

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

Mr. Edward Williams, magnetic masseur, sends me a small manual, *The Ancient Art of Massage* (price 1s., National Press Agency, Whitefriars-street), which deals very clearly and simply with this now fashionable mode of treatment. He does not pretend to treat the subject from the point of view of the physician, but only to describe his own practice. The art is an old one, and is in these days a revival of what was much practised in France in the early part of this century. The name most prominently associated with Massage in the present day is that of Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam, who has successfully treated several royal personages, including the Empress of Austria. Dr. Weir Mitchell is the great authority in America. The claim made for this method of treatment is that it aids the recuperative efforts of nature by assisting in the removal of the cause of disease, at the same time conserving and increasing vital energy. It is by no means a rapid process, slow and sure, rather than swift and transient, in its effects. It grapples step by step with disease, and is especially applicable to those ailments which dog the steps of over-civilisation. In an age of sloth and luxurious ease man breeds for himself a mass of preventible disease. His food is too often cooked to please the palate without reference to its wholesomeness and digestibility. His clothing—and I do not desire to exclusively speak of the masculine gender—is too often ridiculous, fashionable, but little adapted to health. Hence the crop of diseases which keep the medical faculty occupied. I entertain a strong opinion that among the best remedies are the modified forms of hydropathy and the use of Massage. Mr. Williams, whose address is 33, Adelaide-road, Uxbridge-road, W., prints various recommendations from persons who have experienced benefit from his treatment. Lady Sandhurst and Mrs. Duncan, among others, testify to their thorough satisfaction with this method of treatment and with Mr. Williams's manipulation.

The current number of the White Cross Library is concerned with a kindred subject. It is entitled *The Doctor Within*. Starting from the idea which pervades all these publications—"thoughts are things"—Mr. Prentice Mulford tells us that what we think we are, that in effect we really are. "If you keep in your mind an image, or imagination, of yourself in perfect health, and full of strength and activity, you keep the forces working to make you so." Refuse to picture yourself as a sick man, energeise for health of mind and body, and you have taken the first step to prevent disease. Yield to whims, become a sickly-

minded valetudinarian, fanciful and imaginary, and you will end by being what you have imagined yourself to be." This is so: no one can have lived long in the world without seeing it. Many a poor creature dreams life away in hysterical imaginings which reduce him to uselessness and misery as really as if he were actually incapacitated by mortal disease. If his dreams had been of health, activity, and usefulness, he would have been a different man. On the question whether the morbid imaginings of which he is the victim are not themselves the effect of disease as well as the cause I am not competent to offer an opinion; but I suspect they are. This is nothing new. But Mr. Mulford goes on to say that "all material things are the outgrowth or product of spiritual or unseen forces. Whatever you think of is *made at once* in unseen substance. So soon as it is made it commences at once to attract its like order of substance to itself: so, no matter how weak you are, when in mind you see your body active, strong, and vigorous, you have really made the spiritual body so. That spiritual body is drawing then the elements of health and strength to itself." This he claims to be the converse process of the healing of disease by Faith. Faith—the motive power of Spirit—can remove the mountain of disease and pain and suffering from others. That same Divine energy, suitably directed, can create in ourselves that which is lacking to perfect health. This is the secret of all occult power, the only underlying truth in magic.

A comfortable doctrine! How far it may be safely pushed I cannot say. But there is unquestionably a deal of truth in much that Mr. Mulford sets forth. "Nature" (he says) "never grows old as we understand that term. She is ever casting off her worn-out *physical* envelopes or forms of expression." The analogy of the tree is instructive. We say that it decays: but from the rotten stump springs a new tree, the same, the rebirth of the old; the force (or spirit) of the tree has materialised a new form of expression. So with animal life we find periods of repair and recuperation preparatory to a certain newness of life, and renewal of organisation. The lobster casts his shell, the bird moults, the animal sheds its fur. During these periods they are weak and inactive. Give them the rest that nature's recuperative processes always require, and they will come forth renewing their youth. All natural laws as seen in the lower forms of life extend to the higher. What is true of the lower animals is true also of man. There are temporary periods in every person's life when all his forces are sluggish. "We are then undergoing our moulting process. Nature is laying us up for repairs." We must have rest if we are to derive the benefit that nature intends.

"In the vast majority of cases, people cannot give themselves the rest Nature calls for. They must work on and on, from day to day, from year to year, to 'make a living.' That makes no difference as to the result. Nature's laws have no regard for man's systems. So fagged-out and ignorantly disobedient humanity fags on; and thousands 'make a living,' and

toil and suffer and wear out, and die in misery on respectable beds of sickness."

The fact is that we defy nature at our own cost, and we are all of us, in greater or less degree, defying her immutable laws every hour of the day. Civilisation means the inevitable defiance of the laws of nature. We fly in her face and are punished for it by sickness, disease, and death; just as defiance of the Divine law results in punishment as a necessary consequence, and not as a vindictive act of retribution, or even as a solemn and separate act of judgment. Throughout the whole of the spiritual and material universe, so far as we are enabled to judge, the analogies are complete, the reign of law ubiquitous and unvarying. To return to the analogy between man and the lower animals.

"We speak of people of 'middle age' as having reached their greatest amount of power and activity. After this period, 'it is inferred as the law of Nature,' that we decline gradually into 'the sere, the yellow leaf.' This faith in 'old age' and weakness, by the same spiritual law makes old age and weakness.

"The 'turn' at middle age, or a little after, means that the physical body you have been using is giving birth to a new one; in other words, the old is being re-formed, and giving place to the new. During such process of re-formation, a great deal of rest is required. Your real, invisible, spiritual self is busy at work in the process of reconstruction. You should be no more overtaxed at this period than you were when an infant, or during childhood.

"We do not grant this rest. We force the exhausted organisation to work when it is unfit for work. We mistake our season for moulting, and consequent temporary weakness, for some form of disease. We then fix in our minds, through faith in evil, the idea of disease; so we construct a disease for ourselves. While Nature is trying to give us a new birth, rejuvenate us, and make us stronger, we defeat her purpose, and make ourselves weaker."

Hence it is that the hurry and worry of modern life have created for us a new crop of disease. Nature's great source of renewal is rest. The land that lies fallow is storing up new force for a stronger effort of production. Mr. Mulford's concluding words are so full of truth and so applicable to these lines that I make no apology for quoting them, without, however, venturing to look forward to that millennial state of perfection which he believes to be attainable.

"By rest we mean rest of mind as well as body. Mental rest is as necessary as physical rest. Thousands of our race have no conception of mental rest, or a mind at ease. With them, worry, fret, uneasiness, and anxiety about something is a fixed habit. Rich or poor, it makes little difference. All this leads to exhaustion, decay, and disease. All this comes because men and women cannot as yet believe that they, as parts of God, or the Infinite Spirit, have spiritual power, which, if cultivated and trusted to, will supply all their needs, grant them perfect health, and give them delights they do not now dream of. Man is to see the day when he shall know when he says, 'I will do thus or so,' and persist in that attitude of mind, that the thing he wills is being done,—that unseen forces are accomplishing the undertaking while his body sleeps, or, while awake, he is re-creating himself.

"What we now call 'death' is only the falling away from the spirit of the old body, before it has the power to put on the new one. Through ignorance and violation of spiritual law, our race has not yet given the spirit this opportunity. You cannot die. It is only your body that dies. You had a body in an existence previous to this. That died as others died before it. Your real life is the life of your mind, or spirit. You are not always to suffer the death of the body as in the past. A period is to come when your spirit will have so far matured its powers, that it can clothe itself gradually with a new physical body as the old wears away. Paul inferred this possibility when he said, 'The last great enemy which shall be destroyed is death.'

"When this law is known and followed, there will be results which would now be called miracles. Spirits (by which name we term all using, and in possession of, physical bodies) will have

bodies for use on this stratum of life so long as they desire to use them; and such bodies being more perfect and symmetrical, will, as more perfect instruments, be better adapted to express such spirit's ever-growing powers. Your real self never loses any power. It is only because of the giving out of the machine, the body, that the spirit is unable to express that power, even as the most skilful carpenter can do little with a dull or broken saw."

"A SOUL'S COMEDY."*

It is painful not to be able to speak with encouragement of a work which is obviously animated by a spirit of genuine and lofty aspiration, and the aim of which is to inspire virtue and to purify the heart. But of men's works each must speak as he can. *The Soul's Comedy* is a dramatic poem, in so far as a poem can be constituted dramatic by being divided into acts and scenes and provided with copious *dramatis personæ*, the members of which make more or less long speeches to each other, all leaving upon the mind a mysterious but definite impression of being spoken by the same person. The work is designed to "represent the triumph of man over destiny." How a man can triumph over his destiny—if he have any—is not readily apparent, for that whereunto he is pre-destined he may scarcely escape. The triumph referred to is apparently the triumph of the higher spiritual nature, or Spirit of Love, in a man, over the mere natural and intellectual being; and in so far as elevated thought, expressed through the medium of graceful dialogue and embodying a tender spirit, can conduce to a reader seeking that triumph, this book must be qualified as a good one. But herein the patient must minister to himself. We must in all candour admit—such is the pride and naughtiness of the heart—that this enviable condition of advanced humanity has not been evoked in us by its perusal, but contrariwise, a spirit of impatience, not to say irritability, wholly out of keeping with the beatific ideal. But it is fair here to remember that there are people so organised as to find no poetic nutriment in Mr. Browning's *Sordello*; in whom the primeval forests of Mr. Walt Whitman's poetical suggestiveness awaken no corresponding emotions; and who would have liked Professor Dowden's last paper in the *Fortnightly* much better if the subject of it had been, instead of "Last Words of Shelley," the Last Words on Shelley, so as to leave them a little repose from the perpetual presentation to their eyes of the personality of this illustrious writer.

