

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Mr. A. J. Balfour's address on the Friday of last week at the Psychical Research Society's meeting was hardly a happy one. The speaker, for some reason or another, seemed ill at ease. He digressed, hesitated, repeated himself, and half a dozen times appeared as though he was about to break down. It was not easy to say why. There was nothing novel or deep in his address. It was, in fact, all very elementary; and yet he wrestled with his thoughts and pulled hard at his sentences. But, though the speech was rather crude and badly digested, there was some ingenuous thinking in it. The men of science were forgiven for their past neglect of occult things, but were now challenged to open their eyes and be teachable. The phenomena investigated and demonstrated by the S.P.R. were called "odd"; that is to say, were such as did not fit in with the ascertained and generally accepted theory of the Universe and Life. But they suggested new causes, explanations and powers, and were, therefore, of enormous importance. Perhaps one cause of Mr. Balfour's evident want of ease was the haunting feeling that he had to dance a kind of egg or sword dance between Agnosticism, Science, the pessimistic Philosophy, the average man of the world, and Spiritualism. One minor instance of this occurred when naturally he would have said "spirits," but, instead of that, he said "intelligences not endowed with a physical organisation"; and the queer designation came out slowly, as from a rather complicated machine. To tell the truth, Mr. Balfour seemed rather frightened, and acutely anxious not to speak too plainly. He should try a course of Spiritualist Alliance meetings.

In the course of his address, Mr. Balfour gave a curiously interesting glimpse of his state of mind. Referring to the scientific world, which had, up to very lately, stolidly shut its eyes to all occult things, except to occasionally glance at them and denounce, he proceeded to justify this on the ground that its special work required entire absorption, and to deny merit and utility to the lonely men who come, and bear solitary witness, "before the time." It is a queer but characteristic offshoot from Mr. Balfour's philosophy which appears to be a rather original compound of Agnosticism, Pessimism, Sentimentalism, and Opportunism. He very much doubted whether there was anything useful in being before one's age, and manifestly thought that we had wasted our admiration upon the lonely souls who were "born out of due time." The suggestion is a very narrow one, and does Mr. Balfour not much credit as a student of history. What would he say of Jesus Christ, that supremely lonely soul who was forsaken by his friends and crucified by his enemies? The

world is not less, but more, indebted to its lonely advance-guards and forlorn hopes than it imagines. They appear and deliver the message, sow the seed, as a rule pay the sorrowful price, but what happens? The message is on record; the seed germinates, the price is remembered, and the world in time obeys and follows on—thanks to the solitary souls who are born before their time, of whom it may be said, "They come to their own, but their own receive them not: yet to as many as receive them is power given to become the children of God."

After Mr. Balfour had spoken, Mr. Leaf, in Mr. Andrew Lang's absence, read for him a comical paper on "Cock Lane and Common Sense." It is not easy to say what Mr. Lang wished us to believe. If Mr. Balfour was lugubrious, Mr. Lang was full of his fun. He chaffed the ghosts and the people who explained them away. At one moment he half suggested the reality of the phenomena, and scoffed at the people who undertook to "expose" them: the next minute he pricked his bubble with a jest. It was difficult to escape from the conclusion that Mr. Lang is on the side of the ghosts, but does not like to say so seriously—yet. It was very curious to see how the two men hovered around the same candle, alternately saving and singeing their wings; and in such different ways.

Of what utter folly some "scientific" men can be guilty when they presume to talk upon subjects of which they are completely ignorant, and about which they are not honest enough to inform themselves before they speak. Lecturing at St. George's Hall, on Sunday afternoon, on the remarkable extent to which photography has aided in scientific research, Professor Raphael Meldola, F.R.S., is reported to have said—in reference to the production of photographs of "so called spiritual objects":—

Nothing is easier than to dupe people by this means. Any person with the most elementary knowledge of the subject can produce spirit photographs. It is done by giving the plate a partial exposure for a moment to any draped figure. When the plate is afterwards used, the draped figure will appear as a ghostly transparent shadow in the scene.

What childish stuff this is after the records we have had of the experiments by Mr. Traill Taylor, conducted under the strictest possible conditions. The only "exposure" which the Professor has succeeded in making is that of his own utter ignorance or bigotry.

The "Nottingham Daily Express" has done a very courageous and a very creditable act. Having learned that Mr. Robinson, of Newcastle, was lecturing in Nottingham, a representative of the "Express" took the opportunity for a talk with him, and in the issue of the paper for January 26th an entire column is devoted to a narrative in which Mr. Robinson gives an admirable exposition and defence of Spiritualism. When will the Metropolitan daily journals be as bold and as honest as their provincial contemporary?

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., ON PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, President of the Society for Psychical Research, delivered an address, on Friday of last week, at a large meeting of the members in the Westminster Town Hall. We take the following report from the columns of the "Daily News," and at the same time congratulate our contemporary on having at last found the courage to notice psychical subjects without the usual accompaniment of a sneer:—

After referring with regret to the loss which the society had sustained by the death of Dr. A. T. Myers and Professor Hertz, Mr. Balfour spoke of the discoveries of Mesmer little more than a century ago; and with respect to these, after allowing for the effect of Mesmer's error in inventing a bad theory to account for them, he still found that the scientific world of the time had neglected its obvious duty of dealing with the new problem, and explaining it if it could. At the same time he admitted that an age could not be expected to do more than the special work set before it, and the special work of the last hundred years had been the reconstruction of almost the whole body of sciences from top to bottom. Incidentally, Mr. Balfour expressed some doubt whether men who had been, as was said, in advance of their time were really the benefactors they were supposed to be, for there was, he thought, very little good in being before one's age, so far as the world and its movements and developments were concerned, if one could not interest it or speak intelligibly to it. Granting that men of science might have been justified in their attitude towards Mesmer's discoveries for the past century, he could not admit that they were justified in maintaining that attitude towards occult subjects in the present day. He thought the time had come when, in their own interest, as in the interests of others, the leaders of scientific thought in this country and elsewhere should recognise that there were well-attested facts which did not naturally fall into the framework of the sciences or of organised experiences as they conceived it; he thought that they should investigate these, or at least assist others in doing so. Such an investigation was different from the scientific cross-examination of nature, for they would have to deal with abnormal or incomplete faculties, with exceptional conditions in exceptional individuals. He saw no inherent, *a priori* impossibility in such half-formed senses being sporadically developed in the human race. So far from that, if the theory of development and natural selection were really sound, it was exactly what one would expect, for it seemed unreasonable to suppose that the senses which had been elaborated in obedience to natural selection should be in correspondence with the whole of external nature. There must have been countless forms of being, countless real existences, which, had the line of our evolution gone in a different direction, or had the necessities of our primitive ancestors been of a different kind, would have given us senses enabling us to deal experimentally with the subjects dealt with by that Society, but which were, being products of the great natural manufactory, mere beginnings, never destined to come to anything. It might be that in cases of abnormal development they came across faculties which, had it been worth nature's while to develop them for any purpose in the struggle for existence, would have been normally found in the whole race, and as capable of being submitted to experiment as the ordinary operation of the senses, but which were now occasional and eccentric modifications of the organism, enabling some persons to have experiences which others were not able to obtain. The labours of that Society were, he contended, truly scientific, and they should be recognised as such by men of science, notwithstanding the disadvantage that the same results could not always be produced in the same way. They seemed to come across facts which, if well established—as they appeared to be—could not, as he judged, be made by any manipulation to fit into the interstices (so to speak) of the accepted view of the psychical world; if that were so, they were engaged in a work of prodigious difficulty, but one of whose importance the difficulty was only the measure. With regard to telepathy, for instance, there was an accumulated mass of evidence, but telepathy did not fit in with the acknowledged scientific theory of the universe—with any known psychical agent, or any vehicle by which psychical energy could be transmitted. They had a very refractory class of problems to deal with, but if he rightly estimated the value of the results they had obtained, it seemed to him that at least they would be able to prove that outside the

world as, scientifically, they had been in the habit of conceiving it, there lay a region, not open indeed to experimental observation in the same way that the more familiar regions of the material world were open, but from which some information could be gleaned; and if they could not, as the result of their exertions, discover what laws these strange phenomena obeyed, it would, at all events, be something to have shown, not as a matter of speculation or conjecture, but as a matter of ascertained fact, that there were things in "heaven and earth" which were beyond the philosophy even of the most scientific.

MR. STEAD SHOVELS SNOW IN CHICAGO.

Mr. Stead has been doing "three hours' work on the streets" of Chicago, as one of the unemployed. Who will venture to predict what Mr. Stead may be doing next? The following is abridged from a report in the Chicago "Progressive Thinker":—

It is only by laying aside self, throwing off the barriers of personal ambition and selfishness, and putting ourselves in the shoes, the pants, the coat, aye, even the undergarment of those around us, standing where they have stood, sweating as they have sweat, and eating and sleeping among them, that their true condition can be known, and until comprehended no plausible remedy can be expected to obtain. This is the way to obtain the cold hard facts in place of the many profound (?) theories.

Mr. Stead, the great reformer, and Editor of the "Review of Reviews," of London, believes in this mode of ascertaining and correcting the many errors of the social system of our country, as will be seen by the perusal of the following letter to F. W. Harvey.

Regarding the question: "How does it feel to do a three-hour turn on the street for supper, bed, and breakfast," he could not give intelligent and satisfactory answer until he had "joined the gang," and this he did recently in disguise in Chicago:—

MR. STEAD'S LETTER IN THE "INTER-OCEAN."

DEAR MR. HARVEY,—I have just returned from doing three hours on the streets as one of the unemployed. Possibly my experience may suggest one or two things to your committee, so I lose no time in sending you my suggestions.

