

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.)"

MEMOIRS OF ARTHUR HAMILTON.*

It is not easy to give any fair conception of this thoughtful and fascinating history of an inquiring and progressive soul, which, through many perplexities and in much tribulation, struggled upwards to light. For there is hardly one among the book's 220 pages which does not contain something over which the psychical student would like to linger, something which a review intended for the readers of "LIGHT" should not pass by.

Arthur Hamilton was a man of the reflective type, not a man of action primarily, not an ordinary man "at the mercy of every vagrant prophet and bawler of conventional ideas." Christopher Carr, his biographer—a *nom de plume* which rumour already has been busy with—says in his preface that in these days "reflection is lost sight of: philanthropy is all the rage. I assert that for a man to devote himself to a reflective life, that is, in the eyes of the world, an indolent one, is often a great sacrifice, and even on that account, if not essentially, valuable. Philanthropy is generally distressing, often offensive, sometimes disastrous." So it will be seen that we are to approach matters from new points of view. There is much to be said for the life of reflection and against the fussy bustle of life in the world. There is also much to be said in favour of altruism, and against the cheap parade of the pseudo-philanthropy that appears in the advertising columns of the daily newspapers. We have almost forgotten what the reflective life of the mediæval monastery gave us: and all our philanthropic fuss has landed us in this year of grace in a deadlock. So far, but not quite so far as Mr. Carr's words carry, he states a truth, the reality of which is not impaired by the fact that it has another side.

Arthur Hamilton's father was a hard man, Puritanical in his cast of mind, and a martinet in his regiment (he was a retired cavalry officer), and a tyrant in his own house. The boy grew up in communion with Nature, though not as the instinctive poet does. "In moments of grief and despair" (he wrote in later life), "I do not, as some do, crouch back to the bosom of the great Mother: she has, it seems, no heart for me when I am sorry, though she smiles with me when I am glad." A clever, secretive child, dependent to a degree that his parents never seem to have realised on sympathetic and judicious training. His was the nature that a mother ought to have influenced. Yet all through the *Memoir* we get no glimpse of her, no insight into her character. We are driven to the conclusion that

the dominant personality of the harsh and rather irritable old cavalry officer effaced or obscured what was probably the shrinking and timid disposition of his wife. Arthur "disliked his father, and feared him." That was not a wholesome feeling to be allowed to rankle without a mother's love to counteract it. It might have been very different with Arthur Hamilton had his boyish and youthful years been better regulated. It would be so with most children: for surely there never was an age when it was more difficult to know what is wise and right to teach a child than is this transition age of ours. Probably the less contentious matter, the more broad and simple truth, we teach the child, the wider the views of the purpose of life, the humbler the dependence on an unseen Power, the firmer the grasp of duty, the better will it be for the soul's development. Arthur Hamilton elaborates, in after years, ideas on religious training of children, *apropos* of his charge, Edward Bruce, which are very pertinent here. "Ideally, I should like to tell a boy nothing about religion, teach him merely his moral duty—till he is of age: then put the Bible into his hands. There would be, of course, a great deal that he would at first regret: but, if he were of an appreciative nature—and I am presupposing that, because I don't think the theory of education is for the apathetic and unsensitive—he would see, I believe, not only the extraordinary sublimity of language and expression, but the unparalleled audacity of thought and aspiration. That he would realise the points in which these conceptions were wild, deficient, or childish, would not blind him, I think, to the grandeur of the other side." (p.170.)

Up to the time when he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, he had no religious views. "I had," he writes, "no inherent hatred of wrong, or love of right: but I was fastidious, and that kept me from being riotous, and undemonstrative, which made me pure." [A curious piece of self-analysis, this last. He was undemonstrative, *i.e.*, I suppose, shy and secretive, and, therefore, removed from some temptations which might have broken through his reserve, and have carried him into a more external and sensuous or even animal life.]

At Cambridge he did nothing, pursuing his reflective life without much regard to the requisite college studies. Such sayings of his as are recorded show his type of thought. An ardent enthusiast on the subject of missions was bemoaning the difficulties in the way of success, "but we must expect discouragement: the Church has always had that." "Yes" (said Arthur), "but we must also remember that ill-success is not an absolute proof that God is on our side." His friend and biographer, who was also a Trinity man, met him at the rooms of a common friend, and was soon a great ally of his.

He was a desultory and wide reader, leading a monotonous and very regular life; careful only to escape observation and to be left to himself. His great passion was for music—"organ playing, organ music, was the one subject on which I have heard him wax enthusiastic." He writes, "I have just come back from the Albert Hall from hearing the *Meistersänger*, Wagner himself conduct-

*Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1, Paternoster-square. Price 6s. Pp. 224.

ing. I may safely say, I think, that I never experienced such absolute artistic rapture before as at certain parts of this; for instance, in the overture, at one place where the strings suddenly cease and there comes a peculiar chromatic waft of wind instruments, like a ghostly voice rushing across. I have never felt anything like it; it swept one right away, and gave one a sense of deep ineffable satisfaction. I shall always feel for the future that there is an existent region, *into which I have now actually penetrated*, in which that entire satisfaction is possible, a fact which I have hitherto doubted. It is like an initiation." "Music is the most hopeful of the arts; she does not hint only, like other expressions of beauty: she takes you straight into a world of peace, a world where law and beauty are the same, and where an ordered discord—that is, discord working by definite laws—is the origin of the keenest pleasure."

Herein was his progressive mind apparent. He was ready for the "initiation." Is it indiscreet to say that therein he showed himself, in this as in other things, to be already behind the veil that obscures the vision of the ordinary man?

Arthur Hamilton got a second class only, and missed his fellowship. His father was indignant and wrote to remonstrate, bidding him set seriously to work with a view of taking orders. This produced a characteristic letter in which the unconventional character of his mind, its impatience of old and worn-out traditions, again comes out. "The moment" (he writes) "when anyone finds himself in radical opposition to the traditions in which he was brought up is very painful. . . . I do *not* believe that practical usefulness of a direct kind is the end of life. I do *not* believe that success is a test of greatness. . . . I want to examine and consider, to turn life and thought inside out, to see if I can piece together in the least the enormous problem of which God has flung us the fragments. . . . I can't take public opinion for granted. I will not let it overwhelm me. I want to stand aside and think." He wished to travel, and after schoolmastering for a year, in obedience to his father's wish, his design was carried out.

"You know" (he writes to his biographer) "I pretend to a kind of familiar—like Socrates—I am forbidden to do certain things by a kind of distant inward voice. . . . This time it tells me I am not equal to the direct responsibility; that I cannot, with my habit of mind and temper, impress a permanent enough mark upon lads." So, warned by the voice, he turned away. This is the first admission in words of what has been long apparent to the careful reader of his biography. Arthur Hamilton was a psychic. It is worth considering how far his voluntary severance from the world, his constant communing with his own soul, his anxious consideration of the higher problems of life, had awakened and developed in his soul those gifts and faculties which in so many are dormant through life, which shrink appalled from the stress and struggle of average existence, and reveal themselves only to the earnest searchers after truth in the silence and seclusion of the secret chamber. It is, at least, probable that this was the history of Arthur Hamilton's development.

His solitary travels carried him over a great part of Europe, to America and back, to Africa and down the Nile; through Asia Minor, India, Persia; to China, Japan, and a little way into Thibet. He spent three months with a party of gipsies, who taught him their own language and Freemasonry, and the strange properties of some of our commonest weeds. They swore him of their brotherhood, and he used to say that he "had since discovered many members of the brotherhood in civilised nations, even in 'kings' houses.'"

Finally came an important episode in his life. He had settled for a time at Teheran, and in the course of an

evening ride had inadvertently strayed into some private grounds, the owner of which turned out to be an Englishman, long resident in Persia. He had deliberately retired from the world, giving himself out for dead at Palermo in 1853. He was the son of an English nobleman, and that is all we are told. He had become dissatisfied with the tangle of the exoteric life, its gross materialisation, its restless, aimless buzzings, its ponderous frivolities, and its frivolous superficialities, and he longed for a life of contemplation, devoted to the study of mysticism. "Yes" (he cried), "I am a mystic—have joined the one brotherhood that is eternal and all-embracing, as young as love and as old as time—the society that no man suspects till he is close upon it, or hopes to enter till he finds himself in a moment within the sacred pale. . . . You must find the way for yourself—no man can show it to you. If you enter—and you are destined to enter this side the grave—it will come when you are least expecting it." This prophecy, like many another, does not seem to have been fulfilled literally. It was realised when he undertook the training of Edward Bruce, his host's elder son. This is the letter the recluse wrote him. "Dear Friend,—All is not well with you; I have heard it in the night. But the passages of the house are often dark, though the hills are full of light; yet the Master's messengers pass to and fro between the high halls bearing lamps. Such a messenger I send you."

This charge he undertook, after a year's consideration, carrying the boy off to England to be educated and introduced to English life, a task for which seclusion had unfitted his father. About this time he showed unequivocal symptoms of dangerous heart disease, which might terminate his life at any time. So he chose a secluded Cornish village for his residence, and thither carried his charge, Edward Bruce. Years passed, and Bruce's education, a delightful task to so capable an instructor, was so far advanced that it was time for him to go up to Trinity, Cambridge, Hamilton's own college. There, not to dwell on painful incidents, his life was prematurely cut short by a fall from a dog-cart. From this blow, a staggering one to a strong man, a fatal one to a man already under sentence of death, Arthur Hamilton never recovered. He lived on in his Cornish home: but the end was not far off, and within six months he had passed within the veil, and his brief life here of only thirty-four years was over.

