, Brattleboro, U.S.A.)

the present time, when it is extremely desirable that every tie of interest, as well as kinship, should not only be recognised, but as far as possible strengthened.

The resolution was seconded by MR. LACEY and carried by acclamation. The audience having been invited to submit subjects for the discourse to be given by Mrs. Brigham, a number of written suggestions were handed to the chairman, and in the result the following topics were decided upon by vote of the meeting:—

'Is a man on entering the other life at once familiar with all his surroundings?'

'Why do those departed friends we really love so seldom communicate?'

Before commencing her address, MRS. BRIGHAM, in a few fitting words, acknowledged the greetings of the meeting expressed towards herself and her friend, Miss Cushman. She then delivered an invocation of considerable power and beauty, after which she dealt with the subjects suggested for her discourse.

The two questions chosen, she said, were in one sense related to one another, and would appeal in some degree to all present, since probably everyone at some time had asked those questions. Let them, in considering the problem, begin at the beginning of this life's experience and pass through the open door which men have misnamed death. Here, in this earthly life the true individual, the true man or woman, was the spirit. The body was the thing possessed; it was not the possessor. Yet how misleading was the teaching frequently given to children on this question. The child was told 'you have an immortal soul,' and applying its peculiar analytical faculties to the statement, it became confused with vague and strange ideas, and wandered hopelessly in the mist in which it was compelled to travel. If it were desired to find a correct symbol by which the true idea

could be conveyed to the young mind, they might point to the dust as it is whirled before the wind. The child might be told that although it could not see the wind, yet it could see the robe of the wind—its moving, ever changing garment. Or it might be the snow which the gale whirled before it, dropping and gathering it, until at last it soared away into the upper spaces and left its mantle of snow behind it. It was thus that man wore the material garment, gathering and losing, gathering and scattering the atoms of it with every breath and in every instant of time until at last he departed into that grander, fairer life of the spirit, for the true man was the spiritual being, immortal. When the change called death came it was quite as natural as any change man experienced in life, only he had been taught to look upon it as a strange, dark, and terrible mystery. When he realised what the change really was, he found it was just as natural as birth—indeed, it was birth. It had been well said that it was no more wonderful that a man should live after what is called death than that a child should live after birth. But the saying was apt to be forgotten, even amongst those to whom it was most familiar. Dealing with the circumstances attendant upon physical dissolution, the speaker described the transit of the spirit. Out from the material tenement gradually (never instantly, as they had sometimes been taught to suppose) the spirit withdrew, the circulation ceased, and the change, beginning at the extremities, crept gradually upward, until at last the great engine, the heart, was still, and an observer who was clairvoyant would notice over the prostrate figure a sort of mist (as it might seem to the clairvoyant vision)—an undulating, luminous something, which at first seemed only a vague emanation from the body. This gradually took form, and having shaped itself, it eventually glided away, breaking the little cord of connection which held it to the body, and which, once severed, was never again united. Thus was the spirit born into the spirit world. Generally the condition which immediately followed the transition of the spirit was a state somewhat similar to the sleep into which new-born infants dropped in the earthly life. There were, indeed, some who were not aware of having passed through this period of unconsciousness or slumber, but (so far as the speaker had observed) there was such a state for all. It was, however, not strange that some spirits should not perceive this. How often in the every-day life of the world persons would relapse into a sound slumber, and, on awaking, protest that they had not slept. Often it happened that this somnolency after the death-process was unnoticed by the subject, for the sleep was at times of very short duration. With others the condition continued longer, and on awaking the enfranchised spirit found itself with those whose lives were in sympathy with its own.

Dealing with the mental states of communicating spirits, the lecturer said that in all cases such spirits were just as happy as they could be, i.e., their degree of happiness was in exact accord with their receptivity. This proposition was illustrated by the instance of a fountain whose waters fell upon a rock. If the rock were flat the water flowed off and was lost, but if a basin were hollowed out for it, the water was retained. Everything depended upon the condition of growth and development. If, therefore, it were asked whether spirits were immediately conscious of their surroundings, the reply would have to be 'No.' They were not, as a rule, in a condition to understand them at first—the understanding came to them gradually, a little at a time, and at the beginning was extended to those objects that were nearest to them, or most conspicuous, and with which they were most in harmony. Even in this life an individual who visited a new country could not expect to be familiar with it all at once. The gradual growth of spiritual perceptions the lecturer likened to the unfolding of a rose. It was thus that humanity blossomed, from the heart outward. A truth once received into the soul always stirred within it. Like a drill working in a rock, which strikes and turns, and rises and strikes again, ever going deeper and deeper with every turn, and with every blow, so the truth worked in the nature of man. It was always turning, and deepening, and preparing the way for something to come after. The greatest revelation that could ever come to a seeker for truth was not that which filled his nature to overflowing, but that which left him hungering and thirsting with an appetite created and but partly appeased; and so the soul grew, with leaves, and buds, and blossoms—its beautiful work never finished; for while on earth it grew heavenward, in the beyond it was still growing, still active, for all the spirit life was a life of exercise, growth, and development for ever.