The gang, of which I was the 150th, started from Randolph-street at 1.15 p.m. In order to get started I had to form into line at a quarter to one. I was, of course, dressed as a man out of work, and my thin, ragged coat made me feel the half hour of waiting pretty severely. I had a shovel. The gang had one foreman and four assistants. Our destination was on Wells-street, from the bridge upward. I enjoyed the shovelling very much, but was repeatedly admonished not to work so hard. "Just keep moving," I was told, "You're not working for wages." This was from one of the assistant foremen. The men themselves repeated the injunction; "You'd think you were working for a quarter an hour," they said; "take it easy." I was cold, and I liked the shovelling. It is just as agreeable as digging in your garden. There was certainly no disposition to drive the men; rather the reverse.

We started to work about half past one. At ten minutes to three we were marched back again to the depot on Randolph-street.

Here the most trying part of the experience occurred. I was perspiring freely, having worked hard. I had no overcoat, only a thin, dilapidated coat and ragged trousers. The sun was setting, the wind was very cold. But we had to stand in line motionless for nearly half an hour before we could give up our tools to get the tickets punched for bed and supper. After that we had to form into line again to wait in the cold, I was told, for another three-quarters of an hour before supper could be served.

To me this delay was much worse to bear than the labor on the streets, and I hope, if possible, there may be more despatch, or, if that be impossible, that the men may have a warm place to wait in. Otherwise many will get their death of cold, especially the willing workers, who are in a reek of perspiration.

[Mr. Stead then proceeds to give some suggestions for facilitating the work of the "gang," and concludes thus:—I have not yet taken my supper nor have I slept in your lodging houses. When I do I shall write again.]

It will be seen by the above letter that Mr. Stead carried out his idea to the letter by dressing himself in ragged garments and being thinly clad in order to feel as others felt, and get into that psychometric condition more perfectly and make no mistake. Our "big dailies" are inclined to ridicule him as foolishly eccentric; but they only fear he will know too much of their own lack of sympathy, and unearth some secret rottenness. His modes and motives are commendable. There should be more Steads,

SAINTS AND MEDIUMS.

BY C. A. PARRY, B.A.

VII.—ST. FRANCESCA OF ROME—(Continued).

In 1409, when she was about twenty-seven, her temporal troubles began. Ladislas of Naples, the Pope's enemy, had treacherously gained possession of Rome in 1408, and left as governor Count Pietro Traja, a rough, brutal soldier, who continually sought occasions to persecute the Roman nobles who were faithful to the cause of the legitimate Pope, Alexander V., recently elected by the Council of Pisa. In this he was abetted by the Colonna faction and other powerful families, who supported the Anti-Popes Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII. Meanwhile the troops of Louis of Anjou entered Rome and seized the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo. Skirmishes took place in the streets. In one of these Lorenzo Ponziano, while in command of the Pontifical force, was gravely wounded in the side by a dagger; thus accomplishing the prophecy made through his infant son. He was taken up for dead, but after long illness recovered under his wife's devoted care.

Next year (1410) Alexander V. died at Bologna. Sixteen cardinals assembled in that city and chose as his successor Baltazar Cossa, who took the name of John XXIII. While the election was proceeding, Ladislas Durazzo seized the opportunity of the interregnum and advanced to Velletri, thence threatening Rome with a second invasion. He was worsted in a first battle, but Louis of Anjou having withdrawn his forces after his victory, Ladislas deceived the Pope by a pretended peace, seized the city and gave it up to pillage. The atrocities that followed surpassed all that had preceded. Many houses were destroyed, churches were despoiled, turned into stables and desecrated by abominable orgies, and many of the legitimists were put to the torture or slain. The Ponziani were among the chief of the Pope's supporters; and Lorenzo, scarcely recovered, was persuaded by friends to fly and conceal himself in a distant province. It had been impossible to remove his wife and children; and Francesca remained, to hear day after day of the ruin of their possessions in the country, of which the wealth of the family mainly consisted. Terrified peasants escaped into the city, and scared the inhabitants of the palace with accounts of the deaths of companions, the burning of farmhouses, the seizure of flocks. The last and worst trial was yet to come. One morning a troop of ruffians broke into the palace, shouting for Lorenzo, and threatening to torture the servants if they did not reveal his place of concealment; ending by carrying away Baptista, and pillaging and all but destroying the palace. Bereft of her husband, her son, and all comforts, alone and unprotected, Francesca took shelter in a corner of her ruined habitation; and there, with Evangelista and her youngest child Agnese, managed to live in the completest seclusion. But her second son was soon to quit her. Little Evangelista sickened with an epidemic then raging, and died, aged nine. Left with her one little girl, Francesca lived with Vanozza and Rita, a young female friend. Little stores of food were sent them from time to time from their ruined estates, of which they hardly partook, in order to bestow the greatest part on the sick and poor. A large hall in the lower part of the palace, which had been less injured than the rest, was converted by them into a temporary hospital. They nursed as many of the sufferers as they could accommodate, conquering all repugnance to sights and employments against which the senses rebelled. "When driven to the last extremity, absolute lack of food, they begged from house to house. Francesca's manifold charities were soon after rewarded, we are told, by the bestowal of the gift of healing. Many a sick person given over by the physicians was restored by her mere touch or her prayers. More than sixty of these cases were well attested at her canonisation. Francesca was profoundly sensible of the blessedness of this gift; but her humility prompted her to conceal it as much as possible. She tried to do so by making up an ointment with oil and wax, which she applied to the sick, whatever the disease might be, in the hope their recovery would always be attributed to its efficacy. But this holy subterfuge did not always succeed. Physicians analysed the ointment and declared that it possessed no healing powers whatever."

"Compassionate to others, Francesca was mercilessly severe to herself; her austerities kept pace with her increasing sanctity. She was enabled to carry on a mode of life which must have ruined her health, had it not been miraculously sustained.

She slept only two hours, and that on a narrow plank covered with nothing but a bit of rough carpet. Her continual warfare against her body brought it more and more into subjection; and her senses were under such control that natural repugnances vanished, and the superior part reigned supremely over the meaner instincts and inclinations of the flesh. Such was her spiritual proficiency at the age of twenty-nine.

"When Evangelista had been dead about a year, Francesca was praying one morning in her oratory, when the little room was suddenly illuminated in a supernatural manner; and the radiance seemed to pervade all her being and awaken in her soul a strange joy. She raised her head, and Evangelista stood before her, unchanged, yet with features transfigured and beaming with splendour. By his side was another of the same size and height, but more beautiful still. Francesca could not speak; the joy and terror of the moment were too intense. Evangelista approached her; then the mother's feelings predominate, she forgets all but his presence and opens her arms to him, she encloses him within them, but the glorified body escapes her grasp. At last she finds words, and to her eager questioning Evangelista answers: 'My abode is with God; my companions are the angels; our sole occupation the contemplation of the divine perfections. God Himself is our joy, and that joy knows no limits. There are nine choirs of angels in heaven, and the higher angelic spirits instruct the lower in the divine mysteries. If you wish to know my place, my mother, learn that God, of His great goodness, has appointed it in the second choir of angels and the first hierarchy of arch-angels. My companion is higher than I in rank, as he is brighter and fairer in aspect. The Divine Majesty has assigned him to you as a guardian for the remainder of your earthly life. Night and day by your side he will assist you in every way. Never amidst the joys of Paradise have I for an instant forgotten you or any of the loved ones on earth. I knew you were resigned, but also that your heart would rejoice at seeing me once more, and God has permitted me to gladden your eyes. But I have a message for you: God asks for Agnese; she may not tarry long with you; her place is ready. Be of good comfort; nay, rather rejoice that your children are safely housed in heaven.' He communed a short while longer with her; then, bidding her tenderly farewell, disappeared; but the archangel remained, and until her death was ever present to her sight."

"The prophecy was soon accomplished; and the day was now come for Francesca when earthly happiness altogether vanishes, when life has duties, but has lost all joys—and then, what a lesson is in the story! God's angel henceforward stands visibly by her side and never leaves her!

"When Evangelista left her, she fell on the ground and blessed God for His great mercy to her; then, turning to the angel, implored him to be her guide and director. When she left the oratory, the archangel followed her and remained always visible to her, though imperceptible to others. The radiance which surrounded him was so dazzling she could seldom look on him with a fixed gaze. At night and in the deepest darkness she could always write and read by that supernatural light. Sometimes, however, when in prayer, or in conference with her director, or engaged in struggles with the Evil One, she was able to see his form with perfect distinctness, and described him to Antonio as follows: 'His stature is like that of a child about nine years; his aspect full of sweetness and majesty; his eyes generally turned towards Heaven; words cannot describe the divine purity of that gaze. His brow is always serene, his glances kindle in the soul the flame of ardent devotion. When I look on him, I understand the glory of the angelic nature and the degraded condition of our own. He wears a long shining robe, and over it a tunic, either white as a lily or red as a rose, or of the deepest blue of the sky. When he walks by my side his feet are never soiled by mud or dust.'

