Light:

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"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—*Paul.* "LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—*Goethe*

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Acting Editor.

In all cases involving decision between two contending elements the universalist philosopher is in the difficulty, that, seeing truth and error on both sides, he is often at a loss how to make any practical determination between the two. At Eastbourne lately has been raging a struggle between the constituted authorities and that self-constituted subvertor of all things to suit its own interests—the Salvation Army. In such a matter as this, involving that most troublesome of all questions the rights of an earnest minority against a majority, what principles can be suggested by which a decision may be formed?

While readily conceding to everyone the right to combine for organising a particular method of religious worship it ought surely to be added: "So long as in the performance of it they do not annoy those who are not in agreement with them." This I would interpret to mean that the fact of any particular service being held in any room, which those who disapprove of it need not enter, should not count as a grievance. No one has a right to insist that other persons shall not worship as they think fit, but he surely has a right to demand that he himself shall be free to remain apart, and not be forced to take cognisance thereof.

Just here, I think, the line is to be drawn. Life would become unbearable if every nostrum-monger were allowed to force his notions upon those who detested them. It would be equally unbearable if the nostrum-monger were not allowed freedom to practise his theories and preach his doctrine in private. All reasonable persons will, I apprehend, regret the don't-care-a-rap-for-you sort of spirit which the Salvation Army is showing. If they go anywhere and find a regulation, or bye law, which they don't like, down it must go; or else the cry is raised that the Army is being oppressed and "free course" being denied to "the Gospel." This sort of freedom, "to permit me to prevent you" from objecting to my doing what I like, whether it annoys you or not, is not a matter that can be safely conceded to persons who believe in the devil, for they at once conclude that every one who does not agree with them, and approve of all that they do, is a godless sinner, who may be treated without the smallest consideration.

In short, rights of propaganda will have to be more carefully defined. If anyone is to be free to come to me and say, "You are not convinced of the truth, and I will not allow you one moment's peace until you are," all the sweetness, brotherliness, and good humour of life will be killed. There is no more horrible and dangerous error anywhere than this pestilential notion that I must never rest till I have fitted everyone into the Procrustean bed of my own idea of what is true. It is a blasphemy against God, a high treason against humanity. And yet where it exists it exists as a lunacy against which the sane portion of humanity have no redress. It would be just as great a sin on the other side to use force to prevent the individuals suffering from it from working out their cure in the only way possible; *i.e.*, by practising it with all the earnestness of misdirected zeal, that is convinced that a spirit of hostility to all men who differ is conducive to the glory of God.

Of course, while deeply regretting the spirit and action of the Salvation Army, it does not follow that we are to approve of opposing them by force, especially the force of an irresponsible mob. Indeed, the Army and the mob are equally a problem to the discerning mind, who sees how mistaken both are, and feels the difficulty of the practical question—how can both of them be enlightened? There can be no doubt that the Army does challenge, and distinctly intend to challenge, such opposition by its provoking self-assertiveness. In the present juncture it is the duty of Eastbourne to firmly maintain the law against both the Salvationists and their opponents. The Salvationists undoubtedly began it first and are the most to blame. They must be taught that Englishmen will not permit them to coerce the majority, simply because they claim to do it from a zeal for God, which is not according to knowledge. In their own halls they may be free to blaspheme the love of the All Father to their hearts' content; but they must be taught that this sort of thing, "'Ell and Damnation," may not be roared aloud in the streets, to the great annoyance of all reasonable persons, and the exultation of the enemies of religion; who see clearly enough that the only effect of this is to bring shame on God's true and all-good Gospel, and alienate many earnest souls therefrom.

As a contrast to the blatent religious jingoism of the Salvationists I reproduce the following extract from the "Pall Mall," of October 28th, giving the sentiments of one whom the Salvation Army would regard as a blinded and lost heathen soul. Prince Damrong of Siam thus expressed himself as to his religious faith:—

Yes, I am a Buddhist, and so also is the King. He and I profess the modern Buddhism. When you go and travel in the desert you must always take a bottle of water with you. If you find water in the desert, all very well, but if you find none you have your bottle of water. So is it with our creed. We should do as much good as possible, we should do our best. If there is no future, we have in this case in this life the conviction of having done no harm, and, if there is a future, the good we have done will follow us in the next life. There is no creed which we attack or condemn. I can believe in Christ as much as any Christian, as far as His moral teaching goes, and I even confess that I am a great admirer of Christ, for I am a great admirer of the moral principles which He inculcated. You ask me whether we have any missionaries. Yes, we have many; I may even say more missionaries than converts. To my mind they proceed in the contrary fashion to what they ought. They begin by preaching that all that we know and all our belief in

Buddhism is entirely false, and that there is only one truth—the faith which they propose to us. Then, after having said this, they establish schools and do some good things. They ought to act in the opposite way—to do good things, to open schools, and then to reconcile Buddhism and Christianity, teaching what is good in one without condemning what is good in the other.

If this is heathenism, I wish some of our Christian missionaries could be inoculated with a little of it. For the past three centuries, since the Reformation, the struggle among Christians has been not for liberty to teach and preach, but for liberty to coerce. Ostensibly indeed it was the former; but to be withheld from using the strongest coercive measures to enforce conformity in practice and belief was thought to be a condition of intolerable and iniquitous repression. Surely the time past has sufficed for having tried that method, and, in these days of clearer discernment, aggressive propagandism should be understood to be contrary to a true religious spirit.

And yet all that we can say is no use. There must, there will always be, persons in different stages of development. Some open to Divine perception; others judging only after the sight of their eyes. Nothing can be done to stop it, and the only thing to be said about the matter is to reiterate the doctrine of St. Paul: "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." It is very hard to the dearly loved self to admit it, and yet it must be admitted, that in the case of the Salvation Army no repressive measures can avail anything. All that we could do would be but to prevent by force the disease from showing itself in the form it first chanced to take. But that is not curing it, and it would only break out in some other form, probably more disastrous and objectionable. We must tolerate it. Possibly the best thing we could do would be to do all we could to encourage it. It would more readily die of absence of opposition than of all the force we could bring to bear against it.

The account of Thomas Lake Harris, published in another column, was sent to me by a reader of "LIGHT" in America, to whom I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for his appreciative and kindly letter, and for the interesting cuttings from St. Louis papers that it contained; some others of which I may make use of in a future number.

There is a very able and interesting article on "Theosophy and Theology" in the "Independent" of October 30th. The position of the writer is not quite mine, but I gladly admit that I have seen few attempted refutations of Theosophy from the standpoint of orthodox theology that bear such a stamp of ability and fairness. The writer defines Theosophy as "revealed metaphysics" and theology as "revealed salvation." He then proceeds to define the two sides from which the thought of God may be approached, as follows:—

> Our desire for the knowledge of God may assume one of two forms. We may long to know the nature of His being, His interior relations to Himself, the constitution of Godhead, its demeanour in a premundane eternity, and the like. Or we may crave to know His relation to us, His disposition and attitude towards us, what destiny He has stamped upon us, what He has done for us, and what He is going to do with us. These two desires of ours are very different in their nature. The former is for our satisfaction, the latter is for our very salvation. The former line of inquiry is causal, and goes back to the source; the second is teleological, and goes forward to our destiny. The former is met by many theologies of the Trinity and the Pre-existence of Christ; the latter by the theologies of redemption and the Exaltation of Christ. The one it is not easy to answer except by propositions in a system; the other is answered by a person in an act.

He then attempts to show that the historic revelation of God's purposes in Christ far outweighs in practical value the metaphysical perception about the ontological side of the problem of God; that is to say, that to know what God wills and purposes as revealed in Christ is more important to man than to know what God is in Himself, and that the Atonement is a more practical doctrine than that of the Trinity. And yet he does not absolutely deny a relation between the two:—

> There is, indeed, an answer, both in philosophy and in the thoughts which underlie our experience of faith to those inquiries into the nature of God's Being as distinct from His treatment of us. We crave, and may hope to approximate to, a knowledge of God corresponding in unity of conception to His own perfect unity. There is not a Great Wall of China built between what God is and what He loves and wills.

All this is admirably expressed; and I am far from denying that there is not a sense in which much that the writer urges in what follows is not true: "But it is the study of what He has historically declared He wills that is the root of theology proper. The region lying between that and philosophy is better fitted, perhaps, with the hybrid name of Theosophy. It is human, or, it may be, Christian wisdom directed upon God. It is man seeking God rather than God seeking man. It is the science of what is involved, more than directly expressed, in God's historic Self-revelation."

Indeed, it is rather in what he denies than in what he affirms that I feel disposed to differ at all from this writer. I think it is a mistake to try to exalt either side above the other. There are certain ways of stating the ontological questions which are indeed of speculative rather than of practical interest, but the great question of the Being of God in the way in which it expresses and defines the necessary Being of man, and explains and justifies the historic revelation of God in Christ as One Who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," cannot but be a matter of most pressing practical moment. If we cannot see that God is the universal unmanifest Spirit out of Whom all things visible and invisible have come, from Christ the fully conscious and (after His resurrection) perfected Son to the seeming dead matter that appeals only to our outmost sense of touch, we shall fail to understand the Theosophic significance of this splendid affirmation. It is widely misunderstood by many simply from an absence of a Theosophic apprehension of the ontological problem.