[May 9, 1896.]

Dealing with the question why our departed friends so seldom communicate, the speaker said there were many reasons. In the first place, the soul in its progress found itself continually varying in its desires. Again, it might be said that the object of spirit communion was not to satisfy and surfeit the investigator, but rather to awaken his desires and aspirations. Spiritualism never, so to speak, brought a book to the inquirer, saying, 'All God's truth is in that book.' It never brought him a revelation with the assurance that all the possibilities of truth in the universe had been exhausted in producing it. The great spirit teachers and inspirers merely said, 'We give you a little and beyond that is more.' All was comparative; they could never conceive of a superlative. The investigator frequently failed to realise how delicate were the conditions of mediumship, how easily disturbed. So much was this the case that the wonder was that so much was received through mediums, rather than so little. So delicately adjusted were the mental states in mediumship that they might be compared to a piece of placid water which reflected the sky and clouds, the sunrise and sunset, in its calm depths, as faithfully as a mirror. But let a light wind sweep over its surface and how distorted became its reflections. Again, mediumship was so little understood that those who possessed it often failed to furnish the best conditions for its perfect expression, and the spirit friends often found it impossible for them to manifest their presence. Mediums were really sensitives, and when the significance of that term was considered it would be easily understood that the receptivity of the individual was one of the essential conditions of spirit intercourse. There were people who could not believe in spirit communion, alleging, amongst other reasons, that it was impossible for spirit beings to be visible to one person and not to another. 'If,' said such people, 'these beings are to be seen, why cannot we see them?' They forgot that men were everywhere different in their perceptive faculties. Some had a clearer perception of music than others. The materialist failed to carry his ordinary knowledge into the realm of psychical investigation. The obtuseness of some minds suggested the idea of a tortoise in its slow progress through a beautiful garden. Overhead were the orchard boughs laden with the snowy apple blossoms, which the light wind shook down in showers, some of them falling upon the shell of the tortoise as it passed. Suppose that it were possible to converse with the tortoise, one might ask the creature if it felt the snow-white blossoms falling in showers upon it, upon which the tortoise would probably shake its head (the negative motion being the one most natural to its conformation) and reply that it felt nothing. So there were mortals upon whom the whisper of angel voices and the touch of angels' fingers were bestowed in vain; their shell of earthliness was too thick.

There was yet another reason why the departed friends of an investigator found difficulty in communicating with him. The very intensity of his thought, the concentration of his wish, often made it impossible for his friends to afford him such a manifestation of their presence as he desired. As a suggestive explanation of this the lecturer instanced the every day occurrence of a word being temporarily forgotten by a person during conversation. The more earnestly he tried to think of it, the more it evaded his memory. But by-and-bye, when he was not trying to recall it, the word returned to the mind. It was a peculiarity of the mental state that the intensity and concentration of desire often defeated its own end. It was, therefore, essential to keep oneself as passive as possible, in order to obtain the best results in spirit communion, never, however, surrendering the will or judgment.

There was yet another reason. Sometimes a person who visited a medium *did* receive that which he desired and expected. Afterwards such a person would, perhaps, conclude that the medium had simply been giving him a reflection of his own mind. Indeed, that was actually the case in some instances. So the wise teachers who came to him from the world of the Unseen would say sometimes to the eager friends who desired to communicate, 'Be patient; let someone else come whom this friend is not thinking of. Let some message be given from an acquaintance of other years, which will prove to him that it is not a reflection from his own mind.'

In conclusion, referring to the work of ministering spirits amongst mankind, the speaker said: 'There is not one of you left lonely and desolate. They stand between you and temptations. They come to you in your time of need, and hold a torch of illumination when the shadows are darkest in your way.

They come to you in the hour of sorrow, and lay their caring hands lightly upon you. They soothe the tumult of the mind, and tell you of a better and fairer world. They awaken your conceptions of duty, and stir all your thoughts of higher things. They answer your questionings through your quickened intuitions, through your personal inspirations. . . . Man lives but once, but that once is for ever. We have our different stages of the journey, we have our rough and weary way; but the end of the last stage of the journey comes, and we go out and away from this garment of flesh, but not to live again, only to live on and on for ever and for ever.' (Applause.)

Mrs. BRIGHAM then invited the audience to submit three subjects for impromptu poems, specially requesting that the topics should be as unhackneyed as possible. The subjects chosen were 'Sympathy,' 'The Lord's Prayer,' and 'The Soul's

Progress,' upon which Mrs. BRIGHAM delivered extempore verses, noteworthy for their musical and fluent diction.

Following this, the audience were invited to put written questions to the speaker, which resulted in a number of suggestive inquiries being submitted.

In reply to a query as to whether the statement made in the lecture that the spirit never left the body instantaneously applied to cases of sudden death, Mrs. BRIGHAM replied that when death took place suddenly, as in the case of a person being shot, it might be thought that the separation of spirit and body was instantaneous, but so long as any warmth remained in the body, and until chemical disintegration actually commenced, there was still something left of vital magnetism which the spirit must withdraw. This is why it was stated that death was never instantaneous, as it was supposed sometimes to be.

