

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Apropos of the review of Paracelsus and his works which appeared in "LIGHT" last week, I notice that he lays much stress on two qualities of the mind which your hardy reasoner (man of facts, *i.e.*, of objective, material things that appeal to his understanding) ignores and despises:—Imagination and Faith. Dr. Hartmann calls imagination the creative power in man, and so it is, in so far as it gives form and shape to idea. It is characteristic of the way in which mental coinage has been debased in these degenerate years that the word has acquired a sense of falsity and unreality in conception. So and so is *imaginative*; *i.e.*, he is *fanciful*, "full of phantasies," unreal, illusive, deceptive notions. But in the true intention of the word this is by no means its meaning, and Paracelsus has set this forth excellently. The subjoined extract contains much truth that we—even we who are not psychically blind and deaf—are very apt to lose sight of:—

"Man has a visible and an invisible workshop. The visible one is his body, the invisible one his imagination" (we must note here that Paracelsus is liable at times to extend his use of the word imagination to include all the functions of mind). "The sun gives light, and this light is not tangible, but its heat may be felt, and if the rays are concentrated it may set a house on fire. The imagination is a sun in the soul of man, acting in its own sphere as the sun of the earth acts in his. Wherever the latter shines, germs planted in the soil grow, and vegetation springs up; and the sun of the soul acts in a similar manner, and calls the forms of the soul into existence. Visible and tangible forms grow into existence from invisible elements by the power of the sunshine. Invisible vapours are attracted and collected together into visible mists by the power of the sun of the outer world, and the inner sun of man may work similar wonders. The great world is only a product of the imagination of the universal mind, and man is a little world of his own, that imagines and creates by the power of imagination. If man's imagination is strong enough to penetrate into every corner of his interior world, it will be able to create things in those corners, and whatever man thinks will take form in his soul.

"The sun acts upon the visible soil of the earth, and upon invisible matter in the air; imagination acts upon the invisible substance of the soul, but the visible earth is formed from the invisible elements of the earth, and man's physical body is formed from his invisible soul, and the soul of man is as intimately related to the soul of the earth as the physical body of the former is related to the physical body of the latter, and they continually act upon each other, and without the latter the former could not exist. Visible matter becomes invisible, and is acted upon by the soul, and invisible matter becomes organised and is made visible again through the influence of the soul. If a pregnant woman imagines something strongly, the effects of her imagination may become manifest in the child. Imagination

springs from desire, and as man may have good or evil desires, likewise he may have a good or an evil imagination. A strong desire of either kind will give rise to a strong imagination. Curses as well as blessings will only be effective if they come from the heart.

"Fear, terror, passion, desire, joy, and envy are six states of the mind that especially rule the imagination, and consequently the world of man; and as the mind of man is the microcosmic counterpart of the universal mind, the antitypes of these states are also active in the imagination of the world, and the thoughts of man act upon the latter as the latter acts upon him. It is, therefore, desirable that we should govern our imagination, and not allow it to run wild. We should attempt to grasp the spirit by the power of the spirit, and not by speculative imagination."

Respecting faith, Paracelsus says there is to it a negative as well as a positive side; the faith that is receptive of new truth, that "allures the organism to vibrate in accord with new harmonies"; and the faith that renders the projection of force possible, and sustains the strength of the force when set in action. True, energising faith has marvellous power, as all great philosophers and teachers have recognised. "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt," was a word of deepest insight. The decay of faith in a generation is an evidence of its spiritual decadence. So the question was asked as to the close of the present dispensation when man would have got from it all that he was able to receive, when an outpouring of new truth was imminent:—"When the Son of Man comes shall He find faith upon the earth?" Faith, like imagination, has acquired a secondary meaning, though not one so pronounced. Yet many regard the acting on faith as the antithesis of acting on knowledge; the latter being assumed to be true and real, the former problematical and questionable. A dealing with these matters, such as Spiritualism introduces us to, causes a considerable revision of modes of thought.

Professor Huxley is very severe upon the Duke of Argyll in the current *Nineteenth Century*, and his Grace fares badly in the fray. The pathetic termination of Huxley's article on "Science and Pseudo-Science" should be preserved as the closing utterance of a great man, the summing up of a great life.

"My career is at an end—

'I have warmed both hands at the fire of life': and nothing is left me, before I depart, but to help, or at any rate to abstain from hindering, the younger generation of science in doing better service to the cause we have at heart than I have been able to render. And yet, forsooth, I am supposed to be waiting for the signal of 'revolt,' which some fiery spirits among these young men are to raise before I dare express my real opinions concerning questions about which we older men had to fight, in the teeth of fierce public opposition and obloquy—of something which might almost justify even the grandiloquent epithet of a Reign of Terror—before our excellent successors had left school."

One by one the giants pass away, and go to learn of that future respecting which so many of them have been agnostic.

Huxley posed as a Gallo—"these things do not interest me"—but I think he has concerned himself with them more in his later years. And now Tyndall is passing out of view. He has resigned the chair of Natural Philosophy, which he has held in succession to Faraday for nearly five and thirty years at the Royal Institution. He has not been, perhaps, a great man from a rigid scientific point of view, but he has been a vivid and picturesque exponent of the discoveries of other men. We shall remember him for the futility of what he did in investigating psychical phenomena; and for that vivid but hardly picturesque expression, which I hope he has regretted, though I do not remember to have seen any expression of regret—"the intellectual whoredom of Spiritualism." In similar sort we remember Faraday for his "explanation" of table-turning. He exploded the whole thing, but it has gone on "conquering and to conquer" ever since, with developments increasing and extending year by year. Faraday, Huxley, Tyndall, the "wise and prudent" in this world's wisdom, have missed the truth "revealed to babes." I see that Lord Rayleigh succeeds Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution. His lordship is at least more versed in knowledge of the occult than his predecessor, and sits on the Council of the Society for Psychical Research.

In the same number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Dr. Jessopp propounds a "warning to the Society for Psychical Research." It is on this wise. He had alluded in a previous article to a discovery of Roman coins at Baconsthorpe in 1878. A correspondent (Miss Bramston, daughter of a former Dean of Winchester) thereupon wrote to Dr. Jessopp to tell him that a servant at the Deanery, a Baconsthorpe woman, had given her one of the coins, and had told her the following story: "A bed-ridden old man in a neighbouring parish, 'subject to trances in which he had the power of second-sight,' saw, in trance, the place where the coins were, described it, and there they were found." Dr. Jessopp seems to have had his suspicions aroused as to the truth of the story, and communicated with the Rev. J. R. Fielden, formerly rector of Baconsthorpe, who informed him that the "bed-ridden man" in question was "a walking postman." He seems, however, to have had trances, revelations, and so forth, accounts of which ("valueless to anyone else") "were placed in his coffin when he died." Surely an odd proceeding! Of what use were they there, I wonder? Mr. Fielden substantially corroborates the important point in Miss Bramston's letter: and out of it all Dr. Jessopp constructs a warning to the Society for Psychical Research. Why, pray? If this narrative had fallen into the hands of Mr. Hodgson he would have torn it to shreds. If Dr. Jessopp means to imply that the narratives published by the Society for Psychical Research were accepted without due caution he is labouring under a tremendous error. His brief paper, which is wholly valueless, shows how easily he, not the Society for Psychical Research, advances by leaps and bounds to a conclusion that is congenial to the mind pre-disposed to welcome it.

It is odd enough to watch how, in the periodical literature of the day, subjects that would have sent an article straight into the waste basket are now prominently treated without disguise and without apology. "No. 222" in the current number of the *Cornhill* is such an article. It deals with the mesmeric, magnetic, or shall I say fascinating power exercised by the will of a certain prisoner, No. 222, over all whom he desired to influence. "A small grey man, with no comeliness about him, and as lean as a volume of minor poetry. . . . In his prison clothes he looked as awkward as a man who had just been sentenced to be hanged." Not an impressive exterior; yet he made everybody "feel queer": other convicts gave him part of their scanty

rations, though they wanted the food badly enough themselves. How he mesmerised people generally: how he made a troublesome warder get out of his way; how he acquired control over the sensations, volitions, memory, and imagination of all whom he chose to influence; how finally he got himself released by the power of his will:—all this my readers must peruse for themselves. I am concerned only to note the singular appearance of such a story in the pages of the *Cornhill*.

The Truthseeker for the current month contains a paper on "Cremation," read by Dr. Thos. Blunt before the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society. He recognises the force of prejudice in favour of burial, and combats the arguments advanced by those who defend the old custom by some very apposite remarks:—

"How has ancient philosophy guided us in this matter? We are told that the earth philosophers selected burial because they believed that the body would be resolved into earth; that the air and fire philosophers selected fire because they believed that the body would be returned to the air. It is strange that we are still divided, so to speak, into these two camps,—the upholders of burial and the upholders of burning. That these old philosophers were rude men of science is evident. But we are in the position to explain the working of what appeared to them only as results. From what has already been said, it is certain that there still lurks in many quarters, known and unknown, the simple but primitive belief that the *actual* bodies of the dead are to be changed into glorified bodies for immortality. I fail, however, to see any warrant for the existence of this belief, either from natural or revealed religion; and certainly science and revealed religion have a much more wonderful explanation to offer. Still, in spite of ourselves, in spite of actual knowledge, we shall continue to cling in loving memory to that form which has been so dear to us. It is right that it should be so, for it insures that whatsoever we do in the disposal of the dead, will be dictated by love and reverence for the departed spirit.

"But in allowing this, we must ever remember that it is only organic matter that we have to deal with, and that the living must not be allowed to suffer in the process of disintegration. Let us, in saying this, learn a lesson from one who had faith in the future. Socrates, at the time when the poison was numbing his body, being asked by his friends whether he would be buried or burnt, replied that he did not care which, provided that his friends did not think that they were burning or burying Socrates. I can give no better answer than this of Socrates to those who oppose cremation. It cannot be of the slightest consequence whether we are buried or burnt. To think that because the body is consumed by fire we shall be doomed to annihilation is too absurd. What do we think of the martyrs whose bodies illuminated Nero's gardens? Were they annihilated, think you? Does ever any such thought strike us when we hear of lives being lost by fire and the bodies utterly consumed? Then why should we think it so dreadful to burn the body which is already dead?"

