

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.)"

DR. OSBORN ON APPARITIONS.

The *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* (November) has an article on "Apparitions," by the Rev. Dr. Osborn, commenting on a narrative of the apparition seen by the Editor's mother when she was an infant. This has already been noticed in writing on *Notices of My Life and Times*, by Benjamin Gregory.

The present writer's thoughts are worth more than a passing word. "We must hand on [he says] what the Church has from the beginning held as to the reality and activity of the unseen world, and the occasional intercourse of its inhabitants with their brother-men."

By way of opening his views he writes thus:—

Nor must we who believe expect to be able to explain and account for all we believe. The very various circumstances in which spirits appear—some in the likeness of flesh, some evidently disembodied, some silent, others speaking, some on temporal errands, others for purely spiritual purposes—are involved in much mystery, which may not be dissipated for a long while to come; and the choice of persons to whom they appear must be submissively left in the hands of the Most High. It is only reasonable to expect that other spheres of being should be subject to other laws. A man may believe that other planets are inhabited, though he cannot form any idea of the conditions under which life goes on in those distant worlds. So in regard to the invisible world: some suppose it is all around us, others that it is far distant; but we are not pledged to either opinion, or to any opinion whatever on the point. We take the facts as we find them in authentic narration; and must calmly bear the reproach which our faith brings upon us as part of the reproach of Christ, our great Teacher, as well as we may be able. It may be that we are ignorant, or it may be that we are credulous. So are our censors in regard to many things which they nevertheless receive on the testimony of experts in various branches of science; and, like them, we are content with a limited and partial knowledge, the outlines of which may or may not be filled up hereafter.

The history of Wesleyan Methodism is full of interest to the Spiritualist, from the life of its founder downwards. The writer of the article under notice quotes some words of Wesley's, written in 1782, in which he introduced to the readers of the *Arminian Magazine* a certain wonderful relation:—

With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one great proof of the invisible world: I mean, that of witchcraft and apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages. . . . The truth of the following narrative was, in the last century, acknowledged by all Europe; against which the unaccountableness of it is no objection to those who are convinced of the littleness of their own knowledge.

Dr. Osborn thinks that he has evidence of the existence of witchcraft among savage tribes in far greater proportion than in Christian countries. It is merely a question of Black Magic, which can be practised anywhere. But it must be remembered that the records we have of those incantations and magical rites among North American Indians, the Kaffirs, the Obeahs of Africa and the West Indies, must necessarily be exaggerated and imperfect. We, who watch these matters among cultivated and educated people, know the difficulties that stand in the way of getting exact and consentient testimony to a given phenomenon from a group of observers. How much must that difficulty be enhanced when we come to deal with the floating rumours told by awe-struck savages, or with the scanty remarks of some traveller who cannot, in most cases, have had any opportunities for real observation and study of very obscure phenomena. That such phenomena, produced by black magic, the rites and formulæ of which are traditional, do exist, I entertain little doubt. But I should neither refer them to the devil as their source, nor should I too easily accept all accounts given, e.g., by missionaries, in regard to them. Such are likely to be considerably coloured by prepossession. What, for instance, is to be made of this story, which is off the lines of all experience?—

Peter Jones (the Chippeway Indian Chief) was very reticent in regard to the native customs and ceremonies; but he used to tell one remarkable story of a band of Indians who left the main body of their tribe on a hunting expedition. They wandered too far, and were given up as lost. After a long time they found their way back, when it appeared that, in their sorrow, their fellows had consulted the medicine-man or priest. He gave them what afterwards proved to be a correct account of the journey and fortunes of the absentees up to a given point, and beyond that point he could not proceed, but said he had lost sight of the party altogether. It turned out that, at the place beyond which he could not trace them, they had come under Christian instruction, and received baptism.

It does not detract from the interest excited by these narratives that I find myself unable to agree in the conclusions drawn from them. The papers recording them have, I am not surprised to find, "excited more interest than any other paper during twenty-one years of editorship." They deal with a portion of that vast subject which we are ourselves concerned with, and the interest shown in them by readers of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* is but one more testimony to the absorbing nature of the general public interest in these and kindred topics. I know few places in which I should less expect to find a collection of narratives such as these papers have contained than the pages of a religious magazine; though, perhaps, a Wesleyan is less unlikely than any except a Catholic or High Church organ. If only writers would confine themselves to a careful recital of facts and record of authenticated narratives, and not start with a preconceived idea adducing certain narratives and facts to prove it! That is too much to hope for: we may be thankful that the idea has elicited the fact or the record. So

long as the devil exists in the mind as a *Deus ex machina*, dominant amongst the heathen—so much so that one may pass topographically out of his *régime* into the domain of another influence—and not a little aggressive even in a higher civilisation (where, indeed, his works are not less manifest), we shall have explanations of simple occurrences which must be set aside.

There are some few cases of apparitions which are of interest at the close of the paper. To any other narratives I can give no space here, interesting as each is from any point of view. This is surely a case of second sight:—

Mr. Joshua Keighley was esteemed by Mr. Wesley as a pious and judicious man, or he would not have been selected to be one of the few ordained for Scotland. He was proceeding thither with one of his colleagues after the Conference of 1787. They went by ship from Newcastle to Aberdeen, and thence to Inverness. On the way they saw something like a screen drawn across the road. It opened like a two-barred gate to let them pass, and as they passed through they heard a voice which said: "You may pass on to your circuit, but shall never return to England." They were much affected, and told the circumstance to many of their friends. Little notice comparatively was taken of it at the time, but at the year's end, both were returning to England, both were seized with the same fever, both died within a few miles of the place where they had heard the voice.

Dr. Osborn's cases are a little loosely stated, but there are I know many reasons against promiscuous publication of names, &c. This is curious:—

For obvious reasons I omit the names in the next case I shall mention. It is that of a minister in our body, not very long deceased, who, being about to marry a preacher's widow, received a visit from her first husband under very peculiar circumstances. A party was sitting at supper in the house of a common friend, when the door opened, but no one was seen to enter. The strange visitor showed himself only to the person most concerned, and beckoned him into an adjoining room. He turned pale, left the table, and followed the apparition, receiving from him when alone some useful information in regard to the property of the family into which he was about to enter. Here we may see a useful object to be attained, especially if we may suppose the information given was only in possession of the departed, and that inconvenience and suffering might result to the family from the want of such knowledge in settling their affairs. The story seems also to show that all the departed are not so completely separated from the affairs of earth as some persons appear to believe, and even affirm.

One would like to know how he received the information. There are various ways possible. If the apparition could so show himself, he could as easily impress the mind of the clairvoyant. The whole article needs elaboration.

A final instance from this impressive article I give. It is one of the apparitions at the moment of death, of which so many exist:—

My last instance of an apparition closely connected with our Methodist history has this distinction above some others that spiritual good is known to have resulted from it, and that it closely connects itself with living memory. Mr. Thomas Savage was admitted into Full Connexion as a Methodist minister in 1817, and died in 1858. The account he gave of his conversion produced great impression; and, at the request of the President was committed to writing and published. It was to the effect that he had a sister married to an officer in the army, who, as she sat at work in her house one evening, suddenly saw her husband, and afterwards learned that he had died at that very time in one of the Spanish islands. Mr. Savage was present, being then nine years old, and the impression made upon him was such as could not be shaken off until he yielded his heart to God.

I am glad to give a wholly different publicity to these records, and to introduce them to many who would not otherwise see them.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Spiritualism of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

SIR,—A passage from the lately-published, deeply interesting *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* (Vol. II., p. 294) may be acceptable to the readers of "LIGHT." After many years of exceeding sorrow, poverty, and endurance, when at length clouds lifted and happier days began, she wrote: "Fate does indeed visit some too heavily. God and good angels guard us! Surely this world, stored outwardly with shapes and influences of beauty and good, is peopled in its intellectual life by myriads of loving spirits that mould our thoughts to good, influence beneficially the course of events, and minister to the destiny of man. Whether the beloved dead make a portion of this company I dare not guess, but that such exist I feel—far off, when we are worldly, evil, selfish; drawing near and imparting joy and sympathy, when we rise to noble thoughts and disinterested actions. Such surely gather round one on a soothing, balmy evening, and make part of that atmosphere of love, so hushed, so soft, on which the soul reposes and is blest."

M. J. W.

Work for Spiritualists.

SIR,—There is, I am glad to see, a stir taking place just now in the Spiritualistic world. People are dissatisfied with the results hitherto obtained, and are talking of organisation, while some are also crying out for more facts, and others for more philosophy. It would, I am sure, be very desirable to organise for the common good on some broad basis. We have a London Spiritualist Alliance: why could not the same kind of body have a world-wide extension?

The object of my letter, however, is to point out that much more might be done by individuals. We want both more facts and more philosophy. The earlier beliefs of Spiritualists were founded on the ill-observed phenomena of earlier times. These theories have recently been somewhat modified, and many of us have come to set more value on hypnotism and the psychical powers of the living subject as a means of Spiritualistic research. But how few experiences of this kind are published! It seems to me there is scarcely one Spiritualist who might not, if he tried, contribute something towards our general information.

A large number of the experiences recorded in "LIGHT" are old, and though none the less valuable for that, the presumption is that little is being done at present. People are resting on their oars, thinking there is no opening for further investigation. Let me suggest one or two directions in which experiment would be useful—hypnotic or clairvoyant experiments with children, with idiotic persons, or with the blind (especially from birth)—experiments with those who have lost a limb, to ascertain whether the amputated limb is always psychically perceived: observations by two or more clairvoyants together, in which one would act as a check on the other.