"Francesca's conduct was now directed in the most infallible manner. Her actions, words and thoughts were to be ever on a par with those of the sinless being who was to be her guide. It was an awful responsibility, a startling favour; but her greatest wish had always been to attain a perfect conformity with the Divine Will, and now this mysterious guidance furnished her with the means of knowing that Will in its minutest details. His presence was to her a mirror in which she could see reflected every imperfection of her fallen, though to a great extent renewed, nature. Much as she had discerned, even from early childhood, of the innate corruption of her heart, yet she often told her director that it was only since she had been continually in the presence of an angelic companion that she

had realised its amount. So that this favour, far from exalting her in her own eyes, served to maintain her in the deepest humility. When she committed the slightest fault, the angel seemed to disappear; and it was only after she had carefully examined her conscience, and discovered, lamented, and humbly confessed her failings, that he returned. On the other hand, when she was only disturbed by a doubt or scruple, he was wont to bestow on her a kind look, which dissipated at once her uneasiness. When he spoke, she used to see his lips move; and a voice of indescribable sweetness, but which seemed to come from a distance, reached her ears. His guidance enlightened her chiefly with regard to the difficulty she felt in submitting to certain of her obligations as mistress and head of a family. She was apt to imagine that the hours thus employed were lost in God's sight; but her celestial guardian corrected her on this point, and taught her to discern the Divine Will in every irksome worldly duty, every trifling contradiction, as well as in great trials and important occasions. The light of the angelic presence gave her also a marvellous insight into the thoughts of others. Their errors and evil inclinations were revealed to her; and she was enabled through this gift to bring back to God many a wandering soul, to frustrate bad designs, and reconcile the most inveterate enemies. Don Antonio sometimes hesitated when she requested his permission for some additional austerities; she would then say: 'Be not afraid, father, the archangel will not allow me to go too far.' And Don Antonio believed it, for his penitent always spoke the exact truth; and in the miraculous manner in which she repeatedly read his most secret thoughts he had a pledge of her veracity, as well as of her extraordinary sanctity."

Much comment on the above is needless, for every line of it is fraught with meaning to the true Spiritualist. Many who will read these words know of the reality of this "guidance," not merely by brief glimpses in moments of exaltation, but by its constant felt presence in the affairs of daily life, in the "irksome duties" and "contradictions," great and small, of which all our lives are more or less made up; the "sound of a voice" that is "still" only to the undeveloped sense is often in their ears; the "touch of a vanished hand" lights often on their arm! Especially striking is the "voice that seemed to come from a distance," recalling Mr. Stainton Moses's description of the voice of one of his controls when he heard it clairaudiently, as "seeming as if borne on the wind from a great distance."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON THE WORK OF HIS LIFE.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be; I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off. It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularisation of science; to the development and organisation of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.

WHEN you go back to the utmost verge of matter in its finest and subtlest forms, you have still to ask, "What created this?" And inasmuch as it is the first matter that is being so dealt with, we are bound to reply, "That which is *not* matter." The principle of Continuity, therefore, lands us in an Unseen World as the last outcome of its inquiry.—REV. T. CHILD.

"THE QUICKENING OF CALIBAN."*

This is a very striking book, a book which would have been impossible twenty, even ten, years ago. We have moved a good deal since the years of commercial prosperity which paved the way for so much eventual disaster and moral retrogression. We are in the trough of the wave, and men are apt to think a good deal when they are in the dark; that is, if they are not frightened.

The story, in short, is that of a "missing link," of an African who belongs to a tribe which is just a little nearer its simian ancestors than the rest of the world. This "native" is brought to England by a showman, and the interest of the book is mainly found in the gradual development of a spiritual principle in him. His relapses, his penitence, and his final salvation are graphically told.

Hardly less important is the delineation of the heroine. She finds that her half-caste mother, a missionary's wife, had in her the blood of this same tribe; and notwithstanding all the temptations of English society, she, in all her youth and beauty, resolves to devote herself to the awakening of that race to which she in part belongs. This produces an admirable description of the virgin martyr, not burnt or killed, but vanishing alone into the darkest regions of an unknown country, so turning her back on an uncongenial civilisation. How Christina Ruefold gradually developed Bokrie, the "native," how she lost favour with her English friends in doing so, and how she returned twice to Africa, the last time to stay, will be found in this most suggestive and remarkable book. Two or three extracts from it, however, must be given, as its philosophy is advanced and still somewhat unusual. This is one:—

"Do you worship a God, Miss Ruefold?" asked Bokrie, after a pause.

"I suppose I do," answered Christina. "Yes, of course," she continued, as her conventional opinion came home to her.

"Then I will worship God—your God—you understand. Yet, as you have been good to me, I will tell you a secret Listen," and he lowered his voice and looked round. "There are no gods, not one. This world is full of spirits, which flicker in the dark, like marsh-flames—flicker, go out in the darkness. The clever white people keep superior gods, like their good furniture and other fine things. They don't like to die like common animals, and so they have invented a better world. We children of nature, we know our mother well. She keeps nothing back from us, and we are quite sure there is no fresh life for us."

Here is another form of nearly the same idea, put into the mouth of a Zulu girl, somewhat more advanced than Bokrie:—

God has not quite forgotten us. He remembered His brown children, and spoke to us in whispers before the white missions came. There is the rain-maker, you see; he must be taught of God. Those who have an evil eye learn from the devils. They can blast the field and blight the lives of people they wish to injure. But good men can remove the charm and undo the mischief. . . . The wizards and the witches, as you call them, are about here to-day. When they become Christians, of course they will only act for the good of others, but they keep the power all the same. . . . You pray to God for rain or fine weather, in sickness you seek Him, but He does not seem to interfere. Without any prayer you might find the medicine.

The same brown girl continued:—

Our simple gods of the bush may understand black people's wants better than your grand Heavenly Father. He was never a black man, and I am afraid that He cannot know all we think and feel. I am thankful to make a friend of Him, we poor Africans have not too many friends. I hope He will keep a corner of heaven all to us by ourselves; we would rather not join in the same hymns with the white people.

These pictures of the probable thought of the African in presence of the missionaries and their work are

* "The Quickening of Caliban." A Modern Story of Evolution. By J. COMPTON RICKETT. (London: Cassell and Company, Limited.) May also be had from the office of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. Price 5s.

admirable, and should make men pause awhile even in England. The so-called superstitions of an imaginative race are not to be driven away by the abstractions of a conventional theology.

MRS. D'ESPERANCE A DOPPELGÄNGERIN.

One of the most surprising and best authenticated instances of this phenomenon has just occurred in connection with the above gifted lady. The circumstances, as narrated by Herr Matthews Fidler, of Gothenburg in Sweden, and translated by Herr C. Wittig for "Psychische Studien," are as follow. Herr August Lamberg, of Skene, in the district of Elfsborgs in Sweden, was on a visit to Gothenburg last year, and on November 2nd, while conversing on business matters with Mr. Fidler, he said to the latter: "Such an assertion as I am about to make to you may sound very strange from me, but I am absolutely certain that Mrs. d'Esperance was in our house in Skene at the same time as she was in Gothenburg." The two places are fifty miles apart. "I confess," he said, "that I cannot explain it. I merely certify what I am convinced is a fact. On Friday last (October 27th), early in the morning my wife suddenly awakened me out of sleep and maintained that Mrs. d'Esperance was in the room. When I was quite awake she explained to me what she had seen, but while she was rousing me Mrs. d'Esperance had disappeared from her sight. My wife explained that while she was lying wide awake she saw Mrs. d'Esperance standing in the room with a large thermometer in her hand. At the same time there was beside her a brewer, named Herr Spaak, who strikingly resembles you [Mr. Fidler], but as Mrs. d'Esperance does not know him, I believe my wife must have mistaken you for him. She could not understand what Mrs. d'Esperance wished, although it was quite evidently something connected with temperature and the thermometer which she held in her hand. Besides seeing you and Mrs. d'Esperance, she plainly observed one child, and another not so clearly." Mr. Fidler then explains that about a month previously he was urgently requested by a large and influential firm in Holland to obtain for them the services of some one intimately and scientifically acquainted with the milk business, and Mrs. d'Esperance was, in the view of the person who made the proposition, likely in the highest degree to be suitable for them. In order to attain a particular end which she had in contemplation, Mrs. d'Esperance ventured to accept the position which was offered to her, and in carrying out her purpose felt it necessary to complete certain details by means of microscopical and chemical experiment. Mr. Fidler further states that in the presence of Herr Lamberg and himself Mrs. d'Esperance gave them the following information regarding a dream which she had had on the Friday morning already referred to (October 27th). "I had experimented for a week or two at a milk analysis in order to find out the reason of certain changes in the milk under several temperatures. For some days I worked with the help of Mr. E., who has a large microscope, but I had no results, in the way of evidence, that the changes were caused, as I had conjectured, by bacteria. I then decided to ask the assistance of the town analyst in order to examine the milk through all its varying conditions, and I had already been at work a few days in his laboratory when I received some cream from a dairy on which I was wholly dependent in the matter of deliveries. This cream was far from being satisfactory. I could see that my directions had not been attended to. The cream had been kept at a temperature of from 15deg. to 16deg., and changes which I wished to avert had occurred. I therefore concluded that I should not be in a position to complete my work without going to a dairy, where I might prepare my tests as I wished them. I then decided to go to Herr Lamberg's dairy at Bonared, and everything was discussed and settled shortly before bedtime. During the night I dreamt that I had gone to Bonared, but on some ground or another I could not carry out my experiments as I desired until I received Herr Lamberg's approval of them. I then went to Skene, but did not meet him there, so I waited in the hope of seeing him, and mentally pondered how I could best explain to him what I wanted without having to go into all the details of the work. Mrs. Lamberg appeared to hinder me in some way. In my dream it seemed as if she sought to make me understand that it was impossible for me to see him and induce him to agree, while I, on the contrary, felt convinced. I have only a faint recollection of being disturbed about the

temperature. I believe I thought the dairy too cold and wished some changes to be made so as to keep the milk and cream at the proper heat. My preparations for going to Bonared were made on the evening of October 26th, and my dream occurred on the morning of the 27th."

