

# 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.)"

Readers of "LIGHT" will know that many communications signed "Edina" have brought before them certain phases of home Spiritualism. The letters that have been published speak for themselves: they are candid on the face of them. The writer is a man who is accustomed to weigh evidence, an expert in that method of investigation, a lawyer, and therefore qualified to offer an opinion. The medium is not under the influence of gain: there are no pounds, shillings, and pence in the matter. She is a member of the writer's family, his own daughter. We must seek elaborately for motives for deception. Such work is not to my taste and I am saved the necessity by the fact that the Society for Psychical Research has published a report by Mr. Withers, which I have permission to reproduce, and which I do reproduce accordingly. I have given full publicity to "Edina's" letters: I am in the habit of giving both sides of any question that is important enough to notice, and I do not depart from that wholesome habit in this case. The article which will be found below is signed by Mr. F. W. H. Myers. (At the moment of writing I have received it, and attend to it at once.) The name attached is a guarantee of fairness, care, and generous treatment of what he may not wholly agree with. No man has brought more brains and more patience to the investigation of a profoundly difficult subject. Therefore, anything that he writes on it is deserving not only of attention but of study. And, if his own personality is excluded, we must all admit that he teaches us how to be "painstaking, courteous, and candid," as he credits "Edina" himself with being. Mr. Withers says that "his *bona fides* are (*sic*) absolutely beyond doubt."

And now there are questions involved. Mr. Withers unquestionably succeeds in impugning the perfect accuracy of some communications. Any experienced Spiritualist would anticipate as much. Errors do not involve bad faith, and errors there must be in process of communication between the two worlds. What do we know about the method? Next to nothing. We know that if we do certain things certain results follow. We sit round a table—a quite unnecessary proceeding, but usual—and we get by a code of signals some messages. But sometimes we read the signals wrong, and sometimes the "intelligent operator" signals badly or mistakes our meaning. Sometimes, also, there is a deceptive spirit, or a joker at work, and we get puzzled. Some of us consider that anything to do with the "dead" must be solemn. In my experience the "dead" do not think so. The interpretation of mes-

sages by right reason—*i.e.*, by those who know how to do it—is to be desired. We may very easily go wrong, and to go right is almost a matter of guesswork. It is easy to pick holes according to canons of evidence, and a lawyer may be trusted to do that, as, indeed, may the society which Mr. Withers represented. But, not now criticising Mr. Withers report which I append in full, I should like to ask only one question. Did Mr. Withers know anything of the subject that he was sent out to investigate? Or did he go only to take the evidence and sift it—perhaps with a prepossession? The value of his report is, of course, materially affected by the answer. The report which appears in the "Society for Psychical Research Journal" I append without curtailment or alteration. I have no desire except "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." But that goal is not easily attainable.

### THE CASE OF "EDINA."

During the last year certain letters signed "Edina" have appeared in "LIGHT," giving an account of messages apparently written automatically by "Edina's" daughter, which messages, as Edina held, contain many facts with which the young lady herself has never been normally acquainted.

Through the courtesy of the editor of "LIGHT" I obtained an introduction to "Edina," and have had much correspondence with him, throughout the whole of which he has shown himself ready and anxious to give me the fullest information with regard to these messages. I also had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance last summer.

The investigation of the messages, however, promised to be a lengthy matter, and I was unable to give the necessary time to the task. I was fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of Mr. J. J. Withers, Maltravers House, Arundel-street, Strand, a graduate in honours of King's College, Cambridge, and one of the partners in a well-known firm of London solicitors. I had known Mr. Withers for some years, and felt a complete confidence, which the event, I think, has fully justified, that any task which he undertook would be executed with thoroughness and care.

In May, 1891, Mr. Withers sent me his report. I informed "Edina" that it was of a negative character, and he preferred not to see it, although I offered to send it to him. He has, however, written a letter to "LIGHT" of June 26th, giving an account of the affair, and implying that Mr. Withers was not competent to perform his task. I have no wish for controversy with "Edina," and I in no way feel myself aggrieved by his letter; but in justice to Mr. Withers it has been thought fitting that some grounds on which his negative conclusion was based should be put on record in this "Journal."

Miss B., says Mr. Withers, aged 23, has been deaf since she was eight years of age. It has been asserted in the above-mentioned articles that lately Miss B. has written messages from spirits of departed persons. Although in the articles themselves there is no specific statement of claim, yet it is fair, after reading the articles themselves, to formulate the claim of "Edina" as above mentioned.

The evidence consists of a large number of the original writings made by Miss B.; secondly, written and oral information supplied by Mr. B., her father; and, thirdly, personal observation.

As regards the letters themselves, they are, as a rule, written in hands which, to one who is not an expert in handwriting, appear dissimilar; but in no case have I had before me the writing of a person made in his lifetime to compare with the writing which is alleged to be made by his spirit. The writings, however, of the various spirits seem to remain characteristic, and we are able to say, therefore, that each individuality has its handwriting, whatever the individuality may be, be it real or fictitious. When tested, however, as mentioned below, the writings themselves appear of little value as either evidence for Spiritualism or against it.

Mr. B. endeavours most conscientiously to be accurate, but I am afraid that his anxiety to prove his case makes it impera-

tive that we should strictly examine every piece of his evidence. Take one instance. In the number of "LIGHT" published on July 5th, 1890, Mr. B. says: "My daughter never heard of such a person as Professor Wilson." That statement is misleading, for the late Professor Wilson is still well known in Edinburgh, and there is a statue of him within a quarter of a mile from Mr. B.'s house. The presumption is very strong that Miss B. did know of the existence of Professor Wilson. In the same article he mentions the fact of the existence of the statue, but he does not seem to think it possible that Miss B. should have seen it; why, I am unable to gather.

Again, all through the articles he suggests that Miss B. is deaf and cannot, therefore, be supposed to have the ordinary intelligence of a normal person. On this supposition the editor of "LIGHT," in a comment which he makes on one of the letters, says: "That a deaf lady who could not have heard any facts by normal means should write out facts respecting a man with whom she was quite unacquainted is in itself singular." Now, the fact is that Miss B. has been deaf since she was eight years old, but she is an exceedingly good lip-reader, and, in my presence, Mrs. B. dictated to her thirty-seven words and out of all these she only made one mistake. I do not count the errors in spelling, which I will refer to afterwards. I have given these instances to prove that Mr. B.'s evidence, although he wishes it to be accurate, must be received with strict caution.

I will now state the facts concerning the messages which I hold to be proven. I have examined 60 of the messages which Miss B. has written. Of these 60 messages 56 consist, roughly speaking, of statements as to matters which had been previous to the time of writing admittedly within the knowledge of Miss B. or within the knowledge of one at least of her family.

In "LIGHT" "Edina" makes a difference between knowledge of Miss B. and knowledge of the family, on the ground of the deafness of Miss B. This distinction must be treated, for evidential purposes, as non-existent, as Miss B. is a good lip-reader.

I likewise do not distinguish between past and present knowledge, as such a distinction is immaterial.

First, I will give two messages characteristic of the 56 above mentioned.\* They are as follows:—

(1) David Livingstone, the African traveller: "I wrote you a few days ago† and your pen went of the wrong line of another spirit I am quite pleased with Stanley marriage and Miss Dorothy Tenant: he met her many years ago and of course their marriage was kept a secret before he went astray as African explorer. I saw him put a wreath on my stone and I was sorry indeed to see Stanley was not very well. And he is a lucky man. You will know I belonged to Lanark and I went a great deal on the desert plain but oh, my dreams were of home, fair wad I be tae my ain countrie, but they buried me in London.‡ The blacks of Africa some were good to me but half of them were rather noisy. Well, I did all I could to do something to teach them, and as you see in the Map of Stanleys his places are dotted in red. You will see some interesting pictures of some mishaps I had in Central Africa. My thistles and Prayer-book, but when finished praying my thoughts were of home to the dear ones who were waiting for me, but alas my God took me away to dwell in his own story (?) and when your days are done may we meet in that Heaven above where there is no pain troubles or any more travels in the desert plain but travel the golden streets of Heaven where flowers bloom on the roadsides. Such flowers are made to grow in Eden are far prettier than those on earth. So farewell young friend who I have just had the pleasure of writing through the spirit Lord till we meet again. "DAVID LIVINGSTONE."||

After analysing another message, Mr. Withers turns to the four cases which did not relate to matters of which Miss B.'s family were supposed to be cognisant. He says:—

Miss B. has read many "messages" from one "Professor (sic) Sandringham." The messages in themselves, though voluminous, have nothing remarkable in them, dealing as they do principally with the little details of the life of "Edina's" family. But as this "spirit" seemed an obliging and friendly one, he was pressed to give some details of his life on earth, and he gave the following facts:—

(a) His name was Professor George Islington Sandringham, M.B., R.S.C.P.C.-G.

(b) He was born at Kendal in 1841.

(c) He died four years ago aged forty-six.

(d) When at Oxford he took first honours for proficiency in medicine.

(e) Died in Germany and was buried in Kendal.

This at least is tangible at first sight and if proved true might be of use. Asked what the letters after his name meant, he answered: "Royal Surgical College Physician College of Germany." Asked what college he was at at Oxford, he replied: "The College of Medicine in Oxford and Germany. There is one named the Royal College of Medicine, and was called by a few students in my days, but I cannot give any more information."

Pressed further, he stated that he would "let the Society hunt about if they are particular about my whereabouts."

The Society happened to be anxious and tested the "facts" with the following results as far as tangible.

(a) At another time he stated that his name was George Frederick Sandringham.

(b) George Islington Sandringham was not born at Kendal in 1841, or between 1837 and 1846, or anywhere else in England at that date.

(d) He did not take first honours in proficiency in medicine, as he did not matriculate between 1715 and 1885.

(e) He was not buried at Kendal between 1884 and 1886, as far as I can discover.

Another communication, signed, "Robert Digby," gives a faulty reproduction of Pope's epitaph on Robert and Mary Digby, which appears in the editions of his collected works. "Now Pope's poems," Mr. Withers continues, "are so universally met with that it must be assumed that Miss B. or any other person has at some period of her life seen and read them."