The time is near at hand when our inherent conservatism of what is old and customary will have to give way before the spread of hygienic knowledge. The living must not be poisoned in order that we may continue to bury the dead.

It is sometimes said that they who do not accept the crude definition and limitation of Divinity in the person of Jesus Christ are disposed to belittle that sublime life. I am pleased to be able to quote, from one who has contributed some thoughtful essays to "LIGHT" (Mr. E. D. Fawcett), remarks that will show how far this is true of his school of thought. The words are quoted from a very interesting paper in the current number of the *Theosophist*:—

"As an incarnate God there is no single record of Him on the earth capable of withstanding the critical examination of science. As one of the greatest reformers, an inveterate enemy of theological dogmatism, a persecutor of bigotry, a teacher of one of the most sublime codes of ethics, Jesus is one of the grandest and most clearly defined figures on the panorama of

history. His age may with every day be receding further and further back into the gloomy and happy mists of the past, and His theology, based on human fancy and supported by untenable dogmas, may—nay, must—with every day lose more of its unmerited prestige—alone the grand figure of the philosopher and moral reformer, instead of growing paler, will become every century more pronounced and more clearly defined.

"Aye; though the red right hand of Reason has dashed superstition from her pedestal and disarmed the frenzy of insensate priestcraft, Thou, Initiate of immortal fame, standest ever before us—the sunshine of Thine epoch, the glory of humanity. The iconoclasm that mars the fabric of a venerable creed can never touch Thee, nor break the serenity of Thy perfect manhood. The ages, as they roll, will usher in a time when posterity will smile at the imaginations of an earlier creed, and marvel how such slender fancies could have fetters forged for a youthful science and sent the death-shrieks of unnumbered victims up to Heaven. But Thee, misunderstood prophet of Nazareth—the peer of the sainted Krishna and stainless Prince Siddartha—Thee it will exalt into imperishable renown and gild the memories of Thy blessed life with a halo of unutterable glory."

The subjoined extract from the *Lancet* (April 2nd) is interesting in connection with the experiments of M. Charcot and the French physicians to which I have referred. It is from a special Paris correspondent, and throws some light on the medico-legal aspects of induced somnambulism:—

"M. Mesnet related the history of a patient under his care at a recent meeting of the Academy of Medicine. A young man, nineteen years old, whose mother was the subject of hysteria, had had fits of somnambulism from the age of fourteen. These became so frequent by day as well as by night, that he was discharged by his employers. Besides the fits of sleep he has general anæsthesia and analgesia, together with complete loss of taste and smell. At the end of last year he was admitted to the hospital. As a matter of course, he was at once utilised for experiment in hypnotism, and was found to be easily induced into the state of 'hypnotic fascination' by the magnetic stare, and as easily awakened by being blown upon the face. It was interesting, says M. Mesnet, to ascertain whether this young man was accessible to post-hypnotic suggestion. Having been sent to sleep as usual, he was imperiously ordered to take the watch of one of the students on the following day, and then to endeavour to make his escape. At the appointed time, which was at the usual visiting hour, he was seen to look contemplatively at the student's chain; he soon became fascinated by the shining links, and, after several struggles against the suggestion, he could resist no longer, and, detaching the chain, made an attempt to escape. When awakened, and the watch taken from his pocket, he was unable to account for its possession, but protested his innocence and burst into tears. This shows, says M. Mesnet, that a thief or assassin who cannot explain his acts, and declares he has no recollection of them, may be an unconscious agent. Although a magistrate will not believe his negation, he may have no knowledge of what he has done. Prosaic persons may hesitate to accept M. Mesnet's conclusions, but the fascinative action of watch chains is now placed beyond doubt; and those who are affected with this variety of hypnotism in its chronic form will appreciate his soundness of observation."

We are glad to hear good news of our old friend Dr. Peebles. He is fixed at Hammonton, N.J., and sends me the first number of his new journal, which bears the rather magniloquent title *The Temple of Health and Golden Door of Hope*. Dr. Peebles sets his patients a good example, if I may judge from a description of his habits:—

"These warm, pleasant mornings I leave my bed at four or half-past; not a bed of feathers, for these were designed to cover the backs of geese rather than to encourage the stupid nappings of ease-loving men and women; and from this hour on till breakfast time, seven o'clock, I toil with spade and hoe and pruning-knife in my vineyards and among the fruit trees, varying the exercise occasionally with a lively run the length of a grape-arched arbour of some 300 yards. Why should not one of my age, sixty-five, and perfectly sound, run a foot race, bat a ball, and be happy? I am really but a youth compared to an aged man I met several years ago, whose scattering hairs were

whitened by the snows of 103 winters, and who had just ordered for durability, a new pair of strong well-made shoes, saying, 'I commenced my second hundred years very much stronger and with better prospects for living than I did my first.'

"My diet is plain but nutritious, consisting largely of oatmeal, well baked bread, made from the whole wheaten grain, rice, milk, berries, vegetables, fruits and eggs. Tea, coffee, tobacco, wines, greasy pastries, black pepper, mustard and similar hash I never use; they are expensive and injurious." * * *

Not a bad programme for a stripling of sixty-five. I cordially wish Dr. Peebles may celebrate his centenary by beating all comers in "a lively run." He is hard to beat evidently.

"THE PERFECT WAY."*

There is a good deal of activity in the Theosophical and psychological literary world just now. The writings of Dr. Franz Hartmann, in themselves a treasury of research regulated by a scientific faith and insight of the highest and most accurate order, are closely followed by a translated synopsis of the works of Eliphaz Levi, some stirring lectures addressed to the London Spiritualist Alliance, the advancing theories of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and a biography of Madame Blavatsky by Mr. Sinnett. This latter, while bearing the intimate impress of sincerity on every page, is reassuring and consolatory for such as have trusted in, and benefited by, her important lead. Next, and before all these, remarkable, we have a beautiful new edition of *The Perfect Way*, by Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, with valuable additions, and a preface which sets forth the purport of the book. This is the recovery and discovery of the lost foundations of true religion in the human soul, by the way and means of intuitional recollection and exercitation of the latent faculty of spiritual perception, which, on awakening, not only restores what is wanting to the faith and stunted reason of this age, but supplies the long neglected search after wisdom and self-knowledge by a quintessential rehearsal, as it were, of all that is most valuable in tradition hitherto. Nor is this a mere idle claim or profession; since, without external research or care for corroborative witness (though such remains abundant), without examination of neglected writings or seekings out of lost lore, the promise of the preface is marvellously well fulfilled. So rich, indeed, is the product, so reasonably persuasive, so free from the common defects of inspirational and uncerebrated effusions, that the genius in the present instance is clearly shown to be not only of a distinctly comprehensive order but that, being such, it has been reflected on, radically thought out, and tested by the exercise of a judgment of such culture and calibre as bespeaks attention for it.

It is not a book for the million, hardly for thousands; but many hundreds who are in the vanguard of progress from the Agnostic standpoint, may, by a careful reading of its pages, further their own advancing discernment on the way towards finding out the truth concerning existence. The fifth lecture, "On the Nature and Constitution of the Ego," is entirely new, and is directed to prove the superiority of the *à priori* method for a solution of the difficulties which beset the present stage of physical science, thus:—

"Evolution, as revealed by the facts of physical science, is inexplicable on the materialistic hypothesis, as also are the facts of occult experience and science. This is because, by its failure to recognise consciousness as subsisting prior to organism and inherent in substance, that hypothesis ignores the condition essential to evolution. But for evolution something more even than consciousness is requisite, namely, memory. For memory is the condition of segregation; the cause and consequence of individualisation. Hence every molecule, both in its individual and collective capacity, is capable of memory; for every experience leaves in its degree its impression or scar on the substance

* *The Perfect Way; or, the Finding of Christ* (a new edition, revised and enlarged). By Anna Kingsford, M.D., and Edward Maitland, B.A. London: Field and Tuer, The Leadenhall Press, 1887.

of the molecule to be transmitted to its descendants. This memory of the most striking effects of past experience is the differentiating cause which, accumulated over countless generations, leads up from the amoeba to man. Were there no such memory, instead of progress or evolution there would be a circle returning into and repeating itself, whereas the modifying effects of accumulated experience connect what would otherwise be a circle into a spiral, whose eccentricity—though imperceptible at the outset—becomes greater and more complex at every step. Consciousness being inherent in substance, every molecule in the universe is able to feel and to obey after its kind, the inorganic as well as the organic, between which there is no absolute distinction, as ordinarily supposed. For even the stone has a moral platform, embracing a respect for, and obedience to, the laws of gravitation and chemical affinity. Wherever there are vibration and motion there are life and memory; and there are vibration and motion at all times and in all things. Herein may be seen the cause of the failure to divide the Ego from the non-Ego. Strictly speaking, there is only one thing and one action; for unconsciousness is no more a positive thing than darkness. It is the privation, more or less, of consciousness as obscurity is of light."

The drift of this lecture is in strict accord with that of the first philosophy, especially so with the exhibition of it by Proklus in his Commentary on the *Timæus* of Plato, which treats throughout of revolutionary processes and those of the human soul as intimately known in the conscious overcoming of her obscure beginnings, as a Whole from wholes aspirant by the increasing demand of her constructive force. But this constructive force is sacramental, abstrusely latent, and ignored, until, surmounting all obstacles, the Logos becomes known in the differential severance—"Christ in us the hope of glory."