Mrs. Lamberg's information to her husband, subscribed by her and witnessed, is as follows: "Towards four o'clock on Friday morning, October 27th, 1893, I saw quite clearly and plainly that Mrs. d'Esperance stood in my room at Skene. I had no difficulty in recognising her. In her hand she had a rather large thermometer. There appeared to be along with her a gentleman whom I took to be Herr Spaak, but as he and Herr Fidler strikingly resemble each other, I may have been mistaken, and the gentleman may have been Herr Fidler, whom Mrs. d'Esperance had asked to carry out some experiments for her. When she appeared to me I was thoroughly awake, and I roused my husband to tell him who was there, but while I was doing this the apparition disappeared." Then follow date, signature, and witnesses' names. Mrs. Mary Fidler testifies as follows:—"On the evening of October 26th, 1893, Mrs. d'Esperance decided to go to Bonared, in order to carry out some experiments, and after making some arrangements in regard to various matters, retired as usual and was in her room on the morning of October 27th, 1893, from three o'clock to seven o'clock, or one hour earlier till three hours later than when she must have been seen at Skene, as she then, at seven o'clock, drank a cup of coffee." Mr. Fidler himself then authenticates these statements. Readers of "LIGHT" will remember that during the Berlin séances with this gifted lady, the proprietor of the premises in which they were held testified to having seen a shape appear to rise from the person of the medium, separate itself from her, and walk among the visitors.

AN EPISODE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

The following is taken by a provincial paper from "Forbes-Mitchell's Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny." The book referred to is not before us, so the story has not been checked. But there is no doubt it has been correctly copied:—

The captain was just on the point of ordering a corporal and a file of men to take Hope to the rear-guard as drunk and riotous in presence of the enemy, when Pipe-Major John M'Leod, who was close to the captain, said: "Don't mind the puir lad, sir; he's not drunk, he is fey! [meaning doomed]. It's not himself that's speaking; he will never see the sun set." The words were barely out of the pipe-major's mouth when Hope sprang up on the top of the mud wall, and a bullet struck him on the right side, hitting the buckle of his purse belt, which diverted its course, and instead of going right through his body, it cut him round the front of his belly below the waist-belt, making a deep wound. He sank down at once, gasping for breath, when a couple of bullets went through his chest, and he died without a groan. John M'Leod turned and said to Captain Dawson, "I told you so, sir. The lad was fey! I am never deceived in a fey man! It was not himself who spoke when swearing in yon terrible manner." Just at this time Quaker Wallace, who had evidently been witness of Hope's tragic end, worked his way along to where the dead man lay, and looking on the distorted features he solemnly said, "'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay saith the Lord.' I came to the *Ninety-Third* to see that man die!" All this happened only a few seconds before the assault was ordered, and attracted but little attention except from those who were immediate witnesses of the incident. The gunners were falling fast, and almost all eyes were turned on them and the breach. When the signal for the assault was given, Quaker Wallace went into the Secundrabagh like one of the Furies, if there are male Furies, plainly seeking death, but not meeting it, and quoting the 116th Psalm, Scotch version in metre, beginning at the first verse:—

I love the Lord, because my voice
And prayers He did hear,
I, while I live, will call on Him,
Who bow'd to me His ear,

And thus he plunged into the Secundrabagh, quoting the next verse at every shot fired from his rifle and at each thrust given by his bayonet:—

I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all.

It was generally reported in the company that Quaker Wallace single-handed killed twenty men.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Light:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1894.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C. 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, London, W.C., and not to the Editor.

MR. PAICE.

To many who saw Mr. Paice on the platform at St. James's Hall, on Monday of last week, during the reading of Mr. F. W. H. Myers' paper, the intelligence of his sudden death, two days later, must have been as surprising as to his many friends and associates it was deeply painful. Suffering from what he believed to be a rheumatic affection, he had come out on that occasion with a just sense—expressed in his editorial article in "LIGHT" last week—of its significance and importance. He was there, indeed, peculiarly the right man in the right place. For, after Mr. Myers himself, there could be no better representative than Mr. Paice of what is called, in the article referred to, a tendency to *rapprochement* between Spiritualists and Psychological Researchers. Introduced to Spiritualism by Stainton Moses, he brought to it a familiarity with scientific habits of thought, and a disposition which could not be otherwise than friendly to exact research, and patient with its delays.

Though little known by name to the readers of "LIGHT" in general before he undertook the Editorship, Mr. Paice had for years done valuable and disinterested work in its columns. And he succeeded to the conduct of the paper at a time when its requirements had become more in harmony than formerly with his own characteristics. Every season has its appropriate man; and the militant spirit of a leader such as Stainton Moses, which had rallied and encouraged Spiritualists all over the English-speaking world during the darkest time of ignorant prejudice, had ceased to be a prime necessity of the situation at his death. So far as the actuality of the phenomena with which Spiritualism is too exclusively associated in the public mind is concerned, the growth and composition of the Society for Psychical Research sufficiently indicate a very different attitude of educated opinion from that which was offensively dominant a few years ago. Mr. Paice was one of many who had long felt that Spiritualism was very inadequately represented by its phenomenal facts, and even by any single interpretation of them. He wished "LIGHT," under his management, to be an organ of the freest discussion, and thus to minister to that development by which every truth expands from a germinal dogma to an apprehension of its many and often transforming relations. Of the reality and presence of the spiritual world he had himself the profoundest conviction; and in experience of his own of an occult character—though he was not a "medium" in the special sense of the word—

he found problems of far-reaching import. His distrust of rash theorising was consistent with the fullest recognition of the necessity of ideal enlargement for the true appreciation of facts which are never so simple as they at first seem.

Of a diffident and rather pensive disposition, Mr. Paice never sought to put himself forward, but whatever he did was done conscientiously and well. He won confidence and affection in every relation. He stood high in the estimation of the authorities of University College School, with which, as mathematical master, he had long been connected. As a writer he was always interesting, both for what he had to say and the clearness and directness with which he said it. A good specimen of these qualities may be seen in one of his latest editorial articles, in "LIGHT" of January 20th, on "Mr. Harte's Address," which very succinctly expresses his own view of "Spiritualism" and its future. We may also refer to the admirable paper on "Some Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," read by Mr. Paice to the London Spiritualist Alliance on December 18th last, for a particularly happy application of scientific truth to ethical speculation. It will not be inappropriate to reproduce in this notice the passage in question, as we cannot better honour the memory of the deceased than by recalling attention to one of his most pregnant ideas:—

As I cannot divest myself of the feeling that all things are orderly, and that the laws of mechanics—and by laws I mean those general principles according to which mechanical action occurs—that the laws of mechanics are but one form of the exponents of the general principles underlying all things, I am forced once more to refer to them. Now, we have learnt of late years that work which is done against any opposing force produces an accumulative effect, which effect is known as energy. I do not wish to argue from analogy, except so far as analogy is a true representation of the general form of actions in the cosmos; but it does seem to me very improbable that what is true of mechanical work is not also true of work which is so far mechanical that it is itself produced by an expenditure of energy. Therefore I think I am right when I say that whosoever does work against the force of good helps to increase the energy of evil, and whosoever does work against the force of evil helps to increase the energy of good.

Is not this idea of the storage (energy) of moral force capable of the most fruitful development in the field of ethics? and may we not hope for ideal results of the most manifold character from a thorough-going recognition of the thought that the "laws" of nature known to us are "but one form of the exponents of the general principles underlying all things"? It is thus, perhaps, that philosophy should make use of science, and Mr. Paice has elsewhere well pointed out that it is in philosophy rather than in science (in the special sense of the word) that Spiritualism will find its highest development.

It is consistent with all our belief to hold that no personality is really lost to the world—to its sphere of action in the world—by apparent removal, as that every seeming gap in the circle of private friendship is filled in truth with a spiritual presence. Doubtless, with a larger knowledge there would be no "moaning of the bar" when one "puts out to sea." No true relation is precarious, or subject to the contingency of conditions lower than itself. And "gone before" may, after all, be a phrase hardly less wide of the truth than the desolate "lost." But we speak according to our condition and our perceptions, and so speaking the friends of William Paice must confess that what has happened to them is grievous, and the small public represented by this journal, to which he ministered so ably, so modestly, and so assiduously, must feel regret not less sincere than the respect which had been so honestly earned.

Mr. Paice occupied the position of Mathematical Master at the University College School. He had temporary work at the School during the Sessions 1861-63, and became permanently attached in 1871, so that he had held the office three and twenty

years when he was so suddenly removed from us, by disease of the heart, at the age of 58. He had studied at University College, and a few years ago was elected a Life Governor. He matriculated at the University of London in 1852, took his B.A. in 1856, and M.A. in Mathematics (a very stiff examination), coming out fourth, in 1860. He was the author of "Energy and Motion," and had served for several years as Assistant Examiner in Mathematics at London University, and in Electricity and Magnetism at South Kensington.

The funeral took place at Highgate Cemetery on Wednesday. Amongst those present were the Rev. H. T. J. Coggin, a master at the University College School, who conducted the service; Mr. F. W. Levander, also a master at the School; Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., son-in-law, and Mr. F. Hickman, nephew of the deceased; Mr. C. Cassal, Mr. F. W. Percival, and Dr. Rose Bradford, personal friends; the Master of the Campbell Lodge of Freemasons, and other members; and a considerable number of boys from the University College School. The London Spiritualist Alliance was represented by Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. H. Withall, and Mr. E. Dawson Rogers. Many very handsome wreaths had been sent by various friends.

At a Special Meeting of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held on Monday evening last, the following resolution, brought up by the President, was moved by Mr. A. A. Watts, seconded by Mr. T. Everitt, and adopted unanimously:—

That this Council desire to place on record their sense of the serious loss which they have sustained in the death of their friend and co-worker, Mr. W. Paice, a Member of the Council and Editor of "LIGHT;" and the Council wish at the same time to express their deep sympathy with Miss Paice and other members of the family in their sad bereavement.

MR. J. PAGE HOPPS.

We are pleased to be able to announce that at 7 o'clock on Monday evening next, February 5th, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, Mr. Page Hopps will give an address to the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, on "Professor Tyndall's Excursions into Spiritualism."

RECEIVED.

- "Arena" for January.
 "Theosophist" for January.
 "Astrological Magazine" for February.
 "Belle and the Dragon: An Elfin Comedy." By A. E. WAITE.
 (London: Elliott and Co.)
 "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research: Part XXV." (London: Kegan Paul.)
 "Modern Mystics and Modern Magic." By ARTHUR LILLIE.
 (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)
 "Occult Science in Medicine." By FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.
 (London: Theosophical Publishing Society.)

