

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We are delighted to note that our friends in Washington (U.S.) are moving for the erection of a 'Temple' in that city. At a late Convention, the matter was discussed and well started by Mr. Theodore J. Mayer, who offered the first ten thousand dollars. Whereupon Mr. B. B. Hill rose and offered another ten thousand; and then the stir amongst the rank and file began in real earnest.

What is to be done for London—the first city in the world, with no permanent home, however humble, for Spiritualism? We venture to say there is no place on this planet where such a rallying place and work place is more needed. We have repeatedly said it, and we shall go on saying it—that we want a building of our own; not a Church but a place of business, including offices for The Alliance, séance and conversation rooms, library and reading room, a publishing office, and a good useful lecture hall. When one thinks of the stubborn opposition to our cause, of the dense spiritual darkness of these thousands who throng our streets, and of the pathetic need of the multitudes who are sorely needing light and consolation, is not the duty as plain as the need? Who will help to give this storm-tossed London a spiritual lighthouse, in the very centre of it?

An enterprising writer in 'Pearson's Magazine' gets a little too excited over certain experiments by Dr. Bose, but, when all the sensational nonsense is wrung out of it, the Article on 'An Electric Eye' is worthy of some attention. The writer of the Article seems to be ignorant of much that is familiar to all who have paid attention to the scientific developments of the past few years, and credits the Doctor with much that is neither novel nor his; and this, we know, has vexed him not a little; for Dr. Bose is a modest and fair-minded man, and there is good ground for believing that he is annoyed both at the Article and the advertisements announcing it. But, as we have said, there is something which demands attention.

The interesting fact for us is that every step in this direction tends to justify or even to suggest the genuineness of every one of our 'delusions' or 'frauds'; and it is truly funny to see these magazine writers rush in, with their hair on end or all hanging down, as they tell us of these amazing 'discoveries.' Here, for instance, is this 'Pearson's Magazine' writer actually assuring us, on Dr. Bose's authority, that 'if the string of a violin be struck, the quivering wire gives up its motion to the air, which carries it to our ear, and the motion communicated to the brain produces the sensation of sound.' Really!

After that, this writer makes the profound remark, 'Then, Professor, light and sound are mere vibrations?' 'Yes,' is the thrilling reply, 'Sound is produced by the vibration of matter, and light is due to the vibration of ether. Just as there are sounds that may be inaudible' (but that is nonsense! There may be vibrations that are not translated into sounds), 'so there may be lights, i.e., ether-vibrations, which are invisible.'

After a column or so of this food for babes, the Professor asks, 'Do you understand?' and the magazine writer makes this memorable reply: 'O yes, but I almost wished science had left us happy in our ignorance. It is not particularly comfortable to know that we are floating about in oceans of ether, with many things round us that we cannot see, all kinds of noises that we cannot hear, and substances in contact with us that we cannot feel.' That is hopeful, any way; and it suggests that an elementary science mission to newspaper and magazine writers might pay well. We should, perhaps, hear less about the 'silly delusion' that spirits are about us whom we can neither see, nor touch, nor hear.

Professor Bose, says this writer, has found out how to so deal with electric waves as to direct them through so-called solids, and utilise them on the other side, making possible the ringing of bells beyond granite walls, without wires or any other connecting substances. So far good. But now suppose, instead of a battery and unconscious ether waves, we had a specially sensitive brain and intensely conscious thinking, is it not conceivable that the same or greater effects might follow? If there were a thinking being existing on the ethereal plane, why should it not be able to do all that a battery can do—and more! But a being existing on the ethereal plane would be a spirit. Think what follows!

In the 'English Mechanic' for December we notice a rather curious discussion on 'The Soul and a Future Life.' The letters are, as a rule, clever and bluntly outspoken. We are thankful that someone always seems to be at hand to bear a testimony to deep truths and far-reaching hopes of which the unbelievers appear to know nothing. A Mr. Mann, who writes on that side, is a very good specimen of the kind of materialist manufactured by Mr. Huxley—a rather hard and one-sided article.

There is something painful in this militancy against the loveliest hope that ever blest this world. We can never understand why anyone should wish to fight it. He who loses it might well be content to mourn it in silence. And yet there is a comic side to it as well. What a spectacle—to see the little thing we call *man*, proving, with the help of a few books on elementary science and a microscope, that the presumption is against anything which does not demonstrate itself in *his* small groove!

A dainty but serious-looking circular programme informs us that 'The Pilgrim's Progress, a Mystery Play in Four Acts,' is about to be performed at the Olympic Theatre, Wych-street, Strand. The Play, written by Mr. G. G. Collingham, is founded on John Bunyan's great Allegory, but the part of Christian is to be taken by Miss Grace Hawthorne, and there is no Christiana in it. It is intended to illustrate 'The Soul's conflict with Evil,' and the Pilgrim of the Play, unlike John Bunyan's, will be 'a noble youth going forth to the battle of life and successively encountering the temptations of the world, the flesh,

and the evil one.' In any case, it is a rather notable experiment.

The 'Lyceum Banner' for December has in it some excellent teaching, especially in the 'Synopsis for lesson plan.' The lessons on 'How to become good spirits,' 'Practical Spiritualism,' 'The use of Spiritualism,' and 'What makes a Spiritualist?' are as wholesome as they are practical. 'What makes a Spiritualist?' is specially good. It insists upon that which makes the distinction between Spiritism and Spiritualism. We quote the whole of it:—

The knowledge that spirits return is not sufficient; the being a medium is not sufficient; the sitting in circles is not sufficient; investigating phenomena will not make a Spiritualist. These things are all parts of Spiritualism, but more is necessary to become a true Spiritualist—the cultivation of our spiritual natures, living in accordance with the lessons the angels teach us, the performance of all good deeds, the living in this world as we are preparing for the world to come, by noble doing, pure thinking, and the right use of all our faculties—such things will help you to become a Spiritualist.

Of course, these are only outline lessons—to be filled in and expanded by the teacher or parent.

We do not know who was responsible for the very significant phrase in the announcement of the service at Marylebone Parish Church last Saturday, in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Brownrigg. It is called 'a service to commemorate their golden wedding in the unseen world.' The service, in its various parts, was conducted by Canon Barker, Canon Wilberforce, and Dean Farrar. One remark by Dean Farrar was quite in harmony with the striking announcement above quoted. He said that Robert Brownrigg 'never regarded death as the end of love.' A glorious faith! and a glorious thing to have it so recognised in the Established Church!

DECEASE OF MRS. MOSES.

Intelligence has reached us of the departure of Mrs. Moses, but we have no particulars as to the immediate cause of death, though we presume it was simply a case of senile decay. Her medical attendant has kindly sent us the following communication:—

68, High-street, Bedford.

December 14th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—The funeral of the late Mrs. Moses took place at the cemetery, Bedford, this day. Mrs. Moses was the aged mother of the late William Stainton Moses, and has survived her son four years.

Her faculties were clear to the last, and her memory perfectly marvellous. She took an interest in all the passing events, and, although she had lost her sight, she insisted on all matters of interest in the daily papers being read to her.

She would have reached the great age of ninety-five had she lived until her next birthday in March. Mr. F. Percival was one of the mourners who followed her to the grave.

I think it may possibly interest you to have the inscription placed on the monument of the late Stainton Moses.—Yours truly,
W. G. JOHNSON.

In loving memory of the Rev. William Stainton Moses, only son of William and Mary Moses. Born at Donington, Lincolnshire, November 5th, 1839; died at Bedford, September 5th, 1892. Known as 'M.A. (Oxon).' Founder and President of the London Spiritualist Alliance; a joint founder of the Society for Psychical Research; Editor of 'LIGHT'; and for eighteen years English Master at University College School, London.

'Out of darkness into his marvellous light.'

'He being dead yet speaketh.'

NEW YORK, U.S.A.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Messrs. Brentano, 31, Union-square.

PERSONAL IDENTITY OF SPIRIT FORMS.

AS TESTED IN A SERIES OF PRIVATE SITTINGS.

BY GENERAL FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

(Continued from page 592.)

AUGUST 25TH.—FIFTEENTH OF SERIES.

Mrs. Hatch had removed from Onset to a flat at No. 13, Pembroke-street, Boston. The cabinet was a small bedroom, the only entrance to which was an opening in front, screened by a portière. The room never having been magnetised by sittings, the manifestations at this séance were not as strong as usual; the forms not advancing into the room, but standing at the curtain.

'Carrie' manifested, and I asked her: 'Do you remember any other name on your list?' She replied: 'Yes; Gertie.' 'Gertie who?' 'Ver Mehr.' 'I am going to see Annie Chapman to-morrow.' 'My love to my dear Annie, and tell her I love her the same as ever—dearest to me of all.' 'Why did you not recognise her at Mrs. S.'s séance?' 'There was a deficiency of brain power there. She was good only for forms. As Mrs. Hatch is now free from those disturbing influences at Onset, the manifestations will be better; and you, too, were exhausted. "La France" says she remembers about the play at Lincoln Hall.' 'What does she remember about it?' 'She took part in it.' (True.)

Mother came. At first she showed a confusion of memories. She mentioned various names on 'Aunt Lucy's' list. Then she said: 'I remember Eliza Moore, a schoolmate'—(true)—'and who was very kind to me'—(true),—'was with me when you were born.' (I think not; but it is possible.) I asked: 'Did she make anything for you before I was born?' 'Yes; baby-clothes. She made a cap for you, which she embroidered beautifully herself.' (True; burnt up at a fire in San Francisco in 1860.)

'Bessie' said: 'I remember dear Mrs. Olney and Colonel Olney, and Amy, and Bella, and Ida ver Mehr.' (She knew them all in California.) 'I remember the Empress Eugénie. She was beautiful.' 'Where did we see her last?' I inquired. 'At a reception?' 'No.' 'But it was unexpected.' (True; just before leaving Paris we met them unexpectedly in the Champs Elysées, and exchanged salutations with us.)

'Carrie' said: 'I remember Sister May Agnes.' 'What about her?' 'She was my teacher at the convent.' 'What did she teach you?' 'Music.' (True.) 'And what did Sister Eulalie teach you?' 'French' (and piano she might have added). She continued: 'I loved Sister May Agnes best because I was more with her.' (True.) 'And I remember good Father Kain.' (Now Archbishop Kain, who was chaplain of the convent school. The name I had written on her list was Father Keane, who was her spiritual director in Washington; but the two names are *idem sonantes*.)

