

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	61	Mr. W. Paice	67
Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant ..	62	Professor Tyndall's Excursions into	68
A Flower Medium	62	Spiritualism	68
Narrative of John Clarke	63	Re-Incarnation	69
Foreign Papers	65	Letters to the Editor	70-71
The Four Upward Stages	66	Society Work	72

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The American Psychical Society seems to have gone far ahead of its English comrade: the Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor Dolbear, Professor Baldwin, Rabbi Schindler, its brilliant secretary the Rev. T. E. Allen, and many others, make it a very lively venture. The Society appears to be anything but theoretical and hypercritical; still less, suspicious and nagging. It favours frank experiment and equally frank setting-forth of results; and it is not at all afraid of printing the word *Spiritualist* as often as seems necessary. We observe, however, that the pronounced Spiritualists and the Psychical Researchers are even there at cross-purposes, and "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Mr. Gould, a sturdy Spiritualist, in a late number of the "Psychical Review," sets out to give the Researchers an explanation of the apparent impatience of Spiritualists with regard to them. He quotes our Professor A. R. Wallace as saying, "We are justified in taking the facts of modern Spiritualism (and with them the spiritual theory as the only tenable one) as being fully established," and, in endorsing this, tells the Researchers that it seems preposterous to begin all over again, as though the past twenty-five years had not piled up its tons of evidence as good as any they are likely to get. He advises them to "admit the evidence, *primâ facie*, that has been produced to establish the fact of spirit communion," and then to go on to the desirable and useful work of generalisation—to the philosophy and science of the subject, and to the unravelling of the many difficulties that beset it. There seems to be some reason in this; and yet there is something, too, in the reply of the Society's secretary:—

The Spiritualist in the past has been a pioneer, axe in hand, who has pushed forth through bog and forest, blazing his way as he went. The movement of the psychical scientist must be slower and surer; he must build a highway as he goes, that others may walk in his footsteps with the greatest ease. With the former, everything, practically, has been by rule of thumb, and each must submit to the usage of the school of experience. With the latter, the era of insight into psychological foundations, principles of evidence, of more accurate observations and records, and of experimentation, has come into existence, so that here at last we have the beginnings of psychical science through the beginning of the growth of authority, which will gradually become valuable as time goes on, but which to-day does not exist in a form which will permit us to grant what Mr. Gould requests.

A few days ago Mr. James Bonwick's expected work on "Irish Druids and old Irish Religions" (London: Griffith, Farran and Co.) made its appearance. It is evidently the outcome of very wide reading and careful investigation in a region full of wild-fires and pit-falls. Mr. Bonwick

purely as an antiquarian, says: "Ireland, whether viewed from an antiquarian or an ethnological point of view, is one of the most interesting countries in the world;" and the interest deepens as one comes upon the curious fact that in Ireland we find "traces of nearly every kind of pagan belief"—a veritable wonderland of poetry, magic, mythology, and spirit-communion. Mr. Bonwick says, point blank, that the Irish Druids were what we should call *Spiritualists*. "They could do no less wonderful things than those claimed to have been done by Mahatmas or modern mediums. They could see ghosts, if not raise them. They could listen to them and talk with them." "As to magical arts, exercised by Druids and Druidesses, the ancient Irish MSS. are full of stories about them. Joyce has said, 'The Gaelic word for Druidical is almost always applied where we should use the word *Magical*—to spells, incantations, metamorphoses, &c.'" "Spiritualism, in all its forms, appears to have been practised by the Irish and Scotch Druids." One writer, quoted by Mr. Bonwick, says that the "Irish pagans" had no idea of spirits beings misty ghosts; but they "always appeared in their proper shape, and spoke and acted as if they were still in the enjoyment of mortal life." It may be worth remembering that these same "Irish pagans" enjoyed a civilisation and a serenity which the Christians of a later day by no means improved upon.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written several delightfully thoughtful poems. In the following lines she has certainly kept her walking boots on, and taken her drawing-room gloves off. But she presents us with a very palpable truth:—

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,
For a while it will scourge and score you;
Then, coming abreast with a skilful tack,
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you."

Spiritualists, remember!

It is interesting to note, that following in the footsteps of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, a most influential Unitarian minister in Boston (U.S.), the Rev. G. Walters, minister of the Unitarian Church at Sydney, has publicly announced his strong personal belief in the reality of spirit-communion. In a late discourse he said:—

"I do not call myself a Spiritualist, because that word, as commonly used, would imply a great deal more than I am prepared to allow. I do not make myself an advocate of Spiritualism as the word is generally understood. I am still open to conviction in any direction. But so far as my experience has gone, so far as the evidence has led me, I believe that the human soul is immortal, that when the bodily form perishes the spirit enters into a higher sphere, that spirit-friends may be constantly near us, and under certain circumstances and conditions may communicate with us, and even become visible."

It is pleasant to see the heretics acting in harmony with their strong professions as freemen and lovers of the truth. It is precisely the rationalists who ought to be open to conviction.

COLONEL OLCOTT AND MRS. BESANT.

Those of our readers who keep touch of the Theosophical Society will be interested to know that the coldness (to put it mildly) which has hitherto existed between its President, Colonel Olcott, and that ardent convert, Mrs. Besant—who might almost be called the "St. Paul of Theosophy"—is at an end. Mrs. Besant is, we believe, acknowledged by a part of the Fellows of the T.S. to be Madame Blavatsky's "successor," and she is one of the nominal heads, and seemingly the real leader, of the "Esoteric Section," now called "the Eastern School of Theosophy," which is a secret and "pledged" body, that to outsiders seems to bear a somewhat similar relation to the Society in general that the Jesuits do to the Church of Rome. In his Annual Address, published in the "Theosophist" for January, the President says:—

Mrs. Besant's and my close association in the Indian tour now in progress, and the consequent mutual insight into our respective characters and motives of action, has brought us to a perfect understanding which, I believe, nothing can henceforth shake. . . . Whatever misunderstandings have occurred hitherto, with respect to the exact relationship between the society, as a body, and the Esoteric Section, which I chartered in 1888—now known as the Eastern School of Theosophy—and of which she is the sweet spirit and guiding star, have passed away, I hope, for ever.

Those who were personally acquainted with the late Madame Blavatsky will probably rub their eyes when they read the following emotional declaration of Colonel Olcott at the beginning of the same Annual Address:—

I bid you welcome once more . . . glad that I have been spared to do it, gladdest of all that I am able to greet you with a joy in my heart to which it has long been a stranger. The night's blackness is rolling away, the dawn of a happier day is breaking. Thanks, as I believe, to the kind help of those whom I call my Masters, and the Elder Brothers of the race, our patient and loyal persistence is about being rewarded by help of the most valuable kind, for they have sent me 'Annabai' (Mrs. Besant) to share my burden, relieve our mental distress, and win the respect and sympathy of good people. While she is not yet able to quite fill the void left by the departure of my co-founder, H.P.B., she will be in time.

Mrs. Besant has hitherto been known as an able and eloquent expounder of the theories put forward by Madame Blavatsky; but if Colonel Olcott's words mean anything more than the sentimental filling of the void in his heart, they must mean that Mrs. Besant will fill the void in the society, and in the "work," and will be, if she be not already, a phenomenal person, such as Colonel Olcott himself has declared Madame Blavatsky to have been. The points that made Madame Blavatsky an exceptional and interesting character were her wonder-working powers, and her alleged connection with a mysterious Brotherhood of Adepts or "Mahatmas"; and it will be of great interest to Spiritualists to find that Mrs. Besant has come to equal, or even approach, her "teacher" in these things. What is wanted is not someone who can talk by the hour, however eloquently, about what he or she believes, but a person who can produce some proof, of some kind, that the "Masters" and "Principles," and "planes," and personages, localities, and states of consciousness, about which Theosophists talk so glibly, have any other existence than in their own enthusiastic fancies. Of all people in the world Spiritualists would welcome some proof of these things the most cordially, but it would be of no use to adduce some suspicious little "manifestation," such as the phenomenal production of strange writing in a letter coming through the post; for, however marvellous that kind of thing may seem to the students of the Eastern School of Theosophy, or to the readers of the "Daily Chronicle," such phenomena are quite too slender to bear the weight of a single "Adept," to say nothing of a whole Brotherhood of Mahatmas.

Theosophy is now practically a revival of Hinduism and Buddhism, at least in the East, and this means an opposition to, and vilification of, all that is known as civilisation, and a glorification of a condition of mind which, to the uninitiated observer, resembles a mixture of sentimental laziness and contented mental vacuity; and which condition it is the custom of our Theosophists to belaud under the much abused name of "spirituality"—although they are very intelligent and energetic propagandists themselves. But it is by no means so self-evident that the revival of Hinduism and the failure of Christianity in India are things over which to rejoice—could the T.S. bring them about, which hardly seems likely. Leaving aside the question of the greater "truthfulness" of

Christianity or Hinduism, it can hardly be denied that the religion of Christendom, taking its average of credulity, is far and away less superstitious than that of the Hindus, who are the most slavishly ceremony-ridden and priest-ridden people on earth. The world has not as yet taken Theosophy seriously as a rational movement, criticising it dispassionately, and giving it proper credit for its merits and demerits; and perhaps it is still too soon to attempt such a judgment.

A FLOWER MEDIUM.