Of course the indiscriminate practice of hypnotism is not to be recommended, but where its principles are understood and due care is exercised there should be little danger.

Cases of exact psychical observation at death would also be highly valuable, and the object in view is such as should overcome the dislike which people might naturally feel to communicate them.

Many other lines of investigation will occur to your readers, and they may rest assured that every reliable case will help to throw light on the various problems which still perplex us.

It is quite as needful to advance in knowledge ourselves as to impart the little we do know to others.

Broad Spiritualistic principles may be preached from the house-top, but what is generally known as Spiritualism addresses itself to the few, or rather few are prepared to give it a fair hearing. It must make its way by slow degrees, though surely, and I think the dissemination of its literature is the best way of reaching many who would make valuable recruits, if Spiritualism were fairly placed before them. It looks as though the coming year would be one of effort, and it would help to advance the cause if every reader of "LIGHT" tried to enlarge its circulation. The more persons who give their earnest attention to the subject the better for Spiritualism.

If every reader were to contribute a merely nominal sum annually towards paying for occasional short advertisements of "LIGHT" in the provincial papers, it would, I think, be a step in the right direction.

G. A. K.

[Advertising is the thing to do, if only it be done sufficiently.—
ED. OF "LIGHT."]

The Forces Forced.

SIR,—Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, in her maturity of mind, is about to assume the rôle of Joan of Arc, moved to the arduous task on account of her acknowledgment of personal experiences in "mysterious messages," is doing a good work in bringing Spiritualism to the fore. We read in "Paris Day by Day," in the *Telegraph*, of December 5th: "Madame Bernhardt, in conversation with a 'lady interviewer,' who asked if she believed in the supernatural, replied decidedly in the affirmative." Madame Bernhardt gave instances of it in her own case, and added that "her personal experience justified her in believing in the 'mysterious messages' delivered to Joan of Arc." We are not the least surprised at this honest confession, any more than we are surprised that a man with such powerful impulses as King David had should have been a powerful clairaudient medium.

So the *Telegraph* is at length brought to its knees; that journal which so scornfully said in August 10th, 1885: "Half the unfortunate creatures in our madhouses fancy that they hear voices"; and on December 5th, 1885, actually spoke of Joan of Arc herself as "a simple shepherdess who thought that she heard the Divine voice." That powerful mentor of the people now tells us, in an article of December 7th, 1889: "Joan of Arc heard voices: she saw visions. It would be puerile to inquire whether they were real or not." So here is already a confession that it is puerile to express an absolute dictum, as it had itself done; while here comes, at length, the somewhat humiliating confession for that journal, that they may be real if they happen to come to people in "genteel" society or if you happen to save a kingdom from ruin thereby; for the *Telegraph* now goes on to say, in the case of the Maid of Orleans: "If they were the harvest of the inner eye, then she was like Coleridge, the poet, or Blake, the painter, to whom great thoughts came in pictures or in words." The *Telegraph* almost seems to be getting back to the Old Testament, or to modern Soudan.

It is remarkable how good sense runs in families sometimes. In the Queen's Bench of November 20th, 1885, in the case of *Weldon v. de Bathe*, we find Lord Chief Justice Coleridge asking a witness, in surprise: "Do you really think that a person who speaks of seeing visions, and a light shining about her, is fit for Dr. Winslow's asylum?" Another of that noble family, who died some years back, in Sydney, Australia, a barrister and a man of great talent, was, to my knowledge, when living, an earnest seeker in Spiritualism.

Here is another instance, I think I may say, of a tendency to Spiritualism running in a family. In the Court of Appeal of July 19th, 1884, in the case of *Weldon v. Winslow*, Lord Justice Bowen remarked: "I recollect that the Bishop of Winchester (probably the talented Bishop Wilberforce) stated that when that diocese was offered to him he heard a voice which told him to take it."

Sweet, noble virgin, pure in an age of profligacy, inspired when the Church was steeped in transgression; bright, living flame, sacrificed upon the altars of France; Spiritualism has again brought you to the thoughts of a careless world! We need not find fault with the means, though no Pope has yet been bold enough to canonise you! "In my thirteenth year," said the gifted maiden, "I heard a voice in my father's garden, in Domremy; I heard it from the right side, by the church, and it was accompanied by great brightness. At first I was afraid of it, but I soon became aware that it was the voice of an angel, who has ever since watched well over me and taught me to conduct myself well and to go to church. . . . Five years afterwards this voice said to me: 'God has great compassion for the French nation, and that I ought to get ready and go to the rescue.'"

T. W.

Mr. Glendinning's Musical Box.

SIR,—In "LIGHT" (November 30th, p. 579) Mr. Barnes asks two questions with respect to a matter which I narrated at a meeting in the London Spiritualist Alliance rooms. He states he has had no personal experience in the investigation of spiritual phenomena. The incidents which I mentioned were not intended for the information of those who are in the position of Mr. Barnes. His attitude, it seems to me, must naturally be one of doubt, until he has gained some experience by personal investigation. However, as the séance-room was not lighted, the two questions cannot be answered. The only thing which can be affirmed is that the music produced from the box was the same as or similar to what it would have been had the box

been constructed to play the tune asked for. If, by assuming that the spirit played by direct action upon the comb of the box, Mr. Barnes will have the cause of his doubt removed, then he had better accept that explanation. It is certainly the most reasonable one. But even in the light of that explanation, many who have personal experience of facts connected with spiritual phenomena will consider the incident referred to a peculiar one.

The box is one of Nicole Frères' make, 19in. by 7½in., by 5½in. deep, with usual lever winder inside. The airs it plays are: "Auld Lang Syne," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and "John Anderson, my Jo." The sacred air played on the box was that of the hymn beginning with the words, "A few more years shall roll." The spirit who operated on the box was the son of my friend who asked for the tune. During a lull in the conversation my friend said—addressing his spirit son—"Can you play your mother's hymn on the musical-box?" and very shortly after the question was asked, in about two minutes or so, the air was played as stated, the time occupied in it being about the same as is taken by any of the other tunes, and without, so far as I am aware, a false note.

A. GLENDINNING.

Raps and Reflections.

SIR,—In the course of a somewhat long experience there are three of the especial psychical sounds mentioned in your late correspondence that have occurred in my presence. The first was the "loud metallic crash," for by that John King manifested his advent at the first dark séance I ever attended; it was in the year 1867, and the Marshalls were the mediums. With the crash came the appearance, as it were, of sheet lightning all over the part of the table near where the two mediums, husband and wife, sat.

Here is a second experience: I was once woke from my sleep by hearing the rattling of "keys," and I was then told, clairaudiently, "to open the doors of my heart" to a particular charity; which precept, as the request was a very rational one, I obeyed. I have never been able to certify to myself whether this dream may not have been brought about by Galileo's apophthegm: "The doors into the gardens of natural philosophy are observation and experience, which can be opened by the keys of the senses." This apophthegm, however, will not account for the clairaudient message which I received after I woke. It may be *apropos* to note here that Galileo was himself clairaudient, for we are told in *The Private Life of Galileo* that Galileo, having lost his favourite daughter in his old age and banishment, wrote to his friend, Gero Bocchineri, less than a month after her death: "I hear her constantly calling to me." Your account, and that of Mr. Hawkins Simpson, concerning the "repetition of sounds made on the table by a sitter," by some force concerning which there are different opinions, reminds me of what occurred to myself at a séance with the well-known medium, Mdlle. Huet, in full light. I asked permission, which she granted, to make certain knockings on the table with my fingers in order to elicit a response. I then said to all present: "Now I will drum a tune on the table known to both French and English people." This I did without giving the name of the tune, and was answered by the unseen force precisely as I had rapped it. It was a very interesting experiment to myself, but I doubt if it was so to others, for I question if any of them, the medium included, who was not entranced, had the least idea what tune I had drummed; certain it is that none of them drummed it. The sound came just in front of where I sat, and just about the spot where I had myself set the example, and the rapping was about as loud as my own. With regard to the force which produced the sound, I have never had a doubt in my own mind. I do not believe it was an elemental, who would not be so likely to know the tune as a French spirit; nor the psychodyle of the medium, which would have had to turn a corner to have done it; nor of that from any of the other sitters, who made no movements, nor did they, I believe, guess the tune; nor from a shell, elementary or spiritless soul, if such there be; but that it emanated from a being out of the flesh, yet still in possession of a spirit, a soul, and a perisprit or spiritual body. For I certainly do not believe it was my own double; since if it has that power why does it not treat me to such a repetition at other times, as I suppose when I am awake we are always or mostly together? For I have the bad habit of occasionally drumming a tune. I am very glad, however, that it does not; though it was not so always. I used, in former days, often, when alone,

to try to get a table to answer me, but always in vain; not, however, from want of feeling then, as now, the odyle pouring from my finger's ends, but because my mediumship did not lie, I suppose, in that direction; nor, I hope, does it now, though, there may be, and is, danger in mediumship in every direction. Being clairaudient does not always guarantee some of us from sometimes hearing that which is not true; and I know a lady clairaudient, a very good woman among the poor, who, at one time, said she heard "dreadful things." What they were I did not think proper to ask her.