AUGUST 26TH.—TRANCE SEANCE.

'Aunt Lucy' came. She said: 'Sally Goddard was the nearest to me.' (True.) 'She was very peculiar.' I asked: 'How?' The reply was: 'Very set in her peculiar opinions. Nothing could turn her from them.' (True.) 'You were so yourself.' 'Who was Betsy Lippitt?' I asked. 'I don't remember.' (But see séance of August 31st.)

My son Frank manifested, saying: 'Don't be discouraged. The rest of the séances will be stronger.'

AUGUST 28TH.—TRANCE SEANCE.

I brought Annie Chapman with me, introducing her to Mrs. Hatch as 'a lady friend.' Mrs. Hatch supposed I had brought her to hear me read from 'Great Expectations,' which I had promised Mrs. Hatch I would do, she being an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens. She rather reluctantly consented that my friend should remain in the room during the séance. As soon as the reading was over she was entranced. Instantly 'Bp.' said to the lady: 'Are you not Annie?' 'Carrie' is here and has her arms round your neck; she loves you the same as ever; you were like sisters. She remembers your visiting her in her last illness, your kind attentions to her, and your grief at parting from her.' 'Bp.' then spoke quite eloquently of the blessedness of knowing the truth of spirit return.

It struck me at the time as strange that 'Carrie' spoke through 'Bp.' instead of speaking to her friend directly herself.

But that friend, owing to her education and surroundings, had never been able to accept the truth of spirit return; and her memories of 'Carrie' were too sacred to be profaned by the thought of meeting her in a gross, material form. She had reluctantly consented, at my earnest request, to accompany me on my visit to the medium; and it is not surprising that the spiritual aura surrounding her, however lovely its nature, should form a barrier that 'Carrie' could not easily penetrate.

AUGUST 29TH.—SIXTEENTH OF SERIES.

I was called up to the cabinet. The curtain opened and there stood three figures—the medium, her eyes closed, leaning on 'Carrie's' left shoulder, with 'Frank,' perfectly materialised, on her other side. I shook hands with them all.

Afterwards I was again called up. The curtain opened, disclosing the medium seated in the cabinet, while 'Carrie' and 'Frank' stood in front of me. 'Carrie' then took my hand and placed it on the medium's head.

Mother alluded to the fact that I had had a severe attack of illness; owing, perhaps, to my having suddenly left off a powerful medicine I had been taking for my head trouble. She said: 'For two hours you were in imminent danger, and you must be very careful of yourself.' She went on to speak about Eliza and Julia Cutler. 'But,' I said, 'the Cutlers are on "Aunt Lucy's" list.' 'Yes, but we are all prompting each other. You told Mrs. Hatch I had forgotten my own name. It was Caroline.' (True.) 'We are getting back more and more of our memories, which were affected by the medium's condition.'

'Carrie': 'I was so glad to recognise Annie Chapman; but don't urge her to come again. She is not ready for it.' (True.)

By permission I went into the cabinet and asked 'Bp.' as to the nature of the connection between the medium's brain and that of a materialised form. All I could gather was that there is such an intimate magnetic connection between them that any mental shock received by the medium would affect the spirit form.

AUGUST 29TH.—TRANCE SEANCE.

I asked 'Carrie': 'Shall I bring a lady friend to-morrow evening?' 'No,' she replied; 'I know who it is.' (The lady I referred to had just arrived with her mother in Boston.) 'Better not. She wouldn't believe, and her own sceptical spirits would come with her. She has come from Tiverton.' (True.) My next query was: 'Do you not remember Belle Elliot?' 'I knew her in California. She still lives, but her name has been changed.' (All wrong.) 'Do you remember O. D.?' I asked. 'A pet name. I could not speak it plain when a baby.' (Wrong.) 'Pinafore?' 'Yes, I took part in it.' 'How?' (No answer. On the occasion referred to 'Carrie' drilled the children in the words and the music, and acted as stage manager. It drew immensely.)

Mother being seated on the sofa by me, I asked her among other things: 'What is "Carrie's" character?' 'Very sweet and yielding to a certain point. A large white lily is an emblem of her loveliness and purity.' 'Serious, or fond of fun?' 'Always bright and sunny.' 'Her tastes?' 'She is capable of becoming a first-rate artist.' (On her graduation she took the first prize in drawing and in music.)

AUGUST 31ST.—SEVENTEENTH OF SERIES.

(A violent thunderstorm disturbed and interrupted the manifestations. The spirits all came out successively, walked across the room, and looked over their respective lists by the light in the corner; then successively sat down by me on the sofa, and named to me the ones they remembered about.)

'Aunt Lucy': 'I remember Betsy Lippitt.' 'Who was she?' 'My mother.' (True.) 'And Edward R. Lippitt.' 'Who was he?' 'My brother.' (True.) 'And Caroline Munro.' 'Who was she?' 'Your dear mother.' (True; moreover, in my childhood, in speaking to me of my mother, my aunt invariably said 'your dear mother.') 'I remember Joseph Francis Lippitt.' 'Who was he?' 'Your father.' (True.) 'I remember Anna Newbold and Charlotte Ives—a cousin'—(Anna Newbold was a friend and cousin; Charlotte Ives was one of her oldest friends)—'also Sally Goddard, Olivia Murray, Hamilton Murray, Eliza and Julia Cutler'—(all these the most intimate friends of her youthful days)—'also Nathan Bourne Crocker.' 'Who was he?' 'A cousin.' (Wrong.) I said: 'Let me see your face.' (But then a flash of lightning made her retire into the cabinet. She had been with me about ten minutes.)

I was called up to the cabinet, and a female form showed me her face, not well materialised—complexion dark, and features irregular. 'Who is it?' I said. 'Aunt Fanny, your uncle's wife.' 'But there never was such a person.' 'Bp.' then said: 'The spirit is confused; others are trying to crowd in, and Aunt Fanny is really here'—(this is possible. I was brought up to call my mother's dearest friend from childhood 'Aunt Fanny')—'and her name is impressed on the spirit, who is your Aunt Lucy.' (This was corroborated by the spirit.)

Mother sat with me about fifteen minutes. I asked her: 'Whom do you remember specially?' 'Captain James Munro.' 'Who was he?' 'My father'—(true)—'and Joseph Snow Munro.' 'Who was he?' 'My brother.' (True.) I next inquired his occupation in spirit life. 'Captain.' (In earth life he was a ship commander.) 'Do they have ships in your world?' 'He has to receive and instruct sailors, most of whom are too little advanced to realise that they are dead.' 'A little baby died before you did?' 'Yes; your little brother.' 'His name?' 'I can't remember it; names are changed on this side. It is so long ago.' 'May I feel your pulse?' 'Yes.' (I tried for some time, but felt none. She manipulated her wrist with her other hand, and I then felt a just perceptible pulse of about sixty, I should judge.) 'The Rev. Thomas Williams, who was he?' 'He married into my family.' 'Think again,' I said: 'who married you to my father?' 'He did. This is what I said.' (I presume this was what she meant to say.)

Then we waited for the storm to lull. Presently came 'Mrs. L.' and sang. I asked 'Bp.' if I could go up to see her face. 'No,' she replied, 'her face is not formed. It took all the power to form the vocal organs.'

'La France' (seated by me on the sofa) said: 'My love to A., M., L., and E.'—(these were names of her sisters. On her list the Christian names alone were given)—'and to my father. He will have to return home next spring. My love to Lida Miller, Linda Lawrence, and Emily Beale.' (All these were her most intimate friends.) I put the question to her: 'What is "Carrie's" character?' 'Lovely and sweet. Yet she has your firmness.' 'Her tastes?' 'Music and painting. She is being instructed by the best masters'—('Carrie' often expressed to me her strong desire to learn painting)—'and she loves her French and Italian.' 'But on this side she disliked French.' 'But on our side we have to learn foreign languages, just as with you.' 'Who is —?' (She could not tell, yet she is now her father's second wife.)

'Carrie' (seated by me): 'My love to Annie Chapman. By-and-by she will know as much of these things as you do. I love her the same as ever. I remember Emily Jeakens.' 'Who is she?' 'I can't remember—a cousin.' (Wrong—her mother's half-sister.) 'I remember R. and P. D.' 'Who are they?' 'Cousins.' (Wrong.) 'What do you remember about P. D.?' 'When I was a child I was much with him.' (True.) 'He limped.' 'What made him?' 'He was hurt.' 'How?' 'An accident—I can't remember.' (In ascending a steep mountain on a shooting expedition when he was twelve years old, a heavy rock rolled down on his foot and crushed it, necessitating amputation below the knee.) 'He was very odd.' (He is given to saying very odd things, and is very amusing.) 'And I remember Sister May Agnes. I was so fond of her.' (True.) 'And O. D.' 'I can't remember. I'll try to-morrow night.' The name was on her list. Her lapse of memory was rather surprising. During her last illness in New Jersey my duties in the U. S. Department of Justice in Washington kept me away from her much of the time. In my letters I addressed her as 'O. D.,' a term of endearment. In 1894, twelve years after her death, she came to me very unexpectedly through May Bangs, the slate-writer, and identified herself as 'O. D.'

'Bessie': 'I remember the four little Ver Mehr graves. After I was a mother I could feel for their mother. Another one was born afterwards.' (True.) 'And I remember the two brothers.' 'How have you been able to remember them?' 'I have often been with them.' (What followed was strong evidence of identity, but of too private a nature to be mentioned.) 'What remarkable scene did I take you to in Paris?' (The word Paris was on her list as a reminder.) 'I cannot remember.' 'Strange; it was so splendid.' (It was a magnificent ball at the Hotel de Ville given by the City of Paris to the Emperor and Empress.) 'But in our spirit world I have seen so many wonderful things that everything in your world has faded from my memory.'

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—TRANCE SEANCE.

Mother said: 'Your "Aunt Lucy" is so glad she was able to do so well last evening.' 'What is "Carrie's" character?' 'Always bright and sunny—helping others in other cabinets.' (Of this I have known many instances. 'Bp.' said: 'I have often seen her laughing.' She was very fond of fun, and had a decided talent for it.)

'La France': 'Tell my father I am often with him.' 'Why did you not remember the American Z.?' 'My mind was on a different track.'

SEPTEMBER 18TH, AND LAST OF THE SERIES.