The mediumship of a Mrs. R——, in Chemnitz, is of quite an extraordinary character. It is not, seemingly, with her a matter of exceptional display on particular occasions, under peculiar conditions, and for special purposes. The exercise of the gift which she possesses appears to be as nearly as possible "at command." Of course it is not really so, but the intelligences who control are associated with her in so uninterrupted a fashion that the readiness with which the phenomena are procured wears, on the first blush of the matter, the aspect of a personally induced result. The story is told by Mr. J. Kupsch in the "Neue Spiritualistische Blätter," and the substance of it is as follows:—"A few months ago I was walking through one of the principal streets of Chemnitz during a heavy downpour of rain, and as I had no umbrella with me I stepped into a small restaurant for shelter. A gentleman who sat at one of the tables appeared to know me and asked, 'Were we not once together at a Spiritualistic séance?' I remembered him then, and he told me that in the interval of my absence from the town an important flower medium had been discovered, and that she had aroused the utmost astonishment, at the same time naming a few of the distinguished people who had verified the possession of the gift. This gentleman then offered in the kindest manner to take me to the medium herself." As may be conjectured, the offer was at once accepted, and on the way the stranger informed the narrator of the nature of the phenomena which might be expected. When they arrived the lady—who dwelt in the bosom of her family—received them in the politest manner, and although Mr. Kupsch had not, he says, the most distant notion of an immediate sitting, it was at once given. The afternoon was clear and bright—about five o'clock—and Mrs. R—— went immediately into a light trance, recovered again, took a hymnbook, read a verse, whereupon a condition of unconsciousness supervened, while her eyes remained open. Four persons, including the medium, quickly formed a circle and sat around a plain, unpolished table, which was not provided with a cover. Suddenly Mrs. R—— drew, with one of her hands, wonderfully beautiful flowers from under the table, chiefly pure roses, and distributed them among us. The sitting down, the formation of the circle, and the first delivery of flowers were the work of a few seconds. Turning to the narrator the medium said—or rather the intelligence for the moment controlling said—in a friendly tone, "I know you!" and handed to him a number of splendid roses and some other flowers. All the flowers distributed in this way were exceptionally beautiful specimens, and mostly provided with fresh green leaves to prop them up. Usually at the withdrawing of the roses the words "I see you" sounded from the mouth of the medium, while she was gazing into vacancy. Most striking was the following circumstance. It was the season when open air roses were at their best, and for half an hour a heavy downpour had occurred. The roses given to him, as well as the greenery surrounding them, had large drops of rain resting on leaves and petals, and a still more remarkable thing was the presence on one of the roses of a small black beetle. On a friendly invitation another séance was held on the same day in another place where about twelve persons sat with the same medium, and the results were equally important. The narrator thinks that the flowers were "materialised," but the editor of the "Spiritualistische Blätter" disposes of that idea by stating that he has planted roots brought in similar fashion, and they grew in the usual way.

As a rule, I believe the greatest manifestations of a physical force nature are produced by beings on the lowest plane of spiritual existence—earth-spirits; dwellers on the threshold; unhappy souls that have been foully thrust out of this life; spirits that have not passed far into the interior life, but who remain materialised and ponderable, dense, dark as the mere dregs of this life that have sunk to the bottom, compared with the happier, higher souls that ascend and rarefy, even as matter does in proportion as it rises toward the light.—GERALD MASSEY.

THE TRUE NARRATIVE OF JOHN CLARKE, OF WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

COMMUNICATED TO MRS. BRITTEN BY THE CHIEF ACTOR IN THE STORY, AND VERIFIED BY THE LATE HON. N. P. TALMADGE, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

About five-and-thirty years ago, there resided in a lonely district in Northern Wisconsin a good widow, who with her only son, of about two or three and twenty years of age, lived in a retired cottage by themselves, both being dependent upon their own exertions for subsistence. The son was an experienced workman in the blacksmithing department of railway building, and was known as a skilful operative, and a young man of the strictest integrity. His manner was somewhat reserved, however, and his fervid piety and intense devotion to the faith of Calvinism tended to render him austere and unsocial amongst his less pious associates. Very different was his good mother. Mrs. Samantha Clarke professed no form of religion, attended neither church nor chapel, and was frequently heard to say that if there was a God she did not know it, and as for any hereafter, for her part she thought one life at a time was quite enough; whilst if religion made everyone as dismal and gloomy as it made poor John (her Calvinistic son) she would have nothing to do with it. Now, whilst these utterances of the good-hearted Samantha Clarke nearly drove her son to despair, and caused him to put up no end of prayers, both through his own lips and those of his sour-natured Calvinistic minister, "that the Lord would be pleased to give his mother a *change of heart*, and snatch her as a brand from the burning," the conduct of that mother was of such a nature as to induce every poor body, old or young, sick or well, for a circuit of ten miles round the Clarke cottage to put up counter prayers, and trust that the Lord would *not* give the dear widow any *change of heart*.

"Change of heart indeed!" cried the neighbours. "Why, her heart is ten times bigger than her body, and, if it were not for her great heart, there would be ne'er a one to sit up with sick folks, night and day, and come and tend them as had the fever and small-pox, when all the rest of the folks ran away."

"Change of heart!" cried the old folks. "God forbid! where would be the best friend the poor ever had; the best teacher to the young; the kindest help to the sick, and the most unselfish being that ever trod the earth?"

And even so it was. The well-to-do asked Samantha Clarke's wise counsel; the little children clung to her skirts, or stretched out their arms to be carried when they saw her; the wayfarers were sure of a cup of milk and a chunk of bread as they lingered near her humble door; the sick were ever sure of a nurse in "Good Semanthy," and her beaming face and ready hand were the pride and comfort of the far-away place in which she dwelt. There was not a tongue that spoke her name without a blessing, nor a hand but grasped hers in thankfulness for some service done; and still her gloomy son and his sour-faced minister prayed and prayed that "the Lord would give her a change of heart."

It was just six weeks to Christmas Day, about thirty-five years ago, when John Clarke took leave of his mother, previous to making a journey of some sixty miles, whither he was to go to a station where a new railway was to be opened, the smithy work of which was to be entrusted to John Clarke. He had been sent for by a former employer who had great confidence in him, and who desired him to bring his tools and consider himself engaged for three months. The job was a promising and a profitable one, and the son's pious gloom had relaxed a little; he had become almost cheerful as he talked with his bright mother about their future prospects, and especially about moving into a better and more commodious cottage, which was to let near the centre of the village on the outskirts of which they then resided. As the place to which John was going was the middle of a new line, removed from any station, and the workmen employed were to reside in temporary sheds put up for their accommodation, John explained to his mother that it would be no use for her to write to him. Even the nearest post-office would be twelve miles distant, and he could only hope to get word to her if any of the employees should be sent that way. John had often been off on long jobs at a distance before, so the prospect of three months' absence did not occasion special anxiety to either party, only John expressed a wish that his mother should look after the cottage he intended to take, and, if need be, in order to secure it, that she should move in without waiting for his

return. All these and other matters being arranged, John tenderly embraced his kind mother, bade her farewell, and on quitting the gate looked back into her dear face beaming with smiles and tears, and cried: "Remember, mother, my heart is set upon that cottage—we shall be so much nearer the church." "But never nearer to heaven than we are now, John," responded the mother softly, as she put her apron to her eyes and re-entered her lonely home.

Six weeks had come and gone. John had worked so well that he was in hope that he would be able to return to his home sooner than at first he had expected. He loved his home, and despite of the wide gulf that existed between his own and his mother's religious opinions, he dearly loved and honoured her, and it was chiefly in anguish at the prospect of her *eternal perdition*, which his cruel religion taught him to believe in, that he was deeply concerned in praying for that blessed mother's conversion.

It was the afternoon of Christmas Eve. John had been working in his temporary smith's shed all day. The shades of evening were now falling thick around him, rendering the place too obscure to continue his work longer. Dropping his hammer and standing gazing upon the red embers of his forge fire, he began to recall the cheerful cottage hearth around which the blessed mother had so often gathered and feasted a crowd of poor children, or aged neighbours, and he wondered to himself at that moment whether she would not be busy cooking for some hungry ones, or preparing comforts for the sick and disabled.

"Whatever she may be doing," he thought, "she will be thinking of me—thinking of her boy far away and alone—alone at Christmas-tide, too. Oh, that I dared to say, God bless her! Oh, that she could only be brought to say, 'God bless thee, my son!'"

"God bless thee, my son!" went echoing round the shed; lowly sighing, like one whispering in sleep, yet clear and distinct as a bell.

"What was that? who spoke?" All was silent. "Only the wind; how it moans to-night." And now—what a sudden light it was that filled the place! He looks anxiously at the forge fire, sinking fast into black rather than red embers. Nothing was alight there—and yet the white light increases! It fills the rough shed, illuminates every nook and cranny, and brings out in strong relief even the rough nails that bind the boards together.

"Good heavens! there must be a fire somewhere!" He seizes his hat and jacket, and is about to rush towards the door, when it suddenly but noiselessly opens. A figure steps in, the door closes silently behind it, and in the dazzling white light that is now seen to proceed from and envelop that figure, he recognises *his mother!*

The same—but not the same; every feature and lineament of that beloved face is there, but all so irradiated with an indescribable glory that he *thinks* that he had never seen aught so beautiful before, never deemed that a human face could be so wonderfully lovely. The form, too—aye, and the well-remembered dress—all were there, yet all glistened in that same wonderful aureole, and shed over her such a lustre that he knew his mother had become an angel, one of God's own angels. And then, slightly raising her hand, as if motioning him to be silent, she said—in a voice very clear and sweet, but as if it came from an immeasurable distance, and very like far away bells—"John, I have come to tell you I am dead. I died last night. Go home, John. Go at once! Do not wait for the morrow; but go to-night—to-night." And now the figure fades; the light wanes—dims—is nearly gone. Again the low sibilating whisper sighs through the place, "God bless thee, my son," and then all is still. The angel and the light are gone; and by the last dying gleam of the forge fire John Clarke looks around, and perceives that he is alone in the shed—alone in the darkness.

John Clarke never doubted that the spirit-presence which had visited him in his lonely shed on Christmas Eve was the real disembodied soul of his beloved mother. Those who have never experienced the actualities of *being in the spirit* have no conception of its deep conviction of truthfulness over all the shadowy presentments of material life and knowledge. To live in this transitory life and fleeting realm of matter is to live in the midst of shadows without being fully enabled to understand that there is a substance of which that shadow is an image; but none can comprehend its *actuality* until, standing behind the veil of *spirit*, the substance is seen face to face. Thus it was

with John Clarke. He had been, unconsciously to himself, environed with the spirit realm of being, in the presence of his angel mother; materiality had faded from his sight, and he knew the realities of spirit life, of which before he had only caught an idea, and that, from the perverted teachings of a false and desolating Theology. And thus it was that on the memorable Christmas Eve on which he had for the first time "been in the spirit," and had seen, heard, and witnessed spirit-existence, he was a changed man. The scales had dropped from his eyes. A world of spiritual realities had been revealed to him, and he went out of his shed and sped on his way as much a transformed man as Saul the Christians' persecutor was when he became Paul the Christian Apostle.