Replying to the question whether man actually lost consciousness at any period of his existence, the lecturer said there was no absolute unconsciousness for the individual, but there was a kind of unconsciousness during sleep or in conditions of so-called suspended animation, where the subject, on waking or returning to the normal state, retained no memory of what had previously occurred. Now, that period of apparent unconsciousness would appear to be lost time; but if any of those present had seen the process of silk weaving they would know that certain threads were at rest at a certain time while the weaving goes on, but eventually those threads were caught up and woven into the figure, others being held in suspense. This was an illustration of the way in which eventually there came a blending of the conscious and subconscious memories, for after his transition to spirit life a man would attain a perfect recollection of subjective experiences of which during earth life he might have been wholly unaware.

A friend inquired whether a clairvoyant seeing a spirit pass from the body would see the spirit exactly in the form of the body, or approximately so, and whether, assuming there was a defect in the physical body, the spirit body would show such defect. In reply it was stated that the clairvoyant who saw the spirit body saw it symmetrical, saw it perfect; the spirit could never be dismembered. Clairvoyants, it was true, frequently described spirits, giving in their descriptions the earthly appearance, physical defects, and garments. In these cases the vision was of the nature of a mental portrait which was impressed upon their minds for purposes of identification.

A lady inquired whether spirits grew up, *i.e.*, whether infants attained maturity in the next world. MRS. BRIGHAM replied that a child in the next life grew until it expressed perfect spiritual maturity and unfoldment as a man or woman; but old age was unknown.

The meeting concluded with a cordial vote of thanks to Mrs. Brigham.

AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY OF OBSESSION.

(Continued from page 213.)

After these first two violent manifestations 'John' lowered his tone a little. He seemed to attend to my exhortations, though sometimes he broke out again, but quickly checked himself and complained chiefly of *ennui* and sadness. 'I am only an ignorant fool! They drive me away from every place. I am of no use to anyone,' he would say.

'What place are you at?' I asked him, and 'John,' in a voice of despair, answered: 'In fearful darkness. God will never forgive me! Intercede for me!'

Then suddenly repentance would change to anger. 'Anyhow, it would be pleasant to make Varia die and to kill myself at the same time,' he said with an idiotic smile.

'Do you not understand that you are no longer in the same world that she is?' I asked him.

'Yes, yes; but I cannot resist the wish to worry her. I should like to dance——' Suddenly he stopped short. 'But I see that Varia is tired. I have worn her out. Her heart is hardly beating. I am going to leave you two.'

He said this in a frightened way, and instantly the 'little machine' was alone.

Varia, alarmed and ashamed of this new state, cried bitterly. 'A witch in the village put that creature into me. He has made me speak before—but he left me. I am becoming mad. I am a demoniac,' said Varia, sobbing.

It was miserable to see the girl thus, but I did my best to console her by assuring her that she would yet get rid of her tormentor.

When any of these crises was approaching, Varia seemed to receive a sudden internal shock which at once completely changed her expression of face. Her eyes took on a silly look, and her manners changed, whilst her remarks were interrupted by those of 'John.' The latter explained to me his way of taking possession of her.

'I cover her as if with my shadow, and introduce myself into her body. I penetrate wherever I like; her body is porous to me. I have only to wish it to prevent her from moving legs, arms, or tongue. But I cannot enter her soul; no, I cannot. Her guardian keeps her soul; he will not let me touch it. As for her body, it is at my service.'

Towards the end of the first month of my acquaintance with 'John' he said: 'I have remained a long time with her. Now, I ought to tell you what concerns myself; I must submit to you. Your magnetism has given me back my speech.'

'Have you been dead a long time?' I asked him, one day.

'I cannot well remember. I see before me the number 500. It must be, then, about five hundred years since. I am not quite certain.' (Varia was a very bad hand at figures.)

'Did you live long on earth, and at what place?'

'I cannot recollect. I only know that I amused myself well. I was rich, I think. I became mad eventually. I must have died very young. I should like to recommence my life of dissipation. If you only knew how bored I was!'

I advised him to turn his attention to something more useful.

'But it is Varia who prevents me. I push her towards you, to speak with you, but she resists—will not listen to me. She ought not to resist. She ought to pray for me, but she will not. She fears it is a sin to pray for such a foul creature as I am.

Make her pray for me; pray for me yourself,' he cried in a plaintive voice.

I promised, and he continued: 'Amongst us there are some who are more ignorant, and worse than I am. They have a tail and horns. But I, who was only a fool, I resemble a bear. I only show her my back, which is hairy, with a little tail; I will not show her my face; it would frighten her. What darkness there is around me! The only joy I have is when I see light through her. And she will not understand it. She is afraid of me. She has wrong ideas. Whereas I want to become better. It is not easy, however. I am such a fool. I was sent to Varia and to you; you both, you ought to help me. Am I not ignorant enough?'

I advised him to implore help from above and to leave Varia, but he replied: 'Do not drive me away. It is easy to do so (for those who know how to do it), but that is of no use to us. I do not know how to do anything. I learnt nothing while on earth. I can hardly reason; help me!'