But Christ is not only therefore to be sought after within, though the subjective part must first be awakened, in order that our relation to Him may be educated and objectively established. It is the free correlate or Dominion (as in "David" or as in the "Baghavat Ghita," Krishna with Arjun) that educates, inspires, and instigates the neophyte, as is well known to every aspirant who has entered on the same way of rectification. The need of such superlative aid is more fully recognised in this than in the previous edition of the first lecture, as follows:—

"The memory of the soul is not the only factor in spiritual evolution. The faculty which we have named intuition is completed and crowned by the operation of Divine illumination. Theologically this illumination is spoken of as the descent of the Holy Spirit, or outpouring of the heavenly efflux, which kindles into a flame in the soul as the sun's rays in a lens. Thus to the fruits of the soul's experience in the past, is added the grace or luminance of the Spirit; the baptism of fire which, falling from on High, sanctifies and consummates the results of the baptism of water springing from the earth."

For what is this water but the soul herself in contrite reduction brought by such a separative baptism into her initial source in order to begin again? And without too much discussion of the method or of the ordeals of these processes, the authors of *The Perfect Way* are careful to show that all sacred history is concerned with these, and with nothing else originally, and that all mythology appertains to the evolutionary issues of life and death, which date out of one another, and reiterate by the same law as that which rules up to a less royal completion in nature and in the planetary spheres.

Yet although there exists so free a recognition of the actual objectivity of the Metatype of all life and of His especial providence over His co-ordinating members, more or less throughout *The Perfect Way*, we nevertheless come across here, in common with some Neo-Buddhistic writings, repeated references to Christs and a Christ—expressions which are not only unorthodox but signally inconsistent with, and subversive of, Catholic Truth, which, when identically beheld, is alone in the perception everywhere, admitting of no second idea in relation to those parts of which He is both Root, Offspring, and absolute Whole. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the Word of life." *The Word*, not a Word—no earthly man, as him-

self may assume the Universal standpoint—the Godhead only is active in operation thenceforth.

Much heresy has arisen out of the difficulties which beset the idea of Divine incarnation. The process of Christian regeneration is represented in these lectures as altogether interior to man, who is seen to need no personal Saviour in the flesh extraneous to himself. The Gospel narrative, as commonly accepted, is regarded as "an idolatrous travesty of the inner truth," the analogy of which is nevertheless followed up minutely even into a recognition and acceptance of the Apostles' Creed.

Here, then, is a marvel—a marvel that it behoves every earnest seeker after truth to look into. That process which is thus internally adumbrated and partially realisable—may it not, must it not be, also, externally and universally achieved? Is the part only, and not the whole individual of life to be regarded? If the human soul be made up, as is insisted, of many sub-conscious entities, how much more ought the universal soul of humanity to be a concrete product, the absolute and only begotten arch-offspring of an indestructible Root?

Further, the question persists as to how, if the concrete doctrine of Christianity be not true, but is, on the other hand, a delusion and a snare, it can have survived the intellectual scrutiny that was fixed upon it during the Middle Ages, when it became affiliated; and philosophy—the philosophy which is now again becoming acceptable—was declared to be a lively handmaid in the service of such a religion.

It is work that brings about a solution of the difficulties of thought in most cases to which it leads up. New facts—as Dante has it, "Events shall be the Naiads that will solve the mighty riddle"—when, conditions being newly presented, co-ordinate results will follow. Negations are hazardous, while so many obstacles to faith are disappearing. It is already beginning to be discerned that there be bodies and bodies—that all flesh is not the same flesh, neither does any one believe that the blood of *this* animal can take away sin. The indications remain abundant, while the eye sees only that which it brings with it the power of seeing and the conditions of religious science and the art of Divine works are in abeyance. Thus again, in the fifth lecture, we read:—

"The science of the Mysteries is the climax and crown of the physical sciences, and can be fully understood only by those who are conversant therewith. Without this knowledge it is impossible to comprehend the basic doctrine of occult science, the doctrine of vehicles. The knowledge of heavenly things must be preceded by that of earthly things. 'If, when I have spoken to you of earthly things and you understand not' (says the Hierophant to his neophytes), 'how shall you understand when I speak to you of heavenly things?' It is vain to seek the inner chamber without first passing through the outer. Theosophy, or the science of the Divine, is the royal science. And there is no way to reach the King's chamber save through the outer rooms and galleries of the palace. Hence one of the reasons why occult science cannot be unveiled to the generality of men. To the uninitiated no truth is demonstrable. They who have not learned to appreciate the elements of a problem cannot appreciate its solution."

What was then the apparatus of the Mysteries, this science of vehicles so called, this earthly foundation on which heavenly things may be built up, if it was not a spiritual school for the rectification of the human soul by her Principle—a school of living law and logic in which souls were not only exercised, but tested and co-ordinated, until they grew to be themselves fit and lively constituents of the building by means of which others might be built up and made obedient to the Perfection that was transcendently evolved and immanent there?

There is no sufficient allowance now made for the scientific constitution of religious assemblies such as are recorded of old. The Law of Life—fundamental mathesis—was the schoolmaster by which the Universal Man was preparing throughout the symbolism of the Old Testament tradition for His advent in the New, through all vicissitudes of honour and dishonour, strife and victory,

alternating good and evil issues. The records hang round about tabernacles of congregations, schools of prophets, and sanctuaries, to which the *Shekinah* condescended, pervading, reproofing, hallowing, but could not be detained, because the psychic conditions and elements presented from time to time were never sufficiently adjusted, and demanded at their utmost completion a sacrifice even of this, viz., of the incarnate Law Himself, by which an unchangeable priesthood is said to have been established within the veil.

The Christian story is not that of an adept, either of a saint or arch-saint, though such might well, nay, must needs, be constituents of the elect Church by the crowning Organism or supernal Sensory of which He is born Who is also Her foundation, and Who, through voluntary suffering under the contrary dominion of His earthly antecedents, should open a way that before was closed by the infinite exigence of His own perfection.

Catholic tradition appears to have arisen out of no partial experience, however ripe, nor is any mere private interpretation, however advanced and coincident, sufficient to account for it. Be the tradition held, as it may, as mythical, mystical, or common-place, or as the transcendental history of a new *Æra* and order of Divine achievement in the spiritual progress of humanity, it is not yet quite put out of the faith of life.

The eloquent conclusion of *The Perfect Way* must not be broken—it is too long for citation here. The Discernment of Spirits is carefully treated of in the third lecture, as may be familiar to some readers of "LIGHT," and all sorts and degrees of irrational dealings with the *Zeitgeist* and husks of life are, as in other records of profound spiritual experience, especially deprecated.

The more the book is read carefully—as it deserves to be,—the greater does the wonder grow as to its production, and the interpretative genius that pervades each well-weighed sentence. The grounded staff, as it were, of an analytic faith, in perspicuous alliance with the substance dealt with, passes with no faltering step or ability to take up all that is capable of being assimilated to enlighten the path onward to its Christian goal. For the lead is Christian, albeit in a subjective and exclusive sense. It is well to have something to cavil at in such a book as is this, be it only to escape a charge of indiscriminate admiration, which would be objectionable if it were deserved.

A.

GERALD MASSEY ON THE SEVEN SOULS OF MAN.

We have received Mr. Gerald Massey's *Seven Souls of Man and their Culmination in Christ*, a lecture published by the author at Villa Bordighiera, New Southgate, London, N. Mr. Gerald Massey, who is nothing if not vigorous, combats Mr. Sinnett's claim to reveal for the first time, as the mouthpiece of the Mahatmas, a doctrine common to the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Hindûs, and Britons, viz., that the one soul in man, as permanent entity, includes the sum of seven powers. Into the author's learned argument it would not be for the advantage of our readers that we should follow him. He soundly accuses Theosophists of having mistaken types and symbols for literal fact in setting forth the system of progressive re-embodiments which is found in Mr. Sinnett's philosophical system. He has a whole-souled belief in Spiritualism, and in the actuality of its phenomena, and in the truths that it teaches. Other imitations, now current in the world, he believes to come from the realm of illusion. That this is conceivable no Spiritualist will deny, for we are only too well aware that some faultily developed mediums do mistake mental

pictures for facts: some, we know, do live in a sphere of illusion all their life through. Mr. Gerald Massey amusingly illustrates his point thus:—

"I once had a singular experience with an incipient medium, who came to me at the moment when my mind was full of Egyptian hieroglyphics. After he had entered the state of trance, these images appeared to take shape and 'go for him'! He seemed to be surrounded and pursued by the very animals I had just been copying. Because he at first mistook the mental pictures for objective realities! And this is exactly what has been done by the pseudo-Esoterists represented by Mr. Sinnett."

Into these high mysteries we do not seek to pry. The realm of illusion is wide and far-reaching, and there are some we know who have even gone so far as to accuse Mr. Gerald Massey himself of being a denizen of that sphere. Some pages of the present pamphlet are occupied by a retort upon Mr. W. Emmette Coleman, who, greatly daring, had ventured to say as much. Into the merits of that controversy, too, we will not enter, lest we incur the fate of one who interferes in a matrimonial squabble. The quarrel, however, is a very pretty one as it stands, and the language used is decidedly expressive.