No, clairaudience does not guarantee freedom from dangers either to men or to women, if they believe all that they hear, any more than spears from which odyle lights have been seen in the Soudan (carried, we may presume, through the wood of those spears from the psychodyle issuing through the hands of their holders), can guarantee the owners of those hands from being beaten, as they have been, and I trust will be again, if they invade Egypt, by an enemy endowed with less faith indeed, but superior tactics, and furnished with a goodly supply of "Krupp guns."

AN OBSERVER.

SIR,—“M.A. (Oxon.),” on p. 569 of “LIGHT,” November 30th, refers to my account of “Reproduction of Sounds through [or by] an Entranced Medium” in the same issue: and says, “Can Mr. Simpson distinguish between the power and the employer of it, and say what is the power, how it is generated, and who is the intelligent operator?” To me it seems clear that before I, or anyone else, can do all this, we must know much more than is yet known about the production of raps, of hot and cold air currents, as well as of the nebulae described in my letter to “LIGHT” (November 15th, p. 555), wherein I myself asked for information! So “M.A. (Oxon.)” must kindly regard me as one who strives to be a careful inquirer, pointing out difficulties which have to be surmounted by patient research, with manifold repetition of tests and experiments, carried on by those who have access to suitable mediums. All this means very large pecuniary outlay, the funds for which are not likely to be forthcoming, in England at any rate. Were it a question of endowment for research into artificial manures, the needful cash would, no doubt, soon be got.

Swanage.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

P.S.—I ascertained long ago, with the flame of a taper, that currents of air have, sometimes, aerial limits very sharply defined: in one instance this was so even in front of a large open window in bitterly cold weather—one inch nearer to or further from the window space made all the difference between an up-right and steady flame and a flame strongly agitated. This was some time after the medium had left the room, in which lay the body of an excellent woman whose spirit had recently fled.

SIR,—May I quote, in connection with the subject of spirit raps, the following experience of mine some years ago when abroad? A young girl to whom I had promised aid with her English studies was sitting alone with me in my own room at a small uncovered walnut-wood table, she writing to dictation. My book rested on the table, I not touching the latter in any way. We were suddenly startled by a loud blow lighting on the upper surface of the table in front of me. The girl complained instantly of feeling a disagreeable, jarring sensation which thrilled the right arm (resting on her paper while writing) and also her right side. I could only compare the sound of the blow to the stroke of a heavy wooden mallet wielded by a powerful hand; had it been effected by normal human agency, the veneering must have been shivered into many pieces. Apropos of the burial of Mr. Rose's boots, though I have lived for years in the Highlands, I have never heard of such a superstitious idea before; but in reading Lenormant's *Chaldean Magic* I have just found the following:—“According to the Icheremisses, the souls of the dead come to trouble the living, and in order to prevent them doing so they pierce the soles of the feet, and also the heart of the deceased, thinking that being thus nailed into their tomb the dead could not possibly leave it.” May I, in conclusion, ask you to accept my sincere thanks for the great pleasure which my weekly “LIGHT” always affords me?

M. E. G. MENTON.

The Origin of Spiritualism.

SIR,—England, not America, most assuredly must claim the privilege of having first sounded the trumpet blast of modern Spiritualism, with all its faults and faculties; a blast which has since sounded throughout Europe and America, and is now especially

filling the Soudan, not only with the reality of its phenomena, but with an earnest, implicit reliance in its teachings, which latter disposition has, through dear-bought experience, passed away from ourselves, though we may hope that there are still bright rifts in the veil which may still expand. The late message from the Mahdi to Emin Pasha reads more like a chapter from the Old Testament than anything else that I can conceive.

Yes, I think it cannot be denied that the first wave of modern Spiritualism emanated from our shores in the mission which an unrecognised king of France, banished by Louis Philippe from France in 1836, sent to the Pope in the year 1837, as I pointed out in a letter to “LIGHT” of October 26th last, and which new effusion was further propagated by four books which he soon after published while still in England. These works were, naturally, published in French; but I have lately found that the first of these books, at any rate, was translated into English and published in 1839 by Causton, of Birchin-lane. What is more; having been informed, through the kindness and courtesy of the Editor of “LIGHT,” that a copy of this translation was in the market, I have been able to procure it. It is a closely printed volume of 350 pages. On the title page is the following: “The Heavenly Doctrine of Our Lord Jesus Christ in all its Primitive Purity, Newly Revealed by Three Angels of the Lord. Promulgated by Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, Son of Louis XVI., King of France.”

In this book the New Testament is very frequently quoted, but being translated by a Frenchman, from the French, the texts are by no means always clothed in the old English terms such as we are used to find them in.

Louis XVII., like some other mediums, seems to have been troubled with the plague of great names, by the controls who made use of him (though, after all, great names in the other world may be only generic). I find the following quotation from p. 155 of this book: “Certainly, said the angel of the Lord to me, it is not for the dead that I come to publish these truths to the world, but it is for the living . . . for it is the Lord Jesus Christ who said (according to the Evangelist Matthew, xi. 13): ‘For all the prophets and the law, until John, have prophesied what is to happen; and if you understand it well, he is Elias, who is to come’—I am Elias, I am Raphael, I am John the Baptist, and I am He of whom our Lord Jesus Christ said (xvii. 11): ‘He shall come first and re-establish all things.’” The book says again, p. 175: “When the Lord Jesus Christ spoke thus of me to His disciples: ‘He shall come again to re-establish all things,’ I no longer existed corporeally in this world, for the head of the body which I then inhabited had been cut off by a sharp instrument. How, then, could I come again, except by the power of the Almighty? . . . The Lord Jesus Christ said the truth; and it is I, the angel of the Lord, who demand, in my turn, why the falsifiers of the truth make me say (John i. 21) to the priests and to the Levites: ‘I am not He.’ Is it not to annihilate by similar falsities what Jesus Christ has said Himself?”

I trust I have demonstrated two things in this letter, and in that of October 26th, when I gave the essential doctrines taught by the Duke of Normandy, which were detailed under protest by the orthodox periodical, *La Légitimité*; first, that the primal tide of modern Spiritualism flowed from England as far back as the year 1837, and, secondly, that this first tide taught Pre-existence and Re-incarnation.

T. W.

Theosophy at Bedford Park.

SIR,—If Madame de Steiger was present at Colonel Olcott's lecture the other evening at Bedford Park, she must, I think, be satisfied that to present the philosophy of Spiritualism in place of phenomena to any audience, no matter how intelligent, who know nothing whatever about the subject, is a mistake altogether, and that Joseph Brouderby's insistence as to “facts” applies more to the teaching of Spiritualism (or rather let me say spirit-intercourse) than to any other teaching whatever.

If, as Madame de Steiger asserts, those who came for bread when I lectured at Bedford Park received a stone, those who were present the other evening must have found Colonel Olcott's bread uncommonly gritty, for they spat it out as soon as ever the lecture was over, and that with no small amount of spluttering also. Member after member rose and said that he did not agree with what had fallen from the lecturer, whilst by way of clenching the argument, the gentleman who had invited Colonel Olcott down there, and was called upon to propose a vote of thanks “for the very able lecture he had delivered,” did so, using those very words,

and then wound up by saying that it was complete humbug from beginning to end! I am not exaggerating in the slightest degree. Madame de Steiger is wrong in supposing that I am dissatisfied with the result of my endeavour to spread the knowledge of Spiritualism at Bedford Park; all I deprecate is ridicule in place of argument, and that this was carried a little too far in my case is clear, from the fact that one of the gentlemen who took part in the discussion apologised to the meeting and to myself the other evening (although I do not think he was aware that I was present) for what he had said at the previous meeting. Now, sir, I like this; there's a ring of old-time chivalry about it, and I would like to say to that gentleman, who is altogether unknown to me, that I accept his apology as frankly as he has tendered it, and I ask his forgiveness in return and that of the audience also, if I replied somewhat too hastily to any comments that were made upon what I had said; at the same time, I would respectfully point out to the members of the Bedford Park Club that when a stranger comes amongst them to deliver a lecture, he does not expect to debate the subject with any number of opponents immediately afterwards. I wrote the next day offering to do this the following week, but this was declined; I then asked for the use of the same hall in order to discuss the subject with such as chose to attend for the purpose, and this also was refused. I cannot afford to hire a hall for this, and I think the members of the Club ought to let me use theirs. If they will do so I will attend every Sunday from four to six in the evening for the purpose of answering questions, and holding a séance as we used to do in America. If this were done the members could easily satisfy themselves as to the truth of spirit-communion.

T. L. HENLY.

Bud(d)hism.

SIR,—Permit me to rejoin to Mr. Gilbert Elliott by reminding your readers that the Buddha Gautama—Sakya-Muni—was but one of many such enlightened personages; and although the most familiar to Occidentals, is not accorded the premier position by all Bud(d)hists; therefore, cannot monopolise the title "Buddha," or Bhagavat, or Tathagata; any more than can the words Messiah, Saint, Prophet, Sage, Magus, &c., be the sole property of some particular individual, named in either Old or New Testament.

Bud(d)hism is not merely the cult of Sidhartha alone, or of any single religious leader or teacher; and it must be considered an evolution, of the more ancient Religio-Philosophical Ethical Doctrines of Enlightenment.

C. J. W. PROUNDES.

Questions and an Experience.

SIR,—I was surprised to see my letter printed, for I wrote it merely as a "query" to be answered in the Correspondents' Column. However, I have only to thank you for your courtesy in inserting it and giving an explanation of my "experience" in the matter of "seeing lights."