"The headnote to the epitaph in the published edition gives all the information which Miss B. gives us."

On another occasion Miss B. reproduced approximately the inscription on a fine tomb in the Church of Holy Rood, Southampton. Mr. Withers has not yet found this inscription in print, but so large a number of books and articles on epitaphs have appeared, especially articles in such magazines as "Sunday at Home," "Good Words," and the like, that he has found it impossible to check them all.

I pass on to the last specimen of the four cases out of sixty in which the messages contained facts of which none of Miss B.'s family were cognisant. In this case, which Mr. Withers analyses at length, a communication came professedly from Professor Wilson, which consisted mainly of an almost exact reproduction of a footnote in Mrs. Gordon's biography of Professor Wilson, published about 1860, and which "Edina" had read, though he had apparently no specific recollection of these facts. The message consisted of a series of dates, statements of marriages, &c.; and no one, I think, will contend that the coincidence was accidental.

Such cases are not infrequent with automatic writing, and may be explained on several hypotheses:

(1) The writer may not really be writing automatically, but consciously reproducing facts acquired for the purpose. This, of course, would be the view of an ordinary jury.

(2) The writer may be a true automatist, and the message may be due to the revival of memories, forgotten by the superficial self, but persisting in the sub-conscious or subliminal self. That this does sometimes actually happen I think that our published cases prove.

(3) The knowledge of the book may have been acquired clairvoyantly by the sub-conscious self—or, if anyone prefers so to express it, communicated by some spirit—who, obviously, need not be the spirit professing to give the message. Or the message might be derived telepathically from the mind of another living person.

(4) It is also, of course, conceivable that a *bona fide* spirit may give a message largely coinciding with some printed account. But to make this hypothesis admissible the message should surely be other than a string of statements such as "Andrew Wilson married Miss Aitken, died 1812. Elizabeth Wilson married Sir John McNeill, G.C.B."

I think that few unbiased readers will consider that the above case needs either the third or the fourth of these hypotheses.

A point has been made of the handwritings of these messages. On this matter Mr. Withers observes:—

Apart from the actual communications, I have examined the handwritings of these various "spirits" who have written. I have had in all ninety-two original spirit signatures. Of these fifty-nine appear in a list written by Miss B. when she had not the former writings of the same spirits before her. Of these fifty-nine I have duplicates of sixteen, and accordingly these sixteen which appear in the independent list I can check by the other instances of the same signature. I find of the sixteen, in five cases the two signatures of the same spirit are alike, in five cases doubtful, neither like nor unlike, and in six cases distinctly unlike.

Of the thirty-three signatures not in the independent list, four occur twice and so I can check them. Of these four duplicates no two signatures are alike, one pair are of doubtful likeness, and three pairs are distinctly unlike.

\* The handwriting of these messages is not always easy to read; and it is possible that the text given may be slightly inaccurate.—F. W. H. M.

† "A Spirit" had previously written as "George Livingstone!"

‡ Miss A. had visited Livingstone's grave in Westminster Abbey in 1876.

§ Miss A. had been at the presentation of the freedom of the City to Stanley, and had especially visited a statue of Livingstone in which he was represented with a thistle in his buttonhole.—J. J. W.

|| To this Livingstone case I may append another note from personal knowledge. The statement that "their marriage" (that of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley) "was kept a secret before he went astray as African explorer" is altogether erroneous, as there was no marriage (!), nor engagement to be married, until Mr. Stanley's return from Africa. The marriage in Westminster Abbey on July 12th, 1890, was, undoubtedly, the first, which had taken place between the contracting parties. Nor is it true to say that Mr. Stanley personally placed a wreath on Livingstone's stone.—F. W. H. M.

As regards "Edina" himself, Mr. Withers adds:—

All through the investigation "Edina" himself has acted in the most open and kind way, giving every facility for examination. It would perhaps have saved trouble if he had been a little more critical and not so anxious to believe: but his *bona fides* are absolutely beyond doubt, and the thanks of the Society are due to him for his public spirit and kindness in allowing the question to be investigated. I can only thank him personally for his kindness, and hope that even this report may be of some little use to him.

May 26th, 1891.

JOHN J. WITHERS.

I will add that I, personally, should have been particularly glad if these messages had proved of a convincing character. I have been engaged for years in collecting automatic messages, and in publishing them from time to time. I should naturally wish to believe all that "Edina" believes about these communications. But a wish is one thing and a bias is another thing; and I think that no one without a very strong bias could regard this series of messages as conclusive proof of the agency of any mind external to the automatist's conscious or unconscious self. If such cases are to be discussed at all, they must be discussed according to well-considered, intelligible canons of evidence. No personal feeling whatever need here be involved—except the gratitude which I concur with Mr. Withers in expressing towards an informant so painstaking, courteous, and candid as "Edina."

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

I have on my table much miscellaneous matter to which my persistent bad health allows me to give only a passing glance. Perhaps I can indicate what is, in my judgment, worth attention. In the "New Review" will be found a paper by Mr. Clodd on "The Spiritual Essence in Man." The battle, he tells us, is lifted from the physical structure of man in relation to the lower animals to his mental nature and development. It is so: psychical replaces physical. The revolution in thought that this indicates is vast. Not so long ago leaders of thought, outside of the representatives of faith, seemed not to know that they had any spiritual essence, any soul, anything that would survive death. We have changed all that, and soon we shall be having men of science asking what the body is, and what its uses are as a vehicle for the soul.

"Blackwood" has an article called "The Eve of St. John in a Deserted Châlet," which is of the character that the old Magazine has almost a monopoly of. It is eminently worth reading, and worth more notice than I can give it now. The writer has learned "to receive with reverence the researches and lucubrations of the Psychological Society." Dealings with the dead indeed! It has been dead these many years. When my old friend Serjeant Cox died it died too. But why does "Frank Cowper" impair one's regard for his veracity by writing on what he obviously knows nothing about? None the less his story is taking, and one must not be too exacting as to facts.

How silly people are who deal with what they do not understand! And what respect do they expect to get from those who do? Let us hear the Rev. Chas. Gutch and make a few remarks upon him and his utterances. I have taken the liberty to italicise words to which I wish to draw attention. The "intercourse lawful" between the two worlds. Who says it is not and on what grounds? Who dares to limit our scope of knowledge? Or are we to go back to Leviticus? "Satan and his angels personating disembodied souls." An allegation *pour rire*. What shred of proof is produced? "This is what I believe and affirm"; and on what grounds? People who affirm what is false are called upon to prove their allegation, and, failing success, are dealt with by the law. I invite Mr. Gutch to prove what he alleges. "I maintain that these phenomena are diabolical and deadly and anti-Christian." That is, the phenomena of Spiritualism. Well, the liberty of unlicensed talk in the pulpit, where nobody has a chance of reply, leads a man to talk nonsense, and Mr. Gutch avails himself of the chance. What are "diabolical phenomena"? What are "deadly phenomena"? And what, perchance, is a phenomenon that is at once diabolical, deadly, and anti-

Christian? If people talked nonsense of that kind usually the world would be intolerable. But much license is allowed to the clergy. They *must* talk, and we must not be too critical of what they say.

Mr. Gutch is "small beer," and I have perhaps given him more notice than he deserves; but he and his like have the ear of the public, they are worshipped by silly women, and they talk as if they had assisted at the creation and knew all about it. As a matter of fact they know nothing. They simply preach, and anybody can do that. They do not think. It is too severe an exercise. Much preaching has extinguished the faculty. That I may not be supposed to be too hard on Mr. Gutch, and that he may be pilloried, I reprint what it has pleased him to say, so far as it concerns my remarks. The rest is even more foolish. I generally treat with silence remarks that I think ignorant; but it is occasionally worth while, when a man occupies a position which he does not adorn, to point out his blunders. This is what the reverend gentleman writes:—

You and I are entirely agreed as to the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and I am also prepared to allow all that you affirm respecting the comfort some persons may have derived from their intercourse with spirits, but what then? You have still to show that this intercourse is *lawful*, and that this comfort is true, solid, and lasting. You have still to show that *Satan and his angels* are not transforming themselves into angels of light, and *personating disembodied souls*, and most horribly taking advantage of your thirst for knowledge or your craving for sympathy and intercourse with departed friends to deceive you and enslave you to your lasting injury and ruin. This is what I believe and affirm. I maintain that these phenomena (when true) are *diabolical, and deadly, and anti-Christian*. When I bring them to the touchstone of the Inspired Word of God I find they are condemned, and that all who practise them are transgressing the plain Law of God, and will, therefore, most certainly incur His just punishment.

I ought also to acknowledge many kind words sent to me from the uttermost parts of the earth as well as from nearer regions. My sincerest thanks to all my friends, for that surely is a friend who takes so much trouble. I wish I could say to them that I am well. I cannot; but I *can* say that I am much the better for their good wishes. My best thanks.

#### THE FALCON.

I know a falcon swift and peerless  
As e'er was cradled in the pine;  
No bird had ever eye so fearless,  
Or wing so strong as this of mine.  
The winds not better love to pilot  
A cloud with molten gold o'errun,  
Than him, a little burning islet,  
A star above the coming sun.  
For with a lark's heart he doth tower,  
By a glorious, upward instinct drawn;  
No bee nestles deeper in the flower  
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.  
No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,  
Shudders to see him overhead;  
The rush of his fierce swooping bringeth  
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.  
Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,  
For still between them and the sky  
The falcon Truth hangs poised for ever,  
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE day of days, the great day of the feast of life, is that in which the inward eye opens to the unity in things, to the omnipresence of law—sees that what is must be, and ought to be, or is, the best.—EMERSON. ("Conduct of Life: Fate.")

Now ready. *Pilgrim Songs, with Other Poems*. Written during forty years by J. Page Hopps. Two portraits. Price 3s., post free, from Lea Hurst, Leicester. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate, and all Booksellers.

## WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?

From the "Progressive Thinker."

