

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We have received a grave rebuke from America respecting our notice of a sermon by Dr. Furness. The writer of the rebuke, on the supposition that we had only seen an extract, sends us the whole sermon; but, alas, we find that it fully bears us out in our judgment of it. As it is a matter of public interest, we return to the subject.

What we felt and feel is that the writer of the sermon was depressingly anxious to get rid of every vestige of the angels from the story of the Resurrection, and as depressingly anxious to get back the fleshly body from the sepulchre. He says that Jesus, on his return to life, pushed away the stone from the sepulchre, and that this produced the noise that made the soldiers run away as from an "earthquake." Jesus, on emerging from the sepulchre, sat down, wrapped in the grave clothes, "to breathe the fresh air and recover from the exertion of pushing away the stone." This "strange figure" they mistook for an angel or a ghost. The "young man sitting on the right side (of the sepulchre), clothed in a long white garment," was Jesus himself, who had gone back into the sepulchre on seeing the women approach. But the women said they had seen two angels? The second angel "was the white cloth which Jesus had left where his head had lain"! After the women had gone, Jesus found other clothes, "most probably the gardener's," says Dr. Furness, and left his long white garment in the sepulchre. Of Mary Magdalene he says:—

She said she saw two angels in the tomb. But it is evident, on the very face of her story, that she had not the least idea, when she looked into the tomb, that the white things she saw there were angelic beings. . . . When she returned to the disciples and learned that the other women had seen two angels in the tomb, I can almost hear her exclaim: "I saw those two angels, too! I did not know what to make of them at the moment; and that voice that asked me why I wept, coming I knew not whence, must have come from one of them." Thus it was that Mary always believed and declared that she had seen two angels in the sepulchre. Perhaps she was the more confident in this assertion, in that she may have been unwilling to acknowledge that her companions had seen more than she saw. Certain it is that Mary saw two white objects in the tomb. The women also saw two, but one of the two that the women saw was the young man clad in white, whom Mary did not see. Yet she declared she saw two. How did this happen?

The fact is, that after the women left and before Mary came, Jesus, having found other clothing, left in the tomb the long white garment in which he was wrapped when the women saw him, and that it was which Mary saw, as well as the white head-cloth. It is such little accidents as these, wholly undesignated, that are so telling as circumstantial evidences of truth.

But the odd thing is that although Dr. Furness seems anxious to establish the truth of the story, he cuts it to

pieces. He says that "the young man" in the sepulchre was Jesus, and yet the young man said of Jesus "He is risen, He is not here." He says that Mary mistook grave-clothes for angels; but the story is explicit:—

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping. And as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

The grave-clothes spoke to her! We are not contending for the truth of the story: we only say that Dr. Furness does not at all take it as it stands, and that he subjects it to severe arbitrary treatment for the manifest purpose of getting rid of the angels and securing the uprising of the fleshly body of Jesus.

And, even though his treatment of the story were legitimate, what then? He only succeeds in suggesting (what he does not really wish to suggest) that Jesus had not died at all! No: the only real resurrection worth talking about is a resurrection which should show that soul persists after body, that the spirit survives the flesh, and that Jesus, the real Jesus, the Spirit-Jesus from the spirit-sphere, was able, apart from the body, to prove that *death does not kill*. Just in so far as Dr. Furness or anybody else backs up the theory that the body of Jesus forced its way out of that sepulchre, to go and "breathe the fresh air and recover," the value of "the resurrection" vanishes.

Mr. Frederick W. Hayes has written a serious-minded book entitled "The Great Revolution of 1905" (London: R. Forder, 28, Stonecutter-street), setting forth, from a Collectivist's or Socialist's point of view, a programme of social and commercial revolution for Great Britain. The book entirely avoids the moonshine of "Looking Backward," and the rhapsody of Mr. Morris's writings. It is, in fact, a hard, solid, and entirely English bit of work—very upsetting, but very full of solid food for thought.

Marion Crawford's contribution to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Autonym Library" is an uncanny thing. "The Upper Berth" is a raw rum old Bogey story, without discrimination and without utility. It may help to bang people into some sort of spiritualistic receptivity, but it will not do it in a wholesome way. There is a Spiritualism that is gross: Mr. Crawford's specimen of it is worse; it is almost brutal, and will do no good. The other story, "By the Waters of Paradise," is also uncanny, but it has a sunny light in it, and ends rightly; and, in so far as it shows the transforming grace and power of love, it is beautiful and helpful. There is a distinct call for the poet and the story-teller of pure Spiritualism. He (or she) might be one of the truest joy-givers and guides of the age: and for this we want an Olive Schreiner.

A thoughtful correspondent writes as follows:—

A recent number of "LIGHT" contains two pages which implicitly and explicitly deal with the utter failure of modern

civilisation to provide either a mundane present or the hope of a mundane future fit for a respectable dog.

Now I rejoice exceedingly that you are apparently ready to draw your readers' attention to the obstacles to *psychic* truth or development presented by the *physical* conditions of society (and the low *morale* inevitably associated therewith). In other words, I think it is high time that *Spiritualists* should be brought to recognize that we must have satisfactory *material* conditions of society before any fair scope can be afforded for spiritual development, and (if I am right) it therefore becomes the duty of *Spiritualists* to interest themselves in even the most mechanical and materialistic methods or schemes for effecting an improvement in ordinary social environment.

As regards "pessimism," does not half of it at least arise from the absence of any definite outlook, reasonably possible and approximate, for a healthy, comfortable, and secure social state? I think it does. If so, men like Bellamy "do the State some service." Also if, as would certainly appear probable, the removal of some of the vices, crimes, and meanesses of our existing system would promote leisure, opportunity, and sympathy for the study of matters *psychical*, then *Spiritualists* may aid greatly in setting up an antidote to "pessimism" by throwing themselves heartily into social reform—or into the search for the true lines of social reform, at all events.

A REJOINDER.

In our issue of March 3rd we reviewed at some length one of a series of articles in the "Arena" on Occultism, by a certain Dr. Hensoldt. While these articles were so written as to seem to give a *bonâ fide* account of adventures in quest of the occult in various parts of the world, we pointed out that, on the other hand, the internal evidence tended to show that Dr. Hensoldt is one of the now numerous writers on occult subjects who draw upon their imaginations for their facts, and rely on their memories for their fancies, employing the common and perfectly legitimate literary device of narrative form.

It seems that our criticism of "The Adepts of Serinagur" has hit Dr. Hensoldt pretty hard, for in the July number of the "Arena" he calls us very bad names, misquotes us in one instance, and misrepresents our meaning in another. Anger proverbially disturbs the understanding, and Dr. Hensoldt blindly fancies that we criticised his lucubrations from a theosophic point of view; so, if we now laugh, instead of lamenting over the ill-treatment he accords to us, it is because of the comicality of the situation, for he is "beating the wrong man"—a comicality which is in no way diminished by the fact that more than one theosophical organ has taken Dr. Hensoldt quite seriously. A "trained" Theosophist has a much greater facility of belief where "Adepts" are concerned than the average Spiritualist.

We were puzzled at first to think why Dr. Hensoldt should pay us the compliment of numbering us among the *Theosophists*, but it seems that he misunderstands a sentence which would be plain enough to any but a very angry man. In the criticism to which he objects, after saying that a real fairy would not keep a pawnshop, nor a real ogre read family prayers, we spoke of the Adept who is painted by Bulwer Lytton and Madame Blavatsky as "the real thing" [within marks of quotation]; and surely it does not take much acumen to see that what we contrasted was the noble but imaginary being depicted by those writers as an Adept, and the Christmas pantomime magician of Dr. Hensoldt, equally an ideal or imaginary entity in our opinion; whereas Dr. Hensoldt thinks, or professes to think, that we meant to deny the reality of *his* Adepts because they do not resemble the "real Adepts" of Bulwer Lytton and Madame Blavatsky.

If Dr. Hensoldt had wished to confirm the rather unfavourable opinion we expressed as to the value of his narratives, he could not have done it better than by his article in the July "Arena" on "Occultism in Tibet." This article, apparently the first of a series with which the

readers of the "Arena" are to be favoured, is taken up with a description of Tibet and the Tibetans, which has, unfortunately, all the appearance of being compiled by the very simple and well-known literary process of cutting here and there from old authors, and giving to the product an air of originality by freely exaggerating every item. Now Dr. Hensoldt states distinctly in this article that he has travelled in Tibet and has been at Darjeeling, the point from which almost all expeditions, native or other, start into Tibet. Of course, as he says so, we must accept his assurance. Yet it seems to us to be scarcely possible that any man of ordinary intelligence (and we frankly confess that Dr. Hensoldt appears to have more than usual of that valuable commodity) who was interested in learning about the Tibetans, and intent on travelling in Tibet, could be long in Darjeeling without hearing of the exploring and surveying Expeditions, consisting of educated natives of India, acquainted with the Tibetan language, which for many years past the Indian Government has been quietly despatching from that point to and through Tibet, and the voluminous and minute Reports of which, concerning Tibet and the Tibetans, are now believed by those in authority in India to afford by far the fullest and most reliable up-to-date information about that mysterious country and its inhabitants. These important Expeditions and most valuable Reports are evidently quite unknown to Dr. Hensoldt, just as they would naturally be to a Tibetan traveller who had travelled only in the imagination, but could hardly be to anyone who had visited India in the flesh with Tibetan exploration in view. The Reports in question have not been published, but some of them have been privately printed, and no doubt so great a traveller and learned an ethnologist as Dr. Hensoldt would have interest enough with the Indian Government to procure copies from the Secret Service department, and, in the most friendly way, we advise him to do so before he writes another word about Tibet.

But, after all, a joke is a joke; and we do not wish to spoil innocent fun; so, if the Editor of the "Arena" chooses to amuse his readers with Dr. Hensoldt's interesting stories of his marvellous adventures, and if Dr. Hensoldt chooses to relate those adventures with a serious face, we can only compliment the former on his editorial "smartness," and the latter on his literary ability; while at the same time we congratulate the readers of the "Arena" upon the useful and reliable information they are receiving about occult subjects! An appetite has arisen among the public for "borderland" stories; and to feed the hungry is a work of mercy which is, in this case, easily performed, since the palate of a hungry man is not very delicate; and far be it from us to cause a single reader of the "Arena" to turn away in disgust from the comforting bowl of soup that Dr. Hensoldt brews for him, by exposing the secrets of the kitchen—our criticisms were intended for our own readers.