Your reply, though interesting, does not fully satisfy me, and I should like, if it would not be encroaching too much upon your time and trouble, to ask you one or two more questions *apropos* of this subject.

For one thing, I want to know what is the import of the "astral light" as regards the object, i.e., the person in connection with whom it is seen? This question again divides itself into two: first, What is the meaning of lights surrounding and enveloping the head and face, and is there any special significance in the colour of such lights? Secondly, What interpretation is to be put upon the appearance of light shining from the eyes? The two, though similar, seem to me to be distinct phenomena.

Then also I should like to say that your suggestion that it might have been a case of being *en rapport* would not, I think, apply in either of the cases cited by me, for, as I understand it, where there is this *rapport* there must be *sympathy*, and *mutual sympathy*, which I should say there was not in either of the given instances, for the lady, though an old, and in some sense an intimate friend, was one between whom and myself there was not much "in common," either of an intellectual or an affectional character. And in regard to the clergyman the occasion was, as I think I stated in my former letter, the first upon which I had heard him preach, and at that time—it was two or three years ago—I was unknown to him even by sight.

I was certainly not aware that I possessed the clairvoyant faculty, and should have thought that any such power would have manifested itself more frequently. These are the

only two experiences of the kind I have ever had, but I now recall a circumstance which occurred to me some few years since, and which puzzled me at the time a good deal, but which I now think may possibly have been a case of second-sight. I will relate the occurrence as briefly as I can. One Sunday I saw a sister of mine start for a church service, which she was accustomed to attend every Sunday morning, and which generally lasted full two hours. I spoke to her as she was leaving the house, and she seemed in her usual health. About an hour afterwards I was going into one of the sitting-rooms to fetch a book, and just as I was about to open the door a vivid picture came up before me of my sister lying stretched upon the sofa, looking deadly pale. It was only a *mental* picture, a *thought*, but so real that I hesitated a moment with my hand on the handle of the door before opening it. Then reasoning with myself against indulging such a foolish idea, and angry with myself for my momentary feeling of apprehension, I burst boldly into the room, only to be still more startled by the sight of my sister reclining on the sofa, ghastly white, exactly as I had just seen her in my mind's eye! I exclaimed at finding her thus, saying I thought she was at church. She replied that she had gone to church, but the heat had made her feel faint, and she was obliged to leave before the service was over, so had come home early, gone straight to this room, and laid herself down on the sofa to recover a little before going upstairs. It was only an ordinary attack of faintness, which she soon got over, and so nothing serious came of my "vision," which, nevertheless, struck me as a curious coincidence.

Would this be a case of "second sight"? and is "second sight" in any way connected with the "astral light" or "clairvoyance"?

S. Y. S.

[We cannot attempt a reply without printing your letter. First, there is an effluence or aura, clairvoyantly discerned, round every one of us. We take this "atmosphere" to be the psychical surrounding of the physical body. Not until it blends with another such aura is sympathy, or rapport established, nor (at a séance) do physical manifestations occur. Next, there is a spirit significance in colours, e.g., rose colour is emblematic of love, and blue of wisdom. Further, the light scintillating from the eye would probably mean force and excitement. The orator always possesses this fire, and probably no one influences his fellows till the "fire burns within him, and then he speaks with his tongue." The clairvoyant faculty is probably latent in us all, and may be evoked at any time, the most unexpected. Second-sight is most likely a clairvoyant faculty, and some students tell us that we thus read in the astral light what is registered and recorded there.—ED. OF "LIGHT."]

NO DEATH.

There is no death; the common end
Of life and growth we comprehend
Is not of forms that cease, but mend;
It is not death, but change.

When wastes the seed the sower sows,
Beneath the clog of winter snows,
The autumn harvest plainly shows
It was not death, but change.

When science weighs and counts the strands
In economic Nature's bands,
She re-collects them in her hands,
To show no loss from change.

They do not die, our darling ones;
From falling leaves to burning suns,
Through worlds on worlds the legend runs
That death is naught but change.

When stills the heart, and dims the eye,
And round our couch friends wonder why
The signs have ceased they knew us by,
It is not death, but change.

ANON.

SPIRITUALISTS should not fail to read Luke Sharp's wonderful story, "From Whose Bourn," which occupies the whole of this year's Christmas Number of the *Detroit Free Press*, beautifully illustrated in ten colours. Of all newsagents, price sixpence. *Detroit Free Press*, 310, Strand.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' new book is now ready: *The Little Wicket Gate to Life*. A Christmas book for young people. One shilling. Also *Sermons for our Day*. Part IV. Concluding the series. One shilling. And *Twenty Sermons for our Day*. In purple and gold. Two shillings. Post free from the Author: Lea Hurst, Leicester.

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Light :

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1889.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. 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. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At the Assembly of the London Spiritualist Alliance on the 10th inst., Madame de Steiger delivered the following Address on

SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE POETS—THE "EPIC OF HADES."

I think that I cannot do better than begin my paper by quoting the memorable words of Mrs. A. Kingsford from *Clothed with the Sun* :—

The poet hath no self apart from his larger self. Other men pass indifferent through life and the world, because the self-hood of earth and heaven is a thing apart from them and toucheth them not. The wealth of beauty in earth and sky and sea lieth outside their being, and speaketh not to their heart. Their interests are individual and limited, their home is by one hearth; four walls are the boundary of their kingdom—so small is it! but the personality of the poet is divine; and being divine, it hath no limits.

Ay! here it is, the golden gist of the whole matter, *it hath no limits!* This very same paragraph is also the heading for a very beautiful paper called "Dreamers of Dreams," by Professor Chainey, in which he gives a noble tribute to the lamented authoress of this gifted book. It is in a paper of November 30th, called *The Agnostic Journal*, which I have just seen for the first time as I write my own paper, and, needless to say, the words of so gifted a thinker, now happily in the flesh, touching one who has passed away from among us, suggest ideas from which we can gather and learn much.

Indeed it appears to me more and more as an important truth or rather the important truth, as Professor Chainey says: "To believe in the dreamer and the poet, is the true nobility of life." I should like to quote his words further.

He, the poet, in his most exalted privileges, is only the forerunner and announcer of what shall yet come upon all. He has risen earlier and climbed the mountains of vision, and so reports to the dwellers in the valley and plain, the glory of the coming day. He has drunk of the nectar of the immortal gods. He has learned to look behind the apparent to the real, the form to the idea. He loves in every breast and thinks in every brain. He is one with all life and sees where others see not, and hears when they hear not.

Yes! you will say, this may be true but it sounds very unlike most poets that one knows; for though sometimes poetry and poets may be remarkable, there are very few indeed to whom these words can apply, and we should think that Professor Chainey is letting his imagination run somewhat riot, rather than that he is soberly describing what is ordinarily known as a poet. But strange as it may seem, neither he nor Mrs. Kingsford is exaggerating. They are stating sober facts, but with this difference; they are treating of the *poet faculty* in its highest form; they are describing not poetry, neither poets, as they are commonly thought of and appreciated; but what they mean is this: the high and noble gift that the poet has of looking through—by what is called the power of the imagination, let us say rather the vision of the soul—into the shoreless lands, where the higher self, the Buddhi, the sixth principle of the Theosophist, learns its wisdom. He separates from himself, i.e., from his being as regards sense, and by putting aside this selfhood,

which clings to most people as closely as the rind to the apple, he launches forth into space, and sees and hears things as they are, in which he is not concerned in any way, other than being a spectator and narrator.

The great poet and seer has his vision clear, because he is farther advanced on the road, and he can leave his selfhood farther and farther away; the lesser poet, the minor prophet, is encumbered somewhat with his self-hood, and therefore his wits are still limited by the shadows of sense, and so not only are they untrustworthy, but also neither do they convey to those to whom they tell their visions, the sense of breadth and genius that unmistakably breathes from the works of the greatest of men, whether philosophers, as a Plato; metaphysicians and seers, as a Boehme; musicians, as a Wagner; or poets, as a Lewis Morris. And now I come to the subject matter of my paper—Spiritualism among the poets and the *Epic of Hades*, and I mean distinctly to say, that by this word Spiritualism I mean the soul-science represented by the poets. Spiritualism as it is often understood, would be far too limited to at all express that of such a poet as Lewis Morris.

You probably may ask, How do I know what kind of Spiritualism Mr. Morris means or believes, or, in fact, what are his views regarding soul-science, and is he the wonderful sort of man you represent?

I answer, I do not in the least know anything at all what Mr. Morris, as Mr. Morris, thinks or knows about Spiritualism; whether he studies and delights in metaphysics, or whether he believes in phenomenal Spiritualism, or indeed anything at all about the matter. All I have to do with, as a stranger to him, is to read his work and deal with the Mr. Morris as represented there, and this is his poet's soul, and this is the part of men which we all ought to consider much more than what we do.

Again I hear you say, "Yes, this is all very well, but a poet's soul is so dreadfully opposed to a man's body that it is most disheartening to find so often noble thought allied to such ignoble action, as is often known to be a true bill against many a lofty thinker; but, of course, though the reply to this is obvious, it would not be within the limits of my paper, so I once more go back to my subject, the soul-science in the *Epic of Hades*, a vision recorded by Mr. Morris; and let us see whether the ideas which it suggests to him do not ring with notes of highest wisdom, words heard by the spirit ear, echoes of thought, fragments of great principles, which, when toned down and pared and chipped to suit ordinary life, are really the bulwarks of our most notable thought.