The distinguished professional gentlemen who made the preliminary report of "The Seybert Commission for Investigating Modern Spiritualism," among other statements have placed themselves upon record in the following words:—

"It is no small matter to be able to record any progress in a subject of so wide and deep an interest as the present. It is not too much to say that the further our investigations extend the more imperative appears the demand for those investigations. The belief in so-called Spiritualism is certainly not decreasing. It has, from the first, assumed a religious tone, and now claims to be ranked among the denominational faiths of the day. From the outset your Commission have been deeply impressed with the seriousness of the undertaking, and have fully recognised that men, eminent in intelligence and attainments, yield to Spiritualism an entire credence; and who can fail to stand aside in tender reverence when crushed and bleeding hearts are seen to seek it for consolation and for hope? They beg that nothing which they may say may be interpreted as indicating indifference or levity. Wherever fraud in Spiritualism be found, it is that, and not whatever of truth there may be within, which is denounced, and all Spiritualists who love the truth will join with us in condemnation of it. Wherefore we decided that as we shall be held responsible for our conclusions, we must form these conclusions solely on our own observations. Without at all imputing untrustworthiness to the testimony of others, we can really vouch only for facts which we have ourselves observed."

After an examination extending over several months, which examination was devoted entirely to physical phenomena, the chairman of the committee concludes with these words:—

"I cannot think it right to pass a verdict, universal in its application, where far less than the universe of Spiritualism has been observed. My field of examination has been limited. There is an outlying region claimed by Spiritualists, which I have not touched, and into which I would gladly enter were there any prospect that I should meet with more success. Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, if it means anything at all, must be something far better than slate-writing and raps. These physical manifestations can be but the mere ooze and scum cast up by the waves on the idle pebble. The waters of a heaven-lit sea, if it exists, must lie far out beyond. The time is not very far distant, I cannot but think, when the more elevated class of Spiritualists will cast loose from all these physical manifestations, which, even though they may be proved genuine, are but little removed from Materialism."

On June 9th, 1888, there appeared a column article in the New York "Sun," recounting the experiences of a resident of Philadelphia, in connection with a séance, or a number of séances, which were given in Washington during the war years, held more especially for the benefit of the then President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln.

In this interview this gentleman claims to have been approached by a stranger while walking through the streets of Washington, who said: "Take this letter to the President," which he claims to have done. He states that the President took the letter, and after requesting him to be seated, opened it, and with a look of great surprise, not unmixed with strong emotion, hastily read the contents, and then turned and sharply demanded: "What does all this mean? it is very strange!" The gentleman replied: "I cannot tell, sir, for I do not know what it contains."

The contents of this letter were as follows:

"President Lincoln, I have been sent to you by the spirit-world to speak with you upon matters of vital importance to the nation. I cannot return to New York until I have seen you. (Signed) "J. B. CONKLIN."

After reading this message, Mr. Lincoln was silent and thoughtful. He then arose and asked me what I knew of this Spiritualism. I replied, "I know very little." When I was ready to go he requested me to send Mr. Conklin to him the following Sunday morning. Shortly after this I was in the gallery of the House of Representatives, when a lady whom I had never seen approached, and giving me her card, said: "I would be pleased to have you call at my house some evening." A judge of one of the courts, whom I

knew, stood beside me, and I asked him who the lady was. "You can see by the card," he said, "that her name is Mrs. Laurie. She lives in Alexandria, and has a daughter, Mrs. Miller, who plays wonderfully upon the piano."

"But I do not know her. Why should she invite me to her house?"

"Perhaps she was impelled to do so," said the judge, with a peculiar emphasis upon the word. This set me to thinking of Spiritualism again, and I determined to call upon Mrs. Laurie, which I did a few days later. Upon entering her parlour I found the President and Mrs. Lincoln there, together with a number of people whom I did not know. For a while the conversation was general, and nothing unusual happened. Suddenly, a young girl about fifteen years old walked the length of the drawing-room to where President Lincoln sat, and stopping in front of him, she looked into his eyes with a peculiar, rapt expression upon her face. "President Lincoln," she said, in a clear but not loud voice, "the liberty of our nation, conceived in the womb of oppression and born in the throes of revolution, can never be crowned with a wreath of Immortality until each and every human being in each of these United States is free! Slavery in any form must not exist. So says that Spiritual Congress which, in this dread time of menace and danger to the nation, watches over its affairs, with even greater care than do the representatives of the people. I have been chosen as their medium of communication with you. Before you can hope to bring about the great, lasting glory of this republic, you must make every man within its boundaries free! You must emancipate all its slaves by your pen, and your arm must endorse your action by the sword."

She talked to the President in this strain for some time, clothing her thoughts in language which in her normal condition she could not have understood.

When she recovered from her trance condition, she knew nothing of what she had done or said. This child was Nettie Colburn Maynard, afterwards recognised as one of the greatest trance mediums in the world. The President seemed greatly impressed with what the girl had said. A short time before he had said to those urging the emancipation idea: "I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say, that if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me, for I earnestly desire to know the will of Providence in this matter."

"Before I left Mrs. Laurie's that night I had another experience worth noting. Mrs. Miller began to play upon the piano. As she did so the instrument jumped up and down on the floor, keeping time to the music. I asked if I might sit upon the instrument so that I could testify to my sense of feeling that it really moved. She gladly consented, and President Lincoln, Judge Wattles, and myself did so. She played again and the piano jumped so violently that we were finally obliged to get off of it. As there is a God in Heaven, all that I have told you is true!"

The above statement seems so very remarkable that it can scarcely be credited; and in pursuance of its verification, and the finding of the exact truth, we looked up the above gentleman, and had him again go over his remarkable statement as printed in the "Sun," which he did in the most interesting manner. We confess to have become very much interested in the subject, and felt that while a certain amount of truth might attach itself to his statements, he was, nevertheless, the victim of some strange hallucination, and at most, it was but a case of indescribable enthusiasm on his part, the result of mind and thought and intention bent upon the subject of Spiritualism.

It is well-known that from time to time stray notices on this subject have appeared in various papers, not, however, in connection with any attempt on the part of the writers or editors to verify the same. For this reason we deemed it wise, before going into the matter extensively, to examine the subject with deliberation and care. The result of this examination is, that we have ascertained that numerous séances were held in the White House during the war, under the leadership of various mediums, the most prominent of whom was one Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, a trance medium of peculiar power and ability. This lady is now living in a village near New York City, and from her own lips, as well as the testimony of others, we have gleaned information of a remarkable character, which will

have marked bearing upon the history of Spiritualism and the literature of to-day. That Abraham Lincoln should have been a believer in, or follower of, Spiritualism in any form will be a startling and unusual statement, and, to use the words of an editorial writer of a leading New York daily, "If it could be proven that Abraham Lincoln was in any way connected with Spiritualism, or did take counsel from any medium at a time when the nation's weal or woe hung in the balance, or was in any manner governed by such counsel, it would be the literary event of the nineteenth century, and the most astonishing statement of modern times."

Having in mind the publication of a book embracing complete information upon this subject, we have looked into the character and reputation of Mrs. Maynard, and after examining her correspondence, covering a period of thirty years, ascertaining her friends, their character and standing, and looking over letters that are in verification of this peculiar subject, we must confess to finding no record or evidence of any misstatement or untruth on her part, or anything that would be subject of reproach or censure, unless it be the actual crime, in the eyes of generally accepted and preferred Christians, of being a Spiritualist and a trance medium. In pursuance of which we shall give to the world these statements, circumstances, and experiences, as they have taken place, together with the dates, localities, and the names and addresses of witnesses who are living to-day, all of which will be in substantiation of the opening and closing lines of this article, and are to stand before the public for a true and impartial criticism, in the form of an interrogation—was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?

RUFUS C. HARTRANFT, Publisher.

709, Sansom-street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### THEOSOPHY AND THE LAW OF POPULATION.

Mrs. Besant recants her old beliefs in the current number of "Lucifer." It is not any part of our business to express any opinion on the new views or the old, but the departure is significant. There seems to us, however, to be a vast assumption devoid of proof in some of Mrs. Besant's utterances. None the less, they are very instructive.

For what is man in the light of Theosophic truth? He is a spiritual intelligence, eternal and uncreate, treading a vast cycle of human experience, born and reborn on earth millennium after millennium, evolving slowly into the Ideal Man. He is not the product of matter, but is encased in matter, and the forms of matter with which he clothes himself are of his own making. For the intelligence and the will of man are creative forces (not creative *ex nihilo*, but creative as is the brain of the painter), and these forces are exercised by man in every act of thought; thus he is ever creating round him thought-forms, moulding subtlest matter into shape by these energies, forms which persist as tangible realities for those who have developed the senses whereby they are cognisable. Now, when the time for rebirth into this earth-life approaches, these thought-forms pass from the mental to the astral plane, and become denser through the building into them of astral matter; and into these astral forms in turn are built the molecules of physical matter, which matter is thus moulded for the new body on the lines laid down by the intelligent and volitional life of the previous, or of many previous, incarnations. So does each man create for himself in verity the form wherein he functions, and what he is in his present is the inevitable outcome of his own creative energies in his past.

It is not difficult to see how this view of man will affect the neo-Malthusian theory. Physical man in the present being largely the result of mental man in the past, complicated by the instincts physically transmitted and arising from the needs of the physical body, and being only the tool or medium wherethrough the true self works on the physical plane, all that man needs to do is to keep his tool in the best working order for his highest purposes, training it in responsiveness to the impulses of the noblest that is in him. Now, the sexual instinct that he has in common with the brute is one of the most fruitful sources of human misery, and the satisfaction of its imperious cravings is at the root of most of the trouble of the world. To hold this instinct in complete control, to develop the intellectual at the expense of the animal nature, and thus to raise the whole man from the animal to the human stage, such is the task to which humanity should set itself. The excessive development of this instinct in man—far greater and more constant than in any brute—has to be fought against, and it will most certainly never be lessened by easy-going self-indulgence within the marital relation, any more than by self-indulgence outside it. It has reached its present abnormal development by self-indulgence in the

past, all sexual thoughts, desires, and imaginations having created their appropriate thought-forms, into which have been wrought the brain and body molecules which now give rise to passion on the material plane. By none other road than by that of self-control and self-denial can men and women now set going the causes which, on their future return to life, shall build for them bodies and brains of a higher type. The sooner the causes are started the sooner the results will accrue: from which it follows that Theosophists should sound the note of self-restraint within marriage, and the restriction of the marital relation to the perpetuation of the race. Such is the inevitable outcome of the Theosophic theory of man's nature, as inevitably as neo-Malthusianism was the outcome of the Materialist theory.

