

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

1 It is not the time yet to make any judicial summing-up of the case against Mr. Harris: but Mr. Oxley contributes some important facts towards the formation of a judgment. And, being an impartial person, I venture out of the mere personal question that concerns Mr. Harris to say a word as to those claims that have been made by him, and those who agree with him, to improve and direct humanity. Whether Oliphant was wise or not in submitting himself to Harris may be—I should say can hardly be—a matter of opinion. That he got nothing out of what he tried is not to me a matter of surprise. For I hold all such methods to be mistaken. The attempts at counsels of perfection which are sought by means of peddling oranges and acting as a farm labourer are as futile as they are stupid. They seem to me almost to partake of the character of insanity—using that much misused word in the sense of a disturbance of the mental balance. What we call right judgment, another term for common-sense, may very easily be disturbed without results that should cause suspicion of insanity, as the word is usually understood. And the history of the world shows that all these attempts to withdraw from it, to make a violent revulsion in the habits of life, to peddle oranges and sleep in a loft with an orange-box for a table, in place of adorning cultured society and informing thinking people through the pages of "Blackwood," or otherwise, is a grotesque blunder.

So much I may say without at all prejudging Mr. Harris' methods. But I have before me the first number of the Fountaingrove Library, published by Mr. Harris. It is called "The New Republic: Prospects, Dangers, Duties, and Safeties of the Times." It is a large order, and Mr. Harris tell us that though he is a "practical industrialist"—not quite the term that I should have applied to him—he "resumes another function, that of Intellectual Ministry to the people: not seeking to be a ruler of their faith, but a helper in the social labours that result in common fellowship and joy." If any man can tell us what are the prospects of this very much mixed age, can warn us against its dangers, safeguard us against its risks and point out our duties in it, he is indeed a man to be acclaimed as a leader. But Mr. Harris' remedy for the ills of humanity is only a *rechauffé* of Mr. Bellamy's Socialism. It is not any part of my business to enter into such problems in these columns: but I do not learn from Mr. Harris anything of value, and I find extraordinary statements throughout his pamphlet. "Never yet has there ever been on earth a genuinely human public opinion." Then by what is the world governed? Was there no "genuinely human public

opinion" at (for example) the Commonwealth and the French Revolution? Are we all led by the nose? And who makes the leaders? But this will lead me into the great question of Socialism which I am free to admit is urgent, but which I do not wish to touch now.

The current number of "Blackwood" has a notice of Laurence Oliphant, hardly redeemed from mediocrity, which one does not expect in that magazine. It adds nothing to our knowledge and is not even a good summary of Mrs. Oliphant's memoir. But it brings out into bold relief the relations that existed between the Oliphants and Harris, and emphasises the position taken up by those who knew the facts of the case, with the exception of Mr. Cuthbert and Mr. Pearce. Into these matters of opinion I do not go. They are being sufficiently discussed elsewhere, but there is a passage in the article which I may quote as bearing on these discussions.

Harris obtained the mastery of Laurence Oliphant's will, and his position of a disciple became practically that of a serf. It is a pitiable story to tell of the senseless drudgery to which such an intellect as Oliphant's was condemned in the Brocton community. Mrs. Oliphant records the facts with remarkable moderation and keen sympathy; and her chapters relating to the Brocton life are the most interesting part of the second volume. We shall not linger over them. The spectacle of one of the cleverest and most brilliant men of the age set to "live the life" by cadging strawberries at railway stations, working as a farm teamster, sleeping in a straw bed over a stable, and eating his meals off a deal box, is both painful and irritating. And all this with a view to be more Christ-like! It would be difficult to find a greater insult to common-sense in the grossest extravagances of mediæval Roman Catholic asceticism.

Pitiable, indeed, it must be held to be. A razor to chop wood occurs to me as an illustration. But the psychical problem remains. What made it possible for this inferior mind to dominate such an intellect as Oliphant's! Was there in Harris a magnetism that paralysed the mind? Did he hypnotise his followers? What is the explanation? Fancy Lady Oliphant, "gentle and well stricken in years, sent to work out her salvation in the wash tub." There is no need to comment on such an order, but there is need to say, and that strongly, that no man has any right to issue such an order and that the man who did has no claim to consideration. He absorbed the money of these people, he subjected them to the position of mere slaves. The wonder is that any one was so foolish as to submit to such orders: the greater wonder is that Oliphant did; the greatest marvel remains, How did Harris do it?

"Blackwood" has also an article on telepathy written by a bishop. We are becoming quite respectable. The bishop has been reading "Phantasms of the Living," which, by-the-way, he attributes wholly to the late Edmund Gurney. The writer adds to the already large store of facts accumulated by the Society for Psychical Research some records of his own. He also throws out some suggestive speculations. "One may even suspect that like electricity in the material universe, so this mysterious agency" (*i.e.*, psychic force) "in the region of the human mind, whether perceptible or not, is still of

universal operation." Is there, perchance, one force and one only, manifesting itself in many ways, and is electricity one mode of its manifestation and psychic force another? "I have scarcely any doubt that this agency is truly universal," says the bishop. "Nothing in nature is really abnormal." That, I presume, means contrary to law. But then we do not know the laws. The laws of nature so-called are just so much of the governing causes as we have found out. It may be, and probably it is, a scrap of the infinite, but it is all we know. And then, if there be something we do not understand, we call it a miracle. I have repeatedly seen and accurately observed occurrences which are what ordinary people call impossible. There is no more constant law, in the minds of most people who are qualified to express an opinion, than the law of gravitation: but I have seen it suspended over and over again. I have seen solid bodies rise in the air and sometimes remain there for an appreciable length of time without what a physicist would call an appreciable cause. That is an impossibility: it is also a fact. I have also tested and proved the fact that intelligence governs these movements. That intelligence is one apart from a human brain. That is also what the ordinary scientist would describe as impossible. I have also correlated that intelligence with one known to me or identified to me by evidence as one which once existed on this earth. Thus I have reached by a chain of reasoning, in which no one yet has picked a hole, the *raison d'être* of Spiritualism. It is one of the standing wonders of my experience that people cannot or will not see what this means.

Bishop Courtenay points out that the various modes in which telepathy manifests itself are only not now reducible to law because we have not yet discovered the law. Electricity also is erratic, and erraticity means only that we are as yet ignorant. We know that matter acts on matter most variously. We are only now beginning to investigate the action of mind on mind. "*Delicta majorum immeritus lues*" applies to us. In the days that are gone by our fathers had their chance. I suppose the time was not fully come: at any rate they found the grapes sour, and it is a mercy that our teeth are not set on edge. There is a field of research open to the inquiring mind in this direction which is susceptible of any amount of tillage. For instance the bishop suggests that the sympathy of mind with mind is "as a general rule experienced in the solitude, darkness, and silence of the night." Is it? If so, why? Is it that the body is then in repose and the soul is then active? Nature, we know, attends strictly to business. When a meal has been taken the efforts of the system are devoted to digestion. May it be that when the body is temporarily done with and needs no special care the needs of the soul are seen to? It is not quite exact to say that this is so with all of us. I have no remembrance of instruction by dream. I have had much by vision, by direct message, by what would be called in old days inspiration, but I hardly remember having had a fruitful dream, one to which I could trace a definite result. The mistake, it seems to me, that is being made outside of Spiritualism is to dwell exclusively on the action of the powers of the incarnate spirit, and to neglect the influence of unembodied spirit acting upon it. This is very conspicuous in the article on which I am commenting.

I do very firmly believe that a much slighter acquaintance with the facts that I am cognisant of would save such comments as Bishop Courtenay makes. They display ignorance—I do not use the term offensively, for ignorance with all of us is a mere question of degree—or perhaps I should say that they interest me as displaying an amount of knowledge that surprises me, while they show at the same time how large is the area which is to be explored. Thereon I

congratulate Bishop Courtenay. He has gone so far that I hope he will go further. He travels over well-worn ground, and he can hardly be blamed for want of acquaintance with the literature of Spiritualism. I put out some years ago a statement of the apparent causes which influence the return of the departed. There is in the Bishop's article very much that I said and not much that I did not say. Personal affection influences, as might be expected. A disturbing grief attracts, as we might anticipate, if the individuality is perpetuated. A passion—such as the miser's love for his gold—ties him to the earth. It was the only thing he cared for, and his heart is with his treasure. All this the Bishop puts, but he does not get one step beyond telepathy. Now, telepathy is true. It is abundantly necessary to recognise the inherent powers of the incarnate spirit; but it is also very necessary to realise that all the facts are not covered by any explanation so put forth. There have been, and are, Spiritualists who invoke spirits to explain everything. That has been a great blot on our record. But there is a school of teachers rising now who occupy a half-way house between Materialism and Spiritualism. All is to be referred to the unconscious self or the latent powers of our minds or to some such cause. I agree that the known causes should be exhausted before the unknown are explored. But then the unknown are *not* altogether unknown, and they are very much in evidence. I do not sympathise with Laodiceanism.

Some cases are worthy of record in these columns. The first I quote is this:—

A young married lady related to me the following remarkable experience:—Shortly after her marriage she had accompanied her husband to India. It was towards the end of the Mutiny, and she was separated from him—he being about forty miles away, and, as she believed, in great personal danger. For the first time in her young life she was left alone. One night, on retiring to rest, feeling far from well, depressed, too, by the sense of loneliness and by anxiety on her husband's account, she "could not help crying," and fell, as she thought, into a troubled sleep, in which she dreamed or fancied that an elderly gentleman who had shown them much kindness on their first arrival in India, but who was then residing at a considerable distance, entered her room, and approaching the bed, said, "My dear child, I know well what you are suffering, and, believe me, I feel deeply for you"; and that he stooped down and kissed her. Though quite aware, she said, that it was merely a vision, she felt greatly consoled. The Mutiny ended, she was with her husband in Calcutta at an evening party, at which she met their friend. He expressed his pleasure at seeing her again after a long interval. "It is not so long," she replied, "since I saw you"; and she described the vision. With expressions of the utmost astonishment, he declared that he himself had had a similar vision, or rather dream. "I dreamed that I saw you crying, and tried to console you, and kissed you."