I have given only the most rapid sketch of a very striking character. I hope to recur to some final estimate of it, and give some notice of opinions, which I have been obliged to pass by in this review, but which are so provocative of thought that I cannot wholly ignore them.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.—It is not very generally known that the Hon. Alfred Deakin—the pride of the Young Australian party—whose ability and eloquence were so prominently displayed during the sittings of the recent Colonial Conference, is one of the leading Spiritualists at the Antipodes. Spiritualism is, proportionately speaking, much better supported in Australia than in probably any other country under the sun, and amongst its devotees there is no greater enthusiast than Mr. Deakin. He was originally a pronounced sceptic in regard to Spiritualism, and his "conversion" to it is attributed to an incident which happened a few years since, and which Melbourne people all remember well. Two well-known Melbourne youths were upset from a boat in Hobson's Bay one afternoon, and for a few days all attempts to recover the bodies proved unsuccessful. Some of their sorrowing friends at last requisitioned the "spirit," and, as the story goes, the spirit of one of the unfortunate youths rapped out a message to the effect that his body was lying at a certain spot on Brighton Beach, with the face partly eaten away by a shark. A party at once hurried off to the place indicated, and the body was found, and in the condition described by the spirit. Besides converting such an able sceptic as Mr. Deakin, the affair had the effect of bringing a large number of believers into the Spiritualistic fold.—From *The Colonies and India*.

PROGRESSION IN SPIRITUALISM.

BY NIZIDA.

In stating, somewhat at length, the effects upon my own mind of a long and close study of Spiritualism, I am actuated alone by a desire that the truth should be brought out of a mass of crude thought upon a subject by no means thoroughly sifted; and which holds, at the back of a sort of stage-curtain—still down before the eyes of thousands who dive into the unseen—wonders and mysteries of life which can perhaps never be thoroughly understood nor explained. The majority of us are looking still at the stage-curtain, and some of us are fully persuaded that it is the only thing to be mentally cognised, and that we know all about it. It is man's fate to be ever deceiving himself upon this plane of "illusions," and he remains in that condition of self-deception until he has evolved from within, the potencies of that innate omniscience which he spiritually inherits by a Divine parentage. This all-knowledge, as far as man is concerned, must always be understood in a finite sense—shifting and changing, and being continually added unto, because of man's relations to Time and Space. But as it belongs to the spiritual man, and is of the spirit primarily, of a necessity the gifts of a highly-developed intuition and *clairvoyance* are essential unto its accretion. As this condition is not to be reached *per saltum*, we shall always find that the animal man is a false and erroneous judge of those mysteries of nature which are not patent to the lower senses; or which transcend the comprehension of mental faculties trained only to contend with the most obvious facts of the material world.

Necessarily, when the mind is first awakened to an inkling of knowledge that there is a dual life, two conditions of existence lying in close juxtaposition—that, in short, the one exists within the other, as a hand in a glove; that the external has its motive power alone from that which is within, wearing the external as a cloak or protection; electrifying or galvanising it to an expression of its own undying individuality; its changes, the modifications caused by its expansion or growth; the varying emotions of its supreme intelligence, which refuse to be cribbed, confined, and denied an outlet, and burst forth in eloquent force of words, song, cries, or achievement of whatsoever form, proclaiming an origin from eternal spirit, moulding, and firing the whole complex body of the universe to one grand expression of MIND—when this great truth first dawns upon the mind of man, and begins to influence his life, many mistakes are unavoidably made by the lower, more material mind in judging of that higher condition to which it vaguely aspires; feeling out through the darkness like one blind, unable to analyse or categorise the new sensations beginning to stir within, the dim dawnings of most uncertain light which give promise of the rising sun that is to illuminate an undreamed-of world. And this state of the trembling dawn may last for the expanding, evolving soul, not years alone, but centuries; wherein, although transported at the death of the body into an existence called "spiritual," it will not yet reach the acme of Divine knowledge; but will pass through the blissful experiences of a Heavenly rest, gathering the fruits of a well-spent material existence; and returning thereinto strengthened and spiritualised, to continue, upon a higher plane than that of the preceding existence, its gradual growth so happily begun.

Of course all my readers do not accept this theory—to some, a mere theory, to others, a fact which thrills through their innermost being with the force of truth. But *all* will agree with me that the evolution of the spiritual man is *slow*—not to be attained at a leap—occupying the years of a lifetime, and, as some think, to be continued in what they call the *spirit land*. So be it.

It is, however, a self-evident fact that only the spiritual man can judge of spiritual things, and that, as spirituality is of slow growth, the ideas which the gradually developing mind forms to-day upon subjects which transcend its climbing steps, must change at every stage of its ascension. Hence the first crude impressions as regards the action of astral entities, of whatsoever nature, upon us and our world; our ideas of that adjacent state of existence, which, in my opinion, is erroneously called the *spirit world*—the condition of man after death, and of our connection and powers of communion with the departed, must all change as we gain more perfect knowledge. Such changes, however, will not necessarily destroy any fondly-loved "*ism*"—too apt to be a kind of mental fetish hung round the neck like a millstone, to arrest progression—but would only serve to expand and enlarge its limits, until they become illimitable, and as transparent and buoyant as air, for the healthful breathing functions of an immortal, spiritual soul; for *right-thinking* is like breath to the soul.

We have, undoubtedly, patiently worked out a large block of truth in our study of the Occult; but we are mistaken if we suppose, as many did in the beginning, that we are the first to know anything about this mysterious side of nature. There are others who know, and have known for ages, a great deal more than we have been able, almost unassisted, to work out. We should do wisely to learn from them. However, very few of us are so disposed.

But it is certain that—as we have, to our own ideas, worked out so much knowledge of, and by ourselves—other, greater, and higher knowledge is slowly and surely descending into the world of mind and thought over the whole earth. It cannot be stayed any more than the small portion of knowledge which we have assimilated could be stayed. Its *descent*, however, is a false appearance; it is the collective mind of all humanity which is growing into a condition to receive it; it is the human mind *ascends*, not that the *higher* descends. Therefore, if we, the body calling itself Spiritualist, choose to stand stock still in the little rut we have ploughed out in the great field, we shall find ourselves surpassed by the on-rushing multitude who have hitherto more or less laughed at and contemned us, but who are rapidly devouring and assimilating what we long vainly offered for their acceptance, and will soon march far beyond us, because they go further afield and can get more than we are able to give—that is, if we *continue to stand still*.

There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of good, pious people belonging to our body, who think that Modern Spiritualism is a kind of special donation by Divine favour to the Christian inhabitants of the earth—a sort of outpouring of Divine clemency and grace to a favoured few who worship the great Universal Spirit, the All-Father, after a special fashion they deem the best, and the most acceptable to Him who, if He be the All-Father, should ignore none of His children, but should accept, regardless of *forms*, the worship of all alike, and show favour to all alike, irrespective of colour, race, or country. The above, a fondly cherished article of faith for some good people, is a very pretty but narrow little illusion; because it puts out of sight altogether the fact that ages before Christianity ever dawned upon the minds of men, Spiritualism, or a belief in, and knowledge of, the Occult existed, was embodied in every religion, and is, at this day, the spiritual life and breath of Churches which we Christians call heathen, or pagan. We will not here speak of the desecration, and degradation of this exalted knowledge, by which these religions became idolatrous for the laity; for Spiritualism has its two sides, the true and the false, and it is possible to drift into the latter.

But what does all this prove? That *Truth is eternal*; that we are marching along a road others have travelled before us; that we are *exhuming* knowledge which a portion

of our predecessors along the Christian path allowed to become buried, as the ruins of cities become buried : and that we may well reach back to ancient races and grasp the knowledge they possessed and stored away of that spiritual science we are endeavouring to unfold, *most probably*, as races always advance, upon a *higher intellectual plane*. That great and noble science of all that concerns the divine man ; his spiritual origin and spiritual end ; which was the foundation of ancient religions ; is already, though unsuspected, the foundation of modern religions ; and is to be the foundation and life of the coming religion of the whole human race.

In my next paper I will dwell upon some of the errors into which, in my humble opinion, Spiritualists have fallen.

CHRISTMAS AND CANON LIDDON.

Among the many advantages of an insight, however slight, into the true nature of spiritual things, is a deliverance from at least some of those dogmas which have shut out the light of truth from the lives of mankind. These dogmatic assertions, presumably beliefs, on the part of those who utter them, are displayed very frequently at the great Church festivals of the year. Especially is that the case in the Churches of England and Rome, whose most eloquent priests propound at Christmas and Easter with all the impressiveness of their finished oratory the doctrines which, according to them, are those of eternal life and of salvation. Among these exponents of theology at the present time no one in the Church of England occupies a higher place than Canon Liddon.

It may be permitted, perhaps, without incurring the charge of irreverence, to refer to the remarkable discourse of the Canon, delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of Christmas Day. As to what astounding assumptions and contradictions a non-spiritual theology may commit a man, of whose ability and honesty no one can doubt, that sermon is striking evidence.

Speaking of the mystery of the Incarnation of Christ, the Canon, arguing against the objection that such a thing must have been an innovation on the eternal life of God, says :—

“ But when men spoke of the Incarnation as an innovation on the eternal life of God so great as to be beyond accounting for, or even conceiving, they forgot a still older innovation—if the word might be permitted—about which there was no room whatever for doubt. They forgot that after existing for an eternity in solitary blessedness, contemplating Himself and rejoicing in the contemplation, God willed to surround Himself with creatures, who should derive their life from Him and should subsist within His all-encompassing presence, while yet utterly distinct from Him. Creation surely was an astonishing innovation on the life of God, and creation, as we know, involved possibilities which led to much else beyond.”

One stands aghast at this amazing assumption of knowledge. Canon Liddon, a presumably finite man, *knows* without a shadow of doubt that the Supreme Being had existed from all eternity, and, not only that, he *knows* what His occupation was—the contemplation of Himself. And then suddenly—the Canon knows it without a shadow of a doubt—this Supreme Being willed to surround Himself with creatures, utterly distinct from Himself. This, says Dr. Liddon, was an older innovation in the calm existence of God than was that of the Incarnation. The Canon, therefore, knows so far all the events in the life of the Supreme Being—the tranquil contemplation of Himself from all eternity, and then the two innovations ! Such knowledge as this must surely itself be the outcome of Omniscience. And yet one can hardly conceive of even a Canon of St. Paul's claiming *that* as a possession. But there is no alternative.

Taking another extract from the sermon (the *Times* report is being used), from a part of it which precedes the one already given, the Canon, speaking of

the union of the infinite with the finite, as exemplified in the Incarnation, and the difficulty of understanding the combination, says :—

“ It might be enough to reply that with God all things are possible—all things, at least, which do not contradict His moral perfections—that was to say, His essential nature ; and most assuredly no such contradiction could be detected in the Divine Incarnation.”