We must say, however, with all the deference and respect due to so able a brother journalist as the Editor of the "Arena," that until he has presented the public with some corroboration or verification of the literal accuracy of Dr. Hensoldt's narratives (for which his silence would be a voucher were the case an ordinary one), he should not allow his pages to be disfigured by ignorant and vulgar abuse of "LIGHT," a journal which generally knows what it is talking about, and which is too well known, and too highly appreciated, to suffer injury from angry exhibitions on the part of a contributor to the "Arena."

NEVER forget that of the word unsaid you are master; of the word spoken you are slave.

THE reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking. It must come in connection with a true acceptance by each man of his vocation—not chosen by his parents, or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.—EMERSON.

A CASE FOR MR. RICHARD HODGSON.

If the talented author of the article on Indian Magic in the last number of "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychological Research is still under the impression that the method which he adopted in the case of Mr. Harry Kellar's evidence on the subject is good for the demolition of all testimony of the same character—though it may not be presented in similarly inaccurate fashion—here is another head to crack. This time it is on the shoulders of a German scientist, Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt, and we take the gist of the particulars from "Le Messenger," of Liège, which, under the title "Indian Magicians," has the following:—

Under above heading, M. de Varigny publishes in "L'Illustration" for June 9th, an interesting article of three columns which confirms what our esteemed contributor, M. Horace Pelletier, has often said in our own pages, viz., that the Indian fakirs have, from time immemorial, been in possession of secrets which are unknown to Europeans; and that the psychic phenomena which they produce—so to speak, at will—can only be compared to, if they do not surpass, those of the highest class of our modern mediums. To-day we have the ocular evidence of Dr. Hensoldt, a German *savant*, who has travelled India in a thorough sense; and surrounded himself with every security possible to science and reason, and has examined the phenomena produced in his presence, not only by the light of his own more serious acquirements in the domains of material and occult learning, but also by that thrown upon the curious feats by his acquaintance with the practices of legerdemain. Here is what he says of the Yoghi sect: "On the hard beaten soil, in the open air, the Yoghi squats in intense meditation. Then he arises, stretching out his right hand, on the palm of which a spectator places a large, empty calabash which he fills with water up to the rim. Not a movement of the arm or of the muscles is observed. The Yoghi raises his left arm and lays his hand on his forehead, veiling his eyes. The spectators watch the calabash, the appearance of which is gradually modified. Little by little its outline contracts, and yet not a drop of water is spilt. In less than a minute, the calabash was reduced by one half, and in less than two, it contracted to such dimensions as to be hardly visible. Then the phenomenon was reversed; the vessel dilated and regained its former size, while, during the five minutes which elapsed, the fakir's arm never flinched, nor did he make a single movement. The calabash was still full of water. The second feat was not less curious. The Yoghi took a heavy, full coconut, weighed it, balanced it, and then like a person who arranges some ponderous thing on an *étagère*, or other means of support, he raised his arm carefully and placed the coconut on the air, where it rested on what people call "nothing," and remained immovable until the fakir again put out his hand and took it, breaking and emptying it, and then, with his naked arm and hand, raising it above his head and pouring from it as much water as would have filled a dozen."

The next marvel is one which Dr. Hodgson says he never saw, viz., the rope trick. Dr. Hensoldt states that he saw it on four separate occasions! A rope, having a knot at its lower or "earth" end, is thrown into the air, and becomes tight, as if some unseen denizen of the atmosphere were pulling it. The fakir places his feet on the knot, and the rope ascends with him until he disappears. The mango trick is then described, and the peculiarity with regard to it is that the Doctor, who was very sceptical about the possibility of making a tree grow with such rapidity, having expressed the opinion that it might be an optical illusion, was immediately invited to go and touch it. He not only availed himself of the permission, but seized a branch and plucked some of the fruit. He had also thought it not improbable that it might be done by means of hypnotic suggestion of some kind, but when he carried away the fruit he very naturally discarded that theory. He witnessed this mango trick five times, and his self-confidence appears to have suffered considerably, for he candidly admits that we must seek in India the explanation of phenomena which upset our theories and humble our scientific pride. But perhaps Dr. Hodgson will think that Dr. Hensoldt is only joking.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S "OLD DIARY LEAVES."

Under this title Colonel Olcott continues in "The Theosophist" the story of his experiences with Madame Blavatsky. Many of them are very small matters indeed, but the following may, perhaps, be of some interest to our readers:—

I met one day in the lower part of the city (New York) an acquaintance, with whom I stopped for a few moments to chat. He was very prejudiced against H.P.B., and spoke very harshly against her, keeping to his opinion despite all I could say. At last he used such objectionable language that, in sheer disgust, I hastily left him and went on my way. I got home as usual in time for dinner, and went to my room to make my toilet. H.P.B. came along the passage to open the door, and from thence bade me good evening. The washing-stand was in the N.W. corner, opposite the door, and the "hard-finished" white wall above it uncovered with pictures or anything. After finishing my washing I turned towards the shaving-stand, behind me and just in front of the window, to brush my hair, when I saw something of a green colour reflected in the glass. A second glance showed it to be a sheet of green paper with writing upon it, attached to the wall just over the washing-stand where I had the moment before been occupied without seeing anything save the blank wall before my eyes. I found the paper attached to the plastering by pins at the four corners, and the writing to be a number of Oriental texts from Dhammapada and Sûtras, written in a peculiar style and signed at the lower corner with the name of one of the Masters. The verses were reproaches to me for having allowed H.P.B. to be reviled without defending her; unmistakably referring to my encounter down town with the person I had met, although no names were mentioned. I had not been five minutes in the house since my return, had spoken to nobody about the incident, nor exchanged with anyone in the house more than the few words of greeting with H.P.B. from the door of my room. This is one of those phenomena of the higher class which involve the power of thought-reading, or clairaudience at a distance, and either that of producing written documents without contact, or of writing them in the ordinary way, attaching them to the wall before my return home, and then inhibiting my sight so as to make them invisible for the moment, but visible the next instant by the restoration to me of my normal vision. This seems the more probable explanation of the two, yet, even then see how fine is the phenomenon, first, in the clairaudience at the distance of three miles, and then in the inhibition of my sight without arousing the slightest suspicion in my mind of the trick being played upon me. I had carefully kept this green paper until 1891, when it was with me on the round-the-world tour, and was appropriated by somebody without my permission. I should be glad to recover it in time to print in my book.

A very interesting phenomenon is that of duplication of objects, the making of two or more out of one. Here is an instance which was described in the New York correspondence of the "Hartford Daily Times" of December 2nd, 1878. The correspondent passes an evening with us and meets a number of other visitors, from one of whom, an English artist, he gets the following story of what he saw H. P. B. do:—

"I know, it will seem incredible to you, my dear fellow," said my friend, 'for it does to me as I look back upon it; yet, at the same time, I know my senses could not have deceived me. Besides, another gentleman was with me at the time. I have seen Madame create things.' 'Create things!' I cried. 'Yes, create things—produce them from nothing. I can tell you of two instances.

"Madame, my friend, and myself were out one day looking about the stores, when she said she desired some of those illuminated alphabets which come in sheets, like the painted sheets of little birds, flowers, animals, and other figures, so popular for decorating pottery and vases. She was making a scrap-book, and wished to arrange her title page in these pretty coloured letters. Well, we hunted everywhere but could not find any, until at last we found just one sheet, containing the twenty-six letters, somewhere on Sixth Avenue. Madame bought that one, and we went home. She wanted several, of course, but not finding them proceeded to use what she could of this. My friend and I sat down beside her little table, while she got out her scrap-book, and busily began to paste her letters in. By and bye, she exclaimed, petulantly, 'I want two S's, two P's, and two A's.' I said, 'Madame, I

will go and search for them down town. I presume I can find them somewhere.'

"No, you need not," she answered. Then, suddenly looking up, said, 'Do you wish to see me make some?'

"Make some? How? Paint some?'

"No, make some exactly like these.'

"But how is that possible? These are printed by machinery.'

"It is possible—see!'

"She put her finger upon the S and looked upon it. She looked at it with infinite intensity. Her brow ridged out. She seemed the very spirit of will. In about half a minute she smiled, lifted her finger, took up two S's exactly alike, exclaiming, 'It is done!' She did the same with the P's.

"Then my friend thought: 'If this is trickery, it can be detected. In one alphabet can be but one letter of a kind. I will try her.' So he did. 'Madame, supposing this time, instead of making the two letters separately, you join them together thus, A—A?'

"It makes no difference to me how I do it," she replied indifferently, and placing her finger on the A, in a few seconds she took it up, and handed him two A's, joined together as he desired. *They were as if stamped from the same piece of paper.* There were no seams or (artificial) joinings of any kind. She had to cut them apart to use them. This was in broad daylight, in the presence of no one but myself and friend, and done simply for her own convenience. We were both astounded and lost in admiration. We examined these with the utmost care. They seemed as much alike as two peas."

What made a visit to the Lamasery so piquant, was the chance that on any given occasion the visitor might see H.P.B. do some wonder in addition to amusing, delighting or edifying him or her with her witty and vivacious talk. In a pause in the conversation, perhaps a guest would hold up a finger, say "Hush!" and then, all listening in breathless silence, musical notes would be heard in the air. Sometimes they would sound faintly far away in the distance, then coming nearer and gaining volume until the elfin music would float around the room, near the ceiling, and finally die away again in a lost chord and be succeeded by silence. Or it might be that H.P.B. would fling out her hand with an imperious gesture and *ping! ping!* would come, in the air whither she pointed, 'he silvery tones of a bell. Some people fancy that she must have had a concealed bell under her dress for playing her tricks; but the answer to that is that not only I, but others, have, after dinner, before rising from the table, arranged a series of finger-glasses and tumblers, with various depths of water in them to cause them to give out different notes when struck, and then tapping their edges with a lead pencil, a knife blade or some other thing, have had her duplicate in space every note drawn from the "musical glasses." No trick bell worked beneath a woman's skirts would do that. Then, again, how often have people been present when she would lay her hand on a tree-trunk, a house wall, a clock case, a man's head, or wherever else she might be asked to try it, and cause the fairy bell to ring within the substance of the solid body she had her hands in contact with. I was with her at Mr. Sinnett's house at Simla when, all of us standing on the verandah, she made the musical sounds to come towards us on the air of the starlit night, from across the dark valley into which descended the hill-slope on which the house was built. And I was present when she made a bell to ring inside the head of one of the greatest of the Anglo-Indian civilians, and another to sound inside the coat pocket of another very high civilian at the other side of the room from where she sat.