And this next:—

In the very striking case now to be recorded, more than one of these causes of strong telepathic sympathy were at work, and the effect produced by their combined operation was of unusual power. The writer of the following account is well known to me, and permits the publication of her letter, excepting only the names. She had previously related to me much of her story, in the presence of her husband.

"On the night of March 13th, 1879, I was going to a dinner-party at Admiral —'s. While dressing for the same, through the doorway of my room which led into my husband's dressing-room, I distinctly saw a white hand wave to and fro twice. I went into the room and found no one was there, or had been there, as the door on the other side was closed; and on inquiring I found no one had been upstairs. While dressing nothing further occurred, but on arriving at Admiral —'s a strange feeling of sadness came over me. I could eat no dinner; nor afterwards, when we had some music, could I sing well. All the time I felt *someone*, or *something*, was near me. We went home, and about eleven o'clock, or perhaps half-past, I commenced undressing. I distinctly felt someone touching my hair, as if they, or he, or she, were undoing it. I was very frightened, and told my husband I felt so. He laughed at me. When saying my prayers, on praying as I always did for the recovery of a sick friend, instead of as usual asking God to make him well, all I could say was, 'O God, put him out of his misery.' I got into bed, and something lay beside me. I told my husband, who, though he laughed at me, pitied my nervousness and took me into his arms; but still whatever was there remained by me, and

a voice, the voice of my friend, distinctly said, 'Good-bye, Sis' (which he used to call me). Whether I fell asleep then or not I don't know, but I distinctly felt a kiss on my cheek, and I saw my friend, who told me, 'he had left me some money, but that he wanted it to be left differently, but had had no time to alter it.' A livid line was across his face. I woke crying. About (I think) five days after, a letter was brought to me with a deep black border. I felt what it meant. It was to tell me of the death of my friend —, who had passed away at half-past ten p.m., March 13th. The letter proceeded to tell me he had left me some money, but that the writer (his brother) was too ill and upset to give me any further particulars, or tell me of any message he had sent me, only that his brother 'had died murmuring my name.'

It appears that it was the dying man's wish to alter his will, and leave the money to one of her children, his godson, rather than to herself, "as he thought people might misconstrue his motives"; and she adds, "His brother ended his letter by saying, 'If ever woman was loved on earth, my unhappy brother loved you; and if we ever meet it can never be as strangers, but as brother and sister.'" Further on she writes, "I did not know this, but suspected it before his death." Here there was mutual affection—on one side of unusual strength. Each, moreover, habitually thought of the other, the dying man the more continuously and intently of the two, until at length the object of his devotion seemed to hear his voice, and even, reading his thoughts, became aware of his special wish concerning her and her child.

The conclusion of the article, for which I profess my gratitude, is this. Bishop Harvey Goodwin has done us service: now we must thank Bishop Courtenay.

In a future state, and in a higher world than this, one may well believe that there will be an intercommunion of spirits, to which the telepathic influences at work in this world bear a faint analogy.

For Christians it is a matter of faith that the Father of spirits acts directly upon the minds of men, and of an innumerable multitude of other intelligent creatures. And they hold, further, that in a glorified state they will "know even as they are known"—and this surely not through the medium of elaborate signs or words, as of the languages of earth. They may even not unreasonably hope to enter into close sympathetic union with many souls at once, such as with our present narrow capacities of thought and feeling, is impossible. Hardly can one perfectly sympathise with one, constituted as we now are. But hereafter it may be with souls as with musical tones, of which many sounding together can produce a harmonious effect far more expressive and beautiful than that of any simpler concord, each tone enriching all the rest. So may each soul, vibrating in loving and intimate yet diverse sympathies with many others, receive ever fresh delight from their rich harmony. There may be an exquisite spiritual telepathy, in circles ever widening, embracing other orders of being, touching even the Highest.

MAZZINI ON THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.*

Mrs. Ireland's "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," just published contains a valuable letter of Mazzini, addressed to Mrs. Carlyle in a season of trouble: "You had, nay *have*," he says, "though invisible to the eyes of the body, your mother, your father too. Can't you commune with them? I know that a single moment of true fervent love for them will do more for you than all my talking! Were they now what you call living would you not fly to them, hide your head in their bosom and be comforted, and feel that you owe to them to be strong—and that they may never be ashamed of their own Jane? Why can you think them to be *dead*, gone for ever, their loving immortal soul annihilated? Can you think that this vanishing for a time has made you less responsible to them? Can you, in a word, love them less because they are far from sight? I have often thought that the arrangement by which loved and loving beings pass through death is nothing, the last experiment appointed by God to human love; and often as you know from me I have felt that a moment of true soul communing with my dead friend was opening a source of strength for me un hoped for down here. Did we not often agree about these glimpses of the link between ours and the superior life?"

"WHY should we feel ourselves to be men, unless it be to succeed in everything, everywhere. You must say of nothing that is beneath me, nor feel that anything can be out of your power. Nothing is impossible to the man who can will. Is that necessary? That shall be: this is the only law of success."—MIRABEAU. (In Emerson's Conduct of Life.)

* "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle," by Mrs. Alexander Ireland: Chatto and Windus, 1891.

LETTERS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY A READER OF "LIGHT."

No. VI.

DEAR —, Before I proceed further I want to make one point clear. My estimate of the dwellers in negation has reference only to the absence of truth in their ruling principles. Of the people themselves I offer no opinion but that which believes and hopes for the best. No man or woman ever ascended into Heaven or descended into hell—either in this life or the next—through the portals of dogma only, negative or positive. The saving principle in each of us is the quality of our love and its influence on our lives. "God builds His temples in the hearts of men on the ruins of religions and churches." That there are true, faithful, loving souls in the most unlikely places, in whom God is dwelling by love, is a truth compelling conviction. Swedenborg gives a quaint and beautiful illustration of this. During one of his states of intromission he says:—"Once when I was reading in Judges respecting Micah, whose graven image, teraphim, and Levite were taken away from him by the sons of Dan, there was present a spirit from among the Gentiles, who when he had lived in the body had worshipped a graven image. On listening attentively . . . he was seized with grief . . . to such a degree he scarcely knew what he was thinking of. His grief was perceived by me . . . that there was innocence in all his affections. Some Christian spirits present . . . wondered that the worshipper of a graven image could be moved with so great an affection of compassion and innocence. Certain good spirits . . . remarked to him that a graven image ought not to be worshipped . . . that God is the Lord. When this was said to him I was enabled to perceive the interior affection of his adoration . . . was of a far more holy character than prevails among Christians. It may hence be evident that the Gentiles enter Heaven far more easily than the Christians of the present day, according to these words of the Lord in Luke: 'And they shall come from east and west, and from north and from south, and shall lie down in the Kingdom of God: and behold there are last who shall be first, and there are first who shall be last.' The state in which he then was . . . he possessed the compassion which is an attribute of love, and in his ignorance was included innocence . . . where these are present . . . doctrines of faith are received spontaneously and their reception is accompanied with joy."

My own deliverance came by slow degrees. It seemed as if the lesson I had to learn to be of any value to myself or others was to come step by step through suffering, interspersed here and there by hopeful experiences. Once, I remember a distinct instance of the soul-voice impressing a fundamental truth on my heart in a very direct manner. I can recall time and circumstance, needless to relate here. I was puzzling out the question of the difference between Christ and other men. There was a difference. In what did it consist? Clearly there sounded through me these words: "What answers to soul in you was God in Him. God is a spirit—unseeable. We cannot worship an abstraction. God incarnated Himself in the human form of Christ, Who thus became God manifest in the flesh." I had never read a line of Swedenborg when I heard that, so it was no echo from him. It became, however, for me the most vital of facts on which to rest and from which to start. The rains of scientific or agnostic arguments might descend and the floods of infidelity fall, but from this rock they could never again dislodge me. It was the beginning of growth.

Still, the knowledge left a void when I tried to reconcile the fact with fictions I had to listen to Sunday after Sunday in the sacred edifices where I could nowhere discern Him. One Sunday I remember I could bear it no longer. I left the church precipitately in the middle of service. I was in great distress, when a friend gave me Swedenborg's "Divine Love and Wisdom," and told me to study it, that it was for the student, and not the passing reader. I studied it day by day, and not having destroyed my "common perception," I saw its profound revelation of truth—and seeing—lived! It marked a new era for me—a rising from the dead—a passing from darkness into the marvellous light.

But now, much as I owe to Swedenborg, I would warn you that his message is not final. Revolve around him and you will stagnate and crystallise as has the sect which bears his name; until one grieves to see that this profound revelation—the key to so many mysteries—should be levelled down to an “ism” in the minds of many truth-seeking people when it is nothing of the sort. The followers of Swedenborg have done yeoman’s service for truth in rescuing their seer’s writings from oblivion and spreading them abroad to enlighten the world. But they should bear in mind that it is reasonable to suppose that God Who revealed so much truth through Swedenborg would not suffer it to be shut up and final in him. He was but the herald of many seers, through whom successive revelations were and are to come. Swedenborg was the last man—if I have studied his character aright—to desire to inaugurate a new sect, whose members in no way differ from all other sects in their manner of life, although they claim to being “New Church.” Swedenborg was simply the medium of a new revelation, it was his desire it should permeate all the churches (which to some extent it has), and not be held the exclusive property of any one. He revealed the New Age that has dawned upon our world, and was its herald. Everything he foretold has come to pass. But the revelation is continuous. No one can see the astounding strides in every department of the world’s culture and not feel this; for God is the God of science, of literature, of art. He is in everything as everywhere. The people who talk of reconciling religion and science talk nonsense. Science is religion before it is science. You cannot take from God what He has originated! Art also is religion, and until we can see and worship God in these His works and make them His temples, we have not approached the threshold of His truth. Can you imagine the trees arguing among themselves how they can reconcile their roots to the earth that holds them, and without whose support they could not stand. So it is with these well-meaning reconcilers of things that have never been apart! It almost provokes a smile to hear these paladins of science and art patronise their Creator, and argue about His place in creation, relegating Him Who fills all things to temples made with hands, where they formally recognise Him occasionally in what they are pleased to call worship. It is as if some priggish young schoolboy were to condescend to admire and discuss critically with the architect upon the merits of his building. Yet such is the attitude of those who would criticise the Creator in His own Universe, and, weighing Him in the balance with the worships of their own intelligence, find Him not only wanting in a great deal, but even superfluous.

