

# 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.)"

I must commence this week with an apology. Almost for the first time in my life I have failed to keep an engagement. I made every effort to be in my place at St. James's Hall on the 29th ult., but as the hour of meeting drew near it became very obvious that I was unfit to be out of my bed. I struggled down, only to be ordered back again at once by the doctors. An unsatisfactory condition of health for some time past, and an oppressive load of work, had reduced me to a state in which I felt an easy prey to any influence that came upon me. I suspect that I got a whiff of the fever-poison now rife in London, enough to make me very ill, and not (mercifully) enough to develop an attack of fever. I am making reasonable and steady progress. May I thank in this way the many correspondents to whom I cannot personally reply for kind sympathy: and again express my regret at any disappointment I may have caused by my unavoidable absence?

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Matthew Arnold has one of those illuminative notices which we get from hardly any other source. He is commenting on the religious work of the great Russian Socialist, Count Tolstoi. The religious position of Count Tolstoi is founded on certain precepts or commandments which he extracts from the Sermon on the Mount. These are all commandments of peace, and are five in number. If they were put in practice, "all men would become brothers." (There is great virtue in that *if*.) Certainly wars would cease, there would be no property, no need of a police to guard it, no evildoers to whom they would be a terror, no courts of justice where they would be haled for punishment. The face of society would be changed, and it could hardly be for the worse. Few of us, indeed, but would respectfully regard any attempts to remedy the vices and inequalities inseparable (it would seem) from an old and perhaps effete civilisation. Count Tolstoi, at any rate, has the courage of his opinions.

I believe in Christ's commandments (he says), and this faith changes my whole former estimate of what is good and great, bad and low, in human life. . . . Everything which I used to think bad and low—the rusticity of the peasant, the plainness of lodging, food, clothing, manners—all this has become good and great in my eyes. At present I can no longer contribute to anything which raises me externally above others, which separates me from them. I cannot seek fame and praise; I cannot seek a culture which separates me from men. I cannot refrain from seeking in my whole existence—in my lodging, my food, my clothing, and my ways of going on with people—whatever, far from separating me from the mass of mankind, draws me nearer to them.

On this "great renunciation" of rank, office, and property, who can look without admiration? Even if it

be the act of an enthusiast it is magnificent: it is an act of the type that has been ere now the salt of the earth, the salvation of the world.

Matthew Arnold's comments are far too long for citation, but I may draw attention to a timely protest against a rigid liberalism in the interpretation of the words and teachings of the Christ, and an equally needed condemnation of "a table of stiff and stark external commands."

Count Tolstoi sees rightly that whatever the propertied and satisfied classes may think, the world, ever since Jesus Christ came, is judged; "a new earth" is in prospect. It was ever in prospect with Jesus, and should be ever in prospect with His followers. And the ideal in prospect has to be realised. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." But they are to be done through a great and widespread and long-continued change, and a change of the inner man to begin with. The most important and fruitful utterances of Jesus, therefore, are not things which can be drawn up as a table of stiff and stark external commands, but the things which have most soul in them; because these can best sink down into our soul, work there, set up an influence, form habits of conduct, and prepare the future. The Beatitudes are on this account more helpful than the utterances from which Count Tolstoi builds up his five commandments. The very *secret* of Jesus, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, he that will lose his life shall save it," does not give us a command to be taken and followed in the letter, but an idea to work in our mind and soul, and of inexhaustible value there. Jesus paid tribute to the Government and dined with the publicans, although neither the Empire of Rome nor the high finance of Judea was compatible with His ideal and with the "new earth" which that ideal must in the end create.

The Persian Minister was bewailing the other day (*apropos* of Canon Isaac Taylor's remarks about the relative merits of the Christian and Mahommedan faiths in the East) that we did not send some men of ability to preach a liberal Christian doctrine without all the dogmas with which it is now weighted. "Dogma," he said, energetically, "is your curse." And not, I may add, the only one. We have improved Christ's simplicity of teaching from off the face of the earth, and have forgotten His most cherished precepts.

I have lately seen it stated that touching for the King's Evil went on from the Confessor to Queen Anne: and that among others Dr. Johnson remembered being touched by her. The people had no belief in Cromwell as a "Healer," but at the Restoration, so great was the crush at the Sergeant Surgeon's door to pass before the King that several persons were killed. The origin of the custom in the days of Edward the Confessor is said to have been this; I do not say how truly. A young girl, who was afflicted with scrofula, dreamt that she could be cured if the afflicted part were manipulated by the King, who, on account of his great saintliness, possessed a healing virtue. The dream was communicated to the monarch, and he regarded it as a Divine command. He manipulated the tumours until they were softened and the skin broke. The subsequent discharge relieved the sufferer: but all was attributed to the royal touch and the sign of the Cross made over the part affected. There is no reason either to assume or to doubt that there was some healing virtue in the royal touch.

We have had the Red Indians of the Wild West Show making incantation to discover stolen property; now we have the following. In the former case the medicine-man was trussed (*à la* Maskelyne) in a blanket, tied with rope, and run up to the top of a tent pole to meditate. Thence he uncannily appeared, leaving the bonds intact, as Maskelyne presents himself out of his trick-box. In the latter case hypnotism plays its part. It would seem as if there were no bounds to the strange presentations of the occult in its protean forms in these days.

The *St. James's Gazette* is responsible for the narrative:—

Some time ago the Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* drew attention to a remarkable phase of religious fanaticism in the village of Tolox, in the province of Malaga, which led to a State prosecution. The devotees of the religion took it into their heads, or rather were led to believe by their leader, a woman who declared herself a prophetess, that the highest form of religion was to conduct the mundane affairs of this life in the garb of Adam and Eve before the Fall. Another portion of their doctrine was to inflict upon themselves wounds in the hands, breast, and feet, such as are shown in the representations of the Crucifixion. They also burned all, or nearly all, their worldly possessions, in the belief that a Higher Power would provide them with food. The Government felt called upon to interfere, and a day or two ago a number of the leaders of this strange sect were put upon their trial. Already (the same correspondent now says) the most extraordinary revelations have been made, apart from what may be called the spiritual manifestations which these misguided people declare have been made to them. The most interesting feature in connection with the trial has been the experiments in hypnotism which have been made on the defendants by medical specialists; this being the first time that hypnotism has been resorted to in Spain in the interests of justice. In nearly every case the defendants proved to be "good" subjects. Many of the experiments tried by the doctors were of the most extraordinary character. One of the accused, for instance, when in a state of hypnotism, on being ordered to perspire, broke out almost instantly into a state of profuse perspiration; while another, who was ordered to ascend a very high mountain, being the while in an ordinary room, behaved as if he were actually climbing, his breathing becoming difficult and his heart beating violently. When this man was told that he had reached the summit and might rest a while, the symptoms of exhaustion gradually disappeared. Others were pricked with long pins, and gave no evidence of feeling what was being done to them. The trial will last several days.

I have received from the Rev. J. Herbert Williams the following obliging communication:—

In your "Notes" of October 29th you inquired about the *Supernatural Magazine* and the *Alchymist*. If you have not yet received any information about them, I may say that the first is procurable in the British Museum Library. It seems to be what would be called a "curious" book, dealing with Hermes Trismegistus, the Rosicrucians, and a miscellaneous collection of "strange stories," such as the late Lord Lytton might have utilised—a thin volume, published in 1809 by Williamson and Courtney, 6, Wood-street, Dublin.

I have also seen in the same library the *Alchymist*, January-June, 1835, but it is the merest light literature. In an introductory paper, entitled "Ambassade," the editor, however, writes:—"Undeterred by the recollection of the unhappy fate of a little namesake of ours (with whom we must, by-the-way—for so the world deals with the unfortunate—disclaim any species of relationship) which some few years since incontinently glided into oblivion—Hibernice—before its little being was known to the world." I should conjecture this disclaimed *Alchymist* may be the one you are in search of.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—Next Sunday evening, at seven, Captain Eldon Serjeant will deliver a lecture, entitled "The Nature of the First Great Cause." During the evening Mrs. Tindall will sing selections from the forthcoming cantata, "The Worship of the Image." We hope to see a large attendance on this occasion.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., 30, Wyndham-street, W.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mrs. Yeeles, of South Shields, commenced her spiritual work in London, on Sunday last. We had two splendid meetings. In the evening the hall was crowded to excess, many having to be turned away. The clairvoyant descriptions given entirely to avowed sceptics were very convincing, and afforded great satisfaction. On Sunday next, Mr. J. Hoperoff; on Sunday, 18th, Mrs. Yeeles.—W. E. LONG, 99, Hill-street, Peckham.

It is the vile falsehood and miserable unreality of Christians, their faithlessness to their Master, their love of their own wretched sects, their worldliness and unchristianity, their talking and not doing, that has to answer, I suspect, for the greater portion of our present Atheism.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

## WHERE DOES THE DANGER LIE?

To be properly qualified to point out dangers resulting from intercourse with spirits one must either have gained experience through personal sufferings or have been elevated to some superior plane of knowledge, either through research and study in this life, or by a knowledge stored up in the soul's experiences in a former life, and spontaneously bearing fruition in the present.