This inclination towards goodness began in February, and was still more marked in April.

One day there occurred a scene in the courtyard of our house which made a great impression on Varia. A lady who had gone mad had to be placed by force into a carriage in order to be taken away. Varia persisted in talking on the subject, though I constantly checked her. One evening she mentioned her fear of becoming mad herself. I tried to dissipate her fears. Suddenly she became convulsed, put on the foolish expression of 'John' and, bursting into tears, he said: 'She will not pray for me! I try to make her do so, but she will not. If you only knew what *ennui* I feel. Agony takes possession of me.' He ceased crying and then quickly added: 'Why should I not go to the other lady?'

'What other lady?' I asked him.

'The one they have taken to the asylum. I will try to drive away the impure spirits which surround her. What do you say?'

'It might be as well. But could you alone control the band?' I asked him.

A silly expression came over his face. 'The others are quite wicked, whilst I am only unreasonable and unhappy. They do not believe in God—though they fear Him—but I believe in Him and do not fear Him. It is by His name I shall say to them: "Get hence!" I am stronger than they are.'

The smile of a good child shone on the medium's face, and 'John' continued: 'While we speak to you there are a crowd of beings of my kind around us who are listening.'

'Are you, then, so near us?' I asked.

'Quite close—in the midst of you. We mix with you. Those others would like to speak to you, but cannot. They try to manifest elsewhere.'

'Why cannot they speak to me, since you can?'

'I have been sent to you and your servant. They have not.'

'What is the need of manifesting?'

'We must. It is useful to us to enter into communication with you. We can hear good words, or see men working, and that urges us towards goodness.'

Shortly afterwards at my request, as I saw Varia grow paler, 'John' left, saying he would go to the other sick person.

Soon after this we returned into the country, where I made Varia drink milk and work in the open air, in hope of strengthening her nerves. A source of sorrow was the death of her mother and sister, and also the jealousy of her fellow-servants.

Up to July 'John' only spoke once, and then gave me hope that he would soon leave in peace his *machine*, as he called the medium. However, after remaining silent for a month, he said one day: 'How much better I feel now. I can dispense with Varia. I no longer feel *ennui*.'

'How do you occupy yourself?'

'I go into the fields—and cemetery.'

'What do you do in the cemetery?' I asked.

'There are many of us there. I sit there; I observe. I pick up stones and play with them.'

'You are not a child to need such amusement. You ought rather to choose a more serious occupation.'

The silly smile vanished, and was succeeded by a look of sadness. 'But I told you I did not know how to do anything. I am always isolated. I have no one near me,' said 'John,' in a melancholy tone.

'You wished to go to that mad lady and drive the spirits away from her.'

'I was not able to do so. You forget that I am weak. There was no one to help me. I am always alone.'

'Why do you not find good companions? Pray to God to send you some, and follow their example by being useful,' I said to my pupil, as he sometimes called himself.

One day a sister of Varia's came to see her, and brought her a bottle of water which had been sent her, she said, by Martha, a magician, who possessed great power over some spirits. The medium came to me in a terrible state of mind, and 'John' at once began speaking: 'What have I done to them? They want to make me hold my tongue, and I shall be obliged to do so if Varia drinks that water. And why? I no longer torture her. I am much better. I have become better, and they want to drive me away. They intend to oblige me to go. How miserable I am! I shall return to darkness. You have comforted me. It is your treatment that has untied my tongue, that they had paralysed, and now I shall not see a ray of light!'

Varia fell down, with her limbs contorted, sobbing, and unable to answer my questions. At last, when I found out the case, I promised 'John' to lock up the bottle, provided he did not persecute Varia and turned his thoughts to what was right.

The following morning Varia confessed to me that before entering my service she had been a *demoniac*. 'John' had then spoken through her, but afterwards became silent, thus enabling her to take a situation. From her childhood she had been misanthropic and avoided other children. At fifteen a feeling of anguish took hold of her. At seventeen she fell in love with a young fellow whose parents would not allow them to marry in consequence of difference of creeds. After this she kept away from everyone, hiding in the fields, and refusing to work. Then contractions and pains in all her limbs seized her. Her mother took her to the hospital but no good was done, and thus years passed. One day when she was twenty, on her return from a visit to her doctor, she suddenly called out in a man's voice, which frightened everyone: 'What are they all about? She is not ill! It is I, John Loukine, who illtreats her. I alone understand her case.'

From that time 'John' went on speaking. Sometimes she became furious, tearing her hair like a maniac, singing and shouting in a savage voice. Dressed in one garment and with a man's hat on, she lay by the stove, saying: 'Am I not a seigneur? Do gentlemen work as peasants do!' On one occasion an old peasant woman came to see her who was supposed to understand such a case. She tried by means of prayer to drive away the evil spirit.

'Why do you assert that I am the devil?' Varia cried; 'I am John Loukine. I have lived on earth, and very pleasantly, until I became mad.'

The old woman continued her prayers.