Having brought you thus far, it only remains for me to complete the circle from whence I started by examining the nature of that Self which I told you you must part with if you would find God. Isaiah gives you the key when he paints God as infinitely above desiring any of the petty sacrifices people are so fond of making, thinking to please Him—as when they starve their palates of certain food and their minds of His joys. “When ye come to appear before Me, Who hath required this at your hands . . . bring no more vain oblations. I am weary to hear them. Cease to do evil, learn to do well.” In a word, “Be still,” and know that He is God. In concentrated silence ask God to change the nature of your Will, which is the receptacle for His Love, so that the Self which occupies it may be removed and He may fill it. Then you will experience the true, the only Nirvana—a state of mind in which you will desire nothing but what God wills for you, and enjoy nothing apart from Him. Thrones, principalities, powers cannot tempt you, because you have found a joy, “the pearl of great price,” exceeding anything they could give you. You will find your whole nature quickened and exquisitely alive, as never before to all that is beautiful in creation or in art. You will, in fact, by leaving your heart open and receptive to the Divine will, become a medium of His inspiration and yourself a life-giving power.

And to gain this state what have you to do? Simply nothing but wait daily upon God in silent concentrated desire for His Divine visitation, keeping your heart clean and acquiescent to His will. Do this, and so surely as I am writing to you, so surely will God manifest Himself to you, and literally take up His abode in your heart. You may have to wait long for the consciousness of it, as the flower waits long for its opening to the sun—but never in vain. The

Self, therefore, to reckon with is your will—that it may become one with God’s will. This constitutes the consecration of yourself and all your powers to the life that is “hidden in Christ” and is “content to do His will.” “To obey is better than sacrifice.” Hold yourself in constant readiness to do what God wills for you to do; and every cry for help, come from whence or whom it may, will be your signal for service. On the surface you will be much the same as other people who follow good to noble ends; for you will affect no singularity that suggests that you think yourself better than your fellow creatures. The difference will be in yourself; in the richness of the life so “hidden” which you enjoy and can impart. In a word, you will have learnt the meaning of that saying: “Love and do as you please,” for Love is the fulfilling of all Law. You will be free; having learnt by practical experience that there is no bondage in Love, that “the yoke of Christ is easy, indeed, and His burden light!”

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

A MESSAGE WITH ONE FLAW IN IT.

BY EDINA.

The recent demise of an old gentleman named J. A., with whom I had business relations some years ago, but whose name and place of residence were unknown to any of my household, has afforded me an opportunity of repeating a former experiment. I wrote a letter to the deceased and another to my daughter’s spirit-guide requesting if possible a communication to be opened up. These were placed in the note-book almost daily used for messages from him, and in a couple of days a reply was received that Mr. A. would write on a given night. The first message was only a line or two, to say he would write more when power came; and there was nothing particular disclosing identity. I may here state that, in writing to the spirit-guide, I always give the details of the address and date of death of the person with whom I desire to communicate, as I entertain the opinion that he or she can easily be found for some time after death moving about the home lately “quitted,” and in this way I think communication is opened up.

We have now had a second message from my old acquaintance. It was written in my presence a short time ago along with one other message in a different handwriting. It covers two pages and a-half of the note-book, and regarding it I have to state:—

(1) The handwriting is in parts like and in parts unlike that of the deceased, and the signature is a rather feeble attempt at reproduction of the original, with which I was very familiar, and the letter “U” is omitted from it. On seeing this, I exclaimed, “Spell your name correctly.” I was standing by the medium’s side and asked her to indicate this desire to the “communicator,” and instantly the name was correctly written with the words added, “same sound.” This is the fact, as you will see from the two names as written, which I enclose for editorial inspection.

(2) The message contains the characteristic expression in constant use by the deceased when in life, which was, “Look here now.” This was given in a very emphatic way when he engaged in conversation.

(3) He mentions the name of Mr. D., an old gentleman of our acquaintance who passed over five years ago. “Mr. D. sends his regards to me.” There were certainly peculiar reasons for Mr. D. doing this to me. Mr. A. and he were two of the likeliest persons to have foregathered in the spirit-world in view of the close business relations subsisting between them when in life.

(4) The message contains a large number of references to matters occurring around me at the present time, the greater portion of which were quite unknown to the medium, particularly a matter of finance, in which he knows me to be interested now, although I am not aware he had heard of it before he “passed over.”

In short, thus far the contents of the message convinced me thoroughly I was *en rapport* with my late acquaintance.

Unfortunately for the completeness of this case there is a flaw or a misstatement in it, which somewhat detracts from its value.

The message gives his address as 47, H.-street, while in point of fact he lived in U.-street. On going to 47, H.-street to see who lived there, I was surprised to find that

a person of the same name as my communicator had chambers there and was engaged in professional business. He was no relation of the deceased, and the coincidence was rather remarkable. Pursuing my inquiries among the friends of the late Mr. A., I found that some time prior to his demise he had announced an intention to take an office in H.-street, but so far as I could learn had not completed his intention. Here I must leave the matter unsolved, and, though it detracts somewhat from the value of the message, the remainder, especially the internal evidence which I cannot reproduce, is more than sufficient to prove to me identity beyond dispute.

I have only again to add that neither the medium nor any of my family had any knowledge of Mr. A. or Mr. D. referred to in this article, as my acquaintance with both was of a professional nature, and it was just because of this want of knowledge that I made the experiment a second time, like the one first noticed in these columns, and again I consider with singular success. I will repeat it at every opportunity which occurs to me.

FUNERAL OF MR. BARKAS.

At Jesmond Old Cemetery Thomas Pallister Barkas was interred on July 15th. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Frank Walters, of the Church of the Divine Unity, with which the late Mr. Barkas had recently been connected. We quote from the address delivered at the grave.

He said: "My dear friends, I cannot, on an occasion like this, say all that lies in my heart to say to you. Only in a few imperfect words can I express my feelings to you on this very solemn occasion. We often say that death is a very dark mystery, and yet I believe that some of us have looked into the heart of the mystery, and there beheld the radiant face of our God. We often called death the dark-robed angel, and yet beneath these dark robes our departed friend believed he was able to discern the shining wings of God's sacred messenger. I would only try, my dear friends, from the memory of our departed friend, to enforce the power of an infinite faith in the goodness and wisdom of our Father God. The experience of life has taught us, as it has taught him, so many lessons of Divine faithfulness, that we are able to entertain an unshaken trust for all that may come to us from worlds unknown. God has dealt with us so well in this world that we cannot fear to put our hand in His as He leads us through the dark valley to new experience, to an eternal life. And so we carry the remains of our departed friend to the tomb with words of gratitude and thankfulness that for so long there was spared to us his splendid powers for the service of his fellow-men. We mingle bright flowers with the dark soil that we cast upon his final resting-place, and we lose all fear of his final destiny. We commit his spirit into the hands of Him Who is the Father of spirits, and we cherish most fondly the memory that will always make him live within our hearts. No; the sainted dead—those whom we love on earth and have passed away—they are not entirely departed from us; they dwell with us even in closer relationship. All that is most precious and beautiful in our fellowship is left with us. I believe that death very often is a revelation. The visible form is taken away from our side, but we seem to gain a deeper knowledge of their character than we were able to gain when we clasped their hands and looked into their eyes. I believe that even in this world the memory of the sainted dead glorifies the thought of their characters within our minds, and that the Divine beatitude may await them in worlds beyond is more than our feeble minds are able to conceive. So we thank God for the memory of the departed. We commend his soul to Him Who is Father of spirits, both in this world and in any strange regions that await our souls beyond."

The rev. gentleman then offered up a short prayer; after which many passed the open grave, taking a last look at the resting-place of one of the most esteemed and valued of the citizens of Newcastle. Soon afterwards the large concourse of people departed.

NO LIFE TO BE SOLITARY.

For he who thinks to stand alone,
Alone shall surely fall—
Our very woes are not our own,
But held in trust for all.
The bitter tears that secret flow
In solitary pain,
May freshen other lives, although
Our barren hopes can never know
Their fertilising rain;
And we who work, and we who weep,
Nor weep, nor work, in vain,
If other hands our harvest reap,
And other hearts with joy shall leap
To garner up our grain.

WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THE COMING CHURCH.

At a time when men are overhauling our various institutions, and the office of prophet once more finds exercise, it were indeed strange if the Church were to escape either the purger or the seer. The meetings of the International Congregational Council during the past week were significantly moving straws. Dr. Bradford's sermon recently delivered at the New Weigh House Chapel in Duke-street was both a summing-up and an overflow of the spirit of the meetings that have been held. The American preacher gave a forcible and fearless exposition of the place and duty of the Church in the age. Taking as his text John's vision of the presence of "the once crucified and now glorified Christ" in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, he interpreted the dream as the picture of the Living Christ in the midst of the Churches, and declared the subject of his discourse to be "The Coming Church." The origin of the Church, he said, was wrapped in obscurity, but it is evidently a growth of organism, and not a mechanism. An organism has its life and growth within, and has the power to adapt itself to the outer conditions of its life, while a mechanism remains once for all as it is, without having in itself the power of change. There was not a word in the New Testament that fixed the rules or order of the Church—only the "new commandment" of brotherly love. The Church was more like a tree than a State. The Church of the nineteenth century could be no more like the Church of the first century than a man could be like an infant, or the nineteenth century like the first, or England and America be like ancient Judæa.

The question that the Church of to-day has to consider is whether the men of 100 years ago were better able to interpret truth to us than those who live to-day; whether the Church shall be ruled by the decrees of the dead rather than by Him Who said He was the first and the last, the ever-living One. The preacher gave four characteristics of the Coming Church. The first was the recognition of the presence and Sovereignty of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost was the provision of the Christ for the future of the Church. Christ spoke to individuals, not to a Church, which did not exist, not through organisations, or officials. This principle must have supreme sway. It is the privilege of every individual to hold his heart open to the Spirit of God as the flower opens to receive the sunshine. The second characteristic of the Coming Church is that it is a magazine of spiritual forces. In a factory all goes by mechanism, but in the home the members of a family consult together, and then go out to various work, carrying with them the spirit of the home. The rituals of the Church are not its pulse. People come to churches and have to wait for sittings till those who have paid for them are seated. The preacher thought that the millions who are outside and those who believe that the Church is their enemy will never be reached until the churches are free and open, and until the Master's command to "Go, preach" is more thoroughly obeyed. The third characteristic of the Coming Church is that each denomination or Church shall be one of a federation of Churches.