She never could give a satisfactory scientific explanation of the *modus operandi*. One day when she and I were alone and talking of it, she said: "Now see here; you are a great whistler: how do you form instantaneously any given note you wish to produce?" I replied that I could not exactly say how I did it, except that a certain arrangement of the lips and compression of air within the mouth, the knack of which had been acquired by many years of practice, caused each note to sound simultaneously with the act of my thinking of it. "Well now, tell me: when you would sound a note do you think that, to produce it, you must pout your lips, compress your breath, and work your throat-muscles in certain prescribed ways, and then proceed to do it?" "Not at all," I said; "long habit had made the muscular and pneumatic actions automatic." "Well then, that's just the thing: I think of a note; automatically or instinctively I work the astral currents by my trained will; I send a sort of cross-current out from my brain to a certain

point in space, where a vortex is formed between this current and the great current flowing in the astral light according to the earth's motion, and in that vortex sounds out the note I think. Just, you see, as the note you mean to whistle sounds in the air-tube formed by your lips, when you put them into the right position, work your lip and throat muscles in the right way, and force your breath to rush out of this channel or lip-orifice. It is impossible for me to explain any better. I can do it, but can't tell you how I do it. Now try any notes you please and see if I cannot imitate them." I struck a note out of one of the tumblers at random, and instantly its echo, as if the soul of it ringing in Fairyland, would sound in the air; sometimes just overhead, now in this corner, now in that. She sometimes missed the exact note, but when I told her so, she would ask me to sound it again, and then the note would be exactly reflected back to us out of the A'kás'a.

In connection with the above, read what Mrs. Speer says ("LIGHT," January 28th, 1893) about the musical sounds that used to accompany "M. A. (Oxon.)"

"September 19th.—Before meeting this evening we heard the 'fairy bells' playing in different parts of the garden where we were walking; at times they sounded far off, seemingly playing at the top of some high elm trees, music and stars mingling together, then they would approach nearer to us, eventually following us into the séance-room, which opened on to the lawn. After we were seated the music still lingered with us, playing in the corners of the room, and then over the table round which we were sitting. They played scales and chords, by request, with the greatest rapidity, and copied notes Dr. S. made with his voice. After Mr. S. M. was entranced the music became louder, and sounded like brilliant playing on a piano. There was no instrument in that room."

The musical phenomena were evidently identical with those of H.P.B., but with the radical difference that she produced the sounds at will, while in Stainton Moses's case they were beyond his control, and most brilliant when his body was entranced. The Speer Circle had a great deal of these "fairy bells" first and last, and, I fancy, a fair amount of lies told by the spirits to account for them. For instance, Benjamin Franklin's alleged spirit told them ("LIGHT," March 18th, 1893, p. 130) that "the sound you call fairy bells represents a spirit instrument, one used in the spheres." Yet he adds, "We could do much more for you had our medium a musical organisation, but it is a bad one for music." Why, if it were to be drawn from an instrument? That is almost like saying that Thalberg or Paderewsky could play their instrument better if the gasman of the building were not deaf in one ear! We may safely deny the "spirit instrument" theory, for we have the explanation in the fact, that the more musical the temperament of the medium, naturally, the more melodious the fairy bells that can be made to jingle in his presence. Moreover, in the case of a medium, the more deeply he is plunged into trance, the nearer and clearer may be the "tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells!"

TEST MESSAGES.—I believe in being careful in our intercourse with departed spirits, and always respectful. I do not, however, believe in being unreasonably captious in our examination of what purports to come from the Spirit-world: I think the better way is to be hospitable to all that come. The apostle Paul gives good advice when he says: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," and it is always wise to act on that principle. I have always endeavoured to do so, and this, I think, should be our attitude to everything that purports to come from the Spirit-world, and in a respectful manner give the message the benefit of any doubt, not always acting upon it, but waiting respectfully until the advice or communication commends itself, or proves itself of no value. I have had some messages that were *primâ facie* bogus, that afterwards proved themselves genuine and tests—hence, before condemnation, I would pigeon-hole the doubtful ones for further intelligence in the hereafter. I say, give the message the benefit of the doubt, for we cannot always tell the refraction that there may be in a transit of a message from the Spirit-world to this. People are very differently constituted, and what would be tests to some would not be to others. I think everyone who gives respectful attention to this subject and investigates carefully will get in his experience a satisfactory test. That there are tests from departed spirits I am as absolutely certain as I am of my part in the realm of physics. When one gets a satisfactory test, one that will hold water and stand the absolute proof, it proves a continuous life after the death of the body, and one such unmistakable test is as good as a thousand, if the one is absolutely unmistakable.—JOHN WETHERBEE.

THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

In "The Christian Register" (U.S.A.) that sound scholar and keen observer, the Rev. Francis Tiffany (who is travelling in Egypt), breaks somewhat new ground with regard to the religion of ancient Egypt. He holds that it was "the most literally materialised system of Pantheism that ever existed." In fact, he regards the ancient Egyptians as, in the mass, "the most prosaically imaginative people conceivable," "shut up to yearnings for a sort of everlasting Dutch tulip garden and a pipe, beside a canal;"—a rather free-hand sketch, by the way! He says:—

An Egyptian's tomb was his spirit house, in which his spirit needed his body, his appetite, his bed, his three meals a day, his servants, his farm, his bath, his cat and dog, his doctor and his pills. All these he could enjoy in a strange spiritual-material way, for everything had its double: a chair could be sat on equally well by a live man weighing two hundred pounds and by a spirit weighing nothing. The scent of a savoury bit of broiled flesh could be snuffed up with equal ecstasy by material or by spiritual nostrils, and the meat equally well eaten and digested by material or by spiritual teeth and alimentary canals. Everything, I repeat it, had its double; and without realising this to our minds, after the most literal and downright fashion, we shall make no step of headway.

The body and its every organ thus had, to the Egyptian mind, its exact counterpart of needs in the spirit. Consequently, just as literally as any one of us would be utterly nonplussed and miserable who should return to his home and find there no chairs, no carpets, no cups and saucers, no meat in the larder, no towels and soap, no family to greet him, no books to read, no Bridget in the kitchen, exactly in the same way did the Egyptian spirit feel about his tomb. In wrath and exasperation would he haunt and make unendurable the lives of the son or daughter or wife who had subjected him to such intolerable privations. And, while the minute and commonplace fidelity to details with which all this was believed in and carried out, often strikes one in an irresistibly humorous light, any neglect of it would have made an Egyptian spirit as downright mad as would be the average American householder on returning to such a carpet-less, bed-less, meat-less, Bridget-less home as I but now alluded to. . . . The pictures on the walls of the tombs are not pictures. They are the spiritual doubles of flowers and beasts and fields and the Nile, corresponding as exactly with the enjoying capacities of spirit as the material ones did with those of the body. Should they perish, just in so far would perish spirit life in and through them. Therefore, they must not perish. They must be projected on walls hewn into the solid rock, and then hermetically sealed. They are as the very granaries that represent all that stand between a people and outright starvation. Likewise the body; it must never perish, lest with it perish all that gives to spirit substantial validity. "Who steals my purse steals trash," but he who steals my body steals that which beggars me eternally. Now, we can all understand the meaning of a fortress, that it is to protect the very life of a country; or the meaning of a safety deposit company, that it is to protect the bonds—too often the very body and soul—of its stockholders. Well, in no other way can we understand a pyramid. It was a gigantic safety deposit and trust company, in the shape of a fortress of stone, thirteen acres in base, five hundred feet high, supposedly robber-proof and earthquake-proof; and all to protect a body. And the faith that built it was just as solid as the enormous blocks of which it was made.

Of course there prevailed among the loftier minds of Egypt, beautiful and elevated conceptions of the immortal life. . . . I do not for a moment forget that here was a people whose elect and initiated ones could sing of absolute Deity: "He is not graven in marble. He is not beheld. His abode is not known. No shrine is found with painted figures of him. There is no building that can contain him. . . . His commencement is from the beginning. He doth not manifest his forms. Vain are all representations."

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.—We have printed, in a convenient form, suitable for enclosure in letters or for distribution at public meetings, "M.A. (Oxon.'s)" "Advice to Inquirers, for the Conduct of Circles." We shall be pleased to supply copies free to all friends who will undertake to make good use of them. The only charge will be for postage—25, ½d.; 50, 1d.; 100, 2d.; 200, 3d.; 400, 4½d.; 600, 6d., &c.

HOW CONVICTION COMES.