In other words, Canon Liddon knows not only the life-history of the Supreme, but also His essential nature, otherwise he would not know whether the Incarnation of Christ contradicted the characteristics of that essential nature, or did not so contradict them.

But, notwithstanding all this knowledge, the Canon glides over one important matter without the explanation one would have expected from him. Says the Canon :—

“ As God must have created out of love, so out of love He must bring a remedy to the ruined creatures of His hands, though the form of the remedy He alone could prescribe.”

Now referring to our first quotation, it will be seen that Dr. Liddon knows that the Supreme had existed for “ an eternity in solitary blessedness,” therefore there could have been no one else co-existent with Him. Yet the creatures of His hands have been ruined. Unless they ruined themselves, some one else must have been there to ruin them ; but there was no one else, therefore they ruined themselves. But these creatures “ derive their life from Him, and subsist within His all-encompassing presence” ; therefore, if they are ruined, we are driven to the conclusion that the Supreme made them capable of ruining themselves, so that God is the author of evil. Is this what is meant ?

Never, perhaps, has there been a better example of the hopelessness of dogmatic theology. How is the salvation of the world to be brought about by such teaching as this ?

In another part of his discourse the Canon is not much happier. He reasons from analogy as to the Incarnation :—

“ And what was man but a sample, at an immeasurably lower level, of a union of two totally different substances, one material, the other immaterial, under the presidency and control of a single human personality ? What could be more remote from each other in their properties than were matter and spirit ; what would be more incredible, antecedently to experience, than the union of such substances as matter and spirit, of a human body and a human soul, in a single personality ? Yet that they are so united was a matter of experience to every one of us.”

Submitting by the way that the words “immeasurably” and “infinitely” are not convertible terms, and therefore so far the analogy does not hold good, we have here an assertion as to the composite nature of man. He is material as to his body, immaterial as to his soul, and under the presidency of a single human personality. If this means anything, it means that there are three parts of our being,—the body, the soul, and something else. This is very likely true, but the Canon is all confusion even here, for he speaks immediately after of the union of a human body and a human soul *in* a single personality.

“ And what ” (cries the Canon) “ can be more remote from each other in their properties than are matter and spirit ? ” Is the Canon so sure about this remoteness also ? Of course he is, for what are all the researches into the phenomena of hypnotism—to take only one instance—to the professors of dogmatic theology ?

And this is what was offered to the crowded audience in St. Paul's on Christmas Day, 1887, by one of the most learned and most eloquent of the sons of the Church. Unmindful of the development of spirit-life about him, taking no heed of the tocsin that already signals the coming slaughter of all dogmatism, refusing true spiritual food to the starving children of the world, giving a stone when they ask for bread, mocking at all assertion of knowledge other than his own, wrapped in the robe of arrogant assumption, this exponent of theology managed to hide in a cloud of words the true significance of the Divine story of Christ.

THE NEXT WORLD—AND CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The *Dream of St. Gerontius* is the work of a priest and a poet, the thinker who gets his ideas of the next world from without, and the thinker who gets his ideas of the next world from within. It has gone through twenty-two editions, and is almost a bible with the Anglo-Catholics. This success is mainly due to the fact that the poet has been too strong for the priest.

On the surface there is plenty of orthodoxy. St. Gerontius, at the opening of the poem, is on his death-bed, and the Holy Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Peter, St. Paul, the "choirs of the righteous," the "confessors," the "innocents," the "martyrs," and the "hermits," are invoked for their prayers.

"From Thy frown and Thine ire,
From the perils of dying,
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last:
From the nethermost fire,
From all that is evil,
From the power of the devil,
Thy servant deliver."

This is the prayer that goes up; and even a master of English as robust as Cardinal Newman is unable to make it into respectable poetry.

The saint promptly dies and is launched into the unseen world. In Catholic eschatology are two distinct teachings due to two distinct schools of Jewish thought. The Sadducees and Pharisees held that the soul went into the grave with the mouldering body. "Can the dead praise Thee?" said the Sadducees; but the Pharisees took over from the Persians the idea of a universal resurrection of the body at a distant date and an universal judgment. This has found its way into the Christian creeds; and was plainly the idea of the compilers of our burial service. Daily we commit some dear brother departed to the ground "in the sure and certain hope" that Christ at the great "resurrection" will "change his vile body." Until then his soul is plainly believed to be in his coffin.

But mystical Israel had taken over from the Buddhists a rival teaching. This was that immediately after death a man's own deeds were his judges, and that these plunged him into paradise or purgatory as the case might be. It was held also that the saints in heaven and good men on earth could help the weak brothers with their Karma. This was too profitable a priestly engine to be neglected; and indeed a good proportion of the priestly rites is founded on it. We thus get this amazing contradiction:—

1. The souls of the departed are in a torpid state, in their coffins, awaiting the Last Judgment.

2. The souls of the departed have been judged, and sent, some to heaven, some to purgatory, and, I suppose, some to hell.

How does the poem, the *Dream of St. Gerontius*, steer creditably amid this mass of contradictions? In good truth we must confess that on the surface it accepts them all in a very orthodox way. St. Gerontius, immediately after death, has a long conversation with his guardian angel, who tells him:—

"Nor touch nor taste nor hearing hast thou now,
Nor power to move thyself nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not heard of those who after loss
Of hand and foot still cried that they had pains
In hand and foot as though they had it still?
So is it now with thee who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man.
So will it be until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost new made and glorified.
How even now the consummated saints
See God in Heaven I may not explicate."

Gerontius is plainly in the orthodox torpid state, awaiting the "last great day," as the poet puts it, "That solemn consummation for all flesh." But there are other striking difficulties which the angel is also, as it would seem, forbidden to explicate. Purgatory is described, and the wicked souls there seem harmless enough, for they pass their lives singing hymns. But who sent them to purgatory? Not Christ, for He has not yet come as judge. And if these beings are in a torpid state, of what use are the purifying brimstone and seething pitch? Also, if St. Gerontius had "no hearing," how did he hear the hymns and long angel discourses?

In point of fact, the wings of the poet soon transport the priest, like St. Gerontius, many "million miles" from the world of dogma. The "penal waters" are plainly the remorse that purifies the soul, and Christ is the conscience.

It is quaintly stated that we begin to "rehearse" the final judgment directly the breath leaves the body, but if a soul is shut up in hell for ever and ever in consequence of this it would fail to detect much difference between this "rehearsal" and the "last great day." In point of fact, the Cardinal's poem has brought peace to many souls, and banished to fairyland the menacing athlete of the Sistine Chapel, with his raised arm, his pitch-pots, and torturing snakes.

And there is good poetry and good Spiritualism in many passages:—

"For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously,
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours;
Not so with us in th' immaterial world,
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone."

Again:—

"Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The presentations of most holy truths
Living and striving, which now encompass thee."

ARTHUR LILLIE.

[ADVT.]

SERMONS FOR OUR DAY.

It has become clear to me that it might be well now to comply with oft-repeated requests for a uniform series of my Sermons, especially those that have lately been deliberately written for this "our day."

My plan is to publish the Sermons in handy monthly numbers, price Twopence; and in half-yearly parts, price One Shilling. The monthly numbers to contain two, and the half-yearly parts twelve, Sermons each. A specially readable type will be used. The first number is now ready.

The Sermons will be published in London by Mr. JOHN HEYWOOD, 11, Paternoster-buildings; and they may be procured monthly or half-yearly from any bookseller: but, for the convenience of readers who may prefer to receive them direct, I will arrange to have each number sent as it appears, to any one who will forward to me a postal order for Half-a-Crown. Two copies for Four Shillings a year, post free. The half-yearly parts may also be had in the same way, and post free.

Nearly the whole of the Sermons will be unpublished ones, but, occasionally, I shall reprint, in the Series, a Sermon which has not been obtainable for some time; and I may perhaps reprint the often asked for Discourses on the Parables of Jesus, which have long been out of print.

In undertaking this work, I will only say that my main object will be, not doctrinal, still less controversial, but to set forth, in the light of our own day, the permanent realities of Religion, in their relation to the hopes and fears, the aspirations and anxieties, the joys and sorrows, of Human Life.

Lea Hurst, Leicester.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

Sermons on the following subjects will appear during 1888:—

Religion a Source of Joy.
Self-Possession and Sanity.
The Harmony in Immortal Souls.
Jesus and the Casting out of
Modern Demons.
Light and Gladness the Heritage
of the Righteous.
The Brotherly Covenant.
A Sermon for the Young.
Jesus, the Saviour of Sinners.
Evolution through Struggle.
True Charity.
Acquaintance with God—and
Peace.

The Helpful Heretic.
God, the Leader of a Blind World.
True Courtesy.
Hiding in God from the Storm.
Is God Good to All?
On the Death of a Little Child.
Freedom through Truth.
Exultant Faith in God.
Jesus Lives, and We Shall Live.
The Mystery and Beauty of Life.
God's Highway in the Desert.
Am I my Brother's Keeper?
The Soul's Surrender to the Faith-
ful Creator.

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

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The Annual Subscription, post free, to South America, South Africa, the West Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, is 13s. *prepaid*.

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All orders for papers and for advertisements, and all remittances, should be addressed to "The Manager" and not to the Editor.

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Light:

EDITED BY "M.A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1888.

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.

VISIONS.

By "M.A. (Oxon.)"

In the year 1882 was published a book, entitled *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* (Macmillans), which was anonymous, and was prefaced by the following remarks:—"The reader will easily understand that the following pages were never meant to be connected with any author's name. They spring out of those thoughts that arise in the heart when the power of the Unseen has been suddenly opened close upon us, and are little more than a wistful attempt to follow a gentle soul which never knew doubt in the new world, and to catch a glimpse of something of its glory through her simple and childlike eyes." It is an open secret now that a well-known novelist is the author of those pages. The book was succeeded by a development of the original idea—*The Little Pilgrim Goes up Higher*, and the papers which had been originally published in *Blackwood* were succeeded in January of the present year by a remarkable narrative published in the same magazine, and called "The Land of Darkness—A necessary part of the Little Pilgrim's Experience in the World of Spirit." As I read these narratives my mind was carried back to some very parallel experiences of my own ten years previously, namely, in September, 1877.