With Philistines of this order we must be content to be classed when we feel ourselves compelled to avow that all that we can say about this book as a whole is that those who are not bored by it will be likely to be benefited by it, and that the experiment is worth making.

SEANCE WITH MISS MARSH.—We learn that at a séance given by Miss Marsh, at 218, Jubilee-street, Mile End, some strangers present received what they accepted as remarkable evidences of the presence of an external intelligence. For instance, to one person the medium described the funeral of a near relative, with full particulars of the route, the weariness of the bearers at a particular part of the road, the appearance of the coffin, &c. This is an occurrence (one out of others given in the account) which is by no means rare. We are fully prepared to accept the account, but in order that it should be of any public value, such narratives must be carefully drawn and authenticated by the names and addresses of those concerned: otherwise, however true the statements made, they are not of any public value. Miss Marsh will give a séance at 45, Jubilee-street, Commercial-road, on Sunday next, at 7 p.m.

"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 Editors." Compliance with these directions will facilitate a satisfactory keeping of the accounts.

* *A Soul's Comedy*. By Arthur Edward Waite. Redway: York-street, Covent Garden.

WHERE DOES THE DANGER LIE?

Many of the correspondents of "LIGHT," and contributors to other publications on occult subjects, also mediæval and Eastern mystics, are continually speaking of terrors and horrors that poor innocent Spiritualists are exposing themselves to. One of your always interesting contributors uses the words "courageous if not audacious steps" in speaking of the progress of Spiritualism. He then, as usual, holds over our devoted heads the ever-recurring threat of elemental deceptions. All mystics seem to talk of these beings, undines, sylphs, salamanders, and "hoc genus omne." Many, again, talk of spooks and shells, the cast-off lower astral parts of entities whose higher principles have passed from earth's atmosphere; but one and all say what daring foolhardiness these Spiritualists manifest in pushing their investigations into such dangerous realms. Now, I want to know where this danger lies. It would be much better, and it would be more charitable, if these gentlemen would help their struggling brothers to avoid the frightful chasms under their feet, and at least give them such advice that they may have a fair chance of threading the mazes with success. I should be the last to deny that there does exist a danger, and a very real one too, for every Spiritualist who dives into the regions of the unseen from any but the purest and holiest motives. I go so far as to say that love for the departed is no sufficient reason to permit communion with the dead to be indulged in. All earthly love and affection, which is in truth nothing but disguised selfishness, is a very wrong motive to possess for investigating occultism. But I want to know where the danger is for a man or woman who, with the motive of gaining knowledge of the truth; who, with the hope of gaining advice as to the means and method by which they may improve their own souls; who, having devoted their time to self-improvement, and having lived a life of frequent prayer for guidance, and constant watchfulness and incessant striving to do the right for its own sake; and who feel grief and sorrow at every slip and error, because it is error,—where, I say, is the danger for such a person in plunging into the unseen? What danger is there that such an one need fear? Even if he do not know the ways of elementals, of spooks, and of all the possible inhabitants of the unseen world, I fail to still see any danger to such an earnest seeker. Such things cannot harm such an one, nor can harm befall him. His trust is in *spirit* power; he yearns for no corpse of yesterday; he will not have such even at his séance; his affections are fixed on higher objects; he communes only with those who are really capable of benefiting him, and whose counsels are nothing but the outcome of purified love, whose beauty strikes the heart at once, and makes the recipient thankful. From these beings advice is obtained that helps one over the quicksands of temptation, that points out the alluring forms in which temptations are offered. From these beings the true universal love is learned in its application; that which binds mankind in brotherhood; that which teaches tolerance, and the *divine* pity that should be exercised towards those who one sees are ignorantly retarding their development. Where, I say again, is the danger in an atmosphere of love and prayer, to the devout Spiritualist? I ask your friends and correspondents who are continually holding out fear of horrors that may over-take us, to take pity on us, and point out the "how" of it, so that we may avoid them.

1ST M. B. (LOND.)

"FORMS and institutions in which the spiritual life of man had once clothed itself never die from mere exhaustion. If they betray signs of dissolution, it is because the thought and life they embodied have begun to pass beyond them, and are already feeling their way with a certain prophetic consciousness of its nature, after something higher that is near at hand. The decaying and dying institutions have themselves educated the spirit of man up to the discovery of their own imperfection. It is the new wine which has burst the old bottles."—*Caird's Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion.*

EXPERIENCES OF SUPERNORMAL PERCEPTION.

BY ELISE LIEUNGH-RESIF.*

From the "*Sphinx*."

TRANSLATED BY "V."

[The narrative commences with an account of several supernormal events which were witnessed by the narrator's paternal grandfather, by her grandmother on the mother's side, and by her mother. I pass these by to come at once to the account of her own personal experiences, as this is likely to be more correct and authentic than that of what she only knew by hearsay.—Tr.]

[Henrietta Waage (her mother) was married to Captain P. F. Lieungh and lived in his native town Skien, in the South of Norway; he was the commander of a small brig, the *Marie Elisabeth*.]

The first signs of clairvoyance showed themselves, in my case, at a very early age. Sometimes I saw a bridal *cortège* on its way to church, and could tell what couple were sitting in the bridal carriage. I saw likewise, provisionally, funeral processions and conflagrations, but I never dared to speak about these things to anyone except my mother, as she strongly forbade me ever to mention them to strangers. The first remarkable instance, which is imprinted on my mind in ineffaceable characters, happened in my ninth year. It was a prophetic dream which I had on the night before the death of my grandmother Lieungh. We lived close to one another, the ground on which our two houses stood being only separated by a fence, in which was made a little gate to pass through, to obviate the necessity of going out into the road during the daily visits which passed between the two houses. The gate was kept closed to us children, to prevent our troubling the old lady too often.

I was allowed to visit my grandmother for an hour every afternoon, for she was fond of me, as I was a quiet and thoughtful child. During these visits I sat on a stool at her feet and listened attentively while she related events out of her life or told me one of our beautiful Norwegian sagas, or fairy tales. Before I left I always had a cup of milk and some cakes, baked by my aunt. The cup from which I drank was one she had herself painted in *sepia*; the cup had a bouquet of flowers on it and the saucer a wreath of roses.

One day my mother told me I must not go to see my grandmother as she had a bad headache. In the evening, when we children had gone to bed, she and my father came, as they always did, and sat down on the edge of the bed while we repeated our evening prayers. Then they kissed us and told us to go to sleep at once. I did not observe that they were sad or more serious than usual. I heard them go down the outer steps, heard the garden gate open, and thought they were going to see how grandmamma was—and then I went to sleep.

Immediately I seemed to be in my grandmother's bedroom. She was lying in her great four-post bedstead with the old-fashioned, large-patterned curtains which my little brother and I admired so much. She looked as neat and attractive as ever. Two little silver curls peeped out from beneath the lace of her nightcap, and her white hands folded together almost disappeared under the embroidery of her night-dress. The face was pale, and looked sunken; her eyes were closed, and only her lips trembled at times.

At the foot of the bed sat her three married daughters, who lived in the town and its neighbourhood. Her unmarried daughter, who lived always with her mother, leant her head against the bed-post and sighed bitterly. At the head of the bed sat my mother, and I remarked that my aunts were much handsomer than she; though up to that time I had thought my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. She had, however, a fine figure, and was more elegant looking than my aunts, and this consoled me. I rejoiced to see how well the red shawl she wore became her, and how neat and pretty her white collar looked above it.

In one of the window frames leant my father, and I saw how his whole form trembled; his brother, my uncle Elias, supported him and spoke to him in a low voice. His three brothers-in-law sat in the other window. Turning again to the bed, I saw

* The lady who contributes this account is well-known to one of our contributors, and we can, therefore, vouch for her good faith. The narrative was laid before the "Psychological Association," at Munich, at their meeting on the 21st April of this year.—Ed. *Sphinx*.

that my grandmother's lips were moving. My mother leant over her and said, "Do you wish for anything, dear mother?" She had to hold her ear close to the sick woman's mouth to hear the answer, but I could hear the words distinctly: "I should so like a few of your delicious raspberries, my child!" "You shall have them, mother; my little Elise found yesterday that there were several still left; Anna" (the servant) "shall go and fetch them."* Almost immediately afterwards I saw a hand, though I could not see to whom it belonged, reach my mother the saucer with the garland of roses upon it; upon it lay three red and three white raspberries.