We Spiritualists are apt to think we have solved all the problems of the next world, and stand upon the mountain heights of supernal knowledge. We settle, out of hand, every question that comes before us relating to spiritual matters, and our backs are very prone to rise in a cat-like arch of indignation if anyone appears upon the scene professing to know a little more than we do, and offering to throw a little more light upon our pet subject. We immediately put on smoked glasses; we decline to see their light; we show our teeth and our claws, and often turn and fly in a storm of snarling invectives and execrations.

But we have still a great deal to learn. Indeed, we have to go back to the very foundations, and learn the causes at work behind the phenomena which have primarily attracted our attention, and, like the dazzling rays of a light to which the eye has long been unaccustomed, have blinded us as to the nature of the light itself. As our mental vision clears and steadies itself, we shall begin to appreciate things at their true value. Meantime, until that does take place, we mistake shadows for the real objects upon which our intellectual vision should be fixed.

If we have been the pioneers along a road suffered by the neglect of other mental leaders through the lapse of centuries to become overgrown to the extent of total obliteration, we are learning that the same road was open to the peoples of ancient times; and remains open to representatives of those ancient days still existent in the East. We perceive that one reason why the road was suffered to become overgrown and closed was because of certain superstitions and evil practices to which those nations became addicted, by which the nature of man became degraded, and by following which he found himself at length brought up by a dead wall of non-progression. Hence those nations have fallen into decay. They are either destined to drop off the tree of human life altogether as nations; or, being electrified and vitalised by some new mental impulse received from younger nations, to become completely transformed, and thus enabled to march on with the rest.

A huge responsibility rests upon Spiritualists, who have been made the consignees of a great truth, out of which a science can be evolved which, in its acceptance and study, must completely revolutionise the whole human race. And that race, spurred on by the necessities of a gigantic mental evolution, by no means waits for the slow progress of Spiritualists; but its scientists, always on the verge of new discoveries which may land them at any moment in another world, have seized upon, and appropriated as a legitimate field of inquiry, one of the radicals of spiritual science, namely, mesmerism, or hypnotism. Already do they discover the extraordinary powers of the human Will, and the dangers attending that passivity which has been inculcated as one of the leading and most essential qualifications to be possessed by those whom Spiritualists have selected as their public exponents of truth and heavenly wisdom. It might be right enough to so accept them, were they always of a high and purified nature; but the very opposite is, as a general rule, too painfully apparent. The appalling catastrophes which may befall a hypnotised subject, passively, helplessly obedient to the will of another; the slow and gradual loss of all power of moral discrimination, under such deteriorating mental influences; and the fact that a suggested crime always

leaves in the mind a germ of evil, which in moments of normal consciousness may eventually produce fruits of real and voluntary criminality; should open the eyes of Spiritualists to the *dangers* attending this much-lauded yielding up of our own wills, in a state of helpless trance, to entities we complacently take for granted are good, but have no means of proving, except by experience, that they are; and to gain such experience we frequently find ourselves irremediably plunged into sufferings and tortures which threaten to unseat the reason.

The human Will is the only safeguard a man possesses against *any danger*, whether moral or physical. A will trained up to such a point of potency, may quell a raging lion of the jungle, and bring him to lie down harm less at the feet of the man he threatened to destroy. It is the Will which surrounds us with that invisible armour of defence through which the powers of evil cannot penetrate. And this only safeguard the ignorant Spiritualist lays down at the feet of the first comer who would take upon himself the duties and responsibilities of guiding, for all intents and purposes, that most precious of all things—a *human soul*. Now this spirit-guide becomes the mesmeriser, the hypnotiser, to whom the ordinary medium yields himself as an instrument to do with absolutely as he pleases: to manipulate, as it were, mentally, psychically, physically,—for what purpose? That phenomena, transcending the ordinary powers of man, called *spiritual*, may be produced by means of his passive body and soul. He renounces himself; in short, he yields up his self-mastery; he becomes, to all intents and purposes, self-annihilated for a time, returning always into a body more or less weakened, a mind divested of a portion of its normal, healthful strength. For no one can *perpetually* and *habitually* yield to mesmeric control without the mind losing gradually its powers, and approaching to a more or less idiotic condition, the body becoming a home unfit for the soul. It is the case with those who are continually subjected to earthly mesmerisers for purposes of exhibition, who become gradually transformed, leading an incomplete earthly life, and a psychic life that must necessarily become more or less a blank. They become the psychical puppets of the hypnotiser; mirrors to reflect his will only. The evolution of the soul into higher spiritual conditions must, for the time being, be arrested for them.

I am sure everyone can remember instances of persons who have seemed, from the effects of habitual trances, to have lost their mental power; to have also, sad to relate, apparently become reduced to a state of moral weakness which rendered them powerless to discriminate between good and evil. This condition ensues upon the *abuse* of mesmerism or hypnotism. It is the *perversion* of that state which, in its lawful form, is the normal exaltation of a purified soul, lifted above the earth, the body no longer a dead weight upon its soaring powers; when it enters *voluntarily*, and *consciously*, into a holy ante-chamber wherein it communes with the blessed, and enjoys a fore taste of Heaven. From this state, attained by self-purification, the soul descends strengthened, still more purified, happy, with the intellect brightened by spiritual light, and better able than before to perform its earthly duties. Its spiritual armour becomes so invulnerable that evil is turned aside, and falls innocuous, powerless.

Mesmerism, or hypnotism, lawfully exercised, is the greatest of blessings to the human race; but every good may be perverted, and become transformed into a curse. In striving to learn the *dangers* of Spiritualism, we must endeavour to have our eyes spiritually opened to *perversions*. All that causes moral and mental deterioration, and physical incapacity, is a danger, an evil. The object unceasingly held before the eyes of a *true* Spiritualist should be self-elevation and purification; that inner growth which

leads to complete self-mastery in the first place, and in the second, to the mastery over every evil power in Nature.

To dabble in Spiritualism for the mere sake of phenomena, or the premature forcing of a few abnormal gifts, or the obtaining of powers which may enable one to make money by trading upon the weaknesses or susceptibilities of a *clientèle* intent only upon the most worldly objects, is a perversion of that which, on its legitimate side, destroys in us "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and lifts us to the spiritual condition of those holy ones whose light shines from afar upon our path—a Moses, a Gautama Buddha, a Jesus; or Appollonius of Tyana.

This subject is far too vast and deep for the small space allotted to each contributor in "LIGHT." One could easily fill a volume pointing out the blessings, and possible perversions, of the grandest knowledge and powers it is possible for a man to obtain.

The danger of thrusting oneself unprepared upon that world which, to our uncleared vision, seems a world of shadows; to invite, with an idiotic lightness, the influence, nay, the *control* absolutely, of its unsuspected hordes of preying, malignant entities, whose functions in the service of nature are ranged upon the side of destruction; have been, and are sufficiently proved by many catastrophes which, to our certain knowledge, have befallen those daring adventurers, lured by no higher motives than those of curiosity, or personal gain, however uncertain the latter might be; who have tried to seize by assault those powers and gifts which the spiritual man trains himself for, and with which nature crowns his successful work.

A man's only safeguard is in his virtue, *i.e.*, his strength of character on the side of good. But even the good, as we call them, have suffered immensely, and do suffer, from a rash attempt to open a communion that for them may be mercifully closed. A spiritual man grows into this state normally; if a man forces it prematurely, it is dangerous for him. If a man immersed in worldliness could have his eyes suddenly opened to his spiritual or astral surroundings, he would be appalled, possibly driven mad. Yet this is what he invites to declare itself to him, to unfold itself to his sensations, when it is no wonder those sensations become of a most distressing nature, and if he does not succeed in regaining his previous state of *protection*, he is driven to commit suicide, or becomes insane.

I have said, elsewhere, that we know very little about "elementals," or nature-spirits as they are sometimes called. It is impossible to enter upon that subject except in a very slight way in this paper, and I can only say this much, a man reckons without his host if he imagines he can do anything at all without them. It is as impossible to avoid them as to avoid the air he breathes. They are Nature's most industrious, most useful, most indispensable workers—on the side of *evil* as well as of *good*.

In considering, or treating of, the dangers attending spirit intercourse, we should not think solely of our own personal safety, which may be secured; but of the danger to others, to the ignorant, the unprepared, to say nothing of the vicious and impure. It is for them more especially the danger exists, and it is of a most appalling nature.