'Mrs. L.' came and sang for us, to give strength. Then my mother seated herself by me and, after affectionate assurances, cautioned me to take care of myself; saying that spirits had repeatedly saved my life. I can readily believe this; some of my escapes seeming inexplicable otherwise. She said: "'La France" is with us as one of our family.' She was 'so glad' that I volunteered in defence of the nation in the civil war, and added: 'We shall all go with you to the "mountains."' On retiring she bade me an affectionate farewell, with a 'God bless you.'

'Bessie' (by my side): 'We all come to bid you farewell.' 'May I feel your pulse?' I asked. 'Yes; but I must first make one.' (She manipulated her wrist for a few moments with her other hand. I tried, but found none. She tried again, but still I could find none at first; but presently I could perceive a feeble one of about sixty. At her request I tried to feel a pulse in her forehead; but it was scarcely perceptible.) 'How did you make your pulse?—by your will?' 'Yes; and "Bp.," hearing your request, increased the strength of the battery in the cabinet.' 'Are your bodily organs complete?' 'No; only brain, lungs, heart, and limbs; for these we have to use. We want you to write a full account of these séances for "LIGHT." The method of investigation you have adopted has led to important results. It was an inspiration.' She left me with an affectionate farewell.

'Aunt Lucy,' seated by my side on the sofa, congratulated me affectionately on the success of these séances, and similar congratulations were expressed by them all. 'Carrie' said: 'We are so pleased at our success. It was because you have given us at last the right conditions. You are never left alone; always one of us is with you, and sometimes all of us.' She then left me with an affectionate farewell, and I was called to the cabinet, where there appeared successively, but dimly visible, 'Frank,' and, as 'Bp.' announced them, my father and my grandma Lippitt, who both said a few words expressing their interest in my investigation, and ending with a 'God bless you.'

It will be observed that my experiment with the lists of names did not begin till after the fourth séance; and that Captain John Lippitt, who appeared unexpectedly at the first séance, had no list given him. Also that the following spirits came spontaneously and unexpectedly—Martha and Rebecca Munro, my mother's sisters, Fanny *ver* Mehr, and Jessie S.

It is also important to observe, as an examination will show, that although there were quite a number of failures to remember and of mistakes in the course of the séances, most of them were rectified before the end of the last séance by the spirits themselves.

I must not close this report without adverting to an episode that occurred towards the end of my investigation.

Before August 20th I had had a sitting with a spirit photographer, hoping that some of my spirit friends would come on the picture; but they did not. On August 20th I varied the experiment, Mrs. Hatch kindly consenting to sit in my stead while I sat by her side. My spirit friends had promised to come and try to show themselves, of which Mrs. Hatch was informed. Four spirit faces did appear; which, at the next séance, 'Uncle John,' my mother, my wife and my daughter positively assured me were theirs. As to those of 'Uncle John' and of my mother I had no right, of course, to express an opinion; but as to those of my wife and daughter, there was not the slightest trace of resemblance to either of them, and I have, therefore, never believed in their genuineness.

Now the explanation of this mystery is a very simple one, and will be accepted by all those who have investigated the subject of spirit return. For to them it is a familiar fact that the influence of the medium's brain on spirit communications is sometimes so powerful that the spirit form becomes, uncon-

sciously, of course, the mere mouthpiece of the thoughts and opinions of the medium. And this was evidently the case at Mrs. Hatch's séance in 1895, alluded to in my preliminary observations. I believe this influence to be wholly unconscious on the part of the medium, and therefore not hypnotic, but telepathic. In telepathy, as is well known, there is often no conscious agency.

I should add that from the very first Mrs. Hatch was decidedly of opinion that the faces were those of my spirit friends.

Annapolis, Maryland, U.S.A.

FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

'WAS IT ALL A DREAM?'

'The Agnostic Journal' gives us a touching alternative to that sensational and rather aggravating little book, 'The child, the wise man, and the devil.' It is in the form of a dream in which the writer's 'spirit guide' takes him to see mankind, with an inner sense opened:—

A hand passed over my eyes, and looking once more on my fellow-men, I was able to perceive in every human breast a tiny spark of fire. As if endowed with a new sense, I arose and trod the beaten ways of familiar existence, unseen by man, but seen by an invisible guide who touched me now and again as if to bid me mark. I mingled with the friends of old; they were undecayed in other ways, only bearing about with them that tiny flickering spark that came and went in the bosom of every man, woman or child. It was a light *within them*. Could that be 'the Kingdom of God'?

I tried to put a meaning to the words. No effort I made enlightened me, but, with my spirit guide still bidding me mark, I continued watching, noting degrees of brilliance in the varying sparks, until I seemed to find some key to the changing phases in colour and light, and the effect of certain environment. In the little child and in most young people it was a white steady star, but after first youth it altered.

I watched the men of business speeding to their work; in some of thoughtful mien the little flame leapt up—then back to dimness, again to rise and fall. In others it was almost invisible, asserting only its universal presence by a faint glow. In the pleasure-seekers, as a rule, this also was the case, and again among the mourners and the afflicted it was now bright and shining, now almost entirely extinguished.

Then follow scenes similar to those depicted in 'The child, the wise man, and the devil,' culminating in the cry 'No Christ!' followed by weeping and darkness. But the ending is altogether different:—

My guide touched me once more. 'Look up,' he said. I did as he bade me, and, Lo! a glory shone round about. As if the dark cloud were rent in twain, a ray of dazzling light beamed from the beyond. The weeping ceased: a solemn thrill, an inarticulate murmur, ran through the crowd, then silence and an expectant pause.

'Who would take from you the Christ?' he said. 'Who can rob you of that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, God made manifest in the flesh? He that loveth his brother better than himself hath the Christ. The Christ is God in man. Ho! everyone that thirsteth, come! All ye that are weary and heavy laden! all ye that are burdened with sin and shame! all ye that desire Light and Love and Purity! Come! Look not for Him on the cross. Watch not for Him by His empty tomb. Strain not your sight to follow Him in his "glorious Resurrection." The Christ is not *there*. Seek Him in the kingdom which is *within every man*. And so every one among you is a temple of the living God. When you would be strengthened or comforted, withdraw yourselves from the things of life and enter within that temple. God with one breath of Holy Desire will fan the fire upon that Temple's altar, and as it rises towards its source, Love and Light from the Beyond will descend to draw it into the perfection of holiness. There alone is true unity; for are we not all children of one Father! The fruit of that mystic union is universal love, the bond of brotherhood, love the root and crown of all things.' And with one voice the people cried, 'The Truth! We have found it. There shall be nought no more.'

Was it all a dream?

We certainly very much prefer this ending to Mr. Kernahan's. It is, in the highest degree, spiritual.

HYPNOTISM.

The Editor of the 'Hypnotic Magazine' evidently knows little of the subject with which his paper professes to deal, if we take as a specimen some fourteen propositions he has laid down in replying to Mr. W. T. Stead. Indeed, it is surprising how anyone, least of all the editor of a paper devoted to the elucidation and discussion of the phenomena of hypnotism, could have managed to string together so many erroneous conceptions. In fact, there is not one of the fourteen propositions that will bear investigation for an instant, and the only way in which we can account for Mr. Flower's extraordinary utterances is that he has never witnessed a genuine case of hypnotisation, and evolves his facts from auto-suggestion. To take a few samples at random from his fourteen propositions. In No. 1. he lays down the law that the 'subject,' or hypnotised person, is never irresponsible for his actions. If we read into this sentence the meaning that the hypnotised person as a conscious moral being ought never to have allowed himself to drift into such a state as to become a tool in the hands of another, well and good; but if we take it in the sense in which it is evidently meant to be taken, it is perfectly ridiculous as a statement. Hundreds of cases could be adduced to show that the hypnotised person when in that state cannot be held responsible for his actions, inasmuch as he is, for the time being, governed by the dominating idea, and swayed by another will than his own. No. 4 declares that 'the subject submits to be hypnotised; he cannot be influenced against his will.' In the majority of cases this is quite true, inasmuch as the wills of the average men and women are of about equal strength. But to hypnotise another person against his desire is merely a question of force. Let x = either of the two wills which are acting in opposition. The force being equal and opposite, no result takes place. But let one will be x^2 and the other x , then, in accordance with natural law the weaker is overcome by the stronger. No amount of argument can get over the fact that hypnotisation against the will of another depends entirely upon the force. No. 9 declares that 'a subject of good moral character cannot be induced by hypnotic suggestion even to perform an act which he would consider foolish in his waking state.' This could only have been written by one who had never read any of the literature pertaining to the subject, say 'The Zoist,' or any of the earlier books.

And so with the whole fourteen propositions advanced by the Editor. Apparently he does not know what hypnotism is.

In view of the immense psychic development now taking place in the whole race, it is necessary to get a clear idea of the terrible dangers incidental to the indiscriminate practice of hypnotism. It is not to be supposed that hypnotism in certain well-defined cases does not do good, but as it is possible to get roast pork without resorting to the extreme expedient of burning down the house, so it is possible to get all the good that hypnotism can offer without having recourse to such a drastic method of procedure as temporarily annihilating the will of the subject. Some people are advocating the extended use of hypnotism as an anæsthetic in surgical or dental operations, but a strong dose of chloroform is in such cases infinitely preferable to sleep induced by the will of another person. Laurence Oliphant in his works deals most clearly and exhaustively with this subject, and those who are interested will do well to read that portion of his writings which bears upon this point.

Hypnotism is, of course, nothing new in Occultism, but it is new to the bulk of the medical profession, and they are evidently endeavouring to claim it as their own discovery. Braid, of Manchester, is supposed by the profession to have reduced hypnotism to a science, but Braid, both as a theorist and an observer, was far inferior to the so-called mesmerists. In fact, Braid was a narrow materialist who derided Mesmer's theory of a universal fluid permeating all space and joining the universe in one indissoluble whole. Braid prided himself on having found out the true secret of the phenomena, and his followers up to the present have obstinately closed their eyes to everything but the principle of fixity of attention, which is only one of the factors to be taken into consideration. The hypnotist fails to take into consideration the fact that the spheres of two individuals intermingle, and that what Mesmer called the 'universal fluid' is as much a reality as gross matter. The 'universal fluid,' in fact, is nothing but what is now known in science as the luminiferous ether, which penetrates every material body; consequently, 'mesmeric influence' can no more be denied than

the ether itself. It is a well-known fact that a patient hypnotised by one person will not experience the same benefit, from a therapeutic point of view, as if hypnotised by another. What is the explanation? One has a more health-giving and radiating aura than another. To ignore or deny this aura does not make the slightest difference, for it is a necessary constituent of the individual, as real as his skin. A hypnotist in weak or bad health does incalculable mischief to his patient, and this shows the idiocy of regarding a man with a college degree as more qualified than another to practise healing by hypnotic suggestion.