Then I awoke and my first thought was: "There are you lying in the bed and your grandmother longing for the raspberries. Anna will, perhaps, have a long time to look before she can find them."

I sprang out of bed and ran out of the door with naked feet, and nothing on but my night-dress. An old sailor's jacket of my father's was hanging on a peg in the passage. I reached up on tiptoe and managed to lift it off the peg. Then I put it on and ran as quickly as I could down the steps into the court. The stones were very cold and the grass in the long garden wet with dew, but I only felt both as in a dream. Quite out of breath, I reached the raspberry bushes, which grew in a sheltered corner, and searching them over, I collected the berries in my left hand, three red and two white. At that moment the key opened the little gate and Anna entered the garden, carrying the saucer with the garland of roses upon it in her hand.

The old servant started back terrified at seeing me standing there. "Good heavens! child, how do you come here with bare feet and scarcely anything on?"

"I heard that grandmamma was longing for some raspberries, so I ran down and picked them; here they are!"

"How could you hear what your grandmother said?" asked she, shaking her head. "But now get back into bed as quick as you can!"

I followed her advice, lay down in bed again, and wondered why Anna should be so astonished; dreams of this kind were a matter of so common occurrence with me that I thought they must be with everyone.

I was awoke the next morning by the noise of the servant carrying the coffee tray into our sitting-room. When she came out she was wiping her eyes with her apron, and I felt that my grandmother was dead! Very soon I was in the next room, and saw my parents sitting upon the sofa; my mother was tranquil, but pale as a corpse, while my father cried and sobbed like a child; his head was resting upon my mother's shoulder, and her dress was quite wet with his tears. I had never seen my father cry before, and his tears seemed to fall on my heart like burning drops; I felt as though it must break.

Sitting down beside him, I threw my arms round him and cried out passionately: "Father! is it my fault that grandmamma is dead?"

A sad smile overspread his face: "No, indeed, my pet," said he tenderly, "it is you who procured her the last thing she wished for."

Then I had to relate my dream, and my parents nodded at each other as every detail coincided with what had actually taken place. I was sent to bed again, and the doctor fetched, but after he had examined me and found there was nothing the matter, my parents were easy in their minds about me and sent me for a few weeks into the country with my aunt.

In the spring of the following year, I was returning home from school one day in good spirits, when about twenty paces distant from the house, I saw that both leaves of the house door were standing open and four men in black were carrying a child's coffin down the steps. Beneath, the funeral train was arranged. Our two maid servants, clad in black garments and followed by little girls of the neighbourhood, went before, strewing flowers; behind the coffin walked my father, supported by his brother Elias, and then followed friends and relations. Though the coffin was closed I knew that in it lay my little brother Ludwig. This appearance came and disappeared so instantaneously that it seemed as though for a moment a curtain had been drawn aside.

When I reached home the house door was closed as usual, and I went through a little side entrance into the court-yard, where I found Ludwig playing with my two other brothers,

* We had some remarkably fine raspberries in our garden, both red and white. In the summer my grandmother had some of them every day, but now they were nearly over, as it was the end of September.

Paul and Alexis. "It is impossible that he can be going to die!" was my thought, and yet an innermost feeling contradicted this.

I did not even tell my mother of this vision, it would have shocked her so much. I had to bear the thought of it alone. In July a contagious fever broke out, and prostrated everyone in the house with the exception of Ludwig and myself. There was no help to be obtained, for in every house in the town there was someone ill. No one came near us except the doctor and our Uncle Elias, who at that time was with his ship in the harbour. He brought us children such things as we had need of, and drew for us every day a couple of buckets of water from a deep well.

At last the fever took a favourable turn. The first to recover were our two servant maids, and then my parents, while Paul and Alexis still continued ill, though on the road to recovery. It was the end of August; my father was still unable to leave the house, so he sent Ludwig with a letter to a friend on business. When the boy returned he was in high spirits, for all his pockets had been filled with early ripe apples. He laid them all on the table, and taking the two finest, one in each hand, turned to our father, who was sitting on the sofa, and said, "May I give one apiece to Paul and Alexis?" At this moment a shadow seemed to pass over his face, and he looked to me like a corpse. I looked at my father and thought he must notice this too, but he answered quite composedly, "Not to-day, my boy, to-morrow we will ask the doctor's permission."

I could bear it no longer but sprang up and ran into another room, where I threw myself on my knees upon a chair and buried my face in the cushion so that my sobs should not be heard in the next room. After a short time Ludwig came to look for me, and putting his arm round my neck said, "Why do you cry? don't you think I am going to give you any apples?" "No," replied I, "it is only because Paul and Alexis may not have any."

The following day he was taken ill and on the ninth day he died. Again the overwhelming feeling came to me that his death was owing to me. This feeling came over me every time that I saw in a vision a living person dead, and I could scarcely look them in the face. It was almost too much for a child to bear, and gave a serious turn to my character. Persons who did not know me well called me "a strange child."

After my brother's death a year passed away without any special incident.

In the summer time my father always went four times to England, but in the winter he remained at home; and now he was expected home from his autumn voyage.

On a cold but bright day in the middle of October my mother gave me a plate of chopped potatoes for the chickens. I took it out into the balcony, strewed the contents into the court-yard below, and was pleased to see how the chickens came running for it, and how they seemed to enjoy their meal. Suddenly I saw them no longer. The wide court-yard was turned into a raging sea; waves high as the house, green, dark blue, and black, arose on every side, with foaming crests, impelled, as it were, by a hurricane, though I heard not the slightest sound. In their midst staggered the *Marie Elisabeth*. Her mainmast hung broken over the side, and I could see the axes of the carpenter and of some other sailors glancing in the sun, raised to sever it. I saw my father standing by the rudder, holding the speaking trumpet in his right hand; he had his southwester on his head, and wore the thick jacket he always put on in bad weather. Then came a monstrous wave, washed over the deck, and carried away with it my father into the deep. I saw no more; all was dark before my eyes.

I was found insensible in the balcony, and was carried to bed. The fainting fit lasted a long time, and my mother sent for the doctor. When he arrived in the evening I was fast asleep, but woke up when he laid his hand upon my forehead.

I looked round on opening my eyes to see if my mother were in the room; he must have noticed my doing so, for he said, "Your mother has just been called out; what has happened to you, my child?" "Oh, doctor, I have no longer a father," cried I despairingly, "I have seen him drowned."

The doctor laid his hand on my mouth and said, "Be quiet, child, for heaven's sake; think of your mother." Just then she came to the door, so he could say nothing more to me and left, after ordering simply that I should be kept quiet. The next morning I got up at the usual time and went into the breakfast-

room, where I found only my brother Paul, who was at that time twelve years old. His bread and butter was untouched and his hand trembled so that he could not lift his cup to his mouth. "What is the matter, Paul?" I cried out. He broke into loud sobbing but soon composing himself he said in a stifled voice, "I fear we shall see our father no more. Last night, in a dream, I saw the name and the figure-head of the *Marie Elisabeth* lying on a desert shore!" This was the first time that my brother had had a prophetic dream which coincided with a vision on my side. The sad news came at mid-day that the *Marie Elisabeth* had gone down. The steersman and two of the sailors who had been picked up by another vessel clinging to part of the wreck, narrated the event exactly as I had seen it happen.

Two years after the death of my father we went to live at Itzehoe, in Holstein, where a married sister of my mother resided. This was about the end of April, 1842. My brother Paul had been confirmed in the meantime, and was apprenticed to a tradesman of that place. One evening my mother and I went to take tea with my aunt, several other ladies being present, and after supper we all went for a walk by the *Stor*, towards the *Münsterdorfer Dyke*, from where, in clear weather, the towers of Hamburg are visible. Looking in this direction I saw a great fiery bow extending over Hamburg, so that I could see the tower of St. Michael quite illuminated. Involuntarily I cried out "Surely there must be a great fire in Hamburg." Those present looked in the same direction but could see nothing, and laughed at me.

When we reached home my aunt said to her husband, who, a native of Hamburg, had an almost fanatical love for his birth-place, "Henry, Elise thinks there must be a great fire in Hamburg, for she has seen a fiery bow hanging over the town!" My uncle laughed scornfully and said confidently, "There can never be a great fire in Hamburg, because the fire brigade arrangements are so excellent!"* On the 4th of May I wished to go to meet my brother Paul, who had some business to transact for his master at *Münsterdorf*, and would have to return across the dyke. We had not seen one another for a week, and Paul had written to me, asking me to meet him.

As I passed by my Uncle Henry's house, he was standing in the door-way, and offered to accompany me; perhaps he was secretly somewhat uneasy and wished to find if he himself could see the fiery bow. This was visible to me over Hamburg, only more glowing even than the first time.

"Do you still see the fiery bow," said he, "over Hamburg? the horizon is quite dark."

"But I see it plainly," replied I, quietly.

About half-way we were met by Paul, who, without even saying good evening, called out to my uncle, "There must be a large fire in Hamburg for the reflection of the flames is plainly visible." And so indeed it was later on.

"You are both of you mad about your great fire," cried out my uncle angrily.

