

Light

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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[The Editor of "LIGHT" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and courteous discussion is invited, but writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Having in the maturity of life given to the world some books setting forth his belief in a future life, Professor F. W. Newman has in his decadence published a pamphlet of recantation.* The arguments, if they can be dignified by the name, are to an extreme degree feeble, erring equally on the side of wholesale assumption and of denial of matters of fact provable as such. If the matter be of this kind, what is one to say of the form of a fifty-one page pamphlet of large print divided into thirty-three chippy sections, and adorned with such graces of spelling as "giv," "imagin," "ar," and so forth? The argument and subject matter are sadly indicative of mental decline, and the spelling is ludicrously suggestive of Josh Billings and the American school of verbal contortionists whom it pleases to joke by way of spelling "therefore" as "there4" or, as Professor Newman puts it, "therefor." There is indeed beyond this strange spelling nothing that should claim attention, if it be not the name of the writer, which, shared by his brother, is part of the heritage of the English scholar, an integral part of English literature.

It would be a weary task to take the statements made in these few pages and to point out how many of them may be excepted to, how easily most may be refuted, how often mere assumption and assertion passes for argument, how few are the remarks made with care and caution sufficient to entitle them to respect. "Evidently the individual soul begins to exist simultaneously with the organisation of its body." "Evidently also the soul grows up with the body." "Soul is the vital principle whether of man or beast." "Only by the Author of nature abandoning the routine of nature did Paul expect any future life." "Spiritualists lay immense stress on the indivisible nature of each soul." "To barbarous man a belief in human immortality is on a large scale a depraving influence, propagating cruelty by a contempt of human life." "All my life I have never wished to go to [the Christian] Heaven." Is it worth while to produce more samples than these, culled almost at random, of the writer's statements and confusions of thought? If so, I may cite the concluding words written "for the convenience of anyone who may assail these pages." "They [the pages] assert that the 'doctrin' of Heaven and Hell has its source not in Christianity, much less in Judaism, but in a shallow and monstrous Oriental Theosophy. They plead that this 'doctrin' is not only unproved, but unprov-

able: that the idea of Hell or fiery Purgatory is wholly pernicious, and that of Heaven (variously and on the whole) far from harmless."

But surely all, save some exceptionally belated thinkers, and those who do not think at all, have given up any such crude and materialistic notions as these repudiated by Professor Newman. Has he not grasped the notion that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within" us: that Heaven and Hell are states, not places, and that in those states many human beings live here and now? It would seem too late to set forth such a well-worn truth, were it not that Mr. Newman argues or writes all through his pamphlet as if every Christian must run down this world, its duties, its pleasures, and its opportunities of development, in order to exalt, at its expense, a fancied Heaven. "Belief in a future [why not "futur" ?] life becomes pernicious, first, if the argument require us to disparage the present life, which is certainly God's work." But it requires us to do nothing of the sort. An intelligent and reasonable belief in a future life leads us rather to seize all means of development in this, seeing that man makes or mars his future by the way in which he uses the present, and that he is, in literal truth, the final arbiter of his own destiny. This truth, once really grasped, will not permit a man to loaf through life as a mere epicurean, any more than it will lead him to disparage this world in contrast with the harps and crowns, the ceaseless adoration and elaborate ritual of an ideal New Jerusalem. The only statement of opinion in the pamphlet that will command general approval is that quoted from a Scotch minister, who defined the right object of life to be for each of us "To leave the world better and bonnier by reason of our having been born into it."

This little volume* of some 130 small pages deals from the Catholic point of view with phenomena of Dreams, Impressions, Sounds, and Apparitions before, at, or after death. The stories are collected by the compiler, who intersperses them with a good deal of argumentative comment. The position taken up by the writer is the familiar one sanctioned by his Church. These things, occurring within the pale of the Church, in, for instance, the lives of the saints, are to be received as instances and evidences of Divine favour. When the same things occur elsewhere, they are to be suspected as the work of a devil, who can transform himself into an Angel of Light, and whose powers are equal to deceiving the very elect. The author writes with a strong show of critical impartiality, and is very severe on the credulity which accepts all marvels as true without submitting the evidence for them to the same rigid analysis as would be used in testing any other alleged and possible fact. The narratives are of the type which the Society for Psychological Research has made familiar, no better and no worse than the thousands that other research has gathered. To be sure, the recorded dreams have in many cases a flavour of Catholic belief; two, for example, "occurred apparently with the express object of procuring prayers for deceased persons." But if the dreamer had not practised prayer for the dead, does the author think that any such dreams would have occurred?

* *Life after Death. Palindia.* Trübner and Co. 1886.

* *Footsteps of Spirits.* London: Burns and Oates, Orchard-street, W. 1886.

Of presentiments or impressions—"spiritual presentiments and such refraction of events as often rises ere they rise"—we have many good cases, and much discussion about coincidence. Since a personal experience impresses the mind more than any amount of recorded narratives, the author is perhaps unduly impressed by this fact. He was living in retirement in the West of England. Between 10 and 11 a.m., in August, he was reading the *Times* of the previous day. He had put off the list of births, &c., which he usually read first, till the last. When he came to the deaths he had a distinct impression that he should find in it something that concerned him. He read on till the list was nearly exhausted, and at last came upon the name of one of his oldest and closest friends. That was a solitary case of such an impression made on his mind. I am afraid this will not pass the Society for Psychical Research standard. There are persons who will put it down to coincidence. There are others who will recall a popular belief that a reader is very likely, and if he reads long enough sure, to find a name known to him in the death-column of the *Times*. And I, on my part, aver that I used to read over the deaths in the daily newspaper, at the time when many *revenants* came to our circle, in the hope of finding an instance of a record unconsciously remembered and reproduced from my brain. I was never fortunate enough to succeed: and I had at that time very little belief in the Carpenterian theory of Unconscious Cerebration; a theory, I am bound to say, which recent research has contributed to confirm.