A suggested basis of unity is the Apostles' Creed, the Bible, the two Sacraments, and the Ministerial Office; but there is enough theological dynamite in these four points to blow up the whole Church. The sects are the product of intellectual differences, but a basis of co-operation for work is to be found in the federation of the Churches for the hastening of the day when the Christ shall reign through all governments and institutions for human welfare. The fourth characteristic of the Coming Church is the Realisation of the Christian idea of Brotherhood. True Socialism runs back to the Cross of Calvary—not the exaggerated Socialism that would destroy all existing human institutions, but that true Socialism which consists in realising the brotherhood of man in human affairs. The same Christ that died for thieves and harlots has inspired revolutions, raised up heroes, and given the spirit to men who have fought for freedom. It is not enough for wealthy men to think they have solved the Social problem by regarding labour as a commodity. Human labour cannot be a commodity because men are God's children. All work for man is not to be done in consecrated sanctuaries. This doctrine of brotherhood is getting the mastery over men, and the closing years of the century are witnessing enormous progress towards its realisation. —"Echo."

THE "Lyceum Banner" is a holiday number for children, and, we should say, likely to please them.

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

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Light:

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st, 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.

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LAURENCE OLIPHANT AND T. L. HARRIS.

The *ex parte* statements in reference to Mr. Oliphant made by two votaries of Mr. Harris, in the "Standard" of May 28th, by Mr. Cuthbert, and by Mr. C. W. Pearce in "LIGHT" of July 18th, raise questions which cannot be over-rated in importance to all—friend and foe alike—students of occultism, psychology, &c., and if the utterances of these two not yet disillusioned disciples and followers of T. L. Harris can be substantiated on reliable testimony, it behoves all men in general, and Spiritualists in particular, to "take their soundings." It does not require much "reading between the lines" for all thoughtful, impartial, observant minds to gauge the position, for they will find they are face to face with a man who claims to be a living example of those heretofore mysterious characters who have figured in psychological novels as possessing powers not only to control the earthly destinies, but to preserve the life or compass the death of other men and women who come in their way. If there is any truth in these pretentious claims, the sooner it is known and made public the better, not only for the safety of the person, but also to guard against loss of material wealth. Without a doubt all this is the meaning of the cruel, heartless letter—Mr. C. W. Pearce notwithstanding—written by Harris to Oliphant shortly after the death of his first wife.

The editor of "LIGHT" is well able to hold his own, and is able and willing to deal out even-handed justice to all concerned. His critic, whom he rightfully defends, has, to my thinking, given a pre-eminently fair and impartial criticism in "LIGHT" of June 27th, not only of Mrs. Oliphant's memoirs of Laurence Oliphant, but also of Harris as well. From the standpoint of the authoress, so strangely—to her—brought into contact with what is after all simply Spiritualistic phenomena, of which she evidently up to the time when she came in contact with her remarkable namesake was entirely ignorant, her book is well and admirably written, and contains vastly more fact than "romance"; and had she known more, which many others could tell, she would be amply justified in the use of terms and phrases, to which the attention of the readers of "LIGHT" is called by the criticism referred to.

Mr. Pearce denies Mrs. Oliphant's account of a certain visit, when the seeing a valuable ring upon the finger of a member of "the prophet's household" is stated to be the cause of Oliphant's "disenchantment." Connecting this visit with the occasion of Oliphant's and his mother's journey southward may or may not be true, and is but of trivial importance in comparison with the far graver issues involved.

Mrs. Oliphant gives one account of the "disenchantment"; Mr. Cuthbert another, in reference to the "breach" between the two, "with all its lamentable consequences, especially to all the Oliphants"; and Mr. Pearce still another as arising from Oliphant's "volatile nature and love of rule," a statement, I opine, that would be negatived in full by the Rev. Haskett Smith, who knew him much better than Mr. Pearce, and presumably as well as Mr. Cuthbert, whose shocking charge of insanity is equalled by the grotesque, and worse, attempt of Mr. Pearce to fix the cause of death upon Oliphant's reject on of Harris's "fatherly overtures" (see p. 343). But there is another, and that is Oliphant himself, whose testimony shall be heard, who gave me the cause of his "disenchantment" and breach with Harris; and after perusal the readers of "LIGHT" will be better able to judge between Harris and the statements made by his two votaries and Oliphant, who preferred to withdraw from a community that no longer—to him—fulfilled the hopes or realised the aspirations that caused him to join it.

I give here an extract from a letter before me, written by Mr. Oliphant to me from Haifa, dated March 31st, 1884, in answer to one that I wrote to him, desiring information regarding an alleged "outbirth" from Harris's conjunction with an angel (or otherwise, as the case may be). Full particulars of this and other matters are given in my work "Modern Messiahs," in the chapter on "T. L. Harris and the Brotherhood of the New Life." I also asked why he had withdrawn from the Harris community. He writes thus:—

"It (i.e. the matter referred to above), however, was not the ground of my separation from Mr. Harris. For many years I had been dissatisfied with his personal claims and pretensions, and with his eagerness to accumulate money for his own personal ends at the sacrifice, as it seemed to me, of the claims which the needs of the work had upon him; also with the exclusiveness of the movement, and the small account which seemed to be taken of the great universal heart-wants and body-wants. My only reason for ever joining it was because I thought it might prove an instrument for the benefit of humanity, as I am sure it was originally intended to be, and I do not regret my experiences, because I hope I have acquired knowledges which may be turned to good account to my fellow-creatures. But I saw that this could only be the case by my complete separation from the isolated and selfish action, as I thought, of Mr. Harris."

Here there is no railing accusation against his former leader and, I may say, master; and still less is there the slightest trace of "insanity," charged upon him by Mr. Cuthbert. What follows applies to another phase of the "Brotherhood of the New Life" and its work. He continues:—

"In 1881, therefore, I went to California to make a final financial settlement. This, after great difficulty, I succeeded in forcing upon Mr. Harris, not, however, without incurring a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. [Very modestly put when it is known what this sacrifice involved.—W. O.] I only saw him once on this occasion, for an hour. I have never been inside his house in California, and previous to that I had not seen him for eight years. In fact, with the exception of that one business interview, it is eleven years since I have had any personal intercourse with him. Even when associated with Mr. Harris I always reserved my own judgment upon matters which my own experience had not verified, or my reason approved."

Let the reader compare this calm, straightforward statement made by the principal himself with Mr. Cuthbert's version of the "visit" (see "Standard," May 28th), who, according to him, "demanded that Mr. Harris should come to him, give in his resignation, and accept Mr. Oliphant's dictatorship, &c., &c." With which of the two is the genuine truth?

Now for the "sacrifice involved."

According to an account published in the "San Francisco Chronicle" of June 21st, 1891, professedly from the lips of "a man of middle age who was for nearly twenty years in the web of T. L. Harris," the land at Brocton was bought by Oliphant's money for £30,000. It is said by the same authority that he claimed from Harris the return of £40,000, but accepted the compromise of £18,000 (I give in round numbers our money terms). If Mrs. Oliphant is correct, Mr. Oliphant's wife—so barbarously treated by Harris—gave into the treasury a not inconsiderable sum which must be added.

Probate of Oliphant's will, dated November 26th last, was granted. To the Rev. Haskett Smith he gives his shops and stores in the square at Haifa. To Dr. Martin all that part of his property at Haifa lying to the north of the road beyond the German Cemetery. In trust for sale, all his land at Brocton to pay £5,000 to his wife and, if sufficing, £5,000 to his sister-in-law. All the residue of his property in England, America, and Palestine to Mrs. Oliphant, who declared the value of the personality at £1,442 13s. 4d.

Under what conditions Oliphant invested his own, mother's, and wife's money in Harris's community is known alone to those concerned; and but for his "disenchantment" the probability is that it would all have been claimed by, and lost in, the "Use." Harris seems to be no exception to the rule of modern Messianic pretenders. Whatever else is needed, money is the one thing needful, and eagerly sought for. I personally am acquainted with another "disenchanted" member of the brotherhood—at least, who was in sympathy with the movement for many years—who has been fleeced out of some £5,000, and who has offered to accept £2,000 in settlement of his claim; but in this case Harris refuses to refund a single dollar, and so far as Harris and the Brotherhood of the New Life are concerned, those who withdraw from their community may be left houseless, homeless, and penniless; just as in the case of another "Chosen of the Lord," at Chatham, who "cut off" many of his deluded victims, and literally, after taking all their money, turned them adrift to make their way in the world as best they could. What is the moral of it all? In face of the fact of so many failures and collapses of the various schemes that have been started under the idea that the world is to be reclaimed and reformed by their agency (see the history of "American Communities," by W. A. Hinds, an impartial and by no means unsympathetic historian), they have acted impulsively, without duly weighing the profound problem of human embodied life, and think that *their* notions, when carried out into experiment, will prove to be the panacea for "all the ills that man is heir to."

A fact to be noted by the psychological student is, that in most—perhaps in all—of the leaders of these movements is to be found an extraordinary and marvellous magnetic (for want of a better word) power which, in the case of many who come in contact with these men, and women too, seems to be irresistible. This was notably the case with "Mother Girling," as I well know by experience, Jezreel, John Wroe, and others too numerous to mention, and I am told it is just the same with Harris. Sending a copy of "Masollam" to Harris by Oliphant after the receipt of that letter which was an outrage of the deepest dye, was the best return that he could make for the indignities he and his had suffered.