The basis of suggestion is will-force, or spirit. If there were no latent force, all the suggestion in the world would be thrown away. It is because man is a spiritual being that suggestion, or, to put it more scientifically, an idea, can produce such extraordinary results. Matter is the servant of spirit, or will, and the more the individual trains himself consciously and deliberately so as to acquire more spiritual or will force, the greater power he acquires over matter, and over his own body. The more the individual brings himself to the passive state, where he is easily influenced by the hypnotist, the more he lays himself open to further external influence, good or bad. A person who is hypnotised several times is training himself for obsession by evil spirits, and the majority of the cases of obsession are furnished by those who are in the habit of being passive, or, in other words, are good hypnotic subjects.

What an enormous evil, then, this indiscriminate practice of hypnotism will become unless speedily checked! The experiments performed by Charcot and others of the same school were infamous. It is no exaggeration to say that they blasted the moral development of dozens of weak and helpless neurotic patients. Ah! but consider the gain of science! Nonsense! Science has gained absolutely nothing, for all the knowledge that Charcot and his colleagues acquired was known to occultists before, and more, too. And even the knowledge of the hypnotic school as at present put forth is so tinged with misconceptions that it is far more akin to the Black Art than the Art of Healing.

There is no question whatever that the finer forces of man are now in rapid process of development, and therefore it behoves all to fortify the weak points in the defences. This will never be done if hypnotism and its traditions become rampant, for instead of building up, it pulls down, by weakening the will or character, which is the substratum of individual existence. By getting hold of the true doctrine man will develop in perfect harmony of bodily strength and mental and moral vigour, but if he surrenders his will to the control of another, as he is invited to do in hypnotic practice, he will find the task of development extremely hard. All the good of suggestion can be acquired without hypnosis, for the aura of the healer must penetrate the aura of the patient, and, when concentrated with power, sympathetically radiates into the receptive aura of the latter without inducing loss of volition or consciousness.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

AN APPEAL.

We, the undersigned, beg to appeal through the columns of 'LIGHT' for a little help for the well-known medium, Mrs. Spring, who has been seriously ill with bronchitis and inflammation since the beginning of October.

The Manchester Sick Fund has kindly given about 30s. towards her rent, and sundry friends have been providing her with the means of living and securing medical attendance. But, notwithstanding all this, there are considerable arrears of rent, and we ask for subscriptions to the amount of at least £10, to meet these and to assist Mrs. Spring in all needful ways whilst her weakness continues. At present she is not strong enough to re-commence work, although she hopes to be able to do a little at home soon.

Miss Mack Wall will receive and apply all sums which, by your kind permission, may be sent to the office of 'LIGHT.'

Unless adequate help is speedily forthcoming Mrs. Spring's things will be seized, her home broken up, and thus the services of one who is known to us and to many more who have employed her for years as a thoroughly straightforward and honest medium, of excellent and searching power, under proper conditions, will be lost to the Spiritualist cause.

'BIDSTON.'

'W.' (Bloomsbury).

MARY MACK WALL.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 2, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19th, 1896.

EDITOR E. DAWSON ROGERS.
Assisted by a Staff of able Contributors.

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CHRISTMAS AND ANGELS.

In a few days, all Christendom will keep its never-forgotten Christmas. It is the one universal festival of the year, and perhaps no festival was ever kept in such a variety of ways, and with such startling contrasts—all the way from the tenderest adoration of a divine child to the grossest gluttony and intemperance: truly a marvellous commemoration!

And yet, strange to say, notwithstanding the startling diversity of modes of commemorating this festival, one of the leading features of the fact commemorated will be borne in mind only as part of a mere spectacle—as that which, though real once, has never been repeated, and cannot be. We refer, of course, to the spiritual appearances which occupy so prominent and so vital a place in the story of the advent of the child in whose recorded manner of appearing the vast majority seem to so strenuously believe, but by whom it is really so little grasped.

The solid fact which cannot be got rid of is that from beginning to end, and at every stage, the Gospel story is saturated with the spiritual. The birth is heralded by the angel-appearances to the shepherds; the death and the victory over it are vitally connected with the angel-appearances to the disciples; and there never seemed to be a time when the angels did not ascend and descend upon this 'Son of Man.' At present we do not discuss the question whether these records are strictly historical, and whether everything happened as set down. All we are concerned with, at this stage, is the question—How far is the actual fact grasped by the very people who profess to believe it most? If the fact, as a fact, were thoroughly grasped, would it be possible to scout every suggestion that angels of God sometimes appear now? This is what we meant when we asserted just now that this prominent fact of the spirit-appearances at the birth of Christ will, after all, be borne in mind only as part of a mere spectacle; for the vast majority of those who will sing their carols, telling of the angel-appearances, would laugh amusedly or scoff disagreeably if one said, 'Yes, what you say is true; and I know it, because, in our own days, angels have appeared.'

The really thoughtful among those who, while believing in spirit-appearances, say about 1,900 years ago, refuse to believe in them to-day, would explain that the occasion was exceptional, and so exceptional as to warrant and even compel a supernatural influx of spirit-power. We do not think this is entirely nonsensical and arbitrary. It is quite

likely there is something in it. All we ask is that any such exceptional influx of spirit-power shall be connected with the law of cause and effect. The advent of a Christ may have been an event of such intense spiritual significance as to bring the unseen and the seen into equally intense contact—just as the crucifixion may have been, or the appearance of the spirit-Christ, misleadingly called 'The resurrection.' But surely we diminish the significance of these manifestations of spirit-power—these incursions of angel-presences—if we think of them as arbitrary, just as the pageantry of a royal show is: and surely we put these spirit-powers and angel-presences in their true place when we consider them as inevitable and natural, in the circumstances. But, if we do that, we leave an open way between the seen and the unseen, and we are even able to draw the inference that these spirit-powers and angel-presences may be always on or near that open way, ministering according to the need, and felt even when not seen. And we venture to repeat that if our friends who will most loudly sing their carols really believed that angel-story as a great world-fact and not as only part of a mere spectacle, they would be much more ready to believe in spirit-activities and angel-appearances now.

We go further. Is it not at least conceivable that one of the reasons why we do not see the angels is that we have ceased to believe in them? We do not mean that seeing and not seeing may depend upon faith or no faith in the individual—though there may be something in that;—what we mean is that an age of unbelief, or an age in which the merely physical senses are supremely developed, may be an age in which the more spiritual perceptions may naturally dwindle. What the sharp and scornful materialist may call 'an unlearning of superstition' may really be a receding from spiritual centres. And this may be so without blame to any one. It is an undoubted fact that in nature everything seems to work in cycles. The very surface of the earth, during millions of centuries, seems as much the subject of orderly change as a meadow during the seasons of a dozen years. Sea and land slowly change places. Tropics and ice-fields alternate. There are no 'everlasting hills.' Nothing abides, but nothing is disorderly. It is so in the human spheres. There are periods of spiritual sensitiveness and unfolding, and periods of scientific faculty and mechanical skill, during which, in all probability, and quite naturally, the spiritual sensitiveness recedes and the spiritual unfolding almost ceases. It must be so even as a question of habits and the cultivation of special powers: and, therefore, it is quite conceivable that in the time of Christ and in Palestine the possibility of such appearances as are recorded in the Gospels and in The Acts of the Apostles is not the possibility of London or 'the black country' now.

All we ask is that the account between heaven and earth should be kept open: and all we say at Christmas time is—'Believe in what you sing: and do not think of those angels as men think of moonshiny poetry, very well for pastime and the Church, but quite inadmissible as relating to fact and life.' Ah, yes! Why not give the angels the benefit of the doubt? Why not encourage the thought that, though unseen, around every cradle head and by every grave, some angel waits, to guide, to consecrate, to bless?

NOTICE.

In consequence of Christmas Day falling towards the close of next week, we shall be obliged, in order to meet the exigencies of the publishing trade, to go to press with our next issue much earlier than usual. No communication reaching us later than Monday will be available for next week's 'LIGHT.'

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—'LIGHT' may be obtained from Mr. W. H. Terry, Austral Building, Collins-street East.

THE NEW SPIRITUALISM.

BY MR. RICHARD HARTE.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LIMITED, ON FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4TH; MR. H. WITTHALL IN THE CHAIR.

(Continued from page 597.)

If we turn to the religio-philosophies of the East, we find the very same psychic phenomena called in to prove the truth of an entirely different system of theology, founded on quite another basis. Although the religio-philosophies of the East avoid most of our crude Western analogies, drawn from man's daily life, they themselves are founded on a separate set of analogies taken from the great operations of Nature. The solid, liquid, and gaseous states, the alternation of day and night, the universality of cause and inevitableness of effect, the sun which gives light and heat, the river that flows into the ocean, the mountain up which a pilgrim toils, these and other natural phenomena furnish the Eastern with the analogies on which he constructs his religion; on the supposition that things go on in the invisible world very much as they do in this one—a supposition which is made also by those who apply to the spiritual universe the analogies of father, king, shepherd, judge, and so on; and which is openly avowed by Occultists to be the foundation of their mystical philosophy, for they declare that the well-known axiom, 'As above so below, as below so above,' is the key to all the mysteries.

Even the Materialists, clever and learned as they are, and strict followers of reason as they fancy themselves to be, are governed by analogy. The Materialist does not perceive in the universe the evidence of purpose, benevolence, forethought, and so forth, which to the Spiritualist seems so strong that he makes the existence of those qualities in Nature the ground of most of his analogies; or if the Materialist does perceive it, he sees also indications of the opposite qualities in Nature, on which he prefers to base his theories; or else he ignores both sets of qualities, on the principle that one set neutralises the other as an acid neutralises an alkali. Nevertheless, the mind of the Materialist is full of analogies taken from the physical processes of Nature, which he professedly uses only to 'illustrate' his theories, and which in the application he makes of them appear to a Spiritualist to be mean, shortsighted, pettifogging little analogies. The oft-quoted aphorism that 'the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile,' is a typical example of the small analogies by which the theories of the Materialist are determined. Turn where we will, in fact, we find that all our theories about the things which we cannot directly cognise by the senses are suggested to us by analogies from our sublunary experiences.