It is necessary to make some preliminary explanations before laying these before the readers of "LIGHT." For what I am about to touch upon is very different from the ordinary course of teaching with which readers of my *Spirit Teachings* are familiar. This method of instruction is allegorical, and is not to be interpreted with that rigid literalness of interpretation to which the usual messages given to me were susceptible of being submitted. We have in what follows a parable, a glimpse of teaching from another order of intelligence; a revelation or lifting of the veil that hides from our clogged senses the realities of the world in one state or condition of which we are now living: all unconscious, most of us, of what our bodily senses are not adapted to comprehend.

Thrice only have I been brought in contact with spiritual beings who profess never to have been incarnate in this world. One of those was known to me as "The Angel Harmony." Her method of teaching was, as I have said, by symbolic vision. I became clairvoyant, and saw these visions, having first of all prepared myself by gazing fixedly into a crystal. I do not discuss the question as to whether these visions were subjective or objective. My readers will form their own opinion, and the value of the teaching will not thereby be

affected. It is sufficient that they form a compact block of teaching which was conveyed to me in a manner different from any that I had previously been acquainted with. Hitherto I had received definite and positive information given in answer to a very distinct craving in me for satisfaction on the point that then perplexed me. I wanted direct evidence of the existence of intelligence external to a human brain, and I got what I wanted. Information, demonstrably external to my own mind, was repeatedly given, and my questions respecting such information had been categorically answered, but there had been no attempt at the symbolic method of teaching, with which I now first became familiar.

Having seen my vision, or having travelled in spirit with my instructor to the scenes that I describe (if that explanation be preferred), I used to get an interpretation of what I had seen by the usual process of automatic writing. This interpretation was given to me usually by a spirit who was very familiar to me, and was able, by long practice, to use my hand for the purpose of automatic writing with more facility than others who were less acquainted with the process. He seems to have written, as an amanuensis, what was conveyed to him by the angel.

The *dramatis personæ* in these narratives included some personal friends who had quite recently passed away from earth. These names I have, of course, changed, explaining so much only as will make the narrative intelligible. I cannot, of course, hope to convey to any who did not know those persons any conception of the extreme vividness with which their characters were delineated and represented.

I had had visions before this. I do not know, but I suspect, that they were mere visions, and not, as I used to think, an actual visiting of scenes visited by me in spirit. Be this as it may, the scenes, at any rate, were as clear as any I have ever seen with the natural eye. In what I am about to say I have selected a compact mass of experience extending over the three days, September 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1877. I ought to say, further, that the accounts were written on the spot as soon as I returned to my normal consciousness, and pretend to be no more than a plain record of my own impressions. They are not at all dressed nor prepared for effect, so as to aim at any literary merit such as charms us in "The Land of Darkness."

September 4th, 1877, is the first of the days with which I have to deal.

[Sitting in the morning at work, I became clairvoyant, and saw a scene in Spirit-land. It was a peaceful landscape; a billowy prairie or moor in the foreground, with a river creeping through it. In the middle distance were isolated houses, built of some translucent substance like crystal, and surrounded by very beautiful gardens. There were fountains and glass-houses with fruit, and the appurtenances of a well furnished garden. In the further distance was a range of hills, purpled by the setting sun. In the centre of the picture hovered the angel Harmony, and in one of the gardens I saw "Sunshine,"* who was talking to a friend of hers whom I knew by appearance; and in another two more friends, one of whom had lately left this earth.

There were other spirits whom I did not recognise, and my ears were filled with a sound of very exquisite soft music.]

[By automatic writing, given after I had resumed my normal state, and in answer to a mental question.]

The angel Harmony it was whom you saw, and with her several of her charges, some not known to you.

She returns because your present state attracts her. Also she brings with her news of your friends.

* The spirit-name of a close friend not long departed: very appropriate and significant, as such names often are.

The twin spirits who have left your sphere last are now united in their spirit-home. The angel will tell you of it if you will sit to-night alone.

Also Sunshine sends word to her friends through you. She is happy and progressive.

I will not try to say what she will better tell. Only let me say that the angel's language is symbolic. She cannot remain long. Do not question her.* We will transmit her ideas in words, and will explain hereafter.

RECTOR.

[I complied with the directions, and very soon I saw the same scene as that just described. I now saw that the house on the extreme left was dusky compared with the other in which I saw "Sunshine," and I recognised in one in the background a very close friend of my own, with whom I had been on terms of great intimacy, extending over many years, and who had departed some time ago.

The scene seemed permanent, and I passed into an interior state.

After I had recovered from this state, and while I was still (as I suppose) under influence, I was told to put down what I have recorded above.

DOCTOR (the spirit who was then my instructor) then appeared and conversed with me, and I resume the writing at the time of his appearance.]

Can you put down what you have to say, so that it may be permanent?

I have nothing to say, except that I greet you once again, in the absence of the Chief, as his deputy. I have not been absent, but silent. It is likely that you will recognise my presence more now: and I am concerned with you more now in your writing. You will need much more preparatory work than you expected, and you cannot hurry. Be patient. All is well. The Chief is absent only for a while. His presence is not now needed. He is not absent in the sense you mean, but withdrawn for a while.

Can you interpret for the angel?

RECTOR (the usual amanuensis) will do that. He writes with more ease. I will converse with you hereafter, when you are at peace.

DOCTOR.

There seems to be some symbolic imagery about the angel. She is clad in "shining raiment" with golden circlet in her hair, and with a cincture of blue. Purity, love, and wisdom, I suppose? What is the star on her brow?

Yes, purity and love. The star typifies hope, and she has by her the Dove of Innocence.

I will translate her thoughts into your language.

RECTOR.

The scene your spiritual eye beholds is a symbolic one. It is real, but not objective. The prairie is typical of probation life. See, it is set with thorns and briars. It is full of pitfalls, overgrown with rank herbage which conceals their danger. It undulates upwards to the river of death. It contains no sign of habitation, because in it there is no home: no abiding place. That which the spirit had regarded as its home vanishes with the body, and there remains only a bare and untenanted moor over which flit in aimless wanderings a few flocks of birds. These are earth-bound spirits, and they are going to and fro, seeking rest, and marvelling that their homes are gone from them. The river winds in and out, now meandering slowly and noiselessly between sedgy banks; now bounding over boulders, and precipitating itself down cascades; and again rushing tumultuously between its rocky banks. This, again, is typical of the various degrees of difficulty with which spirits cross it. To some the passage

is full of difficulty; they must breast the opposing flood, and climb the steep ascent on the further side. Some glide over the favouring stream and land with ease on the shore beyond, where friends await them and extend a helping hand.

The grouping of the friends on the other side is made for your convenience. We know no time nor space, and I am enabled to place this scene before your spiritual eye. Withdraw your eye now and gaze fixedly on the crystal. It will enable you to free yourself from the body and to accompany her. After I will speak to you again.

The words of Harmony.

RECTOR.

[Accordingly I got my crystal, and using it in the way I had been directed, I soon seemed to be free to move as I was impressed. I joined (or seemed to join) the angel, and we entered the dusky house on the left of my former scene. I was conscious of being in an abnormal state, and did not speak. The house contained three persons, one unknown to me. The spirit whom I have known for a long time as GREED* had completely cast away his former appearance,† and presented a curious spectacle to my eye. The face was half covered (from the chin to just under the eye) with what seemed old skin, which was peeling off, and above it all was fair, clear, and new, as though it had been renewed after illness. The eye was clear and full of hope. The robes were all a rich living green, indicative of PROGRESS, the spirit's new name. He was concerned in endeavouring to obliterate a stain from his right hand. He was alone. In another room, the walls of which were fully transparent, except in patches, rested on a sofa, rose-coloured in robe and surroundings, the spirit who has lately left us. She was concerned apparently in meditation, or, perhaps, in rest only. The face was rejuvenescent: all the traces of bodily age and infirmity had gone, but the likeness remained. In the same room, assiduously spinning, was another spirit whom I did not know, but who was, I believe, a relation of the spirit last described. I could not see her face. There was an all-pervading atmosphere of roses, and a distant sound of trickling water as from a fountain. The room in which the two spirits sat was decked with flowers. The other was littered with unfinished work.

We passed through the flower-covered archway that gave access to the house, and as I came out a swallow that I had disturbed spread its wings and soared away. We turned into the pathway, and I noticed that it was hedged with flowers, and that water ran on either side. Insects and birds of various plumage I saw, but no animals or reptiles.

By-and-bye we came to another house, crystal-walled like the other, but clearer and with fewer spots. The eastward side appeared to have no wall at all, and to be defined only by the flowers that hung in clusters from the roof. It was more an arbour than a room. In it was the spirit "SUNSHINE," not much changed in appearance, but full of vivacity and mirth. She was robed in that "shining raiment" that spirits sometimes bring to earth, but it was finer and more translucent. In her hair she wore some jewels, which looked like luminous moonstones, and which seemed to shine by their own light. She was exactly as I have seen her on earth, only glorified. She was talking to a tall, dignified spirit, who had evidently not long left the earth, and whom I readily recognised as one whom I had known slightly, and who had been well known to her. She seemed out of place, and, as it were, "on a visit." She was explaining things to him, as I gathered, drawing illustrations as she proceeded. I could see that on the side opposite to me her robe was full of holes, but she concealed

* "Her" I had myself used of the angel. I hardly know why. She looked altogether virginal and exquisitely tender and fragile. The feminine is preserved in the communications.

* The spirit-name of an old man whose life and thoughts the word exactly typifies.

† Viz., a very repulsive and loathsome one.

them now and again by a rapid movement of her hand, laughing as she did so.* Her guardian was at hand, and seemed to keep watch lest the influence of earth should gain sway. The room was pretty, but I felt an air of disorder in it. The male spirit was robed in dusky blue, not a pleasing colour; but the head was massive and full of repose.

I was moving further, but the angel recalled me to earth, and the scene faded from my view.]

[By automatic writing, after I resumed my normal state]:—

Is my account exact?

Yes. It is true, and the symbols are plain.

Not all. Why was Sunshine's robe in holes on the side away from her?

It is not perfect yet. But she would put a fair face on it. She did so always.

Ah! yes. So she shook it out, and would make the best of it?

Yes. It was her way.

She could not speak?