John Clarke went straight to the superintendent of the work he was engaged in, just as that functionary was dismissing his employes for their one—Christmas Day—holiday. Calling upon his comrades to stay and hear what he had to say, he told simply, but with the deep earnestness of truth, the interview he had just had with his mother's spirit. Contrary to the too general experience of mankind, the magnetism of truth in this instance exerted such a deep and irresistible sway over his listeners that not one of the twenty-five men there assembled doubted his story, or urged one word against its acceptance.

The superintendent, one of the most intelligent and most moved of the party, told him to obey the spirit's behest at once, but expressed his deep regret that he had not funds enough in hand to pay the expenses of his railway journey to the nearest station to his home. Thereupon John Clarke's comrades began to ransack their little stores, and from what they could raise amongst them they contributed enough to pay a railway fare for forty miles. The workmen had been all temporarily provided for, but were not to receive their wages till their contract was ended. John therefore took kindly and gratefully what his associates could muster, gave his pledge that they were to be paid from the money due to him, packed his knapsack, and shouldered it with one hand and extended the other to the good fellows, all of whom with moistened eyes, warm hand-shakes, and God speeds, saw him depart in the gloaming of a bleak Christmas Eve-tide on his journey home.

For twelve long miles over a rough and toilsome road John Clarke won his way through the night. He passed over hill and dale, through gullies and uncut roadways, but neither the fatigue of the way nor the weight of the knapsack he carried seemed to affect him. As he alleged in after years to the present writer, he seemed to move as in a dream, and at times to walk on air. Wonderful thoughts filled his brain; visionary scenes full of judgment on past mistakes, and gleams of newly-discovered purposes in life absorbed his mind, and altogether he knew—even though he found it difficult to realise the fact—that he was a changed man. He had died to his former self, and was born again into a knowledge not of earth, but of its true mission, use, and beauty.

It was midnight before he reached the nearest station that would carry him towards his home. Fortunately arriving at the very moment of the departure of a train, he paid from his little store the sum that would take him to within ten miles of his home, determining that when he had gone thus far it would be quite easy for him to walk the rest of the way. Contrary to his expectations, he slept soundly, and awoke from a refreshing and dreamless sleep just as he reached the station at which he had to stop. Investing his few remaining cents in a warm cup of coffee and a roll, John again shouldered his knapsack and took to the road, with the same feeling of new and exalted life which had accompanied his twelve miles' walk on the previous night. So singularly buoyant and peaceful seemed his long tramp that he moved on unconscious of the distance or the time, until he arrived at a spot in the road which compelled him to halt and fall back from his dream-like state to the full consciousness of his situation.

The place he had now reached was within three miles of his home, but the road divided off into three several branches, one of which led to his little cottage across the hills, the second led to the nearest village to his home, and the third, by a more circuitous way than the others, led to the Presbyterian church which he was in the habit of attending, the minister's house, and, a short distance off, to the cottage which he had proposed to occupy previous to his departure from home. As he stood halting between these several ways, there broke upon his ear the sound of a distant church clock striking the hour of twelve. It was noon, then. How long it seemed

since he had set off on his travels! It was an age since that wonderful interview in the shed. Time seemed to have stretched out into years—and yet, it was only noon now! But which way should he go? Perhaps it would be best to take the road across the hills to his cottage. Setting his face that way he started, with a new sense of amazement. *His mother*—yes, his beautiful angel-mother—stood in the way, all glorious, glistening with an unknown light, radiant with an unknown glory, yet still *his mother*; the same as the denizen of the home he had left, the same, yet—oh, how changed! how divine! how entrancing! John Clarke years afterwards said he thought the angel spoke to him, but if so he never could remember what words were said, only some power seemed to turn him away from that path and into the one that led to the church, and then, the moment he struck that roadway, the vision melted out, and left the path of the traveller a thousand times darker for the brightness that had for a few moments environed him. It was just one by the day when John Clarke reached the large open piece of ground in the centre of which was a green mound whereon was erected the tall, pretentious-looking Presbyterian church.

As Clarke neared the spot he saw at a glance why he had been directed thither. Filling up the open space round the church, and stretching away into every nook and corner, even stationed in the lanes and paths that surrounded the place, were crowds of country teams, waggons, carriages of every description, and many saddle horses. All these were tethered or fastened, but no human being occupied them. The owners were all within the church, save a few persons standing up against the open door, unable, apparently, to force an entrance further.

As for John Clarke, he knew already, knew by no human means or intelligence, what had called this gathering together—and *what was going on within the edifice*. Mounting the narrow path which skirted the mound on which the church was built, he placed his knapsack on a bench outside the door, and then, making his way resolutely amongst the crowd, he stood in the entrance and looked upon the extraordinary scene within. The church pews, aisles, and standing room were crammed to suffocation; only a space around the pulpit was cleared, and in this, according to the custom at American funerals, stood a coffin on trestles, the lid partially open, and by the side of its quiet inmate, with open book in hand, was the minister, whom John Clarke had been accustomed to look up to as the vicegerent of God on earth—a being whom he had revered as little short of Deity. Many of the crowd around the door knew John Clarke, and with pitying glances made way for him to pass; but the church was large, the aisles long, and before he could advance, his steps were arrested by hearing his minister pronouncing these words: "Yes, friends! I tell you, as sure as there is a God in heaven, this woman, this infidel, Atheist, and scoffer at heavenly things, has gone straight to burning hell. Even now she is in eternal fiery torments. She is gone to her master, Satan; and this woman—this Samantha Clarke—is damned; irretrievably, hopelessly, and eternally damned. God Himself could not save her!"

"That's false, and my mother, Samantha Clarke, is in glory!" shouted the voice of the son, now universally recognised by all present, who, with murmurs of sympathy, fell back on every side to let him pass. Advancing up the aisle, John mounted a bench nearly opposite the coffin, and then, with a clear voice and manly attitude, he said calmly and deliberately: "You all know me, and those that don't *shall* know me, from the tale I have to tell, and the witnesses I have left behind." Then, without break, or the interruption of a single sound, he narrated his history—the visit of the angel-mother; the utter impossibility of any tidings reaching him in that lonely spot; how he had brought word to his companions; how they had believed him, trusted him, and the way he had come, and how guided. He spoke with the irresistible eloquence of truth, the power of manhood, and the deep feeling of a son! His tale told, he descended from the bench, took his place at the head of the coffin, gently but firmly putting the minister aside, saying as he did so, "I forgive thee, Dominic. Thou hast only spoken according to thy light, and knew no better. A higher light is dawning now on thee and me, and thou shalt yet live to see it."

John Clarke then poured forth, at the head of his mother's coffin, the first trance address he had ever uttered—but not the last. From that time forth he gave up home, rest, and his usual avocations; tramped the Far West hither and thither, from district to district, giving trance addresses; and, being further blessed with many gifts of mediumship, holding circles, and, by

the most indefatigable labours, bringing into many darkened minds the knowledge of Spiritualism and the realities of the life hereafter.

John Clarke's prophecy concerning his former minister, too, was thoroughly fulfilled. That functionary, like the rest of the congregation at the Widow Clarke's funeral, was deeply moved by the son's strange story and burning eloquence. Like several others of the neighbours, he took much trouble to verify the statements the young man had made. Funerals in America are still conducted all too soon after decease, and at the time of which I write, frequently took place within a day of the person's death.

The impossibility of the tidings of the mother's departure reaching the son by any other means than that above narrated, the solemn attestation of the witnesses at the railway shed, the son's return at such a moment, too, and the lovely character and worth of the noble widow, inclining all who had known her to believe in her glorious life in the hereafter, all tended to make converts alike of the clergyman and his once devoted followers. This was the last the present narrator heard of the strange funeral service over Widow Clarke; but not so of her son. In many and many a home of the Far West his name is spoken with blessings; blessings on his life of unselfish devotion to his adopted faith, and gratitude for his beautiful and elevating teachings. The report of his strange conversion was often bruited abroad, and its facts made known to the writer by those most intimately acquainted with them; but the merely external circumstances were communicated to her by John Clarke in person, though he forgot to say how many people there were on earth "who rose up and called him blessed."

E. H. BRITTEN.

[Extract No. 30, from Mrs. E. H. Britten's forthcoming "Spiritualists' Encyclopædia."]

GLEANINGS FROM THE FOREIGN PRESS.

Thought Transmission.

A new Spanish monthly magazine, entitled "Revista Universal de Magnetismo," gives the following account of the discovery of stolen property by means of thought reading. It is taken from an official report by the Juge d'Instruction of Paimbœuf, M. H. G. de Penenpron: "About two months ago occurred a robbery of 230 francs. After the investigation was concluded, the money could not be found. Many inquiries and searches remained fruitless, and it was evident to all that the victim would not recover his property, when on September 15th last Mr. Charles Bourgoïn—otherwise known as Zamora—came to Paimbœuf. I had had opportunity of proving the marvellous nature of this gifted young man's faculty, and found him willing to search for the place where the money had been hidden. He was put in communication with the thief, immediately read his thoughts, and was able to tell me that the coin would be found concealed on some waste land, and in a blue canvas bag which contained gold and silver money, but not the full amount stolen. After some attempts to find the waste land about the town, Zamora pointed out a wall from the base of which he pulled a stone, and drew out of the hole the bag just as he described it, and which contained the money, less five francs. At the moment of the discovery, Zamora and the thief were at least between five and six hundred yards apart."

Mediumistic Cure of Obsession.