Apparitions, in the same way, the author treats as extremely liable to complicated fallacy from disease of vision, from agitation, from imperfect light, or from an excited imagination. He tells another personal experience, which is not worth repeating or even recording, where he accurately diagnosed an optical delusion; and he has much to say on such dangers. He does not indeed quite emulate the brutal frankness of a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (November 24th ult.), who, laudably declining "to mince matters in dealing with ghost-stories," affirms directly "that the existence of a liar is more probable than that of a ghost"! This *naïve* confession of his mental state throws abundant light on the style of criticism that prevails respecting ghosts. The *Pall Mall Gazette* writer was acquainted by experience with the genus Liar, but not with the genus Ghost. The fact is sad but intelligible, and he criticises according to his lights. But if either he or the author of *Footsteps of Spirits* had ever been brought into personal contact with a ghost they would not have any difficulty as to the optical delusion or the common liar explanation. None of the records are so striking as to warrant quotation. This, however, is a good case of second-sight. In the summer of 1843 some Highland farmers used the ferry across Loch Nevis, on their way to market. They called for refreshment at the little public-house, and were shown to an upstairs room, scantily furnished with a table, a few chairs, and a couch. One of the party was about to sit down on the couch when another cried out, "Take care, don't sit down there, there's a corpse on it." He was a seer, and one asked him, "Whose corpse?" "It is one of the boatmen who has just rowed us across." On their way back from market, next day, they stopped and went into the same room for refreshment. There, sure enough, on the rude couch lay the boatman's wet body. He had been accidentally drowned that morning. After stating the first-hand authority on which the story is given—he does not say that it is one of a huge number of cases thoroughly authenticated—the author characteristically adds, "It must be added to the accumulation of examples awaiting either the solution of further knowledge, or the disproof of a more searching scrutiny"!

"M.A. (Oxon.)"

"A MODERN WIZARD."

The *Wood Green and Southgate Times* publishes the following report of an interview, by its "special correspondent," with Mr. Eglinton, the Editor prefacing the narrative with the statement that he does not commit himself to any expressions of opinion in the matter; but, at the same time, assures his readers that the account is written by a person in whose *bona fides* he has complete confidence:—

Many of your readers, I assume, are familiar with the queer doings of the Spiritualists. Their wonder-working has been a matter for the sceptic to scoff at, and the timid have given them a wide berth for fear of being horrified by all the weird things to be seen and heard at their meetings. But in reality there is nothing uncanny in the least about them, and I confess to a slight feeling of disappointment in this respect after I made their acquaintance. It came about in this way. A friend of mine had received a ticket for a *Conversazione* to be given at the St. James's Hall, by the President and Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and thinking as a member of the Press I should be interested in their proceedings, he gave me an invitation to accompany him, which I accepted, and notwithstanding a pitiless rain had fallen the whole day, I buttoned up my coat collar and determined to brave the elements for the rare chance of seeing these—what are usually considered—"peculiar people." I had imagined I should find about fifty or more weird-looking, long-haired individuals; but fancy my surprise when I burst into a blaze of light, and discovered myself in the centre of as brilliant a gathering of from 500 to 600 people as one could wish to meet, and this, notwithstanding the horrid and humid state of the atmosphere. People of high rank, men and women well known in society, were there assembled, and they looked not a bit more extraordinary than any other members of the community.

Immediately after I had entered there was a hush, for two gentlemen were seen to be making their way to the platform through the crowded throng. One was the President, Mr. W. Stainton-Moses, M.A., as my card of invitation informed me, and the other Mr. W. Eglinton, the celebrated "medium," or, as I prefer to call him, the "Modern Wizard." With an exceedingly pale face, rendered paler by contrast with his dark complexion, and his piercing and magnetic-looking eyes, finely proportioned shoulders, and well-cut features, he looked, although unlike the mental picture I had formed of a "wizard," the very essence of a mysterious being, albeit he was spotlessly and faultlessly dressed in that abomination of fashion—the evening suit.

A loud murmur of applause rose as he proceeded to read a paper bearing upon his experiences, for this Modern Wizard has been in every corner of the globe, and has been received by every European celebrity, from crowned heads down to Mr. Gladstone. I need not here enter into any details of his speech, except to say that it was of little interest to those outside the "sacred circle"; but his very earnestness so impressed me that I determined, if possible, to make his personal acquaintance, and that came in quite an unexpected manner. The President, following my Wizard in a well-chosen and feeling speech, incidentally mentioned that Mr. Eglinton had given the Spiritualist Alliance *carte blanche* to invite a certain number of Pressmen to witness his wonders, and availing myself of the chance, I addressed a letter to Mr. Eglinton, who most courteously appointed an hour for me to call upon him for the purpose of holding a *séance*.

Arming myself with a couple of slates, between which I inserted a piece of slate pencil, and afterwards sealed them, I duly presented myself at 6, Nottingham-place, W., the home of this extraordinary person. The door was opened by a smart-looking boy in buttons, and I was ushered into an elegantly furnished room on the first floor. Presently Mr. Eglinton entered, greeting me most affably, and asked me to descend to his study, wherein he carried on his mysterious calling. A few moments' pleasant chat revealed that I was in the presence of a singularly well-informed and agreeable gentleman, with nothing about him beyond his lustrous eyes to excite apprehension. He called my attention to a plain deal table at which we sat, and which he asked me to examine. This I did, as also everything else which necessitated doing so. Producing two common school slates he said I was to clean them and mark them in any manner I wished, for future identification. A Brahma-locked slate was lying upon the table, no less than the veritable one in which the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had received his writing.