Now, since analogy is our only guide to the knowledge of things that lie beyond our sense experience, and since Spiritualism seeks that knowledge, it is evident that in its larger aspect the New Spiritualism, like the Old, must be founded on analogy. We may go even further and say that since a perception of intelligence in the processes of Nature is within the capacity of everyone who does not wilfully shut up the eyes of his mind, and since analogising is for man a natural, spontaneous, and, to a large extent, unconsciously performed mental operation, the normal man is by a law of his existence a Spiritualist; from which, I greatly fear, it inevitably follows that the Materialist is an abnormal human being, a *lusus nature*, and nothing more or less in plain English than one of Nature's 'Freaks'!

We are constrained to analogise, it seems; but we are likely to do so more creditably than our ancestors did; not only because our knowledge of Nature is greater and more accurate than theirs, and the analogising faculty has developed in man, but also because science has furnished us with the material for a host of new and beautiful analogies. Moreover, we have happily learned to distrust our own conclusions. It was enough in former times, and in religious matters it is still enough, that a conjecture should be plausible in order to be straightway accepted as a fact; but now even the most insinuating theory, unless the facts are found to be in agreement with it, can find only faddists and fanatics to support it. But our distrust of our own ideas goes even further now; for, thanks chiefly to the demonstrations of hypnotism, we have found out that people will believe any kind of absurd nonsense if told it

with a sufficient degree of assurance and solemnity; inasmuch that some psychologists gravely maintain that belief has little or nothing to say to intellect—which, I fancy, students of theological systems have strongly suspected all along. Distrust of ourselves has now perhaps gone a little too far; for those who pry into the mysteries of Nature seem to be divided into two camps, the experimenters and the theorists; and the theoriser says to the experimenter, 'If I were you, my friend, I should distrust my senses,' to which the experimenter replies, 'And if I were you, old boy, I would distrust my intellect.'

The conclusion seems unavoidable that we must continue to make use of analogy if we wish to have any spiritual conceptions at all; and it is no less true that we shall have to allegorise our analogies very much as our forefathers allegorised theirs, for the simple reason that we have no other way of expressing the analogies that well up from our sub-conscious minds than by putting them into allegorical forms—we have no other way, for instance, of expressing the fact that we fancy we see a similarity between the relation of a father to his child and the relation which we suppose to exist between a Creator and a creature, than by the pure allegory that God is the Heavenly Father of man. Our very language is a conglomerate of figures of speech, and if we wished to be accurate we should qualify almost every statement we make by adding the words 'as it were' or 'so to speak.' The reason why we do not think it necessary to do so is that we actually think in metaphors, similes, symbols and allegories, so that figurative language is not only habitual but natural for us, and it is doubtful if we could understand any other. In its larger aspect the New Spiritualism, therefore, on account of the very constitution of our minds, will be conceived in analogy and brought forth in allegory.

True beliefs mean true analogies; and if all men adopted the same analogies all would believe alike. But an analogy is a simple perception. You can point out an analogy, but you cannot reason about it. You can take a man to an analogy, but you cannot make him perceive it. If he sees it he sees it, if he doesn't he doesn't. It is for that reason that argument about spiritual things is useless. When people are converted it is suggestion, not argument, that causes them to exchange one set of analogies for another. If God strikes me as resembling a loving father, and strikes you as being like an unfathomable ocean, no compromise is possible; and unless I can persuade you to exchange your analogy for mine you will probably try your best to drown my Loving Father in your Unfathomable Ocean. I do not much believe in religious controversy. I went once to hear a debate between a clergyman and an atheist, which was not unlike the proverbial combat between an elephant and a whale. The impression I carried away was something like this: 'The whole of Nature shows that there is a God.' 'The whole of Nature shows that there is no God.' 'Mankind could never get on without a God.' 'Mankind gets on capitally without a God.' 'Well, I maintain there is a God.' 'And I maintain there is no God.' 'There is a God.' 'There isn't a God.' 'I say there is.' 'I say there isn't.' 'There is.' 'There isn't.' 'You are blind.' 'You can't see.' 'You are a fool.' 'You're another.' The papers said next morning that the debate was carried on with great ability on both sides.

All we can do to avoid error in our analogies is to see that the facts from which they are taken are correctly observed and properly interpreted. But here we come upon a vicious circle, for we have to look for the interpretation of observed facts to the very analogy we draw from those facts. That is a treadmill on which the clergy take a great deal of exercise: as, for instance, when they call God 'a loving Father' on account of the many pleasant and beautiful things they credit Him with providing for us; and then account for the many pleasant and beautiful things in the world by the fatherly love of God. There is, however, something even worse than this the matter with analogy—something that shows us that analogy must, by its very nature, be always vague and imperfect, and, if relied on too much, deceptive. That something is that the moment we succeed in making our analogies what we consider trustworthy, they cease to be analogies, and become science. For an analogy is a resemblance of relation, and is never perfect unless the things similarly related are themselves similar; but the moment we know that the things between which the analogy exists are similar, we find that we have included them both in a larger generalisation; and that the resemblance is no longer analogical but real. For example, a hundred years ago people spoke only analogically of the 'life' in plants and crystals; we now recog-

nise the force that animates them as being forms of the universal life force or principle, and therefore they seem to us to be 'living' things, not analogically but really—the analogy having suggested an extension of the meaning of the term 'life.' The analogies, however, between known and unknown things can never be shown to be quite justifiable, and they must, therefore, always remain vague and imperfect, and consequently untrustworthy foundations of belief, except in the scientific sense that belief, as distinguished from knowledge, should never exceed the recognition of a high degree of probability.

But this failure of analogies and allegories to supply us with certainties need not distress us, for belief about spiritual persons and places, when it is not merely a higher kind of curiosity, or simply a means for procuring pleasurable emotions, is of importance to us chiefly as determining for us what lines of conduct are most to our advantage; and the same amount of examination into *pros* and *cons* that is necessary to logically establish an allegory would suffice to give us a rational rule for conduct independently of analogy, allegory, or belief. For example: that God has commanded man not to commit murder is a pure allegory, and it would be far more difficult to prove that this allegory, which involves the very first principles of theology, is the expression of a true analogy, than independently to make out imperative reasons why men should not kill each other, reasons drawn from the evil consequences of the act itself. As a matter of fact, the chief reason why men do not commit murder is because there are ways of attaining their ends which are attended with less danger to themselves; when war is declared, the hangman takes a back seat, and killing each other becomes a patriotic variety of exciting sport; and presumably not at all displeasing to God, who is represented by theologians as a wholesale dealer in that kind of thing Himself.

But all this does not mean that analogies and allegories are useless; on the contrary, it brings to light their real utility. The perception of analogies is developed in men and races long before reason asserts its supremacy, and every day we owe to the unconscious recognition of analogies most of what we call our 'original ideas.' Unless we felt the necessity of logically justifying our analogies, we should seldom take the trouble of going through the intellectual processes which enable us finally to dispense with both analogy and allegory. So analogy does service to intellect by pointing out possible arguments, suggesting probable explanations, and urging us on the road of inquiry. But analogy also does a service for the emotions; for the allegorical ideas and beliefs in which analogy clothes itself satisfy the emotional nature more completely than science or art, for those allegories are always poetic.

To satisfy the emotions, analogies and allegories do not require to be logically admissible; they need only to be graceful and plausible. For example, nothing is more comforting to hundreds of millions of men than the assurance given by religion that they will be rewarded in another life for their virtuous conduct here, and compensated for their unmerited sufferings; were it not for this assurance the world would probably not be content to put up for a single day with the misery and injustices that prevail; yet, strictly speaking, this belief is founded upon an analogy which is of very doubtful applicability, namely, the analogy which it supposes to exist between the lives of men on earth and the great cosmic processes. Rewards and compensations belong to an order of things in which there is freedom of choice, and responsibility to a master; but how far freewill and responsibility enter into human life is a deep philosophical question, which has, as yet, been by no means satisfactorily answered.

Again: What idea could be grander or more poetic than the Eastern conception that the manifested universe is a Great Being, who has voluntarily died out of spirit and been born into matter, in order that the One might become the Many; this Great Being thus sacrificing himself that we might live? That very ancient and sublime conception has constantly reappeared in religious thought, and has for ages been a powerful determinant of religious belief; but it, too, applies to cosmic processes an analogy taken from human experiences; for there can be little doubt that the conception was suggested to early man by an event that must have been usual enough with him, namely, coming across in the forest a carcass in which the *one* had very evidently become the *many*.

Another beautiful idea, which gives comfort to an ever-increasing number, is that 'God is Love'; but that, too, is an allegory taken from human life—most probably from the sup-

posed similarity between the relation of a father to his child and that of God to man—which, again, is arguing from human life to cosmic process. It has, moreover, an additional weakness of its own; for love is one of the 'pairs of opposites,' and needs its correlative hate or anger to make it comprehensible to us. We find that likes and dislikes are inseparable, and play an equally important part in the economy of Nature. How can we love the hateful? How can a rational God be imagined to do so? We know in our hearts that if such a thing were possible 'good' and 'bad' would be words without meaning, and morality and progress would be impossible. A good God requires an evil God as his polar opposite, and if there be a God who is Love there must also be a God who is Hate; and we are once more caught between the upper and the nether mill-stone. No; the 'love' we see manifested in Nature is a benevolent indifference, which is absolutely free from favouritism, a wishing well to everything, helping everything, blessing everything, which Christ symbolised by saying that the sun shines equally on the just and on the unjust; and that is an attribute of no man's God, but of Deity. It is the root attribute which in personal beings like ourselves or our Gods differentiates into likes and dislikes, as some unknown force differentiates into the positive and negative electricity we can know; but that is no more 'love' than it is 'hate' in any sense conceivable by us; and it implies an idea of justice to which the world has not yet attained, for it implies that everyone should have a share of good things, not proportionate to his merits or demerits, which are of nobody's own making, but in proportion to his capacity for enjoyment, which is a gift from Deity.

Our favourite maxim, 'As a man sows, so also shall he reap,' is another striking instance of very questionable analogy, for it applies to cosmic processes not even our terrestrial experience but merely what we wish were the case. It is notorious that as a general proposition the opposite would be nearer the truth—that 'what one man sows, another man reaps.' Our whole system of law is intended to deprive our actions of their natural consequences, and substitute an artificial set, which are not the fruits of our actions any more than the fruit on a Christmas tree is its own. Almost everything we have, or do, and even what we are in mind and body, is the harvest which we have gathered from the sowing of our ancestors, as posterity will reap what we sow. Of course, nothing is easier than to postulate heavens and hells and systems of re-incarnation to bolster up this shaky analogy; and then it becomes necessary to keep the shaky analogy up in order to account for the heavens, hells, and re-incarnations. As a consequence, all our ideas of morality get muddled up, until we make it the duty of man collectively—the function of the law—to revenge individual injuries, and try to combine with this axiom, which appeals to prudence and egoism, the morality of altruism, which is in direct opposition to it. Christ says, 'Forgive offences,' but the Law calls that kind of thing 'compounding a felony.'