Therefore let us not discourage the study of Divine ontology. However it be attained, the great point is to attain a perception of these truths; that God manifested is good and loving, that He is our Father, and that, therefore, to be as He is, good and loving, is our nature, therefore it is our duty to strive so to be, and our satisfaction to know that we must one day come so to be, because there is nothing else for us to come to but God Who is our Father, and goodness which is our nature.

Theosophy exists for the purpose of checking and manifesting the errors of the pure theologian, who is apt to be so engrossed in the invention of Theodicies (attempts to vindicate the justice of God in his dealings with man) and enunciation of schemes of salvation, that he quite fails to see that salvation is no "*scheme*," but an absolutely necessary, unhinderable evolution; and that a God who is Love is far more what man needs than a God who is just in the forensic sense.

WE never know through what Divine mysteries of compensation the great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan; but the words, "God is love," ought to contain to every doubting soul the solution of all things. —MRS. MULOCK CRAIK.

NOTES FROM MY SPIRITUAL DIARY.

By F. J. Theobald.

XIV.

[My friend, W. S., asked, "Has a spirit a second body inside its spirit body, as the spirit body is within our actual body?

If this is not the case, how does a spirit change to a higher sphere?" In reply came:—]

. . . . Much that W. S. yearns to know is beyond the firm grasp of the spirit whilst enshackled in the body. The subject he now dwells upon requires the removal of the body, and the consequent up-rising of the inner germ of latent spirit growth to the *outer*-inner before it can be truly revealed.

But in as few and clear words as I can get through this medium, I will picture it to him. There is

A Fourth Dimension.

That is not the right word, but it's what I can get the medium to write. As it is, take it.

The fourth dimension in the human being is an inner and innermost essence of Divine spirit-life. Whilst in the body this is so latent as to be scarcely recognised; certainly not recognised in the finite mind.

It is the interior of the spirit.

When the body is cast aside, the very act of doing so brings to the front the soul—or nerve body—the outer covering of the spirit, which, whilst in the body, is but the second clothing—the spirit itself being the third. The Trinity in earth-life, *i.e.*, body to the outer, soul to the second, and the spirit to the inner, or third. Thus the casting aside of the body brings to the outer, the Divine—as distinct from the body. Then comes in place of the soul, the "spirit" more to the centre. But to keep up the complete Trinity, (which is a necessity, but which I cannot explain in your language) then springs up the latent germ of "innermost" spirit, and this comes to supply the place of the spirit.

But all this is, of necessity, too deep to grasp properly. You think you know, but you do not; for the things of the spirit can only be grasped, or revealed to the spirit, when in the spiritual surroundings of the spirit world.

Now, to an evil, undeveloped spirit, this rising up, or expansion, of the essential spirit does not come, for the simple reason that for the development of the deep spirit of God all evil must be cast aside, and until the Christ-sphere is to the full grasped, and has made you at one, there is a misformed, a really undeveloped, dwarfed spirit.

The lower undeveloped spheres are peopled with millions of such lop-sided creatures! Then do not wonder at the strange mixture of teachings which come from the spirit-land.

Where there is a real longing for all good, this latent germ soon springs up, working marvellous good, and development by its very revealment. For the development of this innermost germ is the development of the Divine—degrees within degrees; stages by which the spirit walks on to ever-growing perfection, and at-one-ness with the Great Origin of All, Whom you call God, the Father.

This, the growing up within the frame of the human being—the growing to-the-Outer—the germ of perfect, pure, true Love, which in itself is as a Well-Spring from the God—brings about such glorious results as can never be attained until the prison of body being cast off, this inner of the innermost is brought to blossom—even as from the tiny seed of the flower up-springs the lovely form.

[This teaching about the so-called fourth dimension was to me entirely new, and freshly suggestive. I showed it to a friend who said that it was similar to spirit communications which had been given to the seeress of Prevorst, and several other mediums some time ago. On the evening of the day on which I had the message, being present at a séance, where a young relative was the medium, I endeavoured to get some confirmation of this, to me, very singular communication. I found it difficult to put the question into a simple form; very little could be said by the spirits through such a young medium, but the one most definite reply given was abundantly confirmatory, being just the few words, "They say it all springs up from the innermost to the outer."

No one present knew anything about the communication given through my writing mediumship on the subject. Once more I had a slight reference to this fourth dimension, whilst receiving a few words for a friend who was very much out of health. I will copy the extract which explains itself:—]

Be sure her loving mother is much concerned, for she wishes her to toil on for many reasons, whilst she also, like many others, will rejoice to receive her here. But no one should come before their time. And many do, for all those whose lives have been in any way overwrought, and who have, as it were, sacrificed themselves to a mistaken ideal, will have to go on from the point they leave the body, and are often not so high in the spiritual spheres as if their lives whilst on earth had been more wisely regulated. (In reply to a rapid mental query came) "Yes, F. J. T., I see! and it is very, very difficult to put the truth in proper language. I know (as you were thinking) that we all go direct to the sphere with which we have been living in harmony and in communion.

"But there is high value in the training whilst in the body, and it must be carried to a certain point in the body, before the fourth dimensional germ of spirit life, of which you have been told lately, is ready to come forth and take its best place in the spiritual plane."

[A short time ago I received a communication from D. M., in which, in connection with the mysteries of the spirit-life, he used the term "fourth dimension." This recalled to my mind the above message, and I asked D. M. if he could tell me more about it. He wrote:—]

The Trinity.

As to what you call "fourth dimension," dear F., and want me to tell you about—in the first place, that is not the right expression.

But so great is the difficulty to find appropriate words to explain the deep mysteries of the opening up of the spirit life, as it emerges from the prisonhood of the physical body, that I believe I shall have to coin a few words in the end! But let it stand.

You want to know (really) about the Trinity, which is apparently an unfailing Law in all Life-focuses. Well, I can but say as your friend's father told you, and he has been telling me. For the *rapport* has been brought about for us to know each other, because of your friendship for his son. . . . Well, we have very much interest in common, or no amount of endeavour to produce *rapport* would do. For *rapport* must come naturally. It is a flowing into, and a sympathetic union of "*Aura.*" Where this cannot be, no *rapport* could be established. . . . Well, F. dear, as the spirit leaves the body, and as soon as it becomes really detached from its clay tabernacle, then inflows from the very innermost of spirit life an innermost essence—the germ of which is ever in embryo there, but never comes to fruition until, by the casting off of the outer hard shell of the physical body, the capacity arises—the inflow takes place. The soul becomes the outer, or body of the spirit. The spirit takes the place of the soul-life, and this inner, innermost then, is, as the spirit always has been, the essence of life, the very spirit in itself. This part of the spirit-life must ever remain ingermed, so to speak. . . .

After all, this imagery is *but* imagery! For the actual reality, substantiality of these conditions, is far too deep, too subtle to transfer into your language. That is the only way we can interpret spiritual matters into your language—which has to be filtered through your brain—which, again, has very limited power indeed, as I learn and realise more and more every hour I spend in this glorious freedom, this unbounded spirit-life of spirit-land!

My father and I have endless talks and also S. . . . and your papa and mamma, F., you will like to know are with me. . . .

Ah! How much that in your earth sphere looks so sad and trying, bears within its power such funds of future joy, future development of spirit growth! I know well it is easy for us, from this far better standpoint, to tell you this, but I know, from my own very recent experience, the sadness that is unconquerable when you are passing through the trial; when you are, as I was so long, in the very Valley of the Shadow. It is truly a "Valley of Shadow," but look up to the everlasting hills which lie around, and from whence cometh unfailing help! We have much enjoyment here! beyond all power of putting into language. The music! Ah, what glorious joy that alone bears in upon the spirit! . . .

Now, dear F., I think another spirit wishes to say a few words, but the power has nearly gone. You had better rest awhile, and we will try to mesmerise power into you—or let me say the proper word "Aura."—Your loving . .

D. M.

[I asked if I might copy this message whilst resting, because the spirit-writing through me is very illegible, and needs copying. "D." replied:—]

Yes; it's a different power. Merely mechanical.

(*To be continued.*)

Providence has decreed that those common acquisitions, money, gems, plate, noble mansions, and dominion, should be sometimes bestowed on the indolent and unworthy; but those things which constitute our true riches, and which are properly our own, must be procured by our own labour.—Erasmus.

A FRAGMENT.

When a man is prepared for knowledge the Teacher is always found. Indeed, to have arrived at that point he must already have had the best of Teachers.

At first the learner would know immediately the deepest mysteries.

But the Teacher informs him that true learning is not receiving from without, but the unfolding of the truth from within.

For knowledge is a birth of faculty in the soul; and the Teacher, though he may assist that which has been gradually forming to come to conscious recognition, cannot form, cannot create. Until the learner is prepared he could not receive the deeper mysteries, even if they were uttered to him.

. . . . . .

"Tell me, O Master," said the pupil, "what is the end of thine Art; the sum of all wisdom?"

"I cannot," was the answer, "because thou canst not."

"Cannot what?" asked the pupil.

"Canst not hear," said the Master. "I can indeed say it, but I cannot tell it to thee; for I have not told thee that which thou hast not comprehended."

"Try me," said the pupil, "utter to me the mighty spell that shall make me Lord of Nature."

"Thou wilt only be Lord of Nature when thou art Lord of thyself, and Nature's servant. We can command only by obeying. But listen:

"The end of life is possession of Being, from whence flows all Power.

"Again, the secret of Power is Will. But how to control Will? In darkness or danger when some sudden fear seizes thee thou canst not will not to fear, for thy Will is paralysed.