Towards morning of the same night the fire broke out. About five o'clock in the afternoon I went to my aunt's to help her with some difficult embroidery. She received me, looking pale and troubled, while my uncle sat by the corner of the stove crying unrestrainedly. I never saw a man weep so bitterly! A small steamer which plied between Hamburg and Itzehoe had brought the news, as well as many fugitives. It was said that the Church of St. Nicholas was already destroyed, and that it was not known where the fire would end, as there were insufficient fire-engines.

My uncle Henry's anguish grieved me. I went to him and said that perhaps the fugitives in their terror had exaggerated the facts; but he pushed me away from him like an angry child, and cried "Go away, I can't bear the sight of you!" "But, Henry," said my aunt, "how can you blame Elise? It is sad enough that she and Paul should be forced to see trouble beforehand, without having the power to prevent it." I saw how rightly my mother had spoken when she warned us to keep our provisions to ourselves.

In the year 1870 I was living in Hamburg, near the so-called English stables; the officers' horses were kept there, and were exercised in the road, which was quite lively with the coming and going of the officers.

We rented a parterre or ground floor, and I let two rooms

* Between the 5th and 8th of May, 1842, the most considerable part of Hamburg was completely destroyed by fire. The arrogant self-confidence of the fire brigade was one of the principal causes of the calamity attaining such giant proportions.—*Ed. Sphinx.*

from it. I was obliged to work without intermission, often up to two or three o'clock in the morning, for we were very badly off, though from no fault of ours. The institution in which my husband had been employed was done away with on account of bad times, and he only received a very small pension. All his endeavours to obtain another situation were in vain, and he was sadly out of spirits; besides which we were in great anxiety about our son, our only child, who lay seriously ill.

About the middle of June a married couple took possession of our rooms, Herr and Frau Fich, from Stockholm. The husband was inspector of an international telegraphic bureau at Stockholm—if I remember rightly, Reuter's Telegraph. They were very good, friendly people, and showed me much kindness and sympathy; they often begged me not to sit up working so late, but I had no choice. From the beginning of July I could no longer enjoy even the few hours I allowed myself for repose. Directly I lay down I went off to sleep, but every night after sleeping for about an hour I was awakened by the noise of military. I could hear the Prussian March played by fifes and drums, the marching of great numbers of soldiers, the word of command given by the officers, the tramping of their horses, and the rolling of heavy train waggons and of cannon. This would last for about an hour, and then I could go to sleep again till six o'clock.

I knew, therefore, that war was at hand. I had, of course, no time to read the newspapers, and took, besides, no interest whatever at that time in politics, so I was ignorant whether war was impending between any of the Powers.

Up to this time I had spoken to no one about this nightly disturbance for fear of being laughed at, but on the sixth night I heard movements going on in the cavalry stables as well. Officers called for their grooms, and I could actually distinguish the different voices as I was in the habit of hearing them every day. I thought, perhaps, there might be a parade, and got up, drew on my slippers and put on a waterproof mantle; then I opened the house-door, and went out down the steps. The street was quite quiet, and the watchman was walking up and down before the stables; then there came a man in civilian's dress along the street, in whom I recognised Herr Fich, who was returning from a party, and I waited till he came in before I shut the door.

The next day Herr Fich asked me what I was looking for out of doors so early (it was four o'clock a.m.). "The soldiers," answered I, "who are going to the war; I can get no sleep night after night for the noise they make." This escaped me, for I knew not what answer to make.

"Who are going to the war," said Herr Fich, repeating my words. "With what Power should we go to war?"

"With France," answered I, and it seemed to me as though these words were uttered by another being, for up to this time I had never even thought with whom the fight was to be.

"If that were so, I must know it," said Herr Fich, and tried to talk me out of it, but in vain. I remained firm, and only said "Time will show!"

Here I will conclude. If I were to describe all the events of this nature which have occurred to me in my life they would fill a volume. When I see a person who is yet living appear as dead, he is always turning round either as on entering or leaving a room. But my second sight extends, not only to persons and important events, but to places, houses, and even animals. I have never been able to call it forth voluntarily, as is the case with my brother. I lost later on the horrible feeling of its being my own fault, which made me so miserable as a child, and it gave place to a tranquil sensation of confidence "that a higher power watches over our destinies."

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. John Hopcroft spoke morning and evening. The subjects dealt with were "The Duty of Spiritualists," and "The Religion of the Future," which were ably handled. Remarkable clairvoyant descriptions followed. There was a large attendance.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 9, Pasley-road, Walworth.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—Last Sunday evening Mr. A. E. Waite gave his lecture on the "Rosicrucian Mystery," and threw great light upon this difficult subject. The address was much appreciated by a large audience. Next Sunday evening, at seven, Mr. Hopcroft will give "Clairvoyant Descriptions of Spirits." During the evening Mrs. Tindall will sing a sacred song composed under spirit influence.—F. W. READ, Secretary, 79, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
16, CRAVEN STREET,
CHARING CROSS, W.C.

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 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.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

That must be a very unintelligent and undiscerning mind which can look abroad to-day and not see change written on everything. This is no place for the discussion of the political outlook, deeply interesting as it is to us all. Nor is this the place to dwell on the social changes that are being wrought out in our midst. Not (as we have been mistakenly thought to contend) that Spiritualism as a movement has no concern with the hopes and fears of human life. Far otherwise: it is the business of the Spiritualist to learn from the faith that he professes to sympathise with all that touches human interests, and while reaching forward to the life to come to see to it that the best is made of the life that now is. All that we have said is that the pages of this journal are devoted to a definite purpose for which they are all too cramped, and that they who fill them must of necessity keep that purpose in view. In this way alone can we avoid the shoals and rapids of controversy on moot questions respecting which men hold divergent views, and on which Spiritualists have opinions quite uninfluenced by their specific beliefs. There are channels of publicity existing in abundance where these subjects find fitting place; and there we all, whatever be our faith on other matters, may profitably ventilate our views. It is not too much to ask, we think, that in these pages the cobbler may stick to his last. And this, we are sure, may be done with the fullest interest in all that concerns the well-being of our fellow creatures.

To return. The change that is written on the face of all things is affecting Spiritualism. It is touching all the varied schools of thought that concern themselves with that which specially belongs to what we call Spiritualism. Time was, and not so long ago, when the average Spiritualist might be taken to be one who had been startled out of previous habits of thought, or who had been set thinking by being fortuitously brought into relation with certain phenomena. In most cases he had not sought them: they had by apparent accident obtruded themselves on his attention. They occupied his mind as mere phenomena, with no special ethical or moral significance. It would depend on the cast of his mind, and on the particular circumstances of his life, what view he took of them. But at any rate he would regard them *ab extrâ* as curious objective facts. It might well be that he could cultivate a familiar acquaintance with these phenomena, and

convince himself absolutely of their entire objective reality, and remain an unchanged materialist. There was nothing necessarily spiritual in such Spiritualism. Of all the misleading expressions there has probably been none more oddly inconsequent than that which called these raps and noises and the like "phenomena called spiritual."

For what seems to us a long time as we look back this exclusive view of the situation held sway. It is amongst us still, and we suppose that the time will never come, at least until human nature has greatly developed, when these appeals to the senses will not be necessary to reach a certain type of mind. But this view is not exclusive as it once was. The time of mere wondering surprise at what was so strange to a generation that had almost lost faith in a future, is rapidly passing away. While there have risen some schools of thought which concern themselves with an attempt to demonstrate scientifically what we have long since proven to our own complete satisfaction, Spiritualists have with increasing frequency been devoting themselves to discover what these things mean, to evolve a philosophical explanation of them.

They have looked abroad, and have found that they are not by any means the only body that is engaged in a similar quest. They see other schools of thought which have started from a different point and which are traversing very much the same ground. Some of these are purely philosophical: they have had no phenomenal interference with their lives to attract their attention. They seek to apply to modern occurrences the philosophical wisdom which the most metaphysical and subtle minds in the past have found serviceable. They have gone to the East for their enlightenment. The letter of Dr. Hübbe Schleiden's which we publish to-day will show the line of thought that commends itself to such thinkers. We should not be prepared to admit that the view so presented is any more than partial and incomplete: but we are prepared to contend that it is one that deserves respectful attention.

It is, perhaps, not to be expected that any system of thought which has been evolved by a type of mind so different from our own as that of the subtle Eastern should commend itself wholly to us. It would be strange if it did. What we should rather hope to do is to take what we find nourishing in their system of thought, to assimilate it, and to transmute it into terms of our own thought, to restate it and to incorporate it with that which we independently have found to be true. There can be no danger in such a course. The only conceivable danger is that we should rashly conclude that we have a monopoly of truth, that we can learn nothing from other inquirers, and so that we encase ourselves in a panoply of self-sufficient, supercilious contempt which is fatal to all progress.

It would be unfair to omit mention of the light that has been thrown on some dark places of our search by the German school of philosophers. It is by no means necessary to acquiesce in all the conclusions, for example, of Hellenbach, Du Prel, or any of these profound thinkers to admit *ex animo* the debt we owe to their methods, and to be thankful for the side gleams of light which they have shed on what they have discussed.