To aid in neutralising the venom directed against the memory of a man now dead, who, however mistaken—as many think—he may have been in his actions in reference to the work to which the latter part of his life was devoted, yet was a remarkable and good man—i.e., after his change—and when his traducers have, like him, joined the "great majority," he will be remembered as one who had the courage of his convictions, and sacrificed a brilliant prospect (as the world thinks) in order that he might benefit his fellow-creatures—I have written the above, and will take the consequences of this plain-spoken criticism.

WILLIAM OXLEY.

Higher Broughton, Manchester, July 21st, 1891.

We have received some publication called the "Lincoln Association Times," which, we are surprised to see, is in its sixth volume. It is the poorest little bit of stuff that ever shuffled out into the world, and would not call for a word of notice were it not that there is some note in it in which "the more intelligent devotees of Theosophy" are named as Mabel Collins and Madame Coulomb. That is, indeed, new. We suppose that somebody pays for this ridiculous little paper, which interests us only so far as it shows the extent to which the study of occult matters has penetrated. It is printed at Lincoln, and seems to be connected with a Young Men's Christian Association and one Mr. Dunn, who advertises his specialities very freely; but its foolish chatter is wholly unimportant—except for the fact to which we have adverted that even a Young Men's Christian Association is found to be interested in the occult. That is worth noting as a sign of the times.

FUTURE EXISTENCE.

The "Tocsin" has an article on Immortality as conceived by Dr. George Gould in the "Monist," which is of interest. The writer discusses the question raised by Dr. Gould, as to what a man desires and what he may expect in a future life. It is obvious to say *in limine* that that is not immortality. We can know nothing of the eternal progress that we desire beyond its next step. The writer of the article in the "Tocsin" thinks that it concerns men "to try to fill the blank" by some conception of the conditions of the immediate future. If we believe that we are progressing to the good and true, it concerns us to define for ourselves in what true progress consists. Our ideas must be limited by our conditions, but we may at least have a relative ideal. The want of the age, the need of humanity, is hope. "Give us hope, not only that ages hence all may be well with us, but something we can grasp and appreciate now."

Well, the remark that it is obvious to make in these columns is that Spiritualists have done much to form clear conceptions on these subjects. They have got rid of that strange idea that a man can divest himself of the results of his acts and put them on other shoulders, or start afresh in a new state of existence as if this life were of no account. They have learned that man is his own master, and does for himself and his destiny what in this fragment of his existence he can do. They believe that each soul goes to its own place when released from the body. If they have no chart of the country—the bourne from which so many travellers return—they can see that there is no breach in the continuity of existence; there will be no violent change, no sundering of the consciousness, but an orderly development such as we observe here in the processes of nature. He that is unjust will be unjust still; he that is holy will be holy still. How can it be otherwise? The man is the product of his acts, his thoughts, his endeavours, and his character is built up by himself. So long as we are conditioned here as we are incapable of imagining the surroundings of life apart from the body. But that is a detail: we can argue from analogy that it is similar to that which we now have. We shall not at once become either angels or devils. We are as unlikely to drop down into hell as we are to associate with angels and archangels before the Great White Throne.

Moreover, they who return to us give a coherent idea of their life, and are visible in their persons to us who can see with the spiritual sense—the Balaams whose eyes are open. They are not different from what they were. The spirit-body is the analogue of the natural body; only, as we require to be correlated with earthly surroundings, we are burdened with the flesh. That is all. The man lives on, when the husk is dropped, much as he was. The analogy, therefore, points to continuity of existence, to a similarity of appearance, and to surroundings not materially different from those which are about us now. There will be variety, but no rude break: nothing that will be in any sense a severance of existence.

We do not make any pretence of elaborating the argument. We only hint at what Spiritualism has taught its most careful students. Dr. Flower's criticism of Dr. Gould, from the point of view of a non-Spiritualist, is interesting enough to warrant us in asking for it the attention of our readers.

If we believe that we are progressing, however slowly, towards all that is good and true, we should at least endeavour to form some notion as to what true progress consists of. If we are to make any headway, it is essential to have an ideal towards which we may, even in partial blindness, grope our way. Of course, it is not likely that we should even conceive of an ideal which would prove ultimate and final, but we may, and indeed we must, have a relative ideal, something which is for the time being the best we know. To many people this long look forward seems useless, and almost profane, but surely it is next to impossible to hope unless we have some notion of what we are hoping for. We do not need positive foresight, we do not need to feel certain that our hopes will somehow be fulfilled; but it does seem in some sort a necessity that we should have hopes which are definite and intelligent, and which are consistent with possibilities. The fact is, we cannot go through life without experiencing some intensely strong desires, and the thought that these desires are never likely to be realised is a very serious disappointment to us now, though in the end we may see that it has all been for the best. To our mind, the greatest need of humanity, especially in the present day perhaps, is hope. Give us hope, not only that ages hence all may be well with us, but something we can grasp and appreciate now. When we

part from an old friend, we take comfort in the thought that by-and-bye we shall meet again, and if anyone were to say to us, "You have no reason to hope for this, but never mind, you will grow reconciled to the fact, and form new ties," we should reply that although it may not matter to us in the future it makes a tremendous difference *now*. We want a hope which appeals to us as we are at the moment, a present hope in the present trouble. Just in the same way we feel towards the great Future. We want something which will break the awful finality of our partings here, and bridge over the long years of work and waiting. But it is essential that our hopes should be rational, and it is equally essential that they should be progressive and ideal, otherwise they are but illusions. It is certainly advisable, therefore, that we should do as Dr. Gould suggests, and calmly ask ourselves what we can reasonably hope for and expect in a future state. He asks us to ask ourselves five questions: Do we hope for an immortal body, or is it the perpetuation of the intellect that we desire? If we do not build on these, then is it the emotional or moral nature, or simply a personal identity that we believe to be indestructible? We think that he has asked his questions well, but we cannot agree with his replies. So far as it remains a question as to what we should like, each person will of course give a somewhat different reply, but when we seek for something more than a fanciful day-dream and inquire what we may hope for, it is another matter. When a man is about to explore an unknown country he may indulge his imagination to some extent, but he cannot rationally hope to find wings to fly with, or ravens to bring him food. In the same way, therefore, although we may say that all things are possible where nothing is known, there is yet an immense gulf between the remotely possible and the highly probable, and these two relative terms apply quite as much to the great Hereafter as to the little to-morrows of life. It is not, therefore, because Dr. Gould's hopes differ from our own that we disapprove of what he has written, but because his views of what is possible and probable are at variance with our own, and because, if he is right, he would deprive the larger portion of mankind of the consolation which a belief in a future life gives. He has, indeed, stripped the tree of its fruit, and it is just the fruit which gives the value to the tree.

He begins by asking whether we can possibly expect an imperishable bodily existence, and his arguments against the folly of such an expectation are conclusive enough. But we are not aware that any thinking person does expect such a thing in the crude, material sense of the word. Body is simply the environment of what is called the Soul; it is the outward sign of the inward Being. We may speak of these two things by whatever names we please—as spirit and matter, or as the subjective and objective aspects of one (indirectly known) thing. But however we may choose to express ourselves, the fact remains that there is the person as known to itself, and the person as known to others.

In this world the person is known to others through the medium of a physical body; but surely because this is a means of recognition we need not suppose that it is the only one. As human beings in a physical world, we find ourselves in need of, and usually in possession of five senses, by means of which we are able to perceive the physical aspects of other people. But when the phenomenal world is left behind, what need is there then of the physical form or the physical sense? The essential thing is, that in this new state there shall still be a relationship, as now, between subject and object, or, in other words, that we should still perceive and be perceptible somehow.

It is just this relationship between the perceived and the perceiver which theology endeavours to explain by the doctrine of the resurrection. There shall be raised up, not this body, long since given over to corruption, but a body, a spiritual body, that is an outward or perceptible aspect which shall have the same use and value in that world as our mortal bodies have in this.

There is not one of us who wishes to perpetuate his or her own physical existence with its diseases and imperfections and burden of age; we no more cling to this body than we do to our clothes, and if in our dreams of the dead whom we hope to meet again, we unconsciously picture them in the flesh, it is only because we know not how else they may appear. In this world we picture our friends in the clothes with which they are associated, yet we know they will be newly clad when we meet, and the thought does not disturb us; we shall recognise them however different they may look. The hope of a body in this spiritual sense, then, is all that we desire, and this hope Dr. Gould's arguments do not even touch. When we go on to question whether we fancy that the intellect is immortal he appears to regard the word intellect as a species of cleverness or mental capacity, and asks if we can possibly wish to perpetuate our mental outfit; to which we answer No, we neither wish to perpetuate it, nor to exchange it for a more perfect one (which, as he truly observes, would not be ours at all), nor do we desire an ever-progressive intellect in his sense of the word. But regarding the intellect simply as the faculty of thinking and knowing, we cannot but hope and expect its continu-

ance. It is in fact an essential condition of consciousness, and without it the ego, as such, could scarcely be said to exist at all. Whether absolute knowledge will be attained at a stroke, like the sudden solution of a problem that has long vexed us, or whether the absolute and perfect is only to be attained by degrees, is comparatively of small importance to us to know; all we feel sure of is that whilst we exist the power to think and know will exist with us. In this world the intellect is hampered by circumstances, by diseases and lack of brain power, but since it is "the man and not the brain that thinks" we need not suppose that these obstacles will remain after death. Dr. Gould proceeds to ask whether we can wish to perpetuate our emotional natures, or to cultivate in another world the loves and friendships that have been denied us here. Indeed, he seems to look upon personal affection as a fault if not a disease, or at best as a mere refinement of selfishness. But surely this is a very one-sided view, for however affection may be distorted and polluted by the egotism of the individual, it is still the best and purest influence that we know. It is better to be just "wrapped up in one" than to be wrapped up in self; it is a beginning, however rudimentary, of that enlargement of mind and sympathy which leads at last to that feeling of peace and goodwill towards all, which has been the highest ideal ever given to mankind. Indeed, as we have often said, we have no great belief in the impersonal philanthropy which professes to regard all men as brothers, and knows no warmer sentiment towards individuals. To love humanity and yet feel no intense preference and attachment for those members of the community who are bound to us by the strongest ties of kindred and natural affinity, is to our mind an anomaly, and has no foundation in fact. It seems to us therefore very reasonable that we should both hope and expect to renew our loves and friendships in another world, and to believe that those who are so near to us here will be even nearer still beyond the grave.