"Learn then further: The secret of Will-control is Self-devotion grounded in true Self-estimation: and the source of Self-devotion is Love; and Love is Life; and Life is Power."

"Why speakest thou ever to me in riddles," said the pupil, "and wilt not tell me plainly?"

"Said I not so?" sighed the Master.

. . . . . .

True knowledge, when it is known, is found to be very different from what the learner had expected.

Not less, but infinitely more wonderful.

At first he hopes to hear something entirely new, strange, and extraordinary.

Whereas all growth is by infinitely subtle stages.

Does the infant become suddenly the full-grown man?

Does the topmost round of a long ladder immediately succeed the bottommost?

Even so is advancing knowledge: as the flower-bud to the leaf; as the flower to the bud; as the fruit to the flower.

Nor is it ever new in kind, but only in degree. The old, seen in fuller, clearer light, rather than the entirely new.

But the learner's mind is ever desiring new realms: to pass from the ordinary to the extraordinary.

And rend the veil which, he supposeth, hides the new realm from him.

But where is the veil? He thinketh over the extraordinary.

Not so; but over the ordinary.

And that veil is the very ordinariness which beguileth him into deeming that there is nothing there worth inquiry.

He who doth not find the great in the small, he will in vain seek it in what he thinketh to be the great.

This also is true. Nature, knowing that man will ever seek the marvellous in the extraordinary, conceals her wonders in the commonest phenomena where he never thinks of looking for them.

. . . . . .

In Fairy Land, 'tis reported, there was once a child who, when born, was found to have suspended round his neck a common-looking black stone.

When the child arrived at the age of fourteen years a wise man told him of a jewel of surpassing value and marvellous properties. But where it was to be found he would not say, further than that it was to be found by seeking.

So the boy went forth to seek: and because he knew not what direction to take he went first to the Fairies, and asked if they could help him. The Fairies said, "So rare and precious a jewel must surely be sought in the sun; the source of all brightness and power." But when he had searched all over the sun he only found that the jewel was not there.

Then he went to the Gnomes, who said to him, "Jewels lie buried in the heart of the earth." He searched through all the hidden depths of earth, but found it not.

Then he went to the Nymphs, and they told him of the wondrous gems that lie hidden in the vast ocean caves. He searched there, but in vain.

Lastly he went to the Sylphs, and they said, "Not on earth or in waters, but in the invisible realms of air must such a treasure surely lie." But when he had searched through these, lo, it was nowhere to be found therein.

After this he knew not whither to turn.

At length he fell in with an aged man, to whom he told his story.

"Son," said the Sage, "thou hast searched through the sun; through the hidden places of earth and sea; and through the realms of air. There remains now only the ordinary world from whence thou camest forth. Thither retrace thy steps, and seek there."

"There!" said the youth in surprise, "there! when I have searched in vain through the mysterious and the marvellous?"

"To the All-Seeing there is nothing mysterious, or not mysterious. To the All-Knowing there is nothing marvellous, or not marvellous." And when the Sage had spoken these words he passed on.

With a sigh almost as of despair the youth turned back to the world from whence he had come. But as in his wanderings he had gained much experience and knowledge, he was surprised to notice that there seemed to be more in it than he had hitherto observed.

He went to the trees and asked them. They replied, "We have heard of the jewel, but cannot tell you where it is: but why do you not do as we do?"

"What do you do?" said the youth; "have you, too, a search imposed upon you?"

"Yes, yes," said the trees, "everything that lives is seeking. We have to fulfil our ideal. We know what it is, but we have to find and apply the material. You, unlike us, have to seek for your ideal, and when you find it you will *be it*, without any material at all."

"And where do you seek?" asked the youth.

"We need nourishment," said the trees, "and we find it all around us. Wherever our roots penetrate they find what they require. Our leaves need air; it is ever around them. The sun shines, and our minute laboratories are in brisk operation. Depend upon it, what one really needs is always at hand."

The youth turned away, and went to the rivers; and they said, "We need rain; do we run about seeking it? No! we wait, and it always comes. Depend upon it, what one really needs is always at hand."

The animals all bore the same testimony. "Wherever we wake into being," said they, "there we find supplied the food by which our life is sustained. What one really needs is always at hand."

"How do you know what you need?" inquired the youth at last. "Were you told as I was?"

"Nay," they answered, "that is the difference, we suspect, between us and you. We know by instinct what you have by long search to find out."

. . . . . .

To learn what one needed! that was a new idea to the youth. He had never before realised that he did not know. Yet he was sure it was true. He did not know whether he really needed the jewel. What good would it be to him when found? He did not know! Would he be able to recognise it, supposing he should chance to see it? He did not know!

It occurred to him then that the right way to seek must be to endeavour to discern what he really needed. He felt sure the jewel must have something to do with this greatest need.

Scarce had the thought passed through his mind when he saw the white-haired Sage advancing towards him.

"Come with me," said the Sage.

Going on together they met a strange sight. A dead body bearing a coffin; in the coffin was a living man.

"What is needed there?" asked the Sage.

"That the living and the dead should change places," said the youth.

"Unfortunately," rejoined the Sage, "the living does not know that he is living, or the dead that he is dead."

"How can they be made to know?" asked the youth; but the Sage made him no answer.

Soon they met another strange sight.

A thief striding along, leading an officer of justice heavily ironed.

"What is needed there?" asked the Sage.

"That the thief and the honest man should change places," answered the youth.

"But what if the thief does not know that he is a thief; or the honest man that he is an honest man?"

. . . . .

Many other sights they saw, all of the same nature.

The youth thought "This is a strange world we are moving through. Everything seems to be upside down. But the most curious thing is that all should be so completely ignorant of the fact."

And then he suddenly started.

Was he himself upside down, and unaware of the fact?

He certainly was unaware of it, but he had learned that unconsciousness is no proof.

How could he learn for certain what was the truth? He had never before been so anxious or so eager.

And then it suddenly struck him that he had found his want.

"The solution lies before you," said the Sage, "only it involves a sacrifice."

"What sacrifice?" asked the youth.

"The sacrifice of your life," said the Sage. "Of all you think, for all you may know. Of all you believe yourself to be, for all you may know yourself to be."

The youth pondered. "No! it was too much!"

. . . . .

He lived on, trying to forget the question. But in spite of all his efforts it still pressed itself upon him. Was he really as he thought of himself?

At length he could bear it no longer. He returned to the Sage and said:—

"The question will give me no peace. If I cannot live in peace life is not worth preserving. I consent to make the sacrifice."

"You do!" said the Sage. "Well then, O son! you have in your bosom, suspended round your neck, a common-looking black stone?"

"Yes," said the man (for he had now grown to maturity), "and have had from my earliest years."

"Have you ever thought anything about it?" asked the Sage.

"Never," replied the man. "What should there be peculiar about it? I have never felt in the least degree curious with regard to it."

"Familiarity breeds contempt," said the Sage. "If you are resolved at all risks to know the truth tear that stone from its fastening!"

The man tried. It would not come.

"You do not use sufficient strength," said the Sage, "you are not willing to die."

"I am both weak and fearful," said the man.

"Persevere," said the Sage.

. . . . .

But when after long half trying, half shrinking, he at length succeeded; lo! a wonder!

No sooner was the stone torn from its chain, and free in his hand, than the black shroud that had seemed its outer surface fell away; and from beneath it there shone forth a blaze of glorious light, before whose brightness no illusion could stand, but all was seen as it is in THE INEFFABLE IDEA.

The common-looking black stone was THE JEWEL.

. . . . .

As thou art so is everything to thee. If thou art wise then everywhere around thee is wisdom. If thou art foolish, around thee is nothing but folly. For the wise is to himself as a fool amid the treasure of wisdom. And the foolish, as a wise man in an environment of folly.

If thou canst nothing more thou canst at least "want."

SPIRITUAL AND RATIONAL RELIGION.—The Rev. J. Page Hopps will conduct two Meetings for Religious Worship on Sunday, next, November 8th, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, at 11 and 3. Subjects of addresses—Morning: "Where is thy God, my Soul? A Study of the Limitation of God by Man." Afternoon: "The Jesus-Side of Everything; A Nineteenth-Century Study of Human Life." All seats free. Voluntary offerings at the close.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

ADDENDUM TO THE CASE OF THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

BY "EDINA."

Since posting to you on October 4th the original message and a description of Mr. Wood as he appeared to my daughter, I received, on the evening of October 5th, a letter from a friend, who takes an interest in this subject, from which I quote the following passages:—

"This afternoon I got from the public library the 'Life of Mr. Wood,' by his son, and, so far as I have yet looked into it, the particulars of the message are confirmed. . . . There is a photo of him at the front of the book with his signature. I will bring the book with me to-morrow, but you had better not say anything to your daughter about it till after she has seen it."

As I mentioned before, Mr. Wood's messages were both written at the seaside, where access to books or libraries was practically impossible to us, and until I received on my return to town the letter above quoted none of us knew of the existence of Mr. Wood's Biography, or that it could be had in the Edinburgh Public Library. After showing the letter to my wife, and cautioning her to say nothing about it to any member of the family, I put it out of sight. Our friend called in the evening of October 6th along with his daughter. They were shown into the drawing-room. My daughter was not present when they came in, but was sent for. Before she came into the room I covered the title-page of the book with paper, and also Mr. Wood's signature below the photo, so that she could know nothing regarding the book or the person whose photo was given. Pointing to the portrait I said, "Have you ever seen that person?" She instantly replied, "That is Mr. Wood." "Was that the gentleman you saw in your room?" I inquired. "Yes; and his coat was buttoned at the top exactly as it appears in the photo," was the reply. Previously she had told us that Mr. Wood was very like the Rev. Mr. D., minister of G., near Edinburgh, whom we knew very well; and on seeing the photo we were much struck with the resemblance. I am ready to give the names of the lady and gentleman who were present on the occasion, and who saw the identification of the photo in the manner above described.