As a preliminary Mr. Eglinton remarked that he took no responsibility for any explanation of the results which might follow; that whilst holding his own views as to what the agency was which produced the writing, he did not wish to force them upon his visitors, and he left them to judge for themselves. This much, however, he did claim, that the writing was not produced by his conscious aid; but the issue to be determined between us was whether he did or did not manipulate so dexterously as to deceive me. Taking one of the slates which I had marked, he asked me to place upon it a fragment of coloured crayon, of which there were many pieces lying on the table, and pressed it closely against the surface underneath, only the tips of his fingers being hidden from my penetrating gaze, his thumb and wrist being plainly visible to me. When this portion was settled he asked if we should obtain writing that day, whereupon I was astounded to hear the distinct sounds of writing coming, apparently, from the space between the upper surface of the slate and the under surface of the table. Not a muscle of Mr. Eglinton's hand moved, although it was clear that he was under some sort of magnetic or dazed condition. Three taps followed, and he withdrew the slate. There, at the further end of the slate from the hand of the Wizard was the word "Yes," written in the colour I had chosen. My astonishment was great, and it seemed to amuse Mr. Eglinton, who appeared to smile; but recovering myself I requested him again to allow me to examine the table. I could find nothing to explain how the writing was produced.

Mr. Eglinton then asked me if I possessed a bank note, as he wished to prove that the agency was not an unconscious duplication of our thoughts. I said I had a cheque, the number of which I did not know, and folding it up and putting it into the locked slate with a grain of pencil, I took the key and placed it in my pocket. This slate never left my hand or my sight, and there, in full sight, without any clue to account for the sound, I heard writing going on; and on opening the slate I found the number of my cheque duplicated! I was staggered, for it could not have been known by any amount of guesses what the number was, and therefore a skilful chemical preparation was quite out of the question, and that Mr. Eglinton did not write it I am prepared to swear. Who then did? During this time my sealed slates had remained quiescent upon the table. Mr. Eglinton said he would now try with them. They were then placed at the corner of the table, with our hands upon them, and in full sight. The Wizard said it was contended by certain persons that the results could never be obtained under the conditions in which the slate then reposed; but he said, as he felt so much "power" (whatever that might be), he would try an experiment. He asked me to dictate a number. I said "5555." He requested me to give a multiplier. I said "8," to make the sum easy to whoever the operator might be. The answer then came at once, quite correct, as I found on breaking open the slates, in every detail. Still more marvels were to follow. A sponge, which was lying in full sight upon the table, rose up, without contact of any kind, about a foot, and with an undulating movement, gently fell again. I thought "this beats the Fakirs hollow." But the idea had not passed through my mind before I felt myself, chair and all, being lifted from the floor, a distance perhaps of three or four inches. Machinery and wires there were none, and Mr. Eglinton was at least three feet from my chair, although if he had moved an inch I should have detected it. I was then asked to write a question on the slate, and under no circumstances to allow Mr. Eglinton to see it. This I did, and reversing the slate so that the clean side remained uppermost, the Wizard placed it under the table as before, and within thirty-five seconds (I looked at my watch at the time) I heard the sound of writing. The slate was withdrawn, and upon it I found—"You have one in the higher life," my question being, "How many sisters have I in the higher life?" I am positive Mr. Eglinton could not have seen what I wrote, nor could he have written the answer if he had done so.

This concluded our experiments, and I got up from the table feeling that, whatever the agency, Mr. Eglinton was merely a passive instrument. Those who are ignorant of the impressions created by these phenomena may speak of conjuring, but no condition of a conjurer, by any stretch of their powers, could have produced the results I have carefully and accurately described. If Mr. Eglinton does consciously effect what I saw, then I will plead guilty to being unable to trust my own senses, and will dub him into the bargain the most divinely expert person the world has ever seen.

A further conversation ensued, in which I gathered that Spiritualism was neither anti-Christian nor even antagonistic to orthodox religion. The Spiritualists contend that through these phenomena materialism is thwarted, and therefore the Church, instead of opposing them, should unite in investigating these strange manifestations, and see if they clash with revealed religion.

Cordially thanking Mr. Eglinton, I wished him good-bye, and felt a certain sense of relief when I gained the open street, for the wonders I had seen had quite converted me to a belief in the extraordinary marvels worked by this "Modern Wizard."

Should any of my readers be inclined to further investigate these matters, the London Spiritualist Alliance, 16, Craven-street, Strand, W.C., will afford them every means of doing so. I may say that the members of their council are the Hon. Percy Wyndham (late M.P. for Cumberland), General Drayson (late R.A. and Professor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich), Mr. C. Carleton Massey son of the Right Hon. C. N. Massey), and others of equal standing and position. At any rate, the sceptic and stranger to Spiritualism will be able to learn more about the subject, and will also be able to verify for himself the facts which I have above recorded.

SPIRITUALISM'S direct work, while embracing the concomitant of angelic help, is to develop within each man, however humble in station, or retiring in disposition, the gifts which belong to the individual's nature; to stimulate the genius which is within; to enlighten by drawing out—which is the true meaning of the word educate—the powers inherent to the individual. Spiritualism prompts to self-knowledge, leading man to seek to fathom the deeps of his own being ere he lays metes and bounds—in his own estimation—for others. Spiritualism seeks to lead man to the maintaining of an equal mind under all conditions, through an understanding of the law of self-improvement—which process can only be rightly conducted when in harmony with the inculcations of the angels who are his teachers and guides.—*Banner of Light.*

THERE is one important meaning of grace or self-culture that is seldom, if ever, urged by pulpit utterances, and that is the subduing of hereditary tendencies to immorality or ill-health. In our hot-house, unnatural condition of society, few are exempt from this dangerous and troublesome inheritance. Every one should study themselves and their family history for three or four generations, and he will easily find a moral weakness, or physiological defect, which, by an intelligent and determined effort, may be forestalled or subdued. If one finds a latent appetite for intoxicants, it would be a little less than suicide to deal in such articles. There is no safety for such but to keep away and strengthen the tone of the moral and physical faculties. Some years ago, there was a millionaire in San Francisco who acknowledged that his avarice was a disease with him; but notwithstanding he knew it, the disease was getting the better of him in a most humiliating manner. When one finds a tendency to scrofula or consumption, he should try to live an open air life; take plenty of sound sleep; live on a bland diet, and he may live long and enjoy a high degree of health, while an opposite course would lead to an early grave. If life is worth living, it is worth making the most of; and what may appear like making a great sacrifice, will prove but seeking the greatest enjoyment.—*Golden Gate.*