Lastly, Dr. Gould asks if we desire our moral natures to exist for ever. To this we answer Yes and No. We do not wish to stamp a perpetual seal upon our moral imperfections and limitations, but we do desire the immortality of our own nature and temperament. It is not the indestructibility of our characteristics which we desire or believe in, but the indestructibility of our identity, and the unlimited capacity for perfecting the individual in accordance with its own particular qualities and calibre.

To clinch his arguments against the immortality of a personal existence, Dr. Gould observes that we are always changing even here; that we, as a permanent something, do not last even from the cradle to the grave, and how then can we expect the permanence of what is nothing more than a series of phenomena at best? We think that this argument refutes itself. Everyone knows that in spite of the overwhelming changes which take place between youth and age, there is a kind of individualising consciousness which exists through it all. There is a thread which connects us with the past and present, and stretches out to the future. We make provision for old age, and are willing to suffer now for the sake of greater comfort then, because we know that however much we may change, we shall suffer or enjoy—we, and not some hypothetical old man or woman shall reap what we now sow. In the same way we think of, and look forward to, the great Future. We do not expect more of it than we do of to-morrow, but we cannot expect less. So far as we can see, therefore, the fact that we are able to preserve our individuality through all the changes which occur between the cradle and the grave, is one of the strongest assurances we possess that it will be preserved to us through this last transformation.

WISDOM THE HELPMET OF LOVE.

Dowered with the gifts of all the Deities,
Regent of Earth and Heaven and all the Seas,
All power is thine, save this—Thy flight to stay,
Which wingeth ever! From the dawn of day,
From Heaven wherein Thou doest all things well,
Even to the outmost depths of Night and Hell—
Wherein Thy name, even Thine, oh Love! is Hate—
Thou hast Thine hour, and Thou hast Thy fate.
Winging Thy way to ill from inmost good,
Even from Deity to demonhood,
Thou own'st Thy Law—obeyest Thy Destiny;
And within limits only art Thou free.

Alas! for souls that worship Thee alone!
'Tis of such worship that they make their moan,
Even with Thee, oh Love! in deepest gloom,
Oh blessed spirit, in Thy day of doom.

Wherefore to Thee an Helpmeet is assigned
To guide thy flight, oh Love! for thou art blind—
Blind as are they that worship at Thy shrine;
Serving Thee only! While these gifts are Thine,
The fiery chariot and the horses twain,
Hers 'tis to hold the balance and the rein.
To Thee—the glow, the glory and the flight;
To Her—the tempering radiance and the Light!

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

What is the meaning of this ancient yet persistent idea, the "Image of God"? To most people it is a phrase, heard of at times. To a few only is it among the greatest of Scripture revelations, and indeed of all revelations whatever, for the truths contained in it are among the most profound and important of those that affect humanity. And the underlying basic substance, when once assimilated by the intellect, constitutes a mental edifice that, like a pyramid, standing on earth, reaches heaven. But all, of whatever status, are agreed that a perfected humanity, whether in the spiritual or physical worlds, is the realisation of the image.

But the question arises—is this ideal perfection a thing of the future, and is humanity, as we find it, only a prophecy of the same? It is at once a prophecy and a fulfilment; for the wise king said there was "nothing new under the sun": that which was is that which is and that which shall be. The Divine Image is no new thought, now about to be realised after the lapse of an eternity. It has, we must think, been manifested and re-manifested from of old—an eternal serial involution of spirit into expression going on in all worlds, spiritual and physical, as the individuations of the Infinite Duality—the Father-Mother. In the physical is the ever new and fresh expression of individuality necessary to, and in consonance with, outward nature, through which they are perfected, educated in time, as it were, by the accumulated experience there gained during the six mystic days of labour. In the spiritual, the great periods of fruition are entered upon; the felicity, symbolised under various types, culminating in the "Sabbath of rest." Then again is the reversion;* for there is nothing new in eternity, and nothing unnecessary; for the evils and seeming imperfections due to the limitations of the physical, are needed for trial; for the gaining of experience in the conquering of the material, by the withdrawing of it into the greater realities and intensity of spiritual existence. There must be a lowest if we would have a highest; we must descend to ascend.

But this "image," whether ideal and perfect or blurred, as in the present aspects of humanity, does not exist apart; but being comprehended in, must also be visibly, organically, or atomically connected with the Infinite. And this connection is effected under the limitations of personal form as the "Word," Logos, El Shaddai, and the Adonai, the "Lord high and lifted up" of Hebrew and other seers, ancient and modern. This the Adonai is the great original after which humanity is modelled; and in the fulness of the beauty and perfection so revealed is the union and consummation of the physical and the spiritual. Hence man is said to be a microcosm of the universe.

Now some confusion of thought exists as to the form-aspect of this perfected Image of God. Some, basing their arguments on the rib said to be taken from the side of man, conclude that the imagery was meant to convey the idea that the form instead of being dual, male and female, was originally that of a single bi-sexual, androgynous personage. But the rib in the great mystic narrative is clearly intended to symbolise the nearness and essential oneness of conjugal union and gives no support to the androgynous theory, which, apart from the somewhat repellent idea of a being complete in itself, shrouded in selfish isolation, would involve the loss of one or both ideal forms of beauty; of both by the equal blending of the two into one complex individual, lacking as may be easily imagined, the perfection of either original; of either form singly, by the absorption or comprehension of one by the other to the marring of that other also; for the perfection of the one form is only completed in the perfection of the other, owing to each in their proportions being the exact complement of the other. As music results from the rhythmic arrangement of contrasted notes in the scale of sound; for without contrast there is no beauty of expression; so as regards man visual harmony is produced by the artistic grouping of contrasted curves in the lines of contour of the complementary forms. And this harmony by contrast is equally dependent on both, being, as it were, reflected from one to the other; and is marred in proportion as either departs from their own ideal standard, by the woman approaching the masculine contour or the man the feminine. Hence each is admired of

each as the more perfect and beautiful of the two. To use the pregnant words of Milton—Adam worships "divine, accomplished Eve," and Eve, Adam. But the typical Adam and Eve though two in form are essentially one in union; in whose mutual love, the great bard intuitively says, "all things pleased, were fair, yet they themselves the crown of all and fairest of the whole!"—

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike, erect, in native honour clad,
In naked majesty seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone."

These facts are so self-evident that they require no further demonstration; for who, even among us, would willingly give up the approximate creations of art, on either side, how much less give up the realities that no art can ever approach.

This then is the Image of God, for ever dual in expression; "the man," according to Paul, "not being without the woman nor the woman without the man in the Lord." And the realising of the same in its ideal perfection is the great work of the "six days" or periods. During these days the evil ideas that have temporarily gained expression, blurring and obliterating the Divine similitude, and marring the worlds, physical and spiritual, by evil embodiment, have to be suppressed and withdrawn. Then, the head of the serpent crushed, evil expression will cease and disappear, even from outward nature. "All things" as declared, "will be made new," and everywhere will be reflected the image of the Divine Original—in the verdure of the forest, in the "lilies of the field"; in insect life; in gentle bird and beast; in the beauty of all expression, culminating in redeemed and perfected humanity.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

VISIONS IN THE AIR.

There is a strong tendency, as Mr. Henderson in his "Folk-Lore" observes, to connect the past and the present, external nature and individual destiny. Myriads of fighting men were seen in the sky, night after night, all through the county of Durham before the French Revolution. Some people, according to Canon Humble, declared they had distinctly heard the cries of the combatants and groans of the wounded. On June 23rd, 1744, about 7 p.m., troops of horsemen were seen riding along the side of Souterfell, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Opposite Blake Hills they passed over the mountain, after describing a kind of curvilinear path. They continued to be seen for upwards of two hours, the approach of darkness alone preventing them from being visible. Many troops were seen in succession, and frequently the last but one in a troop quitted his position, galloped to the front, and took up the same pace with the rest. About twenty-six persons in perfect health saw these aerial troopers. Similar phenomena were seen at Harrogate on June 28th, 1812, and near St. Neots in 1820. On January 13th, 1792, a similar appearance was witnessed at Stockton-in-the-Forest, near York, by many persons of credit and respectability. It resembled a large army in separate divisions, some in black and others in white uniforms; one of these divisions formed a line that seemed nearly a mile in extent, and in the midst of which appeared a number of fir trees, which moved along with the line. These troopers moved with great rapidity and in different directions. Such phenomena are recorded by Livy, Josephus, and Suetonius; and Judges ix. 36 seems to refer to a similar circumstance. Philosophers account for these appearances on the ground of atmospherical refraction. Armies were seen contending in the clouds before the destruction of Jerusalem, as well as before the battle of Ivry and the persecution of the Waldenses. Shakespeare says, in "Julius Cæsar":—

There is one within,
Recounts most horrid visions seen to-night.
Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
And ghosts did shriek and gibber in the street.
When the prodigies do so conjointly meet,
Let no man say they are natural; for I believe
They are portentous things.

Thirsk.

FALCON.

* See "Nirvana." "LIGHT," May 9th.

MR. BENJAMIN J. UNDERWOOD ON MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S PHILOSOPHY.

The student who is about to enter upon a complex course of philosophy should find an outline sketch, such as Mr. Underwood has written, of great advantage. In the brief space of thirty pages we have here indicated for us the history of the synthetic philosophy, from Descartes and Leibnitz, who employed the deductive method, through the system of Hume, which was the reverse of that; then the Kantian view of innate ideas, or faculties; and lastly the conclusions of Herbert Spencer, the reconciler of the opposing schools of Hume and Kant. Mr. Underwood holds that there is an evolution in philosophy as truly as in stellar systems, in zoology, or in language, and that in the latest and greatest of philosophers we have finality no more than in any of the long line of his predecessors. But he thinks he is "warranted in saying that the leading principles of the synthetic philosophy are likely to remain a solid and permanent contribution to scientific and philosophic thought. Herbert Spencer's discovery and elucidation of the experiential origin of intuition, and his consequent reconciliation of the sensation philosophy and the intuitional school, together with his formulation and establishment of the principles of universal evolution, entitle him to rank among the most original thinkers of modern times."