Nevertheless, analogies are most useful and excellent things if we constantly bear in mind that they must always be vague and imperfect, and should never be mistaken for matters of fact; for then good analogies put us on the road to spiritual knowledge, and bad analogies give us spiritual comfort. We cannot too clearly remember that the very fact that we perceive an analogy affords a presumption so strong as to be practically a certainty, that a real resemblance in some way or other exists in Nature which justifies our analogy, if we will only be content to regard our analogies as analogies, and not as matters of fact. For instance, that we shall reap as we sow, or be compensated by-and-by, may not be provable, or even quite true as generally understood, but the relation expressed by those commonly received analogies, the relation between conduct that is to the advantage of others, and consequences that in the long run will be profitable to ourselves, may be taken to be a natural and real relation nevertheless; a relation which will, I think, be better understood when we learn to distinguish between man as a collective or composite organism, and man as an individual unit, or tissue cell in that organism.

We see, therefore, that all men are naturally Spiritualists, because they perceive in the universe the evident signs of intelligence and benevolent purpose; and they therefore postulate a benevolent, intelligent, conscious Power above, behind, or within the visible universe, which Power they, by analogy, conceive as an individual, endowed with emotions and will; and forthwith allegorise in human or quasi-human form, more or less distinctly conceived. This allegorising cannot be avoided.

It would not be natural for man to refuse to picture to himself, either as poetry or as fact, great invisible beings who determine and direct events, for otherwise he could not account to himself for things as he knows them to be. Did he cease to make such pictures, all he could do would be to try to preserve the mental state of unstable equilibrium called suspended judgment; or to state the problem in complicated terms, and then try to persuade himself that he had thereby solved it. And he would soon, I think, find himself on the down-grade morally, for that which man conceives to be the voice or command of God is in reality the dictate of his own sub-conscious self, a sub-conscious self which is a 'higher self,' because it is intimately related to the collective self of the race, and is not perturbed by considerations of sordid profit or narrow expediency, and therefore speaks from the heart and from the conscience. The Materialist may be an ardent philanthropist, a powerful speaker, a clever lawyer, a great expert in diseases, a skilful engineer, a consummate general, a splendid business man, or a wily ecclesiastic; but, if he is a consistent Materialist, he is not a whole or normal human being; for a man loses something that is actually a part of himself when he entirely throws away his Gods.

But if we are destined to go on making false analogies and worthless allegories, calling the results 'religious truths,' we may well ask whether humanity will ever escape from bondage to its superstitions and its prejudices? It certainly will; for there will be the vital difference between the New Spiritualism and the Old that I have already dwelt on: that whereas the Old Spiritualism mistook its allegories for realities, the New Spiritualism will never forget that they are only allegories. But at the same time the New Spiritualism will know that behind its allegories there must certainly be corresponding realities infinitely greater than anything which it has entered the mind of man to conceive.

In another vital point the New Spiritualism will differ from the Old: It will not confound the theological God with Deity. That confusion belongs properly to the era when men mistake their allegories for facts, but it is kept up at present by the clergy for their own purposes, by using the name 'God' in both senses. Theologians give to their Gods, even when not conceived as man-gods, the attributes of both creature and Creator, making their God an incongruous mixture of man and Deity. The result is a kind of Divine Monster, who would be quite incapable of performing the functions in the cosmos which the theologians allot him, and quite useless to us except as an object the worship of which excites pleasurable feelings. That 'God,' meaning the Power behind the universe, the Life of the cosmos, is a conception quite distinct and different from the God or Gods worshipped and 'served' by the priests, was recognised in antiquity, and is acknowledged in the East to-day. There were, as you know, two Jupiters and two Joves, just as there are two Brahmas, and even two Jehovahs; the one for the philosophers, the other for the multitude; the one a Great Reality, the other an Allegorical Monster.

Just as the New Spiritualism will distinguish between the theological God and Deity, so also it will clearly separate the conceptions of both Deity and theological Gods from the idea of the high spirits that are sometimes by courtesy also called 'Gods.' That such beings exist seems to be in accordance with the general scheme of Nature; and certainly their non-existence is not proved by the fact that they do not frequent this morally stinking world. Would you not laugh if you heard that the pigs had solemnly come to the conclusion that no such people as kings and princes exist, because neither Queen Victoria nor the Prince of Wales had ever gone to wallow with them in their sty? According to the Occultists, a God in this sense is latent in every man, and Theosophists hope, by dint of 'training,' to blossom into Gods of that kind. Those high spirits are divine in the same way that man is divine, for, like him, they are manifestations of Deity, centres of consciousness animating forms appropriate to their sphere of existence, and agents performing some functions in Nature for which they are fitted, and which require beings like them to perform them. It would, I think, be an astonishing thing if such beings did not exist.

It is these high spirits that may be supposed to incarnate in mortals, if that event ever really takes place; and it is evident that if the Avatars and 'man-gods' of religions be such incarnations, the attributes both of Deity and of the allegorical God have been wrongly attributed to them by the priests. These high spirits, true 'Celestial Beings,' must be as 'real' as we are, and bound, like mortals, by law and necessity; and, like every other manifested existence, they are presumably in a

process of evolution; whereas the Gods of theology are creations of the human mind, allegorical hy-figures of the priests, that can have a real existence only if through some mysterious process they have been endowed with an ephemeral life by the thought-power of those who believe in them. When they cease to be believed in they die, as Jupiter and Minerva died, as Thor and Woden died.

(To be continued.)

'THE MAGICAL RITUAL OF THE SANCTUM REGNUM.*'

Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, Supreme Magus of the Rosicrucian Society of England—as the title-page of the work under notice informs us—and holding possibly a higher position as Past Master of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge—one of the most esteemed and exclusive Masonic lodges—deserves the praise of occultists for having rendered into strong and simple English a little treatise to which a peculiar interest attaches for all admirers of the French Kabbalist, Eliphas Lévi. This interpretation of Magical Secrets has never been printed in France, the country of the author, and its appearance in an English vesture is, therefore, its first publication. Having regard to the pious devotion with which the posthumous writings of Lévi are collected and issued by admirers of his own nationality, the point is worth noting, and it attaches a bibliographical importance to the pleasant task undertaken by Dr. Westcott. But there are also facts which connect the 'Magical Ritual' with one of the most important mystical movements of our own land; and many persons to whom the significance of the Tarot Trumps and French transcendental speculations would in themselves make vain appeal, will be drawn towards a work which connects, accidentally alone, it is true, with the history of 'The Perfect Way.' The original MS., from which Dr. Westcott has translated, was the gift of Baron Spedalieri, an aged occultist of Marseilles, to Mr. Edward Maitland, and it is written in an interleaved copy of a Latin treatise by Trithemius, of Spanheim, entitled 'De Septem Secundis,' which appeared at Cologne in 1567. Trithemius was a learned Benedictine, but also passes for an adept in occult wisdom. His work is in part of a prophetic character, and was long supposed to have announced the inauguration of a new spiritual dispensation in the year 1879—that year in which 'The Perfect Way' was first given to the world. This, however, is a mistake, but the estimation in which the treatise was held by Lévi and Mr. Maitland's own warm recognition make it interesting to the followers of both. As there was a misapprehension with regard to the prophetic utterance of the Benedictine abbot, so there was another as to the nature of the MS. interleaved with Mr. Maitland's copy; it passed for some time as a commentary written by Lévi upon the work of Trithemius; but it is really an independent and original contribution to esoteric literature, which in the order of time precedes the famous 'Doctrine and Ritual of High or Transcendent Magic,' by the same author, and, indeed, some of its elements have been incorporated into that work. The MS. is once the subject of reference in the 'Unpublished Letters of Eliphas Lévi,' which were spread over so many issues of 'Lucifer,' and have now been collected into a single volume full of wisdom and of insight; otherwise, it is apparently unknown, even in its own country.

As its title indicates, the 'Magical Ritual' is a development of some of the significance of the Tarot Trump-Cards, and seeing that the work on High Magic is also based upon these, it may serve as a kind of syllabus of Lévi's later *magnum opus*. Dr. Westcott has added to his translation some selections from the larger work and some valuable indications found in Christian's 'Histoire de la Magie.' The book is illustrated with coloured plates reproduced very carefully from the originals, and quite the best things of their kind which have appeared in any occult work of modern times. It may be added that the chief characteristics of Eliphas Lévi are prominent in this posthumous publication—exalted insight, both spiritual and moral—combined with much cynicism, especially as regards the female sex; and further, an instruction which undermines all official religions, except for 'babes and sucklings,' together with an ultimate and seemingly earnest recantation of every syllable, for the student is exhorted at the end, if he would be

* 'The Magical Ritual of the Sanctum Regnum interpreted by the Tarot Trumps.' Translated from the MSS. of ELIPHAS LEVI, and edited by W. WYNN WESTCOTT. With eight coloured plates. (London: George Redway, 2, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, W.C. 1896. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

greater than all the Magi, to hide his science within him, and become a faithful servant of the Roman Catholic Church. The reader of Eliphas is always on the horns of the dilemma created by this paradox, and is never quite certain to which of the two Phillips he should finally appeal. A. E. WARRE.

SIR RICHARD AND LADY BURTON.

From what has appeared recently in the newspaper Press it would seem that the friends of the late Sir Richard and Lady Burton are exceedingly anxious to clear their memories from any suspicion of the taint of Spiritualism, and in a recent number of the 'Westminster Gazette' we find Mrs. Fitzgerald—'a younger sister of Lady Burton'—making the following statement to an interviewer who represented that journal:—

My sister had lived in the East. She was interested in occult matters, but only as an on-looker. When she heard of these Spiritualists in England, she said, 'Just let me try and see if there is anything in these people.' It was purely in the spirit of experiment that she saw them at all.