From the Spanish "Revista de Estudios Psicologicos," we take the following narrative. It is authenticated by a distinguished Spanish journalist, Doña Eugenia Estopa: A young lady of Algeciras, named Isabel Sermeño, found, on the 2nd April last, in a place where she keeps her combs, a strange object of a greenish colour and shaped somewhat like a hammer. She had not the least idea as to how it came there, but the moment she saw it she was seized with giddiness, and attacked by such pain in the regions of the shoulder blade and spine as to render her quite incapable of making the least movement, although she was able to make herself heard. Believing the cause to be something of the nature of witchcraft she consulted a woman skilled in that department of occultism, and this person began her treatment by reducing to ashes the mysterious, hammer-like article, insinuating at the same time that, thanks to her intervention, the matter would not have any serious consequences. The symptoms became aggravated during the night, and a doctor was called at daybreak. He prescribed, but no alleviation of the girl's sufferings followed, and

she remained in bed enduring great agony which appeared the precursor of immediate death. Some time, however, passed, and one night the poor creature, being alone for a little, believed she heard voices which were saying something to her, and although she saw no one in her vicinity, she distinctly heard the following words uttered by a sweet and delightful voice: "Have patience, and have faith in God." Almost at the same instant, another voice said brusquely: "Do not believe in God." The case came to the notice of a young Spiritualist named Bianchi, who called at the sufferer's dwelling, and having informed himself of all the circumstances, perceived that it was a case of obsession. By means of a physical medium, Señorita Garcia, they obtained communications in which the malady was described and the means of cure indicated. They then communicated with Doña Estopa, and it was decided to try the remedy. This was simply magnetism, by means of the medium. In five sésances the suffering lady was completely restored to health.

A Magnetised Negro.

The Italian journal "Annali dello Spiritismo" has the following interesting narrative from a German contemporary: "During a sitting with a private medium, a negro, whom a friend of mine had brought from Africa to educate, was magnetised by me (Herr Max Rahn). While he was in the lethargy Signora Töpfer called. She was very glad to assist for once at a sésance with another medium, and to observe the phenomena. The room was well lit by a lamp placed on the floor in a corner of the room. The lady had hardly taken her seat when the table actually leapt towards the negro. All around him dreadfully violent blows resounded, accompanied by a strange noise like that of a moist hand rubbed along the top of a polished table; in short, the sledge-hammer blows became so frightfully noisy that the neighbours grew alarmed, as well as Signora Töpfer, who jumped up from her seat and moved from the table. In answer to my question if there was a desire to make any communications, three sonorous thumps responded. I then asked the lady to take paper and pencil, and she immediately afterwards wrote in bizarre characters and ungrammatical German: 'I am a good negro man. My Solomon is here. I wish to speak to Solomon.' (Solomon was our negro's name.) The communication was signed with a word which I read 'Sofia.' An energetic negative thump warned me that I had misread the name. I then asked for a clear signature. This was given, and I read 'Cofi.' A positive hail of joyous knocks confirmed the accuracy of the new reading. After this, with a few reverse passes, I awoke the negro, to whom we made known the singular communications obtained. On hearing it he burst into a flood of tears, ejaculating, 'Cofi is my uncle in Africa.' Subsequently we learned that 'Cofi' had died in Africa—a circumstance previously unknown to the young negro, as to me, to all my family, and to all my acquaintances. How could Signora Töpfer, who had that day come to my house by chance, and had never before seen the negro Solomon, nor had ever heard us speak of him—how, I say, could she know that he had an uncle in Africa named 'Cofi,' and that he had died just then?" Herr Max Rahn does not appear to explain how "Cofi" came to know that three raps signify "yes," and one rap "no," without previous arrangement, of which there seems to be no trace.

"MORE THAN MEN."

The "Daily News" is responsible for the following, which appeared in its issue of Tuesday last:—

The latest news of Mrs. Besant on her travels in India is that this ardent apostle of Theosophy and favoured correspondent of the mysterious Mahatmas has declared her belief in the Hindu religion. Some intolerant member of the Theosophical Society has, it appears, proposed that she should be punished by being struck off the list of members of their body. But Colonel Olcott has reminded them that Theosophy "makes no distinction of creeds." In addressing the first of a series of meetings on the subject of Theosophy, held in the Town Hall, Calcutta, Mrs. Besant declared that the infancy of India was nursed by her mighty Rishis—by her great initiates. "India had," she continued, "her foundation in the Avatars of her Gods, and the Vedas came to her as scriptures straight from the mouths of those who were *more than men*. India took her teaching of religion direct from the mouths of these Avatars, and therefore it is that, in the philosophy which is still living there is the moulding force."

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

Light:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 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. E. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., and not to the Editor.

THE FOUR UPWARD STAGES.

"Upward stages"! That is a phrase which sounds the grand key-note of our splendid modern psalm of life. The human race is on the march. Man is not a fallen but a risen and rising creature. Willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, the swirling multitude sweeps on. Whether an Omniscient Mind is behind it all or not, it remains true that "the old order changeth," but only to make way for, or to find its fulfilment in, "the new." The growth of the human race follows the same order as the growth of an ear of corn; as Jesus said, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." There is nothing arbitrary or supernatural in it, but all the stages of the upward march are orderly, beautiful, natural, intended.

In vast numbers of cases, indeed in all really typical and normal cases, what is true of the race is true of the individual. The process may be different, but only because the beginning is different: the end is the same. There is really no chaos in character. In the wildest and most wilful natures, if we could see all the tangled threads or conflicting currents at starting, we should see as orderly an unfolding as in the life of a saint. The orbit of a comet is as orderly and as exact as the orbit of a planet. Even the path of a wild Atlantic blast is as fast held by law, and as truly in its right course, as the ocean steamers that beat through it.

But there are some ideal processes which are well worth pondering, and there is one which is specially characteristic of the dawning hour—one which is well indicated by the phrase, "upward stages." Society is on pilgrimage, though all are not equally advanced on the road; but all are advancing at a constantly increasing speed. The process is rapidly developing, and at every stage there is restless energy, animated interest, eager life. In no direction is the march on more palpably visible than in the direction of belief in the reality and nearness of the Unseen. The four upward stages are aglow with light and life at this moment. They may be indicated by the words DENIAL, DOUBT, TRUST, INSIGHT. We prefer that last word to FAITH. By it we mean such a consciousness of the things of the spirit as answers to perception in the world of the senses. We sometimes call it INTUITION. Jesus called it being "born again."

And it must here be insisted upon that this "consciousness of the things of the spirit" is the higher and not the lower in human development. Man is really formed for faith, aspiration, receptivity, insight. He is not only an animal. He is bound to suffer remorse, to breed discontent, to become restless and anxious, to long for higher conditions that shall smite him less with shame. He is and must ever be a voyager, a wayfarer, a seeker, and this was never more manifest than it is to-day.

Here, then, are these four stages:—

DENIAL. This at once indicates that we are dealing with modern and civilised man. The first stage of the

savage is not denial but sheer brutality of belief, and a higher stage is only unreasoning superstition—perhaps baptised credulity. Denial is a stage. The savage does not deny; he grovels. Denial implies feeling, preference, desire, and, in a sense, faith; inasmuch as the negative as to one thing involves an affirmative as to another. Stolid indifference and gross callousness are alone fatal. But denial on the part of the man may be what self-will is in a child—the early stage of the development of self-reliant personality. By all means let the mind assert itself, but let no one mistake the beginning for the end.

DOUBT. Doubt is denial mellowed. As time goes on, and as knowledge increases, the wider knowledge tempers the masterful denial. How ready the upstart is to deny!—or, for the matter of that, to believe, if it suits him! How cautious is the old traveller, familiar with the eccentricities and wonders of the road! But still, Doubt is a stage, and it may be a precious stage, with much loyalty, honesty, and real faith in it. It is like taking a good steady look at an object before closing with a bargain—by no means a thing to be despised. But there are two kinds of Doubt: the Doubt of mere self-assertion, and the Doubt that goes with serious love of truth. To this last Tennyson referred in his well-worn but ever timely lines, beginning:—

You tell me doubt is devil-born.

How finely he indicates the process! how delightfully the upward stages are marked! At first, the ideal seeker "touched a jarring lyre," but "ever strove to make it true." "At last he beat his music out," and "faced the spectres of the mind, and laid them," and so "came at length to find a stronger faith his own." How infinitely superior this to the belated advice of a famous bishop: "Fling doubt from you, like a loaded shell!"

TRUST. This is a palpable stage upward. Not faith yet, not insight, but a thoughtful realisation of the vast possibilities of the Universe. This marks the first actual unfolding of the spirit-self in the consciousness of things beyond and life within. Here, at all events, is receptivity, and the desire to believe that the vast unknown contains a Power which works for righteousness, justice, progress, life. This stage of Trust is destined to play a most important part in the history of the coming century. Belief, based on faded delusions or crass superstitions, will slowly perish, and, for a time, Trust will be the mainstay of the best part of the civilised world.

INSIGHT. This is the ideal stage, approached now by many, attained by very few. We might call it "Faith based on spiritual discernment." The development of a spiritual consciousness may, to those who are lingering behind in the animal stages, seem to be a mere imagination, but it is intensely real. All the great creative geniuses know it, whether in Religion or Art or Science. Jesus knew it intensely; so did Paul and John; so did Tennyson and even Tyndall. But, after all, the whole of this life, with all its stages, is only a preliminary. Not here can the end be; not here amid these confusing shadows and hiding mists; not here where, as soon as insight comes, the eyes seem to close upon the smiling scene, and look last only at the narrow path that leads down to the grave. The great consummation has to come; the real insight must be gained beyond the veil, when the self is severed from "this muddy vesture of decay." And yet, how full of promise for the hereafter are these upward stages here!

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On the occasion of the next meeting of members and friends of the Alliance, to be held at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, at 7 p.m., on Monday, the 19th inst., the evening will be devoted to "Talks with Mr. Morse's Controls." Friends are recommended to come with questions ready prepared.

MR. W. PAICE.