THE best modern thought recognises the fact that even "the ordinary course of nature" is impelled and sustained by "an unseen Power or mysterious influence," which has been termed by philosophic scientists "the Supreme Energy," "the Cosmical Life," &c. These are only philosophic terms for what is popularly called "God," or anciently "the gods." And there can be no question but that, in all well-constituted or well-balanced minds, the thoughtful contemplation of this Supreme Energy, which has wrought and is ever working such stupendous effects as are seen in the world around and within us—a Power which is not only evolving and sustaining the material universe on the grandest conceivable scale, but is also evidently working for improvement, or "making for righteousness" on the moral plan—the thoughtful contemplation of this Power, however imperfectly comprehended, tends to produce feelings of veneration, or profound reverence. More than this: enlightened contemplation of and reverence for the "Supreme Energy" usually and naturally begets more or less of trust or faith in that Power—that is, trust in its superior wisdom, its goodness, and unvariableness. This trust, again, generates hope, or expectation of good; and these several emotions naturally result in love, or ardent admiration and affection towards this inscrutable source of Life, which has in some way brought us into existence, and hence is in a real sense our Great Parent. Moreover, this love, once awakened, naturally flows out towards all offspring of the same Infinite Parental Source, and thus becomes Universal Benevolence.—*Spiritual Offering.*

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NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have recently sent out a number of unpaid accounts, asking for a prompt remittance. In a great many cases there has been no response, and we mention the matter here in order to urge our friends to remit at once and thus save us the trouble of renewed applications.

Light:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1886.

CHRISTMAS, 1886.

"The day draws near the birth of Christ": the year is nearing its close. It is a time of retrospect, when a wise man takes stock of his position. Where are we compared with our position a year ago? To stand still is impossible. Is it progress or retrogression?

It is progress: for it decidedly is not retrogression. Let us take a rapid review of the situation.

In the Press. With a few bad exceptions, which serve only to emphasise the rule, the subject of Spiritualism is treated with a marked difference of tone from that which has hitherto been usual. We have the *Saturday Review* with its "Spookological" drivel, wholly unamusing, perfectly harmless (except to such reputation as remains to the *Review*), and weakly venomous. We have the *Pall Mall Gazette* with its frank and cynical inability to understand whether perchance there be any ghost, but with a perfect readiness, we do not doubt, to make the best of both worlds, whichever way the new sensation seems likely to be of material profit. And we have the sportive person of the *Daily News*, who seeks funny copy, and must not be too severely criticised, as his stock is obviously limited. With these unimportant exceptions—and in the case of at least two of the three, undisguised blessings—we are, on the whole, accorded a fair hearing; one that contrasts very strongly with the treatment we received when prejudice reigned to the exclusion of knowledge on the part of our censors.

In the Pulpit. There are not wanting signs that the ministers of religion are awakening to the fact that they are neglecting a valuable adjunct to the faith which they preach when they despise or ignore our facts. The pulpit proverbially lives in the past—it would be rude to say in a fool's paradise. The power it once had has been slipping away for a long time past. Men are less and less under its power. They think more and more for themselves. They are more and more discontented with ideas, formularies, and creeds which they do not believe, which represent to them no living truth, and which express a form of thought which is not of their age. They need these old truths re-stated in forms of modern thought, and supported by evidence which comes home to their minds. There are some who, no doubt, want nothing of the kind. They have broken loose from what they call superstition, and they shudder at a possible return to it. These snoot at

Spiritualism, and would crush it out if they only could. But the mass of thinking men are not of this type. The Science of to-day is differentiated in its nescience, or its agnosticism, from that of previous ages by *the wish to believe*. To reach these men, the master-minds of the age, the Pulpit needs the aid of some experimental evidence of perpetuated existence, such as Spiritualism furnishes. And it is beginning to be alive to the fact.

In Daily Life. Many of the old generation have passed away. Others feel that they have borne the burden and heat of the day—and *that* they did, all honour to them for it!—and the new generation, with some remarkable examples, has not risen to the measure of its opportunities. There is much to be desired in the support given by the younger class of Spiritualists to necessary work. But of this enough has been said and written. It is, perhaps, necessary to take notice of the presence of a destructive, hypercritical element amongst us which is to be reckoned with. This for a time will, no doubt, catch a certain class of mind, which will fancy itself demonstratively clever by reason of putting forward verbal criticisms. But this will correct itself, and we shall be fortunate if we escape the other extreme. For the rest, Spiritualism has its phase of drawing-room popularity, and is none the better for it. It is a common subject of discussion and conversation; and is the better so far. But the steady and systematic private circle, from which so much good accrued in the first generation of Spiritualists, we miss. Perhaps "the old order changeth, giving place to new" for some good reason. We acquiesce, but we do not see the cause, and we a little fear the result.

In the various aspects of Spiritualism itself, the year now closing gives no cause for anxiety or dismay. There has been a forward movement all along the line, if we may perhaps except the public aspects of the subject. There we have stagnation, or at least not perceptible growth.

But in respect of the *phenomena* of Spiritualism a sweeping attack has drawn forth a reply which assuredly does not leave *us* any the worse. We have had the advantage of a very serviceable advertisement, and have no cause to complain.

The *philosophy* of the subject has received a steadily growing attention; and we are day by day showing ourselves more disposed to confess that we do not understand much the reality of which we affirm, and ready, therefore, to listen to any who can teach us. Spiritualists are less bigoted, less hide-bound than they used to be, and less wedded to crude and hasty theories.

The *religious* aspects of the subject have been already adverted to. They have been clearly set forth of late; they have a very pronounced bearing on many problems that now exercise men; and they press for attention.