M. H. Pelletier, writing to "*La Revue Spirite*," gives an account of the circumstances which have brought about his conversion to the belief that invisible intelligences are behind the scenes in the séance-room. He apologises for the modesty of the results which he communicates, but bases their claim to publication on their importance. He, as well as many others, never doubted the reality of certain of the facts on which what is called Spiritualism reposes. He merely doubted whether these facts were produced by intelligent causes—by spirits. He considered them to be rather effects resulting from the projection of a blind energy called "psychic force," and emanating from the bodies of certain peculiarly organised persons who seemed to possess this force in excess. Some séances which have taken place in his own house have enabled him to put his fingers in the wounds, so to speak, and have completely dissipated his scepticism with regard to the origin of the phenomena. There is nothing unusual in the results described, but the narrative will be helpful in showing people that they may attain conviction for themselves where they have opportunities of forming circles. For about a year M. Pelletier had been carrying out certain magnetic experiments, one or two of which have already been noticed in "*LIGHT*," and on this occasion he had his usual sitters around the little table which he ordinarily employs. They formed a chain by holding each other's hands at a distance of about eight inches from the top, and their feet were placed towards the backs of their chairs, the gentlemen sitting astride on their seats. In this uncomfortable position about an hour passed without the occurrence of anything worthy of mention. A few creakings of the table foot and similar sounds in the region of the ceiling, with an undulatory movement, now and then, of the table itself, were all they got. However clearly such noises and movements manifested the presence of some kind of force, they did not reveal the slightest evidence of an intelligence behind it, and the sitters were about to give up the experiment and break the chain, under the influence of their disappointment, when someone suggested that as they had undertaken the séance for purposes of study and instruction, it was hardly scientific to allow themselves to be dominated by discouragement and impatience, or to show lack of tenacity and perseverance. They then resolved to continue for another half hour, and as the end of this period approached without anything occurring of a more definite character than what had preceded, they finally agreed to break up at the expiry of the time. Suddenly the table rose to about the height of a man and came down again, and then, as they waited, it again rose and fell the same distance. After this the phenomenon was repeated several times, and on the last occasion it was raised still higher, and fell back with such force that it was broken in two. The sitters had barely recovered from the excitement caused by the fracture of the table when a lady, a neighbour, suddenly called out that her apron was gone. It had, in fact, been untied, was thrown over the sitters' heads, and fell in a corner of the room. Another person, who was wearing a travelling cap, felt it taken off, and it was placed on the foot of the person opposite. A third gentleman realised that some power was trying to draw from under him the chair on which he was seated, and sought to secure himself on it with all his might. Just at the moment when he fancied he was firmly placed it was slipped away, and he fell to the floor amid the laughter of his neighbours. The chair fell some distance off, and this amusing incident put an end to the meeting, which was held in partial darkness. M. Pelletier says that he could believe the table to have been raised, even to the height it attained, by some blind psychic force, but that the throwing of the apron—seen by everyone present—the removal of the cap, and the drawing away of the chair, are acts which have vanquished his scepticism, being, in his view, only explicable on the supposition that intelligence directs the force, however facetious or annoying may be the results of its exercise.

God knows best; but I wish He had so ordered it that our mortal bodies, when we have done with them, might vanish out of sight and sense like bubbles.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

It is of dangerous consequence to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without showing him at the same time his greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his greatness without his meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.—PASCAL.

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

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, and all Booksellers.

ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.

Five lines and under 3s. One inch, 5s. Column, £2 2s. Page, £4. A reduction made for a series of insertions.

Light:

SATURDAY, JULY 14th, 1894.

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

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

MR. ANDREW LANG'S IRENICON.

We give a very hearty welcome to Mr. Lang's book, "Cock Lane and Common Sense" (published by Longmans, Green, and Co.). The title is not a very serious one, and, indeed, if Mr. Lang is not taken quite seriously it will be his own fault. "Cock Lane and Common Sense" looks like a mere whiff of persiflage, and his airy humour all through may be taken as genial banter or good-natured chaff. But, in reality, he is very serious; and if we will only treat his title as a temporary burnt-offering to society or to his publisher, and regard his humour as only one of his pretty ways, we shall understand him perfectly well. Mr. Lang does not write a book of nearly 400 pages for the mere fun of the thing. Under the mask of the gentle jester we can always see the painstaking student and the cool and careful guide, and we are sure he is very deeply interested in the subject of spirit-communion.

The book abounds with evidences that Mr. Lang has gone into the study of the subject with very great care. We say "the study" of it. He is purely a literary man, and a student in that sense. He tells us, to our astonishment, that he has "never seen or heard a table give any responses whatever;" has never "heard the raps," &c. Either he has neglected an obvious duty or he has been strangely unfortunate. We should really like to know whether he ever seriously tried to see and hear as well as to read for himself.

But we are very glad to take him as he stands, even as a reader and writer only; and we are sure that his painstaking book will greatly help "the cause." In fact, the book will have a value of its own simply as a bit of library and study work. Mr. Lang is a kind of reservoir for all kinds of out-of-the-way literature—for fairy stories, folk-lore, traditions, mythology, and the like; and no one is better able to trace back the "smoke" along all the ages, and through all the nations, or more entitled to draw the conclusion, which he does draw, that where there is so much smoke there must be fire.

Mr. Lang's book is very much what we have called it, an "Irenicon." It is not exactly a "Spiritualist's" book, or a "believer's" book, or an "advocate's" book. It is a peacemaker's book. It comes neither from the séance-room nor from the laboratory, neither from the cave nor the Church. It comes from Pall Mall and Fleet-street: it is the verdict of a man of the world. It says to the British Philistine, with his "common-sense," "Don't imagine you know everything, or that the mysteries of the universe are bounded by your *Times* newspaper and your roast beef, by your Church and your good old port." In truth, if anyone is specially chaffed in this book, it is the British Philistine. Mr. Lang intimates that what

the British Philistine calls "common-sense" is precisely the commodity that obfuscates him. He admits that he himself has a bias, but it is a bias "in favour of fair play and ordinary logic," and *not* in favour of common-sense; for, what the British Philistine calls common-sense is either a wet blanket or very big blinkers, and Mr. Lang wants neither. He is for inquiry, looking all round, and telling the plain truth, whether it suits us or contradicts us, bothers us or blesses us. His terms of peace are: Let us commit ourselves to nothing, but be ready to look patiently and fairly at everything. We ask no more.

Mr. Lang, in his lazy-looking, but really masterful, way, pushes off the board the foolish talk about "the supernatural." He says, in a tiny but tremendous sentence: "Nobody is talking about 'the supernatural;' we are merely discussing the rather unusual. A 'wraith,' if wraiths there be, is as 'natural' as an indigestion." That is a good instance of his humour, his simplicity, his intent, and his force, all packed into two or three lines. He is essentially a nineteenth century man, prepared for great advances and mighty disclosures; but cool, well schooled against ignorant surprise and equally ignorant cocksureness—keeping his head, his temper, his common-sense, and his conscience; and this kind of nineteenth century man is pre-eminently emancipated from the little boundary walls of the British Philistine's "natural."

His amusing answers to objectors are supremely keen. One says, "The rapping trick is one of the oldest things in the world." Precisely, replies Mr. Lang, that is why it interests me. Is not that as deep as it is sly, and as philosophical as it is funny? But these pretty combinations shine and chime all through the book. Another friend says that when exact inquiry is made, all ghosts vanish. Yes, says Mr. Lang, but when people make inquiry they are accused of superstition, and "common-sense" has so bullied us for generations, that we are now afraid to attest our own unusual experiences. In that one remark we have a hundred years of history packed. Mr. Lang admits that many of the stories which he has handled are often trivial, sometimes comic; but they make a chain which reaches back through hundreds of years: "they are universally diffused, and as well-established as universally co-incident testimony can establish anything:" from which he draws the conclusion that, "if there be but one spark of real fire to all this smoke, then the purely materialistic theories of life and of the world must be reconsidered."

We find it entirely impossible to enter into any detailed examination of the book in this notice. It is probably unnecessary. What concerns our readers, in the first instance, is Mr. Lang's disposition and state of mind towards us, and this we have endeavoured to set forth. We will only add that the book contains thirteen Essays, and a Preface and Introduction, that such of the Essays as are reprinted have been much revised and enlarged, and that by far the largest part of the book is entirely new; that "Cock Lane and Common Sense" is the title of one of the Essays, and that the other Essays are on such subjects as Ancient Spiritualism, Comparative Psychical Research, Haunted Houses, Apparitions, Ghosts, and Hallucinations, Scrying or Crystal Gazing, The Second Sight, and The Ghost Theory of the Origin of Religion.

THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

We shall give in next week's "LIGHT" the report, by our Special Representative, of an Interview with Mr. J. J. Morse. Those of Mr. Morse's many friends and admirers who desire extra copies of that issue will oblige by sending us their orders at once.

MISS MCCREADIE wishes her friends and patrons to be informed that she will be absent from London, fulfilling engagements in Ireland and Wales, until the 1st of August.

THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

SEANCE WITH MRS. EVERITT.—A TALK WITH MR. STAINTON MOSES.

(Continued from page 320.)

The séance has come about in this way. Mrs. Stanhope Speer, whose valuable records of Mr. Stainton Moses's mediumship recently appeared in "LIGHT," has been sitting with a friend, and Stainton Moses has told them (by table tiltings, I believe) that if they would obtain a sitting with Mrs. Everitt he hoped to be able to talk with them. The sitting is readily accorded; and so we find ourselves, a party of nine, seated round a friendly table in town, with the air hot, still, and oppressive, and the Saturday night traffic in the main road not a hundred yards away reaching our ears with a dull, muffled roar. The company consists of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, Miss Everitt, Mrs. Speer and friend, Mr. Dawson Rogers, Mr. A. J. Sutton, Mr. G. Pearce-Serocold (a gentleman known to no one in the circle, except Mr. Dawson Rogers), and myself.

The shutters having been closed we seat ourselves at the table, with the gas alight. There is no tiresome waiting, for the raps come in plenty at once, as Mrs. Speer shows the rings on her fingers set with stones presented to her at séances with Mr. Stainton Moses.

"I have brought them," she says, "thinking they might be helpful in attracting the unseen friends who gave them me."

She mentions the names of spirit donors in turn, and the answering raps tell of their near presence to-night, whilst the rings go the round of the circle for interested inspection.

Now there comes a curious incident—one of those unexpected and telling incidents that often mark a sitting of this kind. Raps—deliberate, persistent, not to be denied—are heard in a distant corner of the room.

"Are you known to any of the circle?"

"Yes."

"Can you come near?" asks Mr. Everitt.

"No!"

"Then let us have your name."

The initials W. P. S. are given, as Mr. Everitt repeats the alphabet. An inquiring glance round the table, but no one owns the visitant.

"We do not know you, I fear——"

"Stay," interposes Mr. Pearce-Serocold, "I have waited for the others to reply first. The initials given answer to the name of my brother, Walter Pearce-Serocold, who comes in this way to every séance I attend. Are you my brother Walter?"