If this is so, it is manifestly incumbent on psychologists to inform themselves on the newest views of our profoundest teacher. Mr. Spencer's doctrine of evolution is briefly summarised with a clearness that must make its leading features apparent to any mind that gives to it an hour's attention; and Mr. Underwood then proceeds:—

"The doctrine of the unknowable is unwelcome to theologians generally and to those theologically inclined, because it is opposed to all systems and theories based upon the assumption of the knowledge of God—His nature, attributes, purpose, &c. It is opposed by others of anti-theological views, because they think, especially when they see Unknowable printed with the initial letter a capital, that it implies the existence of a God more or less like the theological conception which they have renounced. Both classes may, when they come to appreciate fully the reasoning by which the conclusion has been reached by men like Kant and Spencer, reconsider more carefully their objections, and adopt the view in which are united all that is tenable in the affirmation of the theist with all that is warranted in the criticism of the atheist."

For those who shun philosophy as much for the dangers they see in its conclusions as for the difficulties of following the processes of thought it demands, Mr. Underwood writes:—

"There is nothing in the doctrine of the 'absolute' or the 'unknowable,' as expounded either by Kant or Spencer, that is inconsistent with the continuance of life under other conditions than those of the present state of being. There is nothing in this doctrine which implies that man does not survive physical death or that there are not higher planes of existence than are known here. The philosophy of the absolute or the unknowable merely teaches that all knowledge is relative, that in perception there are two factors—the mind and the objective reality—and that, instead of actually perceiving the objective reality as it absolutely is, the mind perceives a phenomenon, an appearance, a representation symbolical of, and corresponding with, but not a likeness of, the objective thing."

And again:—

"This philosophy does not make conceivability, much less sensibility, the test of possibility. On the contrary, it recognises the fact that there are many motions of the universe to which the dull senses of man make no response whatever. There are a great number and variety of movements of which sense-bound beings can take no cognisance. With superior sensorial perceptions man would be able to discern many of these movements which are now incognisable."

Mr. Underwood thinks one may hold to Spencer's philosophy and yet believe in "an ethereal body"—built up during our lifetime—destined to preserve our individuality after death. And he quotes Mr. D. G. Thompson, who thinks it "no harder to understand the continued existence of personal existence after death than to comprehend its occultation in sleep and restoration afterwards. The same arguments that support the belief in continued personal existence after death tend also to prove an existence before birth." "Others think," concludes Mr. Underwood, "that the implications of Spencer's philosophy point to physical dissolution as the end of consciousness."

It is possible that the following sentences from Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" may help some readers of "LIGHT" to form an opinion on the foregoing. "Mind is not wholly, or even mainly, intelligence. It consists largely, and in one sense, entirely, of feelings. Not only do feelings constitute the inferior tracts of consciousness, but feelings are in all cases the materials out of which, in the superior tracts of consciousness, intellect is evolved by structural combination. Feeling is the substance of which intellect is the form." (i. p. 192.)

"Psychical changes either conform to law or they do not. If they do not conform to law, this work, in common with all works on the subject, is sheer nonsense; no science of psychology is possible. If they do conform to law, there cannot be any such thing as free will." (i. p. 503.)

M.A.I.

A GHOSTLY FUNERAL AND SPIRIT LIGHTS.

The "Liverpool Post" (quoted in the "Pall Mall Gazette") is responsible for the following narrative. We give it as it stands, remarking only that it appears to be written in good faith, though there is nothing in it that could not be easily concocted. We presume that the editor of the "Liverpool Post" has satisfied himself of the *bona fides* of his contributor.

"Having been concerned in a most remarkable and altogether inexplicable adventure the other evening, which happened to me in Thomas-lane, Knotty Ash, I have been induced, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, to communicate the following particulars of the same to the Liverpool public as being of more than ordinary interest." So writes a correspondent of the "Liverpool Post":—

"I was proceeding leisurely on foot to Broadgreen (he proceeds), when, on passing the church at Knotty Ash, my attention was suddenly arrested by the strange and uncanny appearance of its graveyards. The time would then be shortly after midnight. The whole burying-ground seemed alive and glistening with a thousand small blueish lights, which appeared to creep in and out of the different graves, as if the departed spirits were taking a midnight ramble. I stood petrified, not knowing what to make of it, at the same time experiencing a feeling of horror which suddenly took complete possession of me. Just at this moment the moon, which had hitherto been more or less obscured by a moving panorama of passing clouds, came, as it would seem, to my assistance, giving me for a very short time the benefit of her companionship. And now appeared the most startling phenomenon of all, a phenomenon which caused my hair to stand on end with fright, a cold numbness of horror paralysing me in every limb, for, advancing up the road directly opposite to me, came a funeral train, the coffin borne along with measured tread, covered with an immense black pall, which fluttered up in the midnight wind.

"At first I thought I must surely be dreaming, and therefore pinched myself in the arm to ascertain if this were really the case. But no, I certainly was not, for I distinctly felt the nip, and was therefore satisfied as to my wakefulness. 'What could it all mean?' I asked myself as the *cortège* gradually approached me, and I began to distinguish the general outlines of the bearers. These appeared to be elderly men and to have lived in a bygone age. All were dressed in the costume of the latter part of the eighteenth century. They wore tie wigs, and some had swords, as well as walking-sticks mounted with deaths' heads. I observed only one really young man among the crowd of followers, walking just behind the coffin. His youth, in comparison with the others, perhaps made me take especial notice of him. He was dressed in what appeared to be black velvet, the whiteness of his ruffles standing out in marked contrast to the sombre nature of his general attire. He carried a sword, had diamond buckles in his shoes, and wore his powdered hair in a queue. The face of this young man was deathly pale, as were also the faces of all the others accompanying him. Instead of the procession advancing to the gate at which I stood, it turned suddenly and entered the burial-ground by the one situated at a few yards' distance. As the coffin was borne through this gate all the blue spirit lights seemed to rise from the graves as if to meet the *cortège* for the purpose of escorting the body to its last resting-place; these awful lights added considerably to the ghastliness of the scene as they floated over the coffin and heads of the mourners. Slowly the procession glided up the pathway, passing the main entrance of the church, and, continuing its way in a straight line, finally disappeared at the back of the edifice.

"Where this most extraordinary funeral went to or what became of it, I cannot tell; but this much I distinctly aver, that coffin, mourners, and lights—even the pale flickering moonlight—all disappeared as mysteriously as they came, leaving me standing in the darkness, transfixed with astonishment and fright. Upon gathering together my somewhat scattered senses, I took to my heels and never stopped running till I found myself safe in my own house. In fact,

* "Evolution in Science and Art." Lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. No. 4. Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. By Benjamin J. Underwood. (New York: D. Appleton and Co.)

I scarcely remember how I got home. After recovering a little from the shock I immediately aroused a female relative who had retired for the night, and related to her the above particulars. She assured me that I must have been suffering from mental hallucination, but, seeing the great perturbation of my mind, and at the same time knowing my natural scepticism with regard to all so-called supernatural phenomena, she came to the conclusion that, after all, I might possibly have seen what has been described above.

"The next day I made inquiries at the neighbourhood of Knotty Ash, and ascertained from a very old woman that she remembered a story in her youth having reference to the mysterious and sudden death of an old occupant of Thingwall Hall, who was hastily and quietly buried, she thought, at midnight, in old Knotty Ash churchyard. If so, was this a ghastly repetition of the event got up for my especial benefit, or was it a portent intended to foreshadow the coming of the Dread Visitor to myself? Now, as I have before stated, I am no believer in ghosts, but certainly this very remarkable experience of mine has entirely upset all my previously conceived notions of the subject, leaving me in a quandary of doubt. On the evening upon which I saw the mysterious midnight funeral at Knotty Ash, I was exceedingly wide awake; had met several cyclists on the Prescott-road, with whom I conversed, and had likewise refreshed myself at the public drinking fountain placed at the top of Thomas-lane. Strange that a few hundred yards further down the road I should encounter so ghostly an experience—an experience I shall never forget to my dying day."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"The Spirits of Animals"

SIR,—Having read with much interest your "Notes by the Way" and the various letters which have recently appeared in your columns on the "Spirits of Animals," I should like to give a brief account of an experience bearing upon the subject, which I think may be of interest to your readers.

About a fortnight ago I was present at a private séance, given by Mr. Allen, of 14, Berkeley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, who can see clairvoyantly while in his normal state. He gave me a detailed description of a cat, which he said had been specially brought to the circle by spirit friends. It was seen to jump on the table and walk round to several of the sitters, after which it came to me, when with much delight it jumped on my lap, making much fuss and looking in my face as if it recognised me. The description of this animal I recognised as being that of a favourite cat I was much attached to which had died some weeks before. It was far from my thoughts at the time, and the medium knew nothing whatever about it.

I have been investigating the subject of Spiritualism and its phenomena for some time, and although I am not a Spiritualist, yet I feel more disposed to accept that interpretation of the phenomena as given by Spiritualists than any other I know of as yet.

I think it would be very interesting to know what explanation our Theosophical friends would give of this phenomenon.

T. CAUDLE.

118, Gray's Inn-buildings, E.C.

July 23rd, 1891.

Laurence Oliphant and T. L. Harris.

SIR,—That which Mr. Pearce charges the late Laurence Oliphant with—a fall from grace; a resumption of old errors—may I say a return to his wallowing?—seems to me strongly akin to that which, in the judgment of some, Mr. T. Lake Harris has done himself. He who was, in his mid-career, the powerful, facile poet, the eloquent preacher under spirit control, was surely at that period at his apogee, in a nobler phase of existence than his then antecedents implied or his later acts have warranted. For what were his antecedents? Those of a hard taskmaster, of an assuming, arbitrary pastor. As we read in "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," by D. D. Home (p. 197), the individuality of the Rev. T. Lake Harris was, as far back as 1850, strongly infused with the Calvinistic spirit of domination, combined with self-righteousness, in aid of which he used modern Spiritualism to help him in his designs and his contrivances, perhaps, like some of the prestidigitateurs.