So closes another year. It is a record of progress, and of more serious attention to the problems that Spiritualism presents. It is also a record of opportunities that seemed golden passed by or let slip. If there is cause thereby for regret there is cause for thankfulness and hope. We shall need the hope; for, unless events coming cast a false shadow, our new year seems likely to be one of change, perhaps of turbulent revolution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have reached us too late for insertion, as we go to press this week a day earlier than usual.

LONDON OCCULT LODGE AND ASSOCIATION FOR SPIRITUAL INQUIRY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—I regret that an incorrect notice was inserted by mistake last week, and beg to apologise to any who may have been inconvenienced by it. The meetings are suspended till January 9th, when Mr. Sinnett will deliver an address on "Re-incarnation."—F. W. READ, Sec., 79, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

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| A. M. L. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Hon. Mrs. H. Pigott-Carleton | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss Withall | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Miss H. Withall | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Ringwood | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| F. | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Auberon Herbert | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Parrick | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Horace Carter | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. James | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Geo. Davis | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| G. D. Haughton | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| K. E. N. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. Sainsbury | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Arthur Cole | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Mrs. E. Carter | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| C. A. P. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Everard | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| "Lucis Amicus" | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| C. E. J. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Miss Maltby | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Cottell | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Darling | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Hy. Carter | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| A. Glendinning | 1 | 0 | 0 |
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| F. W. Thurstan | 1 | 0 | 0 |
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| Mrs. Garratt | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| E. S. W. | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Mrs. Senior | 1 | 0 | 0 |
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| Miss Phillipps | 1 | 0 | 0 |
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| Mrs. Godwin | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Thomas Bell | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| E. B. S. | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Thomas Tayler | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| F. M. | 0 | 5 | 0 |

Subscriptions or promises should be sent promptly to Morell Theobald, 62, Granville Park, Lewisham, S.E. A form will be found on the front page

HE WHO DIED AT AZIM.

FROM THE ARABIC.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort weeping friends :

Faithful friends ! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say " Abdullah's dead !"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears ;
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;
Yet I smile and whisper this,
" I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears, and let it lie,
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath pass'd.
Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends, be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone ;
The shell is broken, it lies there ;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of His treasury,
A mind that lov'd Him : let it lie.
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold is in His store.

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
Now Thy world is understood ;
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead
Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you,
But in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect Paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! But not farewell ;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's pause, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepp'd,
Ye will wonder why ye wept.
Ye will know, by dear love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain ;
Sunshine still must follow rain.

Be ye certain, all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart and come
Bravely onward to your home.

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

—Truthseeker.

SPIRITUALISM embraces all things in its meanings and uses. It is like the acorn : as this oak-germ dropped into the ground springs up in due time and accretes to itself the conditions which result in a mighty tree which gives rest to the fowls of the air, and shelters man beneath its spreading arms, so Spiritualism, fallen into the more receptive soil of this modern age, is destined in time to become a tree under whose verdant branches shall gather with songs and rejoicings—their every need assuaged—a fear-enfranchised, love-guerdoned humanity !—Banner of Light

A DARK HOROSCOPE.

I send you a study at once for the astrologer and the Spiritualist. According to the chronological history of France, Charles Louis, the second son of King Louis XVI., of France, and the Austrian Princess, Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles, March 27th, 1785, at five minutes before 7 p.m. By the death of his elder brother, June 4th, 1789, he became the Dauphin of France. By the death of his father on the scaffold, January 21st, 1793, at twenty minutes past 10 a.m., he became, by descent, King of France, with the title of Louis XVII., although at that time a captive with his mother, sister, and aunt, in the Temple prison of Paris.

• Previous to the above events, there were other of his child experiences important enough to have left an impression on his mind, if only from the troubles thereby accruing to himself. On October 8th, 1789, his parents and he were compelled by a mob to leave their palace at Versailles and to go to Paris. The event had not occurred without bloodshed, and the mob accompanied the royal family from Versailles to Paris, carrying with them the heads of two of the royal guards upon pikes.

At the midnight of the 21st and 22nd June, 1791, he, in company with his parents and sister, who were trying to escape from France, was taken prisoner at the town of Varennes; he was disguised as a girl, and, child as he was, he remarked upon it as "a capital comedy" on starting. But he found it no comedy on returning, nor when, for a year or more after, his parents and he were virtually confined to their own palace of the Tuileries, and still less so when they were all subjected to the strict confinement of the Temple prison on August 13th, 1792.

But the vicissitudes of the poor child did not end here, far from that. After his father's death he was taken from his mother, July 3rd, 1793, and put under the cruel surveillance of the notorious Simon, the cobbler, through whose malign influence, aided by threats, blows, and brandy, this child of eight years was forced to give evidence—false evidence it is averred—against his mother, on October 6th, 1793, which he signed with a trembling hand, a *fac-simile* of which signature is published. To use the words of a French writer, "they put on the lips of the son the poison of the calumny with which they would destroy his mother's honour." Half drunk and terrified to the extreme, "he answered what they made him answer, and signed as they made him sign." The next day, October 7th, 1793, his sister, aged fifteen, who afterwards married her cousin, the eldest son of Charles, the Duc d'Angouleme, was brought up to be examined on the same shameless questions. Charles Louis was brought also, "cringing under the absolute dominion of Simon, and for three hours an examination took place on this lamentable subject that set the brother and sister in battle array against each other." This event the Princess never forgot. How could she? On the 16th of October, 1793, their mother, Queen Marie Antoinette, was beheaded.

On January 19th, 1794, the Committee of Public Safety dismissed Simon from his functions as a useless expense, and took the boy under their own tender mercies. But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. On January 21st, 1794, having darkened a room in the Temple prison, they shut him up there in solitude, placing an iron wicket at the door, through which they shoved his coarse food, and through which he returned what he had to return; for nobody entered that sad apartment either to clean it or its occupant. But at the change of each municipal sentry, for the tower was well guarded, they called to him, night and day, and he had to answer.