The raps give a gratified assent, and affectionate greeting is exchanged.

These are but preliminaries. We are now told to read from the Book, and following the directions of the raps, which tell out chapter and verse, Mr. Everitt reads the story of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel—"a whole-night séance, in fact," he parenthetically explains—and of the sudden "sound from Heaven"—a rousing rap here in illustration—and the visitation of the "cloven tongues like as of fire" to the expectant circle of disciples.

Now the table moves slowly and rises some inches at one end, none touching, and the solid floor quivers and vibrates.

"Put out the gas" is spelt.

Immediately this is done the lights appear—tiny sparkling points, which dart hither and thither restlessly; large, soft, lambent disks that rise with graceful motion and poise in mid-air; brilliant stars, that flash and then disappear, leaving the room the blacker for their coming and going. Now two bright lights, that rise and hang for a time in

mid-air and then dance, maintaining the same distance apart all through—the course of the one being an exact counterpart of the course of its fellow—suddenly spring together and become as one, and fly apart, and then together again.

"Is that your light, Kattie?"

"Yes, yes, yes." The low, intense, rapid whisper, marked by a slight lisp, is the voice of Mr. Rogers's daughter, familiar to the ears of Mrs. Everitt's sitters.

Then the lights answer for those who exhibit them. One, twinkling thrice as an affirmative reply, is that of "Annie," a long-standing spirit friend of the medium's; another, with slow, solemn, threefold extinguishment, answers for Mentor; and yet another stands sponsor for Stainton Moses himself.

Now the table again quivers, papers lying on it are rustled, someone is touched and gratefully recognises the touch, and mental questions receive ready replies by raps; but the voice that all are waiting for delays.

A long-drawn stream of light flows into the room below the shutters, and as our eyes become accustomed to the dark becomes more and more obtrusively evident.

"I wonder," suggests one, "if that streak of light is an impediment?"

"Rather," comes the prompt reply in the direct voice from an unexpected quarter—hoarse, and so comical in its suggestiveness of an exceedingly bad cold that we are unable to restrain a hearty laugh. It is Zippy, who loves to raise a laugh, and does it with a purpose, for laughing "gives off," and "giving off" is useful for many things at a séance, and particularly for the direct voice, as we presently have proof of when Zippy gives us "good evening" in pleasant and natural tones, and directs the ingress of light to be stopped as far as rough and ready means will allow. He explains from somewhere near the ceiling—Zippy's voice is here, there, and everywhere during the evening—that it is difficult to talk owing to the conditions induced by the heat.

"Yes, we feel the heat very much, Zippy."

The answer is a delicious breeze, which we all gratefully acknowledge and appreciate. The atmosphere grows perceptibly cooler, and for the remainder of the sitting no further discomfort on account of the temperature is experienced.

Stainton Moses raps, and Zippy tells Mrs. Speer that he will try to rap like that at her circle, and hopes soon to be able to talk to her, too. "You see, a good medium on your side is a good medium here, too; and it will not be very difficult for him."

Zippy keeps up a running conversation with the circle. Presently he takes up the tube and uses that, but the power still failing, he drops the tube on the table with a resounding whack. Then he tinkles the pendants of the chandelier in a merry tune, until our host is fain to bid him have a care, for the chandelier is venerable and the pendants perilously loose. So Zippy leaves the chandelier, and presently he is scraping the tube up against the ceiling, with a grating sound that sets our teeth on edge, but makes us laugh again, which is what he intends, and the way is paved for Stainton Moses to speak.

In low, earnest tones he gives us loving greeting; expresses his joy at being able to come so soon and speak to old and dear friends, and after instructing Mrs. Speer as to the future conduct of her private sittings, goes on to speak of a subject evidently near to his heart. This is a proposed International Congress of Spiritualists in London, which Zippy has spoken of at previous sittings as having been arranged for on the other side, and which, with co-operation here, the spirit friends hope will be brought off next year.

"It will do much good," says the late President of the Alliance; "will give more light to the world, and will

result in a great practical advance of the cause. Bundy, who is here to-night, Paice, Theodore Parker, Judge Edmunds, S. C. Hall, William Howitt, Jabez Burns, Dr. Speer, and many other friends are anxious for this conference, and are working to bring it about. Leading Spiritualists must be invited from all parts of the world."

"But have you counted the cost?" This from the present President of the Alliance, who knows from experience that the treasury chest is not inexhaustible.

"Have no concern, friend Rogers. The money will be forthcoming."

"But the work! It will be a serious task to carry out such a project successfully, and we shall need many helpers."

"You will find it easy when you make a start. We shall use our influence on this side. Be assured that it will come, and that all obstacles will be removed."

"I venture to suggest that before you go you should give me, as representative of 'LIGHT,' a message to the readers of that paper. They will look for one when they know you have come to us to-night."

"It must be brief. Tell them that though I am removed from their state I am still working with them, and helping to advance the cause as much as possible. Friend Paice, like myself, maintains a lively interest in the paper, and so do S. C. Hall and Dr. Speer. William Howitt, I should also tell you, quite agrees with us in regard to the proposed Congress; but I do not see either him or S. C. Hall so often as I see the other friends, as they are not in our sphere. I am glad to see the good which 'LIGHT' is doing. There is more light now, more knowledge, than when we began to investigate; and 'LIGHT' has advanced with the advance of information on the subject. But the paper should be more widely disseminated; and all efforts should be made to that end. Now, good-night; I must be going. Give my love to all the friends that I know, not forgetting friend Withall. I should like to have the opportunity of talking with you frequently, friend Rogers, and hope to be able to do so later on. Good-night."

It may be stated here that Mr. Withall was in frequent close association with Mr. Stainton Moses before his removal, being treasurer both to "LIGHT" and to the London Spiritualist Alliance.

"I am glad," breaks in Znippy's cheery voice upon the silence that follows Stainton Moses's departure, "that he has been able to speak so long and so well. Now you must close, as it is getting late."

"Znippy, before you go will you touch some of us?"

"Too late now; but you can have that."

In a moment there whizzes past my head, just grazing my ear, the tube, which falls with a clatter behind the chair.

"Hold out your hand," and before I can do so a pencil, thrown with excellent aim, reaches the palm, then another, and yet a third, one of which misses the mark.

"There, that will do; good-night."

"Good-night. Where are you going, Znippy?"

"Over there!"

A few minutes later we are in the street, finding a strange sensation, by contrast with what we have just left, in the picture of the hurrying crowd and the eyes that catch our own with careless unknowing glance.

THE mockers and sneerers at Spiritualism are almost exclusively those who have seen nothing of it, know nothing about it, and will not inquire concerning it. As rational and respectful would it be for me to reprove Professor Owen for saying that a certain mark on a stone was the mark of an antediluvian bird's claw—which to me appeared nothing more than an accidental impression—as it would be for one who has seen and known nothing of Spiritualism, to tell those who have seen and studied it much, that they are deluded and deceived—believing they see, hear, and feel, that which they neither feel, hear, nor see.—S. C. HALL.

THE
INFLUENCE OF PSYCHICAL FACTORS IN OCCULTISM.

BY DR. CARL DU PREL.

(Translated from the German.)

PART III.—ON THE SPECTATORS.

(Continued from page 317).

The supremacy of spirit over matter; that thought is power; this will one day be the final word of mysticism; and its reconciliation with natural science will take this form, that men will no longer regard thought as mere cerebral function and therefore the secondary place will then be given to the material intellect.

But we have not arrived at this yet and for the present must look for this union elsewhere. Will is a power, and thoughts are the motives of this power. The question now is whether the will is alone able to move the members of its own body, or is able to work outside its own circumference, on objects which are sufficiently sensitive to feel these effects; it may also be asked whether this will, guided by thought motives, can be coloured by the import of the thoughts.

This shows itself very remarkably in thought-transference, which is now a recognised fact; therefore we must grant that if occult phenomena are to be brought about through the means of sensitives the influence of the spectators is not to be denied. With the somnambulists the influence of the agent is first of all to be observed, since they primarily stand in rapport with him, and are thus isolated from the rest of the world. But this isolation only concerns the senses, and a transcendent rapport is so far possible that the influence of the surroundings on the sensitive must be granted. When a somnambulist is pricked with needles she does not feel it, but if the pricks are applied to her magnetiser she feels them at once on the corresponding part of her body. This rapport extends not only to bodily sensations but to the whole psychical condition of the magnetiser. Somnambulists are extremely sensitive to every doubt, or any mistrust of the magnetiser; they are like sensitive parts, and the agent who is in any way unsympathetic to them, will obtain no results. Reichenbach says with regard to mistrust in a sensitive, "That is a side on which they are most irritable, and whoever deals with a highly sensitive person, must guard themselves carefully from betraying any mistrust as to the truth of what they say. The moment she became aware of it, he would not only lose her favour, but it would turn into antipathy and hatred."* Elsewhere he says: "Somnambulists are most sensitive as to any mistrust in their uprightness or any doubt in their truthfulness. If anyone allows it to be perceived that he harbours a suspicion that he is being deceived by the patient all chance of further investigation is at an end."† A somnambulist said to Werner: "Your doubts do not please my Albert." In speaking of her control, Albert, she indicated dramatically her unconscious self. When Werner replied that he had said nothing as to any doubts, she answered; "But you had them in your mind,"‡ and it was quite true.

This needs no further proof. The rapport between magnetiser and somnambulist is known, and if what Moll § erroneously asserts was true, that all rapport rests on silent suggestion, even then it would only be another proof of the influence of the psychic factor on somnambulists. What is more disputed, is the influence of the spectators on somnambulists, since, as a rule, the mental rapport is taken away from them. But receptivity to transcendent influences is just the characteristic sign of somnambulism. In the waking state, on the contrary, such influences remain beneath the threshold of consciousness, and are only perceived immensely weakened as idiosyncrasies, sympathies, and antipathies, without any suspicion of their value. When that is not the case, it may happen that the sympathies of the waking state are turned to antipathies, the foundation of which is chiefly psychic, not organic. A somnambulist of Reichel's declared that her father had, through his unadvised words concerning the magnetic treatment, caused her fresh sufferings; that if her cure was to take place every communication with him must cease as well as with all those who had no belief in magnetism.||

* Reichenbach: "Odische Erwiderung," 99.