Many of our readers will agree with a passage which we will quote as a sample of Mr. Gerald Massey's forcible and effective style of argument and expression. It is not given to many of us to wield a pen so vigorous and hard-hitting:—

"It is a delusion to suppose there is anything in the experience or wisdom of the past, the ascertained results of which can only be communicated from beneath the cloak and mask of mystery, by a teacher who personates the unknown, accompanied by rites and ceremonies belonging to the pantomime and paraphernalia of the ancient medicine men. They are the cultivators of the mystery in which they seek to enshroud themselves, and live the other life as already dead men in this; whereas we are seeking to explore and pluck out the heart of the mystery. Explanation is the soul of science. They will tell you we cannot have their knowledge without living their life. But we may not all retire into a solitude to live the existence of ecstatic dreamers. Personally, I do not want the knowledge for myself. These treasures I am in search of I need for others. I want to utilise both tongue and pen and printer's type; and if there are secrets of the purer and profounder life, we cannot afford them to be kept secret; they ask to be made universally known. I do not want to find out that I am a god in my inner consciousness. I do not seek the eternal soul of self. I want the ignorant to know, the benighted to become enlightened, the abject and degraded to be raised and humanised; and would have all means to that end proclaimed world-wide, not patented for the individual few, and kept strictly private from the many. That is only a survival of priestcraft, under whatsoever name. I cannot join in the new masquerade and simulation of ancient mysteries manufactured in our time by Theosophists, Hermeneutists, pseudo-Esoterists, and Occultists of various orders, howsoever profound their pretensions. The very essence of all such mysteries as are got up from the refuse leavings of the past is pretence, imposition, and imposture. The only interest I take in the ancient mysteries is in ascertaining how they originated, in verifying their alleged phenomena, in knowing what they meant on purpose to publish the knowledge as soon and as widely as possible. Public experimental research, the printing press, and a freethought platform have abolished the need of mystery. It is no longer necessary for science to take the veil, as she was forced to do for security in times past. Neither was the ancient gnosis kept concealed at first on account of its profundity, so much as on account of its primitive simplicity. That significance which the esoteric misinterpreters try to read into it was not in the nature of it originally—always excepting the phenomena of Spiritualism. There is a regular manufacture of the old masters carried on by impostors in Rome. The modern manufacturer of ancient mysteries is just as great an imposition, and equally sure to be found out."

RELIGION AND SUPERNATURAL REVELATIONS.—"There is no religion, if it be lively, but tends to open the other life, because every religion prepares us for the future, keeps the spiritual as an end in view, and by consequence realises it before the mind so far as it is able. Perhaps with the exception of Protestantism there is not a faith recorded in the world's history but has leant upon supernatural revelations, and these the more bright and frequent as we approach towards more primitive ages. A religion that has not the key of the spiritual world, is to this extent a failure, and enjoins its votaries to shoot at a mark that is not put up."—*J. J. Garth Wilkinson's "Life of Swedenborg."*

* Since writing the above I have met with a passage in Mr. Subba Row's notes on the "Bagavat Gita," in the March number of the *Theosophist*, p. 368, singularly promotive of the view here presented.

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Light :

Edited by "M.A. (OXON.)*" and E. DAWSON ROGERS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16th, 1887.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editors. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable.

"A FRIEND OF GOD."*

That remarkable group of German mystics who called themselves "Friends of God" have been before referred to in these pages. Matthew Arnold has done us the service of drawing public attention in the *Nineteenth Century* of this month to a little book, *The Following of Christ*, by John Tauler, and the still greater service of printing some comments of his own on the tenets and teaching of this mystical school of thought. We have already had from Miss Winkworth a life of Tauler and some specimens of his sermons, to which Charles Kingsley prefaced some interesting remarks appreciative of Tauler and his school. We have had, too, from Miss Winkworth, a valuable work, the *Theologia Germanica*, not by Tauler himself, but by one of his school of thought. This little book on which Mr. Arnold comments is a translation by Mr. J. R. Morell, easily readable, and cheap to buy.

Not unlike in tone and spirit to the *Imitation of Christ*, the *Following of Christ* is an answer to the yearning cry of the deeply religious German nature in such an age as the fourteenth century for some closer spiritual communion with God: a cry (as Mr. Arnold puts it (in the words of the Prophet Amos) "of famine of hearing of the words of the Eternal."

The keynote of the teaching of this school is the natural truth of religion and of Christianity. "Sin is against Nature: they who have left sins have more delight and joy in one day than all sinners have ever gained." Luther was a great admirer of the *Theologia Germanica*: and Mr. Arnold turns from Tauler to Luther's famous *Commentary on the Galatians*, and taking a brief summary of his teaching on the doctrine of Justification, he makes it the text for his own powerful and interesting comments. "Christ" (said Luther) "has been made a curse for us Here we have the *Cabala vera*. . . . By giving our hearty belief to this transaction we are admitted to its benefits."

On this dogma, thus nakedly formulated, Mr. Arnold comments: "I will not discuss its faults as a religious conception. I will admit that it has been a message of comfort to thousands, and has produced much good and much happiness. I will simply point out that it is mythology, and that this is daily becoming more and more evident: as sheer mythology, at bottom, as Saturn's devouring his children, or Pallas springing from the head

* Matthew Arnold in *Nineteenth Century* for April.

of Zeus." It is refreshing to have so frank a statement of what has struck many reflective minds as true.

Mr. Arnold goes on to point out that mythology has been at the bottom of all religious movements, a help and not a hindrance to their success. The Calvinists, the Methodists, the Revivalists, the Salvation Army have scored the big successes of numbers, and they have done so because of the methods, graphic, forcible, picturesque, but mythic still, in which they have presented distorted views of some half-apprehended truth.

And here Mr. Arnold comes to the core of his argument. "The immense, the epoch-making change of our own day is that a stage in our intellectual development is now declaring itself when mythology, whether moral or immoral, as a basis for religion is no longer receivable, is no longer an aid to religion but an obstacle. . . . Over all which is most vigorous and progressive in our population mythology in religion has lost, or is fast losing, its power, and it has no future. . . . Mingled with mere ignoble and vicious enmity against any discipline to raise, restrain, and transform, there is also in the common people now a sense of impatience and anger at what they think futile trifling with them on the part of those who offer to them, in their sore need, the old mythological religion—a thing felt to be impossible of reception, and going, if not quite gone, incapable of either solving the present or founding the future."

Those are brave words, and they boldly and adequately express what we have seen all round us for long past, spreading, growing in intensity, dumb at first and incoherent in voice, but acquiring gradually an utterance, and claiming attention by virtue of its persistence. The husks do not any longer satisfy. The old food no longer nourishes. These men, who cry for their spirit's sustenance and nutriment, are not empty scoffers, crude, cynical sceptics curiously searching for opportunity to pick holes. They are not casting about to disprove, they are trying their best to prove and to hold fast, that which is good. And they are complaining that when they cry for bread, the Church established among them by law, and heavily subsidised by the State of which they are citizens, gives them a stone.

And this is not all. It is not merely that they who are so paid to do this teaching do not teach, or teach only crude and misleading views of half-truths: it is that the indictment applies to all sects among us. Mr. Arnold has laid his finger on the very spot where the fault lies. Human intelligence, human discernment, spiritual and moral, has so far grown of late, and very lately, that the mythological element in religious teaching will no longer be accepted. It is impatiently put aside: the excuse that it has sufficed for our fathers does not avail: the plea that it is not well to disturb faith is brushed aside with the reflection that faith is disturbed already. There is no future, as Mr. Arnold says, for that which is no solution of difficulties in the present, incapable of reception as truth by thinking men.

We have said that this development is a late one. It would perhaps be more exact to say that we have only lately become conscious of its extent. It has been in progress for a considerable time, and the impetus lately given to popular education has caused it to break forth in such a way as to demand attention. The situation is urgent. We have put power into the hands of the masses. We are "educating our masters" intellectually. But that is not enough in itself. By so doing we may be training a race of intellectually accomplished persons devoid of moral consciousness, unchecked by religious bonds, unguided by that which in all ages, among all peoples, has been found essential to the well-being of the State. It is well that we should look to it lest our Board-school education be not a mere engine for the manufacture of a race

devoid of culture, with an imperfectly developed moral sense, and with no definite religious idea. This would be a national calamity. The fact that there is still extant this craving for a knowledge of God and the hereafter to which we have adverted, is evidence that the time is not past when efforts to deal with moral and religious instincts will not be vain. It is impossible, in our opinion, to overrate the importance of recognising the need, and of setting to work to supply it. And Spiritualists, from their standpoint of knowledge, should lead the van.

PSYCHOMETRY.

In the *Theosophist* (March), an excellent number full of suggestive thought, and the more suggestive that we are not always able to agree with it, or it with us, we find a paper of Dr. Hartmann's. We are indebted to him for the life of Paracelsus which has been introduced to readers of "LIGHT." This paper deals with some psychometrical experiments of considerable interest. They were conducted with a German peasant woman, whose name is not published, but which Dr. Hartmann will give to any honest investigator. Four letters were taken by Dr. Hartmann, three from correspondents—Mrs. Batchelor, Colonel Olcott, and Countess Wachmeister—and one purporting to be from an adept, taken at random from a box containing many such letters, and bearing no postmark, nor any sign which could give trace of the place where it was written. The letters were given to the woman with instructions to hold them to her forehead, one by one, and to say what she saw. She had never made such an experiment before. Mrs. Batchelor's letter was first tried. She described, so that Dr. Hartmann recognised the place, Mrs. Batchelor's house ("The Laurels") at Ootacamund, and trees "such as do not grow in this country but look like poplars." These were the Eucalyptus trees near the house.

Colonel Olcott's letter produced equally good results, and, it is important to note, results different from those anticipated by Dr. Hartmann. "She described the gravel-walks, the trees, and the river (at Adyar) with astonishing correctness." Next came the Countess Wachmeister's letter, the psychometrist describing a house at Ostend, "with a number of statues and busts." The house was unknown to Dr. Hartmann, and, of course, to herself. "Since writing," (he adds) "I have a letter from the Countess in answer to an inquiry. She says, 'The woman was quite right about the statuary here. There are many busts in the house.'" Next the "occult letter" was presented, and, though the details cannot be verified in the same exact way, it must be admitted, we think, that the description given is not such as an "uneducated German peasant" would be likely to hit upon. It is important enough as a mere experiment, apart from any inner significance it may have, to induce us to reproduce its essential details.