On July 28th, 1794, the same day that Robespierre, the leader of the Red Republic, and Simon, the cobbler, were guillotined, General Barras, the commander of the force that had seized Robespierre the day before, came to

the Temple prison, and gave one Laurent special charge of the young prisoner, without apparently having seen the child himself. Laurent was so shocked at the state in which he found the boy, that he made an official request to have him examined. On July 31st, 1794, several members of the Committee of Public Safety arrived. They found him lying on a foul bed, in tattered trousers, and covered with a foul sheet; the odour of the room was intolerable; his whole body was swarming with vermin, and his nails were like those of a wild beast; his wrists and knees were covered with tumours, his body distorted, and his head and neck a mass of dirt and wounds. He was kindly treated from this time, although left much to himself; but the trials he had gone through, the Government gave out, had so told upon him, that they gave notice that he died on July 8th, 1795, at a quarter past 2 p.m., according to the assertion of the attendant who was with him at the time. But the boy who died is supposed by very many to have been a substitute; and it was believed that the young king himself had been removed and was still living. There is a tombstone in the cemetery of the town of Delft, in Holland, which tells quite a different story to that of the French Government in 1795. Here is a translation of it:—

HERE LIES

LOUIS XVII., KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE

(Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy),

Born at Versailles, March 27th, 1785;

Died at Delft, August the 10th, 1845.

It is a fact that the present Pope acknowledges the sons and daughters of this Pretender as Royal Highnesses to this day, and that they have a large and increasing following; also a newspaper, published weekly at Toulouse, called *La Legitimité*, is dedicated entirely to their cause. And the reason why the Pretender lost followers during life, especially among the priesthood, was, not that they did not believe him to be the son of Louis XVI., but because he had visions, that he interpreted his own way; and because he wrote a book that did not please them, called *La Doctrine Céleste de Notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ*.

Let me now give a short sketch of his life, from memoirs by himself, and an account of his last moments, written by his friend, Count Graan de la Barre, who had been formerly Attorney-General in France, and who dedicated himself to this Pretender for the last nine years of the latter's life, living with him up to his death. The Count himself, moreover, survived his friend many years, and as late as the year 1880, at the age of eighty-five years, published his last work on the subject before us, entitled *La Survivance du Roi Martyr, Louis XVII.*, a book of 480 pages.

This Pretender was twice imprisoned for several years by Napoleon, after his alleged escape from the Temple prison. Napoleon, when he had conquered Italy, tore him first from the fatherly care of the Pope near Rome, where he had been taken for safety. Napoleon then brought the lad from Italy, and imprisoned him till 1803. At the end of that year Josephine, wife of the First Consul, "managed to deceive her husband, and by the aid of Fouché, the Minister, got the lad set free." She had known the child at the Tuileries, and she had a tender heart. Flying from France to the Duke d'Enghien, in Germany, with the Count de Montmorin, he was followed up and taken prisoner again, near Strasburg, early in the year 1804. Napoleon had him then brought to Paris, and he imprisoned him at Vincennes, in a dreadful oubliette without a window, feeding him on bread and water, and with straw for his bed. On the 2nd of December of this year, 1804, Napoleon crowned himself Emperor. But it was not until 1808 that the Empress managed to send the faithful Montmorin and another once more with letters of release. They did not know the repulsive-looking creature that was brought to them, until the gaoler lifted his hand, showing

a well-known scar on one of his fingers, and saying, "This is he, safe enough." The gaoler had a gash on his cheek, and many years after gave evidence as to the identity of his former prisoner.

This Pretender, with his friend, fled at once to Frankfort, and the former remained in Germany for twenty-two years, where he married. From Germany he frequently wrote to the Duchesse d'Angouleme, but received no answers. After the deposition of Charles X. he came to Paris, where he found many who espoused his cause, and who recognised him. Here he brought an action against Charles X., then in England, for not acknowledging him as his nephew, with Jules Favre as an advocate. The verdict declared "that he was not an impostor," which verdict Jules Favre, in a letter to him, shows was implicitly to recognise that he was what he said he was, the son of Louis XVI. These are Jules Favre's words: "The verdict declares that you have committed no offence; consequently there was no usurpation on your part; consequently you were qualified as the son of Louis XVI." For this, however, Louis Philippe banished him from France, shipping him off from Calais to England. He was sent from Paris July 16th, 1836, and he remained in England, at Camberwell, for eight or nine years. When in Paris his life was attempted on January 28th, 1834. He was much hurt, but managed to get back to the house of his friend, Madame Rambaud, with whom he had been dining. Madame Rambaud had been one of the near attendants of Louis XVII. from his cradle to his imprisonment in the Temple. His life was also attempted in England on November 16th, 1838, and his wounds dressed by Dr. Brown, of Camberwell. He believed his last painful illness was caused by poison, administered in June, 1845, at the Hague, and he died in Holland in the presence of his wife, a son, and a daughter, and of the Count de la Barre. The Count tells us:—

"The day before his death the Prince pronounced very distinctly these prophetic words:— 'To-morrow your father will go to Heaven; there is the home that has been prepared for him. There I shall have a celestial name that they cannot rob me of. I go to my Heavenly Father, your God and my God.' He repeated this frequently, in a tone full of deep feeling: 'He will crown me. . . . Poor children! you have no name, you have fallen into darkness! Heavenly Father, take me to your care. . . . Since they cut off my father's head there has been nothing for me but obscurity. And yet I have a Father nevertheless.'

"All these phrases were mingled with prayers. *Several times he was talking with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette*, those august and blessed visitors, who appeared to call their much-loved son, whose martyrdom had been more painful and more protracted than their own.

"Then fixing his eyes on his eldest daughter, whose resemblance to her aunt called to remembrance his culpable sister, the Duchesse d'Angouleme, 'It is she,' he cried, 'with whom I shall have to do, she alone, it is her fault! . . . Men have never known all the good I would have done them. . . . My son Edward, what misfortunes are coming to France! What fire! What blood!'"