It was not permitted. She would be drawn to earth. The angel wished you to see her state. She is happy, and is making progress.

Can she send any message?

It was desired, but the angel did not consider the attempt desirable, for reasons which were named.

Was the scene real, or only a subjective vision?

At first the vision was presented to your eye, grouped by spirit power; but afterwards you visited the scene.

The face of the spirit on which the old skin half remained: was it typical of unaccomplished progress?

Yes; and the attempt to remove the stain was symbolic of effects which have not yet been got rid of. Cease. You are exhausted.

At the foot of the message, as was usual, certain symbols used by spirits—each distinctive and never varying—were placed. A new one attracted my notice—||.

What is that new sign?

The sign of the angel, Harmony. Two parallel lines which never cross each other. She is anxious to add that she will show you other symbolic visions unless she is prevented.

To-night?

No; to-morrow in the early morning.

Before I close the book, I want to ask whether those scenes are real—real, I mean, in the same sense as scenes in our world?

In precisely the same sense. The scenes of the world of spirit, and the surroundings of the spirit in any sphere of its existence, are just as real as are the scenes and surroundings of your earth's. Each is impressed upon your own spirit: each is the result of your own state. They would not be real to you in your present state: they were real to you in spirit as you visited them: just as these scenes are not real to us.

RECTOR.

[Looking back now, I can understand what was then to me a mystery. I got the teaching for which I was fitted in the way that my instructor could best give it.

"M.A. (OXON.)"]

(To be continued.)

A FRIEND is desirous of obtaining the Index (in two volumes, published by the Swedenborg Society in 1865) to Swedenborg's *Arcana Coelestia*. Address, with terms, to the Manager of "LIGHT," 16, Craven-street, W.C.

Dreamland and Ghostland, a very entertaining collection of psychical stories in three volumes (G. Redway), has been placed in the library of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and is available for the use of subscribers. The selection is copious, and makes excellent reading.

* This action was eminently characteristic of her. We always used to say that she was the best possible hand at putting the best possible face on things.

† We were told at her departure that it would be very dangerous for her to be brought again within earth-influence. Hence she never returned, though we very earnestly desired it.

A MIDNIGHT DIALOGUE

Between a spirit in the flesh and a spirit come out of the flesh, on about the same level of progress.

Embodied Sufferer.—Pity me, if you can either see, or remember, or imagine how miserable I am! chained to a worn-out machine, which neither fully lives nor quite dies, and almost always aches. All that most compensates to other human beings for the burden of the flesh, has for years past been more and more taken from me,—careless enjoyment of commonest animal pleasures, even of sound sleep—till the nerves are so chafed that I hardly know how to distinguish between inevitable excitability and rebellious impatience. I am *very* wretched, and my manifold sufferings and privations increase, while far worse of both kinds are almost certain in my future; and Death has to be met! I always supposed that with deepening shadows on the earthly side of us, spiritual joys and comforts would stand out more clearly: I am very miserable: do you understand—cannot you answer?

Disembodied.—I am more so: and cannot so easily express my unhappiness.

Em.—More so? Oh, but consider, you are forever quit of the loathsome necessities of this bodily state; the ceaseless feeding upon what dies to feed us; the daily, hourly fight with most mean and humiliating difficulties;—the disgust of it! spending so much thought, so much endeavour, on just keeping a misshapen old body able to breathe a little longer,—and even if the main part of it lives, knowing that death has begun its work, and already impedes some of its powers.

Dis.—But still you have a body to act upon.

Em.—To act on! to act *with* is what a body is needed for, and at every point I find mine failing as the instrument of my will.

Dis.—I would I had even half as much for both purposes! but now—I cannot explain it—I *am* my body.

Em.—So much the better, I should have thought; with such undivided interests, you can feel no conflict. Why do you groan? Does *that* go on after we are quit of this burdensome machine?

Dis.—Worse.

Em.—How worse?

Dis.—Well you know how it is with you when you cannot act and yet feel very passionately eager; when your thoughts tear you this way and that, and no control over them seems possible. *All* of me feels just as floating and unappeased; and memory stabs me with so many regrets,—if I could only *do* as much as you can still, I think I might recover a little strength.

Em.—How so?

Dis.—I could at least refuse myself the words or the impatient gestures that poison the life; they let out all spiritual force, and they let in—

Em.—What? Why do you stop short?

Dis.—You will know when you have lost the outer body. When the fence is broken down, all kinds of beings can play upon the nerves. I am a nerve body now, and this is what makes my state so dreadful. I have no shelter from aggressors, and—

Em.—Who are they?

Dis.—Like-minded spirits; and when angry or despairing, a rush of thoughts all of the same tint is bad enough; but now, worse than thoughts press upon me; they master me; they won't *allow* any better or happier feeling. And this when one is groping in a sort of darkness far more obscure than your world's twilights.

Em. (after a pause)—But I thought one went from hence to a light world—

Dis.—Only those, it seems, whose bodies were before death pretty full of light,—and mine never was. I was not *bad*, but never single-minded: I aimed at so many things, so many sorts of happiness; and only one sort can give us light after death.

Em.—Do you mean Religion?

Dis.—No, Love; real love to all includes every essential; at least, I sometimes think so when I feel so loveless and cold, *really* loving no one and least of all my unhappy self. But I have no settled ideas on such points; no one I came across, of my own set, has.

Em.—I have understood that in your phase of existence you can for a time make use of the organisation of the enfleshed spirit, and share its knowledge, its sentiments: why then don't you try, by that means, to get some satisfaction, some teaching?

Dis.—It is a very dim glass to see through—the impressions

of another mind ; and besides, much in that mind, however congenial, causes fresh pain.

Em.—Then try to get access to the inner being of some very devout people.

Dis.—I have ; but the nonsensical ideas of God, and other worlds, consecrated in their thought, irritate and confuse me more than their piety helps.

Em.—Have you tried what you can gain from our philosophers ?

Dis.—Often, but it is terrible to feel again *their* madness, their incredulity as to what I writhe under.

Em.—There is *One* who preached to spirits in prison—have you no access to Him in your present state ?

Dis.—None that I can perceive ; and I can never concentrate myself intensely enough to pray.

Em.—But He must be close to you, for He fills all things, we are told.

Dis.—So it may be ; but I cannot feel after Him and find Him. Where could such a One and I meet ?

Em.—Only in the *deepest* humility : you WILL find Him lay hold of you there ! Sink yourself below all thought of any help but rest in His meekness : I am going to try that, for I am more and more dismayed at the horror of my own condition, both spiritual and bodily. But we have His Word for it, that any one who comes to Him will never be cast out ; and in uttermost humility alone can we reach Him. Try that ; it is our only hope of peace in the flesh body or out of it ; and no infesting spirit can rob us of the peace His spirit communicates. It may be that I rob myself of it by all the other objects I am running after, but you—excuse me !—you have not got such a variety now ; all your occupations snapped short, and all possessions taken from you.

Dis.—But I have not given up any of them.

Em.—No ? not when you see how worthless and transient and dream-like everything is on earth ?

Dis.—Ah ! my misery is that I *cannot* see or feel that. I was mesmerised in some way, I suppose, while in the body, and snatched away from it before the mesmeric sleep was broken.

Em.—I should have thought that death would rouse a spirit from every dream !

Dis.—Not any which the *will* has accepted as a reality ; only the will can resign what imagination has seized for its good.

Em.—I have resigned *every* pleasant imagination of hope of carrying out my own will in this life, but I don't feel any the happier yet : what dream, then, can hold my will in bonds when death comes ?

Dis.—Apparently, the dream of thinking you understand your own good better than the Father of spirits understands it. It seems to me that all troubles might be eased by humility *while in the flesh*, surrounded by its humiliation and infirmities. You can pray ; you can collect and concentrate attention still, in the body so completely subjected to your own rule ; all *my* purposes, all my thoughts dissipate themselves for want of a restraining barrier.

Em.—Poor, unquiet spirit ! I hope I shall have compassion enough, while that aid remains to me, to pray a little for you too.

A. J. PENNY.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday, Mr. W. E. Walker gave two excellent addresses to fair audiences. Mr. Iver MacDonnel will preach next Sunday on "Faith Healing."—W. E. LONG, 99, Hill-street, Peckham.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—On Sunday next, January 8th, at seven, Mr. Tindall will read a statement of the work done by the society in the past year, and also of our future intentions, after which I shall deliver a lecture on "Mr. Davey and Slate-writing," in which I shall endeavour to show that Mr. Davey's conjuring does not explain the phenomena produced through Mr. Eglinton. During the evening the choir will sing a Spiritual Invocation, and Miss Dickson a sacred solo.—F. W. READ, Secretary, 79, Upper Gloucester-place, N. W.

IN one of the noblest passages in that *History of the World* which Sir Walter Raleigh composed in his dreary prisonward in the Tower of London, the illustrious Devonian qualified death as eloquent and just and mighty—doing what none had dared ; convincing whom none could persuade ; drawing together all the pomp, pride, and ambition of man, and covering it over with the two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

JOTTINGS.

Mr. R. J. Lees, of London, has been healing the sick at Newcastle. Mr. Milner Stephen professes to have cured cancers in London. We have put the evidence in the latter case before our readers. In the former we have a public letter addressed to the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*, which concludes thus :—

"Now for the proof. I will give introduction to any reasonable intelligent sceptical person who is in search of truth, to the parties themselves who have been restored through Mr. Lees's mediumship, although I am fully aware that not one in ten who have been benefited has made his or her case known, or 'returned to give thanks.'—Yours, &c.,
"5, Ravensworth-terrace, Newcastle. "BEVAN HARRIS."

Professional men, who regard cancer as incurable, are not disposed to take its cure by abnormal means for granted. Our readers will remember that we have consistently advocated the patient investigation by competent skilled observers of alleged cases of such cure. We have, during our seven years of existence, given much publicity to well-authenticated cases of healing, in some of which the evidence seemed to us good.

What is now wanted is that two or three qualified persons, who are competent to decide the points at issue, whose minds are sufficiently open to allow them to approach the investigation without bias, and who will have the courage to report their conclusions without fear or favour, should look into some cases where it is alleged that cancerous growths have been successfully removed.