Mr. Home tells us that the Rev. T. Lake Harris, at Auburn, New York, in 1850, gave himself out as the mouth-piece of St. Paul, "directed by the Lord Himself"; and, in 1852, he called his subsequent establishment at Mountain Cave, Virginia, "The Gate of Heaven." It was there,

according to Mr. Home, that Mr. Harris declared himself to be one of the two witnesses of whom we read in the eleventh chapter of Revelation, and as dowered with all their powers to plague humanity; and it was in that character of plague that Mr. Harris, in those early days, finding certain of his followers recalcitrant (as he found Mr. Laurence Oliphant in his later days), was said to have uttered the following remarkable ejaculation, at once so prayerful, yet so far reticent, inasmuch as it was combined with a saving clause which we acknowledge was wary; so, commendable as providing a backstair for the remission of his threat. These were his alleged words, as told us by Mr. D. D. Home: "O Lord, Thou knowest we do not wish to destroy men with fire from our mouths."

The alleged second "witness," who seems to have borne but a very secondary part in the proceedings of Mr. Harris, was another reverend gentleman named Scott.

That Mr. T. Lake Harris, after his fair, poetic, mediumistic bout, returned to his alleged pristine principles of a "plague," his treatment of Laurence Oliphant appears abundantly to show; and we are strongly tempted to suspect and infer that it is not the very rare, bright characters, such as was that of Laurence Oliphant, but men of the type of Mr. Harris, who are they who make separations, and such have been described as "Soulical, not having the spirit."

T. W.

The Double—or What?

SIR,—May the following be called a case of the double—or what?

The incident took place a few years ago. I was lodging for the winter in the house of a kind old widow—Mrs. Harris, who kept one servant. My bed and sitting rooms were on the ground floor, divided by folding doors, which were always open at night. Christmas Eve fell on a Saturday that year, and Mrs. Harris went to spend it with some friends, leaving the servant and myself alone in the house. I retired about ten o'clock, and was aroused at midnight by a loud single knock at the front door, which was just outside my rooms. The knock was repeated three times, and I was just thinking I would call the servant, whom I supposed to be asleep, or perhaps timid at answering the door so late at night, when I heard her move; she walked across the kitchen, up the stairs, and along the hall to the front door in her usual thick noisy boots. I was thus satisfied that the door was answered, and so took no further notice of the matter beyond a passing wonder at the absolute stillness which followed the girl's arrival at the door.

In the morning Mrs. Harris came to me in a state of great indignation. The treacherous tradesman had not sent the turkey for the Christmas dinner according to promise: an aggravation of the calamity being that it was Sunday morning, and so all the shops would be shut.

I told her that I had heard the knocks at the door at midnight, followed by the servant coming up tardily, but surely, in answer. And again remembered, with curiosity, the sudden dead stillness I had noticed, but only in a cursory way at the time. Mrs. Harris told me she did not get back until past twelve o'clock, had found the girl fast asleep, and she declared that no tradesman had been. Upon sending to the shop she was told that the errand boy had come to the house at twelve o'clock, as they were so busy that it had been impossible for him to go earlier; that after knocking several times he had at last left.

Now with our knowledge and experience of the power our spirits have of leaving the body, I can but conclude that this girl being *spiritually* conscious of the necessity for her answering the door, had done her best to do so. That it was her "double" that had managed to reach the street door, but as the power then failed she was drawn back into her body, entirely unaware of the uncanny way in which she had been walking about the house.

I know that my father saw my double two or three times whilst he was ill in his home at Highgate, and I was at Hastings. On one occasion he pointed me out to my brother William, who was with him, saying, "Don't you see Fanny? She's sitting over there by the little table." My brother did not see me.

Also in the same way he saw his son, Dr. Theobald, several times.

A friend who is singularly gifted, being both clairvoyant and clairaudient, says that a short time ago she not only

saw her own double (whilst wide awake) but heard herself speaking to some spirit friends who were with her. I hope she will herself give this doubly interesting case of "the double."

July 12th, 1891.

F. J. THEOBALD.

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.]

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—The guides of Mrs. Treadwell delivered a trance address on Rom. ix., illustrated with experiences in the spirit world. Sunday, at 11, Mr. T. Pursey; at 7, Miss Rowan Vincent, "Psychometric Impressions." Thursday, 7.45, Mr. Hopcroft Saturday, at 7.45, Mrs. Hawkins.—C. WHITE and R. MILLIGAN, Hon. Secs.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—The annual outing of the federation will take place, in conjunction with that of the King's Cross Society, on Sunday, August 23rd, to Epping Forest, near Robin Hood. Further particulars of Mr. S. T. Rodger, 107, Caledonian-road, N., or Percy Smyth, 34, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.—A. F. TINDALL, Hon. Sec.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—Sunday, July 26th. After singing and prayer, our president, Mr. Bertram, gave a reading upon which he invited a discussion, which was heartily responded to, Messrs. Brunker, Donaldson, and Preys (the latter gentleman being under control) taking part in the debate. A very interesting and, we trust, profitable evening was spent, all present seeming well pleased. Sunday, August 2nd, at 7 p.m., Mr. Robson, seance medium; Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance.—H. M. BRUNKER, Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last there was a good meeting. Mr. J. Burns gave us an instructive address upon "How to Obtain Help from the Spirit World," urging one and all to private individual work and so spread a knowledge of our glad tidings of God's revelations to mankind. Sunday, 3, Lyceum; 7, Rev. Dr. Rowland Young on "The Uses and Dangers of Spiritualism." Tuesdays, 8, séance, Mrs. Mason. May we solicit help in aid of the Lyceum Children's Summer Outing? Donations acknowledged by the conductor, Mr. Mason.—J. H. B., Sec.

PECKHAM RYE.—Last Sunday afternoon Mr. Lees entered into the proofs of Spiritualism from the dreams of history, selecting some well-authenticated instance from each century, and tracing backward from the present to Biblical times rather than adopting the orthodox method of proving the present by the record of the Bible. An appreciative audience listened throughout with less interruption than usual and were apparently so far convinced that they could offer no opposition to the position taken. Next Sunday, at 3.15, Mr. Lees will continue "Proofs of Spiritualism."—J. H.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday, after a short discussion on Benevolence and Charity, a short committee meeting was held to confirm the election of a secretary. In the evening Mr. J. T. Davis gave an address on "The Objects of Mediumship," in the course of which he gave it as his opinion that trance mediumship as a habit is wrong, basing his opinion upon the fact that earth life was imposed for the soul's development, and that any time spent in unconsciousness was a loss of development. For it he would substitute in all cases impressionism and clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 11.30, Mr. Lees will speak upon "Trance Mediumship; its Uses and Abuses," and at 7 upon the "Life Work of Jesus." Friday next, at 8, healing class.—J. H.

OPEN-AIR WORK, HYDE PARK (NEAR MARBLE ARCH).—Last Sunday we held an influential and interesting meeting, Mr. Wallace (pioneer) coming to our assistance, for which we thank him. Mr. Wyndoe also discoursed, dealing with "Spiritualism and the Bible." Many questions were answered, and our facts were clearly laid before a good assembly. Some hundreds of copies of back numbers of "LIGHT," and other journals and tracts, were freely given away. Next Sunday, at 3.30 (if fine). We have to thank the "Two Worlds" Company for their generous offer in answer to our appeal for special literature in giving us 3,500 back copies. Also a friend from Halifax for a large quantity of literature and a Mr. Smith. Back numbers of "LIGHT," &c., should be sent (carriage paid) as under—PERCY SMYTH, 34, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A. H.—Thank you. We have used the story. Thanks also for kind wishes.

REJECTED.—Your letter and enclosure has been received. We acknowledge the receipt with thanks, and will attend to your wishes. Any letter sent to the office will always be sent on and seen to.

We are requested to state that Mr. Towns, of London, will be in Brighton from August 1st till the 10th. All letters to be addressed to Mr. Towns, Post Office, Brighton.

NEW TEACHING FOR THE NEW AGE.

[ADVERTISEMENT NO. III.]

So it has pleased the Editor of "LIGHT" to head the advertisements I sent. A New Age undoubtedly it is, and the teaching is new to the new. But is it new in itself? Were it my teaching, I might try to adapt it to what I thought the requirements of the New Age. Mine it is not, and how to adapt it I know not. What I would tell is rejected by Christians, and by Freethinkers, by Professors of Science, and by Statesmen: and private friends tell me, "You must not talk of such things, do not think of them, you will go mad: travel, take change of air."

Truly, if one come and tell you his own things, you will listen, for he can modify his teaching to suit your ideas. But if the teaching is not his, he cannot modify it, for then he is not honest to his own teacher, whose teaching he repeats.

What I would teach is old, as I think—older than the most ancient you have. For it is the teaching men rejected when they started the Babel of doctrines, and contradictory teachings they have developed, and are still developing.

For I eat not of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil of which you all eat. Mine is not one of the systems of right and wrong which you teach. You forced me to eat when a child, but that was not my choice, that was force. Now I eat not of it. Therefore can I study the system you rejected for your right and wrong systems.

Granted many care not for right and wrong. But that in professing wickedness you are told to keep to your own system whilst you deem it true, and it will be counted to you. But this counting will cease when the original error is pointed out.

Think! Am I or you under a delusion? Is the veil over my mind or over yours?

"Thy Kingdom come." You do not pray for what you possess, you may pray for its continuance, but not that it should come. Then you are not in it. If you want it you are told what to do.

When in the symbolic language you rejected it and were turned out of it, you were told, "You shall eat your bread in the sweat of your face."

You are told that "Bread" is the symbol for doctrine or teaching, and knowing one symbol gives a clue to others, and to the symbolic language. You will obtain your teaching, your education by the labour of your head.

But is not this perfectly natural? Really a law of nature? If children refuse the guiding of their elders, must they not educate themselves? Do they not increase their brain labour?

Intercourse with Higher Intellects, alleged to have existed, was gradually withdrawn. We were left to work alone, at our own systems of right and wrong. Certain oracles, they are called so, were given us, but without a parable was nothing taught, at least to the race. Always something to be puzzled out from what was told. Or the decree would have been violated "By the labour of your own head."

If such is really the penalty, submit to the task imposed and perform the brain labour.

On these required tasks in our next.

REJECTED,