Penetration into that unknown world is not, for *all*, the easy sailing which some Spiritualists represent,—judging from the childish prettinesses we frequently meet with in print and in social life,—upon a rippleless summer sea, our barque adorned with silken sails, flowers and ribbons, glittering in the sunshine; ourselves lolling at ease in ecstatic laziness, softly towed to Heaven by a smiling angel-guide, who kindly whispers gentle platitudes we rapturously welcome as the acme of Divine wisdom never dreamed of before on earth, surprisingly new, and exquisite; *revelations*, in short, just dropped from Heaven, fresh and hot, like breakfast rolls: said benignant angel-

guide kindly saving us all trouble in the matter of becoming spiritualised, having smoothed for us a royal road of progression, our qualifications to pursue which are summed up in the one word—*passivity*!

I do not wish to be too hard upon the pretty, but injurious, sentimentalisms which have sprung up like a ready crop of mushrooms, under the *ægis* of worldly or fashionable Spiritualism: but there are those amongst us who find that progression, or spiritual evolution, means hard work, and hard fighting; in which the soul must engage *alone*, if it would win its crown; and who cannot by any means feel that every frisky sprite who thrums a tambourine overhead at a dark séance, is necessarily an *angel*, and suited to guide a soul through vicissitudes of spiritual growth that have caused hours of poignant sufferings to some of the greatest saints on earth. All the other is child's play. *Voilà toute la différence!* NIZIDA.

### THE SOUL'S WORK.

Man's imposed duty here on earth is to develop the moral factor of his soul. Intellect has been, up to the present, by the masses of mankind, looked upon as the one factor, the prime constituent, of the soul or mind. But it is only because it is the best and strongest factor we possess. We come into the world with this factor already at maturity. The intellect of the savage is not far inferior to that of a civilised being, when taken by itself. Judgment, however, which is the result of intellect, is quite another matter. The savage cannot compare with the civilised person because the latter so far surpasses the former in knowledge. If an ordinary Englishman had only the same means as a savage has to preserve life, &c., he would, with the limited means at his disposal, do no better than, if so well as, the latter. But increased knowledge, and consequently sounder judgment, are not factors of the soul, but the results of training the factor of intellect.

Our duty here now lies not so much with the cold reasoning intellect as with the next higher sense, "the moral sense." It manifests itself in virtuous actions; but it may also have defects, under which circumstances it degenerates into weakness and further into fanaticism. When, however, it is fairly strong and is supported by good judgment, it ends in virtue. This virtue is what we men have now in this life to develop, and according to our success will our future be pleasant or the reverse. The essence of morality is love, real self-sacrificing love; love that for the benefit of others, for a perfect stranger, does not hesitate to practise self-denial. The universal love which looks benevolently on everyone, friend or foe, cultured or uncultured; that acts kindly to all, whether it be appreciated or not; that by its quiet, unpretending goodness attracts even the roughest, sooner or later; this is the power which it is our destiny to develop, and we shall remain on earth, or in the earth-sphere, until we have done so. Before a soul can leave earth it is necessary for him to have reached a certain standard of morality. When that is happily attained comes the time of leaving this realm of trial and expiation, for a better one where we shall begin to have a purer and better mode of life, where the true religion will become known to us, and there will be no more quarrels and disputes over doctrines and dogmas.

The religious sense is but budding here on earth; we are incapable of feeling the true religion, and have had to rely on revealed religion up to the present, and have to do so still. Religious truth was always revealed through mediums; even in savage tribes such are found, and they believe that in their communications they are conversing with one of the gods, the god of the tribe, or with some illustrious ancestor. It is so even now, but knowledge has so increased that it has passed beyond the bounds of old religious

teaching, not because that teaching was wrong, but because so much of it is of human origin, and has been tacked on to that which was revealed, and we Christians have been forced to subscribe to whatever the priesthood chose to say was right. Therefore, it is necessary that the true should be supported and the false got rid of. That is one of the duties of Spiritism. Human religion must be supported by the intellect; men cannot be convinced by what does not commend itself to reason. This is not true religion, however. One who should have a better idea of it than we, informs us that the true religious feeling is most nearly approached on earth, by sitting in a fine cathedral and giving way to one's feelings. The solemn, grave sensations that come over one give a pleasurable feeling from which one can scarcely drag one's self away. There is something in the magnitude of the architecture, in the statuary, the effects of light and shade, that unite the past, the present, and the future with a general sense of the calm, the profound, and the infinite. This enjoyable feeling, we are told, is the nearest approach to the sense of religion. It is yet far removed from it, but it is the nearest representation possible on earth. How does this noble idea clash with the tenets of hell and eternal punishment, Heaven and eternal bliss, to be given or not to be given according as one says I believe or I do not believe? In England, happily, these notions are rapidly losing ground; but in some other countries the Church plods on blindly with her repugnant teachings, wavering not one hair's breadth from her old corrupt dogmas.

1ST M.B. (LOND.)

### THE LAST OF THE "TRUTHSEEKER."

We have received, we regret to say, the last number of the *Truthseeker*. It contains a remarkable address of the late George Dawson's on "Sacraments"—not a very likely subject for him to handle, but treated in a masterly way; a sermon for daily life if ever there was one. He is talking from the much interpreted text, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." And after showing that the word *damnation* means *loss*, and that the warning is a warning for all life, he takes this wider and more spacious breathing-place.

Take a case again, that of nature. What is the office of art, of poetry, and of imagination, but to make men see that all nature is simply sacramental? Look what some make of nature—a mere stage on which their own vulgarity leaves its dirty, greasy shreds and patches of its broken paper, of its nasty picnic about; just as the people from this town always leave their nasty bones and filth in the finest greensward that ever opened to them, instead of taking it away, and removing their *exuviae*. So it is with nature, because men do not see that it is all a cup filled, if man will know it, with heavenly wine. To the wise man nature trembles always with God. The wise man sees the sacramentalness of nature; the glowing colour that almost blinds his eye is the fulness of the river of God; to him, nature is always a teacher of reverence, ever bringing fineness of feeling, and welding the whole life. If a man misses all this, if to him it is but piled up rock, and so many cubic feet, so much water, he, not discerning, has eaten or drunken damnation to himself. So, then, you may lay it down as a rule that he who suffers a sorrow or a joy to go by him, who neglects the stirring of a great example as it passes by him, he who feels that he will give something, but waits until the miserable grubbing spirit has killed the motion,—he misses the chance of a sacrament, puts aside the bread and the cup; and, therefore, if he has touched it, he will have taken to himself loss, for in missing the virtue that each thing is able to bring, we strengthen the vice of which the virtue intended to be the opposite.

One more extract of a different kind, showing that insight into the reality of things which often comes to those who have exchanged the stifling atmosphere (mental no less than spiritual and material) of the old world for that of a freer and spirit communion. We do not know whether this applies to Mr. Walters; but we recall with ease a number of cases in which we have felt surprise at the marked improvement in tone, treatment, and form of



addresses delivered in the States by trance-mediums known to us in this country.

This by the way. We trust we may be pardoned if we present to our readers the subjoined extract in entirety. Our readers will require no apology from us for so doing:—

Among other instances:—

The Rev. George Walters, the very successful Unitarian minister at Melbourne, Australia, has lately given that city the benefit of some very interesting thoughts on a subject of profound interest, to all but the hopelessly prejudiced. In a sermon on the future life, he said:—

If, to the question, "Have we any knowledge of a life beyond the grave?" the Secularist answers, with decision, "No," there is another member of the community, the Spiritualist, who answers with equal emphasis, "Yes." The influence of Modern Spiritualism upon thought generally, has probably been greater than most persons, who have considered the question at all, imagine. It has modified the ideas of the future world, even in the minds of those who most bitterly oppose it. A number of old foolish fancies have taken their departure, while new and more rational ideas have come in their place. The dread and horror which were formerly associated with death are banished from many souls, like a fearful nightmare, which only lingers in the memory of waking hours. The words of Longfellow: "There is no death; what seems so is transition," come upon the heart with force of comfort and joy. The valley of the shadow is only as the night from which we waken into a new and better day.

It is not necessary to be a Spiritualist to recognise the element of truth and beauty that exists in it. The violent opposition with which it has sometimes been met by orthodox Christians is a remarkable phenomenon. Here are a number of people professing to be most particularly religious, strictly orthodox, and so on; they have built, or they maintain, churches and cathedrals, in which they worship God, and assert their belief in a life beyond the grave. They allow that they have no actual certainty of that future existence, beyond the hope based on the resurrection and ascension of their Lord and Saviour. And yet, when other people say there is positive testimony and clear demonstration, these latter are abused by the former, and declared to be something very dreadful. It is very curious and somewhat amusing. Probably the Spiritualists are most earnestly denounced because their revelations of another world do not include the orthodox hell; it is not enough that, in the future sphere, every sin brings its own natural and legitimate punishment; the flames and torments are lacking, and the religion that pretends to be the religion of Christ cannot relinquish those necessary features, appropriate enough for the murderous zeal of crusaders and inquisitors, not altogether out of place in the systems of bickering and quarrelling ecclesiastics, but features totally out of harmony with the spirit of Christ, and a rational and humane religion.