'What is the use of repeating them? Am I afraid of prayers? Do you think you can drive me away thus? I will repeat your words,' and he did so.

After this Varia's parents, finding no means of any use, took her to the magician, Martha. This old woman looked into a glass of water and said she could see the demon in Varia. She muttered some words over a bottle of water, and ordered the sick girl to drink it.

On their return home Varia drank some, and 'John' cried out: 'Good-bye! I will go and seek other companions,' and after that did not speak again for three years. 'That is to say,' added Varia, 'that he did not speak before others, but when I was alone he continued to talk and I felt him continually near me.' She had asked her sister to bring her some water from the same witch, and implored me to let her have the bottle I had locked up.

'That is all nonsense,' I said. 'He will leave you of his own accord. And that will be much more secure. It is better to pray than to use witchcraft. But if the contortions return I will let you drink the water.'

On thinking over the subject I asked myself what could be the nature of those laws which become unveiled to simple, ignorant people. Perhaps Martha had had recourse to something like hypnotism. How was it that my magnetism should have loosened the powers of speech she had tied up?

(To be continued.)

MRS. UNDERWOOD'S 'Automatic Writing.' Post free for 6s. 9d., from the office of 'LIGHT.' Only one copy left.

A MAN ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would, if it could walk up and down in the garden, swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up in the air.

ALLEGED APPARITIONS OF THE PRINCIPLE OF EVIL

(Continued from page 209.)

If we accept cumulative evidence in proof of the existence of beneficent spirits, it appears to me that we must also at least examine into the cumulative evidence for the existence of evil spirits. In studying the work of the Psychical Society, and all the spiritualistic literature known to me, I have often been struck with the fact that no appearance or influence of evil spirits has been spoken of. There seem to be plenty of fools on the other side as there are on this side, but I know of but one instance of a display of malignity. This was in a very curious and exceptional case given in the 'Proceedings' of the Society for Psychical Research, where a man sleeping in the cabin of a barge moored to the bank on one of the Norfolk Broads (I quote from memory), was impressed by a dream in which he saw two evil spirits cutting the ropes which moored his boat. He dreamed that the boat was carried violently down the Yare and out to sea, and he awoke just as it was sinking amidst the infernal joy of its destroyers. He broke open his cabin door and rushed on deck, to find one hawser cut through as cleanly as if with a knife, and the other on the point of parting. I remember noticing this as a curious and exceptional experience, but I had too rooted a disbelief in the existence of evil spirits to found any theory on this one case. Dr. Bataille in his '*Diable au XIXme. Siècle*' gives three instances of the appearance of the Principle of Evil at meetings of High Freemasons. In none of these instances does he speak of himself as an eye-witness, as it seems probable he would have done were he the charlatan 'Papas' accuses him of being. Jean Kostka and Diana Vaughan give their personal experiences, and should, therefore, be qualified to take their places in the 'Proceedings' of the Society for Psychical Research, which admits only first-hand evidence.

Shakespeare's dictum that 'the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman' seems thoroughly carried out in all these experiences—whether related at first or second hand. He does not take the shape which would be expected were his appearance only the result of 'expectant attention' (Oh, blessed word!). He takes the likeness neither of the mediæval devil, nor of the Titanic 'archangel fallen' of Milton, nor of the mocking fiend of Goethe; he appears as a human being of unusual beauty of face and form, and is distinguished by an expression of indescribable melancholy: in fact, much (as the reviews tell me) as Miss Marie Corelli's Satan appeared.

Subordinate spirits seem to take every kind of form, from the most outrageously grotesque and terrible that ever suggested itself to the imagination of the Middle Ages, to a travesty of the traditional appearance of angels of light. I will first give an abridged account stated as having been given by Gaetano Carbuccia,* whose singular confession seems to have led directly to the inquiries into High Freemasonry instituted by Dr. Bataille. Returning in one of the vessels of the Messageries Maritimes from China, Dr. Bataille says he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and turning round saw a man whom he did not at first recognise. This man seemed a good deal hurt at not being known, and gave his name as Gaetano Carbuccia. Then Dr. Bataille remembered having seen him before, but so profoundly changed that he was indeed almost unrecognisable. Instead of the strong, ruddy, high-spirited man he had formerly been, Carbuccia now looked like a prematurely old man, thin, pale, dejected, with a trembling voice, and an expression of melancholy and suffering. A night came when Carbuccia was no longer able to hide from his friend and medical adviser the secret trouble that was slowly killing him. Almost fainting, these words escaped his trembling lips: 'Docteur, je suis damné!' At first Dr. Bataille could hardly believe his senses; the sceptic, the atheist Carbuccia declaring he was damned, and nearly fainting as he made the avowal! The thought even crossed Bataille's mind that here would be a fine case for the medical journals, a case of hallucination of demoniacal possession, which would be of peculiar interest.

Further conversations, however, convinced Dr. Bataille that something very serious underlay Carbuccia's conviction that his soul was lost, and finally Bataille consented to listen to his patient's confession under the solemn promise that Carbuccia would, as soon as possible, consult a minister of religion, confessing his sins, and making his peace with God.