"Now with a heart full of sad misgivings and forebodings of evil tidings, I handed her the 'occult letter.' Her first exclamation was one of surprise, wonder, and joy. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'what is this? I never saw anything so beautiful in my life! I see before me a high but artificially-made elevation or hill, and upon that hill a building which looks like a temple, with a high Chinese roof. The temple is of a splendid white, as if it were made of pure white marble, and the roof is resting upon three pillars. On the top of a roof there is a shining sun;—but no!—it only looks like a sun; it seems to be some kind of an animal.* I do not know how to describe it; I never saw such a thing before; but it shines like a sun.

"There is a beautiful walk of smooth stones and some steps leading up to that temple, and I am going up to it. Now I am there, and lo! the floor is a lake, in which the light of that sun on the top of the roof is reflected! But no—I am mistaken; it is no

* I have since then been informed that the description answers to a certain temple in Tibet, having on its top a dragon of gold and a globe; and they are so brightly burnished, that their radiance may be mistaken for the direct rays of the sun.

water at all; it is a kind of a yellowish marble, which shines like a mirror. Now I see it plainly! It is a square marble floor, and in the centre there is a dark round spot. This is all so very beautiful. It looks to a certain extent like the *Walhalla* near Regensburg.*

"Now I am in that temple, and I see two gentlemen looking at something on the wall. One is a very fine-looking gentleman, but he is dressed quite differently from the people in this country. He is dressed in a loose flowing robe of pure white, and the forepart of his shoes is pointed upwards. The other one is smaller and bald-headed; he wears a black coat and silver buckles (ornaments?) on his shoes.

"They are looking at a picture on the wall. The picture represents a vase with some tropical plants; something like prickly-pear leaves; but very different from all the prickly-pears I ever saw. The vase is not a painting, but a real vase. I first thought it was painted. It stands in a corner, and there are ornamental paintings on it.

"There are some paintings and drawings on the wall. Below the ceiling, where the roof begins, there is a field, or panel, on which there are some curious figures. Some look like a 15 and one like a V, and others like squares or ciphers, with all sorts of garnishes between them. They look as if they were numbers; but I do not think they are. They may be some strange letters or characters.†

"She continued: 'Now these two gentlemen are going out, and I am following them. There are a great many trees looking like pine-trees. I think they are pines. There are others with big fleshy leaves and spikes something like prickly-pears. There are mountains and hills and a lake. They are taking me away from that temple. I am afraid I cannot find my way back to it. There is a big ravine, and there are some trees which I take to be olive-trees; but I am not sure of it, for I never saw any olive-trees. Now I have arrived at a place where I can see over a wide expanse of country. The two gentlemen have been away. Here there is some antiquity looking like an old ruined wall, and something like what I saw on that paper you showed me. I believe you call it a *Sphinx*.‡ There is a sort of a pillar, and on the top of it is a statue, whose upper part looks like a woman, while the lower part of her body seems to be a fish. She seems to be holding some moss in her hands, or resting them upon it.'"

"CONSCIENCE," THE SOLE PUNISHER IN THE NEXT WORLD.

A Spirit-teaching given to "Lily."

"Conscience is only another word for that Divine Spark which constitutes the spiritual or immortal part of man.

"This immortal part, being of God, must be perfect in its nature.

"Therefore whenever it is disengaged from the mortal part—the flesh—it at once becomes cognisant of its Divine nature, and views with abhorrence the indulged and unrepented sins against this Divine nature, committed in the flesh; and this cognisance is correspondentially manifested in that world where thoughts are actual and visible realities, by darkness, solitude, a wilderness of thorns and briars, rugged stones, and ashes, and other dismal surroundings, which are in fact but the fruits of the consciousness of the awakened soul or spirit.

"Thus by this inexorable law of his being, man is his own accuser, judge, and jury, by which he must abide, and from which there is no escape."

Surely if we would endeavour whilst in the body to realise this tremendous truth, as we shall and must do so soon as the body is thrown off, we should try to rule our thoughts and deeds in this life, more in accordance with the result of those thoughts and deeds on the solemn awakening of the spirit in the hereafter.

"LILY."

THOSE who hate the very name of a miracle, in reality suppose the greatest of all miracles, the tying up the hands of the Almighty from disposing events according to His will.—BISHOP BURNETT.

* The "Walhalla" is a "temple of fame" built by King Louis I. of Bavaria, in which many statues of famous people are preserved.

† I believe that they look like Tibetan letters. It would be interesting to hear the opinion of some expert.

‡ The German periodical, called *The Sphinx*.

"AN ASTOUNDING GHOST STORY."

Has this story ever appeared in print of late years? If not it is worth a passing notice. We have come upon it in a stray newspaper cutting, bearing date February 5th, 1868, the name of the journal not being given. It came into the hands of the present writer among some unpublished papers of the late Benjamin Coleman, than whom no more careful and painstaking collector of evidence has ever been. It may be that other versions of the story are on record. If so, we shall be glad to hear of them.

A most astounding ghost story has been going the rounds of the Press this week for which the vicar of Pembroke is in great part responsible. The Rev. C. Douglas, of Pembroke, says that the MS. was sent to him by a gentleman residing at Exeter. It is an account of a ghost which has been seen on board H.M.S. Asp, from 1850 to 1857, and is in the handwriting of Captain Aldridge, R.N. The narrator having stated that in the year 1850 the Asp was given by the Admiralty as a surveying vessel, goes on to say:—

"After my day's work was over, I generally read a book after tea, or one of my officers would read aloud to me (he is now Master of the *Majicienne*), and on such occasions he would meet with continued interruption from some strange noises in the after (or ladies') cabin, into which he could see from where he sat in my cabin—our general messplace. The noise would be such as of a drunken person staggering about or falling against things in the cabin, creating a great disturbance; indeed, so much so that it was impossible for him to proceed in his reading; he would therefore stop and call out, 'Don't make a noise there, steward' (thinking it was the steward rummaging about), and on the noise ceasing, he would continue his reading until again and again interrupted in a similar way, when he would, say, receiving no answer to his question, 'What are you doing, steward, making such a d—d noise?' get up, take the candle, and go into the cabin, and come back saying, 'Well, I suppose it is the ghost, for there is nothing there!' and on again reading, and the same occurring, he would say to me, 'Now do you hear that; is there not some person there?' I would answer, 'Yes, I am positive there is, it must be someone drunk who has got down into the cabin, wanting, perhaps, to speak to me'; and so convinced was I, that I would get up, and with Mr. Macfarlane, go into and search the cabin, but to no purpose. All this had happened repeatedly night after night. Sometimes the noise would be such as the opening of the drawers or lockers of the seats, moving decanters, tumblers on the racks, or other articles, in fact, as though every thing in the cabin was moved or disturbed. All this time the ship was at anchor more than a mile from the shore, and here I must remark, that there was no communication whatever with the fore part of the ship and the cabin, access being by the companion ladder directly between the two cabins, the door of each being at the foot of the ladder, and from one cabin you could see distinctly into the other, so that no person could escape from either up the ladder without being seen.

* * * * *

"On one occasion, the ship being at anchor in Mostyn Roads, I was awoke by the quartermaster coming to call me, and asking me to come on deck, for that the look-out man had rushed down on the lower deck, saying that there was the figure of a female standing on the paddle-box pointing with her finger up to Heaven. I felt angry and told him to send the look-out man upon deck again, and keep him there till daylight, but on attempting to carry my orders into execution, the man went into violent convulsions, and the result was I had to get on deck myself, and attend to him, and remain till day broke, but nothing was seen by me.

"This apparition was often seen afterwards, and as precisely as first described pointing upwards with her finger, and strangely enough as she was last seen by an utter stranger to the whole affair, she disappeared, as will be hereafter described.

"The Asp had been engaged as a mail packet between Port Patrick, Scotland, and Donaghadee, Ireland, and on running one of her trips, and the passengers supposed to have landed, the stewardess went down into the ladies' cabin, where, to her surprise and horror, there lay a beautiful young woman, with her throat cut, in one of the sleeping berths, quite dead, but how she came by her death none could tell, and it was never known. Of course the circumstances gave rise to much mystery and talk and the vessel was at once removed from the station

by the authorities, the matter hushed up, and she had been laid aside and never been used again till handed over to us for surveying service.

"I myself was awoke one night by a hand (to all sensation) being placed on my leg outside the bedclothes. I lay for a moment to satisfy myself that such was the case, and then gripped at it and pulled my bell, which was immediately over my head, for the quartermaster to come down with his lantern, but there was nothing! This has occurred to me several times and precisely as related; but on another occasion a hand was distinctly placed on my forehead, and I believe if ever man's hair stood on end mine did at that moment, and I sprang out of bed—but there was no sound, nothing!

"At length, the vessel requiring repairs, was ordered alongside the dockyard of Pembroke, and the first night the sentry stationed near the ship declared that he saw a female mount the paddle-box, holding up her hands towards the heavens, and step on shore; she came along the path towards him, when he brought his musket to the charge with 'Who goes there?' She then walked through his musket, which he dropped, and ran to the guardhouse.

* * * * *

"Singular enough, since that night the ghost has never been seen or heard on board the Asp, nor sounds or noises as before, and it seems as if the spirit or whatever it was departed from her that night, inscrutable to all."

"STRIKING COINCIDENCE."

The following striking coincidence, or by what more exact name it should be called, is recorded in the *New York Evangelist*:—

"In a quiet village on the Connecticut River, in Massachusetts, where the good people have been in the habit of sending a 'missionary box' to the West every year for half a century or more, this very remarkable incident occurred:—

"The usual notice was given from the pulpit requesting the families to send their contributions of clothing, &c., to a family named, to be appraised and arranged for shipment to a clergyman's family in the West. The articles of clothing, in usual variety, were received, and among them was a very fine fur glove for the left-hand, the right-hand glove having been lost. The lady sending the glove accompanied it with a note explaining why she sent it, and asked the ladies in charge of the 'box' to exercise their judgment as to the propriety of putting it with the rest. The matter was discussed by the ladies who packed the box, and they finally decided to send the odd glove, attaching the donor's note to it.