I desire to correct a date in the first message. For "July 31st, 1827," the date of Mr. Wood's birth, read "July 21st," which is the correct date *as written*, and which my friend informed me was the date in the Biography, which I did not read, being only interested in the portrait prefixed to it.

As regards the signature at the foot of the photo, it is not in the least like that in the two written messages, so I suspect the handwriting in the message sent you will bear no resemblance to that of Mr. Wood when in life. That is a very common occurrence with us, as I have only been able to discover from six to eight messages where the handwriting as automatically written was similar to that of the deceased when in life. But I consider the identity of handwriting to be a small matter in a case of this kind when the medium was able to identify the likeness of the deceased in a manner not only so convincing to ourselves, but also to the complete satisfaction of two credible witnesses who were present, and who can testify to what they saw and heard on this occasion.

THE LIFE TO BE.—Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. . . It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

Light:

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1891.

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.

THE GROUND OF UNIVERSAL KINDLINESS.

We publish in another column a letter from Mrs. Hankin (whose contributions we are always most happy to insert) deprecating any theorising as to planes of view superior to our present, and urging that we want more good action, and less metaphysical refinements as to what probably is from the Divine standpoint, and especially less of the attempt to argue away evil.

We are accustomed to find ourselves so entirely in agreement with Mrs. Hankin that it is with some regret that upon this point we feel obliged to take an opposite view. Possibly we have not quite grasped her position, and it even may be that she has not quite grasped ours. If neither of these is the explanation then it can only be that upon this question we see from divergent points of view; and the difference is one which may most easily and naturally arise between persons both equally anxious to be true to fact but with a different personal equation.

Any way the point is such an important and interesting one that we shall offer no apologies to our readers for making it the theme of this article; and if Mrs. Hankin is not satisfied with our explanation, and is disposed to reply to it, we shall be delighted to print what she sends.

Mrs. Hankin desiderates "an atmosphere of universal kindliness where knowledge may flow into, and transcend opinion." Good, so do we most earnestly; but when further on Mrs. Hankin lays down the affirmation "good is good, and evil is evil" can she not see that she has thereby cut off all possibility of this universal kindliness?

For we cannot be kind to evil if we affirm it as an actuality. The reply would probably be—"Can you not distinguish between the evil and the man that does it? Can you not hate the sin and love the sinner?" Yes, *if* we may affirm that evil only seems; if it be true that what we call evil is undevelopment. But *no*, if evil *is*, in the sense in which good is; for then, if you could love the sinner in spite of his evil, you could just as easily hate the saint in spite of his goodness. To say evil is, is to deny that it is a quality which may occur in an inherently good Being, and it is only when we can believe in the inherent goodness of human nature, as being a more real and deeper principle than the evil which appears on the surface, that we can love the underlying and actually intrinsic good in spite of the evil which for the time being is manifested.

It is this perception that to be universally hopeful for all, in spite of appearances to the contrary, logically presupposes the Unity Law (that is a belief in *one* universal spirit in whom all apparent contradictions are unified), that makes us affirm that there is a Divine standpoint which is not the same as the human. When the prophet declared in the name of God, "As the heavens are high above the earth so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts," he was expressing exactly the same truth. If things are as they seem, and there be no Divine standpoint then must the old creed of Ormuzd and Ahriman be true, and dualism and not monism be the principle of the Universe.

And as to what is true from the Divine standpoint we have never contended that we are able to mount there and positively see what is, but always and only that we do know at least this one thing that anything which is true to us from our own standpoint cannot be true to God from His standpoint. These perceptions, to us, are not subtleties of Greek thought; are not subtleties at all, but most perfectly clear, simple, easily grasped apprehensions; which only need to be glimpsed from just the right point of view and with just the right optical focus to be instantly discerned, with all the might of uttermost understanding and persuasion, by the mind. To say "good is good and evil is evil" may seem simple so long as one looks at the statement alone, and not in connection with the view of the universe that it implies. And this is what is so commonly done; whereby it seems easier to accept a theory which is in harmony with what our present faculties show us of things as they now appear to be, than to ask how can that duality of apprehension to which I am at present committed be made to fit in with the transcendent truth, apart from which nothing can be felt to be true, that All is one, or in the (to us) even clearer formulation of the Unity Law, (dividing "all" by dichotomy into x + *not* x) x + *not* $x = 1$.

Two things seem to distress Mrs. Hankin. One is that Mrs. Besant should vilify Mr. Massey, the other that people should "flutter from creed to creed in search of a God" that fulfils their ideals. Now if we are to have true "universal kindliness" which shall be strong, living, and hearty we must be able to do more than wonder how people can be so wicked. We must be able to *see* how different points of view may, nay must, arise. Of course, as a mere logical statement, "a lie is a lie": that is only to say $a = a$. But as a philosophical proposition it does not carry us very far. We put ourselves into a point of view from which a certain act looks like a lie, and we assume that all that we feel about this matter was consciously in the mind of the person who did the act complained of, at the time of doing it. This *may* be very far from being the case; and, judging thus, we *may* be committing a hideous injustice. Let us take the case in point. We deprecate as strongly as Mrs. Hankin can do Mrs. Besant's treatment of Mr. Massey; but at the same time we try to realise that Mrs. Besant does not perhaps know Mr. Massey so well as we do, and that we, perhaps, did not know Madame Blavatsky as well as Mrs. Besant did. All generous, hero-worshipping souls must have felt the keen sense of indignation which rises in the mind when we are asked to lay aside our internal sense of assurance of the good faith of some loved friend and to look at his conduct in a more critical spirit. It is a splendid thing that poor, weak humanity (as it seems to be) should be able to rise to such a strong pitch of affection and reverence that it utterly refuses to sit in judgment upon the conduct of its hero, especially if it is assured that to do so would be to have to come to a conclusion adverse to the good faith of the hero. And yet in judging Mrs. Besant all this is left out of consideration, and instead of it there is put in the assumption that Mr. Massey's character was as clearly known to her as it is to us, and that this knowledge was deliberately put on one side from a desire to be able to express an adverse opinion.

Such a view of Mrs. Besant's action is very probably one-sided and unjust, and much as, from our own point of view, we regret that Mrs. Besant should have been unjust to Mr. Massey (as, in insinuating that he has been consciously unfair to Madame Blavatsky, she certainly has been), yet we have known Mrs. Besant too long to be able to believe that she has been consciously unfair in her

view. Mr. Massey, with admirable breadth of mind, has always been willing to take the charitable view of Madame Blavatsky; affirming that it is unjust to condemn a person wholly upon the strength of one or even of several isolated acts. And so we say of Mrs. Besant. It is far too off-hand, too one-sided to say a lie is a lie. That is not at all the question. Does it necessarily follow that what would be a lie if we said it (because we cannot believe it true) must be a lie when someone says it who has not our grounds of assurance that it is a lie? Is an act which would be dishonest in us if we did it (because we have no strong incentive towards doing it and do feel that it is false) in every sense of the word equally dishonest when it is done by one in whose mind, at the time, perhaps quite other considerations were pressing and who did not realise its falsity? We are not, of course, contending that a conscious effort to deceive is not false and wrong whoever does it. We are only urging that there may have been circumstances at the time, out of our cognisance, which rendered the consciousness of the falsity less vivid, and the incentive to the doing of it a thousand times more strong actually, than in the picture we form of the mental state of the one performing it.

We feel strongly that if we were able to know exactly what the mental state at the time of doing was—the animus that dominated and the perceptions which were thereby either closed or greatly weakened—we might see extenuating circumstances in everything. No one does a wrong act merely because it is wrong, through intrinsic love of evil; but always because at the time it seems right, qualified to effect some purpose which, to the person doing it, is, at the time, the all-important thing to be done.

And this persuasion of ours arises purely out of a philosophical perception that human nature is, at the root, one. There are not certain persons who love truth and certain persons who love falsehood: that is not true. What is true is that there are certain persons who, under certain circumstances, are indifferent to falsehood, or fail to make the question of abstract truth or falsehood the one criterion of action. That this is so is a pity, a thing that needs amending; but if anyone could by any possibility love a lie for its own sake there would be no possibility of amendment. Hope for fallen humanity lies in the perception *that it has fallen*, and is not normally in that condition. If the reverse could be the case we should never be able to hope that it could rise.

The more we think of it the more we feel sure that there is no possibility of universal kindliness—which we take it involves the most charitable construction possible of all acts that at first sight seem to indicate not good but evil as the nature of the performer—apart from the clear realisation of that truth insisted on by all Mystics and Seers that God is One, Unity. There can be no universal kindliness in a world of dual origin. There the great thing is—choose on which of the two sides you will be and make the most vigorous onslaught possible upon your opponents.

We are well aware how slightly we have touched on this great question and how easy it may be for a reader who wants to do so to misunderstand our meaning. We have not the smallest wish to affirm that what we have said is the full and perfect truth, and that every other view must be false; but only that this is how the truth does present itself to us, when we try to think as clearly and as deeply as possible.