At the close of the discussion, on Monday evening last, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on Mr. J. Page Hopps's address, Mr. J. J. Morse said :—

MR. PRESIDENT: In rising to address this gathering, my object is not to add anything to the admirable speech we have just listened to from yourself. I desire, Sir, to refer to some remarks you made at the opening of this meeting, remarks that were obviously full of affectionate sincerity, and which were accompanied by evident emotion. I mean your just and timely words concerning our ascended friend, the late Editor of "LIGHT," Mr. W. Paice. To occupy the position of Editor of "LIGHT" is no light duty. To act conscientiously, as an editor to any journal, is a task of no small nature. To maintain a level of independence, and yet be frankly sympathetic, is a position few are able to sustain. Under the trying circumstances of his position our friend most admirably succeeded in these delicate situations, never failing in his sense of duty and right, but doing at all times that which reason and sound judgment commanded. As this is the first assembly of the members and friends of this Alliance since our brother's departure, let me venture upon their behalf, as well as my own, to most cordially support the words of eulogy—most justly deserved—with which you referred to the sudden and unexpected transition of our friend. I take this step with all respect to those present, but I certainly feel that they will be cordially at one with me in this brief and all too inadequate expression of sympathy with Miss Paice, and of appreciation of the life work of our friend, as particularly manifested on behalf of our cause. Undoubtedly, Sir, he has now gained that place where the honour of his life here will be his crown of peace. I tender to you, for us all, our hearty support of your expressions of esteem and goodwill for our ascended friend, in which we heartily unite.

MR. GLADSTONE ON SPIRITUALISM.

The "Westminster Gazette," which during its brief existence has indulged in many sneers at Spiritualism, now gives publicity to the following. We hope that this is an indication that our contemporary contemplates the adoption of a fairer and a wiser course in the future :—

The very interesting account given by Mrs. Drew of Mr. Gladstone's inner life and habits of thought will doubtless render attractive a letter written by the Premier on the subject of Spiritualism more than fifteen years ago, which illustrates Mr. Gladstone's methods of suspending his judgments, and of only considering one thing at a time. We quote from the "Times," October 18th, 1879 :—

MR. GLADSTONE ON SPIRITUALISM.—A Brighton gentleman who wrote recently to Mr. Gladstone on the subject of Spiritualism has received the following reply: "London, October 16th.—I do not share or approve the temper of simple contempt with which so many view the phenomena. It is a question in the first instance of evidence, it then follows to explain as far as we can such facts as may have been established. My own immediate duties prevent my active intervention, and I remain in what may be called contented reserve, without any fear that imposture will rule, or that truth can be mischievous.—Yours faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE.—Mr. J. T. Markley, Horsham, Surrey."

"BELLE AND THE DRAGON."*

"Belle and the Dragon," the latest addition to Mr. A. E. Waite's "works of fancy and imagination," will doubtless please those who admire the author's style and turn of thought. The work contains thirty-six engravings, some of them exceedingly clever, and the volume does credit to the publishers, James Elliott and Co., for it is beautifully printed and got up. Those who cannot see a deeper meaning in Mr. Waite's writings than is apparently contained in the letter of the text, are apt to think that the "fancy and imagination" are conspicuous chiefly by reason of their absence, for the characters seem to be very commonplace, and indulge in some very poor dialogue under the queer aliases of "Mystic," "Gadfly," "Green Dragon," "Slouch," and so on. But probably there is an esoteric meaning that escapes the notice of the uninitiated.

* "Belle and the Dragon: An Elfin Comedy." By A. E. WAITE. (London: James Elliott and Co., Temple Chambers, E.C. Price 10s. 6d.)

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S EXCURSIONS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

Address delivered by the Rev. J. Page Hopps to the members and friends of the London Spiritualist Alliance, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on Monday evening last.

In John Tyndall we have lost one of the really creative spirits of our time, whose industry, courage, eagerness, and hungry passion for work have given us not only the precious results of knowledge but an example which is nearly as precious.

In his own sphere he was almost an ideal seeker after the truth—patient, plodding, receptive. He sat at Nature's feet, and let her show him her beautiful secrets; and he was willing to find out her conditions and comply with them.

He was, moreover, in his way, a seer; that is to say, he was free from at least the coarser kind of materialism which weighs evidence by the pound, and loves nothing so much as to kick its foot against a stone. He had wonderful insight, and the gift of the scientific imagination. That beautiful bit of advice which he gave to the Schoolmasters in his lecture on Magnetism was a charming instance of his method :—

The thought naturally arises: What will occur if I break my strip of steel across in the middle? Shall I obtain two magnets, each possessing a single pole? Try the experiment: break your strip of steel, and test each half as you tested the whole. The mere presentation of its two ends in succession to your test-needle suffices to show that you have not a magnet with a single pole—that each half possesses two poles with a neutral point between them. And if you again break the half into two other halves you will find that each quarter of the original strip exhibits precisely the same magnetic distribution as the whole strip. You may continue the breaking process: no matter how small your fragment may be, it still possesses two opposite poles and a neutral point between them. Well, your hand ceases to break where breaking becomes a mechanical impossibility; but does the mind stop there? No; you follow the breaking process in idea when you can no longer realise it in fact: your thoughts wander amid the very atoms of your steel, and you conclude that each atom is a magnet, and that the force exerted by the strip of steel is the mere summation or resultant of the forces of its ultimate particles.

Like a subtle undertone, that is what occurs continually in his books. He is never tired of saying: You will never get to the deep facts until you get beyond your eyes and your instruments—until your scientific imagination comes to the rescue of these. And, even when leaving what he would call his Science, and thinking only of the great mystery of the Unseen, he said: "If, unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith . . . then, casting aside all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man."

Even that passage in the Belfast Address, once thought to be so hopelessly materialistic, is really a subtle instance of the seer's faculty of carrying on the process of vision into the great Unseen. Using the same illustration as served him for the schoolmasters, he said :—

We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but, however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do something similar in the case of life? . . .

Believing, as I do, in the continuity of nature, I cannot stop abruptly where our microscopes cease to be of use. Here the vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By a necessity engendered and justified by science I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.

What a very remarkable aside that is!—We have to follow the magnet, with the intellectual vision, into the Unseen; "are we not urged to do something similar in the case of life!" "Upon this hint, I spake," said Othello, of Desdemona's indicated path of love: and upon this hint may the pure spiritualist pass on to speak of the realities beyond the veil. "I cannot stop abruptly where our microscopes cease to be of use," said this keen seer: and it seems to me that the "Matter" in which he saw "the promise and potency of all terrestrial Life" might serve for Life celestial too.

The result of my reading of Tyndall's writings, then, has been to induce me to see in him an unconscious guide into the Unseen; and I go so far as to say that he has unwittingly supplied suggestions and opened up advanced paths which, in relation to the Unseen, have a value far beyond anything supplied to us, as a rule, by the Churches. He has taught us not to rest in the visible; he has shown us the uses of the Scientific Imagination; he has tracked matter itself to a region of mystery which is as subtle as the profound mystery of what we call spirit; he has isolated thought or mind as beyond all analysis, or, at all events, beyond all accounting for on the lines of matter: he only needed to take one more step, to be patient in one more sphere, to make him as wise as Alfred Russel Wallace or William Crookes. But he did not take that step, and he shut himself out from that sphere; hence my story to-day.

It certainly would have been expected, before evidence, that such an investigator as he was would have taken to the subject of Spiritualism with special interest, or, at all events, with an open and hopeful mind. But what happened? We need not go farther than his own statement, included in his collected writings known as "Fragments of Science." The chapter on "Science and the 'Spirits'" tells us all we need to know:—and a queer chapter it is!

Oddly enough, he opens with the remark that the "refusal to investigate Spiritual phenomena is often urged as a reproach against scientific men." And then he tells us, in about eight small pages, the results of his so-called investigations. It is a humiliating story—for the Professor. After reading these eight pages one hardly knows what to think or say; they present this subtle and patient inquirer in such a curious light. The man is a different being. We do not recognise the writer of the Belfast Address, the Discourse on the Scientific Uses of the Imagination, or The Lecture on Radiation. He is an experimenter on the loose, a professor "out for a lark." He chaffs, cheats, sneers, opposes, sets traps, spends a quarter of an hour under the table watching people's legs, and generally conducts himself like a detective who is sure of the rogue, and who only waits the proper moment to catch him. There is not a glimpse of the seeker, not a note of the genuine inquirer, in the whole chapter. He did not attend the séance as an experiment: he went to watch a rat-hole. But, worse than that, he failed to pay attention. In his account of the proceedings at this his first séance, he says: "I once threw myself back against my chair and gazed listlessly out of the window"—to use his own word, "weary" of the experiment before half of it was through! What an "investigation"! We are not surprised to find, at the end of this tiny chapter, an acid five-line paragraph stating that he tried again, more than once—perhaps twice—and got no good. Is that to be wondered at? This fine investigator ought to have known, from his own experiments, that facts can only be arrived at by following the lead of the phenomena, by at first taking all that comes, by patient waiting for results on the lines of the experiment, and keeping an open mind as well as open eyes.

If Professor Tyndall had taken to his delicate experiments in the laboratory the acid temper, the gritty impatience, and the restless contempt that seem to be all he took to the séance he described, he would not have succeeded any better than he did when he spent his time looking out of the window or worrying under the table. Of course, it is open to anybody to decide that the whole thing is an impudent fraud or a ridiculous delusion, but that decision would logically be followed by refusal to look at the thing at all. If, on the contrary, experiment be decided upon, the duty of the experimenter is plain. And that is common-sense as well as obvious duty: for, if there is any truth in these things, the causes must be very subtle,—at least as subtle and as delicate as the majority of experiments that deal with gases and volatile chemical substances: and it stands to reason that querulous unbelief and fidgetty worrying might be as fatal to the flow of a medium's power as sand would be fatal to the piano, or bilge water in the test tubes, or light on the sensitive photographic plate. In describing one of his own beautiful experiments, or, rather, in describing some exquisite process which lay behind the experiment, and could not be seen, he said: "It requires some discipline of the imagination to form a clear picture of this process. Such a picture, however, is possible, and ought to be obtained." A charming phrase—"discipline of the imagination"! It was precisely what Professor Tyndall needed in agreeing to do something to take away the reproach that scientific men refused to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. He failed because he did not take

to the despised subject the eyes, the simplicity, the methods and the temper which he took into his own beloved field.