* '*Le Diable au XIXme Siècle*,' pp. 14-18.

The last time he was at Calcutta, said Carbuccia, he went as usual to see his Masonic brethren, the Luciferian Re-Théurgistes-Optimistes.* He found great preparations going on for a specially important meeting; a new ritual for carrying out magical ceremonies had arrived from Albert Pike; moreover, a brother named Shekleton had brought something of great importance and value from China. This treasure proved to be the skulls of three missionaries lately murdered in Southern China, under circumstances of unspeakable atrocity. No more acceptable offering to the Being they were about to adore could be imagined.

Carbuccia felt horrified, but he knew that if he attempted to withdraw from the scene about to be enacted his life would at once be forfeited. The three heads were placed upon a table, and all the men present seated themselves so as to form a triangle, with its apex towards the east. The Grand Master then advanced, and taking a dagger from his Mason's sash struck it into the three heads in succession, exclaiming: 'Accursed be Adonai* and his Christ! Blessed be Lucifer!' Each of the initiates present had to follow the example of the Grand Master.

The remains of the skulls, now reduced to fragments, were thrown upon a brazier, which was burning at the foot of the monstrous idol, Baphomet. All lights were then extinguished, with the exception of one by which the Grand Master read the direct invocation to Lucifer composed by Albert Pike. Suddenly a terrible noise arose as of a violent wind and thunderstorm and earthquake combined; the Grand Master's light was extinguished, and the hall was left in total darkness. Then came a still louder peal of thunder, and the hall was suddenly full of dazzling light. And, as suddenly, a form like that of a human being appeared on the throne left vacant by the Grand Master.†

'The Grand Master fell on his knees,' says Carbuccia, 'and we all imitated him. I trembled and dared not lift my eyes, but I heard a voice saying, "Rise, my children, and take your places; have no fear." We obeyed, and then I looked at the spirit which had appeared. He seemed like a being of flesh and blood like ourselves, except that the light which flooded the hall emanated from him, and was not cast upon him from any external source. His features were those of a man in the prime of life, tall, slightly made, with a face expressing distinction, but permeated with an undefinable melancholy. He was nude; his skin fair, with a slight roseate flush over it; and he was as exquisitely made as a statue of Apollo.'

The apparition addressed them at length, exhorting them to work for his glory, promising them imperishable happiness in his kingdom, and calling them his beloved children. After thus speaking he rose from the throne, and going to the Grand Master, looked him fixedly in the face, and this he did to each one in turn. 'We were all silent,' says Carbuccia, 'and he came down the steps of the platform. Instinctively we were about to rise, but he made us a sign to remain seated. He then went round the hall, and each of us in turn was closely examined. When he arrived in front of me he seemed as if he sought to read my inmost thoughts. He had smiled at my neighbour on the left, but in looking at me he frowned, and a sardonic grin contorted his lips. I would have given ten years of my life to have been at that moment a thousand leagues from Calcutta! Had I been standing my legs would certainly have given way under me. But he passed on to my neighbour on the right. Then the apparition returned to the middle of the room, giving us all another rapid look, and then went straight to my companion on the left, he who had brought the skulls of the martyred missionaries from Shang-Hai. He went close up to Shekleton, and said, "Give me your hands."‡ Shekleton held out his hands, which the apparition took in his own. An electric shock seemed to pass through Shekleton; he uttered a cry which had in it nothing human, and instantly "Lucifer" had disappeared, and the hall was in total darkness.

'The serving brothers relit the lamps. We then saw that our comrade who had touched the apparition was sitting motionless, his head thrown back, his eyes widely opened. He was dead.'

'The Grand Master pronounced these words in a slow and solemn voice: "Immortal glory be to our brother Shekleton; it is he whom our all-powerful god has chosen!" I heard no more,' says Carbuccia. 'I fainted, and how the meeting ended

I know not. When I recovered my senses three of my companions were doing their best to restore me. I was taken back to my hotel in a carriage, but as he left me one of the officers of the Rite said to me, "Good-bye, brother Carbuccia, good-bye, but next time *mind you are less impressionable!*"'

A real repentance seems to have ensued from this extraordinary experience, and Carbuccia, like many others who sinned as he did, has left the world to devote the remainder of his life to the service of that God who so mercifully spared him.

New Westminster, British Columbia. ALICE BOBINSON.

THE STORY OF ATLANTIS.*

(Continued from page 190.)

According to Theosophy, an exalted and very mysterious Being called a 'Manu' plans the types of creatures that are to appear in each age, and superintends the formation and education of each of the seven root races that succeed each other in a world. Madame Blavatsky called the Manus 'gods.' They seem to be the entities that incarnate in humanity collectively. Sometimes they incarnate personally; and Mr. Scott-Elliott tells us that about five million years ago a Manu incarnated in the first sub-race of the present root race, 'actually incarnated in the race and ruled it as a king'; hence the 'Rmoahals,' as they called themselves, 'started under the most perfect government conceivable,' and 'even when he (the Manu) no longer took visible part in the government of the race, adept or Divine rulers were, when the times required it, still provided for the infant community.' The Rmoahals were black men, from ten to twelve feet tall.