[Since the above was written, and in type for the press, we have received a letter from Mrs. Hankin requesting that her letter to "LIGHT" be withheld, as upon mature reflection it seems to her to be "unduly harsh." We regret that her letter arrives too late for this to be done, and we can only, in justice to her, add this note, stating her request and the reason it has not been complied with.—ACTING EDITOR OF "LIGHT."]

ASSEMBLIES OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday, November 17th, at 7.30 p.m., the Rev. G. W. Allen will deliver an address at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on "Our Eastern Theosophists and what we are to Say to Them." We trust that many will avail themselves of the opportunity of discussing such an interesting subject.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY.

The "Revue des Sciences Psychologiques" of Paris is responsible for the following curious story of spirit "fibbing." It forms one of a series of investigations which are being carried out, and their descriptions signed, by Goupil, engineer.

Q. "Who is there?"

A. "Raymond Dupuy Seigneur de Montbrun."

Q. "Where did you live?"

A. "At the château of Rochechinart."

The date of the Seigneur de Montbrun's death was given as 1740.

The experimenter, who seems from his own account to have treated this "spirit" somewhat cavalierly, asked if it knew anything about the telephone. An answer being given in the negative, M. Goupil kindly explained it, when the pleasant remark was spelt out, "You are playing the fool," to which the experimenter as pleasantly replied, "Go to the devil." This was certainly not quite the way to get a very lofty kind of manifestation under any circumstances, but the sequel was somewhat remarkable. After the objurgatory observation of Goupil, engineer, the spirit said, "Read the 'Ouvrier'; there you will see the story of my wife, Fleur-de-Lis; it is very interesting."

The medium denied all knowledge of the journal in question, and the postman who served the country district where the séances were being held declared that no one in the commune took in the "Ouvrier."

This séance was held in October, 1887. A week after another sitting was held and the Seigneur de Montbrun again presented himself.

"I made a mistake about the date of my death the other day," and there was spelt out MDLXXV in Roman numerals.

"How did you die?"

"I died a prisoner of Henry III."

M. Goupil a few days after came by chance across a book in which reference was made to Montbrun, and certain struggles between him and Henry III. There was nothing, however, in the text about "Raymond Dupuy," but in a foot-note reference was made to "Charles Dupuy de Montbrun," whose head had been cut off in 1575. This book, "Le Baron des Adrets," was in the possession of the village schoolmaster, and though he asserted that it had never gone out of his house, and that he had brought it there from some distance but very recently, the sceptical investigator took it to the medium and accused him of having read it for his own purpose; this was denied.

Sitting at dinner a few days after, M. Goupil was thinking of Dupuy, and said, "I can't remember whether or not this Dupuy had his head cut off, or was executed in some other way." One of his children, however, remembered that in the "Baron des Adrets" decapitation was mentioned as the method.

An hour after this conversation, another séance was held, when Raymond Dupuy came again. "What now?" "I assure you that my head was not cut off," thus answering the question propounded at dinner. Nothing more was said.

A month afterwards a fourth séance was held, at which "Raymond Dupuy" again announced himself.

Q. "We have discovered your history; you fought bravely; you were indeed called the *brave* Dupuy?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Against whom did you fight single-handed?"

A. "Maclou."

Q. "Maclou! That is ridiculous! Do you mean Maclou of the Gardeuse d'Ours?

A. "The name that I have just told you is that of a person who wanted to destroy my château of Rochechinart."

Q. "You have now twice mentioned this château. There is nothing about either Rochechinart or Maclou in the book

which refers to you; you lived in the château of Montbrun, diocese of Gap, in the Drôme or the Hautes-Alpes ?"

A. "No."

Q. "History lies, then ?"

A. "Yes."

Q "Did Henry III. cut off your head ?"

A. "No."

Q. "Then how were you put to death ?"

A. "I was not put to death; I died in the arms of my wife, who had come to the King to beg for my pardon, which was granted her two hours after my death."

The experimenter was evidently puzzled, for Rochechinart was not to be found in the maps. However, it was discovered eventually in the Postal-Guide as a small place of 338 inhabitants in the Drôme.

In Paris, however, M. Goupil discovered the journal "L'Ouvrier," and found that there had been a story, continued from December, 1885, to April, 1886, which story had been re-published, and this story was of "Fleur-de-Lis, and of Raymond-Dupuy, *brother* of Charles Dupuy." In this story the names Rochechinart and Maclou appeared. Moreover, there was at the end of the book this epitaph:—

ICY GIST
NOBLE ET PUISSANT SEIGNEUR
RAYMOND DU PUY-MONTBRUN
CHEVALIER
CO-SEIGNEUR DE LA VALLETTE ET AULTRES LYEUX
RETOURNE A DIEU
LE XVe JOUR DU MOYS D'AOUST
L'AN DE GRACE MDLXXV
PRIEZ POUR LUY

It will be seen that the date MDLXXV is in Roman numerals. As there were but fifteen months between the publication of the romance and the date of the séances, M. Goupil naturally thought the medium had read the book, but he asserted that that was the first time he had seen it. "Then," says M. Goupil, "to complete the inquiry, I wrote to the author of the book, and asked him about this person. M. Oscar de Poli replied that Raymond Dupuy and Fleur-de-Lis were both imaginary personages!"

AN ACCOUNT OF T. L. HARRIS.

[A correspondent in America has forwarded to me a cutting from a St. Louis journal, giving an account of some incidents in the life of Thomas Lake Harris, from which I quote the following. It is apparently the result of an interview with Mr. Harris.—ACTING ED. "LIGHT."]

A recluse for thirty years past, Thomas Lake Harris has devoted himself to profound study and research in the development and perfecting of his theory, known as the Brotherhood of the New Life.

In accordance with the tendency of the age it is a scientific religion, governed by the laws of nature. It is Christianity, above all, only interpreted by the light of modern discoveries, and acknowledging potencies as yet but guessed at by our scientists. Its chief peculiarity seems to be a new method of respiration—a breathing in of the very breath of God into the soul, as air is breathed into the body by the natural respiration. Briefly speaking, the grand result claimed to be attained by those who faithfully live the new life is a literal "redemption of the body." By breathing in the Divine ether the earthly molecules are gradually replaced by new ones called animates, and the earthly body becomes a psychic body; freed from the downward tendencies of the flesh, the soul may soar as it will.

For several years the discoverer has been struggling with the final problem—the renewal of the vigour of youth. After fearful ordeals he at last triumphantly overcame the final obstacle, and, as he says, "passed through December and emerged into May." His work is now complete and his retirement at an end, and in October he will publish a book setting forth fully the science and religion of the new life.

Born in Oxfordshire, England, in 1823, this singular man has shown from infancy peculiar psychic sympathies.

His first glimpse into the unseen world, he says, was when he was but three years old. He chanced to be put to bed in a strange room and left alone. For a time he suffered the agonies of an imaginative child in the dark, and when it seemed as if his little heart would burst with terror, a lovely vision came to him of little creatures floating in light (the tiny soul germs, he says, waiting to be incarnated in new-born babes) and he felt that he was no longer alone, and was comforted.

His mother died when he was young, and his father married an old maid, who took a dislike to the little boy and treated him as a servant. From the time he was nine years old he has supported himself. Whenever he could spare a moment from his tasks he read and studied; he made friends with the booksellers, so he had access to all the new books. And in this way he became an educated man. When he was seventeen, he says, and in great trouble, as he lay one night, restless and despairing, a soft light filled the room and a glorious Being appeared. He felt that it was his mother. She spoke to him and said, "My son, love and obey God and love mankind as your brothers."

The vision faded away, and a Heavenly peace descended upon him, like the blessing of his mother and his God. This was the turning point in his destiny. From that time he consecrated his life to the service of humanity. Once at a prayer-meeting he was asked to pray. He had never prayed in public, but he acceded, and the spirit of oratory awoke within him—he prayed as if inspired, and soon everyone was weeping. After that people came miles to hear him, and so it came about that he began to preach.

The sensation caused by his career as lecturer and preacher, both in England and America, will be remembered by many, even after forty odd years. His fiery eloquence attracted multitudes wherever he went, and he finally settled down to the charge of the largest congregation in New York City. Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, and other prominent men were his friends and co-workers. The following incident will give an idea of his power and the peculiar source to which he attributes it:—In 1848 the Chief of Police of New York, in his annual report, called attention to the alarming increase of destitution and vice among the children of the poor. Mr. Harris determined to preach upon the subject. All the week, however, something seemed to oppress his spirits and paralyse his thoughts. Day after day passed, and he could not write. Saturday night came, and no sermon for his congregation next morning. As he sat alone in his study, sad at heart, he says two radiant beings appeared before him, and a voice thrilled through the silent room: "You must write for us!" They vanished, and he seized his pen and he wrote with frenzy. The words were well nigh illegible next day, but as he wrote they seemed traced in light. In the morning he preached on "Juvenile Destitution and Depravity in New York." The vast concourse of people sobbed and wept. As he concluded, Horace Greeley rose and moved that they request the manuscript for publication. It was given, and appeared in all the leading papers and in pamphlet form, and everyone was talking of it. Next Sunday Dr. Muhlenberg rose in his pulpit, with the pamphlet in his hand, and read it verbatim instead of preaching himself. Dr. Dickenson did the same thing. The result of this sermon was the New York Juvenile Asylum.

Troubles came. His lungs were weak and his health failed, and he was expelled from the church for heterodoxy.