But, even at the one despised séance there was one curious incident that might have interested him. He tells us that the spirit (so called satirically) gave him the name of the Poet of Science: and, really, that was not a bad shot. In truth, it was a very good shot, requiring considerable discrimination, and a good deal of nice forbearance too, seeing that he by no means played the part at the séance, where he was neither poetic nor scientific. I do not know when this ridiculous séance was held, but it must have been a long time ago, and Tyndall's right to the designation of the Poet of Science may have been fully earned since. Anyhow, it has been earned; and, in a very high degree, the designation exactly fitted the man.

How can we explain Mr. Tyndall's almost brutal animus against Spiritualism?—an animus that quite sufficed to quench in him all the characteristics of a real investigator. The explanation is really on the surface. He had, as his extraordinarily furious attacks on Mr. Gladstone showed, an intensely dogmatic temperament, which readily allied itself to an intensely vivid vocabulary. Even his scientific papers show that: as witness his Belfast Address and his defences of it. Besides, he had a rather excessive share of the modern scientific man's impatience with everything that seemed to call in question anything relating to his splendid scientific find. Mr. Huxley has this very strongly developed. Even Professor Faraday had it. Ray Lankester has it in a very high and almost grotesque degree. The late W. B. Carpenter had it, with all his nice love of truth: and, oddly enough, this characteristic has manifested itself in the case of each of these men in regard to Spiritualism. Mr. Huxley's animus, impatience, and almost silly contempt led him, not only to sheer obscurantism in regard to the subject, but to say the most foolish thing any public man ever said about it—that, even if it were true, it would not interest him. Ray Lankester has simply played the detective, and has never, so far as I know, inquired. Faraday turned from the subject with dry and disturbed dislike. Dr. Carpenter knew more than any of them, and was often on the verge of belief, but feared the plunge and all that it involved, and the struggle between the evidence and his prepossessions was at times almost distressing. Mr. Tyndall's disdainful excursions into the subject were—what we have seen, and his animus may be fully seen in his reply to Dr. Martineau's criticism of the Belfast Address, in which reply he drags in Spiritualism as if for the express purpose of insulting spiritualists with perhaps the most offensive and spiteful reference to it that ever emanated from a decent man.

And yet, at the very moment when John Tyndall threw the handful of mud he took pains to hold up Alfred Russel Wallace to the world as one whose brilliant investigations were only equalled by his fine modesty and dignity. How strange, that two men so like one another and so much the equals of one another should not only so much differ about a matter of fact but should be so divided as to make it possible for one of them to talk about the "intellectual whoredom" of the other!—the other being a man singled out for special praise in another field of inquiry as a man eminent in science and noble in character. What are we to think of it all? The probability is that there is something in the scientific temperament or habit which is apt to make a man restive under anything which suggests what is rather absurdly called "the supernatural"; or, perhaps, the constant strain of the mind in its contemplation of matter tends to make the scientific man disinclined to admit the existence of anything that might knock the bottom out of conclusions which had been elevated into the limits of nature's possibilities; or that might upset the observations he had promoted into absolute "laws." Or, perhaps, this perpetual contact with mindless matter may tend to unfit one for the really spiritual, as in the case of Darwin, who made the remarkable admission that as he went on with his material and minute experiments he lost his old relish for even music and poetry.

But, whatever the cause may be, it can only be useful to take note, as we have done to-night, that so strong and clear an buoyant a thinker as John Tyndall hated Spiritualism, and so hated it that he lost his power of steady and passionless investigation in its presence. He himself illustrated a truth which he stated in one of his own Addresses, when he quoted Emerson to the effect that "it is hardly possible to state any truth strongly without apparent injustice to some other truth." But, added Mr. Tyndall, "this waiting for the statement of the two sides of a question implies patience. It implies a resolution to suppress indignation if the statement of the one half should class

with our convictions. It implies a determination to wait calmly for the statement of the whole before we pronounce judgment in the form of either acquiescence or dissent." How exact and how true! but how strange that the writer of these words failed to remember or apply them at one of the most critical moments in his life! how strange that in relation to a subject of such magnitude as that of possible intercourse between minds in the Unseen and the Seen, the writer of these words seemed unable to exercise any "patience," to suppress any "indignation," or to "wait calmly" even for an hour!

And, after all, the hated fact persists, and so persists that, even against its will and partly without its knowledge, the big blundering world is coming round to it. Already, by way of hypnotism, and thought-transference, and psychical research, even the scientific Nihilists are far on the way to the great unveiling of the truth. A little more, and we shall be right up with all for which intelligent spiritualists ever asked.

The truth is that men like Mr. Tyndall did not and do not grasp the fact that, whatever the phenomena of Spiritualism may be, they are as natural as gases, acids, crucibles, and scientists. If a spirit can produce a telegraphic rap without a battery it does it as naturally as the clerk at the post-office with one: if it can lift up a table it does so as naturally as a philosopher can lay down a doctrine. Yes; we shall have to make room for the men and women and children on the other side, and to suit our centre to the larger circumference. The foolish word "impossible" must be abandoned, or kept only for arithmetic; as, indeed, Professor Tyndall taught us when he said: "You never hear the really philosophical defenders of the doctrine of Uniformity speaking of *impossibilities* in nature. . . . They have but one desire—to know the truth. They have but one fear—to believe a lie." How charming! but how strange that Mr. Tyndall did not seem to see that hundreds of thousands of careful seekers in all parts of the world felt the truth of these profound words in relation to the very subject that was the object of his scorn. He did not seem to see how strangely he refuted his own declaration that the philosophical defenders of the doctrine of Uniformity never talked of *impossibilities* in nature. His whole treatment of the subject of Spiritualism was one unrelieved and stubborn *non possumus*.

And now, what can better bring this study to a close than those thoughtful lines of Emerson which Tyndall put at the head of his "Discourse on the Scientific Uses of the Imagination"?

If thou wouldst know the mystic song
Chaunted when the sphere was young,
Aloft, abroad, the pæan swells.
O wise man, hear'st thou half it tells?
To the open ear it sings
The early genesis of things;
Of tendency through endless ages
Of star-dust and star-pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm.

The rushing metamorphosis
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that *be* to things that *seem*,
And solid nature to a dream.

Yes, but the things that "seem" are the things that truly exist, and the "dream" is the consummation of the real, as Emerson himself delighted to say, and as Tyndall, by implication, if not by direct intention, always taught: for Matter he followed into the Unseen, and Mind he placed beyond the reach and analysis of all.

"LIGHT" SUSTENTATION FUND.

We ask the special attention of our friends to the "LIGHT SUSTENTATION FUND," particulars of which appear in another column, and trust that we shall be excused for suggesting that assistance is greatly needed, and that the necessary amount is far from having been reached at present.

THERE are minds as much shut out from the inner spiritual perception as there are others shut in from the natural relationship by loss of external faculties of sensation. But the blindest will listen when the other world knocks at our doors, and so the spirits find they will answer that kind of appeal when higher forms of phenomena and more spiritual modes of communication fail to arrest the world's attention.—GERALD MASSEY.

AN ALTERNATIVE VIEW OF RE-INCARNATION.

III.—ASTRAL LIFE-MODE TRANSMUTED TO SOUL LIFE-MODE: INDIVIDUALITY.

I have shown previously that the personality, or rational mind, is the mode of Being pertaining to the astral element or degree of life; that it is that mode of consciousness which relates us to the physical and astral planes; that that mode of mind is circumferential, sense-related, and is not that aspect of ourselves which cognises and contains experience; which latter mode must ever remain theoretic, and speculative, and unrecognisable to it.

The element of ourselves which takes into itself the sense-related experiences presented to it by the astral mind, is the soul. The soul is a spiritual vehicle, or mode, of the spirit-Ego, the ground of Being, and ultimate Reality within it. The spirit-Ego is the wheel of life, an atom of eternal spirit, differentiated in a vehicle of light, which occultly is a correlated aspect of thought. It is by the radiating effulgence of this vehicle of thought-light, or illuminating thought, that the soul takes cognisance of the sense relations of the astral mind, which it penetrates by its rays, and presents them to the ground of Being within it, the ultimate Reality; man's spiritual sun.

It is taught in some schools that the soul, or permanent Ego, impels a number of consecutive personalities into the physical world, and gathers into itself a portion of the experiences of each such personality, those personalities being unreal.

I have shown that the process of becoming proceeds in the form of a circuit; that it is the spirit-Ego itself that proceeds on this circuit from plane to plane successively; that the personality is one of its modes of manifestation, that mode which relates it to the physical and astral planes. Hence, the soul does not re-incarnate consecutively, in a series of human bodies, while it does incarnate in different forms related to these successive planes, or modes of Being. I will now endeavour to show that the experience of the personality is permanent, though the personality-form itself is impermanent.

Memory pertains to that principle which cognises and contains experience, and that principle has been shown to be the spirit-soul. Recollection is elicited by reaction, by relation with surroundings which suggest associations. Such associations may be suggested either by objective surroundings or by feeling, pertaining to some of the life atoms constituting our astral personality, and which are still external to the cognising element: soul. But physical death carries the astral entity within the body to the astral plane, and entails a total change of surroundings. To what extent astral surroundings may suggest associations that would elicit memories of physical life, we cannot say. But the law by which our organism is in a continuous state of flux applies also, it has been shown, to the forms accreted by the entity, on the inner planes, in which it has successive existence. Such forms are accreted from life substance, in modes related to each plane, and such life substance, it must be remembered, comes from a lower plane, where it has been transmuted to the successive mode, by living entities, and carries with it the qualities thus imparted to it by those living transmitters. The astral entity, therefore, integrates life of astral degree into its form, not necessarily in a similar manner as ourselves, but in a correlated manner. The life atoms constituting the astral form brought from the earth, and carrying associations with earth-life, will gradually be eliminated, and be replaced by other life atoms integrated in the astral plane, and carrying other and higher qualities. Thus all possibility of suggestion which might elicit association with the earth-life memories within the soul, will gradually disappear. Both the surroundings and the life integrated into its form will be different. There will be nothing left to stimulate the earth memories carried within the soul into activity. These will therefore cease to be known to the astral mind. The astral existence will become so paramount and real that the entity will come to forget that it ever had an earth-life. That this actually occurs, is illustrated by numerous mediumistic experiences. Yet, nevertheless, the memories of all earth-life experiences must lie stored up within the souls of such entities, and will come into activity when the soul passes into the soul plane, when its mode of consciousness will manifest to the circumference of the entity.