Passing from Materialism to Theosophy, I must pass from neo-Malthusianism to what will be called Asceticism; and it is right to state this clearly, since my name has been so long and so publicly associated with the other teaching. I have refused either to print any more or to sell the copyright of "The Law of Population," so that, when those that have passed beyond my control have been disposed of by those who have bought them, no more copies will be circulated. I only lately came to this definite decision, for I confess my heart somewhat failed me at the idea of withdrawing from the knowledge of the poor, so far as I could, a palliative of the heart-breaking misery under which they groan, and from the married mothers of my own sex, the impulse to aid whom had been my strongest motive of action in 1877, a protection against the evils which too often wreck their lives and bring many to an early grave, worn old before even middle age has touched them. Not until I felt obliged to admit that the neo-Malthusian teaching was anti-Theosophical, would I take this step; but, having taken it, it is right to take it publicly, and to frankly say that my former teaching was based on a mistaken view of man's nature, treating him as a mere product of evolution instead of as the spirit, intelligence, and will without which evolution could not be.

Many will be inclined to ask: "Are you not sorry that you suffered so much for what was based on a mistaken view of human life?" Frankly, no. From that arduous and painful struggle, into which I entered against all the instincts of my nature, and in defiance of my social training, from the sole desire to help the poor and the suffering, I have learned lessons which I would not have missed for the sake of any escape from pain. I learned in it to stand alone, careless of ill-informed or self-seeking opinion; to face opprobrium for the sake of principle, social ostracism for the sake of duty, hatred for the sake of love. The method was mistaken, but the principle was right; and this at least is the fruit of that past bitter struggle—the strength to embrace an unpopular cause, to face ridicule and stem opposition; strength which may have its place for service in defence of that Cause to which my leader and teacher, H. P. B., judged me worthy to dedicate my life.

### OCCULT—VERY.

This comes to us, and is too good to be lost. It may enliven an idle moment in the silly season:—

NEW YORK, July 13th. ["Tribune" Dispatch—San Francisco "Chronicle" series.]—Madame Blavatsky, whose death left a vacant leadership in the occult world, will shortly have a successor. The person who will occupy the throne is none other than Lawyer William Q. Judge, of No. 35, Nassau-street. Lawyer Judge is also a publisher, and for many years he has occupied a position second only to Madame Blavatsky in the Theosophical world. Judge is at present in London, conferring with the leading Theosophists of that city, which is the home of Theosophy. He will shortly arrive in this city, and when he steps upon American soil from the deck of an Atlantic steamer it will be as the king and high ruler of Theosophy, and everything pertaining to it.

Much surprise will become occasioned when it becomes known that Lawyer Judge will in future pilot the Theosophical ship through this commonplace and unbelieving world. Lesser Theosophical lights generally supposed that after the death of Madame Blavatsky, Annie Besant would be chosen as her successor. From a well-known Theosophist in New York who asked that her name be withheld, a reporter learned the mode of electing a successor for Madame Blavatsky. At a recent convention of Boston Theosophists an alleged communication was received from the deceased Blavatsky to the effect that Judge was the man to be trusted on any or all occasions.

In Madame Blavatsky's will, Judge was especially mentioned and just before her death she left with him a secret of vast and vital importance to the success of Theosophy. She also gave him a signet ring which is believed to be possessed of extraordinary power. All these things being considered, it was natural that Judge should be Madame Blavatsky's successor, but his claim to the leadership was established in a more positive manner, at least in the Theosophical mind. Madame Blavatsky in her spirit appeared at a chosen time, and there selected Judge to wear her crown.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
2, DUKE STREET,  
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## Light :

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1891.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

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

### UNIVERSALISING THE CHARACTER. I

THE recent perusal of the life of Laurence Oliphant, which it is interesting to see has got already into its seventh edition, has impressed me with the desire to offer the following observations upon a point whereon it seems perfectly clear that the authoress has never grasped the truth as Oliphant, and I think also T. L. Harris himself, would have explained it. This truth is at the root, on the one hand, of the demands made by Harris upon his disciples, and, on the other, of Oliphant's submission to the very great personal sacrifices (as the world would say) which his unquestioning obedience certainly involved.

To the historian of his life this submission seems to be a continual stumbling-block. It was, she apprehends, a distinct waste of power that Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant should be taken from their proper place in society and set to work which neither by previous training nor by natural qualification they were fitted to perform.

But surely it must strike the person of any spiritual insight, first, that any training by which anyone is enabled to become a greater spiritual force is cheaply purchased at the expense of any loss to the world of merely fashionable or humanly delightful gifts and graces: and next, that in the particular instances in question the loss was but of short duration. The authoress herself bears testimony that when the season of retirement was ended both Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant reappeared in the world with none of their powers to please lost, and with powers to influence greatly enhanced.

But it is the question of principle and not of detail that we are here to discuss; and the principle aimed at both by Harris and his disciple was, I take it, that of universalising the character, the whole conscious life and Being.

In the old process of Alchemy the great difficulty of the Artist, after he had surmounted the difficulty of getting his element into solution, was to keep the solution from crystallising too soon, and before he knew, by its change of colour to the "celestial rosy red," that the processes of elaboration were complete.

This is probably only an allegorical way of expressing a corresponding spiritual truth of human evolution, far too generally unrecognised, viz., that until the perfection of nature is reached by the personal conscious attainment to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," no

state, no system or view of truth, no particularity of character should be regarded as final, and no man feel justified in devoting himself exclusively to the propagation of that particular set of opinions which he himself holds, or the cultivation in others of that particular character which he has formed for himself.

How entirely blind to this great truth the world in general is we may see every day. Persons attach themselves to a particular sect, or party, or school, believing the other side or other sides to be wicked or egregiously wrong; so that some of them do not hesitate to say, like a certain M.P., that they know such and such a proposal to be bad and worthless because it comes from the other side of the House. So, too, in the very commonest walks of life, and among the most ordinary people we see the same self-satisfied definiteness of assurance, the same too early crystallisation of character, the same unconsciousness that there is any reason for looking at the other side, examining respectfully and earnestly views different from, and even contrary to, their own, or for striving to render themselves more universally sympathetic in character and feeling.

When anyone first awakes to perceive the truth here described, the great question must be—what is to be done? There can be but one answer. If we have thus got into a set or bent less than universal, if we are crystallising, or have crystallised, along definite lines, and have grown to think it wicked for anyone to differ from our particular form, the only thing to be done must be to break up that too premature crystallisation, and strive to attain a certain fluidity of nature which shall permit of ourselves once more entering consciously into evolution, tasting ever new experiences, and growing *other* as the days go by. Where there is divine life there must be growth, movement, change; in a word, evolution. When anyone finds himself year by year living in the same spirit of life, believing the same identical view of the details of truth, there is assuredly the sign of stagnation. It is a great and most important step to have become conscious of this, but it is a still greater one to take the only means available (humanly speaking) for cure. And that is to do just what the Oliphants did—*break themselves up*; changing entirely and radically their mode of life; doing things they had never been accustomed to do, and abandoning familiar ways and habitual surroundings. And still harder is it to do this in just the right spirit. Not as a distasteful sacrifice submitted to in the hope of winning the hundredfold of our Lord's promise, but as a real delight and joy. Not perhaps at first joy *in the actual thing done*, but joy in finding that *we have the power to do it*, and sure that, if it is irksome and distasteful now, that arises from the force of our past crystallisation, whereby we have accustomed ourselves to a particular mode of life and manner, and not to any inherent impropriety or evil in the new life itself. Sure, too, that it is only a question of time (if we are staunch and resolute, and endure to the end) before the sense of distaste for anything not inherently evil will lessen, and in the end entirely disappear. Probably no one is yet capable of expressing in words what the full degree of perfection to be attained to is; but we may say this much, that it must be in some way *entire sympathy with God*. Our Father has no favourites, is of no party or creed, but in every nation accepts those who work righteousness, and is, unconsciously to themselves, guiding and drawing along their own lines of evolution even those who fear Him not, and know only their own blind wills. We have not arrived at any satisfactory or final position until we can *sympathise universally*; until we see nowhere absolute evil, and know that nothing that seems to us to be is without cause, or is working anything other than the glory of God.

It may seem to some that such a condition of mind must involve very indefinite personal views, and the impossibility of attachment to any definite religion or creed. But

this is certainly not the case. It is quite easy to believe that the way I find myself impelled to feel and believe is the right way for me without insisting that it must therefore be the only right way for everyone else. So long as there is no "despising others," a sincere belief in that which the highest in me feels to be true is not only possible but natural and right. I cannot genuinely respect the faith of others if I have no respect for my own; and so long as I constantly strive to grow, to press forward, to avoid stagnation, and the settling down into a definite form, unaware how incomplete, from the nature of the case, must any ideas of mine as yet be, I may unhesitatingly accept what the highest in me witnesses as true for me, and for the time being, and until the coming of more light through the opening of a still higher insight in me shows me a higher view than that I can as yet discern.

One word more. Higher views may come without much change in the life, but higher character, a nobler life in actual practice, will not, I think, be attained save at the cost of some more or less definite and real change in the ordinary method of life to which hitherto we have been accustomed. Hence the justification of Harris's demands and Oliphant's surrender.

G. W. A.

### THE SCIENCE OF SPIRIT RETURN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

It is interesting to every student of Natural History to watch bird, insect, and beast as they commence their earth life. In every case you find they have been to a school of intelligence before they come to the sunlight of to-day. Watch a chicken, knowing its mother's cluck, and ready to pick the tiny seed. If you hatch the egg in an incubator and keep the chicken all alone, you still find the instincts of its future come with it ready made, from the shell life in which it started its career. It will presently take to roost, and will crow if it be a male; or if it be a hen, it will cackle when it leaves the fresh laid egg in the half-secreted nest. Give to your hen a setting of pheasant's eggs. As soon as they are born a note of alarm from the hen will send the young running to hide in the grass; whereas chickens flee to their mother, seeking safety under her wing.