SONG OF THE WEARY SOUL.

When wilt thou come to me, Angel of Death?
 When wilt thou spread o'er me thy soft white wing,
 And take my latest, fluctuating breath,
 And give me rest, instead of suffering?

I fear thee not, oh, Death! Why should I fear?
 The way was not too long, nor path too rough,
 By which thou led'st so many that were dear;
 It led to Heaven—surely that was enough.

Under thy wing I shall sleep so securely,
 For thou wilt lay me down gently to rest.
 The night will pass, and in the morning surely
 Mine eyes will see the bright land of the blest.

Come then, thou glorious angel! gently take me
 And bear me to the golden Heavenly gate.
 The song of loved ones will so softly wake me,
 I hear them now—oh! haste! for me they wait.

—HARRIET BOSTOCK.

"THE STORY OF THE NEW GOSPEL OF INTERPRETATION."*

It was in the summer of 1881 that I had the honour of being a member of the private audience who were invited to listen to certain lectures, which were afterwards published under the title of "The Perfect Way"; since which time I have always felt the deepest interest in, and gratitude to, the writers of that and subsequent works.

It is, therefore, with profound sympathy I have been reading the latest work by E. Maitland, the story of that remarkable period—a psychic history of unblemished veracity and astounding facts, astounding, however, perhaps, only to those to whom they are new, wholly natural to those to whom the circumstances and the *personæ* concerned were familiar.

Mr. Maitland gives in the first few chapters a supremely interesting sketch of himself and his mental progress, so full of beauty and perfect simplicity of purpose, looking but for the "one thing needful," that one feels from the first he was bound to find it. It is touching, also, to note the humility of the mind which, looking only towards the highest, sees and owns at once that the spiritual gifts of his colleague, Mrs. Kingsford, were of a finer nature than his own; and yet he never once loses his own high tone as a true priest testing a prophet, for on p. 110, in the chapter on Antagonisation, he plainly saw a weak point in her disposition, and was ready to meet it.

The book must be read for anyone to form any correct idea of what it is; so I will only proceed to notice a few points. On p. 47 a most remarkable vision is given; while reading it, the scene flashed on my eyes almost objectively—and I have it still before me. Now, a great authority (Bulwer Lytton, I think) tells us that the difference between a seer or a genius and a madman lies in the fact that a madman can *not* impress his visions on any one else's mind as truth, but a seer or a genius can. The one comes from a disordered brain, the other from a superlatively ordered one; and, throughout the book, all the visions, as well as the noble "Hymns," bear incontestably the internal evidence of emanating from brains illuminated by that expanded "Recollection" which brings all things to their minds.

The various chapters into which the book is divided are suggestive; each one describing, as all mystics will recognise, a phase in the process of Regeneration and life by the Soul, the most interesting and remarkable, perhaps, being the last, "The Recapitulation."

On p. 112 one comes upon a momentous subject—that of the importance of the horoscope. Mrs. Kingsford had received one which was what would be called "unlucky," because she was evidently placed under the painful ordeal which seems to be the lot of all advanced souls who work for the world's welfare and not their own, to be born to walk on that narrow, terrible ground of the Adversaries, the battlefield of "influences." To work with the good meant the loss of all success in life, as shown on p. 113. To work with the evil and to follow her Karmic tendencies, as most people would do, meant in her case unbounded success, for she was gifted by nature with all the qualities and with a character which invariably make headway in life. But these very qualities, when taken into use on other and higher grounds, produced the opposite results, and won her enemies in place of friends, ill repute instead of good repute, illness instead of health, and finally life itself was demanded and she gave it. But the work was accomplished, and the world is the richer for that noble surrender of all that to most beautiful and intellectual women is held most dear.

The whole drift of the book lies in the teaching of the doctrine of Regeneration, for the faculty of inward understanding and divine knowledge can only come about through that condition. Until some step is made towards this inner understanding we are told on p. 129 that "the material can perceive only the material, the astral the astral, &c." People, however, are not quite constituted in this numerical order if taken literally. Most people, except the very elementary natures, have glimpses of other states or modes or planes of thought. The danger is, especially when the astral and Manasic stage is reached of recognising only those, when such persons act on those planes.

The material man acts only on the physical, his gleams of higher planes being too vague to do more than sustain a vague "faith" in higher things. Blessed is he if he holds to this

JOHN TYNDALL AS A GUIDE INTO THE UNSEEN. By JOHN PAGE HOPPS. See "The Coming Day" for February and March. Threepence.—Williams and Norgate, and all booksellers.

* "The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation," told by its Surviving Recipient, EDWARD MAITLAND. (London: Lamley & Co. Price 3s. 6d.)

faith, as it will not fail him. The ultimate, of course, is the Regeneration of the Individual and his awaking to consciousness on all the seven planes of his nature. But of such people we know little, we can only surmise. This book is written to teach people a way to such a state, by two souls who themselves have trodden higher altitudes and longer roads than most mortals.

On pp. 130 and 131 I feel I tread the ground of difference between my feelings on "the Church," and those of the authors, and it is with all diffidence that I express it; nevertheless I must be true to my own understanding. Granting that the Church has fallen short and is by no means what it could be, the "outward and visible sign of the inward and invisible spirit," still, is not that the chief reason why, as members of this outward form, we should seek to restore the beauty of the original and not seek to mar and injure it still more? Life has not departed from it, and it still faithfully represents the religion of the ordinary mind of the day. As soon as the congregation rise in level of thought, the "priests," who can be but instruments, or whatever one may like to call them—men at all events Karmically placed in such positions—will be ready.

Only few persons are really intellectually fitted to understand metaphysics, and religion in its highest sense is metaphysics as different in plane from ethics. Now, in reality, society is *not* regulated by religion or metaphysics, but by ethics, as they trench on the physical. Take away the ethical instruction which we all gain from our "degraded" Christianity, and very few people would be able to live satisfactorily to themselves or others on the essence or metaphysics remaining. Therefore, to my mind, it is better to bear with a Church that honestly and truly teaches *pure ethics*, though the hearers by no means practise them, but at the same time may teach mistaken metaphysics, than to desert it because its metaphysics, when casually attended to, seem false. For myself I am not so sure that they are false metaphysics, for it must be remembered that the reading of the doctrines and dogmas of the Church by modern theologians is by no means the original one.* Those approach so nearly to the ones in the modern "Gospel of interpretation" that, I feel myself, time, blessed time, will once more bring daylight, and people will see for themselves that the real gospel, as taught by the Initiates of the Divine Circle, is and must be the same, modern readings having become painfully inexact through "failure of memory."

Until such time I am content that the outer Church still stand. Man *must* have manifestation on the outer plane of everything, from the birth of the Christ as a new created Man, the first fruits of the New Order, to the outer walls of the Vatican or the bricks of a Bethel! The divine Idea would be incomplete if it did not radiate to the full. The Church on earth, from its grandest cathedral and the most gorgeous ceremonial that man can devise to the poorest and ugliest little stucco or corrugated zinc chapel of some Methodist or Bible Christian, with all descriptions of places of worship or churches between, necessarily exists as the outcome of man's ideas of religion. Each presents a facet of truth. None can represent the whole, for no mere man can hold all truth. Intellectual people say they may and can do without public worship. They feel that God is a Spirit and can be worshipped without the four walls of a church. This is quite true, but as man proceeds from the intellectual to the spiritual, he finds that there is an aspect of worship which he can *not* perform alone; an aspect which, proceeding from numbers, can only be fulfilled by numbers. A unit cannot represent a circle unless deputed to *do so*, and until that order is given a man must wait his turn and worship with his brethren in the same degree before he dare present himself *alone*. In this lies the value and efficacy of the outer church. The Redemption of the Individual when complete and universal is the installation of the true church. Until that issue, the church can be but partially illuminated, or else its brightness would be but darkness to the uninitiated. The redeemed can well afford to wait patiently until their brethren come up to them and when the church is complete it will be found that *all* are wanted.

Another difficulty occurs to me that may make it some time before these noble truths are generally accepted. Mr. Maitland gives us a most admirable explanation of the words Occultism and Magnetism. At the present day modern science is undergoing a distinct renaissance and "scientific" opinions change with rapidity; so much so, that Occultism is no

* *Vide* Mr. Brodie-Innes' volume on "The True Church of Christ: Esoteric and Exoteric." (14s.)

longer derided as it was even ten years ago. Mr. Maitland tells us on p. 169—and I lay stress on his admirable description—that "Occultism deals with transcendental physics and is of the intellectual belonging to science." Therefore, as modern science is enlarging its borders, "Occultism" is now beginning to be understood as what it really *is*, an understanding of the more abstruse laws of nature, whereas "Mysticism," of which school Mr. Maitland is one of the foremost teachers, is something still more recondite; it is "*transcendental metaphysics*." Therefore the mass of thinkers must first go through Occultism as on a lower plane before Mysticism is understood by the many. If therefore metaphysics are difficult to teach, preach, and apprehend truly, how much more so transcendental metaphysics, or pure and spiritual religion. No wonder then that the "Gospel of Interpretation," did, and does, *not* meet with popular understanding and recognition. It could not do so as society is at present mentally constituted. But such is the fate of all true prophecy, and must be until the consummation of the age; then the crowns will be worn by the loyal heads and true who bought them. The reference to the Theosophical Society is most interesting, and brings back to my memory the exciting and interesting time when Mrs. Kingsford was president. But her teaching was mystical chiefly, and therefore Intellectual or Theosophical had first to reign, and the Theosophical Society grew and flourished, while the Hermetic dropped and languished. But death could not overtake high truth. The president of the Hermetic Society lives for ever in her works, as does the president of the Theosophical Society, H. P. Blavatsky, in hers. But *they are of a different order*, and the transcendental metaphysics soar aloft of the transcendental physics, and yet each requires the other, so that we cannot truthfully say, as far as we are concerned, that one is greater or less than the other.