"In due time the clergyman sent his letter of acknowledgment, stating that the articles were very nice and acceptable, just what they needed; and they were made happy and warm by the generous gifts of their Eastern friends, adding, 'I want to thank you especially for the left-hand fur glove. During the late war I lost my right hand, and this glove is my great comfort as I drive over the prairies when the thermometer ranges far below zero. Please thank the donor for her opportune gift.'

"I know these are facts. No one knew anything in particular about this minister, not that he had been a soldier even. It is a remarkable coincidence, and may interest those who notice providences. 'Those who notice providences will have providences to notice.' So says Matthew Henry." "H."

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUAL INSTITUTE, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday we had an address by Mr. J. Veitch, on the "Resurrection." A large number of strangers were present. Next Sunday, Mr. Robson will deliver a trance address at 7 p.m.—W. E. LONG, 9, Pasley-road, Walworth.

THE LONDON OCCULT LODGE AND ASSOCIATION FOR SPIRITUAL INQUIRY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—On Sunday evening next, April 17th, at seven, Mr. Price will deliver a lecture on "Mesmerism" to be followed by mesmeric demonstrations. It is hoped that many will avail themselves of this opportunity of witnessing some of the wonderful phenomena of Mesmerism.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President.

KENTISH AND CAMDEN TOWN.—A few friends met at 88, Fortress-road, Kentish Town, on the 4th inst., as a nucleus of the Spiritual Association for Kentish and Camden Town. We shall hold our first séance on Monday next, April 18th, when I shall give the opening address (in trance), followed by clairaudience. Mrs. Cannon will hold a séance on Thursday, April 21st, for clairvoyance, &c. We hope to see many friends at these séances, to which all interested in Spiritualism are cordially invited.—T. S. SWATRIDGE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Buddha and Jesus.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In last week's "LIGHT" there is an interesting and pathetic letter from my dear friend Mrs. Kingsford, in which with tears, she deploras the horrible cruelty of the Italians towards their dumb animals.

Now although cruelty towards children and weak animals is almost equally detestable, yet the fact that Buddha laid greater stress on the necessity of kindness to animals than Jesus did, does not, I think, justify the words of the writer, "It is in this that Buddha surpasses Jesus."

I am certain of this, that Mrs. Kingsford would not for one moment suppose that Jesus could have regarded horrible cruelties towards animals otherwise than with detestation; but he does not specially allude to the lower animals in that regard, because his mission was to save mankind, and he did not, as Buddha did, believe that the lower animals were men in transition.

That Jesus had the most tender regard for the lower creation is shown when he said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and yet not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God," and "Consider the lilies how they grow, they toil not neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

In Buddhistic China the practice of killing female children is almost universal, but would this justify me in saying, "It is in this that Jesus surpasses Buddha"?

The one grand doctrine of Jesus was Love, and surely it cannot be laid to his charge that nations, falsely calling themselves by his name, have yet often given themselves up to lives of selfishness, intolerance, and horrible cruelties.

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

Was Jesus an Essene?

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Regarding my paper on this subject in your last impression, in which I say "the Baptist was not an Essene, because, so far as we know, he lived exclusively on animal food, namely, locusts and wild honey," you add the footnote, "The locust John Baptist fed upon was in all probability the pod of the Carob-tree."

To this I can only reply that had it been so the expression would in Bible language have probably been, his food was the fruit of the locust tree, instead of which the expression directly is "his food was locusts."

Commentators at one time thought this an unlikely food, overlooking the fact that Moses (Lev. xi. 22) expressly permits the use of this insect as food, and in Smith's excellent Bible Dictionary we read, "Locusts as food are boiled, broiled, roasted, or stewed." From ignorance of this fact, some persons have erroneously asserted that the locusts which formed part of the food of the Baptist were not the insect of that name, but the long, sweet pod of the locust-tree.

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—There is nothing in the Gospels, taken even in their grossest physical sense, to show that Jesus ever ate any other animal food than fish. All that Dr. Wyld can gain by his reiterated endeavours to make Jesus a flesh-eater and a patron of slaughter-houses will be the alienation altogether from Christian tradition and from reverence for its central figure of those among us who hold our own inner intuition of perfection more precious than any attachment to personages whether of past or present. What are Jesus or Paul compared with the Christ in our hearts? The Edenic way is clear; the Heavenly life is evidently set forth before us as one of universal grace and abstinence from violence to all innocent creatures. Never mind what Jesus did, or what Paul said; let us hold fast that which is good, imitating these great characters of antiquity only in what we behold in them of noble, and pure, and merciful, and just. And if we see that they failed or came short in anything, do not let us be withheld by superstition or idolatry from bravely recognising the deficiency, and living up to our highest ideal, no matter whether it was preached and practised by the Nazarene two thousand years ago or not.—Yours obediently,

AN ABSTAINER FROM FLESH FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

"Liberated Spirits."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Mr. Haughton's letter of March 19th leaves me no choice but to trouble you again. He says in it that I took for serious in his previous letter what he had written in jest. But he leaves it doubtful how much of that letter was conceived in the same inappropriate vein. Possibly the whole of it. And this is an hypothesis which his last letter serves greatly to support, so very far is it from offering any serious argument either on his own side or against mine. I propose as briefly as possible to justify this indictment.

Mr. Haughton's first jest consists in crediting Paul with the "plainest language" than whom, with the exception of, perhaps, Jacob Boehme, and the Alchemists, who wrote designedly in "gibberish," there never was a writer more difficult of comprehension by the generality. And Mr. Haughton's explanations of the passages cited show that for him also Paul is a sealed book.

For that whereof Paul there speaks is most certainly not, as Mr. Haughton so confidently asserts, the "unseen universe quite external to man," and "mighty personages and powers ranging at will through this upper world." For it is not the macrocosm at all and its denizens to which Paul refers, or with which we are called on to wage war;—we could not get at them if we wished;—but the microcosm Man himself. For man comprises within his own system the counterparts of all things without him; his "foes are of his own household," as also are his friends, since in him are the potentialities of God and devil, Heaven and hell; and it is against "spiritual wickedness" in his own "high places" that his warfare must be waged, until the chaos that he is by nature shall by regenerative grace be converted into a cosmos, and the Divine "will be done on earth"—that is, his material part, the body—"as it is in Heaven"—his celestial part, the spirit. Compared with this presentation of Paul's meaning, that of Mr. Haughton is puerile in the extreme, and shows him to be no initiate of sacred mysteries, but a very outsider.

In saying that I denied that the Apostle deprecated the influence of the body, Mr. Haughton ventures upon a misrepresentation which passes a jest. For I said, and in the "plainest language," that what Paul deprecated was not the body as body, but the body unregenerate and insubordinate to the spirit.

Mr. Haughton proceeds to say of my ascription to Paul of the belief in a multiplicity of earth-lives—not "expectation of other incarnations," I did not say that—that not a vestige of such a belief occurs in the text. In the text, probably not for the eyes with which Mr. Haughton reads it. But then—and here we have the secret of his failure to comprehend Paul—Paul, being a mystic, wrote, as he himself declares, for two different classes of persons, and accordingly "spoke wisdom unto those who were full-grown" (Revised Version rendering), "but unto others, not as unto the spiritual, but as unto the carnal, unto babes." To discern the inner sense and true meaning of the terms enunciating Divine knowledges—to recognise through the letter which kills the spirit which gives life—requires the hearing ears and seeing eyes so constantly insisted on by Jesus. "To these it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven"; and where these are lacking, only the outer and innutritious husk of the fruit of the tree of life can be apprehended. Yet Mr. Haughton maintains that the "Gospels and Christian Scriptures were addressed to all mankind in every stage of moral progress"! Let him succeed in mastering the system of thought which underlies the Scriptures, and into which Paul, as a Kabalist, was initiated; and his wonder then will be, not at the interpretations which now he finds so strange, but at his own lack of perception and his boldness of assertion and contradiction concerning matters with which he is so little acquainted. Mr. Haughton adroitly turns to his own use Paul's expression—(if indeed the Epistle to the Hebrews in which it occurs be Paul's: for this is much contested)—"It is appointed to man once to die," by practically asserting *only* before *once*. But surely it is equally allowable for me to insert the contrary phrase and to read it "at least once," modifying what follows to run, "and after all his deaths, the judgment." But I do not insist on this, considering that Paul, as a mystic, may have been referring, not to the death of the body at all, but to that death to the body which is of the spirit, and which indeed can occur but once, and after which alone comes the final judgment of those who will be saved.

But there is a passage—most certainly referring to the body

—in which Paul positively declares that “we shall not all sleep” (or die), or even get rid of our bodies, “but we shall be changed.” From which it would seem either that it is not appointed to all men once to die, or that they who are thus spoken of as exempted from death in the future, and as being changed, have undergone the indispensable death in some previous incarnation. In which view the teaching of Paul, even if not expressly declaring the doctrine of rebirth, involves that doctrine; as also do the histories of Enoch and Elijah—who likewise retained their bodies—if they are to be regarded as belonging to the category of those who are “appointed once to die.”