The Bradford Ghost is attracting attention in Suffolk. It is a repetition of the familiar story of which the best-known instance is the "Rochester rappings." The children in this case are both under twelve years of age. The curious may find full details in a December file of the *East Anglian Daily Times*, from which our contemporary, *The Two Worlds*, makes a careful compilation.

In the *East Anglian Daily Times* for December 31st Mr. Robert Jeffrey, dating from Bridge-street, Stowmarket, writes a full and particular corroboration from his own eyesight of these occurrences. A specimen will suffice. It is evidently an attempt on the part of some denizens of the unseen world to attract the attention of some dwellers in the world of matter, for what purpose remains to be seen.

One child was in Mr. Jeffrey's house. This is what he saw :—

"This went on till the child and her grandmother went to bed ; raps followed them both up the stairs. I then heard a tremendous noise. Mrs. Jeffrey went upstairs, saw things moving about, and called me. I went up and found them in a terrible fright. I got them both downstairs for an hour, when nothing happened but a few raps, coming from where I did not know.

"They went to bed again about eleven. My wife went up, and as soon as the child and her grandmother were in bed I went up. There was no one in the room then but my wife, myself, and those in bed. As soon as I went in, the washstand fell on to me, no one being near it but myself ; next I saw a clothes chest, weighing at least seven stones with the contents, jumping about the floor. I put it in its place several times. Then the chairs and all the movables in the room seemed alive ; even the brass knob screwed on the bedpost was taken off and dashed across the room. All this time the child was in bed, and a bright light in the room. These disturbances went on till about twelve o'clock that night, when they ceased."

To the deaths that are almost certainly painless, such as that by drowning, we may add that by which Mr. Mackonochie has lately departed. He had gone out in the Highlands of Scotland for a long walk, and had lost his way. A deerhound and a terrier accompanied him, and watched over his body for two days and nights till it was found. He had manifestly wandered round and round till he was tired out, and then he lay down, "with his hand under his head," and "fell asleep."

"The manner of his death may shock the sympathies of the sensitive, but they might pause before assuming it to have been dreadful. He was tired ; he went to sleep ; he died, and the snow covered him up. His passing away was probably painless, and it must be regarded as merciful."

This is the sort of flippancy, hardly self-respecting or serious in any way, that we find in a journal usually decorous if sometimes dull. *Quanto mutatus ab illo* of ten years ago.

"Occultism" is the fad of the present hour, and it is the oftenest revived, and to the faddists the most serious-seeming of fads, while to unbelievers it is hardly serio-comic. Yesterday, it was Mr. Home and the Spiritualists ; to-day, it is Brahma, and Gautama and the Theosophists, with mystic Mahatmas and opportune tea cups ; to-morrow, it might be Confucius were it not for the deterrent common-sense of that sage."

Spectator, December 24th, 1882, in a review of *A Modern Magician*, by L. Fitzgerald Molloy.

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.]

Reminiscences.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Several months ago I was startled by a paragraph that I read in "LIGHT," which was taken from an account that Mr. Owen gave, in one of his books, of a séance, at which he was present, at Naples, in the year 1856, while he was Ambassador from the United States. At this séance a young lady was present also, and she appeared to have been so strong a medium that she caused trouble in the séance, and was peremptorily ordered by name to leave the table.

That name I am not going to repeat. She was at that time a beautiful young English girl, well bred, and delicately brought up, and used to good society, as she always has been. She was then eighteen years of age, and graceful in figure, and fair and beautiful in face, but she was a very powerful physical medium, spite of herself.

It was the winter of this very year 1856-1857 that I became acquainted with the family of this young lady, and it was through her mediumship that I became a believer in Spiritualism.

The séance that Mr. Dale Owen wrote of was held at the house of an English doctor, a clever and popular man and a good friend of my own; and it was probably through him that I became acquainted with this English family. That was my fourth winter in Italy, where I was sent for my health, and the doctor had attended a sick child of mine for malaria fever, for months, the year before. So in this winter of 1856 and 1857 I had left my family in England and returned to Naples. Spending the evening with this kind and agreeable family, for the first time (there were none present except the family and myself), I was asked if I believed in table turning. "No," I said, "Faraday has disproved it." "Would I mind sitting at a small table opposite to this young lady?" Now, this young lady expressed an objection to sitting, as she always seems to have done, perhaps after the unfortunate séance with Dale Owen, but she was over-persuaded, and I, as requested, put my hands opposite to hers on the small table. The table began rising up and down; and I thought to myself, This looks as if it might be done by the person opposite me lifting up a knee; but I could not for a moment impute such a movement to any young lady, much less to such an one as the one before me; and there was nothing in her movements to denote it. When the table was laid flat on the ground I had no more doubts. Those born to believe are easily convinced. I had a second and third séance at this house, in quick succession, and that was all.

On one of these after occasions there was an Italian doctor present, besides the family and myself, and I consented to the wish that he should try to mesmerise me. So we went into an adjoining room which was partly darkened. He did not succeed in mesmerising me, but I distinctly saw, for a short time, lambent lights passing from the end of his fingers. It was immediately after the first, second, or third séance that I became subject to clairaudience and clairvoyance, and was, therefore, so far in those respects, as Shakespeare says, "a sudden scholar." This young lady one night demonstrated, always with reluctance, a peculiar phase of mediumship. She sat like an ancient sybil, on a sofa, pronouncing letters. Her sister wrote down these letters, and when all was finished the words that they formed were read, and they made an interesting tale of an adventure on an Italian lake. It was not until ten or twelve years after, that I again heard of this young lady. Her father and sister, I had heard before, were dead, and probably her mother also, for she was then still unmarried, and, I believe living with a married sister. My friends who knew her were very intimate with her, and thought very highly of her. I was staying at their house, and one day, being alone with the parents, I ventured to ask them if they had ever heard her talk of Spiritualism. "No, never!" they seemed quite astonished that I should ask such a question. I have not heard of her since.

I have been induced to write this sketch of my beginnings, owing to the introductory paragraph in the able address of the President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on November 29th, 1887, at St. James's Hall, where he expressed himself as

desirous to persuade students in Spiritualism to record their personal experiences, "especially those who were privileged to observe rare phenomena in the early days of the movement."

AN OBSERVER.

[We are much obliged to our correspondent, and hope that his interesting recital may encourage others to place themselves on record.—Ed.]

The Astral Body.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—While the saying, in a very suggestive letter from "G. R. S. M.," "that at death, just as the physical body dies so dies the astral, and the one is as dead as the other," is fresh in the memory of some of your readers, I wish to remind them that on this point the testimony of Böhme is very different; and I venture to give it in brief quotations from two of his books. Speaking of wicked souls, he says:—

"The soul hangeth to its treasure, as Christ said: 'Where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.' Therefore, it happeneth often that the spirit of a deceased man is seen walking, also many times it is seen riding, in the perfect form of fire, also many times in some other manner of disquietness, all according as the clothing of the soul has been in the time of the body just so hath its condition been; and such a form according to its source it hath, after the departing of the body, in its figure, and so rideth in such form in the working of the stars, till that source also be consumed; and then it is wholly naked and is never more seen by any man." (*Three Principles*, Chap. xix., par. 22.)

And of such souls as "have not yet obtained Heaven," he says:—

"Many of them come again with the starry spirit, and walk about in houses and other places, and appear in human shape and form, and desire this and that, and often take care about their wills and testaments, supposing thereby to get the blessing of holy people for their rest and quiet. And if their earthly business and employment stick in them and cleave to them still, then, indeed, they take care about their children and friends, and this continueth so long, till they sink down into their rest, so that their starry spirit is consumed; then all is gone, as to all care and perplexity, and they have no more feeling knowledge thereof." (*Forty Questions of the Soul*, Chap. xxvi., pars. 12, 13. See also *Ibid*, Chap. xxi., pars. 19, 20.)

I remain, yours faithfully,

A. J. PENNY.

Coalesced Existences.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—The phrase "coalesced existences" occurs in a recent number of "LIGHT," and taken with the context it signifies that our life hereafter will be enlarged and glorified by our dropping or leaving behind our poor "little Ego," and becoming part of a vast conglomerate of spirits with larger and higher aims than can be achieved or even conceived of in our present state of separate and distinct personalities. The writer illustrates the difference by the case of a tree. The tree itself is something immensely higher and better than the cells which build up every inch of it from rootlet to topmost twig.

Assuredly it is; but I think I can show that the illustration is wholly deceptive. Firstly, we are not to apply to spiritual existences considerations derived from material magnitudes—size and dimensions. The soul is only measured by itself; we cannot compare things so disparate. Or if we might do so, then I would say, one would rather be a rose, small as it is, yet complete in its own loveliness, than be a mere cell in one of the giants of the forest.

Secondly, I would observe that all the objects of coalition can be obtained much better and in a nobler way by the retention of personality than by the loss of it. This writer seems to think that the human spirit—the poor little Ego—is like a prisoner in a cellular gaol or van, strictly isolated—confined within itself—debarred from a free outlet, and with corresponding limitation of aims and objects.

While we are in the material body—girt about with the fetters of time and space—we are all more or less prisoners, but, even here, we see all around us "coalesced existences," in whose life we live, and of whose fulness and riches we partake. What is the marriage state but a coalesced existence? What is a family but a coalesced existence? What are our various societies, whether for purposes of science, art, literature, or benevolence, but coalesced existences? What is a College, a Church, an Army, or an Empire but the same?

If there are those who refuse to share in any of these generous and expansive designs, and retire within themselves, then they are poor indeed—isolated and dwarfed existences—but then the fault is in themselves, not in the glorious principle

and privileges of distinct personality, which combines liberty and independence with infinite expansion and development. By enlarging your relations you enlarge yourself. If you lose yourself—as some seem so anxious to do—in order to become parts of a *larger thing*, they lose all, for they lose their own will, their self-guidance, and even their responsibility; in short, you lose all that gives to life, whether here or hereafter, its dignity, its praise, its lustre, and its perfume. Every member loses, and is a grander result obtained? There is no reason to believe it, but the reverse.