There is another sense in which the personality is real, though its form is impermanent; though apparently it is only a mode of relation for the soul. It must be remembered that

the personality is constituted of life in the astral mode or degree, and that life is the subjective identity that relates Knowing and Being; carrying inherently four modes of consciousness or subjectivity, with four related modes of objectivity or nature. When the entity passes from the astral into the soul plane, the life in astral mode constituting its outer form indraws its astral mode of objectivity and re-presents itself again, in the nature related to the soul plane. The identity continues; only the objective presentation alters.

In the process of indrawing itself from astral relations and mode of objectivity, to unfold and re-present itself in the soul mode, there is a period of transition, and it is this transition that constitutes what is called second death. It is in this that birth into the soul plane differs from birth into the astral plane. The astral principle interpenetrates the physical or sensation plane; the astral plane is, therefore, continuous with the physical. Hence, at physical death, the astral form passes from the physical body into the astral plane, in the full development it has attained. The soul principle is a discrete mode (*i.e.*, distinct, distinguishable but inseparable), the process is, therefore, different, and the entity has to reconstitute itself in a different mode. It is an indrawing from the external astral state, and a reflecting forth of what was previously an inner subjective mode, into what then becomes its objective aspect. It is the translation of the same life-identity from one mode of Being to another.

The intervening state, or period, will entail loss of consciousness, if the soul principle has not unfolded itself sufficiently previously; but if the soul principle has interpenetrated the astral mind to its circumference previously, then this process becomes continuous also, and will be consciously cognised; will be one of transition from relations with astral objectivity, to direct relation with the soul mode of objectivity, which before could only have been subjectively cognised.

An interesting consideration arises in this respect with regard to the "shells" said to be left in Kama-loca (astral plane) by entities, when they enter the soul plane. All the principles of the entity are constituted of life, in different degrees, or modes, related to the several planes of Being. For life-substance to become related to the astral plane, it must have been transmuted from its lower sensation mode, by man on earth; the sensation mode being related to the physical state. Now, it is evident that we have feelings and emotions which are not physical, which are purely mental or æsthetic. It must be inferred, therefore, that the sensation mode of physical life, when transmuted to its astral degree of life, becomes feeling or emotion, on the mental plane. But if the passage from the astral state to the soul state entails the further conversion of the life constituting the entity, from the astral into its soul degree or mode, then the question arises, what is left to constitute these astral shells that are said to remain in the astral plane?

Possibly there may be some remains left behind when the entity indraws from the astral to the soul plane, as the physical body is left here previously. But as the unitary principle, which constituted the integrating power, withdraws, such astral remains must surely disintegrate, even as the physical shell does in similar conditions.

If by Kama-loca the physical earth was meant, then such shells are indeed left here, in the shape of our physical bodies, which are constituted of life in sensation mode. It is probably such elements, thus left in the physical body, and which must go in part, subsequently, to constitute animal forms, that are implicated in the doctrine of metempsychosis. It is only the "animal soul," or sensation-life, pertaining to such Kamic elements, that could break up and dissolve, as forms.

But Kama-loca is not the physical earth; it is the astral plane, it is taught, and these Kamic shells do not refer to the physical bodies, but to astral shells, which are said to favour advances with their calls. This is a position which I confess, I at present fail to understand.

QUESTOR VITÆ.

(To be continued.)

It appears to me that you might as well ask the insect that eats its way through one of Turner's paintings to give you its idea of the picture, as to look for any spiritual conception of these facts from our typical scientific mind of the present. Science has a brow broad and luminous, but as yet the "foolish senses crown her head," and her eyes are vacant of spiritual light.—GERALD MASSEY.

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.]

Mr. Emmette Coleman and the E.S.T.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Mr. W. E. Coleman, I beg to say that I deny or affirm nothing in addition to my note in "LIGHT" of December 23rd. My sense of honour precluded me from making public, or discussing, documents which Mr. Coleman says are marked "strictly private and confidential," whether entrusted directly to my care, or handed to me by another person, towards whom I could feel only pity.

R. C., F.T.S.

The Power of Personality.

SIR,—I would beg to be allowed to express approval of the spirit which found expression in a recent letter in "LIGHT," by "Nowell" (p. 615).

We are indeed "vessels for the transmission of spirit power." What other Reality is there to impart existence to us, or to act through us. But in many cases, the external mask, the personality, the power of which is derived from, and is entirely dependent on, that inner Light, claims all power for itself, instead of acknowledging, humbly and gratefully, the source whence that power emanates.

That inner source has been called by many names, but the name given to it by us does not alter the Reality within. Yet all the names by which a man may know his God are equally to be respected.

PILGRIM.

"Spirit Teachings."

SIR,—Mr. Thomas Williams, F.T.S., quite mistakes "Spirit Teachings" by his quotation. He said:—

In that charming book, "Spirit Teachings," by Stainton Moses, p. 36, we find as follows: "We [the spirit guides] lead the soul to rest in calm trust in God and His spirit teachers."

And he went on to compare this with Theosophy thus:—

This is the exact opposite of what Theosophy requires of us, which, as I have said, is a trust in our own interior divinity and in the possibility that by our own efforts we may develop in ourselves a knowledge of spirit and the unseen world.

Now, the key note all through "Spirit Teachings" is clearly defined on p. 277, and is there given in italics:—

Man makes his own future, stamps his own character, suffers for his own sins, and must work out his own salvation.

R. G. BENNETT.

Mr. Williams and the Function of Spiritualism.

SIR,—I trust that some abler pen than mine will have discussed with Mr. Williams what Spiritualism really is and is not, but I cannot refrain from pointing out what to most of us will appear both an assumption and an error.

In defining Spiritualism and its relation to Theosophy we are told that in the former we are taught to rely on spirit guides, while the latter impresses on the student self-reliance for the accumulation of spiritual knowledge.

Now, this is distinctly a misconception of Spiritualism's true evangel.

Every Spiritualist is not abnormally a medium and phenomenonalist, and does not yield to possession or control. We believe in the near vicinity of spiritual beings, and that we are helped in our aspirations by the Unseen, as all are, Theosophists included, but we do not believe in the stagnation of our own spirits, and in trusting implicitly in dis-incarnates. We are very generally aware that everything depends upon the evolution and development of our own spirits, and with guides and those guided, *there must exist* some measure of affinity.

Does not Mr. Williams believe in spiritual guides? Most Theosophists do, and believe they dwell very much in the Unseen. I refer to the Masters, so often quoted. They may be incarnates, but, real or imaginary, they pose to the majority of Theosophists both as inspirers and teachers.

Thus, the Theosophical Society as a body do not wholly depend upon their own interior development, but start their spiritual training with a bias and hypothesis formulated outside of themselves. Mr. Old in "What is Theosophy?" states that by obedience to certain ascetic rules the candidate will not fail to attract the attention of Those who watch the entrance to the Path. The "Those" mentioned are apparently the Masters and Theosophical Guides.

Which are, to all appearance, the more reliable teachers? Which existence is the easier to prove?

The fundamental and phenomenal basis of Spiritualism is the scientific demonstration that our dead live again, and can communicate with us under certain conditions. They have given us a philosophy, and in many cases have given what may be considered full proof of their continued interest and identity.

Theosophy either cannot or will not give us proof of its Guides' mysterious existence, and the Masters, wrapped in impenetrable obscurity, appear to its neophytes semi-divine, as they are claimed to be. Looking down from this beatific contemplation, they see only "spook"-deluded Spiritualists listening to the teachings of departed friends or "galvanised ghosts," for their partial knowledge of the riddle of existence.

Again, I should like very much to know what special inspiration and development are open to Theosophists that are closed to the Spiritualist. Every spiritual gift is mediumistic and flows from the Unseen.

All Spiritualists are not strictly phenomenalists, although that may afford a sound basis, but by upreaching and aspiration they may stand upon the same plane of spirit and listen to the same supernal inspiration that is accorded to Theosophists, and yet may have their spirit guides, who may beckon but cannot aid the struggling aspirant.

Thus, if a Theosophist cultivates the higher interior gifts he may become clairaudient and clairvoyant, and have every spiritual sense alert as the result of his self-development. This is the position of the Spiritualist also, and his light may be the clearer, for he starts to climb the Path with no theories, and no staff but his facts.

Canterbury.

A. F. COLBORNE.

Mr. A. F. Tindall and Theosophy.

SIR.—Mr. A. F. Tindall is, as far as I am concerned, welcome to hold what opinion he chooses with regard to Theosophy, but I really do not know what he means by suggesting that we believe ourselves to be the recipients of "one infallible teaching." Speaking for myself alone, I have always taken H.P.B. and her writings in the way she told me to, namely, to take both on their merits, and where I was unable to follow her to suspend my judgment. I do not look upon Theosophy as a creed, nor do I consider myself confined to the limits of statements found in the "Secret Doctrine" or other Theosophical writings. I find, however, certain general principles in these works which I am able to verify as far as my own limited capacity allows me, and which, carried into practical life, have undoubtedly had the effect of giving me a wider capacity for estimating the value of other Thinkers and Workers who are not Theosophists. As a result I have been enabled to draw from these external sources a knowledge which has helped and does help me in the further understanding and development of the Spiritual Science which Theosophy teaches. I reject no teaching and no knowledge which the world can offer me, but I have chosen to view them through Theosophic lenses, and, so far, have been rewarded with a keener perception than I should otherwise have had of Life, its meaning, its duties, and its possibilities. I must apologise for thus giving prominence to myself, but I hardly know how else to correct the erroneous impression which Mr. Tindall voices of the value and scope of Theosophy, or the ever-widening grandeur of Life which succeeding years unfold to the Theosophical student.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

Mr. Maitland's New Book.