The maps which accompany Mr. Scott-Elliott's book go back to one million years ago, at which time Atlantis was a continent which embraced a large part of the Atlantic Ocean, the eastern portion of North America, the northern part of South America, and Ireland and Scotland—England, and almost all the rest of Europe being then under water. The second map shows us 'the world after the catastrophe of 800,000 years ago,' when Atlantis has been reduced to the proportions of a huge island, occupying the present basin of the Atlantic Ocean. The third map gives the world 200,000 years ago, when the second great catastrophe occurred which further diminished Atlantis, breaking it into two islands. The fourth map shows the world 80,000 years ago, after the third great cataclysm, Atlantis reduced to one island about half the size of Australia, as it remained until it finally disappeared, about 9,000 years ago.

The second, third, fourth, and fifth sub-races were 'born' in Atlantis, and their birthplaces are marked on the map, but the author does not say how they were brought into existence—from the dust of the earth or otherwise. But we must refer our readers to the book itself for details about the various races; all we can do now is to notice a few of the more characteristic of our author's ideas.

The Toltec race was the most powerful of the seven races that inhabited Atlantis. One branch of that race gradually conquered the others, and reduced them to slavery (to which the 'divine rulers' seem to have had no objection). This happened a million years ago, and:—

For thousands of years the divine dynasty ruled not only all the kingdoms into which Atlantis was divided, but the islands on the west and southern portion of the adjacent land lying to the east. . . . During all this period these Initiate rulers retained connection with the Occult Hierarchy which governs the world, submitting to its laws and acting in harmony with its plans. This was the golden age of the Toltec race. The government was just and beneficent; the arts and sciences were cultivated—indeed, the workers in these fields, guided as they were by occult knowledge, achieved tremendous results. . . . After about one hundred thousand years of this golden age the degeneracy and decay set in. Many of the tributary kings and large numbers of the priests and people ceased to use their faculties and powers in accordance with the laws made by their divine rulers, whose precepts and advice were now disregarded.

'Sorcery,' or the employment of psychic powers for selfish ends, soon became rampant. Atlantis was divided into two hostile camps, of black and white magicians, and terrible battles were fought:—

No longer submitting to the wise rule of the Initiate emperors, the followers of the black arts rose in rebellion and

* 'The Story of Atlantis.' By W. SCOTT-ELLIOTT, with a preface by A. P. SINNETT. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 1896.

* The name given to God by the Luciferian Freemasons.

† Carbuccia was familiar with the gradual development of forms at various stages of materialisation, and notes the suddenness of this appearance.

‡ The apparition is stated throughout to have spoken in excellent English.

set up a rival emperor, who, after much struggle and fighting, drove the white emperor from his capital, the 'City of the Golden Gates,' and established himself on his throne. . . . From that time onwards things went from bad to worse. The sorcerers used their powers more and more recklessly, and greater and greater numbers of people acquired and practised these terrible black arts. Then came the awful retribution when millions upon millions perished. The great City of the Golden Gates had by this time become a perfect den of iniquity. The waves swept over it and destroyed its inhabitants, and the black emperor and his dynasty fell to rise no more.

That must suffice as a sample of the new way of writing history. The disastrous effects of the floods, which were caused by man's wickedness, may be imagined, since the population of the earth was far greater then than now—at least 2,000,000,000, our author says. The Atlanteans lived in houses something like our own, but they were all detached, and each contained a tower. The description of the City of the Golden Gates reads like an account of the New Jerusalem, jumbled up with the prospectus of some proposed new town in America, for it is a queer mixture of magnificence and symmetrical regularity:—

The city itself was built on the slopes of a hill, which rose from the plain about five hundred feet. On the summit of this hill lay the emperor's palace and gardens, in the centre of which welled up from the earth a never-ending stream of water, supplying first the palace and the fountains in the gardens, thence flowing in the four directions, and falling in cascades into a canal or moat which encompassed the palace grounds, and thus separated them from the city which lay below on every side. From this canal four channels led the water through four quarters of the city to cascades which, in their turn, supplied another circling canal at a lower level. There were three such canals, forming concentric circles, the outermost and lowest of which was still above the level of the plain. A fourth canal at this lowest level, but on a rectangular plan, received the constantly-flowing waters, and in its turn discharged them into the sea.

Gold was then manufactured in such quantities by alchemical processes that it had almost ceased to be a precious metal. Women were socially independent, 'while the aptitude many of them displayed in acquiring vital-power made them fully the equals, if not the superiors, of the other sex.' The Atlanteans wrote on thin metal plates, having no paper. 'The flesh of the animals they usually discarded, while the parts which among us are avoided as food were by them devoured.' The author, however, does not tell us how they managed to digest the bones! Their flying machines were elevated and propelled by an etheric force projected through holes against the air, which acted as a fulcrum:—

The maximum speed attained was about one hundred miles an hour, the course of flight never being a straight line, but always in the form of long waves, now approaching and now receding from the earth. The elevation at which the vessels travelled was only a few hundred feet—indeed, when high mountains lay in the line of their track it was necessary to change their course and go round them—the more rarified air no longer supplying the necessary fulcrum.