† Reichenbach: "Der sensitive Mensch," II. 696.

‡ Werner: "Die Schutz-geister," 79.

§ Moll: "Der Rapport in der Hypnose."

|| Reichel: "Ueber das Entwicklungsgesetz des magnetischen Lebens," 106.

This influence is easily explained if the magnetiser himself is unpleasantly affected by it. Du Potet says: "If there are any sceptics or envious people near him and he ceases to be calm, or gets into a state of excitement, he no longer acts favourably on the patient; whereas his influence and the magnetic phenomena would be normal if the spectators were favourable or indifferent.*"

The phenomenon of thought-transference proves to us that the spectators do not need to express their doubts in words in order to paralyse the action. The mere presence of evil-wishers suffices. One can convince one's self of it by a not very advisable attempt by letting spectators of this kind work on the somnambulist. By bodily contact antipathies are greatly enhanced. The somnambulist Magdalen Werner once fell into frightful convulsions when a scoffing doctor visited her and wanted to magnetise her.† All the literature on this subject proves by experience the unfavourable influence of deriding and unbelieving spectators, and the somnambulists, although their bodies may not be affected, still feel instinctive antipathy, and either refuse to answer or else are unable to do so. Such spectators become, therefore, still more incredulous, and instead of perceiving that they have prevented the work, go away with the consciousness that in their enlightened presence nothing occurs.

(To be continued.)

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

Although I am well aware that by the true Spiritualist Death has ceased to be regarded with the awe and terror which it once inspired, still the effects of early education, and the inherited tendency to this fear, are sufficiently common even among those who well know how illogical and irrational the feeling really is, to lead us to think that any facts and considerations which go to prove that the popular idea of death is erroneous, and which are calculated to induce reasonable and pleasurable thoughts in connection with it, should be as widely disseminated as possible. Mr. Page Hopps' "Death a Delusion" is a decided step in this direction, and so also is the growing objection to the gruesome and lugubrious paraphernalia which until recently were the common accompaniment of every interment.

Holding these views, I have endeavoured for some years to collect the evidence in this direction, which I have come across in my readings, and which I now offer in a condensed form, giving my authorities when practicable, and in the hope that it may, at least in some degree, prove a help and comfort to those who in the expressive language of the Bible "through fear of Death are all their lifetime subject to bondage."

We are all cognisant of the fact that the testimony of those who have been near death by drowning, goes to prove that the sensations after the first struggle (which Nature has wisely rendered painful to prevent a reckless waste of and contempt for life) are not only painless but pleasurable, while the African traveller declared that when under the paw of the lion he felt no fear. There is equally reliable evidence that death from intense cold (the first natural resistance being past) is preceded by a pleasurable desire for that sleep which has no earthly awakening, but death from fall has always been regarded as the very acme of physical pain and horror, and yet Professor Heim of Zurich has distinctly declared his opinion to be erroneous. I condense from a paragraph which appeared in the "Standard," and which says that the above gentleman "has occupied himself with this question for many years, and bases his observations on personal experience, and on a large number of cases which have occurred, not only in the mountains, but also in war, in industrial establishments, and in railway accidents." In all cases the feelings were the same, or differed only in degree. These feelings were by no means such as those who witness such accidents imagine. The victim suffers no pain, no paralysing terror. He is perfectly aware of what is going on. The time seems long to him. In a few seconds he is able to think so much that he can report for an entire hour on it. His thinking power is immensely increased. In almost all cases, the past seems suddenly lighted up, as if by a flash of lightning. All phases of life pass before the mind's eye, nothing petty or unimportant disturbing the retrospect. Then, gentle soft tones sound in one's ears, and die away at last when unconsciousness sets in. One hears the fall of the body, but one does not feel it. It will be remembered that Mr. Whimper, who

had a severe succession of falls once in the Alps, without losing his consciousness, declares emphatically that, as he bounded from one rock to another, he felt absolutely no pain. The same thing happens on the battle-field; the entrance of the bullet into the body is not felt, and it is not till he feels the blood flowing, or a limb paralysed, that the soldier knows he is wounded. Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know which limbs are affected till they try to rise. At the moment of a fall there is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will or may happen, but this is by no means the product of "presence of mind; it is rather the product of necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the victim. Death by fall is a beautiful one. Great thoughts fill the soul as he falls painlessly into a great blue sky. The death is terrible only to those who remain behind."

Dr. Buffet, M.D., in the "New England and Yale Review," New Haven, September, 1891, says:—

"That the moment of death is one of bodily pain and mental discomfort has long been the popular belief. 'The agony of death,' the 'horror of dying,' the 'final struggle,' have been regarded as fit expressions for the closing of our mortal life. This belief seems to have caused this moment to be looked forward to by the supersensitive, with solemnity and dread, and to have remained uncriticised and unquestioned from generation to generation, an instrument of torture to old and young.

"If such a claim be made, upon those who make it should rest the burden of proof. If, on the contrary, there is good reason for believing that dying is usually as painless and pleasant as sinking into sleep, it is well to seek for the evidence.

"In the natural mode of death—death from old age—the event occurs when the machine has performed its work, has run its time without injury or cessation, and is at last laid aside as no longer available.

"Many go through life knowing nothing of disease except from the experience of others. With advancing years rest becomes to them more of a necessity, more prolonged, more agreeable; and towards the close a desire for almost constant rest is experienced. At last the aged person is conscious only of a slumbrous condition, not unlike that at the end of a toilsome day. He may imagine the approaching slumber may be long, even unending, but he will deem it the more desirable for that very reason; and this is probably the extent of the consciousness of mental or bodily ill, experienced by a person who dies a natural death from old age.

"There are other modes of dying in which phenomena recur which, misinterpreted, might suggest suffering—convulsions, for instance. But it can be shown that similar phenomena occur at other times, that they can be artificially produced, and that they never indicate pain.

"Pain belongs to the first stage of disease. It serves to warn us of danger, and forces us to take rest, the great antidote for disease. When Nature yields up the struggle pain vanishes, and the pleasures of Death begin. The brain, deprived of its wonted supply of pure blood, is not equal to the task of connected thought, and originates those delirious fancies, which furnish the delight of the opium eater, and intoxication. As the cause continues, so must the effect, until death terminates both."

Seeing, then, that scientific and personal testimony, as well as critical research, have joined hands in dethroning this fabled King of Terrors, and in casting his flaming sword to the earth, is the poet too hopeful when he sings?—

Oh! most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe.

ELIZA LUTLEY BOUCHER.

Good nature is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.—STEELE.

WHAT sort of philosophy is that which makes no effort to discover truth, if the attempt infers a departure from old ways and generally conceded facts? It is the philosophy, not of Galileo but of the monks who would have burned him. It is not the philosophy of Jenner, but of the College of Physicians who laboured to prove him an imposter. It is not the philosophy of that unhappy man who first promulgated the notion that steam was a power, but of those who placed him in the Lunatic Asylum of the Bicetre. It is not the philosophy of our Lord, but of the Jews who crucified Him! It is the philosophy of Lot's wife—to look only behind!—S. C. HALL.

* Du Potet: "Le magnétisme opposé à la science," 218.

† Perty: "Die Mystischen Erscheinungen." 1. 212.

THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCES OF MR. J. V. MANSFIELD,
OTHERWISE CALLED "THE SPIRIT POSTMASTER," OF
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

The earnest, active, and ever devoted servant of the spirits, J. V. Mansfield, always appeared to me so full of devotion to the cause of Spiritualism during the many long years in which I enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, that neither I nor anyone else ever thought of his age, his antecedents, or his forefathers. He was to us all only J. V. Mansfield, the famous "spirit postmaster," neither old enough to relax in his inimitable power of answering sealed letters, nor young enough to fear that he could be turned from his holy faith and noble work by any outside attractions that the world could offer him. After commencing my "Encyclopædia" I happened to find my old friend's new address, and I at once wrote to him asking for materials wherewith to compile a brief notice of one who has brought life, light, and assurance of immortality to many thousands. Though I cannot undertake to give the exact number of the sealed letters he has answered under spirit dictation, I know that they amounted to many thousands, even at the time when I last met him, some fifteen years ago.

In reply to my request, the good old "Postmaster" pleads the disabilities of age, very infirm health, and that which he alleges to be "a fact"—one, however, I can lay no claim to—that I know as much about him as he does himself. Reviewing the very public and well-known conditions of the life of many years, during which I met and heard of him constantly, besides often being a visitor in his, and his late sweet wife's family, I may say that Mr. Mansfield's speciality was that of answering, under spirit dictation, sealed, tied, bandaged, and otherwise secured letters addressed to various spirits. I have known him sit for an hour, answering, on one side of a table, letters or questions, written on the other side of the table, by strange sitters; the answers being always correct—always signed by the names or the initials of the spirits addressed—and that without a word spoken by either party during the entire sitting.

I have known him receive letters hermetically sealed up between glass covers and other substances, rendering any attempt to tamper with them impossible. I believe Mr. Mansfield commenced his wonderful sittings in Boston only four or five years after the "Rochester knockings," and continued them up to within three or four years of the present date.

I may, at this point, quote with advantage two passages from my own volume of "Modern American Spiritualism," a work published in 1866, in which, when describing the most eminent mediums of Boston, Mr. Mansfield is thus jointly spoken of:—

Besides a large corps of variously-gifted mediums at the disposal of the inquiring public, Boston was favoured by the presence of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the renowned writing medium, through whom tens—nay, as I have lately found—hundreds of thousands of letters were transmitted from beloved and lamented friends in the "spirit-country" to their mourning relatives on earth.