We are not pretending to any exhaustiveness of treatment. We have probably said enough to show how from without their own little body the Spiritualists have had opportunity of receiving some assistance in their own special field of inquiry. There are not wanting signs that we are availing ourselves of it. It has come at a time when the old attitude of open-mouthed wonder was giving place to a more philosophical frame of mind. Men were asking themselves what did all this mean? There were the phenomena: how were they to be read? And here we may be permitted to say that if Spiritualism had done nothing else but direct attention to these occurrences, this impact of the world of spirit on the world of matter, it would have

deserved well of the age. For all this thought-provoking mass of fact the whole world of thought comes to Spiritualism. It comes to us for facts that are to be had nowhere else. It tears them to pieces, and makes what it can of them, sometimes nothing, sometimes little, sometimes much. But much or little, it takes *our* facts, and we shall be wise if we take heed to *its* philosophies. If we remain wrapt in a passive contemplation of our objective facts, wondering and content, we shall find ourselves waking up one day to learn that we have been left behind; or, worse still, that the fresh impressions made upon the mind have faded into dim obscurity, leaving us poor indeed.

When Spiritualists came to study the facts at their disposal, and to correlate the information given to them, those who approached the investigation with an open mind found that the discernible object in view was by no means simple. First of all the messages given professed with one accord to proceed from intelligences who had once been incarnated on this earth, and had survived physical death. The exceptions are so few that they do but emphasise the general agreement. Here then was the first great lesson to be got from these occurrences, no less a thing than an actual demonstration of what in all ages had been an article of faith, now a matter of proof. For it was at once obvious that the simple fact that any intelligence, no matter of what order, should demonstrate its survival, no matter by what ineptitude of talk, was a most portentous occurrence. Recent criticism has shown its appreciation of this point by its strenuous endeavours to minimize the evidence for the action of an external intelligence, and to lay stress on undiscovered sub-conscious tracts of our recognised consciousness.

This fact of survival once brought home, it resulted that Spiritualism found itself *en rapport* with forms and systems of religion. There was then, it would seem, a future life, really, and not merely as an article in a creed, glibly recited and never realised. This had been the consentient teaching of all forms of faith, but Science had gradually worn away Faith, and in these latter days had openly derided its claims as visionary. Of what character was that life? Inspired seers had told of a life eternal which, when seriously analysed, was utterly unthinkable. The heaven of the Christian theology, as popularly understood, was not to be taken seriously. What had the people who had made acquaintance with the land beyond the tomb to say of it? Various things and very different, as one might expect; for the impression of what we experience is filtered through our consciousness and is translated in terms of our individual conceptions. But when collated and compared the various communications showed a remarkable agreement in some points—an agreement quite incompatible with any theory of a mundane source, or of mere brain phantasy. The accounts were very like those which would be brought back by travellers of various degrees of intelligence from an unknown country. One thing struck one, and another, another. But in this absolutely central truth they all agreed, so far as we can differentiate their teaching from the preconceived and dominant views of some person who had power to influence the medium and vitiate the purity of the message. They maintained that the next state is the outcome, the consequence of the present one; that a spirit incarnated here makes his own future and goes to his own place at death. They taught, some that we had thought frivolous and (as we in our vanity put it) low, in terms that might bring tears to any eyes, that every moment of life, here or hereafter, is precious, and that a man may use it better than in the pursuit of pleasure or even of wealth, or than in acquiring an external familiarity with facts that made him no better than they found him. They bore in upon us that there is a Spiritualism which is a hardly elevated Materialism; and that we should energise

to raise our own spirits to a higher plane instead of spending ourselves in vain and futile efforts to drag spirit down to the plane on which we chance to find ourselves.

Here, let it be noted, Spiritualism has passed into a distinctly new phase. It has become a means of ethical, educational influence. For the future, while the past has its lessons which we may not neglect, the point of view is enlarged. It is well that we should have our demonstration of continuity of existence. It is well that we should have our consolations of communion with those who are gone before. But it is better far that we should know that beyond the tomb is a land in which we are preparing our home, and that its character depends exclusively on ourselves.

THE LATE JOHN MURRAY SPEAR.

We regret to announce the departure of an old and respected Spiritualist, whose name is known to many in the present generation, and who was a prominent figure in the past. John Murray Spear passed away on the 5th, at his residence, 2210, Mount Vernon-street, Philadelphia, U.S.A. For the past year he had been growing weak and had been practically bed-ridden. He suffered nothing beyond the weakness incident to his advanced age.

Mr. Spear was born in Boston, Mass., in the year 1804. His parents were followers and admirers of John Murray a noted preacher of the Universalist Theology, and in his name the young Spear was baptised. It is not for us to sketch his long and consistent career of philanthropy. He has been well called "the Howard of America." The intuitive mediumship which distinguished him in after years no doubt enabled him to derive direction and guidance in the great work that he had set himself. He was an indefatigable worker. In one year he delivered eighty-one lectures on prisons and the causes of crime; visited prisoners and distributed among them 7,500 books; travelled 8,000 miles on missions of mercy; and became bail for poor prisoners to the extent of 10,490 dol. In becoming bail he was guided by his intuitive perception, and never was deceived.

In 1851 he turned his attention to Spiritualism. "A hand unseen has guided me: why not others?" He satisfied himself of the reality of the manifestations, and found that he was himself a medium. His psychical gifts included those of healing the sick, automatic writing, and trance speaking. Mr. Spear's trance addresses have been collected into a large octavo volume of 680 pp., entitled the *Educator*.

Mr. Murray Spear was a man of single-hearted simplicity of character, pure, trustful, earnest, disinterested and devout. He has been in his day and generation an aid and a consolation to many. "And so he fell on sleep."

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.—We want nothing false under the standard of our army of progress. Spiritualism has given to the world the Divinest truth of the ages. It is a quenchless torch to light the world, before whose glorious rays even the dark shadows of the valley of death are dispelled. Do you think little agitations or disturbances are going to stay its all-conquering progress? Not so; out of these very trials will come the uplifting of the truth. We find that from the first days of Modern Spiritualism to the present time, true mediumship has been able to endure every test to which it has been subjected. In all its varied forms, in all phases of its manifestation, from table-tipping to full-form materialisation; from the inspired utterances of the child to the veteran lecturer upon your platforms; in every way, in every manner in which this great light has been revealed, it has shone triumphant over all conditions; it has gone forth to battle with darkness and error, and everywhere it has been victorious; and it will go on, shining into earth's dark places, lighting up the homes of men with its Divine radiance, until at last the whole glad earth shall rejoice in the light of the new day.—Mrs. R. S. LITTLE, in *Banner of Light*.

FINAL TRUTH.

Wisdom is no intellectual attainment ; its text-book is life. Being asked in "LIGHT" (No. 354, p. 481) "What books should be read in order to get at final truth?" I have to say, that final truth is the consummation of wisdom and can neither be learned nor taught *in abstracto* ; its acquisition is always a question of *concrete* individual evolution. Final truth is contained in many books of different languages ; and for every one longing and striving for such truth, there are always books extant that are adapted to his understanding and convey final truth to him in that very form in which alone he can understand it. But a book which may be the only gospel for one individual on his stage of development, will most likely be *caviare* to others, who may be striving equally earnestly, but are labouring on another stage of inner development. To some the books of highest wisdom might appear as childish commonplaces and to others they may even be poison.

To get at final truth is, therefore, principally, nay, almost exclusively, a question of qualifications required for its conception. He who asked, "Master, what must I *do* to be saved?" was surely much nearer to the attainment of truth than any intellectual scholar who imagines that his advancement in wisdom depends upon the books which he reads. On the contrary, autodidactic studies are generally more likely to mislead him, and he would already be misguided, if his belief were strengthened thereby that his intellectual advancement is bringing him any nearer to final truth.

We shall not discuss here the question, *which* are the qualifications for the conception of final truth—thorough earnestness in living up to the truth found is one, and perhaps the principal one of them ; but it cannot be too urgently impressed upon every inquirer, that there *are* qualifications necessary, and that the conception of truth entirely depends upon the spiritual development of the student. No doubt, a competent guide or teacher can greatly assist any student in such spiritual development, also in the conception of truth—and in exceptional cases such a guide or teacher may even turn up in the shape of a book ; but there can be no graver mistake than to wait or to hunt for such a teacher or book. It is a law of spiritual life that *everyone* always finds that teacher who is exactly the right one for his or her stage of development and earnestness. As, however, the qualifications required for esoteric studies are generally but very imperfectly developed, it is evidently inopportune, nay even dangerous, to recommend any books for autodidactic study ; while to a competent teacher instructing a fit pupil almost anything may serve as a text-book.