It seems as though the Spiritualist was almost the only person who has a full, free, and joyous belief in the doctrine of immortality. Looking down the years of this earthly life, no horrible vision rises in the distance to cloud his hopes or to dismay his heart. A dark veil, truly, separates this life from the next, but ever and anon the glorious light of immortality shines through, and makes brilliant the darkest pathways of the world. This is represented very beautifully in Sir Noel Paton's picture, "Death the Gate of Life." The warrior, clad in armour, has passed on his noble way, and having reached the dark valley, is met by the Angel of Death. As we see him he has fallen upon his knees, the armour drops from him, and the angel touches him with the left hand; but with the right hand the veil is just being drawn aside, and the light pouring forth transforms the dark angel into one of celestial loveliness, while through the opening we catch a glimpse of sweet summer flowers which have blossomed under the smile of God. If a certain horrible picture of the Judgment Day is a fair representation of the creed of Orthodoxy, and if this charming picture by Noel Paton is a fair representation of the creed of Spiritualism, what rational human being would not choose the latter?

It is not necessary to adopt all the peculiarities of Spiritualists in order to accept and cherish such a brilliant and enchanting idea of Heaven. Instead of supposing that our departed friends and relatives have gone upon a long journey to a distant abode, we may also believe and feel that they are near us still; and that they can, by the force of their loving hearts, still help and comfort us, is quite within the bounds of possibility, even in the creed of a non-Spiritualist. And before the adherents of Orthodoxy speak slightly of the so-called Spiritualistic phenomena, they would do well to consider that not one miracle, not one of the wonders upon which they base their faith, can boast more than a small fraction of the evidence, direct and personal, that is given for these phenomena of the present day. There is no use denouncing or ridiculing any belief until it has been fairly tested and honourably judged. Even though Spiritualism should be proved to be a delusion and a sham, it has given us brighter and better ideas of Heaven, and has helped to soften some of the harder features of the popular creed.

Of Mr. Walters, the *Melbourne Review* says:—Mr. Walters is a liberal Unitarian, and since he has filled the pulpit at the Eastern Hill Church, his discourses, though exempt from sensationalism, have attracted audiences which have taxed the capacity of the building to accommodate.

**CORRECTION.**—The name printed in the last number of "LIGHT," p. 566, as that of the "Rev. James Becker" ought to have been the Rev. James Becher.

The philosophy of history can never be truly understood, until the changes in the world of spirits are recognised as the great motor powers in human life.—HOLCOMBE.

## A MASTERFUL MAN.

FROM THE *Daily Tribune*, SALT LAKE CITY.

The reply of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in the November *North American Review*, to the Rev. Henry M. Field, judged by all the rules, is one of the strongest and most brilliant productions that has fallen from any pen for a decade. It is as exquisite in the taste displayed as it is beautiful in expression. And with the beauty and taste there is not one weak line or word. Men may differ as they please as to the conclusions. We are not treating the article from the standpoint of belief or disbelief; we are merely studying the picture of a glorified mind, as it is sketched and tinted with the colours which shine through words of enchantment. There is a side to the question which neither the Rev. Field nor the irreverent Ingersoll has touched upon, but no matter. It is this article that we are noting now. An infidel replies to an orthodox Presbyterian clergyman; replies to every proposition frankly; and yet he moves his thoughts in such a way that the impression one receives in reading is, that there is not anywhere a departure from the most severe logic. But at the same time there is not a line that does not photograph clearly a soul more tender than a woman's, a compassion that would, if it could, enfold every suffering mortal in arms that would bring to them the joy of perfect rest. And while the writer wanders less from his theme than usual; while he avoids embellishment more than is his wont, there are passages here and there that ring in one's ears like the tones of a great organ, that keep sounding and sounding sublime and high, as when one from a headland listens to the deep sea rolling its tired swell upon the face of the promontory below. Listen to this:—

"Upon the question of immortality you have done me, unintentionally, a great injustice. With regard to that hope I have never uttered a flippant or a trivial word. I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that the idea of immortality, that, like a sea, has ebbed and flowed in the human heart, with its countless waves of hope and fear beating against the rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion. It was born of human affection, and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

"I have said a thousand times, and I say again, that we do not know, we cannot say, whether death is a wall or a door—the beginning or end of a day—the spreading of pinions to soar, or the folding forever of wings—the rise or the set of a sun, or an endless life, that brings rapture and love to every one."

Here is another, a tribute to the great dramatist:—

"Are you willing to say that all success is Divine? How do you account for Shakespeare, born of parents who could neither read nor write, held in the lap of ignorance and love, nursed at the breast of poverty—how do you account for him, by far the greatest of the human race, the wings of whose imagination still fill the horizon of human thought: Shakespeare, who was perfectly acquainted with the human heart, knew all depths of sorrow, all lights of joy, and in whose mind were the fruits of all thoughts, of all experience, and a prophecy of all to be; Shakespeare, the wisdom and beauty and depth of whose words increase with the intelligence and civilisation of mankind? How do you account for this miracle? Do you believe that any founder of any religion could have written *Lear* or *Hamlet*? Did Greece produce a man who could by any possibility have been the author of *Troilus and Cressida*? Was there among the countless millions of almighty Rome an intellect that could have written the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*? Is not the play of *Antony and Cleopatra* as Egyptian as the Nile? How do you account for this man, within whose veins there seems to be the blood of every race, and in whose brain there were the poetry and philosophy of a world?"

So the mighty article goes ringing on, as warm in love as it is pitiless in logic, as beautiful in diction as it is stately in its exquisite grace. Lord Lytton makes Hermes sigh when he reaches the Styx, with the soul of Sisyphus, and say:—

"A rogue like this would make  
Souls in Elysium find their bliss less dull."

And a mortal has a kindred feeling upon rising from the study of this wonderful paper.

Certain it is that Paradise will lose much if its rules will not admit Ingersoll, and if in Nature's economy the great-hearted man is to test the other region it will be less forbidding after he shall have reached there. This article indicates either that the mind of Ingersoll is still growing or that he is training it to a more severe discipline than formerly. There is none of the venom in this which used to crop out here and there; there is no descent to the humour with which the man naturally perpetually overflows. It is grave, and strong, and tender. It marks a serious wrestle of an acute mind over the most serious problem that man can be called upon to solve, and every sentence is marked by a courage to investigate and an anxiety to reach the truth which will command the respect of the most violent opponent. The article is its own critic in one respect. If from nothing a brain and a heart like that of Ingersoll could, in a few years be perfected as his are, that fact alone is a mighty argument for the soul's immortality. Ingersoll may be very wicked, but surely a Divine light shines within and transfigures him.

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, DECEMBER 10th, 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.

### THE PERSISTENCE OF DOGMA.

The Athanasian Creed finishes thus: "This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved." In a letter to "LIGHT," of November 26th, Mr. Sinnett speaks of Theosophy as a movement "which alone can ensure the salvation of mankind." The similarity of expression is striking and instructive.

Now we are not about to argue here as to the tenets of the Theosophic creed; the remark of Mr. Sinnett's is reproduced solely because it is an excellent illustration of what is, we fear, a too prevalent disposition among those whom we cannot but otherwise esteem as searchers after truth.

And it is serious, this narrowing the field again, for it tends sadly to show how far mankind is from salvation, when that salvation is made dependent on the replacing of one dogma by another.

It is of little importance what the scheme of redemption may be, or from whom it proceeds. The real importance arises from the fact of any one at any time asserting that his scheme of salvation is the only true one, for it shows but too plainly the impossibility still persistent with so many people of living without a formulated and final creed.

In any assertion of determinate finality there is moreover a factor which seems to us of disastrous significance—the assertion presumes on the part of the assertor absolute and unlimited knowledge. When a man pointing to a road from one place to another says, "That is the only way," it implies perfect knowledge of the district on the part of the speaker. It is not to be supposed that any man seriously entertains the notion that he possesses this omniscience. Yet this possession is undoubtedly implied whenever any man or body of men asserts that his or their way is the only way of salvation, so condemning to the outer darkness of ignorance and despair those who are unfortunate enough to differ from them.

It may, unhappily, be, that as yet men are not generally ready for spiritual freedom, and it may be that to the greater part of mankind dogma is still necessary, and that some Athanasian Creed will bring to such the pleasant comfort which that composition is believed to inspire. But this is very different from the assumption that the salvation of mankind depends on the acceptance of any one dogmatic system. It is indeed conceivable that a man may be saved in many different ways. And besides all this, are we any of us quite sure what being saved means?

These remarks are made in no unfriendly spirit, but they appear to be necessary. It has seemed to some of us that whatever salvation may mean in all its fulness, freedom from bondage is an essential part of it, and we submit that dogmatism of any kind is inconsistent with that freedom. "Know ye the truth, and the truth shall make you free," is not to be replaced by "Know ye the truth, and the truth shall make you bound."

To the Spiritualist, emancipation from dogma ought to be one of the essentials of his being, and it behoves him to guard carefully the freedom which is his most precious possession.