His poem is divided into three books, "Tartarus," "Hades," and "Olympus," and he begins by describing himself in what is called a day-dream, but it was not one in which the vision is only enlarged sense, as that of most poets.

No force of fancy took
My thought to bloomy June, when all the land
Lay deep in crested grass,

He says, but

Rather I seemed to move
Thro' that weird land Hellenic fancy feigned
Beyond the fabled river and the bark
Of Charon; and forthwith on every side
Rose the thin throng of ghosts.

Here we clearly see that the poet soul had, to use a poet's expression, fled far away from the bloomy June and its crested grass of this earth, and time and space were no more, and the veil was withdrawn, and the vision open.

First comes the gloomy brow of Tantalus, the manifested idea of unsatisfied desire. He sighs :—

The undying worm of sense which frets and gnaws
The unsatisfied stained soul.

And yet desire
Pursues me still—sick impotent desire
Fiercer than that of earth.

We are ourselves
Our Heaven and Hell, the joy, the penalty,
The yearning, the fruition.

Then comes Phædra, "the dark, pale Queen, with passion in her eyes," still lowering Revenge, and she tells her tale of how "she shed the blood of him I loved," and then how—

Hating my life and cursing men and gods
I did myself to death, but even here
I find my punishment. Oh dreadful doom
Of souls like mine.

Nay, die I cannot.
I must endure and live. Death brings not peace
To the lost souls in Hell.

After this dark vision, and incarnation of the spirit of revenge and the penalties incurred by its indulgence, comes the terrible spectre of Sisyphus, the embodiment of craft and avarice, the man who sinned for love of sin, who "with all craft and guile and violence enriched" himself. He cries:—

The pain of mind
Is fiercer far than any bodily ill,
And both are mine—the pang of torture pain
Always recurring; and far worse, the pang
Of consciousness of black sins sinned in vain,
The doom of constant failure.

Then comes the vision of Vengeance incarnated in the form of Clytemnestra.

Bearing the brand of blood—a lithe dark form
And cruel eyes. A murderers in thought
And dreadful act.

She is the last of the dark visions of Tartarus, and she says, "It doth repent me not, I would 'twere yet to do." The poet here sees the spirits as they are in the place he calls Tartarus, the Avitchi of Esoteric Buddhism, where the unrepented souls live in unrepenting torture, seeing, knowing, and suffering the agonies of their sin, and yet as Clytemnestra says they "would 'twere yet to do."

This is that "state of ideal spiritual wickedness something akin to that of Lucifer so superbly described by Milton. Not many (happily) are there who can reach it—it is not given to the *hoi polloi* to reach the fatal grandeur and eminence of a Satan every day." This I quote from the chapter on Devachan in *Esoteric Buddhism*.

With this vision the veil is drawn, and the poet leaves "those dark and dreadful precincts" and—but oh! how can one alter one word or take one word from this noble poem; like a Grecian architect looking on the Parthenon, and seeing how there was not one stone too little, nor one too much, in that faultless structure, so too in attempting to condense this noble epic, one finds to touch it in any way is to mar the whole; so I must abandon my intention of further analysis; the only possible right way of approaching the poem is simply to read it word for word, and I maintain it is as true as any Bible of any nation, inasmuch as it records the vision of the seer and repeats the precepts of Eternal Wisdom. All I can do, therefore, in this short paper is to say that the poet now takes us from the awful and hopeless abodes of Tartarus to the dim lands of Hades, where the souls there speak less in torture and more of hope. They record their lives in a series of marvellous pictures, all in golden priceless words. First those of grief-stricken Marsyas, who narrated the story of his misplaced zeal and his desire without judgment, one who yearned, but could not understand, his was not the gift, and so he dared and died.

God-like 'tis
To climb upon the icy ledge and fall
Where other footsteps dare not.

Ah! it is true, but diviner knowledge teaches people to possess their souls in patience; the gift will come to all in time, *when due*. Still, the Marsyases of the world are not to be too heavily scourged, for,

Only suffering draws
The inner heart of song, and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul.

The next incarnation of a Marsyas will bring the patience which bears and learns, and then may come the joyful birth of the illuminated soul, who *remembers* having dared and failed, and suffering and waiting, and is now ready for the Master.

Next appears the sad maiden, Andromeda, who had also suffered and not learned, so pain was still her lot, and she dwelt in Hades, not amongst the memories of her "fair young growth" and "tranquil later joys," but only in that supreme moment when she, a willing victim, full of "the pride of sacrifice," and not in its humility, lay bound upon the "wild headland rock-based in the sea." The true martyr feels neither fear nor joy; his whole being is dead to emotion, because the higher self, the divine *Atma*, broods over and animates, and possesses the poor body, and fear or triumph are naught. But beautiful Andromeda was not prepared for her sacrifice, she suffered the penalty of having only high resolve, but the unprepared, unregenerate woman was not fitted for her self-imposed task, and fear, deadly fear, came upon her, and so, though she was saved, and with her all the people, still she had to bear her doom, and go through her self-imposed task until the expiation was achieved.

After pale Andromeda comes the beautiful Actæon, he who left his own hunting ground for those of "Dian's self," and though

Love with passing wing
Signed, "Beware," he heeded not and looked,
And Godhead met his gaze!
Through the mask
And thick disguise of sense, as through a wood,
Pierced to my life.

Neither can the unregenerate man see God and live. He who would search into the secrets of nature, as the alchemists tell us, must first set his own house in order, or else, as poor eager enamoured Actæon, he is left homeless.

And the sum
Of all his lower self pursuing him
... leap on him,

and he must fly for ever until he reaches death's gate.

And then here passes across the veil hiding that dim land, the form of fair Helen, the victim of, and the sufferer for, her own gifts. She, "the fairest woman that the poet's dream or artist hand has fashioned," prayed that others might not have her fate of over love. Her rich dower of love, but only on the sense plane, brought its own coin, and a surfeit of love and beauty leaves behind the poison of hate and horror, and so fair Helen, "so tired of loving and of love," loathed to live.

But it would make my paper too long if I were to touch on the visions of yearning Eurydice, and the silver-tongued Orpheus, self-scorning Deianira, those symbols of "patient suffering undeserved," the Laocoon, Narcissus, Medusa, Adonis, Persephone, Endymion, and Psyche, all the sad, but not awful visions in the grey cloudland of Hades. These all faded and were no more. Then streamed in the "light beyond the golden gates which separate Earth from Heaven." The poet soul felt "ineffable content"; he was in Olympus, and the shining forms of the Godhead were there, and all the "blessed shades"—

Heroic and Divine, as when in days
When Man was young, and Time, the vivid thought
Translated into Form, the unattained
Impossible Beauty of men's dreams.

There the lovely Artemis, the pure and perfect Aphrodite, the infinite perfection of the ideal thought; and here I admit that this poet's vision does not seem to be at one with that of other seers when they tell about the Aphrodite. He surely means not what he says, the foam-born Venus; but she who dwells on the mountain tops, the peerless Aphrodite of Cythera, which means the spiritual and celestial love—not that of the sea Venus, who enthralled the lower nature of man.

Then comes the noble Pallas Athene, the Virgin Queen of Wisdom, and then the Light of Heaven and Earth, the sun-god Apollo, "the golden link between High God and Man." He sings his celestial song, and with it the soul of the seer grows faint with too much sweetness; the soul is weak while in the body, and heavenly manna is life-sustaining, but it also may be death-giving, and so the glorious shades had pity, and "in a mist of grace they faded," and but one light in Heaven was left unseen, "Zeus, the prime Source and Sire of all the gods," and the poet asks his golden-winged guide Psyche why, "and she, bent low with down-cast eyes," she a goddess in Olympia, herself does reverence to the Sire of all," and says, "Nay, thou hast seen of Him all that thine eyes can bear." The poet has seen in those fair visions some forms of Him, some thoughts of Him, and it is not for the part to know the whole. Even in Olympus there is yet another Olympus, and who knows that when the realm of the Eternal Throne is reached, there is yet another glittering ridge, for neither can Eternity nor Infinity be known to man? So Zeus is unrevealed, only is given to man the awful effluence of His light, a formless ineffable Perfect, and thought is lost in a trance of life, and Psyche the guide falls prostrate, and her wings close over her face, and no more is given to mortal man, *and here it ends!*

Now what I would like to say about this most exquisite poem as regarding the aspect in which we Spiritualists, we students of soul-science, take it, is, that we are able to receive it differently from those readers by whom this soul-science is unstudied. To us, we feel it is not what would be understood as a fancy or fine flight of imagination, and of no moment among the real facts of thought, but a very proper thing to come from a poet's brain, for it is his business and vocation to use his brain differently from other people. He may tell as many fairy tales as he likes, the prettier they are, the better, that is all;

and if he puts in some "good ideas," so much the better. But we do not think it mere fancy; we believe that the awful beings in Tartarus, the suffering souls in Hades, and the joyful, jubilant throng in Olympus are no poet's dream, but that *they are*; and is it not surely a foretaste of Heaven to realise that the noblest thought man ever had or has, is. Sometimes on earth we taste a great touch of happiness, and that is when some joyful event we anticipated turns out to be still more joyful; but what will it be when we find that high imagined vision is true, that Apollo and Athene and the lovely Psyche are no dreams, but that our ideas of them are but the glimpses of their everlasting presence, to which at length we get a blessed entrance.