The quintessence of final truth can, in my opinion, be explained best in connection with the three Sanskrit terms, *janma*, *karma*, and—say *atma*, but for this purpose it is by no means necessary that the teacher should speak or the pupil should understand Sanskrit, nor that an exposition of Indian philosophy should be used as a text-book. In some cases *no* book at all is required, as it is said that "M. C." received the teachings of *Light on the Path* and the *Idyll of the White Lotus* in a way similar to that in which "M.A. (Oxon.)" was taught by "Imperator." But if a text-book was especially desired for people of the Western world, I should think a competent teacher could most appropriately use the Christian Bible. True, in the hands of a parson, these mystic writings, taken literally and dogmatically, serve but to obscure final truth more and more intensely. But not only in former times have there been teachers who understood how to find the gold-grains of esoteric truth in the many-coloured sand of this historic accumulation of facts, allegories, and symbolism, but also in the present time

such esoteric mining has been successfully achieved. We may mention here, as examples, *The Perfect Way* ; or, *the Finding of Christ*, by Edward Maitland and Dr. Anna Kingsford ; or *The Mystery of the Ages*, by Lady Caithness. Although the former book has the preference of more originality and profoundness, the latter excels by the universal view it seeks to give.

Goethe says somewhere that he who knows but *one* language, knows none at all. This truth refers still more to philosophy and religion. He who has studied only *one* philosophy or *one* religion may be very clever, very earnest, and very religious, but he is not competent to find out what is final or esoteric truth in any philosophy or religion. This fact ought to be kept in mind particularly by the student of Indian philosophy. His competent teacher may confine himself, for the time being, exclusively to one school of Indian philosophy, according to the pupil's present stage of development ; esoteric truth, however, is that alone which is common to *all* great and principal schools—that alone is final truth. In this way for some Buddhism may be the right study, and, no doubt, we find also in this religious philosophy the right conceptions of *janma*, *karma*, and of the self-realisation of *atma* or *Nirvana* ; but all this can only be rightly understood, if looked at in the view of Adwaita-philosophy (Hinduism, Brahmanism). And again, this Vedanta-philosophy can only be understood esoterically when viewed from the standpoint of purified and spiritualised Buddhism.

As to text-books on Indian or other Oriental philosophy, it will scarcely be necessary to mention any particular publications to English readers, as the volumes issued by the Clarendon Press in Oxford and the catalogues of Trübner and Co. (Ludgate Hill, E.C.) are accessible to everybody. I might, however, say that I do not concur with those who abuse these scientific translations and expositions as useless, because they are only philological and not genuine philosophical and truly religious productions. True, most of them cannot be declared free of this fault, and this particularly refers to the want of rightly understanding and explaining the deeper esoteric meaning of symbolic and metaphoric terms and ideas,—and it is scarcely to be wondered at that this is so, for, as far as one might presume to say, those who have written these books and made these translations did and do not care to acquire the qualifications necessary even to *study* these scriptures with the intention of getting at the final truth contained in them ; how then should they be fit and competent to *teach* and *explain* these scriptures ? Nevertheless, for anyone who has once conceived real esoteric truths and is consciously walking in the path that leads to their further realisation, most of that "scientific" material can be turned to good use. No doubt it is very likely to deter the beginner or to lead him far astray ; but then, as I said before, I do not think anyone could conscientiously recommend for autodidactic study any book at all, whether it be a scientific one or not.

On the other hand, I quite agree that the publications of the Theosophical Society should be mentioned as very useful for anyone who has learnt to discriminate genuine truth from well-meaning, but useless or misleading, thoughts. I cannot deny that my heart burns when I think of the sad aspect which the Theosophical movement presents at present, in consequence of the apparent shortcomings of some of its foremost leaders. None of us has the right to cast the first stone at any one of his neighbours, but persons who want to start and to conduct such an extraordinary spiritual and religious movement, ought not to act and to live ethically on a lower level than the present standard of civilised society. These shortcomings *cannot* but throw grave and just doubts over the quality of those powers who are said to guide this movement, and who choose such unscrupulous persons as their instruments ;

and, in accordance with this, the results of the society hitherto have been of doubtful value. All those grand hopes which we placed on this revival of esotericism have come to a miserable shipwreck. Nevertheless, many—and I myself amongst the number—are still to be found under the noble banner of this society, in the firm hope that this movement must succeed in the end. By-and-bye perhaps even the Theosophical Society itself may live to become useful, when it shall be worked on purer principles and by abler hands.

In spite, however, of the present unsatisfactory condition of this movement, it cannot be denied that some writings have been produced through its agency which are after all the best expositions of final truth that are so far accessible. As such are to be mentioned some articles on Indian philosophy in the first five volumes of the *Theosophist*, and latterly the translations of Vedantic literature from Tamil and Telugu. Although it is a pity that the whole commentary was not added to the translation of *Kaivalya Navaintam*, this is, nevertheless, a very valuable addition to the existing material for studying Indian philosophy; and other similar translations, we hope, will follow. Not without value are also Colonel Olcott's Catechisms, and Mr. Sinnett's books, although the latter's writings are made distasteful to some readers by their cosmological and phenomenistic decoration. His last two Transactions in the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society (Nos. 12 and 13), which were lately mentioned in "LIGHT," and which have only since come to my knowledge, seem to me to be also very valuable.

Surveying thus the neo-theosophical literature there ought also to be mentioned the third part of *Light on the Path*, which might very well serve as a text-book of final truth in the hands of a competent teacher, although I think beginners ought to be warned not to imagine that they could by themselves find out final truth from it. But if any book extant can at all be safely given into the hands of any unassisted student who wants to prepare himself for the conception of such truth, there is none equal to this little volume, *Light on the Path*.

Herein precisely lies the secret of studying successfully esoteric truths; and at the same time the *one* grand merit of the Theosophical movement. This *merit* consists in divulging that *secret*: that the attainment, namely, of wisdom and the conception of truth are never a question of intellectual knowledge, but a realisation of spiritual development. Thus only does intuitive power awake in man, and a pure ethical basis is undoubtedly the best and the only genuine ground upon which such a development of the human soul can unfold its delicious blossoms and ripen its eternal fruit. Whoever is under the delusion that final truth can be conceived in the ordinary way of intellectual attainment of worldly knowledge, is thoroughly mistaken; such truth will only dawn upon him in accordance with the spiritual growth of that soul, or that something, which is immortal in him. This growth, however, or this self-realisation, is always sure to procure for him at every stage of his development just that teacher and that text-book which are necessary and are due to him. To hunt for a teacher or a text-book as the means of learning truth or wisdom is a fundamental error. But if I were asked which book I would recommend that could best assist or guide him or her who strives for such true spiritual development, I should not hesitate to say *Light on the Path*.

October 15th, 1887.

HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN.

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

JOTTINGS.

The *Better Way*, somewhat irregular in its manifestations here, comes this week from Cincinnati, U.S.A., with a full broadsheet of readable matter, among which we may mention an address of Mr. Colville's, who hits American tone of thought, and another of Mr. J. Clegg Wright on "Wonders and Mysteries of Spiritualism."

* * *

The great Spiritualist inventor thus describes the latest idea of which he is the medium. The world owes much to those who have utilised Edison as an inventor.

"A merchant who wishes to send a letter has only to set the machine in motion and talk in his natural voice at the usual rate of speed into the receiver. When he has finished, a sheet or phonogram, as I call it, is ready for putting into a little box made on purpose for the mails. The receiver of the phonogram will put it into his apparatus, and the message will be given out more clearly than the best telephone message ever sent. The great advantage is that the letter can be repeated a thousand times, if desired. The phonogram will not wear out by use. It may be put away for a hundred years, and be ready the instant it is needed. If a man dictates his will to the phonograph, there will be no disputing the authenticity of the document. The cost of making a phonograph is scarcely more than that of an ordinary letter paper machine. I have experimented with a device enabling printers to set type directly from the dictation of the phonograph, and think it will work perfectly. A selection for any instrument or for an orchestra, or the whole act of an opera, including musical instruments and voices, can be given out by the phonograph with a beauty of tone and distinctness past belief, and the duplicating apparatus for phonograms is so cheap that the price of music will be scarcely worth considering."

* * *

We have received from Melbourne a monthly journal of spiritual science, called the *Gnostic*. It is a well got up magazine of some forty pages, with a very eclectic programme issued under the general direction of Mr. George Chainey. Our readers will remember Mr. Chainey's abandonment of his position as a materialist and agnostic for his present belief as a Spiritualist.

* * *

In the number before us we have a paper on "Intuition," from the editor; another on "Psychometry," excellently put; a well chosen excerpt from Mr. Maitland, "The Soul, and how it found me"; "Divine Science," by Dr. Anna Kingsford; "Inspiration," and some good poetry. A magazine that contains readable papers on such subjects, besides many more, is a notable addition to psychical literature.

* * *

Christian Positivism is the last new thing in religion. We have had the Christian Socialism of the Rev. Stewart Headlam which is somehow mixed up in our mind with the Alhambra ballet and the Bishop of London. We have the Hermetic cult, and now we have this strange little sect, started at Hallowmas just seven years ago, which has worked esoterically ever since. It claims to prove continuity of existence beyond the grave. Christian Gnosticism would appear to be a better name, but there are affinities in it with the methods of Comte. Like the Church of Humanity, it has a calendar containing a list of saints for every day of the year; and a motley group it is:—Albert Dürer and Alaric A. Watts (*père*): Jung Stilling and Professor Wilson: Goldsmith and F. Denison Maurice: Handel and Lincoln: Wordsworth and Shakespeare: the two Darwins, and we know not who else: to be followed perhaps by William Morris and Charles Bradlaugh: by the incantations of some modern Canidia such as Madame Blavatsky and a nineteenth century Corybantian howl such as General Booth might give vent to. "A mad world, my masters!"