As you learn more of Nature's lessons you will discover that the ability to execute the marvels of patient industry or wondrous ingenuity exhibited by so many animals were all infused into the foetus: into the form before it had really entered into what you and I call "life." No matter how wondrous the work of art, or the power of adaptation to circumstance, shown by ants, wasps, bees, or that prince of civil engineers, the industrious beaver, yet the faculty is so hereditary that little or no teaching seems required to develop that skill, or even to enable the animal to adapt itself to conditions its ancestor could never have known.

It seems to me that the one great difference between man and all other life is the fact that man gets but a small part of his education before he is born. Other animals seem to come with a diploma from Nature, attesting that they are ready to go to work.

This fact has a broad and a deep lesson. The only education possible before birth must be the implanting of hereditary instincts and powers of adaptation. But man has less, much less of such instincts than other animals, and therefore has less to send into the brain of the living foetus. So we see that whilst the education of other animals is almost completed before they are born—Nature endowing them with capital on which to commence business immediately—Man comes as a feeble, puny infant with not enough of either instincts or hereditary tendencies to keep him alive. For months he is a helpless baby; and for years he must be guided by judgment and experience greater than his own.

Yet it is in this long infancy that his superiority consists, for while others have almost left school when they were born, he can go on learning, so far as we know, to all eternity.

Phrenologists assert that the shape of a man's brain, and its proportion to his whole frame, expresses his capacity to learn; and also exhibits the fact itself when he has once

developed a grand thought power. They tell us that the young man who begins now to cultivate his memory, day by day, will show that growth, say in five years' time, to any skilled phrenologist who examines his head.

However that may be, the higher than memory, the faculty of independent thought, may be cultivated till it leaves its impress on every fibre of a man's mortal frame. So the phrenologist tells you that outward size and shape express to him an inward truth; but the physiologist finds a far more astonishing fact inside the bony covering we call the skull.

All know that intelligence and brain surface have so intimate a relation that one cannot appear without the other. The naturalist tells us that at first a slight swelling at one end of the spinal column marks the coming wonder, as it gives the animal a power greater than those below him. As the brain grows, the form ascends the ladder of intelligence, till you find the chimpanzee or ourang-outang with a brain that is almost as large as that of the native Australian, or the savage Bushman of Africa.

But the skull must also increase in size to hold the larger thought machine, just as an ocean steamer must be built of greater size to carry more powerful engines. So the forehead grows, and the skull broadens and climbs upward till it seems to reach a physical limit. You almost fear that Nature's next step will make man top-heavy as he walks his mother earth. But give Nature freedom of action, and she makes no mistakes, but always stops short of a blunder. So to increase man's brain surface she begins to line and furrow and corrugate. She sinks valleys in the depths, and builds mountain heights, with spirit summits from whence eternal truths may send a glow over the entire manhood.

Nature manufactures a brain surface that may be almost smooth for hereditary instincts to act, but for the higher manhood she demands a wider space. Bring two brains and place them before the skilled physiologist; let them be still palpitating with the memory of a life just fled, and he will say, "Here is the brain of a thinker who has scored his manhood all over it in these ridges and furrows. But this other brain must have belonged to one who developed no individuality, but accepted his thought, ready made, from school, pulpit, and press"; so we listen to our mother Nature as she says, "If you will only use to the full such powers as you have to-day, I will provide room for you to think a grander thought to-morrow."

We are now, I think, ready to go a step further and inquire into the reaction of brain and thought. If a man has no thought, or at least no expression of thought, we say: "Behold an imbecile." And since we know that thought can only be expressed through brain, we see they are linked together for weal or woe.

The inmost secret of Nature seems to be motion. Herbert Spencer calls it "infinite energy"; and perhaps there is no more important thought than the conception that the atom of matter is never at rest. The changes that have seemed mysterious to our ignorance appear now to be but differing rates of movement of atoms. It seems to be a law of Nature that atoms shall not touch each other. The fact that by pressure you can make a rubber ball smaller, should prove to you that there is space between its atoms. And no metal is so hard, no rock so solid but that by pressure it can be made yet harder and more solid. So the scientist knows that atoms never touch. With equal ease he will demonstrate to you that they know no rest. As an illustration, let us begin with a block of ice and follow some of the changes of its atoms. That block is permeated by this "universal energy" which holds its atoms together. It is called the "attraction of cohesion," without which the block would fall into a shapeless mass. By compressing that ice, you can drain out some of this "energy or force" which shows itself as heat, which was latent in the ice.

But instead of driving force out of that block, let us put more force in and watch the effect. Place the ice in a kettle over a fire, and as the force (heat) penetrates, those atoms are soon further apart. The matter that was so solid to your touch is all there, but is now steam. You have the same atoms with more energy. You can see them, measure them, and use them as steam. The steam becomes superheated. The atoms are moving with an energy unknown before, but you can still measure it by your horse-power scale. Here comes the point I want to make. Pile on your fuel, open your draught, increase your heat, you will add yet

more speed to that movement. You have there the very atoms of matter which you weighed and measured as ice, but though you have added nothing but energy, man has neither faculty nor scale which can tell him even of their existence.

In earth life, man measures everything by motion. Let the ray of light strike your eye at one rate of vibratory movement and it becomes a colour which you call "red." Quickened the motion, and every shade and hue will pass, one by one, until violet is reached. Now quicken the movement a little more, and you have nothing. Lower it below the rate at which you saw the red, and you have nothing. The limit of your earth sight is fixed.

The movements of which we have been speaking are so rapid that the very conception dazzles you as they count by millions to the second. But when those movements or vibrations have become so much slower that you count them by the thousand, they are in harmony with your auditory nerves, so you say you hear.

But love, hate, anger, and fear can all be expressed by vibrations in the atmosphere equally as well as colour. The soft, sweet tone of love, the harsh shout of anger, the wail of the infant, the moan of the dying, travel through the air as vibrations; when they strike our ear they will tell the tale, each for itself. You all know the eagerness with which a foud young lover seeks to touch lip to lip in the ardour of his affection. But he cannot press eye to eye or ear to ear, for then he would neither see nor hear. He must start vibrations in the air. There is no other way to either see or hear, but unless the rate of motion be the same in both organisms, there will be no mingling of sensation. Presently that young couple become man and wife. Their happiness now depends upon harmony, for without similar tastes and aspirations there is sure to be discord and sorrow, or later will come separation. But harmony means vibrations of similar length in two or more human brains. And I propose to show you that intercourse actually exists throughout all life in proportion to such harmony.

In order to comprehend this thought we must again turn back to the brain through which our thought expresses itself. That brain, like all other matter, is composed of atoms always in motion, but those atoms are perpetually varying their rate of speed, and, of course, that brain can only be in harmony for the time being with another brain whose atoms are moving at the same rate as itself. The very same brain which is now so cool and beats so calmly for the philosopher may to-morrow bubble and boil and seethe with the fierce tempest of animal passion, in which coarse sensualism half the world's children are begotten into living souls. But there must always be a harmony of vibration, so as a philosopher, that man may now mate with his brother philosopher; but presently when his lower nature rules he becomes the animal man, clasping hands with that which belongs to the brute.

I don't mean that man hunts for his fellow and when he finds him goes into partnership. I assert that at all times this wondrous vibration of matter is in harmony throughout the universe, because it is the expression not of mortal but of the immortal spirit which belongs to every human being both to-day and in the coming to-morrow.

You are a spirit now and it is your thought—that which no scientist can weigh, measure, or dissect—which sets your brain a throbbing, and quickens the motion of its tardy atom. You know that a thought of intentional insult will set your brain aflame with indignation. Through your brain will come the thought of manly self-assertion. And if a friend can soothe you into forgiveness of the injury, it is your brain which grows cool and claim.

The thought of love is motion of the atoms, that may be an angel's dance or a devil's orgie. Your brain may beat time to a selfishness that is cruel; or move in a rhythm of divine self-sacrifice. I ask you to particularly notice the points I have so far made, in order that you may see to where we are travelling, step by step. We have seen that without motion there is no life; and that similarity of brain vibrations means harmony and ensures like mating with like. Yet further, we have seen whilst there is a movement of matter that may seem to express only physical life, yet by our own thought power we can cool the physical brain as with ice; or we can build there a furnace of anger, hatred, or lust that can burn up our manhood.

But these great changes of movement all outwork harmony.

Whether your brain be cold or warm or hot, you have your mates of like vibration. And as your brain throbs, now in fierce passion, and presently in calm investigation, you are flitting from sphere to sphere. At one moment clasping hands with the orthodox Devil, and the next hour in fellowship with Michael on celestial heights.

Do you begin to see what all this means, and its relation to what is often called obsession? It is only by applying this thought to the spirit side of life that we can understand the relation of the two worlds.

You have a brain that vibrates. Your spirit brother has a brain that vibrates too; and both brains respond to this mighty power of thought. But your thought moves a mortal brain, whilst the thought of your brother moves a spirit brain. Just think what that means. Remember the illustration of the block of ice that was composed of matter which vibrated more and more rapidly as you added force, until at last it became invisible, and beyond all mortal grasp. Your brother is invisible to you because his spirit form is composed of matter, vibrating too rapidly for you to sense. But that tells you that a thought moves his spirit brain with a rapidity impossible to a poor mortal. Your slow speech is impossible to him as a spirit; his swift thought is impossible to your earth brain. Yet it is a law of nature that there must be harmony of vibration or there will be no real interchange of thought.

(To be continued.)