And now I must bring to a conclusion this meagre account of this book and its excellent contents. I should, however, like to point out the stress, on p. 140, of the fact that no artificial or magical means were resorted to in order to put the chief recipient, Mrs. Kingsford, in the condition necessary to receive and remember the "gnosis." Also the remarkable coincidence of names on p. 160. Page 168 furnishes me with an argument as champion of an objective Church as being still necessary, though she, through her teachers, often invalidates the truth of her teaching by preaching objective facts as subjective allegories, and *vice versa*—namely, that "the divinity of a mission is not invalidated by the limitations, real or supposed, of its instruments," and so on. In the case of the mission of the author of the "Perfect Way," we have two very remarkable instruments leading the highest mode of life, the one they not only preached but practised, and the result of such lives and labour is found in eternity, not in time only. But we are living in the "Kali Yuga," when things move quickly and thought fans thought with swifter action, and we may yet see speedier results than was anticipated when "The Perfect Way" was first published.

There are many minds now, both in the Church and out of it, that are working rapidly—minds that are in bodies, occupying leading places in life; and these are learning and understanding Divine physics and Divine metaphysics, which have always been familiar to the true converted and regenerated soul from the Dawn of Christianity, and are becoming in their turn teachers, so that the public thought is being leavened in a remarkable degree. Signs are not wanting that the true leaders of men—the Alchemists, the Mystics—are tardily beginning to be recognised, and justice will in the end be as always triumphant. "The Perfect Way" will be the perfect way for all, not only for the few—but until such time it will, it can, be only for the few.

ISABEL DE STEIGER, F.T.S.,
And Member of the Hermetic Society.

P.S.—I am well assured that the mystic idea of the Church can in one sense mean only the Body of Christ; also in a minor degree the Body of Man. But we must be careful in these matters to try and, if possible, clear our minds as to what exactly we do mean when writing. So that then speaking of the Church I mean here the Church Militant. In conclusion, while expressing my warm admiration for this Christian work, Mr. Maitland will forgive me if I venture to say that I think his Mystic Christianity is faulty in its mysticism. By separating the names of our Saviour as Jesus from the Christ, the writers fail in understanding the Central Mystery of Christianity.

THE DREAM VISION OF A WAR ARTIST.

The "Westminster Gazette" gives the following account of a conversation with Mr. Melton Prior, the well-known War Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News." As Mr. Prior is quite above suspicion we gladly copy the story, wishing at the same time that the objectionable interviewing method had not been adopted:—

It happened in this wise. After a conversation on camps and quarters with the famous war artist, we fell a-talking on the queer and unexplainable in human experience. I mentioned certain odd incidents in my own life, and referred to the fact that another war correspondent had confided to me the story of a curious dream vision, which, in the matter of premonition, had this demerit—that it did not quite realise itself.

We were in Mr. Melton Prior's office at 198, Strand, and he took a cigarette out of his case, lit it, looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, and then he said:

"I could tell you a story of that sort."

"Do," said I.

"Well," he replied, "I've never spoken much of it to anybody, unless it might be to an intimate friend over a glass of whisky and a pipe. Afraid of being chaffed, I suppose. Never mind. You want an interview, so I'll do the indiscreet."

"And it's a dream vision?"

"Certainly, a dream-vision, and one which possibly saved my life."

"Come, that is interesting," I remarked, "and now as to time and place?"

"Well, I was going out to the Zulu War in one of the Union Steamship Company's vessels, the *German*. Captain Coxwell was our skipper. On board this steamer I dreamt on two successive occasions—that is to say, I had two dreams precisely similar in their tenour—that I was shot dead and then buried. In fact, I saw myself killed by a bullet and witnessed my own funeral in all its dreary detail."

"Not a very cheerful sort of vision to get double-barrelled, so to speak."

"No," said Mr. Prior; "you are right. It was not. Of itself, it was sufficient to upset me, perhaps; but it did not stand alone."

"Not stand alone! How not?"

"Well, shortly after my arrival at the Royal Hotel, in Durban, I had a letter from my mother, in which she stated that she had had a dream, which I found to be precisely like my own, and begged me to be careful, and, if possible, not to go to the relief of Etchowe."

"And you were still more upset?"

"Yes; much as I regret it now, this dream-coincidence certainly had an effect on my mind, and in a weak moment I decided I would not go. 'I'll be hanged if I go up to Etchowe,' I said to myself, and I didn't."

"And your war-artist work, Mr. Prior?"

"It so happened that I heard of a gentleman, then in Durban, who could sketch very well, and when I had put myself in communication with him, he offered to take my place and send the sketches down to me, so that I could touch them up and send them to England."

"Not as your own sketches?"

"No, certainly not," returned Mr. Prior, with indignant emphasis. "Not for a moment as my own sketches, of course, for I communicated with the proprietors of the 'Illustrated London News,' informing them of the whole incident, and what I had done."

"Not of the dream-vision, surely, Mr. Prior?"

"Certainly," said he, flicking the ash off the end of his cigarette, "of the dream-vision and everything. Indeed, I wouldn't tell you this for publication, for my office to read, and all the rest of the world, if I hadn't been perfectly square in the matter."

"What did they say to your reason for remaining in Natal? I suppose they were astonished at it?"

"Well, Mr. William Ingram—now Sir William Ingram—sent me a cablegram. 'Regret,' it ran, 'your not going into battle at Etchowe. Perhaps our special artist is preserved for better things to come.'"

"And you never were affected in this fashion before or after?"

"No," said Mr. Prior. "And it's a very curious thing that out of the sixty or more battles I've been present at, and wit-

nessed and sketched, such an idea as that of keeping out of it has never occurred to me."

"So that you have no fear of your courage being challenged?"

"Rather not. I've given so many proofs of it—been through so many fights and scenes of peril—that I do not feel at all disturbed on that score. If I had only been in one action, or say two, things would wear a different complexion. But, seeing what my record is, I think I can run the risk of admitting that once I fought shy of going into the fray."

"And this gentleman from Durban, did he prove successful as a *locum tenens*?"

"Curiously enough, the man who went up for me was one of the first killed in the fighting."

"And your personal impression was that the dream-vision was a sort of premonition, a kind of warning that you should not go up to the fighting at Etchowe?"

"Certainly; or I should not have acted as I did."

"Were the dreams vivid?"

"Yes, very. I ought to mention that I had a second touch of sunstroke on board the *German*—I have had three altogether—and that might account for it."

"Still," said I, "it would not cover the coincidence of your mother's dream."

"No, it would not," said he. "Anyhow, it's a thing I've never much cared to talk about, and I scarcely know how you've managed to get it out of me."

Then we settled down over pipe and cigarette to a comfortable chat concerning things mundane in general.

MR. STANTON MOSES AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

"History," said Kingsley, "is the will of God revealed in facts." But since the investigators of old myths have come into being the "facts" seem everywhere to softly evaporate. The "Saturday Review" of January 20th has what is, I believe, technically called a "tomahawk" upon Mr. Arthur Lillie's "Modern Mystics and Modern Magic." In it the reviewer sketches Mr. Stainton Moses. I do not know whether the portrait will be recognised by his friends:—

1. The critic seems to throw doubt on the question whether Mr. Stainton Moses was an "educated man." He admits it only "so far as is implied in getting a third in Moderations."

2. Mr. Moses was mad. "If we were obliged to hazard a theory it would be that Mr. Stainton Moses had intervals of something which could not be called sanity."

Again "Mr. Lillie informs us that at one stage of his development Mr. Moses used not only to see but to smell evil spirits. That way, of course, lies madness."

Again, "When it comes to hearing voices the case gets alarming."

3. Why should the biography of so obscure a person be written? "Many people will ask, who was the Reverend Mr. (sic) Stainton Moses?" And so on.

But if he was so very obscure, how is it that the "Saturday Review" devotes an article to his depreciation a fortnight before his biography is even advertised, that is, before the book is well out?

4. Mr. Moses got into divers occult quarrels. He "threw over Madame Blavatsky when her Mahatmas plagiarised from Professor Kiddle." He "quarrelled with the Psychical Society for insisting that one Eglinton wrote on slates, and that 'spirits' had nothing to do with the matter."

There is an ingenious missile called the boomerang, but it has an unfortunate tendency to come back upon the assailant. If Stainton Moses was "mad" but "honest," how did he persuade Serjeant Cox that a large dinner-table in broad daylight danced about, when the only two people present in the dining-room (namely, Mr. Moses and the Serjeant) were standing away from it? How, too, did he persuade Dr. Stanhope Speer, who had charge of the bedroom door and the key all the time, that various objects in this room were being moved about, when the room was empty?

An ingenious gentleman may start an ingenious theory, but he is usually obliged to suppress three-quarters of the facts before he can make his theory plausible. Perhaps Mr. Stainton Moses's work will be remembered a great deal longer than that of this ingenious gentleman, who wears his mask a little carelessly.

ANOTHER SPIRIT-TEACHING.

This was given January 21st, 1873, "Imperator" being the spirit, and Stainton Moses the medium:—

Holy Father, Eternal God! Thou who knowest what we are, who rememberest that we are but dust, look down in mercy on us Thine erring children and guide us into purity and truth. Lead us of Thy mercy to that which is holy, and pure, and good. Drive far from us the impure, the earthy, the unholy. May Thy Holy Angels watch and guard us, and fence us round with truth and love. Drive from us the ignorant or evil influences, and shed upon them the beams of Thy pitying and forgiving love. Shine on them in their darkness, Thou who alone canst cheer and elevate them. Shine on us that we may know Thee more, and serve Thee better. Give us light to see Thee, love to draw us near to Thee, faith to follow Thee in the path of duty, perseverance to go on unflinchingly in the upward course that leads nearer and yet nearer to Thee. Amen.