The Churches have said, "We know," and we have found them wrong; let us then be very jealous of the same assumption on the part of any who presume to succeed the Churches.

It does indeed seem strange that anyone can dogmatically say, "This, and this only is the truth." A slight variation in the conditions of our existence here, and that existence would be a totally different thing. What would become of any scheme of philosophy or theology then? We interpret all knowledge by means of the conditions under which we live, and except by the assumption of that omniscience to which we have previously adverted, we do not know how long these conditions may last, and we cannot know what the effect of other conditions would be.

It is reasonable to suppose that escape from this envelope, which we call the body, would place us in conditions different in some way from the conditions that obtain here. Then, how can any scheme of salvation be propounded as absolutely true unless those conditions be known, and how can they be known in terms of the knowledge that we have now?

#### PASSED AWAY.

At Beaconsfield, South Africa, of typhoid fever, Florence Manning, the beloved daughter of Mrs. William Eglinton. By cable.

RECEIVED.—*A Treatise on the Therapeutic Value of Electricity.* By Jose Mayner y Ros, Jamaica. Price 5s. A medical treatise on electricity and nerve-force. It does not fall within our province to review a tractate on this subject. Our thanks are due to our correspondent in a distant land for sending us a copy, which we have placed in our reading-room.

DR. PAULI, talking in 1851 to Caroline Fox said, "Systematising a black-and-white theology is a substitute for faith, not an evidence of it. You are excellent people but very material; you are afraid to give yourselves up to any teaching but what has existed on parchment for hundreds of years; if an angel brought you a new truth direct from Heaven, you would not believe it, till it was successfully copied on the parchment: no, you are excellent people, but you terribly want faith; you are afraid of reason and oppose it to faith, and accordingly miss them both."—*Journals of C. Fox*. Vol. II., p. 163.

THE NEMESIS OF THE PULPIT.—"I do not know what plague has fallen on the practitioners of theology? I will tell you, then. It is *Spiritualism*. Whilst some are crying out against it as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as a hysteric folly, and some are getting angry with it as a mere trick of interested or mischievous persons, Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been, and are still, accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community—to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of." . . . "The Spiritualists have some pretty strong instincts to pry over, which, no doubt, have been roughly handled by theologians at different times. And the Nemesis of the pulpit comes in a shape little thought of, beginning with the snap of a toe-joint and ending with such a crack of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies of Christendom! Sir, you cannot have people of cultivation, of pure character, sensible enough in common things, large-hearted women, grave judges, shrewd business men, men of science, professing to be in communication with the spiritual world, and keeping up constant intercourse with it, without its gradually reacting on the whole conception of that other life."—O. WENDELL HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, p. 10.

## JOTTINGS.

We have received a prospectus of a little work, *Visions of the Dying, and other Extraordinary Phenomena as helps to belief in a Future Life*. (Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.) The editor is Mr. Richard Pike, son of the late Rev. J. G. Pike, whose *Persuasions to Early Piety* had a great run amongst the orthodox. Mr. Pike resides at 1, Brighton-villas, Clarence-street, Nottingham, and publishes his book by subscription. His aim, as we understand him, is to demonstrate a spiritual nature in man, and a future life beyond the grave. By whatever means Mr. Pike proposes to do this, he has our sympathy.

\* \* \*

Mr. Pike thinks the formation of the Society for Psychical Research is a sign of the times. It is. We think also that the proposal to bring out a work of the description indicated by Mr. Pike, which is to circulate among various Nonconformist bodies, and which has already received very influential support, we are told, from Congregationalists, Baptists, and Wesleyans, is another sign of the times. The spirit of inquiry is abroad.

\* \* \*

Canon Liddon is bold enough to say, "Men have asked how, if our Saviour really rose from the dead, and was seen by a great many persons, it was possible for the Jews and others to reject His claims as they did. Our experience shows that when the human will is strongly disposed to ignore the practical consequences of a fact it has a subtle and almost unlimited power of blinding the intellect, even to the most elementary laws of evidence." A fact with significant bearing on our investigations.

\* \* \*

Mr. L. L. Whitlock has converted his *Facts Magazine* into one called *Soul*, devised to cover a much wider area. He has as collaborators Professor Kiddle, Rev. J. Minot Savage, Rev. O. P. Gifford, Rev. William J. Gill, and Dr. B. O. Flower, all of whom write in the first number. It ought to be good, and we wish the venture success.

\* \* \*

The *Banner of Light* gives us this :—

A correspondent of the *Magazine of American History* relates the following premonition entertained by Daniel Webster : "The night after Webster lost the nomination, the Marine Band (Washington) serenaded him. On arriving at his house no light or other sign of life was visible, but the band played and the crowd cheered until a window in the second storey was raised and Webster appeared in his night apparel. When the deafening cheers with which he was received had subsided, he rested his hands on the window-sill, and, leaning forward, spoke in a clear yet sad tone. His concluding remark was this : 'Boys, I am glad to see you, but this is the last time you will hear my voice. I am going to my home, and I feel that I am going to my home to die.' A few months later he died at his home in Marshfield."

\* \* \*

It is not surprising that the marvels related by Dr. N. B. Wolfe in the *Religio-Theosophical Journal*, of which our readers have had a diluted sample, should have provoked some smart criticism. In a recent *Journal* Dr. Hart has some very apposite remarks which do not aim at exhaustive criticism or analysis, but which are none the less to the point.

\* \* \*

This criticism of his touches the desirability of such publication, and raises the question whether our cause is advanced by making such claims on belief.

Spiritualists have become so accustomed to these wonders they seem not to be aware of the enormous demands they are making upon the credence of those not in sympathy with them. The simple tenet of immortality, that is, without any of these fantastic accessories, taxes to its uttermost the faith of the more intelligent class who nominally accept it ; while with many of the more distinguished lights of science, men inured to sober and rigid habits of thought in the study of Nature, it is as well-known ruled out as an unverifiable hypothesis. To such minds, cases like this of the Doctor's are superlatively ridiculous when they are not worse, with no better warrant at best than hallucination and craze, having its seat in the unstable equilibrium of the sensorial functions, like many another craze, which has come and gone.

\* \* \*

Dr. Hart is astonished at the array of notables who came out of a single little cabinet for the delectation of one man. These were the representatives of the Ptolemies, Napoleon and Josephine, some Pharaohs and some Indians, all bowing and doing obeisance to him, as "the sun and the moon and the

eleven stars to Joseph in his dream." It is comical, but that sort of business goes on still, with Napoleons and so forth, and there are people who really believe it.

\* \* \*

The point, and the only point, in respect of Dr. Wolfe is,—Can he be trusted as an exact observer? The Pharaohs and Napoleons may be put aside. None, we think, can read his "Startling Facts" without coming to the conclusion that his recitals there are recitals of what he describes to be facts, whatever the explanation of them may be.

\* \* \*

The editor of the *Journal* seems disposed to set forward a theory to explain these extraordinary allegations by explaining them away. But we fear that no such theory of hallucination or the like will cover the accumulated facts that are now before the world. The editorial thus puts it :—

"On Theosophical and Swedenborgian hypotheses all that Dr. Wolfe claims to have witnessed may actually have occurred without fraud on the part of the medium, and yet not have been what they seemed ; and thousands of people rated above the average of intelligence will explain the manifestations to their own satisfaction, by one or the other hypothesis."

\* \* \*

We are told in an article in the *Path*, already noticed, some new things. Such as that Spiritualists have appropriated the word medium, and now it means just what they make it mean. We learn a little further on that this is "ascribing all things to the work of disembodied spirits," and (as we have already shown) even psychometry and hypnotism. "All men are mediums, even the charlatans and pretenders who cling to the skirts of Spiritualism." "Mediums for the lower passions and elementals." But why not for the lower spirits, we wonder? It is instructive to note how the phraseology of daily life is familiar to us in Spiritualism. A man becomes, we imagine, "medium for his lower passions" when he loses control of himself ; he is medium of communication for another when he gives a message on his behalf ; and so on. The fact is we use the word in its proper sense, naturally and without any secondary meaning : save that it has become narrowed in our mouths to a special meaning of sensitive, just as we use subject for the hypnotic sensitive.

\* \* \*

The same writer tells us that a clairaudient may hear the "forces of nature" ; and, according to Dr. Tylor in his *Primitive Culture*, from and in the earliest times man has personified the forces of nature, and attributed what was in them to an inherent deity. So that the clairaudient gets behind the personifications and at the real fact. It may be so ; as the psychometrist gets from inert matter a picture of events that have taken place in its presence.

\* \* \*

The *New Age*, very presentable in its present form, has the following :—

Society has lost one of its ornaments by the death, from pericarditis and exhaustion, of the Countess of Dalhousie. It is not generally known that Lady Dalhousie took great interest in occult matters, and we have often seen her with a planchette sitting with Freddie Hartmann—the very amateur sportsman—for the purpose of "raising spirits from the vasty deep."