#### WRITINGS OF THE PROPHET HARRIS.

The following appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette":—

SIR,—I am glad to notice in your issue of the 23rd inst. the review by Mr. Walters of one of Mr. Harris's early poems. Having been a student of Mr. Harris's books for the past twenty years, and as many are now interested in such matters as they treat of, will you allow me space for the following fairly complete list of his works, which have been issued both for public and private circulation:—

An Epic of the Starry Heaven, pp. 197; New York, 1854. A Lyric of the Morning Land, pp. 169; New York, 1855; reprinted Glasgow, 1869. A Lyric of the Golden Age, pp. 304; New York, 1856; reprinted Glasgow, 1870. The Wisdom of Angels, pp. 218; New York, 1857. First Book of the Christian Religion, pp. 175; New York, 1858. Arcana of Christianity, an Unfolding of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word. Part I., Genesis, pp. 476; New York, 1858. The Song of Satan, pp. 87; New York, 1858. The Herald of Light, a monthly journal of the Lord's New Church, 6 vols; New York, 1857-1861; Sermons and Discourses from above, reprinted Manchester, 1879. Regina, a Song of Many Days, pp. 239; London, 1860. Truth and Life in Jesus: Sermons preached in Manchester, pp. 199; Glasgow, 1860. Millennial Age: Twelve Discourses on the Spiritual Devotion, pp. 526; New York, 1861. Modern Spiritualism, its Truths and Errors, pp. 62; Glasgow, 1864. The Great Republic, a Poem of the Sun, pp. 261; New York and London, 1867. The Breath of God with Man, an Essay on the Grounds of Universal Religion; New York and London, 1867. Arcana of Christianity. The Apocalypse, pp. 487; New York and London, 1867.

The following works have been printed at Mr. Harris's own private press and distributed for private circulation only:—

The Lord the Two in One, Declared Manifested and Glorified, 1876, pp. 147. Hymns of the Two in One, 1876, pp. 48. The Wedding Guest, Serial 1 to 4, 1877-8, pp. 108. The Golden Child, a Daily Chronicle. Parts 1 to 5, 1878, pp. 268. Bridal Hours, Songs and Odes, 1878, pp. 60. A Voice from Heaven, 1879, pp. 66. The Holy City and the Light Therein, 1880, pp. 229. The Luminous Life, 1882, pp. 132. The Wisdom of the Adepts: Esoteric Science in Human History, 1884, pp. 527. The Joy Bringer, Fifty-three Melodies, 1886, pp. 79. Star Flowers, a Poem of the Woman's Mystery: Canto 1 to 5, pp. 611. The Visitation, Poems Written in Hours of Relief, 1890. The New Republic: Prospects, Dangers, Duties, and Safeties of the Times, 1891, pp. 75. Battle Bells, Verse Studies in Social Humanity, 1891, now printing.

Most of these private issues are fragmentary, being in fact selections from a vast mass of manuscript of many thousands of pages, containing the continuous record of Mr. Harris's wonderful spiritual experiences as the pioneer of the new age. I may add that such of the earlier books as may occasionally be met with second-hand, and some of the reprints, may be obtained from Thomson and Co., 107, North-street, Glasgow; and Thomson Brothers, 74, George-street, Edinburgh.—I am, &c.,

T. WATSON DUNCAN.

Terrance Lodge, Pollokshaws, N.B.

## MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN'S VISION.

"The Newcastle Daily Leader," of July 27th, has the following account of a memorial address on the late Mr. Barkas, delivered under the auspices of the Spiritual Evidence Society, by Mrs. Hardinge Britten:—

Last night Mrs. Hardinge Britten, the well-known Spiritualist lecturer, delivered a memorial address on the late Alderman Barkas, in the Nelson-street Hall, under the auspices of the Spiritual Evidence Society. There was a crowded attendance. At the beginning a letter was read from Mrs. Southern, the late alderman's daughter, stating the regret of the family at being unable to be present at the service, as they were far from Newcastle, having been glad to get from town to the open country after the strain and anxiety of their father's illness. After giving a very eulogistic sketch of Alderman Barkas's life work, Mrs. Britten referred to a vision she beheld while in the city of Manchester on the night of the day when Alderman Barkas passed from earth, but of which fact those in Manchester were as yet utterly ignorant. Through her life of thirty years' spiritual experience she had been more fully instructed by visions than by any other form of revelation. The vision on that night represented to her a fair and wonderful white country. She said white only to signify that in the sphere she gazed upon there was no darkness—no gloom. All around seemed like an incarnation of sunbeams in flowers, in fields, in grassy places, and in the shining skies above. From every direction on the plains and from the noble hills in every part of that beautiful land there were bands of fair and lovely people marching all in one direction. They seemed to her to echo all sounds of music—the reality of music—for on earth we only have shadow music. Sometimes that music burst upon her ear in great harmonies, and sometimes it died off almost into whispered echoes. Still the people came advancing in radiant garments and with such lovely faces. She never deemed the human face could be so beautiful, or the mortal form could assume such grace and exquisite proportions. There were also bands of children of all ages and of all sizes. All these spirits were advancing from different directions towards a vast mound on which was erected a great temple. She knew at once it was a festal occasion. Each pressed forward as though it must reach the temple first. Then this strange perception that was upon her enabled her to behold the interior of the temple, in which there were seats for many thousands. Stranger yet, each one of the spirits was pressing before the other to secure the best seat. She marvelled; but presently perceived that each one was striving to obtain the best seat for someone else—each one was striving to serve his neighbour in place of himself, and thus all had the best seats. When all were seated, there was an old familiar form, but it was transfigured. How could she describe that form? She could only compare it to the transfiguration of the Man of Sorrows on the Mount. As she looked on him whom this great assemblage had met to honour she scarcely dare pronounce the mortal name. She could only say it was the friend they loved. She could only say it was the man who for seventy-two years walked in their midst and taught the children and the common people and the humbler ones. She could only say it was the man whose every day was marked with beneficence; the man that pointed out to the dull eye the beautiful in nature, and to the dull ear the glorious tones of music. But oh! he was transfigured, and it was a wonder to look upon—it was a glory to look upon. And as she gazed the vision vanished from her, and it was only after a long pause that she could tell those that surrounded her—and she could give them the names of those witnesses—that this man had gone from earth and entered into glory. It was only then she could tell them that all had vanished, that the career was ended. The sleep that knows no waking had fallen on the form and the spirit had gone free. It was only then when at length she could speak with her voice she was compelled to re-echo the brilliant words that in letters of light surrounded the vast arch beneath which the arisen spirit stood—"Well done! thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"The Coming Day" has a full reprint of the Rev. J. Page Hoppe's address delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance.

Mrs. BESANT has been lecturing at Newcastle on Theosophy. She has also avowed a considerable modification of the Malthusian views which caused her much reproach.

"I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery," said John Newton; "now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things; but I will not neglect this." There is the saintliness for which the world waits. Carry that out everywhere, and the Kingdom of God would come.—J. PAGE HOPPE.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Laurence Oliphant and T. L. Harris. I

SIR,—Will you allow me to say a few words in answer to your comments upon Mr. Oliphant in your issue of August 1st?

Most thinkers will admit, I think, that the Solidarity of Humanity is the great aim of Existence. If the children of Earth, embodied and disembodied, can come into perfect sympathetic union, then a New Earth and a New Heavens may be established; if they remain as separated atoms, then the true energies of the Race can never be known and utilised.

Next to the divisions of religious sects there is, perhaps, no more fatal bar to this union than Social Caste. Laurence, Alice, and Lady Oliphant were by birth and education aristocrats; which, translated into plain English, means that the entire consciousness comes to be filled with exclusiveness, with a sense of superiority to the ordinary run of mortals. Mr. Oliphant once said to me, laughingly, "No one will ever know how many times I have had to put my fists in my pockets to prevent myself from knocking down one of your Yankees, because he claimed to be as much a child of God as myself. No one can realise, until he tries radically to extricate it, how this sense of caste is ground into the marrow of one's bones. Why any sane person should be guilty of the idiocy of priding himself on those gifts which wait for him when he is ushered into the world I don't know; but so is it. However," he added with a sparkle of humour, "I finally got to the point of recognising the hidden divinity beneath the impudence of the American hotel clerk, and of shaking hands with him as a brother rather than of wanting to knock him down as an insufferable puppy; I think that was doing rather well."

If Mr. Oliphant was right, if it be an idiocy to pride oneself on gifts wholly unearned, then is it not possible that he may have done the most useful service to "cultured society" by seeking to break down some of its narrowing divisions? There will always be princes and there will always be servants in all probability; but a prince is he who serves most widely and most usefully, and I very much doubt, therefore, whether it is possible for any man or woman to become a true aristocrat until he has first learnt the difficulties to some extent of every form even of the simplest servitude.

One Incarnation is in truth a very short span of existence, and if Laurence Oliphant has grown more sympathetic through his varied experience on earth, and hence more able to serve and so to unite many classes from the vantage ground of the spirit-world, then surely his time was not wasted. The query is: Did he so enlarge his usefulness by remaining with Mr. Harris? Mr. Oliphant told me that every morning during these fifteen years he offered up with absolute earnestness one short prayer, "Lord, use me." Surely when a man has prayed thus seriously for fifteen years with the one single desire of serving most usefully his fellow men, we, who have considered the subject lightly for moments which he pondered deeply for years, have scarcely a right to decide that he was quite mistaken in his decisions concerning his own sphere of action.

That he was infallible, of course I do not claim; but as between fallible men, he who ponders and prays deeply and accepts in answer to his prayers a duty for years after that duty has become most trying and irksome to him, this man is more apt to be right concerning his own guidance than an outsider, no matter how shrewdly analytic the friendly critic may be.

As a precedent, I do not think Mr. Oliphant's yielding to Mr. Harris is at all to be generally followed; but if the great need was to fill the thought-atmosphere with a conception of true aristocracy, namely, that he who serves most, not he who is most served, is the true king; then perhaps the extreme efforts of the Oliphants did more for society than the most brilliant "Blackwood" articles could have done.

If we believe in thought-transference at all, we must accept the fact that an enormous influence may be exercised quite silently, and that energetic being and doing may be more world-moving than the most eloquent speaking or writing. When we further accept the fact that this world may be only the preparation for wider work hereafter when our powers are not so body-trammelled, then it may not be

time wasted to give the whole of an Incarnation thoroughly to subdue one serious error of the narrowed consciousness which hinders the fullest Humanitarian effort.