It was nothing new, this alleged communion with his deceased parents, at any rate with his mother. In this experience he anticipated modern Spiritualism, if, indeed, it be not an experience more or less common to all ages and to all races. In his memoirs, describing his dreadful imprisonment at Vincennes, where Napoleon pursued him with cruel, unscrupulous, and relentless ferocity, though his superstitious nature would scarcely permit him to "kill a king" outright, the Pretender says: "I have the memory of a fixed sensation that absorbed me entirely: It was the image of my good mother; I saw her, she spoke to me, her groanings were confounded with my groanings. I felt the courage of life broken within me."

T. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is preferable that correspondents should append their names and addresses to communications. In any case, however, these must be supplied to the Editor as a guarantee of good faith.]

Astrology.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In my previous letter, inserted in "LIGHT," of November 27th, was given an intimation that, in reference to the above, I had a case of greater significance to relate.

In the last century there lived a man, who was the seventh son of the seventh son, or the seventh son of seven generations; that is, he was either the fourteenth or the forty-ninth son in unbroken succession. When he was born, he had on his breast marks, or signs, said to be like unto the sun, the moon, and the Pleiades, or seven stars. On some rare occasions he would show those marks. He was a man of great spiritual power and discernment; of simple faith and earnest prayer. Of independent means, he travelled from city to city, doing good, and healing all kinds of affliction among the people, especially the poor, who went to him in great numbers.

To my mother, when a young woman, he ministered relief and cure of a serious accident, the splitting of the knee-cap. His method, in her case, was to slightly touch the knee with his saliva, offer a short prayer, and ask those present to unite with him, and to have faith. Besides which, he gave a very small bottle of white liquid, which had neither smell, nor indication of anything but water. The knee healed immediately, and for many years was as well and useable as the other.

Do the records of astrology contain any information respecting this remarkable man? Surely those signs on his breast were an evidence of the truth of astrology, and should commend to us a study of the science. What means the constitutional power and peculiarity of a seventh son in succession above and beyond that of other sons? Why should the seventh son of the seventh son be so distinguished by astral signs on the breast? Is there any other such individual reported to have appeared among men? These, and probably sundry other questions for solution will arise to the students of astral science.

If that man were a medium, and healed by magnetic or spiritual power, there still remains to be interpreted those signs on his breast. Whence, and why were they; and why on his breast?

But it was further remarkable that his dependence for results with the afflicted was not on mere natural power of body and mind; another and higher qualification was uniformly and habitually manifest. Like the star-directed astrologers, who went to see and worship the infant Christ, at His birth, and like unto the disciples who accompanied Him to the top of Mount Olivet, and worshipped Him, when He took His departure to Heaven, this man was a devout believer in and worshipper of the Christ, Who is declared to be the "beloved" and "only begotten Son of God," Who also is the source and the fulness of all spiritual light, power, and love; in Whom also is made manifest the most marvellous development and root of Spiritualism, in its highest, most comprehensive, and most benign aspect; for "God is Spirit," and Jesus the Christ, Who is also "the second Adam," was God manifest in our flesh. All men are spirits clothed with flesh, and in Christ we are lifted up into a higher state of being, into a more, yea unto the most glorious sphere. Herein is the wisdom, the power, and the love of God made known unto all; and in due time all will learn the lesson.—Yours truly,

M. D.

SUBSCRIBERS RESIDENT ON THE CONTINENT will greatly oblige if, when they send remittances through the Post-office, they will kindly forward to us, at the same time, a notice that they have done so. We frequently receive "orders" through the Post-office without any intimation as to whom they come from, and do not know, therefore, to whose account to credit them.

ALL great truths are simple and some of the greatest reveal themselves to the unsophisticated, while subtle reasoning and profound philosophy search for them in vain. So also there are convictions within us which we would not express and which we could not reveal if we were to try. And yet those may not be convictions which the intellect approves or sanctions—they are things of the soul! They cannot be discussed in society; we must hold our peace respecting them or we shall be misunderstood; but they are our own for ever, and when hope is weary from disappointment she can rest upon them in security.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

AN UNIQUE MANIFESTATION.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of November 6th, is an article by Professor A. E. Carpenter, in which is introduced a manifestation of a somewhat unique character, the medium being his wife, Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter, a lady well known among Spiritualists in America.

Mr. Cooper, of Eastbourne, writing to us, says:—"The family had a country house on the coast, about thirty miles from Boston, and for three years I spent the summer time with them, and therefore am well acquainted both with Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, and can speak authoritatively with regard to her mediumship and the reliability of her husband's testimony. I have frequently heard him speak of wonderful physical phenomena that occurred at one time in her presence, but as this has ceased I only had the opportunity of witnessing occasionally psychical phenomena." The extract from the *Journal* is as follows:—

Some years ago my wife, Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, and myself were travelling down East. We stopped over night in the city of Portland, at an hotel. The next morning my wife was ill that she was unable to go down to breakfast and remained lying in bed. She seemed to be getting worse, and I became so alarmed about her that I made up my mind to go and get a physician. As I was about to go out I looked towards the bed which stood in one corner of the room, some twenty feet square, and I saw that my wife's right hand was moving as though she wanted to write. I looked around to find some paper for her to write upon, and discovered a sheet of common notepaper lying upon a small table on the opposite side of the room, and some twelve feet from the bed. I took the sheet of paper and tearing it in two, I left one half lying upon the table, placed the other half on a book, and putting a pencil in my wife's hand, her hand moved mechanically and a prescription was written, signed "Dr. Brown."

This was a very common experience with us, and I decided that instead of getting a doctor, as I had intended, I would go out and get the prescription made up and give it to the patient. I took the half-sheet of paper on which the prescription was written and laid it down upon the table from which I had taken it. Turning towards the bed, I saw my wife apparently greatly excited; pointing upward with both hands, she exclaimed, "Did you see that?"

"What?" said I.

"Did you not see Lillian go past you just now?"

I replied that I saw nothing.

"How could you help it?" she cried. "She almost touched you. She wrote something on that piece of paper and has put it up yonder."