We are glad to meet this circle of friends again. We feel that the Divine Message of which we are the bearers will be acceptable to you. We bear to you a message from your God: our claim is nothing short of a Divine Message, a message of enlightenment and of consolation. On a previous occasion we dwelt much on the progress of the soul, and on the frequently unsatisfactory nature of the communications that purport to come from the spirits of those whose fame was great on earth. We would now dwell on the manifestations of God to man, and say somewhat of the way in which His guidance is shown amongst His people.

The falsest views of the Great Father have obtained amongst His children. He has been regarded in the past as an angry God, who was to be propitiated by tears and cries for pity; a God whose pleasure it was to throw His children into eternal misery. Ah! those who fabricated the mediæval hell little knew how they reproduced their own wishes. He was a God who delighted in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; who afflicted in earth-life the innocent babe and then hurled it, for the gratification of His vengeance, into a seething cauldron of boiling brimstone; a God who delighted in the torments He inflicted, and who derived pleasure from the dealing out of eternal torture to His ignorant and erring children; a positive God of angry, jealous disposition, an inquisitor, a tyrant, a Judge without justice, a Father without mercy. Father, forgive them, they knew not what they said. The God that we know, not that we imagine, is a God of love, love perfect and perpetual; love that is over all His creatures; love that embraces the erring and the good; that has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but delights in the return of the prodigal. The God whom it is our sacred mission to declare to you is a God who looks down with an eye of pity on all His children; who knows no distinction of race or clime, but is tender and loving alike to all who call upon His Name. From Him comes all of good that ye enjoy; He gives you daily richest proofs of His love. To Him you owe every blessing that cheers your lives and lightens your daily toil.

If man did but know the tender, jealous care of God over His people; if they could see, as we see, the unresting love that tends and cheers the lowliest and most despised of His children; how verily legions of angels encircle those He loves; how, in truth, the heavens are opened, and legions of angels of God descend from spheres of bliss to guard and benefit mankind—if for one moment their eyes could be opened to see the air around them filled with legions of the shining ones, surely their hearts would be touched; and surely their voices would break forth in praise.

There was a fable in ancient story that the old statue of Memnon gave forth sounds of sweet music at the sun-rising. 'Twas a beautiful fancy, the dumb lips of that marble statue giving forth the inarticulate accent of praise as they were kissed by the rays of the rising sun. A beautiful fancy which enshrined a truth.

Would God it were more prevalent! Would that it might be that the cold stony heart of man—oh! so cold, so dead, so voiceless, so utterly irresponsible to the influences from on high—would that it could be touched by the slanting rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and give forth the cry of praise, though it were inarticulate, to the Giver of all, the God of universal love. That it might be so, and may be so increasingly, is part of our mission. We come to you the exponents of the ministry of angels. The Great Father, mindful of His children's wants,

sends them the angel ministry of consolation, guidance, and love. From the footstool of the Almighty, from the eternal realms of glory, we come to minister to you and mankind. God wills that His Revelation shall be vouchsafed to those who can receive it; to the faithful recipient comes the message of the Supreme. To each pioneer of the future, harbinger of the coming light, bearer of the courier-flame, we come; informing, guiding spirits, each with its special work, each with its peculiar influence, and charged with his separate and special mission, separate, yet an integral part of one undivided whole.

God who in days of yore manifested Himself as the embodiment of justice—King as well as God—and who still reveals Himself as the Father, spake in after ages as the Incarnate Love in the person of Jesus Christ, and speaks, the same God, in the person of the Blessed Spirit—the embodiment of Divine activity, the active principle of the Godhead, the informing, guiding, directing influence which permeates the children of God. One God, three manifestations. God revealed as man can bear it, revealed according to man's necessities, to minister to man's wants. But, in all, God revealed as working by means, the means used those which best subserve His purpose. Angels, spirits, friends passed before, coming to minister to those left behind; the helping hand stretched out to catch up the belated traveller; the signal light pointing upwards, and guiding the wanderer home.

The regeneration of the human race has progressed throughout the world on one grand principle. From the generation that lives is selected the recipient of Inspiration. He is the depository of Divine Influence—the connecting link between the present and the future. To him is committed the deposit of the Truth, which he is to hand down to those who shall succeed him. To minister to him are appointed the spirits specially assigned by God. They are solemnly separated for the work, sent forth to minister as the Allwise sees fit.

We explained to you on a previous evening the means by which that influence was maintained. From time to time, from person to person, it is perpetual: and so man is indeed the recipient of Inspiration. The open vision realised, and the angels of God ascend and descend between earth and heaven.

The time is at hand when the interrupted vision shall be renewed; when the voice that sounded in the ears of Ezekiel, John Baptist, and John the Seer shall be renewed; when the two spheres shall be brought into contact as they have never been since then, and when the voice of the Almighty, speaking through His intermediary agencies, shall be heard amongst men. Shall they listen? Nay, nay, nay, as it was of old, so shall it be now. As in times of the old dispensation, so in the age of the later revelation. "Have any of the Pharisees or the rulers believed on Him?" Now, as of old, man's unbelief bars the purposes of God's love. Man's stubbornness militates against God's design.

Eternal Father, grant that so it may not always be. Grant, O God, that when the fulness of Thy time is come, man's proud heart of unbelief may be bowed to receive as a little child, in simplicity and sincerity, the Inspiration of his Father. Hasten the time, O God, in Thine infinite mercy. Amen.

SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE.

But if we know that material substance exists, are we equally sure that spiritual substance exists. I think so, because we know that there are spiritual qualities, and that qualities constitute substance. Are there not the affections, thought, will, and desire? Are not these spiritual qualities? They therefore constitute spiritual substance, just as material qualities constitute material substance. You know the one just as really and directly as the other; more so, in fact, for you know affections and thoughts directly, and matter only by inference; and any assumption to the contrary, that mind is the result of organisation, is, as I have said before, a pure assumption and nothing else. We know them both as co-existent. We know the one form of substance as material and the other as immaterial, or, which is the same thing, as spiritual.—REV. T. CHILD.

THE RECENT CONVERSAZIONE.—The names of Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt were, quite unintentionally, omitted from the list which we gave last week, of those present at the Conversazione of the London Spiritualist Alliance, in St. James's Hall. As very old and valued friends of our cause their presence was certainly entitled to recognition, and we regret the unfortunate oversight which occurred in making up the list.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Swedenborg.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Harte's address, as reported in "LIGHT" for January 20th, with pleasure. In the second column of p. 33 I observe Mr. Harte states "that little do we as yet know about the real facts of the invisible world."

At the great risk of "carrying coals to Newcastle," I would point out to Mr. Harte, and to the earnest student of things psychic, that there is an immense fund of indeed trustworthy and priceless information concerning the invisible world, its King, laws, and constitution, in the works of Swedenborg.

As Mrs. Besant was dazzled on reading the "Secret Doctrine" for the first time, so will be the true searcher after Light, who, after vainly following the "Will-o'-the-wisps" of Thomasaic Inquiry and Finite Deduction, at length steps into the calm but brilliant radiance shed from the works of that misunderstood yet illumined seer, Swedenborg.

I would also urge a proper, rational study of the Word. If the Word be the Word, then it must of necessity have, contained within it, the most transcendent wisdom ultimated in its letter. The Higher Criticism is already beginning to totter to its fall. The Word of God must not be judged by such rules as are applied to the criticism of "any other book." That Word is Spirit and it is Life. The Science of Correspondences will, alone, unlock its wonderful treasures. I know this to be true from my own experience. Spiritualists place too little value on the Bible, when it, and it alone, can, properly interpreted, answer their queries.

Here is an immense field of psychological research, beside which all others are little worthy of exploration, for they are fully unfolded therein.

Bradford.

JOHN W. BARRACLOUGH.

P.S.—Perhaps Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" is the best for a beginner. Swedenborg states that the first or celestial people had open communication with angels, that he had conversation with them, that they knew truth, not by reasoning, but by intuitive perception. We are gradually working our way up to that state, and as the world becomes prepared for it, our inner faculties are slowly being opened out again.

Theosophy.

SIR,—I should like to make a few remarks upon the letter of Mr. T. Williams, F.T.S., in your last issue. I maintain that Mr. Harte is right in saying that if you take away from Theosophy its phenomenal Spiritualistic basis, all that remains is a conjectural Oriental system, etc. I will add further that without Spiritualism there would have been no modern Theosophy. Theosophists have beautiful theories, but offer us no proofs of their truth. Your correspondent speaks of the "Masters." What proof have we that they exist? Mr. Mead, in a lecture at which I was chairman, after giving us some fine theories, was asked by a gentleman in the audience what proof he had of the truth of his teachings. His answer was, that H.P.B. told him these things. Yet Theosophists say that it does not matter what H.P.B. did, as Theosophy does not rest on any person's good faith. I maintain that Theosophy is a creation of H.P.B., and Emmette Coleman's criticisms in the "Carrier Dove" and R. Hodgson's report in the "Proceedings" of the S.P.R. must be adequately answered before any honest person with average common-sense can accept its teachings. It is said we ought to take these teachings on their merits. But it is not possible thus to take such statements as the existence of giants forty feet high, or the denials of received scientific hypotheses in astronomy and geology. These can only be received when it is proved that they are the teachings of beings, with superhuman attributes, *who know*.