Sick and disheartened, he retired from public life and gave himself up to the development of his religious theories and the building up of the Brotherhood. Seventeen years ago he made his home in California, attracted by the climate, and his conviction that a great future awaited this part of the world. To-day his influence extends far and wide—though quietly exerted, and his followers in Europe and America, he claims, number more than 500,000. There is so close a bond between himself and the others that when he is needed by any—even at the other side of the world—he can go to them in spirit, he says, and give the help desired. Indeed, there is said to be such rapport throughout the whole Brotherhood that the grief and pain of one is "sensed" by all.

OUR IDOLS.

God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He break them to our faces, and deny
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete—
The dust shook from their beauty—glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

—BROWNING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Our Father's Church.

SIR,—The thoughtful letter signed "C.T.," written partly to dissuade from my proposal, is really a most delightful presentation of the Ideal. He regards a Church as "a congregation of men and women who, welcoming the light that is flowing in from the unseen world, earnestly desire to incarnate it in daily life." That is the sum and substance of the Ideal. I specially thank him for the concluding sentence, "'The Church of the Future' must be built out of the lives of men." Let us unite to say that, to teach it, to live it. It is a perfectly Heavenly basis for a Church. If we cannot meet together for mutual sympathy and encouragement, let us hold out hands to one another from afar. That is my proposal. It may be said that each one can realise the Ideal for himself. That may be true, but we are social beings, and live on comradeship and communion: and church assemblies, or societies of parted kindred spirits, can only be cheering to lonely and striving souls. But I will not enter into details. I will only add that all arrangements have now been made, that a full statement of the Ideal and its working is now ready, that copies may be had next Sunday at the Cavendish Rooms, and that I will send free by post a copy to any address.

Lea Hurst, Leicester. J. PAGE HOPPS.
November 2nd, 1891.

Right Conduct v. Metaphysical Subtlety.

SIR,—The invective with which Mrs. Besant closed her recent proceedings in St. James's Hall, which was described but not repeated, by a correspondent in your last issue, was, I suppose, touched upon by him with such mildness, because, to the friends of Mr. Massey, his entire uprightness and invariable good faith are so conspicuous that any defence might seem an impertinence to *him*.

While deprecating this possibility, I cannot refrain from a few words touching on the probable causes which, in our times, provoke a restless purposeless energy, and a hysterical petulance, leading—as in the instance to which I allude—to deplorable and discreditable results.

For two centuries after the death of Christ, Christianity was wholly a religion of conduct. The Sermon on the Mount was at once its manifesto and its rule of life. When, in the fourth century, the persecuted sect had consolidated itself into a powerful Church, the Nicene Creed was adopted as its manifesto, and its law was more concerned with belief than with conduct. The spiritual poison thus engendered has flowed on through the centuries and, I cannot but feel, is the cause of the comparative failure of Christianity to touch and purify the universal heart of mankind, and of the dismal unrest with which half our modern world stumbles blindly on under the weight of a dogma in which it does not believe, while others flutter from creed to creed in search of a God created in their own image, and vilify those who do not share in their personal convictions on spiritual matters. Why not rise above the carping of the creeds into an atmosphere of universal kindliness, where higher knowledge may flow in and transcend all mere opinion? Why allow the subtleties of Greek thought, which have crept across the simplicity of Christ's teaching, to draw us into useless speculations as to the nature and attributes of God?

"God has no choice, no alternative," we read in your last paper. The same writer speaks of what "is not true from the Divine standpoint."

How do we know what *is* true? We know nothing at all of God save the ethical example of His transcendent goodness, which Christ brought down within human limitations. And that goodness was entirely compatible with hatred of evil.

"Woe unto ye Pharisees, hypocrites, lawyers. . . . &c., &c., &c."

We live in an unreal age when we smile at evil, or deny its existence, while a world reeking with all impurity of thought and deed lies at our feet.

Let us wake from these foolish dreams, and know that good *is* good, and evil *is* evil—that a lie *is* a lie even if told to bolster up a certain form of metaphysical speculation which commends itself to the intelligence of the teller. That a man is not a slanderer for speaking the truth; and that a woman can never be a teacher who will bring a railing accusation of this nature against a scrupulously honourable and high-minded man in order to exalt the form of faith on which she has for the moment alighted, even with the hope of consolidating her own (probably temporary) mental position into the dogma of future time.

MARY S. HANKIN.

"C.C.M." and "Rejected."

SIR,—"C. C. M." very courteously criticises my advertisement, "New Teaching for the New Age," of July 18th to August 8th last. I can answer "C. C. M." in a way I hope will be more satisfactory to him, without wasting your space on a subject which seems to interest no one else.

But as "C. C. M.'s" well-known signature may attract more attention than my own, I will notice one or two of his points lest your readers might take my silence for contempt.

"His ('Rejected's') antecedent experiences have not encouraged him to take much trouble with the public, and his recent overture has the air of being dictated more by sense of duty, rather tiresome and not hopeful, than by any anxiety for recognition or response."

As to sense of duty, where great danger is threatened, it should be pointed out that all concerned may examine if it is more than mere threat. As to trouble, I have taken far more than "C. C. M." is aware of. Hope cannot be very strong, when it is predicted "warning will fail," at least at first.

I will not waste time about the sacred numbers and foundations which interest no one. "C. C. M.," apparently quoting me, proceeds: "We have abandoned ourselves to our own devices, so everything here has gone wrong, and can only be repaired by the brain labour of re-seeking the lost intercourse with our superiors." With my supposed space intellects, "C. C. M." probably means, and he adds, "There is not much in this view to conciliate confidence, and it departs from metaphysical conceptions of religion which seem more profound and more satisfying."

The Bible declares its own views "a stumbling-block" to the religious. In fact, it denounces religion altogether. It is the science of good and evil, the science of "what should be," and we are forbidden to eat of it. How can we know "what should be"?

Quit "Babylon." Babel, mental muddle or confusion. "Mystery." Possibly the metaphysical may be more profound, and even more satisfactory. I know little about it myself.

I would deal with Nature and the Natural. That is profound enough for me; indeed, I am a little out of my depth even there; yet I am not a professor of science. My views seem as much "foolishness" to the learned, as they are a stumbling-block to the pious. I believe the material heavens are the heavens of our Bible; which, of course, is abomination to believers in the heavens, and hells, of religion. But then I wish to examine the Biblical assertion that the heavens, our actual heavens, are inhabited by one or more space societies. This is folly to science. I have no idea myself whether it is true or not. I have no idea what the proof is professors of science rely so confidently on, that there are no space beings.

I am sorry I cannot satisfy "C. C. M.", nor, indeed, anyone else. I know nothing about the space beings except what the Bible tells. I am trying to puzzle that out. What I cannot puzzle out I dare not invent. So it is "here a little, and there a little," but I cannot fill up the blanks. Let others work at the same, and we may possibly put our "littles" together.

Then again, there is a difficulty, a still greater "foolishness," for reasoners, the declared "Veil" over all nations, and that veil will be removed. In other words, higher intellects can veil themselves from lower if they please, and so our space society does so veil itself. I see nothing supernatural in this, it is superhuman, certainly. But a space society must be superhuman. Well, if superhuman influence puts a veil over all our minds, I cannot unveil. I may understand all the society tells us about itself in its allegorical language, but I cannot make others understand it. You may say "that is a miracle." I do not care what you call it. It seems I cannot convey my ideas about the superhuman to other minds. I do not know why. If there is a veil, I suppose each mind must free itself, or ask permission to understand. One step towards freeing the mind seems, as I understand the space being to tell us, is "Give

up imagining 'what we ought to be,' and do try to understand what we tell you 'we are.' If you want intercourse with us you must do so: we shall not submit to your telling us what we ought to be."

I am asking will any others give up determining what Higher Intellects ought to be, and try to find out "what they are"? For this they promise to unveil. For "what they should be," they refuse, except possibly as enemies.

REJECTED.

Two and Two Make Five.

SIR,—The secret of reconciling contradictions and bringing them into unity was hinted at in an article from my pen, entitled "Lux in Tenebris," which appeared in "LIGHT" last year. Part of the idea which I then wished to convey is, however, much more lucidly expressed in your remarks on the Unity Law in "Notes by the Way" of a recent date. The whole theory is fourth-dimensional, or as the words "fourth dimension" are constantly misunderstood and too literally taken, it is preferable to say that "in Tiphereth the impossible becomes possible." Now, we will leave for the present the question of black becoming white and white black; it does and yet it does not. The proposition "two and two make five" is more easily maintained and explained. Two and two make four on our three-dimensional plane, but on another and more spiritual plane two and two cannot be separated from their synthesis, five. The synthesis, or quintessence, considered as One, without the Four, or, with the Four, as Five, is therefore both One and Five. Moreover, this One is eternally invisible and unknowable, for without the Four we should never know of the One which is the Five. We can therefore know of this One only by its manifestation as Five. This idea may be symbolised by five dots arranged thus; the middle one represents the number Five:—

* *
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* *

LEO.

Free Will.