* * *

The service seems to be eclectic, with "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and ministers of both sexes. Their distinctive tenet, as we have said, is proven immortality. Then they should have affinities with Spiritualists. But we should much like to know how they do actually demonstrate any such thing. The interesting part of the whole matter is the light that this rather grotesque sect, with its yearnings and strivings and gropings after truth, throws upon the failure that modern presentations of Christian truth have made in their attempts to satisfy man's spiritual needs. All round us there is a shaking of the dry bones: and the bones they *are* very dry.

* * *

Mabel Collins selected for the sub-title of her story now passing through the *Lucifer* "A tale of love and magic." She

found that the same title had been independently and simultaneously hit upon by Mr. Joseph Hatton and another author. She has therefore substituted for it "The true story of a magician." The fact shows how such subjects are now being used by writers of fiction.

* * *

Can anyone give any information respecting the *Supernatural Magazine*, published, we believe, in 1809 or thereabouts, and in Dublin, if we are not mistaken?

* * *

Also the *Alchemist*, published in 1835, six numbers only?

* * *

Mr. Hockley had among his books an *Astrologer's Magazine*, of which the date was in the last century, 1793 or 1794; and a number of fugitive publications on Spiritualism that were of great value. Where have they gone to?

* * *

See how the very phraseology of the Spiritualists clothes popular ideas. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, typical, sensational, democratic Methodist, wishes to express the necessity for stirring up sluggish Christians to "resist the Devil." This is how he expresses himself. "The first thing to be done is to *unmesmerise* all those Christians whom the Devil has *mesmerised* to such an extent that they can neither think nor act in these matters." He is not quite familiar yet with our terms, or he would have said *demesmerise*.

* * *

What an odd fashion is that which is growing of using the term metaphysics as an equivalent to occult. Metaphysics is, we suppose, the science of the underlying causes of existing things. But we have no dictionary at hand, and perhaps should not be much wiser if we had. At any rate, we shall not go far wrong in protesting against a medium being called a metaphysician, or a person who is fond of mysticism being credited with a fondness for metaphysics.

* * *

Quite so. It is time that a very strong reform in our funerals set in. How far should it go? Perhaps as far as cremation.

"No sensible Spiritualist will fail to appreciate the example set by Henry Ward Beecher in requesting his family to desist from putting on any black or signal of mourning. The mourning-wearing custom should be left to those who do not know what becomes of their friends at death, for it pitifully signalises the darkness of the mind and destitution of hope. If at the time of death—if in a town or city—it is desired to inform the friends or public that at that house one has passed to the higher life, fasten a wreath of white roses on the door, and let these indicate the spirit-birth of him who has gone on before."—*R. P. Journal*.

* * *

Mr. Morse sends us a copy of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, containing an account of what was perhaps the most extraordinary pageant ever seen in the United States, the dedication of a temple or Joss-house for the use of the large Chinese population of Frisco. The great Joss having been duly propitiated, was carted along in grotesque procession through Chinatown, accompanied by, among other oddities, a huge dragon, "about a block in length," which had been imported from China for the occasion. To Western minds the whole thing seems absurd enough, especially as dressed for home consumption by the irreverent pen of the American reporter, to whom nothing is sacred.

* * *

Eliphas Lévi's personal appearance is thus described by Madame Gebhard, who knew him well:—

"He was of a short and corpulent figure; his face was kind and benevolent, beaming with good nature, and he wore a long grey beard, which covered nearly the whole of his breast. His apartment resembled a *bric-a-brac* shop, with specimens of the most beautiful and rare old china, tapestry, and valuable paintings. In one of the rooms there was an alcove in which stood a bed covered with a gorgeous quilt of red velvet heavily embroidered with gold; the curtains were also of red velvet, bordered with massive gold fringe, and a red velvet step stood before this magnificent couch, having a soft cushion, also of red and gold, laid on the top of it. . . . He lived a quiet and retired life, having few friends. His habits were simple, but he was no vegetarian. He had a wonderful memory and a marvellous flow of language, his expressions and illustrations being of the choicest and rarest character. Never did I leave his presence without feeling that my own nature had been uplifted to nobler and better things, and I look upon Eliphas Lévi as one of the truest friends I ever had, for he taught me the highest truth which it is in the power of man or woman to grasp."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is desirable that letters to the Editor should be signed by the writers. In any case name and address must be confidentially given. It is essential that letters should not occupy more than half a column of space, as a rule. Letters extending over more than a column are likely to be delayed. In exceptional cases correspondents are urgently requested to be as brief as is consistent with clearness.]

Indian Philosophy.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Indian Philosophy has this in common with many other systems, that it is extremely difficult to get a consensus of judgment among those who from their study of the subject are best qualified to decide as to what its teaching is upon a given point. The eternity of the individual is an instance of this.

Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden has, unintentionally, I suppose, for I have no doubt the two conceptions are perfectly clear in his own mind, used language which to some degree confounds the person with the individual.

The former personality of one's children is as completely passed away, when they have become men and women, as if they were dead and buried. The appearance, the mental processes, are changed, but the identity of the individual remains.

I believe there is no dispute that Indian Philosophy teaches the extinction of the personality, but while one important section hold that Nirvāna implies the extinction of the individual, another section hold that Nirvāna implies the absorption of the individual in the Deity, language being used by some, however, that leaves it difficult to determine how far what we call the identity of the individual is preserved.

If we turn to the consideration of what effect Indian Philosophy has on those who most consistently follow its teaching, as described in modern literature and by our countrymen in India, for the last 150 years, we find that from the fakir by the road side to the mystic recluse in Thibet, they have one aim in common, viz., complete abstention from the affairs of this life.

With the improvement of the world, its government, its order, they will have nothing to do.

"Redemption out of the vortex of the phenomenal world" is to be the object of all.

How is this consistent with carrying out the work of the world?

With those who believe that the change in the soul and spirit after death is purely perfunctional, that the only condition common to the soul in the two states before and after death is the sum of merit actual or imputed, this presents no difficulty: the soul of the just being miraculously endowed with high powers and sympathies, and fitted for the companionship of the Most High; the soul of the unjust being deprived of whatever merit it might have possessed in this life, and relegated to the companionship of the lost.

The Spiritualist and the student of Indian Philosophy, however, alike disbelieve in any instantaneous and miraculous process by which the state, condition, and interests of the soul are changed after death; yet the latter believes that salvation lies in complete divorcement from interests of the phenomenal world. This being so, would not a Howard labouring during a lifetime for the improvement of prisons and the condition of prisoners, Cobden working for what he called Free-trade, the minds of both full of the concomitants of the phenomenal world—persons, times, localities—suffer in prospects of advancement in spiritual life by the very fact of their labours for the benefit of mankind?

Thousands of Christians believe that by a miraculous process the soul after death is raised to a state incompatible with earthly toil and interests; the Spiritualist believes that earthly toil and interests are not incompatible with a higher state, that the one essential is the spirit which animates them.

Neither of these solutions is open to the student of Indian Philosophy.

Our likes or dislikes must not affect our acceptation or rejection of the truth; if the extinction of the individual is a fact, and redemption from the vortex of the phenomenal world the first object of existence, both these conclusions, if our reason is convinced, must be accepted.

About this last conclusion, however, a further consideration suggests itself, viz. :—

Are we capable of a right conception of justice, and is the ultimate government of the universe just? If these questions

are answered in the affirmative, how are we to reconcile the conclusion that those who labour in the world for the advantage of others suffer prejudice on that account with Divine justice?

It is worthy of remark that the present tendency of Western thought, religious, social, political, is towards the opposite conclusion. It is felt that it is not consistent with our conception of Divine justice that the Marthas of this world, without whose useful labours Marys and fakirs alike would be unable to indulge their higher aspirations, should find that their advancement was delayed.

Which is most worthy of respect, the high caste Brahmin who lives on charity, or the poor hard worked peasant who bestows the alms he can ill spare upon him?

Clouds, Salisbury.

PERCY S. WYNDHAM.

October 22nd, 1887.

Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I am really astonished at what Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden thinks good enough to put before his readers. According to him, immortality is impersonal, the individuality being entirely swallowed up by the "universal Spirit," and he seems to think that a very valuable discovery. Why that is to all intents and purposes utter annihilation, only in "green," as we say here; and I, for my part, don't care a farthing for that sort of immortality, and surely no sensible man does. It may be so, and it may be true that we have nothing further to expect than Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's immortality, but then that is not worth speaking a single word about, and one might surely employ one's time better than to write long dissertations about *that*. Any other occupation, peeling potatoes, for instance, would be infinitely more useful and rational. We knew that before; and if that's all, the less said about it the better. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden is above the sentimentality of wishing to again see his friends; but I should think that every sensible person would not desire even personal conscious immortality unless he could rejoin his best and dearest friends; that would be only a continuation of the maddening and mind-destroying torture of this life, and that I, for one, beg most earnestly to deprecate. It seems to me, however, that if the alleged facts of Spiritualism, such,—for instance, as that astounding one of Dr. Wolfe's at Cincinnati in your number of the 15th inst.—be true, *then* personal conscious immortality would be *de facto* proved and also the fact that we shall rejoin, somehow or other, our dear departed ones, unless we have to do with demons, and I must say the latter alternative appears to me to be more in accord with cruel murderous Nature. But if personal immortality be *proved* by such astounding facts, I don't see why we should require all these abstruse theories; it makes one feel suspicious about the facts.