If people would only read such poems as the *Epic of Hades* with half the belief with which they will devour that most unreliable book, the pages of modern history, they would get much nearer truth, but the time has not yet come when the dreamer of dreams shall be told to tell his tales, because people want to mark, learn, and digest them. When they do, then the real education of man begins.

In the course of a brief discussion that succeeded, PROFESSOR CHAINEY remarked that the poet is the highest evolution of humanity, because he comes nearest to using the language of the soul. He is, from another point of view, the ecstatic saint who reproduces in symbolism the language of God. All inspired writing is of this order, though not all of the same degree: a translation of the utterance of the soul. Thus it is with Aryan literature, thus with the writings of the Hebrew Prophets. The language of all the sacred writings of both Old and New Testaments was symbolical, even to the meaning of the proper names. To really arrive at the inner meaning of these writings we need spiritual understanding and the faculty of interpretation.

MR. ALARIC A. WATTS said that poetry is an art or gift akin to that of interpretation. Living in a world in which most people see that only which surrounds them, we must dive below the surface unless we are to make of life a very poor thing indeed. It is essential to cultivate the quality of imagination, a quality to which no proper justice is usually done. Lack of it is fatal to all progress. Poets depend on it: so do men of science: otherwise discovery is practically impossible. Imagination, if a definition be required, is that faculty by which from that which we do see we realise that which we do not see with the eye of sense. Swedenborg brings this out. And in the interpretation of poetry, the higher the inspiration of the poet the greater the number of interpretations of which his writings are susceptible. Each may select his own: the danger lies in limitation. The gift is one that must be intuitive, belonging to each individual on his own plane. The true faculty of the poet is that of insight into all that is beautiful and good, true and pure.

The PRESIDENT, after remarking that an eminent man had once told him that his discoveries were all made by the scientific use of the imagination, invited the audience to pass a vote of thanks to Madame de Steiger, an invitation which was cordially responded to.

THE offices of the London Spiritualist Alliance will be closed, except for the transaction of necessary business, from Tuesday evening, 24th, till the following Monday morning. It is hoped that the officials may be as free as possible during the Christmas season, and that the New Year may find us all the better for a little rest.

MISS PARKER PEELE is well known among Spiritualists and to a large private circle for her great gift of healing. Her many friends will be grieved to learn that she has recently met with a very serious accident. A few days ago while on a professional visit to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Menteath, Rosemont, Springfield Park, Acton, her foot slipped on the frosty ground and she fell heavily, dislocating her shoulder and sustaining other injuries. She received every kindness and care from her friends at Rosemont, and her physician reports that she is doing favourably, but for some time she will be incapacitated for professional duties as well as from correspondence and from receiving visitors.

AN INQUIRY.

PART II.

By MRS. A. J. PENNY.

Les hommes ne veulent pas croire à une révélation, tant on s'y est mal pris pour les en convaincre.—St. MARTIN'S *Le Nouvel Homme*, p. 109.

In the perception of real, though impalpable beings, modern Christianity is so deficient, that even the want of that perception, or, at least, *recognition*, is denied by the majority of Christians. As a typical example of this, take the comment of a very intelligent writer in the *Spectator*. In a recent number (June 22nd, 1889) the attachment of Christianised negroes to old superstitious customs is accounted for by the shortness of time which has elapsed since these customs were all they knew of religious worship; and this remark follows, "The negro may be able to read and write, may be apparently a sincere Methodist, and yet what really touches him is not the piety he jabbars about, but some horrible incantation in the cane swamp." Most naturally. The negro is a medium by temperament, and his horrible incantation probably involves proof positive of the attraction newly-shed blood has for spirits; however low and malignant such spirits may be, their manifested presence would necessarily affect sensuous people far more than abstract truths; and supposing that a negro who knew experimentally what blood sacrifices can effect, was to hear from an English divine what Canon Liddon has lately said in one of his sermons, that the Levitical sacrificial rites could have had "no efficacy or meaning apart from the immense significance which Christ's death would flash back on them after a lapse of years," must he not feel sure that his old religion was better grounded on facts than the Christians?

Precisely the same line of feeling makes many English people enter séance-rooms now, with a sense of expectant awe, no longer usual in average church-goers. In a generation given to luxury and, as its result, to the dementia of materialism, the evidence of the senses will always overbear theoretic truth. Now, Spiritualism has convinced, and is convincing, more and more people of every class that unseen powers and personalities are in touch with the seen. Is it not, therefore, natural that a spiritual existence which can be demonstrated to the senses should impress the mind of contemporaries more than one only talked of and preached about? especially as no discrepancy between the two is found in the Bible, from which our preachers take all their burden of counsels, warnings and incitements. It tells throughout of a super-sensuous life becoming visible and audible—of just such phenomena derived from it on the earthly plane, which for scores of years our divines have peremptorily forbidden their disciples to inquire into, as dangerously delusive—and fully to clench safeguarding arguments—devilish also. Characteristics too often well deserved. But it ought to be unnecessary to recall the old saying about the *corruption* of the best things making the worst; and if the abuse of religious ceremony, the resultants of hypocrisy and self-deception, were taken to be their necessary consequence, the stress of that adage would at once be adduced in their defence. I only claim equal justice regarding unchartered communication between visible and invisible beings in the present day; and submit that our national Church is perilously crippled for the want of it. I submit that this *nexu*s between the Divine will and the mind of man was given to the Levitical priesthood; the Urim and Thummim for consultation in doubt, and the sacred fire kindled by no human instrumentality, to consume accepted sacrifices. In later ages the Jewish Church had the visions of seers as well as the predictions of prophets, and the withdrawal of these visions was felt as a punitive deprivation, being, no doubt, inevitable when grossness of external habits suppressed spiritual sensibility. We are often told that after the coming of Christ all such aids were superfluous because the Holy Spirit was given to His faithful followers; but manifold gifts of the Spirit no longer found in our Church, if at any time very exceptionally, were promised as proofs of its abiding presence with believers. Why are such proofs *wanting*? It surely witnesses to the honest courage of our clergy, that no attempt has been made since the Reformation to simulate evidence of powers as much unknown as *unexpected*. As to this, Protestants have been a little *below* as well as above suspicion, from their studied avoidance of any complicity with the spiritual world, not comprised in the idea of God and His grace, guardian angels, and tempting devils: any thought of a Purgatory is shocking to a

"decided" Protestant : souls must have all that can ever be done for them done *here*, or not at all. While recognising a very respectable origin for this reactionary attitude of mind, one would fain press home the inquiry, seeing that neither the mode of communicating with a higher world, prescribed in the Old Testament, nor the *visible* gifts of the spirit predicted in the New, exist, or for centuries have been known in our Church must there not be some obstruction in the ruling minds of that Church which could be, and ought to be, removed? Again and again we are referred by teachers in the pulpit to the "old paths for safer walking than in those of modern trend," and when we look back to those traced for the Church of Christ by St. Paul, we find (1 Cor. xii. 28) "God hath set in the Church," besides apostles, prophets, helps, and governments, "*miracles, gifts of healing, diversities of tongues.*" Is it then profane or presumptuous to ask *why* are these so conspicuously absent? and further, whether that unbelief in "wonderful works" which we read, did restrain the power of the Saviour in some places, has not in our country begun with the priests when they made reason their guide and sworn adhesion to ancient theological doctrines, a *sine quâ non* for the cure of human souls?

I strongly feel how easy and ignoble it is to "throw stones" at superior heights (be those what they may); and it is not from ingratitude to the great benefactors of our country, who by continuous service keep alive in it memory of the presence and laws of God, that I notice thus what seems to make the result of their efforts so sadly disproportioned to their zeal. But it is from an earnest desire that those who devote themselves to the cure of souls should know more of the laws of spiritual action than they do. This knowledge can be gained without any attendance at séances; multitudes of books written in different quarters of the globe supply it, and the agreement of evidence in these books is as striking as their corroboration of statements made by Swedenborg, more than a century ago, but virtually buried in his unread depths of revealed truth.

When once it is believed that this Divine gift did not end with the Book of Revelations in our Bible, and that holy men in every age have been used as mediums for the Holy Ghost, our clergy will study writings long reprobated and despised, and learn more of the "deep things of God" than theology ever taught, or reason could ever apprehend. Better still for them and for us, if such study leads them to listen more intently for "the voice which cometh out of the essence, and becometh loud in the spirit."* But to hear that voice, teaching of, more than immediate duty, is not given to all; only, I imagine, to those who have received the *baptism of fire*. This no Bishop can confer, and no taking of *holy orders* will necessarily include.

ATTESTED CASES OF HEALING DISEASE.

Mr. Milner Stephen, F.G.S., F.R.S. (Aus.), requests us to give insertion to the following attested testimonials to his power as a healer of pain and disease:—

TOTAL BLINDNESS OF ONE EYE.

George Wheway, aged ten years, was born with diseased eyes; and the left having been operated upon, "when a very small child," became *totally blind*; and the sight of the right eye (for which he was using magnifying spectacles) was "nearly gone, and the eye painful."

Mrs. P. S., the benevolent widow of a clergyman residing at Leamington, sent the boy under the charge of a trusted manservant (John Malins) to Mr. Milner Stephen on March 6th last, who decided to use his healing powers upon both eyes; and at once breathed on the left eye. The boy then covered the right eye, and immediately said "he saw the light." After a second breathing, he said "he saw everything"; and at once *with that eye only* he read some letters an inch high.