To put the case very plainly, if you are made an inseparable part of a vast conglomerate—say, of 10,000 spirits—how can you have more than the 10,000th part of a will—of a conscience—of a virtue—of a deed? You are a prisoner and you cannot withdraw. “But you forget,” replies my opponent, “that you have lost all sense of individuality by the hypothesis.” True, I reply, but you do not gain a sense or feeling of being the Whole. It would be a delusion if you did. It is all loss and no gain—you lose the sense of your own miserably reduced importance, you are but a cog in a wheel which is ever revolving and from which you cannot disengage yourself. This is not life or liberty, but the negation of both. The more you analyse the idea, the more incomprehensible it becomes.

G. D. HAUGHTON.

Elementals, or Nature Spirits.

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—I think there is too much time and space used in emphasising the dangers attending converts to Spiritualism, danger the first being: “Elementals, or Nature Spirits.” We are told by one to consider and gain more knowledge about them; we are warned by another against their malignity and cunning; we are informed by a third that we probably owe to them the most beautiful and convincing phenomenon Spiritualists can witness—materialisation; till those who are on the verge of earnest investigation must run off in a state of bewilderment and fright—thankful to escape from the horrors depicted by certain morbidly inclined minds. That is a very applicable old saying to quote to such:—“Where ignorance is bliss ’tis folly to be wise.” I no more doubt the existence of such creatures as “elementals” than that of mites in cheese, but I do doubt the advisability of searching for and bringing our intellect to bear upon them, which, I should imagine, would be just the way to attract and entangle ourselves with them.

Now, I have the pleasure of knowing many Spiritualists, some of twelve and of twenty years’ standing, and either mediums or sitters in circles, but none of them seem to know much about “elementals.” Strange, perhaps, to say, they are not and never were one whit the worse for their ignorance.

Again, we are asked to digest and profit by the advice volunteered regarding danger the second:—We should not allow our organisms or magnetisms to be used for abnormal control, because by so doing we shall lose our strength of will and become weak and fit for nothing. Now it is better to look at these matters from a matter-of-fact and realistic point of view. Speaking of the numbers of professional and private mediums we are acquainted with, through whose abnormal mediumship phenomena have been given over and over again, I do not know one who has been injured, or rendered incapable of managing his or her house, talking, reasoning, and acting energetically and sensibly; but we do know many who have been benefited spiritually and physically by control, possessing, as each one does, special and protecting guides.

To enumerate the other dangers flourished triumphantly before our mental eyesight would be to make our hair stand on end, and to throw us into a continual state of doubt, suspicion, and perspiration; and as so few of us, if any, have experienced them we will leave them to those danger-loving persons who probe for them.

But I would say to those trembling and hesitating to take the first step into those waters which will wash away their materialism, to loosen the fastenings of creeds and dogmas, and make life a new and holy thing to them: Fear not, but take a bold plunge; then strike out vigorously for God and the cause of truth: trust to Him, and His angels, and last, but not least, to your reason and common-sense, to aid you in steering clear of those evils, real or imaginary, with which your timid, though well-meaning, friends and relatives would confront you.—I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

8, Manor-road, Forest Hill S.E.

MARIE GIFFORD.

Mrs. Walker's Séances.

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—I saw in “LIGHT” for December 24th, an account of several of my séances, written in German by Fräulein Prieger, which have been translated; and as some of the statements are erroneous I must ask you kindly to correct them.

In the first place I am *not*, and never have been, a dressmaker; my mediumship alone procures me a good livelihood, as I am in the habit of giving private séances to people of good position. I am certainly not “poor” as represented, for I have all I require; and the séance-room which struck Fräulein Prieger as being so “humble” is most comfortably furnished, far better than many I visit.

One of my controls is described as a “negro child.” She is in reality a Malay girl named “Sekina,” who frequently gives strangers some astonishing tests.—Yours, &c.,

275, Cornwall-road, Notting Hill.

SOPHIA WALKER.

The Corslet of Gold.

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—The corslet of gold mentioned at p. 608 of your issue for December 24th, and found in the “Goblin Field,” near Mold, is to be seen in the jewel room of the British Museum, on proper application. A portion of this magnificent corslet was exhibited by the Rev. J. Hugo, at the quarterly meeting of the British Archaeological Association, on May 11th, 1853, and is engraved in the *Archæologia*, Vol. XXVI.

I have seen it, and from its proportions it must have been made for a man of Herculean build.—Yours,

10, Basinghall-street, E.C.

THOMAS SHERRATT.

The Late Baron Hellenbach.

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—In No. 358 (p. 537) Hellenbach’s death was announced, with a promise to refer to it again “and give some account of a remarkable man.” I trust this promise will be fulfilled; in the meanwhile, will you kindly give me in an early issue the following information?—

The date of his death, with *time*, if possible.

His age.

Whether in *feeble* health or otherwise.

Whether he did much for the cause of Spiritualism, and if so, did he in any way suffer therefor, in reputation or otherwise?

I shall be glad of answers, however concise, to these questions, as they have an important psychological bearing.

The notice from the *Sphinx*, in your last issue, does not help matters, as, although the date October 24th was mentioned, on which he had a stroke of apoplexy, the date of his death was not stated—and your first notice of his death was in your issue of November 12th.—Yours faithfully,

M. S. P. R.

[We have printed all the information we have, and await more.—Ed. “LIGHT.”]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many letters are left over for want of space.

HAY NISBET.—*Hermes, Sequel to Hafed*, received. In due course.

T. J. P. S.—*Homes and Work in the Future Life*, by Miss F. J. Theobald (3s. 6d.). But it is impossible to translate spirit experiences in terms of this world.

In Memoriam.

We receive with regret the news of the departure of Mary, the wife of John Lamont, of 5, Nursery-street, Fairfield; also of Mary, the wife of George Milner Stephen; the latter on the 27th, and the former on the 29th of December last. Our sympathy goes forth to the bereaved mourners, who, we trust, will find in their necessity the abiding consolations of the faith which they hold.

MR. HUSK desires to draw attention to the alteration of the hour of his Sunday evening séances from 8 p.m. to 7.30 p.m.

We hear that Mr. Eglinton has promised to contribute to *The New Age* a series of articles bearing on psychological and Spiritualistic matters. If Mr. Eglinton should tell half he knows the readers of *The New Age* may look out for something startling.

TESTIMONY TO PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT IS SAID OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOUR VISIONS.

BY "LILY."

There are five lessons taught in these four Visions :—

Vision 1 contains two lessons. 1st. The Spirit explanation of "The Trinity." 2nd. That Jesus is the Guide and Guardian of this planet, and is also the "Holy Spirit" or "Comforter" promised to us, and that He has been incarnate several times on the Earth for our progress.

Vision 2 teaches that our Guardian's Earthly incarnations being ended, His coming is now in Spiritual Glory, and as such is seen in this vision.

Vision 3 shows Him sending forth His ministering Spirits to all quarters of our globe, to teach us by sight and sign the grand fact of immortality.

Vision 4 teaches the only true and universal religion both in Heaven and Earth to be God's "Golden Rule."

"LILY."

NO. I.

A GREAT MYSTERY.

In the silence of my chamber, in the stillness of the night,
When the fever of life's struggles no longer dims the sight,
Then my soul its power grasping, and my spirit taking wing,
Upsoar 'o Life Supernal, and to thoughts that round it cling.

And thus in meditation deep, one night not long gone by,
On that mystery of mysteries, "The Holy Trinity,"
Unrolled before my vision was a new translation given
In words that glow'd as diamonds in the star-lit vault of Heaven.

"Oh, Mortal," thus the message ran—"we now unfold to thee
That yet unravell'd mystery, 'The Holy Trinity':
Our Father-Mother, 'God Supreme,' Wisdom and Love in One,
Creative Energy and Power, portray'd in 'God the Son.'"

"From Love Almighty, Love Supreme, conjoin'd with Wisdom high
In equal Majesty, sprang forth Creative Energy;
(That power that bade the myriad worlds that meet thy gaze
'To be,'
That power that peopled them with forms of life in harmony.)

"In these behold 'The Trinity' of Father-Mother-Son,
Of Wisdom, Love, and Power combined, the Holy 'Three-in-One';
One perfect Whole thus stands reveal'd to our adoring eye,
And thus interpret we to thee 'The Holy Trinity.'"

In awe I gazed; when gradually they faded from my view,
Those words of startling import, giving rise to thoughts so new.
Then *where* "The Holy Spirit" of the ancient Three-in-One?
Is He from His high place dethroned? His name and glory gone!

And *where* "The Jesus" of our love? Is He dethroned too?
A myth, a symbol only, is He now proclaim'd to view?
He lost to us for evermore, round Whom our heart-strings cling,
Our precious Lord and Master, our Brother and our King?

"It cannot be, forbid it, God," in anguish deep I cried;
When lo! a gentle Voice in whispering accents by my side
Said, "Fear not, Child, but listen while we yet expound to thee
Our second lesson gather'd from 'The Holy Trinity.'"

"The Father-Mother-Son, the perfect Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Know well their children's needs from day to day, from hour to
hour;
Know well they need a loving Guide, a Guardian to watch o'er
Their faltering steps and lead them on from Shore to brighter
Shore.

"And such is Jesus, called 'The Christ,' in Ancient times, as now
'The Expression' of the Three in One, embodied here below
As Chrishna, Buddha, Jesus, born on earth to lead the way
To ever clearer, brighter Light, unto meridian day.

"And such The Holy Spirit is; 'The Comforter' foretold
By Jesus, when on earth He lived some thirty years, of old;
'Twas of Himself He prophesied, that He would ever be
Nearer and ever nearer drawn to our humanity.

'And hath He not His word fulfill'd? 'The Comforter' hath been,
In every hour of need to all who draw near unto Him?
Whether as Chrishna, Buddha, Christ, 'tis still God's 'Holy Son,'
God's 'Holy Spirit' sent to earth from God the 'Three-in-One.'

"'Tis He, the Comforter and Guide, dear Guardian, tender Friend,
Who from all time the Mission had, thy Planet, 'Earth,' to tend;
'Tis He, 'The Expression' of our God, incarnate for Earth's weal,
In earthly robes of differing forms, but the same Spirit still.

"Know then, oh Child, and understand the lessons taught thee now
Of grand and mighty Truths; and may thy Soul and Spirit bow
In deep humility before that Wisdom, Love, and Power,
That deigns thee knowledge so sublime; a precious, priceless
dower."