The office of this great spiritual postmaster was constantly crowded with eager investigators, and his *modus operandi* forms not one of the least remarkable demonstrations of spirit-power. Sealed letters, carefully marked and secured, so that it would be impossible to open them without detection, either brought in the hand or sent by investigators, were correctly and often most graphically answered and returned without a single proven case of having been opened. Sometimes the letters of sceptical inquirers were enclosed in plates of metal or curiously interlaced with silk to resist the supposed action of "electricity," the wonderful agent to which so many of the spiritual marvels were attributed. Sometimes they were enclosed in varieties of envelopes, pasted, sealed, and privately marked with every imaginable test for the detection of any attempt to open the enclosed letter. No matter what were the precautions used—excepting in such rare cases as no spirit-control being present, when the letter was simply returned—the most conclusive evidences were given in the answers that they had been dictated by spirits, who were fully cognisant of the hidden secrets of the package.

Not only were these replies appropriate and characteristic, but, as if to repel the idea that Mr. Mansfield himself dictated these answers, messages and details were given, not touched on in the querist's letter, whilst names were frequently introduced that were not asked for, and not unfrequently the answers were written in German, Spanish, Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit, and even Chinese, whilst all who knew the medium testified to their belief that he was entirely unacquainted with any language but his own.

Referring to this great medium's work in California—which State he visited about 1860—one of the San Francisco

journals gives the following testimony to his remarkable powers:—

One of the most successful and industrious pioneers of Spiritualism in California was Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the famed writing medium. This gifted labourer succeeded in making thousands of converts during his four years' residence in California, while his unblemished character, no less than his remarkable phenomenal gifts, carried him triumphantly through all opposition.

I am delighted to be able to add that the good and faithful "spirit postmaster" is now, in his old age and infirmity, one of the few—and, alas! that I should have to say it—one of the very few—who, despite the cold, ungrateful world's neglect, has not been left to sink into neglect and poverty in his period of comparative helplessness. He is, happily, living in a home with those he best loves. At my last writing, a few weeks ago, he was residing at Ipswich, Mass., U.S.A., with his son, John Mansfield, whose good wife and children are evidently the light of the old grandsire's declining years.

With warm and grateful recollections of the life-long good he has accomplished, we may well bid him Godspeed to the bright home awaiting him "over there!"

EMMA H. BRITTEN.

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.]

"The Christ has Come."

SIR,—By the number of "LIGHT" dated June 23rd, I learn that the Rev. E. Hampden Cook, M.A., has just sent forth a book entitled "The Christ has Come: The Second Advent is an Event of the Past."

In your "Notes by the Way" this book is designated "a curious book." Although I have not yet seen it I do not think it would seem a curious book to me, as I have been publishing a series of articles since last June in my monthly Review, "L'Aurore du Jour Nouveau," setting forth the very same statement, which came to me at the beginning of last year as a revelation from on high, with such a power and force that I accepted it immediately as the Truth; and the more I continue to write about it the more sure I feel that it is a Truth, which has always been kept hidden from the world, only to be made known now, when we are all with one accord looking forward to some great event, either material or spiritual, which is to usher in the new century, as well as the new cycle; for both according to Rabbinical calculation and Buddhist chronology, we are now approaching the turning-point of the world's history, when the promises of God are to be fulfilled, having with the end of this century attained the "Blessed" period indicated by the angel to the Prophet Daniel, and also completed the first 5,000 years of the Buddhist Kali Yug.

You say truly in your "Notes by the Way" that this statement concerning the Christ is purely arbitrary; that there is not an atom of evidence to support it; that the writer of the book in question *assumes* that the promises as recorded have been fulfilled. I do not know what convincing reasons this gentleman may have for his assumptions, as I have not yet seen his book, but I can tell you that, as a true and ardent Spiritualist, my convictions are based, first, on the fact that I received the revelation from above, through one who has been a faithful messenger and spiritual guardian to me all the days of my long earthly pilgrimage; and, secondly, that the spirit within me bears witness to the fact.

As it is written, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit," and, of course, spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned. And thus it is I prefer to think that the New Testament writers have been misunderstood by the natural man than to adopt the alternative you suggest, that "they have been wrong, and thus been the fruitful source of endless trouble in Christendom"; and you add: "How much better to admit this truth and make the best of it."

No, no, that would be to make the very worst of it—for it would be to rob us of our faith in the Scriptures; and in a long chapter I have devoted to the prophecies in the Old Testament concerning Christ, and another concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, it is shown beyond the smallest room for doubt that all these prophecies were literally fulfilled. With regard to Christ Jesus, how sublime is the attitude of the Lord Himself! Standing for evermore with one hand on the Jewish Canon, He

calmly looks both disciples and opponents in the face and says : "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have Eternal Life ; and they are they which testify of me."

No one can doubt the immense light which the present New Revelation throws upon the sacred history both of Jew and Gentile. Let all those who wish to decide positively in their own minds whether it is true or not read for themselves in their entirety Matthew xxiv., Mark xiii., Luke xxi., and John xiv., for the four Evangelists stand like four solid pillars bearing witness to its truth ; and no impartial readers, be they Jew or Christian, on reading carefully these four records of the words uttered by our Lord Jesus Christ, concerning the approaching destruction of Jerusalem and its splendid temple, and of His own immediate coming after that awful event, will for one moment fail to see the truth for themselves of this new light thrown upon that terrible time, and of the immense importance to us in the present that that time is *past*, and not still to come. They will only be surprised and astonished that this truth, notwithstanding all the sarcasms of the opponents of Christianity, has not been discovered in all the centuries that have passed since that most eventful time, and that it has required the present Revelation from on high to make it known to the "Nations." We can, indeed, only suppose, according to the words of Paul, that "blindness in part must have happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles should be come in."

When the New Revelation has been given, not only to me, but, as I now see, to others also, it is one of the greatest proofs that the so-called "fulness" of the Gentiles has now come, and therefore, that it is no longer necessary to hesitate about making it known. Otherwise I was cautioned not to publish it too widely at first, in the following words : "It is not a mystery but a *secret*, and as a secret it must be kept for the present, for the spirit of the world is the spirit of evil, not of good. The world as yet knows nothing of this unwritten event ; the great Ecclesiasticisms are in total ignorance that it occurred. This was by the Lord's design, and therefore it ought not yet to be sown as a thought, broadcast, or urged with its significance upon the people. The time is very near now when it will be heralded by those whose mission it will be to proclaim it to the world. Meantime, speak of it without emphasis to those who seem to be groping for truth, whisper it in the ready ear, but at the slightest opposition keep silence."

I have therefore used the greatest precaution, even while giving the communications received, during a whole year in the pages of my Review, which is, however, published for a special few, and also well knowing that of these, only those who were ready to receive it could do so. But if the time has now come for this secret to be made generally known, and to be sown broadcast among the people, I may possibly publish it in book form, and in England, where the immense importance of this Revelation to us in the present time will be more readily perceived and understood ; for the English are a Bible-reading nation, which the French are not, and therefore can better comprehend the great difference between the two judgments—that of the Jews, which is past, and that of the Gentiles, for which we are now looking.

We have not sinned against God by the persecution of His prophets, or the crucifixion of His Anointed ; we have never had more than the Scriptures of His Truth to guide us. We cannot tell, therefore, whether we would look favourably upon a Saviour or Divine Herald, for Gentile history has no description of the appearance of such an one. The promises to "the Nations" are not as explicit or as numerous as those made to Israel, nor are warnings so full of details ; it is not needful they should be, for we have object lessons enough in the history of the Jews. We have every reason, therefore, to hope that our destruction in the day of judgment shall not be as overwhelming as theirs was.

This is the Revelation : "The Gentiles shall come to the brightness of His rising." Come they must, as the wheels of time carry them forward to blessing or to condemnation, whether they know it or not, whether they believe it or not. It will come among the nations in the midst of teeming masses of men who rule in the insolence of power and the pride of wealth, or suffer in the bonds of oppression and the pangs of poverty. Thus will the God of Jesus and Moses appear to judge the Gentiles, as once before to judge the Jews.

The last day of the Jewish age was signalised by the most wonderful and terrible events conceivable to mortal mind. A few, the saints, the chosen ones of the Lord, were made immortal. On that day all the parables of Jesus were accomplished.

The waiting and wise Virgins were saved. The labourer received every man his penny. The wheat was gathered into the garner and the tares were burnt. The good fish in the net were carried home, the bad were cast out. The vineyard was taken from the wicked husbandman and given to others ; and the wretches who said "Come, let us kill the heir," miserably perished. The marriage supper of the King was spread, and Jesus and His bride (the Ecclesia) were united, never to be other than One again.

The time which elapsed between the departure of Jesus and His return for the deliverance of the faithful was brief ; it was "a little while," as He Himself said ; the Twelve "had not gone over the cities of Israel" with their inviting message or warning proclamation, ere the time elapsed, and their Deliverer again appeared.

The return of Jesus, or the Second Advent of Christ, occurred before the generation of that day had disappeared ; some that had listened to Jesus before the Crucifixion were still struggling with adversity when His feet again rested on the Mount of Olives. His friends and foes were brought by angelic power to meet Him. The sheep and the goats were parted. It did not matter that the persecutors of truth had "passed on" some years before, or that the persecuted had yielded up the belief of life for the Gospel's sake, at the word of the Lord—they all stood in His presence to hear His words of approval or of condemnation.

The events of the "last day of the world," or Jewish age, most probably occurred without witness. They who were participators therein disappeared out of the world in order to be admitted to the celestial habitations prepared for their reception, and these faithful ones are the saints who are to be with Jesus at His Second Spiritual Advent. The others were doomed to the second death, where darkness reigns, and from whence no tales can be told to the living. The rest were condemned to wander over the face of the earth without king or country, until the time of their restoration should come, at the Second Spiritual Advent of the Lord in whom they had not believed, and whom, ever since, they had persecuted and slain in themselves.

The scene at Olivet at the time of the Second Coming of the Lord was one of solitude and desolation. Jerusalem, hard by, was but a heap of stones, and the Temple a pile of ashes ; Pharisee and scribe, lawyers and doctors, Rabbi and the congregation of the synagogue, had all been killed or carried away captive and sold into slavery among the nations. Who, then, was left to tell the world of the wonderful event, and that the promises of the Lord to His Twelve had been fulfilled to the letter ? Listen to these words of the Christ : "Verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled." And this declaration is repeated in Mat. xxiv., Mark xiii., and Luke xxi., and emphasised in John xiv. : "I go away and come again unto you, and now I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye might believe."