We do not know that it matters a fig to us, or to our readers generally, whether Sir Richard and Lady Burton had or had not any interest whatever in our subject, but it may be as well, as a matter of history, to record a fact which Mrs. Fitzgerald may have forgotten or may never have known—that so long ago as December 2nd, 1878, Sir Richard had sufficient interest in the subject to accept an invitation to address the members of the British National Association of Spiritualists, at their rooms in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. We remember the occasion distinctly, and the amusement which Sir Richard caused—while admitting all the phenomena usually recognised by Spiritualists—by, at the same time, announcing himself as a materialist, or, as he jocosely said, 'a Spiritualist without the spirits'—and setting up as an hypothesis by which the occurrences might be explained the existence of an unrecognised force, which he designated 'zoo-electricity.' At the conclusion of his address, Lady Burton, though she did not in so many words proclaim herself a Spiritualist, nevertheless spoke as though she were one, declaring herself an opponent of Sir Richard, and laughing at the theories by which he sought to account for the phenomena. An interesting discussion followed, in which some valuable criticisms were offered by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald (in the chair), Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, Mr. William Crookes, Mr. C. C. Massey, Dr. Wyld, Dr. Carter Blake, Mr. Thomas Shorter, Mr. Spencer, Mr. W. H. Harrison, and others. The proceedings were reported at great length in 'The Spiritualist,' and are well worthy of study. The copies of the paper containing the report may be seen by anyone who has sufficient interest in the matter to call at the office of the London Spiritualist Alliance in Duke-street, Adelphi.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- 'Egyptian Magic.' By 'S.S.D.D.' Being Vol. VIII. of 'Collectanea Hermetica,' edited by W. WYNN WESTCOTT. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, 26, Charing Cross, S.W. Price 3s. 6d. net.
- 'A Tour through the Land of the West.' A graphic description of the Columbian Exposition. Remarks and criticisms on American Society, its Cities, Religious Feeling, Morals, Politics, Industries, Farming, Social Theories, Institutions, Authors, a Visit to the Home of the Fox Sisters, and an Interview with A. J. Davis. By A BIRMINGHAM WORKING MAN. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Price 6d.
- 'The Journal of Practical Metaphysics'; 'The Mystical World'; 'Review of Reviews'; 'The Medium's Battle and other Poems' and 'Molly's Christmas Candle,' by 'E.J.K.'

SPIRITUALISM IN BUENOS AYRES.—A correspondent in Buenos Ayres writes: 'It may interest you to learn that amongst the natives of this country, Spiritualism is making very rapid progress. The vast majority of adherents to the faith having been reared in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church is a significant circumstance.'

THE CLOUD UPON THE SANCTUARY.*

For most English readers Eckartshausen has been long, and too long, merely a name in the literature of Mysticism, and if we have attached to it, as, I think, many of us have, something of the idea of greatness, I suspect that its sonorous German syllables have had more to do with the attribution than even a derived knowledge of the man who bore that name, or the books which stamp him, in the opinion of his translator, as 'a spiritual giant.' We are aware that he was praised by Saint Martin—with whom he connects in Mysticism; that he has been mentioned by Eliphas Lévi—who almost certainly had never read him; and that he wrote upon magic—what, except the 'Cloud upon the Sanctuary,' which can only be called magical by the furthest extension of the term, we even now barely surmise. Were we asked, we should probably refer him to his proper period, that of the French Revolution; but this is the extreme limit of our acquaintance, for the modern revival of mystic thought has heretofore passed him over. I can recall no mention of him in the literature of Theosophy, for example; Madame Blavatsky, who quoted almost everybody, does not seem to have quoted him, and he is rarely, if ever, mentioned in the histories of 'supernaturalism' which have been frequently written by Spiritualists. Such being the case, it is in all respects to be regretted that Madame de Steiger has not increased the debt of gratitude we owe her for an excellent version of a remarkable book, by giving us at least a few words of information concerning its writer.

When 'The Cloud upon the Sanctuary,' here annotated more fully by the translator, appeared originally in 'The Unknown World,' I felt that it was something in the nature of a revelation for readers of mystic literature in this country. Mr. J. W. Brodie-Innes, who is favourably known to Christian transcendentalists by his work upon 'The True Church of Christ,' now affirms that its appearance in English is 'one of the greatest boons which has been conferred upon English occult students since the publication of "The Perfect Way."' From whatever point of view we may regard the 'New Gospel of Interpretation,' this is, of course, high praise; for myself, I frankly feel that there has been no intimation from the centres of knowledge since 'The Cloud upon the Sanctuary' which seems quite so full of profound significance and promise. At the same time, it is an intimation rather than a distinct message, and perhaps for many earnest people, like other pregnant hints, it is one which will leave them wondering and yearning, but not quite certain what they can do to make use of it.

In these few words of advertisement, which are designed only to introduce to the readers of 'LIGHT' a book that will fasten itself upon their memory, it would be difficult to summarise what Madame de Steiger terms gracefully 'the last, the Swan's Song,' of Eckartshausen, and quite impossible to attempt any criticism in detail. For that I should need more space than could be given here, and more time than I can command. I must be content merely to mention the nature of the spiritual teaching which Madame de Steiger has kindly made available. To put it as briefly as possible, Eckartshausen tells us that by the opening of the spiritual sensorium, which subsists in the interior man, it is possible in this world to enter into an intimate union with God, that this opening is consequent upon the process of regeneration, and that the mysteries of the spiritual sensorium, and of the world in which it can awake, have been deposited from the beginning of man's physical history with a Society of the Elect, which society constitutes the invisible, interior, celestial Church, illuminated interiorly by the Saviour, while the members of it are to be found all over the world. This community possesses a school, in which all who thirst for knowledge are instructed by the Spirit of Wisdom, and therefrom all truths have penetrated into the world. It received from God, at first hand, the revelation of the means by which fallen humanity can be again raised to its rights, the primitive charge of all revelation, and the key of true science, both Divine and natural. By the interior truths contained in this Sanctuary will man in the latter days be re-conducted to the knowledge of the Absolute. The chief of all its agents of light is Jesus Christ Himself. 'It is the unique and really illuminated community which is absolutely in possession of the key to all mystery, which knows the centre and source of all Nature and

* 'The Cloud upon the Sanctuary,' Translation and Notes by ISABEL DE STEIGER. Preface by J. W. BRODIE-INNES. (London: George Redway, 9, Bask-street, Bloomsbury. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

creation. It is a society which unites superior strength to its own, and counts its members from more than one world. It is the society whose members form a theocratic republic, which one day will be the Regent Mother of the whole world.' We are given to understand that the beginnings of this day are even at our doors.

Concerning the possibility of union with this wonderful Order, it is said that no one member can choose another, for the choice must be unanimous; that all are called, and the called may be chosen, if they are ripe for entrance; that anyone can look for the entrance; and any man who is within can teach another to seek for it, but that only he who is fit can arrive inside. 'He who is ripe is joined to the chain, perhaps often when he thought least likely, and at a point of which he knew nothing himself.' It is stated plainly that there are methods by which ripeness can be obtained, but their nature is not indicated.

The Holy Assembly, as it is otherwise called, must not be regarded as a species of secret society, having periodical meetings and choosing leaders and officers; it is above all outward forms, and yet, regarded as a school of initiation, 'it has its Chair, its Doctor; it possesses a rule for students; it has forms and objects for study, and, in short, a method by which they study.'

It should be added that with Eckartshausen Jesus Christ is the one mediator for the human race, the one way by which we can return to God; that, speaking generally, he teaches the doctrine of the Fall of Man and the Divine origin of the revelation to Moses; while the mystery of the Inner Church is a sacerdotal mystery, of which the external Christian Church and the Christian priesthood are the visible signs. In what way all this is to be interpreted will, of course, be the first question for the serious reader.

The Cloud which rests upon the Sanctuary is 'the weakness of our nature unable to support the light. . . . This is the curtain which veils the Holy of Holies.' The personal position of Eckartshausen in respect of this cloud must be sought in the motto which he placed on his title-page—*sine nube pro nobis*—'for us it is without a cloud.' In other words, we are to understand that he had been permitted to pass behind the veil, and it is in all respects clear from Letter III. in the collection that he speaks with authority and represents the voice of the Sanctuary in the outer world—in the Courts of the Temple. We are here confronted by a claim which offers nothing to our investigation; we must receive it or not as it impresses us; to me it again seems a question of how these things should be understood; it should certainly not be in the sense of any formal initiation; man does not become a Mystic after the manner in which he is made a Mason; at the same time, formal initiation—but I speak here of institutions different from Masonry—may be sign-posts on the way, and no person who is acquainted with the secret societies should underrate their possibilities. Not yet, I think, will they be unprepared for the claim of Eckartshausen. His transcendent sincerity is beyond challenge; were I called on to register the side upon which I should ask to be classed, it would be with those who regard him

'As a mission'd man,

Who from the heart and centre of all things
Ascends with revelation.'

I find I am quoting a versicle of my own making, but as it recurred spontaneously, and gives my meaning, I may be pardoned the vanity.
A. E. WAITE.

THE ALLEGED DUBLIN GHOST.—Some further details of the Dublin ghost story, recently mentioned, are supplied by a 'Daily News' correspondent: 'A lady, well known in Dublin society, the wife of one of the leading members of the choir in St. Patrick's Cathedral, who is a constant attendant at the services, perceived in one of the stalls the dim outlines of a man's form gradually becoming more distinct in a sitting posture. The face and form were at once recognised by her as those of one of the clergy of the cathedral who was greatly beloved and respected, and whose death plunged the Protestant community of Dublin into mourning four years ago. The lady's experience, of the reality of which she is quite convinced, might perhaps be attributed to an optical illusion, or to an unaccountable freak of the imagination, were it not that the appearance of the dead dignitary has presented itself on several occasions to members of the staff of the cathedral. The interest created in these apparitions is intensified by the circumstance that the gentleman whose spirit is supposed to be seen was himself a convinced believer in supernatural appearances.'

AN UNIMPEACHABLE PRESENTIMENT.

The following letter appeared in the 'Spectator' of Saturday last:—

SIR,—As official shorthand writer for the Crown in East Fife, I took notes of evidence, under 'The Fatal Accidents Inquiry (Scotland) Act, 1895,' last week in a case that might not be uninteresting to your readers, psychologists, and Spiritualists. The witnesses were sworn, and their evidence was given in open court. It is, therefore, a case of unimpeachable presentiment. Peter Duncan, an apprentice slater, residing at 2, Hillbank-road, Dundee, fell from the top of Haugh Mill, Windygates, Fifeshire, on Tuesday, October 20th, and received injuries which resulted in death on November 7th. Mr. Alexander Watson Laburn, brother-in-law, deposed that the deceased lived with him. On Monday night, October 19th, the deceased was sitting in his house, and was rather gloomy. He heard his wife say to him, 'You are very gloomy; what is ado with you?' Deceased replied, 'I dinna ken; I think something is going to happen to-morrow.' When deceased got up on the Tuesday morning, and got a cup of coffee, he was in the very best of spirits and of health. Deceased never complained about giddiness when at his work. Deceased went to Windygates from Dundee on the Tuesday, with the above result.