If the concentration of Humanity into harmonious Perfection be the task set before us, then any man, even the most brilliant, may well give his life gladly and willingly to remove any exclusive barriers which seriously interfere with that Unity, no matter how humbly irksome the task may be.

Someone may object that the alliance with Mr. Harris has brought about, so far as any visible results are concerned, disunion instead of union. That, alas! is the unhappy failure of fallible human nature; but though earnest trials of all kinds come to nothing a million times over, the Law remains unchanged. Unity is strength; and this is true in things spiritual as in things physical. Robert Owen failed as signally as Laurence Oliphant so far as his narrower use as a founder of communities is concerned; nevertheless, it is now acknowledged by students of social problems that he has a strong influence on the thought of the day. Fifty years hence, when old arbitrary aristocratic conditions may have undergone useful reform, the same may be perceived with regard to Laurence Oliphant. However, no matter how many may fail and continue to fail in renewed attempts to bring about the One-ness of the Human Race, that One-ness must finally be established if the Harmony of Heaven is to be known.

Is it necessary to begin this great work by selling strawberries at a railway station? I should say then—yes, if that is the *only* way in which we perchance can learn to enter with perfect sympathy into the needs of strawberry vendors, and so guide them most rapidly into a higher life. Whatever teaches us to love one another with the wise insight of true sympathy, that surely is the most dignified because the most useful employment in which we can engage; for how shall we find God unless we seek Him with a practical reverence in all His creatures?

Munich, August 6th, 1891.

ROSAMOND TEMPLETON.

#### Reason, Instinct, and Genius.

SIR,—Though it may be impossible to explain the connection between these three, yet a few suggestive questions may throw some little light on the subject. Is "instinct," say in any species of animals, reason perfected by experience? the individual through the race having learned knows, therefore, the best absolutely in its own line. Is genius in man also reason perfected by experience? Knowing the best attainable in any line of art or mechanism, &c., so instinct and genius differ from reason by knowing and seeing as in a glass what is best to do and how to do it, having no more need of the instrument (reason) by which they learned. Is reason, then, the instrument for gaining knowledge by experience under the limitations of progressive material expression or embodiment? Hence it would appear that knowledge can only be complete when it knows all things absolutely by seeing them without reasoning about them. Is reason, then, we ask, the grand instrument which infinite wisdom has conferred on finite creatures for the acquisition of that knowledge which shall link them with the infinite when completed? So man, the microcosm, when completed or perfected, will embrace in himself all lines of knowledge. In this he will differ from other creatures which only know in their own particular lines that concern themselves only, but man knowing all is the summary of all creatures, and their connecting link with the infinite mind.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

#### "One of the Revelations in the Air."

SIR,—As the similarity of the initial to the letter bearing the above heading, and of the title of the book named in it, to mine might lead some of your readers to confound the writer with me and the book called "The Mother, the Woman Clothed with the Sun," with my book "Clothed with the Sun," I desire to disclaim all identity, connection, relation, or similarity between the two persons and books, and to assert the widest possible divergency in every conceivable respect. For while I use the phrase in question in the spiritual sense emphatically insisted on by Scripture to denote the soul as the "Woman" or "Mother" in man's spiritual system, as distinguished from the "Spirit" or "Father," and not to exalt any individual person whatever,

living or dead, "M." uses it in its literal, material, and therefore unscriptural sense to denote an actual person, and one now living, for whom it is claimed in the book he cites that she is the second Advent of Christ, but under a female form, who has had the like miraculous nativity, thereby materialising this doctrine also!

The heading of the communication written on such a behalf is—for the student of occult science—singularly appropriate. For the Scripture designation of the source of all such illusions as this and the others specified by him, is no other than that of the "Prince of the Powers of the Air," meaning these magnetic emanations of man's own system, which, being but astral reflects and no true spiritual entities, denote a morbid condition of the system, are utterly fatal to the right perception of truth, and, for the health alike of body, mind, and soul, require to be sternly repressed. There is a truth concealed in the doctrine of Biunity, but it is altogether sublime, and the presentations in vogue which have of late attracted so much notice are one and all but degrading travesties of it. It is not from the "powers of the Air," but from the soul in man, that divine revelation comes, and it is in the "clouds of the heaven" within man that Scripture declares that the Second Advent shall take place, and not in the form of an individual person of whom it might be said, "Lo, here is Christ, or lo, there." It seems as if the time had indeed come to repeat emphatically the warning of Jesus against "signs and wonders that would deceive even the elect"; and to insist on the absurdity of supposing that spiritual truth can derive any confirmation from physical marvels, supposing there to be such.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

SIR,—In reading the article headed "Visions in the Air," in your issue of August 1st, I am reminded of a letter I received from a friend a few days ago, in which she tells me she has seen "crossed swords in the air" at least a dozen times this year.

I trust this may find you improving in health.

"LILY."

#### A Curious Coincidence.

SIR,—I should like to narrate a curious coincidence which has completed itself here.

For many years past I have had a great and constantly increasing admiration for the great musician, philosopher, and poet—or rather, the complete *artist*, Wagner.

A few years ago there was given in either the "Graphic" or "Illustrated News" an admirable large sheet reproduction in black and white of a famous portrait of him, I rather think by Professor Herkomer. In any case, it was so excellent that I hung it up on the walls of my studio, and I said to my friends, he was my only hero as an artist, and I would admit no other portrait or likeness of anyone else; and I hung it safely above the reach of studio disorder.

One morning, to my vexation, I found the word "to-morrow" written carelessly in pencil across the white paper margin.

As no one could come into my studio without my knowing it, I really was puzzled to find out who could have played me so stupid a joke. However, I did ask, and I tried all I could to find out *who* had defaced my portrait, and apparently with so trivial, useless, and meaningless a word!

But I never could find out, and I felt much puzzled, as certainly the margin was free from any writing, as pictures usually are, and the next time my eyes fell upon it there was clearly written in a hasty style, slanting carelessly across, the word "to-morrow." After some time I gave up trying to solve the mystery, but I often pointed it out to visitors in my studio. I am now in Bayreuth for the first time, and this morning we went to see behind the scenes in the great Wagner Theatre. It is indeed a most interesting and remarkable sight. Among other scene shifting spaces and rooms we were taken upstairs to a sort of ante-chamber, full of Wagner wreaths and other trophies, and various special souvenirs of the Meister himself. Among other things was an old slate, on which was written the last words he wrote there (he died in Venice), and they were "Morgen," his stage direction as to date of next rehearsal.

Immediately it flashed across my mind the word so mysteriously written in a similar sort of handwriting, the word "to-morrow" (Morgen) on his portrait in my studio. I asked the "director," who showed us through, when the

date of this fell, and as far as I can remember, without diary to refer to, it was just *about* the same date some eight or nine years ago. This I will verify in due time.

Needless to say I think those of your readers who are not yet acquainted with Wagner's written works as well as with his music would find, especially those of a mystic and metaphysical turn of mind, immense food for thought and study in the works of Wagner's wonderful pen. Truly a man of the future; and one the German nation may well be proud of.

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

P.S.—I should like to mention that though I have had for years a great admiration for Wagner's music and his ideas, I knew but little concerning the mundane details of his life until I came here for the first time to hear his works, and I had no idea of anything belonging to or remaining from him; still less the simple words "to-morrow," "Morgen," his last stage directions written across the slate hung up in rather a dark corner among all the wreaths and trophies in his theatre. There was nothing else, only "to-morrow," "Morgen."

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

#### A Dream.

SIR,—A friend of mine, Mrs. P., relates a dream her aunt had some years ago. It is as follows:—

That a certain wooden bridge in the neighbourhood of her home, in Devonshire, was washed away, rendering it impossible to cross the river.

Some time after this dream she and her brother paid a visit to some friends, who made them so welcome that it was nearly midnight when, at last, they started on their way home. It was a dark night, and the rain came down in torrents.

They had proceeded some distance when the lady suddenly recollected her dream, and so certain was she that it was ominous, that no entreaty on the part of her brother could induce her to go on in the direction of the bridge. Finally, he was so disgusted with her "superstition," that he started for the bridge alone, the lady preferring another route, notwithstanding the loneliness, the bad state of the lanes, and that it was three miles further round.

When at last she arrived home she found the house in a state of commotion. Her brother, on reaching the river, found it had risen so much that it had washed part of the bridge away; and, in the dark, the water over the remaining portion of the bridge, he had to make a leap for land. He missed, and barely escaped with his life!

8, Colville-villas, Nottingham. JAMES F. HEWES.  
August 5th, 1891.

#### On Mr. Spurgeon's Two Confessions of Faith.

SIR,—I have been waiting for better reports of the mental and bodily state of Mr. Spurgeon, before commenting on a subject you called our attention to on July 4th, viz., the "Confession of Faith" of that gentleman and his subordinates, as it appeared in the public papers of June 23rd. In that "Confession of Faith" Mr. Spurgeon professes his full belief as you showed "in the hopeless condition of all who reject the Saviour as a revealed and fundamental truth," and relegating them to eternal torment. I have abstained from writing before, as I said, on this subject because I regretted the pain of body and aberration of mind which a man so earnest and talented has been undergoing of late. But now that he is improved in both respects, it seems well no longer to delay what I was about to say before. Mr. Spurgeon, in his moments of lucidity, has been gratified by the expression of pity for the suffering he has undergone during this short period, and yet he would have us believe, and thinks he can find in Scripture (which I think he cannot outside the Spiritualism of the book of Revelation), that the God Whom he professes to serve and adore will keep the individual, any individual, in eternal torment. And Mr. Spurgeon has been very categorical on this point. In "The Faith"\* of April last, a monthly magazine dedicated to the subject of "Conditional Immortality," Lady Blount, of Brighton, has a paper on "Eternal Torment." She says, "Professed Christendom is very elaborate on the subject of eternal torment, but the Scripture says that the wicked shall perish, and to me it appears marvellously strange and quite unaccountable that

God's people do not defend His honour." She then gives quotations from Roman Catholic clergy on this tremendous subject, and then she turns to the Protestants, quoting Mr. Spurgeon *par excellence*. These, she tells us, are his words to sinners: "When thou diest, thy soul will be tormented alone; that will be hell for it; but at the Day of Judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin hells—body and soul shall be together, each brimful of pain, thy soul sweating in its inmost pore drops of blood, and thy body, from head to foot, suffused with agony; conscience, judgment, memory, all tortured; but more, thy head tormented with racking pains; thy eyes starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe, thine ears tormented with

'Sullen moans and hollow groans,  
And shrieks of tortured ghosts';

thy heart beating with high fever, thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate in agony, thy limbs cracking like the martyrs in the fire, and yet unburnt; thyself put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet coming out undestroyed; all thy veins becoming a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; every nerve a string on which the Devil shall for ever play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament; thy soul for ever and ever aching and thy body palpitating in unison with thy soul. Fictions, sir! Again I say they are no fictions, and, as God liveth, but solid, stern truth. If God be true and the Bible be true, what I have said is the truth, and you will find it one day to be so."