On the second treatment (March 8th) he read easily with both eyes *The Emperor Frederick's Life*; and as both eyes were so wonderfully improved, he could no longer use his spectacles, and he gave them to Mr. M. Stephen.

The next day (March 9th), the boy read, *with the left eye only*, in the *Baby's First Book*, words *only a quarter-inch high*, to the Duke of Norfolk, whom Mr. M. Stephen had invited to come to his rooms to witness the effect of the treatment.

On March 16th (the tenth day) George Wheway returned to Leamington, still in charge of Mr. Malins, to Mrs. P. S., "with his eyes improving daily"; and on October 21st last, that

lady wrote to Mr. Milner Stephen: "I saw him a few days since, and his sight improves and gets stronger, so that he goes regularly to school; and can read and write with comfort; in fact all who see him are astonished!"

(Signed) Z. V. BRODERICK, Sec.

[The foregoing statement is quite correct, so far as we are individually referred to, and are capable of certifying. Leamington.

November 6th, 1889.

(Signed)

E. PALMER SMITH.

JOHN MALINS.

G. WHEWAY.

DEAF AND DUMB.

56, Grafton-road, Tottenham Court-road.

June 18th, 1889.

I must write to thank you most heartily for the most wonderful cure you have effected, in giving my son George, now nearly twelve years old, his hearing.

He was born deaf and dumb, and has been examined by some of the most clever doctors of the day; and we have been told that there was no cure for him. He has been five years at a deaf and dumb school.

I took him to your rooms on April 9th last; and in the presence of the Duke of Manchester you treated him, and his hearing was immediately restored, so that he can now hear a delicate watch tick at a distance of 84in.; and I am very happy to say he can hear quite distinctly every ordinary sound.

Either of us will be only too pleased to testify to anyone the truth of this statement. And we are truly grateful for all your generous services, and thankful to God for the restoration of our son's hearing.

(Signed)

GEORGE BAKER, Police Sergeant.

HARRIET BAKER.

[MEMORANDUM.—A younger brother is teaching him to talk, and he is making fair progress.—G.M.S.]

CANCER OF THE TONGUE.

63, The Grove, Camberwell,

March 24th, 1889.

When I came to you, in December last, at the desire of Mr. Stapley, I had really not the slightest hope that you could cure me. I had been told that my complaint was *cancer of the tongue*; and had been treated for that disease, and I was in such a low depressed state that life seemed a burden.

To my surprise, after a few visits, when you breathed on my tongue [and using magnetised water.—G. M. S.] I began to improve; and gradually my tongue became better, so that I could eat without discomfort. Now I am a wonder to all my friends, as I have not only gained flesh, but look and feel better than even I did before my illness.

Mr. Stapley (City Councillor), of Norfolk House, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C., will not only confirm this statement, but will, I know, be glad to answer any inquiries respecting this wonderful cure!

(Signed) JOHN CHITTOE.

Witness: JAMES J. HATCH

(Next door neighbour).

DEAFNESS OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

74, Rylston-road, Fulham, S.W.

June 12th, 1889.

Accept my grateful thanks for restoring my hearing, gratuitously, after fifteen years of deafness from scarlet fever.

(Signed) HARRIET M. JONES.

Witness: MRS. H. JONES, (her mother).

[Cured in two visits.—G.M.S.]

STIFF JOINTS—RHEUMATIC GOUT.

2, Sedan-villas, Elm-road, Kingston,

March 27th, 1889.

I write you, with heartfelt gratitude, to say that, through your treatment, I am now enabled to go to work, having been suffering three years from a stiff instep, and for ten months I could not use my hand. These were brought on by rheumatic gout.

I had immediate relief in my foot (March 5th), and was enabled to walk home without my supports (much to the surprise

* BOEHME'S *Three Principles*, chap. xiii. par. 24.

of everybody). Strength has now returned to my hand. The recovery is simply marvellous.

You will also be glad to know that my wife (who had been ordered by two doctors to undergo an operation for cancer in the breast) has entirely recovered, through your wonderful power.

We cannot find words to express our gratitude.

(Signed) J. C. MERRYWEATHER.

(N.B.—Wife sent to me by Editor of *Spectator*.—G.M.S.)

(J.C.M. called to-day, December 7th, perfectly recovered.—G. M. S.)

JOTTINGS.

Our readers will hardly expect us to do more than notice in the briefest manner the announcement that Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, having drawn some attention by her falsehoods about Spiritualism, has drawn a little further attention to herself by revoking them. Melancholy exhibition, but hurtful only to herself and those who tempted her.

Psychic Studies (December) is chiefly devoted to the "Uses and Abuses of Mediumship." Some excellent things are said in a short space, principally in enforcing the advice we have repeatedly given as to care and caution in developing mediumship. We cannot quote, but we recommend a perusal, and, to that end, send the little publication to our office for the benefit of members of the London Spiritualist Alliance.

Mr. W. H. Wheeler is about to publish in the New Year *The Spiritualists' Lyceum Magazine*, at the price of one penny a month. It will be issued from 69, Queen's-road, Oldham, and will aim at providing a magazine interesting to all engaged in Lyceum work. Special terms for Lyceums and societies.

"The Natural Living Society"—what a title!—has been addressed by one Mr. Curtice. He believes in light clothing, vegetarian diet, abstinence from doctors and patent medicines—what is "abstinence from a doctor"?—the adoption of simple and primitive habits—such as obtained, we suppose, with the noble savage as he ranged the forests in his suit of woad, and such things. Three hundred members too.

The November *Harbinger of Light* contains an onslaught upon our treatment of criminals—the preponderance in our prisons of the penal over the reformatory element. Dr. Mueller gives an abstract from the *Sphinx*, noticing particularly articles by Drs. Carl du Prel and Hübner Schleiden. Mr. E. A. Odie communicates an address on Laurence Oliphant's *Scientific Religion*, the idea of God in which he contrasts disadvantageously with that set forth in *Spirit Teachings*.

The *Harbinger* adds :—

We are pleased to observe in "LIGHT," a resumption of the publication of the admirable *Spirit Teachings* received several years since through the hand of "M.A. (Oxon.)" The present series is on "The Harmony of Religions," and the section under consideration is "Brahminism and Buddhism"; which, in view of the prominence of Theosophy and its intimate connection with the religions of the Orient, is at the present time peculiarly interesting.

Now in its twentieth year, the *Harbinger* makes its first appeal for pecuniary support. We trust it will receive it. No journal that appeals to a small, though it be an increasing class, can dispense with a subscription list.

What the *Harbinger of Light* asks for, however, is merely an increased effort to circulate the paper, the price of which is 5s. 6d. a year. If we did not know how difficult it is to stir Spiritualists, we should expect that to be easily done.

We ought not to miss a curious sentence in a letter of a Mahdist General to Emin Pasha. Writing of the Mahdi's credentials, he adds: "God showed him His angels and saints from the time of Adam to this day, and all the spirits and devils." One can readily imagine that a psychically gifted being might delude his ignorant followers into regarding him as a Divine messenger.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (December 10th) contains an account of Professor Chainey's South Place Institute lecture on "Revelation Revealed." Its remarks and slight summary of the Pro-

fessor's religious methods of mystical and sublimated Theosophy are interesting.

Professor Chainey has strong affinities in his beliefs and methods with the late Dr. Anna Kingsford: none probably with the writer of a tractate intended to show that the 6,000 years from Adam ends in 1894, and that the Millennium then begins. Mr. Chainey, however, has faith in the future of the world, which, he believes, will be great and happy.

Mr. Stanley has some of Gordon's faith in a controlling power outside of himself. He writes :—

A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will; but nevertheless guided and protected us. What can you make of this, for instance? On August 17th, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. Take the same month and the same date in 1888, a year later, August 17th. I listen horror-struck to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men, smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured, and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot barely four weeks before, is simply sickening. On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness, and sorrow, breathes his last. On the next day, August 18th, 600 miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer Mr. Jephson are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately relent, and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists. Having saved Mr. Bonney out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at the Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom.

And again :—

Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavoured to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm. My faith that the purity of my motives deserved success was firm; but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands. Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet every one that started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures is here to-day safe, sound, and well. This is not due to me. Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like the others, but the others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Mr. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me.

Beneath the cross now erected by his widow over the grave of E. L. Blanchard have been carved the following lines :—

Rest thou in peace, one we have loved on earth;
By taste a student, and by nature mild;
The star of friendship, and the soul of mirth;
A man in patience, and in heart a child.

The lines are signed by the well-known initials "C. S."

A beautiful thought beautifully put! The poet is Gerald Massey :—

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb, like corals, grave by grave,
That pave a pathway sunward;
We are driven back, for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

Mr. Page Hopps's *Little Wicket Gate* is a very pretty little volume containing eighteen sermons for children; all short (about a couple of pages in length), direct in thought, clear in language, and well adapted to the purpose for which they are sent through "the little wicket-gate."

Beecham sends out a *Christmas Annual* containing, 100 pages of tales, specially written by, amongst others, Joseph Hatton, Florence Marryat, George Manville Fenn, Jas. Greenwood, Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart., and Howard Paul. A wonderful pennyworth.

Readers hardly realise what is involved in the production of such a magazine, the first issue of which is 400,000. The weight of paper used in it is 150,000lb., equivalent to 70 tons. If cut into strips an inch wide it would reach nearly round the globe. Above a million copies have been printed, but the figures given above refer only to the first edition.