The Twelve Apostles, however, had no knowledge that the sacred records were to be transferred to "the nations," and that a Gentile Dispensation was to follow after that of the Jew had expired. The knowledge of this was committed to Paul, and concealed from the Twelve. These were the things that Peter "found it hard to understand" and for which Paul said "he withstood him to the face." (Galatians ii.) The Gentile proselytes, who were a large element in Pauline Churches, had never been under the law, and could not, therefore, come under the curse. If they were not faithful to the end they simply failed of the gift of immortality promised to the faithful ; but they were not "tares" to be burnt, therefore, not to be gathered out by angels. From these Churches "one will be taken, the other left." Those only of the great Church in Palestine, or the numerous Churches abroad planted by Paul and his co-labourers who had received the Holy Spirit of Life, could have a part in the translation at that last day.

The members of the Church who were not Jews by birth, and who had not received the gift of the Holy Spirit, were left with the Scriptures and the letters of the Apostles in their possession, to be the repository of the Word of Truth for succeeding generations of the Christian Church.

Faith in the Divine plan of salvation, namely, that the carnal Adam, or son of man, is eventually to become a Christ, or perfect Son of God, is the Divine demand of the Christian nations. It is not a mystery, but a revealed Law of Infinite Love, that mortals are to put on, or be invested with, immortality, and thus become indissolubly connected with the

promised mercy by the belief in it, and fear of the judgment that always goes hand in hand with mercy. Faith will connect say and all men with the blessings to be dispensed at the Second Spiritual Coming of our Lord, which we have every reason to believe is now so near at hand.

MARIE CAITHNESS, DUCHESSE DE POMAR.

Paris, June 28th, 1894.

One in Perplexity.

SIR,—If "L. H." ("One in Perplexity") will come to the address below on a Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, he or she could join a very quiet, private circle (not a great many friends). Please let the party inquire for Mrs. Johnson (the housekeeper). Mr. Gray will be pleased to give any information he can to the person who would like to inquire.—Yours,

ESTHER P. JOHNSON.

138, Pershore-road (opposite Calthorpe Park), Birmingham.

"Spiritualism in England in 1851-2."

SIR,—The interesting letter from the late Dr. Mrs. Hayden to Dr. Babbitt, printed in the current issue of "LIGHT," contains some curious slips, which you will doubtless agree should be promptly pointed out.

"Lord Bulwer Lytton," we are told, acquired "the title of Lord and £10,000 a year for life" from an ancestor who "transferred" them to him "on condition that he should transpose his name." It seems almost needless to point out that ancestors cannot by English law exercise any control whatever over the devolution of titles. Lord Lytton's title was not an inherited one; he was created a baronet in 1838 and a baron in 1866; and yet we are told that in 1851-2 he said, "Call me Sir Edward," implying that he had a right to a higher title. It may also be noted that when that higher title did come to him, fourteen years later, he became Lord Lytton, not "Lord Bulwer Lytton."

We also read of "the Hon. George C. Bentinck, now Duke of Portland." The person referred to as "now Duke of Portland" must be the fifth Duke, who held the title from 1854 to 1879, but who very perversely bore the names of "William John." Then, the statement that the second Duke of Wellington (presumably before his accession to that title) rushed up to Mrs. Hayden and pulled her towards a table around which a dozen or fifteen members of Parliament were seated, is, at the least, a little difficult to believe.

In writing this, I do not wish to impute bad faith to Mrs. Hayden or to anyone concerned in the publication of the letter. I merely suggest that after the lapse of years Mrs. Hayden failed to recollect events accurately, and that, therefore, her statements have no evidential value. In a case of this kind it is most important that we should know when the letter was written. Apparently it bears no date, but doubtless Dr. Babbitt could say approximately when he received it.

July 8th, 1894.

F. W. READ.

SOCIETY WORK.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, ASKEW-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—At our service on Sunday last Mr. Norton's controls gave their views upon the spiritual and social problems of the times. Mrs. Mason's guides followed with a beautiful inspirational discourse, exhorting all to lead pure, holy lives as an example to others. Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. W. Walker; Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason; July 22nd, Mr. Davey. Mrs. Mason has kindly consented to give a special séance at 245, Kentish Town-road (Mr. Warren's), on Sunday, July 29th, at 7 p.m.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAN-LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings free, every Sunday, at 7 o'clock.—On Sunday last Dr. Reynolds spoke on "Facts: Physiological, Philosophical, and Mesmeric." The facts spirit communion has given us, he said, should be beneficial to all, and the evidences of Spiritualism are, to us, the greatest facts of the present day. Mr. J. Veitch contended that mesmerism demonstrates even to the most material scientist that the physical brain is not the man, and we are enabled to build up the grandest philosophy in existence to-day from the experiences we have enjoyed in Spiritualism. The excursion to Theydon Bois on July 14th will, we trust, be greatly enjoyed. Excursion tickets from Liverpool-street and Fenchurch-street by all trains. Tea at 5 p.m. at Rigg's Retreat. Speaker for next Sunday, Mrs. Stanley.—J. RAINBOW.

MARLBOROUGH SPIRITUALISTS' AND INQUIRY ASSOCIATION, 86, HIGH-STREET, W.—On Sunday last Miss Rowan Vincent spoke ably on "Spiritualism as it is, and as it should be." The audience manifested great interest throughout, and the replies to the questions at the close were much appreciated. Miss Vincent also called attention to the Cavendish Rooms guarantee

fund, collecting cards for which can be had of, and contributions sent to, the secretary, Mr. H. Rumford, 56, Bryanston-street, London, W. Contributions will also be received by the treasurer, Mr. A. J. Sutton, Woburn House, 12, Upper Woburn-place, London, W.C.—L. H. R.

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:—Africa, Mr. B. Stead, care of Hazell, Ballan & Co., Kimberley; America, Mrs. M. R. Palmer, 3101, North Broad-street, Philadelphia; Argentine Republic, Sr. Don A. Ugarte, President "Fraternal" Society, Buenos Ayres; Australia, Mr. H. Junor Browne, "The Grand Hotel," Melbourne; Belgium, Mons. F. Paulsen, Spiritualistic Federation of Liège, Angoulême-Liège; Brazil, Sr. Don A. C. Munhoz, Director de "A Luz," Curitiba; France, P. G. Leymarie, 1, Rue Chabaudain, Paris; Germany, E. Schlochauer, 1, Monbijou-place, Berlin, N.; Holland, Den Herr Van Straaten, te Apeldoorn, Middelhaan, 682; India, Mr. T. Hatton, State Cotton Mills, Paroda; Italy, Signor M. Falcomer, President "Armonia Spiritista," Ternano; Mexico, Dr. L. E. Calleja, Director de "Lux ex Tenebris," Puerto de Vera Cruz; New Zealand, Mr. J. H. Graham, Huntley, Waikato; Norway, Herr Torestenson, "Advocate," Christiania; Russia, M. Etienne Geispitz, Grande Belozerski, No. 7, Lod. 6, St. Petersburg; Spain, Sr. Don E. E. Garcia Hita, 6, Bajo izqda, Madrid; Sweden, Herr M. Fidler, Gothenburg; Switzerland, M. L. Gardy, Geneva; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 13, Berkeley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French correspondent, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—On Sunday evening, Messrs. Long, H. Boddington, and M. Davy gave addresses, dealing especially with the practical outcome of Spiritual philosophy, showing that in this world oppression and other causes of misery would be banished if Spiritualism held sway; and beyond this material existence its advantages are undoubted, as it encourages the development of the soul's powers, that the man may be fitted to continue his destined career without delay when he leaves the material body and enters that state where soul powers can alone serve him.—The half-yearly general assembly of the South London Spiritualists' Mission was held on Sunday, after the public service. Reports were presented by the various officers, showing our work, in all its details, to be in a flourishing condition. Satisfaction was generally expressed at the conduct of the out-going officers, and in every case where they were able to continue their duties, they were unanimously again voted into their vacated positions. The following will therefore serve the mission in an executive capacity for the ensuing half-year: Messrs. Long, Davy, Payne, Partner, H. and R. Boddington, Warden, Beel, and Coleman, and Mesdames Ryder, Crump, Mackay, and Sherwood. The eighth annual summer outing took place on July 2nd, when, favoured by fine weather, we journeyed to Ashted, Surrey, by train, and enjoyed the advantages of a day in the country. The day was well spent, all tastes being equally provided for, as there were toys and games for the young, whilst rambles in the woods, and circles, were the chief attractions for the "children of a larger growth."—CHARLES M. PAYNE, Hon. Sec.

CHESTOW HALL, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday evening, Mr. Dales gave a highly instructive address on "Planetary Influences," assisted by a map showing the signs of the Zodiac. The lecturer, in the course of his remarks, said that in all ages and countries the twelve signs were preserved in the same form; and that the mystic symbols of the Bible could be clearly traced to the same source. Also that the names of the twelve tribes, when interpreted, were found to mean these particular signs. Proceeding to explain how character was affected by the various aspects of the planets during the natal month, he went on to give several striking instances as demonstrating the fact of planetary influence. At the close of the lecture questions were answered, when Mr. Dales clearly proved his thorough knowledge of the subject. Several of the audience admitted that their own characteristics had been strikingly sketched when their own particular natal months were being dealt with. The lecture, which was necessarily a long one, was given in two parts, advantage being taken of the break for Mr. Butcher to sing a solo, "Time and Tide," accompanied by Miss L. Gambrill. This subject will be taken up in a series, when more than one well-known lecturer will take part. Mr. Campbell will continue it on the second Sunday in August. Next Sunday, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. Robson will give a trance address on a subject selected by the audience. On Tuesday, at 8.30 p.m., circle, Miss L. Gambrill, medium, and magnetic healing by Mr. Edwards. Arrangements have now been completed for our trip to Brighton on Sunday, the 29th inst. Return fare and high tea will be 5s. Tickets may be had at the hall, and from Mr. Bliss, 23, Devonshire-road, Forest Hill. Children half-price.—W. H. E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.O.—Will use with pleasure the MS. you have kindly forwarded. Proof will be sent you.