This was said in a voice broken with agitation and excitement. I looked in the direction she pointed and behold there was a half-sheet of paper, filed on to a small-headed picture nail that was driven into the border of the paper within a few inches of the ceiling overhead.

The room must have been twelve feet high. The only way I could reach the paper was by taking a chair and placing it on a table. I did this, and succeeded in getting the half-sheet of paper, and examining it. I found that it was the identical half-sheet that I had torn off and left upon the table. This I proved by taking the piece on which the prescription was written and putting the two together, the rough edges matched exactly. This half-sheet of paper I had left upon the table a moment before a perfect blank. My wife says, "I saw Lillian write upon it, and put it up yonder." It was there sure, and as I took it down I found written upon one side in a fine beautiful hand, these words:—

"Do not be alarmed about my sister; she will be better in a little while.—LILLIAN."

The handwriting was not like my wife's, but was completely identical with other writing by this same Lillian. My wife and I were in the room alone. It was as late as nine o'clock in the forenoon; the room as light as two large windows and clear outside weather could make it. I wish to analyse this fact a little farther. My wife says: "I saw Lillian write upon the paper and put it up yonder," manifesting great surprise that I did not see her also. The physical fact proved that she saw what she said she did. How she saw it I do not know; that she did see it I could not doubt. Here was a "Psychical Opportunity" in the presence of which there is not a man or woman living but would have stood as I did, dumbfounded. The question of deception, hallucination, error of observation were all eliminated. Before me was the bald fact that an intelligence, invisible to me at least, had demonstrated her presence in such a way as to leave no chance to doubt. This intelligence claimed to be the spirit Lillian. I have recorded this fact precisely as it occurred. Who and what was it that my wife saw, and that certainly did write upon the piece of paper? Perhaps I ought to add that I got the prescription and before night the patient was nearly as well as ever.

As I said before, this is but one of many similar facts that have occurred in the presence of my wife and self, and sometimes other witnesses. Now I contend that it does not require any extraordinary power of observation to understand the significance of such facts. I do not think it is necessary to call in some expert in science to account for it. Either it is what it claims to be or else we are beset with demons, apparently human, that take upon themselves the appearance of an "angel of light, so as to deceive the very elect." I do not think, however, that this view of the subject is worthy of a moment's consideration.

Miss Phelps is right, the "Psychical Opportunity" is here, and so also are the people capable of grasping and solving its problems; not one person, but all the people who have risen to the apprehension of our spiritual relations. We may be left like Miss Phelps, to speculate and dream as to what the nature and conditions of the life of the soul may be after it has left the body; but that there is such a life, facts similar to the one I have related, prove beyond all cavil.

Thousands of men and women, scientific and unscientific, cultured and uncultured, have stood in the presence of these facts and have interpreted their lessons, rejoicing unspeakably in the sublime revelations which they have unfolded.

"LIGHT."—All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be sent to "The Manager of 'LIGHT,' 16, Craven-street, Charing Cross, W.C."; and not to the editor. Cheques and P.O. Orders should be crossed "——— and Co." All communications intended to be printed should be addressed to "The Editor." Compliance with these directions will facilitate a satisfactory keeping of the accounts.

THERE seems no top to the hill of science; there seems no bottom to the depths of the soul. As we ascend from one mount of knowledge to another, our eyes still peer upward and on; when we reach a peculiar summit where we expected to find rest, we but perceive a path leading to a height beyond whose climax is mantled by the clouds; and thus we accomplish one hill-top after another, and there is no resting place in the acquisition of knowledge. On and on for ever, our desire for wisdom increases as we ascend, and as wisdom increases, perceiving our past mistakes, caution increases with it, until at length we find out how little we know. Not so as we descend into the soul's depths; brighter and brighter becomes the prospect as we proceed and at each terminus there is rest for the weary. But the brightness is not of the sun; each spring of water on the way-side sparkles by a light from the interior, as the traveller touches it with his lips, and as he quaffs from each fountain of light, light, satisfaction and beauty become his own.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

SPIRITUALISM and its uses! how broad the theme, how fraught with meaning. We have at the outset to understand the first few lessons which it has inculcated before we can comprehend the grand use and work it has to accomplish. The lessons we have to learn are that there is no death; that there is free communion between the two worlds; that it is our duty to educate and purify our own individual lives so that we may give fitting welcome to the bright ones who come to us from the other shore; that after we have realised these, and are prepared to welcome the angels and work with them, it is then our duty to join in the grand service of effort for the improvement of our fellow-beings, first understanding our own resources that we may be the better fitted to give them forth to those in need. These first few lessons being learned and embraced we shall be brought to take intelligent cognisance of the higher purposes of the New Dispensation, and to understand the full use and mission of true Spiritualism.—*Banner of Light*.

SPIRITUALISM comes to teach that we are not here for the gratification of self, or for the unfoldment of merely selfish personal propensities, but for the acquisition of that which is for the enduring benefit of others, and therefore for ourselves. Often in the school of experience that which seems a bitter lesson comes to us; we are obliged to go over it line by line, and apply it to our individual life, and thereby we learn patience, prudence, and a just regard for the rights of others, which, if exercised, will redound to our credit and success; for how true it is that those who work solely for self, regardless of the rights of others, who ignore the principles of justice, who do not consider that which belongs to their fellows, but push out recklessly in the pursuit of some aim or end—set on winning their own course whatever others may wish or want—are certain in time to be defeated, and to find their plans passing away from them, and themselves stripped of the outer covering of ambition and pride, a picture of desolation and despair. We are placed here not to consider ourselves alone, but to consider our fellow beings. The use and purpose of Spiritualism, therefore, is to add another step to your comprehension of life's ends and aims—viz., that of soul culture; every earnest thinker, every honest Spiritualist, who comes to the work determined to unite his forces with those of both worlds in spreading the gospel of truth as preached by the angels of heaven, every soul inspired with a real desire to be of use to its fellow beings, has already begun that work of self-culture.—*Banner of Light*.