The *New York Sunday Mercury* has recently told its readers of the successful use of the Edison phonograph as a means of communication between the world of spirit and the world of matter. The experiments were conducted in the rooms of Mrs. E. M. Williams, West 46th Street, N.Y. It is alleged that various materialised forms spoke into the phonograph, and that their utterances were reproduced with perfect success and variety of intonation. The *Mercury* simply records the alleged fact and awaits eventualities. We do the same, seeing no reason why the voices we have heard from these forms should not register themselves as readily as our own.

Hudson Tuttle records in an article to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* a case of prediction that is new to us. The authority given is S. Bigelow, and Tuttle vouches for the record. A resident in Cleveland, Ohio, was so impressed with the knowledge that the assassination of Garfield was impending, and so oppressed with the weight of that knowledge, that he felt he must seek an interview with the President. He was but a poor man, and hesitated. At this time Garfield lived in his quiet Mentor home; and thither the seer made his way. Garfield met him in person, not through one of his secretaries, and heard his tale. As a result, Garfield's bed was moved from his bedroom on the ground floor to another place. The plan, then ripe for execution, was thus prevented for the time. Afterwards another vision came, and the seer was prevented from going with it to Washington. Thus, unwarned, Garfield met his death.

Quite the cleverest, brightest, and most original of Christmas numbers is that of the *Detroit Free Press*. "From Whose Bourn," by Luke Sharp. The idea of a perplexing murder with any number of clues and counter-clues finally unravelled (and only on the last page) by detectives, in the body and out of the body, is unique. The interest of the story is singularly kept up; the style is crisp and clear; and the illustrations are very graceful and beautifully printed in ten colours. We congratulate Luke Sharp, whose acquaintance with our subject must be extensive and accurate.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated, will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions.]

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—The monthly meeting will be held in connection with the Kensington and Notting Hill Association, at Zephyr Hall, on Sunday evening, January 5th. Addresses by prominent Spiritualists. As a social tea will precede the service, it is hoped there will be a large muster of Metropolitan Spiritualists to inaugurate another year's work.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 79, Bird-in-Bush-road, Peckham.

MARYLEBONE LYCEUM, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—The Lyceum on Sunday last was conducted throughout by Mr. Lewis, assistant conductor. Three groups were formed; recitations were given by Julia Clayson, Lizzie Mason, and Mary J. White. The Lyceum tea and festive party will be held on Saturday, December 28th, tea at four p.m. A few tickets for friends at 9d. each, which must be obtained beforehand as only a few will be issued.—C. WHITE.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Last Sunday morning, in the absence of Captain Pfoundes, addresses were given by Mrs. Bell, Mr. J. Humphries, and Mr. Veitch. At the evening service Messrs. R. Wortley and Sheldon Shadwick occupied the platform. On Sunday next Mr. W. E. Walker, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. He will also be with us on Monday, at 8.15 p.m., when he will give clairvoyant descriptions. All friends are welcomed. On Saturday, December 21st, Mrs. Watkinson (for members only). December 28th, Mr. A. Savage. The half-yearly general meeting for the election of officers and other important business will be held on Monday, December 30th, at 8.15 p.m., when it is hoped all our members will make an effort to be present.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 79, Bird-in-Bush-road, Peckham.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, 253, PENTONVILLE-ROAD (ENTRANCE, KING'S CROSS-ROAD).—Last Sunday morning Mr. J. Bowles Daly, LL.D., read an able paper on "Clairvoyance." However novel it might sound in the present materialistic age, the power of "clear-seeing" was as old as civilisation. The great seers of ancient and modern times were enumerated, with instances of their clairvoyance. In the evening Captain Pfoundes lectured upon Buddhism. Buddhism contained all that was good in Christianity, and was without its defects. The missionary should devote his efforts to home work, where he would find his own people as much in need of teaching as Buddhists. Considerable interest was aroused, and several

questions, chiefly upon the future life, were answered. Next Sunday, at 6.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance medium, will be with us.—S. T. RODGER.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, SILVER-STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE, W.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Pursey read some answers to questions put to his wife's guides, the result of a paper from them on "Spiritual Gifts." Several strangers were present and great interest was manifested. In the evening Mr. J. A. Butcher, who was to have occupied the platform, did not attend, but an interesting impromptu address was given by Mr. W. O. Drake, upon three questions which arose at the previous Sunday evening's meeting. Next Sunday morning at 11 a.m., and evening at 7 p.m., we hope to have Mr. Towns (and others). Choir practices Friday evening at 6.8, Cornwall-road, 8 p.m.; help required. Tea meeting on January 5th next, instead of December 29th; tickets: adults, 9d.; and children, 6d. each, may be had of any of the Committee, or of the Secretary. The annual meeting will be held Tuesday evening, 31st inst. Business—election of the New Year's Committee, review of accounts for the past year, and consideration of proposals and plans for future work. All are welcome. A Lyceum is being organised for the New Year, and as help is required, the Committee ask the kind co-operation of members and friends interested. Speakers, &c., for January, 1890:—5th, Federation, Mrs. Bell, Mr. Butcher, Mrs. Emma, and Mr. Long; 12th, Mr. J. Veitch; 19th, Mr. J. A. Butcher; 26th, Mr. J. Hopcroft.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec., 68, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

Journal of the Society for Psychical Research. December.

Lucasta: Parables and Poems. By A. E. WAITE. (J. Burns.)

VARIOUS magazines, annuals, &c., all containing tales, the motive of which is more or less connected with Spiritualism and the Occult. (Space forbids detailed notice; but the general agreement in the employment of this subject is striking.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

It seems desirable to make clear that any facts previously published in transactions of any Society or in any journal cannot be printed as original matter in "LIGHT," and should not be sent to us except for our private information. All records sent, moreover, must be accredited by the name and address of the sender, and will gain in value by the attestation of witnesses.

The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in reposting any MS.

He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

A WORKING MAN.—Very sorry that we cannot print what you send. We inserted a sample, and that is all we can find room for.

S. F.—Thank you. We are glad to hear from you, and to receive what you are so good as to send. Compliments of the Christmas season.

A. H.—We have printed as much on a subject not interesting to the mass of our readers as can be reasonably expected of us. Further comments must appear elsewhere.

T. H.—Theosophy at Bedford Park is getting rather severe in demands on space. We must hold your second letter over at any rate. We print one, and trust that now the subject may drop.

ALL varieties of formalism have one quality in common, that the strength they give to religion is not vital, it is only social and external. They have a weakening effect upon faith even in the faithful. Formalism lowers the temperature, not on one side only, but all round it, like an iceberg floating in the sea. Its disapproval of dissent is accompanied by a chilling want of sympathy with religious earnestness and zeal. Formalism is to faith what etiquette is to affection; it is merely taste, and it is quite as much a violation of taste to have the motives of a really genuine, pious Christian, and avow them (in religious language "to confess Christ before men"), as it is to abstain from customary ceremonies. In short, formalism is the world with its usages substituting itself for Jesus and His teaching; it is "good form" set up in the place of enthusiastic loyalty and uncalculating self-devotion.—P. HAMERTON's *French and English*, p. 177.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

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

[The books herein enumerated represent the chief forms of thought respecting Spiritualism and kindred subjects. In recommending them for perusal I do not necessarily endorse the views set forth in them, as is apparent, indeed, from the obvious fact that these are heterogeneous and in some cases inconsistent. I say only that it is well to hear all sides, and that these books present the opinions of thoughtful persons in various times on various phases of a great subject. It is needless to add that I have attempted no classification. The order in which works are mentioned is purely arbitrary, nor do I pretend that my list is complete.]

"M.A. (OXON.)"

- Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World.* R. DALE OWEN, 1860.
The Debateable Land between this World and the Next. R. DALE OWEN, 1871.
 [Two charming books, many years old, but always fresh and new.]
Spiritualism in the Light of Modern Science. W. CROOKES, F.R.S.
 [Science on Spiritualism: facts and no theories.]
Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. A. RUSSEL WALLACE.
A Defence of Spiritualism. A. RUSSEL WALLACE.
 [Able and very cogent treatises, suitable for those who are making acquaintance with Spiritualism.]
Experimental Investigations of the Spiritual Manifestations. PROFESSOR HARR.
 [One of the earliest scientific works by the celebrated American Chemist.]
On Spiritualism. JUDGE EDMONDS and DEXTER.
 [A record of personal experience. 2 Vols.]
Zöllner's Transcendental Physics. Translated by C. C. MASSEY.
 [A record of personal investigation adapted to the scientific mind that is not afraid of metaphysics.]
From Matter to Spirit. MRS. DE MORGAN.
 [An early work strongly to be recommended: with a most valuable preface by the late PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.]
Planchette. EPES SARGENT.
 [Perhaps the best book to be read first of all by a student.]
Proof Palpable of Immortality. EPES SARGENT.
 [On Materialisations. Perhaps a little out of date.]
Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. EPES SARGENT.
 [Sargent's last and most elaborate work. All he says is worth attention.]
Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism. N. B. WOLFE, M.D.
 [A record of phenomena of a very startling character, chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. Hollis Billing.]
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The Zoist. March, 1843, to January, 1850.
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| <i>The Soul</i> (Boston). | <i>World's Advance Thought</i> (Portland, Oregon). |
| <i>The Sphinx</i> (Leipzig). | |

There are also some dozens of less important journals.