SIR,—I have read your review of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's book with interest. I have not read the work itself, but I gather from your account that the author's theories tend in your opinion to lessen the ideas of free will and moral responsibility. There can be little doubt in the minds of those who have inquired into any form of occultism at all, or who are in any way read in the philosophy of mind, that a very great many of our actions, even of our thoughts, and many of the events that happen to us are almost as automatic and mechanical as the working of a machine. It matters little whether we go deeply into the subject from the Theosophical standpoint and speak of the Divine Ego and the lower transient personality, or whether we simply speak of the spiritual and the animal in man; in each case we get a division of man as a whole into two parts, the higher tending upward and the lower downward in the scale of evolution; and in each case we know perfectly well that man gains free will just in proportion as he develops the spiritual within him by sheer hard work, struggle and constant effort to live a noble life, and that if he allows himself to sink backward into the beast—the "ape and tiger" of Tennyson—he loses free will and moral responsibility proportionately. From the Theosophical point of view, as well as from every other I should imagine, the degree of moral responsibility is in proportion to the degree of enlightenment; and punishment for wrong doing, whether looked upon as Karma or as Divine law (though the two are the same), is similarly graduated. Karma, it is true, compels an Ego to incarnate and determines his environment, but while there is a ray of divinity left within the man the proper measure of free will remains; otherwise law and order would be at an end and moral chaos would reign. We are now what we have made ourselves in past times; our thoughts, words, and deeds have shaped us into our present form. This is largely true, even if we confine our argument to the present life only, and much more is it the case when we look back upon a series of past personalities of which we are the natural resultant. Seeing the wide divergencies in the world between rich and poor, wise and simple, strong and weak, it seems to me that the theory of all this being the outcome of past incarnations enlarges the bonds of free will instead of narrowing them. It makes free will responsible alike for genius and idiocy, civilisation and savagery, kindness and brutality, and therefore makes it all-important from the moral point of view. The divine in man is the source of his free will; and aspirations consciously in accordance therewith enlarge the domain of free will.

H. S. GREEN, F.T.S.

[We publish Mr. Green's letter; but will Theosophists kindly remember that we cannot in every case afford space for the promulgation of the Theosophical Society's opinions, which are usually the reverse of our own; as in this instance?—ACTING EDITOR OF "LIGHT."]

Faith Healing.

SIR,—It would be important to learn how far the late cures at Lourdes and at Treves, to which much publicity has been given, have proved lasting. And it would be also interesting to ascertain whether, as a rule, they are all cures by the first intention, or whether the Church of Rome has a system by which the first good effects are supplemented by subsequent organised prayer, which may itself amount to a recognition of that practice of perseverance in faith healing, after the first motion, which would bring them more into touch with the practice of their Protestant neighbours both in Switzerland and in England, who often perfect their cures through the plan of persistency.

It is, however, of the long continued, we may almost say permanent, faith-healing at Männedorf, on the Lake of Zurich, concerning which I once more desire to say a few words, wonderful as it has proved by its perseverance, as well as by the extension of its effects in comparison with the exiguity of its immediate cause. Dorothea Trudell would gladly have called "elders of the Church" to her aid if they would have come, for she was a true disciple of St. James; but, lacking them, this brave, Christian woman set to work on her own account, strong in the Holy Spirit which was with her. She herself opened a house for the sick and insane, probably about the year 1853, and it was rapidly filled. We read in the "Spiritual Magazine" for August, 1872, as follows: "Her system was but prayer and anointing with oil, according to Scripture precept. She believed that all illness was a trial caused by the Evil One, a trial which must be resisted spiritually. With this view she explained to her patients the truth as it appeared to her to be laid down in the Gospel—that the object of our Lord's dealings with all His people is to restore them to His image, and give them strength to walk in a new life. She analysed the characters of her patients with a startling exactitude, and exposed to their view the mental evil which they had individually to struggle with. Some who came to her, struck to the heart by her exhortations, confessed their faults, repented, and, to their joy, felt their sufferings lessen and finally abate entirely. It would be tedious to enter into the minutiæ of the causes; some recovered from consumption, cancer, tumours, and many from madness.

"With all she was firm, and yet loving and tender. The days passed in frequent prayer meetings. Three and four times a day Dorothea prayed with her patients, the rest of the time she devoted to the care of their bodies. The insane were objects of her especial interest."

Thus, we see, that perseverance on her part and mental improvement on the part of the patients had much to do with her system. She gained her principles in healing, as in other things, from her mother. Quite early in the century Madame Trudell, spite of the animadversions of her neighbours, persisted in curing the sicknesses of her children by faith-healing, and if she failed once she went on persevering. "On one occasion one of her boys lay on the ground foaming at the mouth from an epileptic fit. 'I know this terrible malady, my children,' said the fond mother; 'Jesus, Who cured the lunatic, can cure this dear one.' She knelt and prayed, and the attack passed off.

"Again the attack came on. Again the mother knelt and prayed that this attack might be the last one. And so it was; the child was cured."

I will not repeat details of the difficulties thrown in Dorothea's way: how she filled two houses with her patients; how twice they had to be put down and her patients dispersed on the ground that she was practising medicine without legal authority; and how, finally, she triumphed, and had all her expenses of both trials paid by the State: "Because she had not administered any internal or external remedy, all her practices having merely a symbolical meaning." Some time before her death, which took place in 1862, Dorothea had,

as an assistant in her cures, Professor Zeller. This same gifted man is carrying on the same good work at Männedorf at the present day. Here is the translation of a letter I received from him only in August last:—"Mannedorf, August 25th, 1891. Sir,—Being in possession of your letter of the 21st inst., I am able to tell you that, by the Grace of God, the work among us continues to be blessed. Through our Saviour, Jesus Christ, God gives us benedictions for sick bodies and for suffering souls, and He accomplishes His promises among us. — Receive my salutations, SAM ZELLER."

I have hitherto taken my history chiefly from the "Spiritual Magazine" I hope to continue my account of the cures at Männedorf, since Dorothea Trudell's death, from that very interesting little book, "Modern Miracles," by Leila Thomson. (Nisbet and Co., 21, Berner's-street, W.)

WM. R. TOMLINSON, M.A.

An Enquiry.

SIR,—You have perhaps the power to help me in an enquiry I am anxious to make, by circulating amongst your many readers the record of some recent experiences. It has been my fate of late years to pass from a normal condition of sleep to one that is, I suppose, of the nature of trance, being at the time in perfect health and quite unable to assign the products of this condition to physical causes.

On these occasions I appear to myself to take part in events—almost entirely of a tragic nature—all over Europe. Often I hear names and places given, and see faces so clearly that I could identify them afterwards; frequently I have been able to verify my experiences. It would take up too much of your space if I were to attempt to record past instances; but I venture to ask—Can anyone say if there was any truth in two recent visions, hallucinations—call them what you will—of this nature? On the night of one of the recent gales, October 14th, I was sitting up for hours, having been awakened from a brief sleep by the storm; being wide awake, with the gas lighted but burning low, I saw with my other sight a tall, powerfully-made man in the dress of a coastguardsman, or superior sailor, standing motionless, for hours, with his back to the wardrobe. He held his cap in his hand, had on oilskin yellow overalls, such as sailors wear in bad weather, and I particularly noticed that the material of his sailor's dress was very good and clean. His hair and beard were light brown; he was a fine man of about forty-five; and he was not wet. I carefully observed this, saying to myself: "He has not been drowned, and I see no marks of violence about him." Still he persistently stood there with a very firm and patient, yet utterly downcast bearing. Presently I asked him mentally: "Why do you come to me?" He answered: "This night's work has cost me my life. I come for my wife and my four children." This was at five in the morning; but for hours before, whenever I had turned that way, the vivid impression upon my sight was of this man, sadly standing there, and communicating to me his own mental condition. Among all the casualties of these nights of storm is anyone acquainted with a case answering to this? Again, on the night of October 23rd, I assisted invisibly at the death of a man named "Hogg." He was a gentleman's servant, following his master down a narrow and perfectly solitary street in a large town. The place was dark, and a high brick wall ran on one side of the way; there was no pavement, and the man was anxious to keep close to his master, an old gentleman, stout and portly, of whom he was somewhat in charge. A heavy waggon, with two ponderous horses came up; it was clear there was not room for it to pass, and the man "Hogg" would not stand aside and allow it to separate him from his master; the driver then deliberately drove him against the wall, and he was crushed to death. I saw it all, feeling all the horror of the situation, and was quite unnerved by it afterwards. I heard the master cry loudly, "Hogg, Hogg, Hogg!" as he turned and saw what had happened; it was a cry of anguish and despair. I turned away in horror, so as not to see the crushed body fall; then I got up, walked about the room, and tried to throw off the terrible impression. It was all of no use. I could discern the state of the driver's mind, and saw that he had deliberately risked crushing the man, because he was enraged at his refusal to make way. They brought the corpse into a room, and laid it on a sofa in my sight; then a doctor saw me; hitherto I had been invisible, and he appealed to me for some slight help. I declined to give it, saying the man was dead, and then obtained my release from the scene.

Sometimes I have verified visions from the papers. Can anyone say if there is any foundation in fact, known to them, for this experience?

It will be of no use to tell me that I might have been reading, or hearing of such events, for I take all such considerations carefully into account. I am also well acquainted with the publications of "The Society for Psychical Research," am a constant reader of "LIGHT," but belong to no sect or community with preconceived solutions of such problems to support. On returning from one such mental excursion I remember for an appreciable fragment of time being possessed of a double consciousness. I myself hovered above my prostrate body on the bed, and was aware of a certain difficulty in the resumption of my normal condition. This alarmed me, and for a time I succeeded by auto-suggestion in stopping what I have called my "excursions."

This, however, does not prevent such visitors as I have described from waiting upon me. Would my Spiritualist friends say possibly that I was a medium undeveloped?