Education was far more advanced a million years ago than it is now, for all children were taught to read and write—but what the letters were like, or what the language was, the author does not say—such details do not impress us in our dreams! Stonehenge was built by the Atlanteans as a protest against the gorgeous ritualism of the day. But Stonehenge is in England, and, according to the maps, England never formed part of Atlantis, which seems strange. All the land belonged to the emperor and the priests. There was no money, but every man gave tokens; 'the tokens did not circulate as coinage does, while the holder of the token had the means to estimate with perfect accuracy the resources of his debtor by the clairvoyant faculty which all of them possessed.' Notwithstanding this clairvoyant faculty, the 'adept emperor' was easily deceived, for, speaking of the Atlantean diet, the author says, 'Though many of the emperor's counsellors and the officials about the court affected to prefer the purer diet, they often indulged in secret their grosser tastes.' The emperor was a vegetarian, and the 'grosser tastes' were drinking hot blood and eating oaf. Although spears and bows were their only weapons, 'the use of explosives was adopted at an early period, and carried to great perfection in later times,' whole armies being annihilated by a single explosion. Rain-making generally goes with bows and arrows, and so we read:—

The power, too, of producing rain at will was not unknown then, while the effects of a glacial epoch were on more than one occasion partly neutralised by occult science.

The Atlanteans were great agriculturists, and developed all our present cereals but wheat; for, 'as readers of theosophic literature may know, wheat was not evolved on this planet at all. It was the gift of the Manu who brought it from another globe outside our chain of worlds.' In fact, we seem to owe our whole present vegetable world to the Atlanteans.

The most remarkable achievement of the Atlantean agriculturists was the evolution of the plantain or banana. In the original wild state it was like an elongated melon with scarcely any pulp, but full of seeds as a melon is. It was, of course, only by centuries (if not thousands of years) of continuous selection that the present seedless plant was obtained.

The Atlanteans not only moulded the plants, but gave form and character to the animals. 'Constant experiments were made in breeding and cross-breeding different kinds of animals,' and artificial heat and coloured lights greatly accelerated the process. Perhaps it was in Atlantis, and not in America, that someone put a cat under blue glass, and found next day that it had grown into a tiger! Mr. Scott-Elliott adopts to the full Mrs. Besant's strange theory (or was it Madame Blavatsky's?) that man is responsible, morally and actually, for what seems to be a universal process in Nature, namely, that one living thing uses another for food. Man, we are told, trained and bred the animals for his own selfish purposes, till they assumed the forms they have now, together with their corresponding characters; so the animal creation has turned out quite different from what it was originally 'intended' to be. For instance:—

The lion, it would appear, might have had a gentler nature and a less fierce aspect, had the men of those days completed the task that was given them to perform. Whether or not he is fated eventually 'to lie down with the lamb, and eat straw like the ox,' the destiny in store for him as pictured on the mind of the Manu has not yet been realised, for the picture was that of a powerful but domesticated animal—a strong, level-backed creature, with large intelligent eyes, intended to act as man's most powerful servant for purposes of traction.

We have now devoted far more space to 'The Story of Atlantis' than its intrinsic importance warranted; but we think our readers will agree with us that, as throwing light on the strange beliefs of the Theosophists, as illustrating their methods of acquiring 'knowledge,' and as exhibiting distinctly the nature of the knowledge thus acquired, on a monopoly of which they pride themselves, the book is worthy of the attention we have given it. Whether a 'union of hearts,' or even of heads, is possible with those who believe 'The Story of Atlantis' to be actually historical, each of us must determine for himself.

A DENIAL FROM MRS. BESANT.

SIR,—As you printed from the 'Inquirer' a paragraph affecting myself, I shall be obliged by your also printing the annexed letter, addressed to that journal.—Yours obediently,
19, Avenue-road, Regent's Park, N.W., ANNIE BESANT.
May 4th, 1896.

'MR. SUNDERLAND'S MISSION TO INDIA.' To the Editor of the 'Inquirer.'

SIR,—A copy of your issue of April 25th has been brought to me containing an article under the above heading. Mr. Sunderland has merely been hoaxed by his friend of the Brahmo Samaj with reference to myself. I have never bathed in the Ganges, at Allahabad or elsewhere, during my present incarnation, and the absurd conversation recounted is as imaginary as the bath. As the 'Brahmo Samaj leader' pretended to have held with me this conversation on an event that did not occur, it is impossible to acquit him of deliberate slander; and it would be as well if Mr. Sunderland gave his name, and thus relieved his colleagues from the suspicion of dishonour under which all will lie in India when the invention reaches Allahabad.—Your obedient servant,

(Signed) ANNIE BESANT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications, including letters from 'Hesperus,' 'Vir,' 'X. Y. Z.,' and others, are necessarily held over, but shall have early attention.

A BLACK JET BROOCH was found after the meeting on Friday, 1st inst., in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, and may be had on application by the owner at Office of 'LIGHT.'