Theosophists in answering me may say that this is all proved to those who join the Esoteric Section and lead the life. Of course this is the argument of most religionists. I am not behind the scenes, but I should like to point out one or two facts. Mabel Collins was joint editor of "Lucifer." She wrote a work which a Theosophist lecturer held up at one of the meetings of the London Occult Society as a sort of infallible guide to the right path. I conclude, then, that she had some esoteric knowledge. Yet when she left them she said she thought that what she had attributed to the "Masters" was

the result of her *own clairvoyance*. Mr. Sinnett says that he has had *direct* communications with the Masters, and if anyone living knows of these things surely it must be Colonel Olcott, yet these two gentlemen do not seem to be in accord with the Esoteric Section. Messrs. Harte and Fawcett were also Theosophic leaders, yet they both seem to have withdrawn. Why this "war in Heaven," if all are alike recipients of *one infallible teaching*?

At the last meeting of the Theosophical Society which I ever attended, when Mr. Herbert Burrows was asked for evidence of the truth of Theosophy, I listened breathless, saying to myself—now for the grand secret. What happened? He held up before the audience not an MS. of a Master from the Caves of Thibet, but the Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism, lent to him by a friend of mine. Does not this alone justify Mr. Harte's position? As an old Spiritualist I am weary of hearing our glorious phenomena belittled.

A. F. TINDALL, A.T.C.L.,
President London Occult Society.

Documents of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.

SIR,—In "LIGHT" of December 23rd, 1893, "R.C., F.T.S.," disputes the truth of my statement, that three recent documents of the Esoteric Section (now Eastern School) of Theosophy were directed against Messrs. Olcott, Sinnett, Old, and Edge. I am ever careful in my published assertions, and I can substantiate all I have said *in re* Theosophy. Does "R. C." think that I would have been so foolish as to make the statement which he denies had I not had positive proof of its truth? I have access to two copies of these late E. S. T. documents, furnished me by two independent parties, thousands of miles distant from each other.

Document No. 1 is headed "Privately issued; may be discussed by the members, but not with non-members." It gives an account of an alleged interview of K. B., a Brahman Yogi, with a Mahátma at the Himálayas. The Mahátma was perfectly naked, and his body, though it looked like butter, was as hard as steel. He told K. B. that Madame Blavatsky was very high up, but that Colonel Olcott "is entirely different from H. P. B., with whose name you cannot mention Olcott." Also that there should be a change in the line of policy of the Theosophical Society in India, "but there will be no change in the West." That is, in India, where Olcott is the head of the Society, a change must be adopted; but in Europe and America, where Mrs. Besant and Mr. Judge are supreme, there will be no change. This document is certainly directed against Colonel Olcott; it belittles him and his conduct of affairs, to the glorification of H.P.B., Mrs. Besant, and W. Q. Judge.

Document No. 2 is headed "Strictly Private and Confidential," and is dated "London, June, 1893." Mr. Sinnett has recently stated that, unknown to H.P.B., he has been in communication with Koot Hoomi since publication of his book on "Esoteric Buddhism," and that quite recently he (Koot Hoomi) has informed him that certain teachings in "Esoteric Buddhism," the truth of which was denied in "The Secret Doctrine," in the name of Koot Hoomi, were nevertheless true; and that he, Koot Hoomi, repudiated the criticisms and denials of Mr. Sinnett's statements found in "The Secret Doctrine," and put forth as emanating from him (Koot Hoomi). In other words, Mr. Sinnett's Koot Hoomi alleged that H.P.B. had published in "The Secret Doctrine" certain passages as from letters of Koot Hoomi, which he (Koot Hoomi) had never written.

Document No. 2 (June, 1893), E.S.T., is intended to refute these assertions of Mr. Sinnett. In it Mr. Judge says that both Koot Hoomi and Mahátma Morya certified about 1884 that "The Secret Doctrine" was dictated by them to H.P.B. and is their work, excepting connecting paragraphs and certain subsidiary arguments. Also that they certified that, not since the batch of letters used by Mr. Sinnett for his book ("Esoteric Buddhism"), had they sent teachings to anyone except H.P.B. Mr. Sinnett had also published the statement that, consequent upon his communications with Koot Hoomi all these years, and up to the present, he might hereafter publish further teachings received from him. It is seen that Document No. 2. is levelled at Mr. Sinnett's declarations. Mr. Sinnett says "The Secret Doctrine" misrepresents Koot Hoomi, and he has received some teachings from Koot Hoomi unknown to H.P.B., without cessation. The E.S.T. paper, No. 2, says this is all false, and in proof claims that Koot Hoomi and Morya have certified to the

truth of "The Secret Doctrine," and have also certified that they have never communicated with Mr. Sinnett, or anyone else except H.P.B., since 1883; that is, that Mr. Sinnett has been imposed upon by an impostor claiming to be Koot Hoomi, or else the allegations of Mr. Sinnett in this matter are untrue, and he has not received the later Koot Hoomi documents as asserted.

E. S. T. Document No. 3 is a long dissertation upon the malfeasance of Messrs. Edge and Old, who published in the "Theosophist," a sharp *critique* of W. Q. Judge. A paragraph in this *critique* referred to an incident pertaining to the Esoteric Section; and in Document No. 3 Messrs. Edge and Old are suspended from the E. S. T. until they apologise for this publication.

Will "R.C., F.T.S.," dare to deny that these three papers have been issued to the E.S.T. by Mrs. Besant and Judge, or that they do not contain just what I have said above?

The word "speeches" in my article in "LIGHT" is a misprint for "speech," probably due to my defective chirography. As I am well aware that Madame Blavatsky never made speeches, I have never at any time said or written a word about "speeches" by her, nor could I possibly be so silly or careless as to do so. As illustrative of the strong antagonism against Colonel Olcott on the part of the European Blavatsky worshippers, headed by Mrs. Besant, reference may be made to the announcement that the Theosophical Publishing Company, London, refuses to publish Olcott's history of the Theosophical Society, "Old Diary Leaves," because it "tends to degrade" Madame Blavatsky. In it the Colonel tells a few truths about the defects and falsehoods of H.P.B., and this the Besant-Judge section of the Theosophical Society cannot forgive. In a letter by Mr. Judge to B. Keightley, written some months ago (copy in my possession) Mr. Judge says he will never forgive Olcott for charging him with writing bogus Mahatma letters to Mrs. Besant and others. Remember that Universal Brotherhood is the central principle of the Theosophical Society. How these brethren do love one another!

WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

SUSTENTATION FUND.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions, and hope that our friends will all give what they can, whether much or little. We respectfully suggest that their remittances should be sent without delay to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Withall, Gravel-lane, Southwark, London, S.E. :-

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SOCIETY WORK.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—On Sunday evening we had a good address from our esteemed vice-president, Mr. W. T. Cooper, on "The Uses of Spiritualism," followed by some successful clairvoyance and psychometry by Miss McCreddie. Next Sunday evening, Mr. J. J. Morse will give a trance-address, "Man, as Interpreted by Spiritualism." A full attendance is anticipated to hear this lecture from Mr. Morse's eloquent controls.—L.H.R.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a full meeting to welcome Mrs. Spring, whose guides gave very successful Psychometrical Readings, followed by an excellent inspirational discourse upon the use and object of spirit communion. Mr. Chance kindly officiated at the organ. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Wyndoe. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. February 11th, Mr. W. Wallace, the old Pioneer Medium.—J.H.B., Hon. Sec.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Mr. C. Hardingham will address the meeting next Sunday. On Sunday last Mr. F. Devers-Summers spoke on Spiritualism and Labor, claiming that Spiritualism was the religion that concerns both the physical and spiritual existence of Man. His review of social conditions generally was greatly appreciated by the audience. He exhorted all to work for the upliftment of their fellow men, spiritually and socially.—J. RAINBOW, Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SPIRITUALISTS' HALL, 21, CAMBERWELL GREEN.—The meeting arranged to take place at the new premises at Camberwell-green, on Sunday, February 11th, will be held at the Surrey Masonic Hall, as owing to a question of structural alteration, the hall at Camberwell-green will not be available on that date. Amongst many other well known mediums and speakers present, will be the following: Mr. J. A. Butcher, Mr. J. Veitch, Mrs. Weedemeyer, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Stanley, and Mrs. Mozart. A special musical programme has also been arranged. All are cordially invited to be present. Doors open at 6 p.m., commence 6.30.—C. U. PAYNE, Hon. Sec.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope by any of the following International Committee:—America, Mrs. M. R. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. H. Junor Brown, "The Grand Hotel," Melbourne; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabanais, Paris; Germany, E. Schlochauer, 1, Monbijou-place, Berlin, N.; Holland, F. W. H. Van Straaten, Apeldoorn, Middellaan, 682; India, Mr. T. Hatton, State Cotton Mills, Baroda; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Norway, B. Torestonson, Advocate, Christiania; Russia, Etienne Geispitz, Grande Belozerski, No. 7, Lod. 6, St. Petersburg; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 13, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or, W. C. Robson, French correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 13, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park:—Sundays, 11 a.m., for inquirers and students, and the last Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception for inquirers. Also each Friday, at 9 p.m., prompt, for Spiritualists only, the study of Spiritualism. And at 1, Winifred-road, Manor Park, the first Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m., reception for inquirers. Also each Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., inquirers' meeting.—J. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications are necessarily held over till next week.

COMMONPLACE people are content to walk for life in the rut made by their predecessors, long after it has become so deep that they cannot see to the right or left. This keeps them in ignorance and darkness, but it saves them the trouble of thinking or acting for themselves.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

2, DUKE-STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

This Society of Spiritualists, founded for the purpose, primarily, of uniting those who share a common faith, and then of giving information respecting that faith to those who seek for it, occupies Chambers at the above address. There will be found an extensive Library of works especially attractive to Spiritualists, the various Journals of Spiritualism published in this and other countries; and opportunities of converse with friends like-minded. The Alliance holds periodical meetings at which papers on interesting phases of the subject are read, and discussion is invited. Donations solicited.

Minimum Annual Subscription of Members and Associates, One Guinea, payable in advance, and on the 1st January in each year. Further particulars may be obtained from B. D. GODFREY, Librarian, on the premises.