D. M.

Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Moncure Conway.

SIR,—With your permission I will venture to make a few comments on the interview between Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Moncure Conway.

I am no admirer of Madame Blavatsky: her doctrines and conduct are repellent to me; but this unfavourable opinion does not prevent my doing her justice when she is misunderstood and misrepresented.

Mr. Conway reports that she took him into a private room and there told him that the manifestations with which she was associated were all "glamour, and that people thought they saw what they did not see." Now it is perfectly evident to me that Mr. Conway did not detect that Madame Blavatsky was "bamming" and "chaffing" him with grave irony. She saw through him and measured him at a glance; and poor Mr. Conway, having no sense of humour, did not perceive that he was being trifled with, played upon, befooled and laughed at. This is the sort of treatment that such a man would receive from a powerful, dominant, unscrupulous mind like Madame Blavatsky's.

Mr. Moncure Conway had better let Spiritualism and all such cognate mysterious subjects entirely alone. He is not qualified to investigate and study them. Some years ago I had a conversation with him on spiritual manifestations, and I saw at once that his case was hopeless and incurable, beyond all human aid.

There can be no doubt that Madame Blavatsky was a powerful medium for good and evil—a compound of the true and false. I cannot say that I share your favourable opinion of her successor, Mrs. Besant. With all her acuteness and ability she is precisely the woman to be deceived on certain lines; and when she gets among the Oriental experts in magic, the results may be easily imagined and predicted.

London, NEWTON CROSLAND.
October 31st, 1891.

A Suggestion.

SIR,—I should greatly desire to see cheap editions of the three following works published at the present time, viz.: "Spirit Identity," by "M.A. (Oxon.)"; Florence Marryat's "There is no Death"; and Morell Theobald's "Spirit Workers in the Home Circle." The publication of three such interesting volumes in a cheap form just now would, I am convinced, lead to good results in the way of "propaganda," as they would find their way into the homes of many persons who are at present unable to get access to them.

October 26th, 1891. EDINA.

Summerland, California.

DEAR SIR,—My friend Mrs. Parker, who owns property in that lovely land, intends going with her daughter in November. I thought it might interest your readers to know of this opportunity to accompany so experienced a traveller, who knows the country and people thoroughly. Mrs. Parker expects to sail early in November. The climate of California makes it a very garden of Eden—calculated to cure consumption if not too far gone. This is a good time to exchange our trying climate for sunny skies and perfect conditions of health and happiness for all. I think the whole cost to any part of California is only about £30 first class and £21 second-class.

12, Peak Hill, Sydenham. ELISE GRECK.

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. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

FOREST HILL, 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Bertram read a paper on "Theosophy," after which an interesting discussion took place. Sunday next, Rev. Dr. Young, at 7 p.m. Thursday, séance. Mrs. Treadwell, at 8 p.m.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

50, BECKLOW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—Mrs. Wilkings gave a short address on Sunday with advice to young mediums, afterwards giving clairvoyant tests. Good audience. Next Sunday, open meeting, Mrs. Asbury. Tuesday, November 10th, Mr. Norton.—T. WYATT, Sec. *pro tem.*

SPIRITUALIST CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—The series of meetings held during the past month have been fairly attended, inquirers assisted, and progress made. The committee tender their thanks to all who have assisted in the work.—J. RAINBOW, Corresponding Secretary, Manor Park, Essex.

KING'S CROSS SOCIETY, COPENHAGEN-HALL, 184, COPENHAGEN-STREET, CALEDONIAN-ROAD.—On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. R. King will initiate a discussion upon "Proofs of Spirit Return," and in the evening, at 7 p.m,, Mr. T. Emms will lecture upon Spiritualism.—S. T. RODGER, Hon. Sec.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday evening last, Captain Pfoundes traced the progress of the Theosophical Society since its formation, denouncing their illogical and unfounded theories. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. D. B. Dale on "Mind"; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Slater on "Freedom." Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Mason. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell.—R. MILLIGAN and C. WHITE, Hon. Secs.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On October 29th we held a free concert, which was conducted by Mr. Butcher and friends with great success. On Sunday, at 11.15 a.m., we had an address by Mr. Munns on "What is Religion?" and at 7, Mr. Dale spoke on the advantages of Spiritualism. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. Keets; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell. Monday, at 8 p.m., members' circle. Friday, at 8 p.m., free healing.—J. DALE, 4, Sidney-road, Stockwell, Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.—On Sunday next, at 7. p.m., Mr. J. Maltby will give his Free Lantern Lecture on "The Life and Work of W. Eglinton and other Mediums." On this occasion all seats will be free, and there will be no collection. All who have not witnessed these beautiful spirit pictures should avail themselves of this opportunity. Before the lecture Miss Bendelow will play a pianoforte selection from "Elijah."—A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L., Hon. Sec., 4, Portland-terrace, N.W.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a good meeting, many strangers being present. Mr. Towns delived an excellent discourse upon the soul, followed by successful psychometrical readings. Sunday, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Mr. Portman. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Saturdays, at 3 p.m., a select circle. On Friday, October 30th, Mr. Hopcroft's benefit seance resulted in a profit of 11s. and a donation of 2s. 6d. from a friend, which has been forwarded to Mr. Younger. Mrs. Spring was the medium, to whom our best thanks are tendered.—J.H.B., Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE GREEN).—On Sunday evening last the "ladies'" service was a decided success. Mrs. Kemmish, who presided, read from "Beyond the Gates," followed by a solo and musical selection by Miss Box and Miss Ward, both admirably given and duly appreciated. Mrs. Stanley's address was characterised by many advanced thoughts and dealt with the idealistic work, "Looking Backward." The meeting-place was crowded, many having to stand or go away. We have purchased a piano, and in aid of the debt on the same we intend having a social gathering on Tuesday, November 10th, at 8 o'clock. Next Sunday evening address by Mr. W. E. Long, "How I Tried and Proved the Spirits, or a Case of Spirit Identity," at 7 o'clock. Public discussion on Thursdays at 8.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL HALL.—On October 25th addresses were delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse, in the morning on "Ecclesiastical Spiritualism," and in the evening on "Social Life in the Spirit World." Space will not admit of any adequate description of the lectures, which were of the usual high standard of excellence peculiar to Mr. Morse's guides, the one in the evening bristling with interest, and teeming with information as to the laws governing humanity on the spirit side of life, and the various states and conditions pertaining thereto. On the Monday evening replies to questions from the audience were dealt with in the usual masterly manner. On this occasion Mr. Morse was accompanied by Mrs. Morse, and it has been a source of unmingled pleasure for us to be able to congratulate her in person upon her happy recovery from prolonged ill health (culminating in a painful operation). On Thursday evening, October 29th, a social meeting of members and friends took place at our hall, when Mr. and Mrs. Morse kindly favoured us with their presence, Mr. Morse acting as chairman in his usual felicitous style. An ample programme of vocal and instrumental music was gone through, followed by dancing, which was vigorously sustained till the "wee sma' hours." The meeting was a successful and enjoyable one.—E.A.

OBITUARY.

CARDIFF.—On Wednesday, October 28th, at the New Cemetery, were interred the remains of Mrs. Porter (the mother of our respected member Mrs. H. P. Brooks), who passed over to spirit life on October 22nd. Mrs. Porter, though not associated with the work of the Society, owing to bodily infirmities, has for many years been conversant with the facts of spirit return and communion. The funeral service, which was attended by several local Spiritualists, was conducted by Mr. J. J. Morse in an earnest and impressive manner. While emphasising the responsibilities resting upon us here in earth-life, his words were also full of sweet consolation to those bereft, all of whom appeared to be comforted with the "glorious hope of immortality" which is the burden of the gospel of Modern Spiritualism.—E.A.

A SONG FOR MUSIC.

For her my soul should love, I sought—
"O Love, where art thou? say!"
And as I went, at times, methought
My soul a whispered answer caught,
"Here, Love, this way! this way!"
And eagerly, through briars and thorns,
Through watery wastes, and flowery lawns,
On towering mountains peaked with snow,
In vales where murmuring rivers flow,
I sought my love with many tears;
Still cried, "Where art thou? say!"
Still heard that whisper in mine ears—
"This way! my Love, this way!"

"Where'er I seek thou art not there!
Oh, wherefore dost thou flee?
Despair of hope what heart can bear?
Then pity, pity my despair,
And show thyself to me."
But still, alas! in vain I sought;
No Heavenly glimpse of her I caught
Round whom, when seen, my heart should twine,
Whose soul should meet and merge in mine.
At last I laid me down, and cried—
"One hope remains for me:
Thou art not in this world, my bride,
In Heaven I'll seek for thee."

I closed mine eyes, and knew a thrill
That through me shot, and passed.
And memory, like a soothing rill
Ran back through all my life, until
I saw it first and last.
Then on my lips a kiss I felt,
And lo! a maid beside me knelt,
So fair, so sweet, that all my heart
Leaped forth in one great, sudden start.
I knew the fields of Heaven around,
I knew that woe was past,
I knew mine own true bride was found,
Was found, was found at last.

G. W. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

A.C.—Your book received.

S. F. (Florence.)—Pamphlets and letter duly received. Thanks.

C.P.—We are afraid that any discussion, such as you propose, would not be useful. At any rate the proposition is not one that concerns us. It should be addressed to 7, Duke-street, and not to us.

SUCCESS in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.—MONTESQUIEU.