But strong asseveration is no proof. These categorical assertions of Mr. Spurgeon are not from the Bible. But, as Livingstone used to say, having seen much of what man is by nature, "Marvellous is the cruelty of man to man," and to gloat over the idea of eternal torment of fellow-men seems to me not Biblical but the acme of cruelty.

In Mr. Spurgeon's "Confession of Faith," published in the newspapers of June 23rd, he wrote of "the hopeless perdition of all who reject the Saviour, according to the words of the Lord in Matt. xxv. 46, 'These shall go away into eternal punishment.'"

Now, whatever the Old Versionists did, it appears to me little short of criminal, in these critical days, when men seek for truth above all things, for the New Versionists to have translated the Greek word *χολασις* in Matt. xxv. 46, as "punishment." If we look into our Greek Lexicons, we shall find that "punishment" is only the third and last meaning of that Greek word. You, sir, as a scholar, know that the primal meaning of that word is "excision, the cutting off from life as a branch from a tree." And this rendering puts the text in true antithesis with its context, "eternal life," which the term "punishment" does not. It also makes it concur with John xv. 6, "If a man abide not in Me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered." And a branch which has withered has lost life. Sir, it is a calumny on the Lord Jesus for the New Versionists to have translated again this Greek word as "punishment," although, on the supposition that the soul can die, for one born capable of immortality, and to lose it, that is eternal punishment, but not punishment in action. And now a few words concerning this extraordinarily precise summary of the sinner's eternal future propounded by Mr. Spurgeon and retailed by Lady Blount. It was certainly not a mere commencement of his late aberration. On the contrary, he has been harping on this subject for many years, as I could show by my old repertories. Can he, then, have called to himself spirits of his own peculiar calibre to dictate to him these sad unvarnished words? or what? Mere inner consciousness could not have supplied words and subjects so presumptuously categorical and so minute in their detail.

To have supplied it all as fact from his own mind alone would have been dishonest, for he could not thus have known it. And yet, apparently, he thinks he knows it. How? Mental wanderings, I say, could hardly have been so positive in detail. And yet he thinks he knows, or a few months back he thought he knew. For my part I cannot but come to the conclusion that they were dictations under obsession, his long maunderings in this direction, under instigation doubtless, having come to a climax, and his controls fooling him to the top of his bent. Lady Blount has shown us the state of his mind in its penultimate phase. Then came "The Confession of Faith" as the climax, and the machine broke down.

\* Digby and Long, 18, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

Lady Blount's evidence leaves us in this dilemma, either Mr. Spurgeon gave to the world these horribly precise and minute particulars concerning the eternal future of men, for what they may have done or not done, believed or not believed, during this short life, which he could not know or think he knew unless some agent, in whom he had entire confidence, had informed him; or, on the other hand, Mr. Spurgeon himself must have made up a farrago of "fictions," which he called God to witness were truths. For there is nothing in Scripture on which he professes to rely, in Revelation or elsewhere, to uphold him in his blood-pudding exactitude of detail.

We cannot tell how long regrets in future life may last, but these pot-boiling horrors, who believes them except the poor dupes, teachers, or taught? T. W.

### SOCIETY WORK.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETIES' OUTING. — An outing to Epping Forest has been arranged for Sunday, August 23rd, when friends from all the London centres are expected. Visitors will find their friends assembled at four o'clock at Rigg's Retreat, High Beech. The proprietor has been informed of our coming and will make provision for tea at a reasonable price.—S. T. RODGER, for the Conveners.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—On Sunday Mr. Wyndoe delivered an address on "Natural Laws in the Spiritual World," explaining the orderly sequence of manifestations in the past, &c., &c. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. T. Pursey; at 7 p.m., Mr. Veitch, Psychometry. Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft. Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell. August subscriptions are now due.—C. WHITE AND R. MILLIGAN, Hon. Secs.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last our president, Mr. Bertram, read the synopsis of a sermon on the punishment of the wicked, the said sermon having been preached by the Rev. Harvie, of Devonport. An animated discussion afterwards took place, and much pleasure was experienced by the interchange of ideas. Sunday, August 16th, Mr. Hopcroft, at 7 p.m.; Thursday, séance, at 8 p.m., Mrs. Bliss.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—We had a good meeting on Sunday last, when Mr. Hodder gave us an excellent address upon "Early Christian History," and Mrs. Mason's guides commented upon the mythical Jesus Christ, concluding with successful clairvoyant descriptions, nearly all of which were recognised. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance address, sacred solo, Miss Mason. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason.—J. H. B.

311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—On Sunday last A. L. Ward read a paper on "Our Position as Spiritualists," and several spirit friends followed with short speeches on the same subject. Some healing was effected in the circle by direction of the guides of Mr. Long. Thursday, August 13th, address and healing, at 8.30 p.m. Sunday, August 16th, 11.15 a.m., mutual improvement meeting; 3 p.m., Lyceum, address, "Death," Mr. W. E. Long. Tuesday, August 18th, general meeting of members, at 8.30 p.m.—A. L. WARD, 59, Trinity-square, Borough, S.E.

PECKHAM RYE.—In spite of the bad weather Mr. Lees delivered a lecture, and collected a fairly large crowd on Sunday. He dealt with spirit appearances and spirit writing, citing history to prove their existence, but culling his instances in every case from Christian sources of testimony, and tracing the continuity of both phases of Spiritualism back to the records in the Bible. By way of a change the discussion which followed was a calm and reasonable one, but the weather prevented the exponents of Christianity being present. Next Sunday, at 3.15, Mr. Lees' lecture will be "The Evidences of Spirit Communication."—E. HAWES.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last we had a discussion in the morning on the attitude of Spiritualism to the churches, and our duty thereto. In the evening Mr. A. J. Davies occupied the platform with some thoughts which were suggested by the demand of Jesus that men should watch with Him. He showed that in the present day the Christ spirit is likely to be hard pressed, and only in the time of difficulty can lessons be learned from it by a careful watching, by a close identification of ourselves with it and its present manifestation, whatever form it may take. Friday, at 8.15 p.m., healing. Sunday, 16th, Mr. R. J. Lees, at 11.30 and 7 p.m.—J. HAWES, 36, Tyrrell-road, East Dulwich, Sec.

### BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

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

"Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." Part xix. Price 2s. 6d.

"Journal of S.P.R." Privately circulated amongst members.

"Report of Proceedings of First Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society."

## NEW TEACHING FOR THE NEW AGE.

[ADVERTISEMENT NO. V.]

In concluding the present advertisements, I will now try to state as clearly as possible what seems the Bible Teaching on our present subject. Apparently there are 2 sets of directions.

1. The laws, &c. All must obey, like the laws of any other government. "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not," &c.

2. Directions to the rulers, teachers, guiders, &c., of the working multitude. These are not put in the same form, because they are not commanded to all, but only to the officers of the government. They are binding for the race, but every individual is not expected to do that particular work. Thus, you are to educate your children, yet all are not to be teachers.

It is with these directions to the rulers, teachers, &c., I am now occupied. The laws for the people, "Thou shalt not steal," &c., have been amply inculcated by those who possess, though misinterpreted as I think. But the directions to the rulers themselves have never been attended to. Hence possibly all our troubles.

How can we be under a government which our rulers ignore, whose directions they utterly disregard?

It seems to me, it may be my delusion, insanity, or what you will, it is distinctly stated in the Bible they who are under the government of the Supreme, or are of the society of intellects who submit to His rule, will, when necessary, be able to consult the Supreme Government. In other words, when in difficulty to consult the oracle, or there will be "vision," be it intercourse with visible beings, or trance, dream, voice, &c. Questions put in a given way will be answered; and should not every government do so?

No response will be given when previous responses are not attended to.

This is not miracle. The assertion is, space is peopled by intellectual beings. By perfectly natural societies. Our elders will help and guide us, as infant immortals, so long as we desire their aid, and attend to what they tell us. When we cease to pay attention, they will cease to visit us.

When we want their visits, they tell us what to do to recover intercourse, and distinctly tell us, as long as we have not such intercourse, as there is "no vision," nor "any who answer," so long we are not considered of them.

Now I do not hope to make all the world adopt the system I propose, nor have I any idea how to make all do so. Rather it seems to me, but I may be wrong, a few should first try to work out the system commanded, and their fellow men should allow such few to do so, and aid them in the trial.

The obedience of such few to the directions must be absolute. The friendly oracle will not otherwise be recovered, and such absolute obedience may be irksome, especially as there may be no proof the oracle will be recovered, till we actually have it.

A few. How many?

We must analyse our own nature, if we desire a system adapted to it. The first or infantile analysis, as we are told, gives 12 foundation principles, apparently faculties, desires, &c., which must be attended to. The few, then, should include representatives of all such faculties, &c., and any society to be permanent, a community to guard and continue the oracle, so to speak, should consist both of men and women, it must supply capable workers in each branch, and there seems little use in making the attempt till so many at least agree to submit to the required restrictions.

Enough at present. I do not see how a single individual can do the work of a community; others must associate. I have not asked this till I felt able to give all the directions needed at starting.

Until such work is attempted, men will have no idea what the Bible really is. They must clear their minds of their false teaching before they can receive the grand ideas it presents of the space community whose offers of intercourse they now refuse

REJECTED.