\* \* \*

And this laughable incident from the same source :—

On one occasion Mohini—the Eastern light of the Theosophists—with Madame Blavatsky, was invited to her house to dinner. Mohini considered himself so far elevated above his fellows as to refuse to shake the hands of ordinary mortals, this causing, in many instances, much embarrassment. Invited to meet this party of wizards was a certain nobleman who, after dinner, generally lashed into the Madeira until his condition was below reproach. To Mohini's annoyance and despair, this roystering lord caught him by the hand, and insisted upon retaining it affectionately in his frantic efforts to assure him how glad he was to know him. Mohini's indignation was so great at this outrage that he complained to Lady Dalhousie, but she never repeated the experiment of inviting a man who refused to shake hands as others did.

\* \* \*

The *American Spiritualist Alliance* publishes in pamphlet form the excellent reply to the preliminary report of the Seybert Commissioners, which it authorised one of its committees to draw up. It is an open secret that Professor Kiddle is responsible for the work, which is well done ; and so *pro tem.* exit the Seybert Committee.

## 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.]

## The Arch-Natural Body.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Throughout the many writings of Jacob Böhme, the Arch-natural body is constantly spoken of, but space allows of only one reference. (*Threefold Life*, Chap. vi., No. 97.) "The old Adamical flesh of death cometh not to be heavenly flesh. No, it belongeth to the earth, to death; but the eternal flesh is hidden in the old earthly man, and it is in the old man as the fire in iron, or as the gold in stone. This is the noble, precious stone, the philosopher's stone which the Magi (the wise men) find; which tinctureth nature, and generateth a new son in the old."

It is a pity Böhme's works are so scarce, for his philosophy, though clothed in somewhat obscure language, is really fine. Seen from the standpoint of Böhme, all the mythologies of the past become part of a vast science.

Masons are very fond of claiming the Ghizeh Pyramid as the work of their craftsmen. Let them consider what I have said in this and my previous letters, and remember that Freemason means *spirit free*, or a world-builder, who can free his spirit from its outward shell, and going inward through the Temple's courts, enter Nature's heart, and from thence operate on nature and humanity. This power can only be gained by having on the Mason's clothing, "the wedding garment" of the Arch Master Mason, the Divine Man.

Every Epistle of St. Paul teaches of the Arch-natural body; but space confines me to very brief quotations. (2 Cor. v. 4.) "For we that are in this tabernacle (our physical form) do groan, being burthened; not for that we would be unclothed (i.e., die) but that we would be clothed upon, that this mortal (body) may be conquered by the immortal." (1 Cor. xi. 29.) "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. He that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh judgment upon himself, not discerning the Lord's Body."

St. Paul constantly speaks of the coming of Christ. He does not mean His coming in the clouds of Heaven, as is usually imagined. He means the consummation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; when the neophyte, who is being prepared, shall be clothed with the Arch-natural form, the Body of Christ.

"By faith and patience we inherit the promises." "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." "If any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him." "Christ hath once appeared, and unto those that look for Him He shall appear the second time, without sin, unto the redemption." "So run that ye may obtain the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus." "To be clothed with the Body of Christ." Such are a few indications of Paul's Spiritualism.

Of the Rosicrucian, space permits but brief mention. Masonry has incorporated its symbols, without knowing their real significance. The true brother of the Rose Cross was one who can penetrate the Cross in the Square, and the Royal road he travels is in love to God, and love of God in humanity. It is in love alone we can touch the pillar fire of the creative Spiritual Solar Vortice. The books on Rosicrucian doctrine that I have read, are written by men who know little of what they have written on. Patience, and yet patience. Earth's golden age returns. It is written, "He that overcometh I will make him a pillar (man) in the Temple of my God." That pillar is real; there are men living at present to whom it is a fact accomplished.

The Indian cave temples, in their sculptured remains, contain the mystery of the Regeneration. The Pyramids, the cave temples, the ruins in Mexico, the ancient relics of man over the whole world, speak of a grand civilisation which has passed away. They are the remains of two great continents—one in the Indian Ocean, one in the Atlantic Ocean. Their relics speak the ancient religion of humanity, which, in the hands of those who survived, became Sun Worship, fetish and Obi worship, demon worship, and all the host of 'isms and sects.

When the present astronomical cycle shall be complete, our race shall pass away. Let us build a spiritual temple (the body

of Christ—the Arch-natural form) in each of our own bodies, and then we can still inhabit the earth, even though waters overcome it by the inversion of the polar axis; though the central fires should envelope it in a mantle of glory. Let us preserve the arts and sciences for the new race—above all, let us preserve the science of communion with God and His universe. When we can enter the Royal Arch then we can learn of the hidden interior of the Pyramid—of the City that lieth four square, and the length and breadth and the height equal and the measure the measure of a man. (Apocalypse xxi. 16.)

W. C. LOCKEBY.

## Spiritualism as a Science and a Philosophy.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—May I be permitted a few lines to bear testimony to the statements of Captain William C. Eldon Serjeant, in your last issue?

It will be apparent to all who have given the subject of Spiritualism the least consideration, that there are at least three distinct aspects of this vast subject open at once to the inquirer.

Apart from the experimental phases of the study of Spiritualism as a science, there are as many more involved in the rationale of that subject as a philosophy. These two aspects constitute the truth in its entirety, for Spiritualism has relation to man as a progressive creature, and hence to those things also from which he recedes and to which he inclines. Thus man is studied chiefly, and best, in the neutrality of his position, as one in the midst of time, midway between eternities, and as occupying the position of the pivot in the balance of power; in which both cause and effect converge. The spiritual, psychic, and material planes of existence thus become the subject of study with the Spiritualist, together with the phenomena appertaining to each, or more properly, the convergence of one into the other and their interdependent operations. Now, as a matter of fact, no one person possesses the whole truth; there is no lease upon the ground, and no monopoly of its fruits, but all is free to inclination and capacity, according to the wise and loving dispensation of our Father. So each person possesses some aspect of the truth in this as in all other subjects which may occupy the mind of man, and although there are degrees of knowledge and power in each of these aforementioned planes of existence, yet the greatest luminaries, with their attendant satellites, are interdependent upon one another; and all are subject to the Great Central Luminary of the universe, God, and referable to Him for the evolution of their several beings and of their respective degrees of Light (wisdom) and Heat (love). These things, being admitted, induce the fact that knowledge is a relative condition, and hence belief also. Evidently it is a matter of constitution as to how far or to what degree different persons will attain in knowledge of any particular aspect of the subject of Spiritualism, when placed under similar restrictions which accrue from the incarnation of the spirit. Thus I perceive the constitutional power of the writer of "Jottings" to investigate the material phenomena of this subject; but the writers who refer to him, viz., Captain Eldon Serjeant and Plato E. Draculi, are evidently constituted to investigate the spiritual plane of existence. And I notice, between themselves, they would have this distinction well understood. From what I have said it will be seen that all sections of thinkers (Spiritualists, New Dispensationists, Christians of all denominations, Theosophists, Jew or Gentile all the world over) possess divers spiritual forms and colouring, which they have received by the diffusion of rays from that spiritual sun "which lighteth every man who cometh into the world." These spiritual colours arise from the receptive conditions of different bodies, some retaining one part of the white ray (truth) and some another; and the aggregate of all is Light.

With Captain Eldon Serjeant I recognise the threefold ascension of Spiritualism, and with him aspire to the highest; with Plato E. Draculi I confess to the power and actuality of planetary communications; and with the writer of "Jottings" I should anticipate as much difficulty in accepting every aspect of the truth as in looking at the tropical noonday sun, if I were not conscious that the ultimatum of angelic life upon this earth is a fact of to-day, and that now is "the outpouring of the Spirit upon all flesh."—I am, sir, yours in the marriage of truth and

102, Hall-road, Handsworth,  
Birmingham.

W. R. OLD.



Shakespeare and Bacon.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I sent the following to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, but it was not inserted among the letters daily published. It touches on a forbidden subject.

T. W.

[COPY.]

To the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

SIR,—Bacon has enriched our science. Shakespeare has enriched our language. The following concerning Shakespeare is like Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram, from America, which I copied out some years ago without, I now regret to say, including the name of the writer:—"Hieroglyphic inscriptions contain 685 words. An educated Englishman or American seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation, though eloquent speakers may use 10,000 words. In the Old Testament there are 5,642 words. In Milton, 8,000. In all Shakespeare's plays there are 15,000 words."\* Where did this half-educated woolstapler, poacher, groom, super, stage-manager get them? Bacon was painstaking and methodical rather than profuse in phraseology. Moreover, he kept a *Promus*, or commonplace book, as Mrs. Potts, the Baconian, tells us, to help his memory. Shakespeare's characteristics were exactly the reverse. His fellow-players told Ben Jonson, as the latter quoted in his *Discoveries*, that, "In writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line." How marvellous! He, therefore, does not seem to have needed a "Promus." On the contrary, as Ben Jonson goes on to say, speaking of the man, Shakespeare: "He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary that he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius." Whoever "stopped" Bacon, the logical, the methodical? The reason why Ben Jonson did not put Shakespeare among the highest wits was because, rightly or wrongly, he saw great faults in Shakespeare. When the players told him that Shakespeare, in writing his plays, "never blotted out a line," Jonson answered, "Would he had blotted out a thousand! It was that in which he most faulted." And, as regards his overflowing of language, Jonson says of Shakespeare, "Many a time he falls into those things that would not escape laughter."