But to revert to Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, it seems to me he does not care about anything else but to be thought a profound philosopher—the usual miserable human vanity. I wonder whether he understands the cutting satire of your correspondent "V." as to his "valuable" discoveries. I fear he will take "V.'s" remarks quite *bond fide*, he is so thoroughly convinced of his superiority, and "profundity." *Pueri sunt pueri*.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

Stettin, October 16th, 1887.

G. ZIELESCH.

Missionary Work.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The following extract from a private letter shows the zeal with which the work of convincing people of what the writer himself has only quite recently come to believe for himself may be carried on. My correspondent owes his knowledge of Spiritualism to a lecture of Professor Barrett's delivered in mid-ocean, between Europe and America. *Spirit Teachings* completed the work so begun: and now he is evidently a powerful medium.

M.

"The methods under which I act for missionary work under spirit direction are peculiar, and may interest you: bearing in mind that the subject of Spiritualism is almost unknown in this section (Truro, Canada), you will see the wisdom of the method.

"I am invited to a private house in some town (being a commercial traveller), where perhaps twenty or thirty are in the room. I am requested during the evening to show them some table tipping. Without any change of lights, without any request for quietness, I pick out half a dozen likely persons, whom I request to sit with me. Presently (say, in fifteen or

twenty minutes) the table will move. I then ask it to walk round the room, stepping off on two feet only. Possibly I stand at one end of the room and ask the table under the hands of these people to do this, to come to me, to walk backwards to the other end of the room, to keep time to music of piano, the player changing tune in any way that suggests itself. Then I suggest the intellectual part of the performance, as they are pleased to call it, such as giving the ages, birthday, month, and year of any person in the room; telling the names of their relatives (all unknown to me). Then possibly I ask the table who is saying this. A name is spelled out which may strike some one dumb, being that of a father or friend passed away years ago. This for the first time puts the spiritual phase of the subject before them. I go on to say to the table, Now this lady (or gentleman) is not disposed to believe it possible her father is here; she has been taught differently, and you will please give her an exact description of her father? Yes. Well, give the colour of hair and eyes; the age when he passed away; and any physical marks by which she can identify him? In one instance lately the answer was: Lame in hip, had asthma, and very red face.

"The lesson is perhaps concluded by the table rapping good night, and the performance is over, but many come to me secretly and are enlightened further."

Slate-Writing in Italian in Newcastle.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I am able to confirm the translation of the Italian writing on the slate in Newcastle, as given by your correspondent, "T. W." Upon the slate being shown to a native Italian residing in Newcastle, he read off the sentence at once, saying that it was quite correct, except the letter *a* omitted in the word *siamo*, and which he described as quite a natural error, and might be made by anyone. His rendering of it into English was the same as your correspondent's. An English lady residing here also confirms the above.—Yours sincerely,

Newcastle-on-Tyne,

H. A. KERSEY.

October 23rd, 1887.

A LIFE'S QUEST.

To see her "snowy feet," to hear her voice,
To catch perchance one brief glimpse of her eyes,
In this hope lies for man life's noblest choice,
Its best reward, and its most precious prize.

Nor love, nor wealth, nor dreams of high success,
Desire of praise, nor craven fear of blame,
Should draw him back into that dim recess,
From which, on this great pilgrimage, he came.

Onward she beckons him along the track,
Which is at times half-hidden from his sight,
Unworthy he who casts one fond look back,
Who turns one moment from her morning light.

Oh! she is fair,—more fair than words can say,
Well worth "our one desire to know" her more.
Follow her, then, though weary be the way,
And set with hardships—for the goal is sure.

Her path is strewn with fallen idols fair,
Ah me! of many heart pangs do they tell,
But they are broken. Leave them broken there,
Prone by their niches, lying as they fell.

Follow, in scorn of consequence, until
Her beacon light shine golden on thy face,
Then clasp her robe, and she will surely fill
Thy longing soul with her rich gift of grace.

E. P. L.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN.—Too late for this issue.

W. C. L.—We are very desirous to afford reasonable space for the subject on which you write, but it is absolutely impossible for us to find room for letters of the length of those you send us. They are at least three times as long as we can deal with.

"THE popular idea of going to heaven at the death of the body takes the mind from a proper contemplation of the glorious change. It will certainly be at death; but it must be the death of sin, not destruction of the body."—J. P. GREAVES, *Theosophic Revelations*.

"A CHURCH may be spiritually dead, and yet by its material, external, social, and moral momentum it may run on for hundreds of years, and continue to impose itself on mankind as the original and genuine Church of God."—D. H. HOLCOMBE, *End of the World*, p. 21.

TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

The following is a list of eminent persons who, after personal investigation, have satisfied themselves of the reality of some of the phenomena generally known as Psychical or Spiritualistic.

N.B.—An asterisk is prefixed to those who have exchanged belief for knowledge.

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F.R.S., President R.A.S.; W. Crookes, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; C. Varley, F.R.S., C.E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F.R.S.E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; *Dr. J. Elliotson F.R.S., some time President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; *Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; *Dr. Wm. Gregory, F.R.S.E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; *Dr. Ashburner *Mr. Rutter; *Dr. Herber* Mayo, F.R.S., &c.

*Professor F. Zöllner, of Leipzig, author of *Transcendental Physics*, &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheibner, and J. H. Fichte, of Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Göttingen; Professor Hoffman, of Würzburg; *Professor Perty, of Berne; Professors Wagner and *Butlerof, of Petersburg; *Professors Hare and Mapes, of U.S.A.; Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; M. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Sir R. Burton; *Professor Cassal, LL.D.; *Lord Brougham; *Lord Lytton; *Lord Lyndhurst; *Archbishop Whately; *Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E.; *W. M. Thackeray; *Nassau Senior; *George Thompson; *W. Howitt; *Serjeant Cox; *Mrs. Browning; Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U.S.A.; Darius Lyman, U.S.A.; Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U.S. Courts; *Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness Von Vay; *W. Lloyd Garrison, U.S.A.; *Hon. R. Dale Owen, U.S.A.; *Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U.S.A.; *Epes Sargent; *Baron du Potet; *Count A. de Gasparin; *Baron L. de Guldenstübbe, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. S. H. the Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; *H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn Wittgenstein; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Countess of Caithness and Duchesse de Pomar; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U.S.A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairez, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of *Russia and *France; Presidents *Thiers and *Lincoln, &c., &c.

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. FICHTE, THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR.—“Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent.”

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—“I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me.”

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—“I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionise the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters.”—*Extract from a Letter to A. Russel Wallace.*

PROFESSOR HARE, EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—“Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months” (this was written in 1858), “had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question.”

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, THE LATE PLUMERIAN PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY AT CAMBRIDGE.—“I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.”—*Clerical Journal*, June, 1862.

PROFESSORS TORNEBOM AND EDLAND, THE SWEDISH PHYSICISTS.—“Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages.”—*Aftonblad* (Stockholm), October 30th, 1879.

PROFESSOR GREGORY, F.R.S.E.—“The essential question is this, What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honourable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory.”

LORD BROUGHAM.—“There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism.”—*Preface by Lord Brougham to "The Book of Nature."* By C. O. Groom Napier, F.C.S.

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL COMMITTEE reported: “1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical

contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.”

CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S.—“Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception. . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: “Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence.”

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE FRENCH ASTRONOMER, AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.—“I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated ‘magnetic,’ ‘sommambule,’ ‘mediumic,’ and others not yet explained by science to be ‘impossible,’ is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that every thing which appears to overstep the limit of our present formulas is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to.”

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.G.S.—“My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.”—*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.*

DR. LOCKHART ROBERTSON.—“The writer” (i.e., Dr. L. Robertson) “can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil.”—From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the *Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism*, p. 24.

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.—“No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phrenology, Homeopathy, and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded, and arranged; and whether we call by the name of mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this, is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there may be careless observers, prejudiced recorders, and rash systematisers; their errors and defects may impede the progress of knowledge, but they will not stop it. And we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the wonders which perplex almost equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science.” These views will prepare us for the following statement, made in the *Spiritual Magazine*, 1864, p. 336: “We have only to add, as a further tribute to the attainments and honours of Mr. Senior, that he was by long inquiry and experience a firm believer in spiritual power and manifestations. Mr. Home was his frequent guest, and Mr. Senior made no secret of his belief among his friends. He it was who recommended the publication of Mr. Home's recent work by Messrs. Longmans, and he authorised the publication, under initials, of one of the striking incidents there given, which happened to a near and dear member of his family.”

BARON CARL DU PREL (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—“One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.”