SIR.—Pray allow me space to express my warm thanks to Madame de Steiger for her highly thoughtful and sympathetic notice of my recent book; and at the same time to correct an impression likely to be produced by certain of her remarks. This is the impression that the teaching represented by me is opposed to the existence of an "Objective Church." Such an impression would be altogether erroneous. We fully recognise the necessity of such an organisation for the formulation, propagation, and exposition of religion. Our opposition is only to the recognition by the Church of the objective, historical, and materialist aspect of religion, to the exclusion of that which really constitutes religion, namely, its subjective, spiritual, and substantial aspect, wherein alone it appeals to the mind and soul, and is efficacious for redemption. For, as has truly been said, "Man is not saved by the historical and phenomenal, but by the metaphysical and spiritual." Wherefore that which is

divinely written in terms derived from the objective plane must be transferred to the subjective plane and substantialised within the individual, in order to become efficacious for salvation. And this is precisely the function of the "Objective Church": not merely to keep alive the mechanical memory of certain objective events enacted in the past; but to translate those events into their divinely intended sense, from physical making them spiritual, from particular universal, so that all may understand and apply them. Doing which the Church will teach men, among other things, that the doctrine which Madame de Steiger, if I understand her aright, calls the "Central Mystery of Christianity," that of the Incarnation, so far from implying the exclusive divinity of any one man, implies the potential divinity of all men, in virtue of the divinity of the substance of existence, which substance, as the soul, is called *Maria*, who therefore is no mere person, but the feminine principle of Being.

The reason of the Church's shortcomings and of the consequent failure of Christianity to effect the world's redemption is not far to seek. Just as the physical organism of man, his objective self, is wont to claim to be the man, to the denial and exclusion of the essential, spiritual, and real self within it, of which it is but the vehicle and outward expression, so the ecclesiastical organism of the Church, its objective self, has claimed to be the Church, to the exclusion and denial of that which really constitutes the Church, its inner and essential Self, for the sake of which alone that organism exists. And failing to recognise the soul and the truths which alone afford sustenance to the soul, it has dragged everything appertaining to religion down to its own low level, by giving physical applications to truths purely spiritual, substituting the external and accidental for the substantial and essential, and in short committing idolatry, by materialising spiritual mysteries and worshipping the symbol instead of the verity. Thus has it done until the "Fig-tree" of the inward understanding has withered away and can no longer bear the fruit of the perception of divine things. Being all body itself, it has made religion a thing of the body and the senses, and not of the mind and soul. Whereas the Church's body, like the human body, must be relegated to its proper place and office, by being made an instrument, no longer of repression, degradation, and suppression, in respect of its mysteries, but of expression, exaltation, and exposition. Holding this, the teaching represented by me aims, not at the abolition of the "Objective Church," but at its purification, dematerialisation, and regeneration. And that such process has already begun and is making progress, and this within the pale of the most conservative of communions, the Roman Church, as well as without, in the Anglican and other denominations, and also that to such result the teaching which claims to constitute a "new gospel of interpretation" has largely ministered, are known positively to those who, being in a position to judge, are cognisant of the facts. Such is the movement of which a Catholic writer in the January "Fortnightly Review"—Mr. Coventry Patmore—affirms that it is proceeding, especially within the monasteries, at a rate so rapid as to be revolutionary. But that it should constitute a menace to the "Objective Church" is what no one for a moment anticipates or desires who knows the necessity for such an institution, and its power of adaptability to the altered conditions on which the human soul is entering, now that the "Fig-tree" has begun to bear again.

Respecting the serious impeachment left for the postscript, I will remark only that in my view it is precisely those who do not distinguish between the Jesus and the Christ in the sense implied in my book who "fail to understand the Central Mystery of Christianity." To be unable thus to distinguish is to confound the external personality with the indwelling Divinity, and to regard the latter as having been "crucified through weakness" as well as the former. Can it be that my critic really holds this?

EDWARD MAITLAND.

P.S.—I take it for granted that the word "Magnetism" at the bottom of the second column of Madame de Steiger's article is a misprint for "Mysticism."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JOANNA."—Please send us your name and address in confidence.

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 book-sellers.

SOCIETY WORK.

WELLINGTON HALL, ALMEIDA-STREET, UPPER-STREET, ISLINGTON.—A lecture on "The Persecution of the Jews in Russia" will be given by H. Neumann, Esq., on Sunday next, at 7 p.m.; Chairman, Mr. A. T. Rae; all seats free. Collection in aid of the persecuted Jews.

NOTTINGHAM AND MIDLAND DISTRICT.—Mr. H. A. Keatsy, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has kindly consented to exhibit his astonishing collection of Art Spirit work, in paintings, drawings, writings, photographs of apparitions, Borderland scenes, &c., all presented by powerful lime light lantern, and descriptive lecture. Further notice will be given.—BEVAN HARRIS.

SHEFFIELD PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE (Established 1880).—Our conversazione and ball will be held in the Cutlers' Hall, on Monday, March 12th, when we are most desirous to ensure as pleasurable and successful a gathering as usual. With this end in view, the suite of rooms engaged includes the ball-room, drawing-room, &c., so that all may be able to enjoy themselves. Objects of interest will be exhibited, and refreshments and flowers will be for sale.—W. HARDY.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—At our service on Sunday last Mr. Wyndoe delivered an able discourse upon the idea of God, showing how the universe is governed by laws which we can spiritually investigate with the aid of our loved ones gone on before. Mr. Norton's controls followed with very successful clairvoyance. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Wallace, "The Pioneer Medium"; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; Sunday, February 18th, Mr. Emms.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION.—On Sunday next, February 11th, a reunion of London Spiritualists will be held at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road (near the Green). Many well-known mediums and speakers will take part in the proceedings, amongst whom will be the following: Mr. J. A. Butcher, Mr. J. Veitch, Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Weidemeyer, Mrs. Mozart, and Mrs. Stanley. A special musical programme will be performed. All heartily invited. Doors open 6 p.m., commence 6.30.—CHAS. M. PAYNE, Hon. Sec.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.—On Sunday evening a crowded audience listened to a remarkable and eloquent discourse, by the inspirers of Mr. J. J. Morse, on "Man, as Interpreted by Spiritualism." All through the address the listeners (comprising friends of many shades of opinion) were held spellbound, and great satisfaction was expressed at the close. Miss Morse was heard to great advantage in the song, "A Remembered Voice," the hearty applause at the close showing how much her singing was appreciated. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance address.—L. H. R.

THE STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Several speakers on Sunday, 11th, at 7 p.m. At our meeting on Sunday last, Mr. Hardingham gave a very interesting lecture on Spiritualism. There was a good audience, and the speaker's very telling remarks were much appreciated. After dealing with the well-known positions taken up by Materialists, he deprecated a policy of pure aggression, and spoke of the necessity of trying to spread a knowledge of our philosophy and phenomena in conjunction with the teachings of Jesus in all their attractive bearings, so as to effect a gradual change for the better amongst those who are identified with what is known as extreme orthodoxy.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On the 1st inst. Mr. J. J. Vango's controls gave clairvoyant descriptions to friends who were present, and many of them were recognised. We are open to receive the names and addresses of mediums who are willing to take our Thursday's circle occasionally, either for Clairvoyance or Psychometry. Address the Secretary, as above. On Sunday last Mr. Chas. Payne gave a very interesting address on the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism compared with those of other religions. This is the first time that this gentleman has spoken from our platform, but we hope it may not be the last. On Sunday next at 7 o'clock, Dr. Reynolds, address; on Thursday, February 15th, at 8 o'clock, Mrs. Bliss, clairvoyance; admission by ticket only, to be obtained of the Secretary.—J. B.

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 Chabanaïs, 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.

MR. MORSE'S LIBRARY AND READING ROOMS.—Another pleasant social gathering was held on Friday, the 2nd inst., at Mr. J. J. Morse's Library and Reading Rooms, 26, Osnaburgh-street, Regent's Park. Among those present were Messrs. Traill, Taylor, A. Glendinning, John Davidson (of Buenos Ayres), Peter Anderson, H. Rumford, Leigh Hunt, Cooper, Braund, and Davies; while amongst the ladies were Miss MacCreddie, the Misses Nellie and Jessie Dixon, Mrs. Kirby, Miss Alice Hunt, Miss Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Morse, and Miss Day. Chief amongst the musical contributions to the enjoyment of the evening we may mention a pianoforte solo artistically rendered by Miss Alice Hunt, a song, "For all Eternity," by Miss Morse, and two songs with guitar accompaniment by Miss Jessie Dixon, whose name is so favourably remembered in connection with the choir of the Metropolitan Spiritual Lyceum at the Cavendish Rooms some years ago. After a short and pleasant speech by Mr. Morse, Mr. Andrew Glendinning asked permission to say a few words. He warmly complimented Mr. Morse on the zeal and enterprise which had moved him to establish a rendezvous for persons interested in psychical matters, and paid a high tribute to the ability with which it was being conducted. He had no doubt that with the long experience Mr. Morse had gained in America, where these matters were so much more prevalent, he would be able to add still more novel features to the undertaking. He strongly advocated catering for the tastes of the younger people, who would be the veterans of the future. In conclusion he gave a welcome expression to his feelings in the form of a (we believe original) song, which was received with applause by the audience, to whom this evidence of Mr. Glendinning's versatility was as new as it was unexpected. The party then descended to the dining-room, where refreshments awaited them, and after a little more music and conversation dispersed, to carry away the recollection of a pleasant evening under the auspices of a movement which, under the direction of Mr. Morse, will, we hope, tend to a revival of the social Spiritualism of a few years ago.—D. G.

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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