Perhaps the most daring of Mr. Haughton’s “jests” is his method of dealing with the Anglican Article concerning the Ascension. For here, in order to get rid of an insuperable argument against his views, he coolly omits from it an essential clause, and substitutes a term which makes nonsense of it. And having thus mutilated and perverted the Article, he proceeds to pour out upon it a torrent of affected indignation, meanwhile asking if I can possibly believe the statement in question. Of course I do not believe it as amended (?) by Mr. Haughton. But as it stands in the Article I find it wholly rational and an essential and distinguishing tenet of Christianity. For the Article does not say, nor did I, a word about the ascent of a “ponderous natural body”—this is Mr. Haughton’s addition—but it says “all things appertaining to the perfection of man’s nature”; and this is Mr. Haughton’s suppression. And this addition and suppression constitute one of the most “shameful parts” of his letter. Or, at least, would do so but that “in ignorance he did it,”—ignorance of the system of thought underlying the Scriptures, that of the Hermetists and Higher Alchemists who considered man to have attained the “perfection of his nature” only when he has, not got rid of his body, but acquired such power over it that by an effort of will he can reverse the direction of the polarity of its constituent particles, from fixed making them volatile, from solid fluidic, from material spiritual; the power to achieve this being, as I before stated, one of the tests and conditions of Christhood, and constituting the resurrection of the body, the redemption, not the destruction, of which is a distinguishing tenet of Christianity. But even had Christ been credited with ascending in His “ponderous natural body,” I fail to see how Mr. Haughton, as a Spiritualist, and therefore a believer in “levitation,” can make the objection he does. And, moreover, even an elementary knowledge of physics would show him that the attraction which draws bodies downwards towards the earth has its necessary complement in the repulsion which would cause them to ascend from the earth. Not to know this is not to have ever occupied oneself in observing the contrary influences of the two poles of a magnet. To be thus ignorant of earthly things is to be altogether incapable of understanding heavenly things. By-the-way, Mr. Haughton himself accepts a “spirit-body,” so that after all he does not object to the body *per se*.

Mr. Haughton’s habit of misquotation is inveterate. He represents me as saying that “the criminal’s reformation is the primary object of all punishment,” whereas what I did say is that such reformation is “a matter of primary concern.” The rest of the paragraph consists of a mere reiteration of fallacies previously exposed by me.

The next paragraph—for I am dealing with his statements *seriatim*—is a revelation truly startling of the depths in which he flounders—the depths of ignorance concerning the history and functions of the soul. For in it he asserts that “all the experience of our former lives has perished as soon as each life was over. Therefore the acquisition of experience has been made impossible. We have had all the pains and penalties of our countless former lives, but no moral profit therefrom.” From which it appears that not only has Mr. Haughton no conception of the Intuition as representing the soul’s memory of the knowledge it has acquired by experience in its past earth-lives and the intervals between them; but he knows so little of the human constitution as to identify the fleshly man with the spiritual soul, and to expect that the recollections of the one would be commensurate with those of the other! And this in face of the light which has been shed on the world during the prevalence of the great spiritual wave which is still rolling over us! Truly may it be said now as of old, “The light shined in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.” No wonder is it now that Mr. Haughton writes as he does. Having no luminous soul-memories to guide him, he is restricted to such scanty knowledges as can be gathered in a single life, with faculties which, being of the outer and lower man, are competent

for the appreciation only of the physical and phenomenal, and in no wise of the spiritual and real.

As a consequence, he is reduced to the argument from numbers. As if the negative experiences of any number, however large, could avail against the positive experiences of a single one. For myself, I believe that the number of those who have been enabled to recover the memories of their past existences is by no means so scanty as Mr. Haughton maintains, but I can readily understand why a comparative few should make those recollections public. It is because there are so many Mr. Haughtons at large ready to turn and rend whatever or whoever transcends their own level. And, therefore, the possessors of such knowledges keep their pearls to themselves. “If true,” he says of such knowledges, “they must be the common property of all.” Was there ever a more astounding assertion? Why there is scarcely a scientific fact, to say nothing of religious ones, which would not be negatived by an enormous majority of mankind if put to an universal vote. But such fact would be no less a truth for all that.

Mr. Haughton’s remarks on my association of Karma and Nemesis give, as usual, an inaccurate account of what I said, since I did not ascribe to the Greek tragedians any reference to Re-incarnation.

The doctrine was common to all ancient religions, but it was reserved for the initiated as a “Mystery”; the promulgation of which was forbidden on the severest penalties. And hence the silence of the Greek Tragedians on the subject is no proof of their ignorance of it. Mr. Haughton’s denial of the presence of the doctrine in the Christian Scriptures is only a further proof of the scantiness of his knowledge of those Scriptures, and also of his want of acquaintance with the spiritual literature of the day, the Biblical allusions to it having been pointed out again and again, and the doctrine shown indubitably to have controlled the whole system of thought which underlies the Bible.

Mr. Haughton criticises certain remarks of Dr. Anna Kingsford’s in depreciation of “facts,” of course without having rightly understood those remarks. But he obviously incapacitates himself for any criticism of the kind, seeing that he no sooner has a “fact” presented to him—as the fact of there being persons now alive who do remember their past incarnations, as positively testified to by myself—than he sets it aside as an “hallucination and unworthy of all credit,” simply on the ground that it does not agree with his foregone conclusions! Really it is hard to say whether the scientific or the courteous spirit is the most conspicuous by its absence in Mr. Haughton’s contributions to “LIGHT.”

So much for Mr. Haughton’s sins of commission. Of his sins of omission I shall specify but one. He says not a single word to show when, where, or how—in the absence of a multiplicity of earth-lives—man is to obtain the requisite opportunities for undergoing the regeneration which is indispensable to salvation, and the earlier stages of which, according to his own accepted teacher, *must* be accomplished while in the body. But, perhaps, like the Anglican presentation of the Ascension, he finds this doctrine inconsistent with his favourite theory, and accordingly rejects it as one of the “shameful parts” of the Christian system.

If only, instead of assuming, asserting, and arguing, Mr. Haughton would study, and think, and reason (which is by no means necessarily the same as to argue)—but I will not complete the reflection; your readers can do that quite as well for themselves. And my letter—though through no fault of my own—has already been too long.

E. M.

Primæval Man: A Suggestion in Psychology.

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—All omniscience is interesting, and when a man or body of men has discovered such things as the Elixir of Life, the Philosopher’s Stone, or the Higher Self, it is always instructive to note the methods by which the discovery has been made. In Mr. Fawcett’s striking paper we see the process in full swing. Passing over M. Boucher de Perthes, the Palæolithic flints, Kent’s Cavern, and so on, we come to this: “Contrast again the intellectual powers of a European with those of an Australian black. The result is conclusive in favour of the doctrine of the evolution of the soul . . . through a series of re-births.” Is this a case of the “undistributed middle,” the “quantification of the predicate,” or what? The result is conclusive, however, says Mr. Fawcett, and we are therefore bound to believe him. “The gap between a Herbert Spencer

and a Mincopie is barely to be bridged in thought. Can the evolution of these two 'Egos,' then, be on identically the same level? Surely not," asks and answers Mr. Fawcett triumphantly. But why did Mr. Fawcett go so far afield? The comparison between Herbert Spencer, and say some of the inhabitants of Flower and Dean-street, Spitalfields, would have been quite as good, only the Spitalfields people wear the average European skull, "which in capacity exceeds that of the aboriginal Hindu by sixty-eight cubic inches." Nevertheless, the Whitechapel rough knocks his wife about a good deal, is not particular as to religion, does not care much for water, speaks the truth only by accident, and differs from the aboriginal Australian mainly in his colour, and his cranial capacity. The development in this case has undoubtedly been slow.

It certainly would be difficult to credit with an "immortal Ego" the hairy arboreal creature of the Eocene age so vividly pourtrayed by Mr. Grant Allen, for the very good reason that he existed only in the imagination of that clever novelist. But Mr. Fawcett asks as to this "hairy arboreal creature," or his counterpart, Professor Huxley's Miocene ape-like ancestor (*sic*), "If you deny 'it' a rudimentary soul, can you draw a hard and fast line across that link in the hierarchy of organic forms, where 'mortality' shades off into 'immortality'?" The question is, indeed, a serious one; the ordinary mind fails to grasp the notion of a "hierarchy" in relation to organic forms; a sacred college, so to speak, of organic forms, where mortality begins to shade off into immortality!

But Mr. Fawcett continues, "Why should one 'Ego,' for instance, be pitchforked, without being consulted, into the organism of a Bushman, whose whole career is one of gross animality, while another wakes up into conscious life in the happy environment of a pure English home?" Why, indeed! and why, some have been inclined to ask, who have woke to consciousness in the unhappy environment of an impure English home, why did I not wake up to consciousness as a Bushman? But that side of the picture rather spoils the local colouring, and Mr. Fawcett answers his question thus: "If the experiences of both these 'Egos' are equally eternal, we must convict Nature of injustice. But that conclusion reason declares to be untenable. We can, however, only escape from it by admitting Reincarnation!"

But here one must protest, even though the Higher Self is only a few lines further down. Without going into the question as to what an "Ego" is, I should like to have information on the following points:—(a) The meaning of the expression "equally eternal"; (b) What Mr. Fawcett knows as to absolute *justice* or *injustice*; (c) what that "Nature" is which *must* be so convicted of injustice; and (d) what that "reason" is which, after all, seems to be a kind of court of appeal which decides in favour of Nature.

As to the Higher Self, or the Transcendental Self, whatever that may be, though the Holy Brotherhood have, we sincerely trust, found it, yet its presentation to Western thought has not been generally in a form to commend itself. In one very able story the Higher Self, indeed, appears to have rather played the part of a match-making mamma, and encouraged an esoteric love which now and then impinged on the plane of matter in the ecstasy of exoteric kisses. But then, as Mr. Fawcett evidently feels, the Western mind has not yet become habituated to this Higher Self. I fear that is so, and it is a lamentable fact; perhaps to be attributed to our having so little communication with the loftier intelligences of the East. It would be a comfort for us then if sometimes those born and bred in the East, and steeped in its holy lore, would instruct us; if, for example, Mr. Mohini M. Chatterji would tell us how he found the Higher Self.

Environment.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In Mr. Drummond's work on *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* there is a chapter on "Environment"—about the best in the book—which suggests many reflections akin to Spiritualism, and in which your readers may be interested. He takes his text from Herbert Spencer, who is great on Environment, and who says most truly, "Whatever amount of power an organism expends in any shape is the correlate and equivalent of a power that was taken into it from without." He gives instances of this in the natural world, e.g., the animal body cannot live for a moment without its Environment containing air, light, heat, and water. The coal thrown on the fire without

radiates no heat into the room without its Environment—that is to say, in the oxygen of the air.