In awe these wondrous words I heard, flash'd to me from above
As living Truths upon my Soul, vouchsafed to me in love,
And with deep gratitude in prayer and praise, my Soul o'erflow'd
To Him, the Almighty "Three-in-One," Love, Wisdom, Power—
"GOD."

January 24th, 1885.

II.

"AND I SAW A GREAT LIGHT."

Reclining in my old armchair, from worldly cares set free,
The inner Soul expanding in a thoughtful reverie
On all the wonders of my life, since first the "open'd door"
Yielded its sweet communion with the loved ones gone before.

Methought the chamber glisten'd with a strange supernal light
Of golden hue! I upward gazed, when lo! a wondrous sight
Was shown unto me! In the air, mid sunlight's dazzling rays,
Stood forms majestic! Three were there, presented to my gaze.

And side by side stood they—in beauty unapproachable,
Yet in ascending scale! The third, so grandly beautiful,
No words of earthly language could the portraiture convey,
Of that Soul-illumined Being, in His glittering array!

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet," I heard a Voice then say,
"For the place whereon thou standest is most holy ground this
day.
Rememberest thou the Vision of the three-fold-mystery?
Rememberest thou the lessons that we then vouchsafed to thee?"

"Look upward now, for yet another lesson must thou learn
Of truths that shall proclaimed be, before the noonday sun:
For now the time appointed is, now is the 'Day of Grace,'
When—the veil uproll'd—a grander light shall shine upon
thy race."

I look'd! The Blessed Three were there! And as I look'd, I saw
That cords of light attach'd them to each other evermore,
And over them, in words of gold, illumined as the sun,
Were "Chrishna, Buddha, Jesus, One in Three and Three in One."

Whilst wrapt in contemplation on this glorious scene, a Voice
Resounded through the air in words, "Rejoice! oh Child, rejoice,
For now the illustration of the second lesson given
Prepares thee to receive yet higher, holier light from Heaven.

"Then higher turn thy gaze, and tell me now what meets thy
view."

"I see a grander Being still, on clouds like sparkling dew,
So brilliantly the rainbow tints appear refracted there,
Like tens of million diamonds upon the sun-lit air.

"I see Him high above the Three, and from His Person flows
Unto them myriads of rays—each ray through them endows,
Now North, now South, now East, now West, with light some
hungry soul
To lighten on his darksome way, unto the brighter goal.

"And oh! His countenance is Love, and tenderness divine;
'I cannot spare one soul,' He says, 'for all, all, are Mine.'
Who is this Glorious Being? Who? Angel, I pray thee say;
Interpret me this vision, that I fail not by the way."

"My Child, this Vision given is, to show the time is here,
When knowledge Spiritual shall flow throughout the earthly sphere;
Led on by Him, Whose mortal incarnations now are o'er,
Whose power Spiritual henceforth shall spread from shore to shore.

“ Therefore in glory Spiritual is He pourtray’d to thee
With power radiating from Him to all humanity
Through these His Earthly Missions ; but a type of others borne
On Earth, in pity to thy race, by That Exalted One.

“ For all are His. To Him in trust, the Father’s love has given
Thy planet to watch over, and to bring each Soul to Heaven ;
And on His high Seraphic plane, no creedal bonds are known,
His Heart of Love embraces all—for are not all His own ?

“ More shall we have to say—but now the strain thou canst not bear ;
We leave thee—but the Vision and the lesson ponder o’er ;
And know these mighty truths we show, are not for thee alone :
To stir the hearts of many to receive them are they shown.”

Then all was silent, all was o’er, that glorious Vision gone,
The golden light, the angel voice, and I was left alone.
Was it a dream ? a reverie ? or was it sterling gold
Of purer, brighter, truer ring, than Earth can e’er unfold ?

March 17th, 1885.

III.

THE “NEW DISPENSATION,” OR “SECOND COMING.”

Again retreating from the World, in peaceful solitude
Within my sacred chamber, where no presence may intrude
Of earthly mould, at that sweet hour of universal rest,
When Slumber throws her soothing mantle over every breast ;

In thoughtful mood I laid me down, thankful the day was o’er,
With all its duties, all its cares, and I was free once more :
Yea, free in thought, and free in soul, like caged bird set free,
To revel in the joys of unrestrained liberty.

“ Alone ! ” I cried, “ oh joy ! alone ! ” “ No, not alone, my Child.”
Was it a voice I heard, or echo born of fancy wild ?
“ No fancy wild, oh Mortal, for again we come to thee,
Again to teach thee Holy Truths for all humanity.

“ Three lessons have we given thee, through visions glorious,
Three truths of mighty import hast thou now received from us,
And yet another must thou learn, and yet another still,
For, know we are God’s Messengers, His purpose to fulfil.”

O’erawed I listen’d, then uprose, and lowly bent me down,
“ Oh Angel Messenger,” I pray’d, “ God’s holy will be done,
And grant His humble handmaid grace to fittingly receive
Those truths so precious to her race, He willest thee to give.”

“ Rise up, My Child, thy prayer is heard ; now upward turn thine
eyes ;

What seest thou ? ” “ I see our Angel Guardian in the skies ;
A golden halo crowns His head, He stands on clouds of light,
Around, awaiting His commands, are countless spirits bright.

“ Of every hue, of every clime, of every nation they,
Throughout the realms of Spirit Land, His gracious call obey,
For all acknowledge Him their Lord, now from Earthblindness
free,
And gladly yield obeisance to His supremacy.

“ And lo ! a Voice like sweetest music vibrates on mine ear :
‘ My Friends, I have assembled ye, God’s high behests to hear ;
Our Father sees the time is ripe that brighter light be given
To those on Earth, our brethren dear, through ye, already risen.

‘ As His Viceregent now I speak, to ye He gives the power,
Communion free with those on Earth to open from this hour ;
Go forth then, marshall’d by Myself, I lead ye in His name
To execute His mission high, for Earth’s redemption.

“ ‘ Go show yourselves by sight and sign, that living still are ye,
No more must doubt and fear encompass immortality ;
God’s fiat is gone forth, then hasten all ye to obey
In joy and gladness, for the mission given ye this day.’

“ All bow—and now that myriad host I see in order grand
Move Northward, Southward, Eastward, Westward, each a
mighty band ;
And all with purpose high, intent their mission to fulfil,
With loving zeal to execute the Father’s holy will.

“ But now a strange sight meets my gaze. Angel, I pray thee say,
What meaneth it that those whose hue betrays the burning ray
Of Eastern Sun, and Torrid Zone, Westward and Northward go,
While those of fairer hue to Eastern, Southern countries flow ? ”

“ My Child, herein the lesson is, thou now must learn this day,
And hence the Vision given, that to thee we may convey
Its import high in characters clear as the noon-day sun,
Clear as God’s holy will to us ; and may that will be done.

“ The Vision shown thee well portrays the grand reality
Of active work in Spirit realms, for Earth’s humanity ;
The ‘ Second Coming ’ of our Lord, in glory Spiritual
With all His angel messengers, God’s bidding to fulfil.

“ And as thou sawest spirits fly to countries not their own,
It is to show thee, that in Heaven, hearts not creeds are known,
Nor hue, nor clime. Ponder this o’er, my Child, I leave thee now,
And pray that Wisdom from on High may rest upon thy brow.”

March 26th, 1885.

IV.

THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

Again upon the outer world, my chamber door I close
In peaceful joy that now no thought of Earth may interpose
Between me and my God : Or bar that sweet communion high
With those already gone before into Eternity.

And thus absorbed in deepest thought, I knelt in humble prayer
That He Whose Soul-enlightening presence permeates everywhere,
Might bless me with the Heavenly glow of His dear presence here,
With love and wisdom Spiritual my yearning heart to cheer.

And as I pray’d, behold before my Vision now appear
A wondrous sight ! A globe of large dimensions in the air ;
Like Mother Earth to me it seem’d, for on its surface fair,
Her continents and islands, seas and oceans pictured were.

And slowly it rotated, that my Vision might embrace
All countries in succession, every clime and every race.
What meaneth it ? I ask’d in mental query—when a sound
Like softest music met my ear, and made my heart rebound ;

For well that Angel Voice I knew, that Voice of soothing love,
Like rippling waters of a stream, life’s dewdrops from above ;
Yea, dewdrops on a Soul athirst for living dew from Heaven,
Reviving it, renewing it, with its most precious leaven.

“ My Child, no questions ask as yet, but watch in faith and see
The gradual unfolding of this Vision given thee.”
Such were the gracious words vouchsafed unto me, as I knelt
In humble attitude, and gazed in silent wonderment

Upon that moving sphere ; when lo ! encircling it I saw
A band of light ; its brilliancy increasing more and more
Unto the perfect day : and on that band, in words of gold,
Illumined as with glow of Heaven’s rays, there was unroll’d

That old familiar precept call’d “ The Golden.” Thus it ran :
“ Love God with all your heart and soul, and love your brother man
As though yourself. In this the sum of all religion true,
Throughout the Universe, God’s law—most ancient—ever new.”

“ My Child,” the Angel said, “ thou seest now the reason why,
That glorious ‘ Golden Rule ’ encircles all humanity
Of every country, every clime, embracing all in one,
One Universal Brotherhood—as God wills should be done.

“ In previous lessons hast thou learnt, no creeds are known in
Heaven,
God’s ‘ Golden Rule ’ for every Soul, as on that band engraven,
Is all complete for time and age, for every race and nation,
Its simple grandeur reaches all, throughout His wide Creation.

“ This lesson learn—and far and wide impart it, as the seal
And sum and substance of God’s law, for Man’s eternal weal
Whether in Earth or Heaven—yea, engraven must it be
On every heart aspiring to a blest Eternity.

“ And *this* the Golden Message to be borne to every land
By those Angelic Messengers, who under God’s Command,
Led on by Jesus, our Lord, now visit Earth again,
His mighty truths to propagate amongst their fellow-men.

“ And now, my Child, once more adieu, each lesson ponder o’er ;
The fifth has now been given thee—a precious, priceless store,
Entrusted to thy keeping—Oh, a faithful servant be,
And use them for God’s Glory, and to serve humanity.”

April 10th, 1885.