Bacon would, especially in writing an historical play, be careful to write history. He knew that Edward V. had been carefully, and somewhat sternly, educated, and was as such an accomplished scholar. What does Shakespeare say of him? "Never was such a sudden scholar made!" And he puts this into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The writer of the play makes the Archbishop of Canterbury in solemn converse with the Bishop of Ely say:—

That after his father's death  
Consideration, like an angel came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire the king were made a prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say,—it hath been all—in all his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honied sentences:  
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain:  
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquet, sports;  
And never noted in him any study.

If, as some think, Shakespeare was inspired from a diversity of sources, is it not possible that, in the above lines, he gave a cryptogram of his own experience, and that he may have been the "sudden scholar"?

T. W.

\* Mrs. Cowden Clarke estimates Shakespeare's vocabulary at 21,000.—ED.

"Who is Christ?"

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your last issue Captain Eldon Serjeant mentions that the Christ or Messiah is called by no less than 199 different names in the Old and New Testaments. I do not dispute the assertion, but it would be interesting to theological students, and it would not occupy much space, if he would kindly give a list of the names in "LIGHT."—Yours faithfully,

December 3rd.

H. B. LINDSAY.

"Trying the Spirits."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In the December number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a paper entitled "Trying the Spirits," to which I turned with some interest. But I only found a diverting account of four impostors, calling themselves "mediums," who were tried and found guilty of cheating, by Dr. Furness of Philadelphia.

It seems that this gentleman undertook to investigate a particular phase of Spiritualism. It also seems that he really believed he was testing the truth of Spiritualism while he was only testing the moral character of several so-called "mediums." They turned out to be mercenary rogues, which of course ought to convince all sensible persons, like the writer of the *Cornhill* paper, that Spiritualistic communications are invariably "blasphemous rubbish."

If this is the logical conclusion to be drawn, then Christians must be prepared to allow that there is no truth in Christianity, because a considerable number of "professing Christians," priests, and preachers, have been from time to time convicted liars and evildoers.

How Dr. Furness came to waste so much time and money on proving roguery that "jumped to the eyes," I cannot understand. He only proved that impostors abound—which we all knew before.

A friend of mine bought a pair of "diamond ear-rings" from a certain French jeweller, and paid a good deal of money for them. On submitting them to competent judges they were pronounced to be shams. It was very annoying, but it only proved that the French jeweller was a cheat. It did not prove that the Koh-i-noor was paste.—Yours faithfully,

December 4th, 1887.

M. B.

Clairvoyance

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The following, as a good test of the clairvoyance of our hostess, Mrs. Alfred Wedgwood, may interest your readers:—

On Friday evening, while a party of us were sitting round the fire discussing things psychical, it occurred to me to put into our clairvoyante's hand a ring I was wearing, with a request for a description of the person who gave it to me. In about two minutes Mrs. Wedgwood commenced: "I see a man with dark eyes—very fine eyes—intelligent they are; and he looks you straight in the face, quite a characteristic of his. He is exceedingly clever, and has small hands that can do almost anything. He draws and paints well, and could do both with his left hand, I believe, they are so skilful: is musical, too—very fond of music, and has talent for it: a man of good taste. A lock of hair in front falls over his brow—a fine brow; and his throat appears muffled up. A very particular man he is."

All this was perfectly accurate, and I have given it as verbatim as I can from memory. No one in the room save my sister and self knew either who was the giver of the ring or the man himself.—Faithfully yours,

Folkestone, December 5th, 1887.

CAROLINE CORNER.

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—A recent number of an American newspaper, the *New Hampshire County Journal*, contains an account of a Spiritualists' camp meeting, by "Our Own Reporter," in which this passage occurs: "In one humble little cottage sat a lady whose right arm is paralysed, her hand being doubled up, but who sets a guitar playing in the light to any tune you may ask for mentally, without even touching it. The lady is poor and needy, and twenty-five cents invested in seeing this remarkable performance is better spent than that in most directions upon the grounds."

On reading this, an incident which occurred to myself whilst in America was brought to mind, which I think to be of suffi-

cient importance to be recorded in an English journal. It is this: An English lecturer had arrived at Boston with the intention of giving lectures throughout the States in advocacy of Materialistic doctrines. He was, in fact, a disciple of the school of thought of which Bradlaugh and Holyoake are the recognised leaders. The philosophy he advocated is termed Secularism, which asserts that this is the only world, and that it is our duty to make the best of it. I had the curiosity to attend his first lectures, which were delivered in the large building known as the Payne Memorial Hall, one of the finest buildings in the city. His lectures proved him to be a very shrewd and intelligent man, and I took an early opportunity of introducing myself to him as a brother Englishman, and in the course of a little time we became quite well acquainted. A suitable occasion offering, I asked him whether he knew anything of Spiritualism, and he confessed he did not. He believed it to be all humbug and trickery. I assured him that although there was a certain amount of fraud mixed up with it, the reputed phenomena were true, and then proceeded to tell him some of my own experience. He was deeply interested, and said he should like to see something himself. I invited him to accompany me to a séance I was going to that night, when a Mrs. Cushman obtained music on a guitar by invisible agency. He readily accepted my invitation, and we went. About a dozen persons were present. We sat in a circle with the medium in our midst, who held an ordinary guitar by its extreme top with one hand, whilst the other was placed beneath the instrument, which rested on her lap. On our commencing to sing a hymn tune, the instrument began to play a suitable accompaniment, although the strings were untouched by mortal hands, and in this way was spent the best part of an hour. My friend examined the matter closely, placing his ear and eye in close proximity to the mysterious instrument, and admitted that there could be no possible deception practised. He came away convinced, and wrote an account of the affair in the *Boston Investigator*, the principal organ of the Materialistic Philosophy in America. After investigating the matter a little further, my new acquaintance was induced to abandon his lecturing tour and return to England, and when he arrived at his home in Leicester he summoned his friends together, and they succeeded in eliciting Spiritualistic phenomena among themselves, and the last I heard of him was his advocating the Spiritual Philosophy in public.

The above incident affords an illustration of the force of facts over theories. Here was a man, conscientiously believing, after deeply studying the subject, that mind is the product of organisation, and that when death takes place intelligence ceases, convinced by the simple playing of a guitar that his convictions were wrongly based. His long-cherished and deep-seated convictions received a death-blow. His Goliath of Materialisation was slain by the simple sling of Spiritual fact, and thousands were prevented from being misled by the false teachings of Materialistic science.—Yours, &c.

Eastbourne.

ROBERT COOPER.

December 4th.

*The Evil Side of Spiritualism, and how to Face it.  
To the Editor of "LIGHT."*

SIR,—A friend, who is much afraid of the evil side of Spiritualism, received through my writing mediumship, a short time ago, a message from his daughter in the spirit land upon this subject. I know it is a very common and natural fear which especially presents itself to investigators. I had it myself for a long time, and should have it still but for the frequent communications which have been given to me, and have helped me to see how to face it.

Hoping that the following extracts from these spirit-teachings may be as useful to others as to myself, I forward them for insertion in "LIGHT," if you can afford the necessary space.

"How I wish I could infuse into your heart of hearts a deeper feeling of joy in the power which the spirits are gaining over the material. Dearest father, shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And is not the disposing of events in His hands? Then, dear, have more full, loving confidence in Him, in the affairs relating to spirit intercourse.

You are, in this way, far, far too much afraid of the devil. You give to the Prince of Evil credit for far more power than he possesses.

Do not think that I . . .

Here the writing stopped, and in a few seconds was renewed, but with another influence.

"Annie is called away, and I, your loving A., will say a few words . . . Let me join my supplications for peace on earth and good will, for the spread of all good, the subjugation of all evil. Yes, the fight is strong and fierce, but do not forget that God rules the spirit land, and will bring good out of evil. The fight between the two is in itself good. Evil must be fought down, and it will be; and the deeper and stronger the evil so much the deeper and stronger will be the good. For God is Great, is Good, is Love, and will conquer in the end, in His own good time.

Rejoice in the fact of spirit communion, and do not let the full knowledge of evil, on all sides, mar your delight in the knowledge which we would fain help to confirm, that we, your loved ones, are, one and all, close by. We watch you all in true love."

"Yes, I, Annie, am back. I went to see a dying friend, one who is waiting at the gates in trepidation; and I have whispered words of comfort, words from the loving Father, which have raised the drooping spirits and proved as the oil of consolation, poured upon troubled waters. . . ."