Mr. Drummond then comes to Environment in the spiritual world, which he truly declares to be equally essential. But here his views are very imperfect and truncated. He rightly insists that we cannot generate spiritual force within ourselves. "Alone, cut off from our surroundings, we cannot exist physically." No more can we exist spiritually, cut off from an Environing Presence. In the soul, that is, in the spiritual organism, lies the principle of life; in the Environment are the necessary conditions of life.

He then asks, "What is the Spiritual Environment? It is God." That, however, is only part of the answer; it is also the spirits—creatures like ourselves, who exist in the Unseen Universe, and who surround us. "We also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," as the writer to "the Hebrews" declares. This is a cardinal point of the Spiritualist's creed, and we have a great superiority in the practical realisation of this doctrine. It is a doctrine of the Christian Church, but exists only in an inert form. It is a beautiful idea, but practically it is almost *nil*. In the Scotch and in the Puritanical Protestant creeds it can scarcely be said to exist at all. Thus Mr. Drummond speaks of "God" as our only and all-sufficient Environment. But that is neither true nor philosophical. We require the communion and sympathy of beings nearer to ourselves, "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." There must be numberless intermediate links reaching down to us from the Supreme and Eternal. Man cannot communicate alone with the Infinite Mind. Everything is done by mediation. Even Christ required it—"I can pray the Father and He will presently send Me more than twelve legions of angels." "Angels" and "spirits" signify the same thing.

But the word "Angels," in the popular and current idea, signifies beings very holy and exalted, existing in a state of passionless purity, much too bright and good for real communion. Hence the doctrine has fallen into abeyance. Spiritualism has revived it in its true, genuine, and effective form. It is to us a vital creed to a degree unknown even to such a pious and devotional mind as that of the author of the *Christian Year*. Thus he timidly writes:

"If thou hast lov'd in hours of gloom
To deem the dead are near,
And people all the lonely room"
With guardian spirits dear,
Dream on the soothing dream at will."

Even he calls it only "a soothing dream," as if he scarcely realised it himself. What he calls "a dream" the Spiritualist knows as a vivid and ascertained reality. He does not dream but knows. This grand, cheering, and consolatory Environment does not come within the ken of Mr. Drummond at all.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

Animals in the Spirit-Land.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—That animals have souls I think few Spiritualists can doubt, though this fact has only been impressed on my mind since I have been permitted to receive communications direct from the spirit-world. I hope I may be excused for repeating what has been written through my hand on this subject, as the question is a very interesting one, and just now much discussed in "LIGHT."

Last autumn I received a variety of communications in automatic writing from my friend and guide, respecting life in the spheres, and, questioning him as to whether any animals were there, he told me that he has a horse, which once lived on earth and knew him. He says it is a beautiful creature with a white star on its forehead, and that it understands him, and there is a great feeling of sympathy between them. On another occasion he told me that he has a Spitz dog named Luolf, which is one he had long ago in Austria. I had never heard of either of these creatures, which he must have had long before I knew him. I only knew that he was very fond of animals.

I myself once had a little pet dog, of which I was perhaps foolishly fond, and which died some years ago. I am told that this dog will be there to meet me, and I often picture to myself the delight with which she will jump up upon me, as she used to do in her earth-life after I had been absent from her for a time.

About a year ago, I lost a very dear friend. Six months before her death she came up to London from her home in the

North to consult a celebrated doctor, and the very day I saw her (as it turned out) for the last time on earth, she had received from him her sentence of death, he having pronounced her disease to be incurable. This she told me very calmly, though quite aware of the terrible pain she would have to undergo before her sufferings ended. It was then for the first time that I spoke to her of Spiritualism, told her of my own experiences, and rather to my surprise she expressed great interest in the subject, and among other questions she asked me whether I thought it possible that animals would live in the next world. I told her that I had no doubt about it, as well as what I had heard on the subject from others, and she seemed greatly comforted by the idea. A faithful and beloved dog, who had been her constant companion for ten years, had recently died, and I could well realise what the loss was to her, for it had been with her all through such troubles as, happily, fall to the lot of few, and I believe its unobtrusive affection had comforted her more than anything else except her sincere piety and resignation to God's will.

About two months after her death, at a séance I had with Mr. Eglinton, I was told that my friend who had recently passed over was present. I asked if she could give me a message and some proof of her identity, but received the answer that she could not do so then, but that if I would sit alone (for automatic writing) the following Sunday, she would try and give me a message through my own guide, whom (by-the-way) she had once met shortly before his death. When I sat alone on the Sunday, the writing began, and after some preliminary sentences my guide wrote through my hand:—"Your friend, Mrs. W., sends her love to you and wishes me to tell you that her dog 'Lady' is with her." And then a long message followed, part of which was to her sisters, to whom she wished me to write. I mention this because some persons think that automatic writing only reflects the ideas of the medium, and nothing could be more opposed to my own wishes or judgment than to write on such a subject to persons who I felt sure would not believe me, and I would have given much not to have had to do so. However, I performed the unpleasant task as well as I could, and copied the message exactly as I received it. In due course of time I received an answer expressing the greatest horror of Spiritualism, the writer appearing particularly shocked at the idea of "Lady" being with her mistress, "for we are nowhere told," she wrote, "that dogs are admitted into Heaven." She seemed, too, to think it very dreadful that her sister should return to earth to send words of comfort and cheer to those who she imagined were mourning her loss, and said she preferred to think of her dear sister as enjoying that rest she so richly deserved!

On the only occasion I ever had the pleasure of seeing the veteran Spiritualist, Mr. S. C. Hall, he showed me a message from his deceased wife in direct writing to the effect that her little dog "Blackie" was with her. I see no reason whatever to disbelieve these statements or many similar ones which have been made through various mediums, and it would be much more difficult for me now to credit that any life which God has once given should be doomed to annihilation when the little span of its existence on this earth is finished.—Yours truly,

V.

An Appeal for Distressed Spiritualists in Northumberland.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—We, the miners of Northumberland, are out on strike against a 12½ per cent. reduction of wages, and as the strike has lasted over ten weeks our Union funds are exhausted, and the time has come when most of us have to ask charity. In some cases the various churches have contributed collections to relieve the distress; and as we are a few Spiritualists, we naturally turn to men of like tendencies for aid. Efforts are being made to bring the dispute to an end; but as the reduction is so big on our already insufficient wages, you will see at once that it is a case of life or death struggle. I shall be glad to receive any little aid from your readers. We have twenty-four families on our relief books, all Spiritualists of sober habits.

The amount sent us shall be acknowledged in "LIGHT," if so directed. I am a Spiritualist of fifteen years' standing, and well-known to our public lecturers.—I am, yours faithfully,

GEORGE FORSTER,

39, Blake Town,
Seghill, Northumberland.

Miner.

Wanted Immediately—Protection for our Mediums.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Might I ask you to suggest to members of the London Spiritualist Alliance the immediate advisability of forming a committee of competent Psychologists and Spiritualists in order to ensure a certain amount of protection to the coming mediums of the immediate future?

As the law of England stands at present, it gives many "dear relations" an excellent opportunity for manifesting their charity and disinterestedness in the family (towards certain developing mediums) in the shape of physical phenomena, the immediate outcome of which is more satisfactory to themselves in many cases than it is to the upholding of freedom and to the advancement of God's work in these latter days.

Your readers will learn ere long that the outpouring of the Spirit is very shortly to begin in earnest, and some of them may possibly regret not giving heed to this suggestion, if it meets with no immediate response.

I would suggest, for the consideration of your readers, that the liberty of the subject must be protected in all classes of the law-abiding community, but Spiritualists, and thus mediums, have at present virtually no protection.—I am, sir, yours in the Spirit of Truth,

9th April, 1887.

WM. C. ELTON SERJEANT.

THE FACE OF OUR GOD.

A Soul at midnight, with yearning of heart unutterable, cried aloud, "Oh, when, when shall I behold the face of my God? Shall I ever behold the face of my Creator—my Heavenly Parent?"

"Never," returned the voice that holds converse with that Soul—"Never, O, human being! shalt thou behold the face of thy God—except it be even as thou in a looking-glass dost behold thine own image."

Startled by this strange reply, the words of the voice sank deeply into the thoughts of that Soul. Gradually did the idea with astonishment arise that in very truth no human being throughout the length and breadth of his life ever has, or ever can, behold his own countenance except by a reflected image, which is no other than a picture of his face; nevertheless, that that ever to him an invisible countenance is never absent from him—is an indissoluble part and portion of himself—though alone revealed to the sense of sight through a picture!

And thus alone can the Face of the Father—Who is one indissolubly with His children, and never absent from them—reveal itself through symbol and reflection!

A. M. H. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.A.M. DE P. Thanks; but we must know more before we can publish.

W.D.R. (Gladstone, South Australia.) Subscription safely to hand, for which kindly accept our thanks.

E.D.F. You deal with subjects, which we do not desire to touch, with a strength of language which would infallibly give offence. We are bound to keep in mind the special purpose of this journal.

J. P. "The Higher Life" appeared in Part VII. of *The Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society*. It may be obtained from Mr. George Redway, 15, York-street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 1s.

J.S. We are obliged by your offer; but we have now devoted so much space to the question that we could not undertake to publish any lengthy articles. Hereafter, perhaps, we may recur to the subject, when we will communicate with you. Glad to hear of you again.

"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 editors. 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.

ANGELIC MINISTRATIONS.—"I have imagined infinity of worlds, infinitely various kinds of moral agents, infinite sons of God, infinite gradations—all in one Divine unity—that is, under one origination and authority. It is plain I could have no just basis for such conceptions, unless I chose to find it in the few and marvellous glimpses of angelic life and ministrations."—*Rev. T. Mozley's "Reminiscences."*