On another occasion the same spirit writes:—

"Ah, my beloved father, seek to avoid too much fear. I do not mean you to lose your fear of doing evil, but do not look upon evil as so strong. Remember that God and good have far greater power than the low and the evil.

This great influx of Spiritualism has, in truth, come with legions of wicked spirits, but only for the brighter and better ones to conquer."

Referring to some remarks that had been made about seeking tests, the same spirit, later on, wrote:—

"When I said 'no tests' I only meant—Seek not for signs in a cavilling spirit. Do not set down your own will, and determine to take no tests but those of your own fixing.

We are surrounded by difficulties, more than you think, and cannot so help you as we want, or say half we would, if but the veil of flesh could be removed. Now, my loved ones, rest assured that God, our loving Father, is stronger than the adversary, and whilst praying against all evil, seek to trust more implicitly in all good."

Our spirit friends continually beg us not to judge too hastily upon receiving contradictory or even apparently untruthful messages. One more extract I will venture to give, touching upon this difficulty, and then I will conclude, fearing to trespass too much upon your valuable space. We had been talking together about the various instances of mediumship which had so puzzled the world some hundred years ago—or let me say from time immemorial, and long before this present influx of spirit power called "Modern Spiritualism." In the course of a long message came—

"Do not be over-troubled at what looks like deceit. Pray against evil. Take what comes, weed it (as in all soils weeds spring up), then take to your own soul all that is good for its nourishment. Remember in all communings with our dearly-loved ones we do our best to express truthfully all we would say. But even then we find great difficulty in bringing a message pure and, so to speak, unadulterated to your own soul. Never mind, dear ones, remember the words, 'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.' And the day will come when this 'then' will be the present and the truth of the glories of the home of those who 'rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him' will be fully given and known. Oh, rest in Him, lie passive in the Everlasting Arms, which never fail. In the midst of storms and trials, of sorrow and deceit—in the midst of the weakness of the flesh, which prostrates and unnerves you, yes, always rest in Him and be content."

I might give many other extracts from messages received through my writing mediumship, but I think that what I have quoted is sufficient.—Yours truly,

23, Quentin-road, Blackheath.

F. J. THEOBALD.

*"Astrology Theologised."*

*To the Editor of "LIGHT."*

SIR,—Suffer a word of reluctant response to "π." He disclaims writing in a captious spirit, and yet charges me with having "very little acquaintance with the merest elements of dynamics," on the ground that in writing for general readers I employed the term "momentum" in its colloquial sense—that of projectile force—instead of in its strict technical sense! Were I to vary the illustration, and state that a shattered planet, like a shattered mirror or lens, would not possess the same reflective or transmissive properties as one intact, I should, I suppose, be told that I had "very little acquaintance with the merest elements" of optics.

Nor is "π's" allegation of inconsistency in paragraph three of his letter less open to the charge of being "captious," and

even disingenuous, since the influence of one planet upon another must be governed no less by its distance than by its magnitude; and I take both these elements into account when estimating the relative astrological values of the moon and the asteroids and other planets, and not one only, as he implies.

But I have no intention of going categorically through your critic's contradictions of me. What I am much more concerned with is his re-introduction into the correspondence columns of "LIGHT" of a style and tone which I had hoped to see altogether eliminated under its new management. It is true that he does me the justice to acknowledge my courtesy. But seeing that, besides the imputation of gross ignorance, he charges me with "vanity" and "arrogance"—for why his homily on these sins in a reply to me unless he intends to ascribe them to me?—he makes it impossible for me to return the compliment. As it is, I willingly leave it to the readers of our respective letters to determine on which side the "vanity" and "arrogance" really lie.

I, too, write with "profound regret," and under a "stern sense of duty," for I am quite certain that unless your correspondents refrain from assuming, under the cover of anonymity, a licence of expression they would certainly shrink from indulging over their names, persons having any self-respect will be deterred from seeking a place in your columns, to the great detriment both of your cause and of your paper.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

[While we regret that Mr. Maitland should feel annoyed at any criticism that our correspondent has felt impelled to make, we must protest against that portion of his letter which is directed to the broad question of the tone and temper of "π's" letter, and of the character of our correspondence. We give perfect freedom of debate, even to correspondents with whose position we have no sympathy, within certain restricted limits of space, of subject, and of moderation of statement. We are much surprised that Mr. Maitland, writing in the tone which he sees fit to adopt, should cast blame on others. We trust that our obvious and patent desire to afford all our friends opportunity of saying frankly what they have to say may not be frustrated by contentiousness.—Ed.]

#### PRE-EXISTENCE.

I would sing the pre-existency  
Of human souls and live once o'er again  
By recollection and quick memory  
All that is passed since first we all began.  
But all too shallow be my wits to scan  
So deep a point, and mind too dull to climb  
So dark a matter. But thou more than man  
Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear,  
Tell me what mortals are. Tell what of old they were.  
A spark or ray of divinity  
Clouded with earthly fogs, and clad in clay,  
A precious drop sunk from eternity  
Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away.  
For then we fell when we 'gan first t'essay  
By stealth of our own selves something to been  
Uncentring ourselves from our one great stay  
Which rapture we new liberty did ween  
And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves did deem.  
Show fitly how the pre-existing soul  
Enacts and enters bodies here below  
And then entire unhurt can leave this mould  
In which by sense and motion they may know  
Better than we what things transacted be  
Upon the earth, and when they best may show  
Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasm  
Moulding their airy arc to gross consistency.

PSYCHOZOIA (HENRY MORE).

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B.—Respectfully declined. We are very anxious, if possible, to avoid purely theological controversy.

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.

#### THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT MUCHELNEY.

Travelling over some old records we came across a clipping from the *Weekly News and Advertiser*, of Crewkerne, Somerset, bearing date July 21st, 1868. It is a good story of haunting, and we give it as it stands. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to tell us whether any version lingers in the district, and whether any pains have been taken to trace the legend:—

The haunted house at Muchelney is one of those extraordinary cases which puzzle the scientific, furnish food to the superstitious, and excite the sneers of the supercilious and would-be knowing. We have paid two visits to the scene, and feel convinced that the matter is worthy the most serious attention of the devout and faithful investigator into the marvels and mysteries of Nature. Not that we are an ear-witness or an eye-witness to any of the "manifestations,"—having, as usual with the unfortunate, been "a day too soon or a day too late." But we have seen so many of the effects, and have heard so much from persons upon whose statements the utmost reliance must be placed, that we have no hesitation in saying that the affair is one of the most remarkable that ever occurred in this locality. It is very different from the Cock-lane ghost and similar stories. As far as we can see, there is not the slightest ground for the suspicion of trickery or collusion, and the respectability, common-sense, and courage of the occupants are indisputable.

The farm house, an old substantial one, stands alone at the entrance to the village of Muchelney, about three miles from Langport. Its only occupants are Mr. Traves, his housekeeper, and a young servant girl. Soon after Christmas last a slight shock of an earthquake, as supposed, was felt in the neighbourhood, and since then the farm house has been the scene, from time to time, of the noises and "manifestations" before described in these columns.

The most common form is noises resembling at first the running of fingers over a hollow partition, or as if passing rapidly up-stairs, and always ending abruptly with a kind of discharge, as loud as that of a rifle, but with no reverberation whatever—merely a dead thud—often followed successively, kept up at intervals for days together, and then becoming silent for weeks. For some time the tin-cover of a copper in the kitchen was wont to be thrown violently off upon the floor, and the bells about the house to be set ringing. But these are at present quiet, and the newest manifestation is in one of the passages, where a clock stands, with a table near, against the wall, and over it some bridle bits hung upon nails. About a fortnight since, during Mr. Traves's absence in the hay-field, the housekeeper and servant were terribly alarmed by the table being suddenly turned violently upside down and the bits thrown off the nails upon which they were hung. The females immediately summoned Mr. Traves, who came in, and, expressing his determination to judge for himself, took a seat near the table and watched. He had not been seated five minutes ere the table was again suddenly dragged, as it were, along the floor, and dashed down. We plainly saw the breakage which resulted, and heard the story from Mr. Traves's own mouth. It was only one of several stories of an equally startling nature. The mysterious part is, that the walls are entirely unshaken and the floors undisturbed.

Various theories have been broached to account for the phenomena—electricity, volcanic agency, and so forth. But it appears to us that a more minute investigation is desirable, and would most amply repay the time and trouble. It is sheer folly to pooh-pooh the affair. Whatever it may be, we feel certain that no trickery is in operation. Scores of persons can bear witness to the truth of the manifestations. Doubtless—

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

THE one thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burnt to dust—every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which makes one's heart cold to think of. You will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which may be dug down deep again and again.

BESTOW thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath an evening, and thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never returns again. Use it, therefore, as the springtime, which soon departeth, and wherein thou delightest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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