Discussing the subject with an M.D., he pointed out that presentiments might fulfil their own destiny. A man might be physically weak and depressed in mind when he uttered such words as are quoted. He might gradually become more debilitated. When in a perilous position his increasing morbidity might lead to giddiness and the fulfilment of the unknown in accidents. That is quite true, but the sworn testimony is diametrically opposed to such a rational and natural explanation in the present instance. I did not at the moment when Mr. R. W. Renton, Procurator Fiscal, put the questions as to giddiness and health, perceive the important bearing they had on what may be termed the supernatural aspect of this singular case.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Cupar-Fife.

THOMAS OGILVY.

LETTER 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.]

Science and Spiritualism.

SIR,—Permit me to publish a protest against 'Vir's' dictum that Spiritualism is 'the study of spirit,' and that to study Spiritualism is to be a Spiritualist. He might as well say that a student of Buddhism is therefore a Buddhist. What a man studies is sometimes the opposite of what he believes. For instance, I have studied Darwin's works, and the result is that I have been compelled by experience and common-sense to denounce them. My denunciation may not be worth much, but studying a subject and accepting it are two very different mental processes.

My definition of a Spiritualist is one who is convinced of the reality of the facts of communication between departed spirits, angels, and human beings living in the flesh. Any system of philosophy or religion he may base upon the phenomena is entirely a matter for individual inference and speculation.

When I am told that Spiritualism teaches this, that, and the other, I dissent at once.
NEWTON CROSLAND.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications are unavoidably left over for the present.

'ANONYMOUS.'—Your language is 'strong,' but you do not say that the remarks to which you refer were incorrect. If you think so send us your own view of the facts, but let your communication be accompanied by your name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

'HAZELL'S ANNUAL.'—'Hazell's Annual' for 1897—the twelfth yearly issue—is, if possible, better than ever, showing a keen perception on the part of the Editor of what is expected in a book which professes to be a compendium of up-to-date information regarding men and things. The unusually large number of important topics which have engaged public attention during the past twelve months all receive adequate treatment, while older matter has been compressed in order that nothing of permanent value may be omitted. Under the head of 'Spiritualism' we find an excellent notice of 'Light' and the London Spiritualist Alliance, Limited.

SOCIETY WORK.

EDMONTON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, BEECH HALL, HYDE-LANE.—On Sunday last Mr. J. T. Dales gave us another of his interesting lectures upon 'Dreams: What are They?' and dealt with the method of their interpretation, to the satisfaction of a fair audience. Next Sunday, Mr. W. Walker.—A. W.

DAWN OF DAY SPIRITUAL SOCIETY, 85, FORTRESS-ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, N.W.—On Sunday last Mr. Sloan gave an excellent address on 'Spiritualism,' followed by most successful psychometry. On Sunday next Mr. Ronald Brailey will again give an address and clairvoyance, for Mrs. Spring's benefit, at 7.30 p.m.—M. R., Hon. Sec.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WELLINGTON HALL, ISLINGTON.—On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Jones, under influence of Messrs. Burds and Rodger, greeted us in their old way, the first-named referring to and explaining his recent materialisation. Messrs. Jones, Davis, and Emms followed with bright addresses.—T. B.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—On Sunday last Mr. Ronald Brailey, through his guides, gave a discourse, 'Is the Bible the Inspired Word of God?' to a large audience, which was much appreciated, following with clairvoyant descriptions, all of which were recognised. Next Sunday, Mr. J. Allen. Public circle and Lyceum every Sunday and Tuesday, at 13, Fowler road, Forest Gate, E.—THOS. MCCALLUM, Hon. Sec.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY, ST. JOHN'S HALL.—On the 13th inst. an interesting address was given by Mr. S. Longville, subject, 'Can these bones live?' (Ezekiel's vision). Mrs. Dowdall's 'Snowflake' kindly followed with clairvoyant descriptions. A room having been taken for circle, class, and other week-night meetings, these have been held with gratifying success during the past week. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, of Manchester.—E. A.

BATTERSEA SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, TEMPERANCE HALL, DODDINGTON-GROVE, BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD (NEAR THE POLYTECHNIC).—On Thursday in last week, Mr. Smith gave psychometry. On Sunday morning Mr. Beach opened a discussion on 'Immortality,' and was ably supported by Messrs. Fielder, Martin, Boddington, Adams, and others. In the evening Mrs. H. Boddington gave an address on 'Supernaturalism,' endeavouring to show that all that is is perfectly natural, and that a correct understanding speedily robs the word of its uncanny significance. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., discussion; at 7 p.m., questions from the audience. Thursday, at 8 p.m., séance; no admittance after 8.30 p.m. Sorry to turn friends away so often, but we cannot break this rule.—H. B.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' MISSION, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—On Sunday morning last Mr. R. Boddington's subject was 'How does a "Spirit" Control a "Medium"?' Questions followed. In the evening Mr. W. E. Long addressed a large audience upon 'Prayers for the Dead.' He showed the illogical position of the Protestant Church in banning 'prayer for the dead,' and in the next sentence saying 'Love never dies.' The speaker illustrated in many ingenious ways the necessity for prayer and the action of prayer, both on the one who prays and the one prayed for; 'but the soul's sincere desire,' the prayer of humanity for its own loved ones, was the prayer that gained its object; the speaker condemned prayer by proxy. A broad and instructive address. On Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., W. E. Long, subject, 'Trance Experiences'; 6.30 p.m., W. E. Long, an address; 3 p.m., Lyceum.—R. B.

LIVERPOOL.—At Daulby Hall, last Sunday, Mrs. Wallis delivered two addresses. The subject in the afternoon was 'Spiritual Work and Workers,' the speaker urging on her hearers the duty of developing the power latent in man himself, thus inducing the spirit world, or influx of spirit, to act more freely through him. A fine spirit of toleration and charity was displayed throughout the discourse. The subject in the evening, 'Who are our Teachers?' dealt in a most trenchant manner with the need of reform in our social, political, and moral life, and our need of a closer study of nature, so that we may grow up into a condition of harmony and happiness. The hall was full at night, and the speaker received close and earnest attention. Regret was expressed that a stenographer had not been engaged, as it seems a pity that such able utterances should be lost, except to the comparatively few who hear them delivered.—J. L.

BIRMINGHAM (BOARD SCHOOL, OZZELLS-STREET, BROAD-STREET).—Mr. J. W. Mahony lectures on December 29th on 'The Difficulties and Dangers of Spiritualism'; January 3rd, 'Spiritualism in Relation to the Religions of the World'; January 10th, 'Spiritualism and Theosophy'; January 17th, 'The Spiritualistic Movement and its Future.' The lectures will commence at seven. No singing or test-giving will be attempted. Admission free. Mr. J. W. Mahony, who took a very prominent position years ago, and was then a leading debater on the spiritual platform, has arranged to deliver a course of seven lectures on Spiritualism at the above address. The third lecture was given on Sunday last, the subject being 'Spirit and Matter.' After speaking of the marvellous manifestations of

spirit on the earth-plane, the lecturer said that there was no such thing or entity as matter, apart from the various attributes and potencies of spirit; that what is called or recognised as substance was not created, but is manifested from the Eternal One. It could not be regarded as a permanent thought-ground from the Divine, which imposed certain climbable restrictions upon finite beings.—N. SMITH.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Miss Rowan Vincent, although in very indifferent health, delivered an address entitled 'The Message and the Messenger.' It is always a great pleasure to record the successful efforts of this noble advocate of the truths of Spiritualism, and in this instance it is particularly gratifying to be able to report that Miss Vincent's address was in every respect a most well-timed and able effort, well meriting the warm approval which was spontaneously accorded to it by the numerous audience. Miss Vincent gave seven clairvoyant descriptions after her address, four being recognised at the time of giving. Before concluding these descriptions Miss Vincent gave the full name of a spirit ('Elias Schwartz') who was standing near the front row of seats. No one in that vicinity seemed able to recollect such a person. We thought, however, that such an instance as this was worth recording, the name being a most unusual one. And we do not doubt but that ere long we shall hear of this spirit person being recognised. Miss Samuel sang 'The Better Land,' gaining the best thanks of all for her beautiful rendering of this well-known ballad. Next Sunday Mr. Geo. Horatio Bibbings visits the Marylebone Association, and a trance address will be delivered at the above rooms entitled 'The Message of Christmas' Solo by Miss Florence Morse. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.; commence at 7 p.m.—L. H.

A DREAM AND A WAKING.

(FROM THE 'COMING DAY.')

Into the dear Lord's garden gone,
I heard them say, when, blind with tears
And head bowed low, I trembling stood,
Sore stunned and smitten, dark, forlorn,
And longing most to be alone,
And hide my bitter grief and me
From even love's consoling voice.
I could not speak, nor knew I what to say,
For I had lost my path, and 'twas no longer day.

Days passed and nights: and then I dreamed,
Alone I stood in some strange land,
From dull grey earth emerging: then
Great waves of mystic golden light
Rolled in from some far unseen shore,—
Yet nearer life than life had been:
For that mild mighty radiance, breathed
Through every sense, became at last
One's very self, transforming all,—
Body to spirit, sense to soul.
And then it seemed there could be no more night;
And all the light seemed music,—all the music light.

Then heavy grief gave up its load,
And fret was changed to quiet thought,
And awe, and joy serene, and peace.
The light seemed peopled, but I saw
No face nor form:—the light was all.
And deeper, deeper grew the glow;
And, far on every side, mountains
Of moving glory shone and burned
And flashed with subtle living fires,
And crowned, with myriad miles of flowers, the sod
That filled the enchanted Universe of God.

And still no form, no voice, no hand;
But deeper, deeper, deeper still,
Above, beyond, around, beneath,—
As though all things had changed to flowers
That breathed from light, and light
That breathed from flowers,—the glory grew.
I laughed for joy. And then one said,—
Into the dear Lord's garden gone.
Sad solace that awoke my pain!
Again I knew my grief: and then,
'Mid all the surging splendours there,
I smote my hungry hands and cried—*Dear God! but see!
Break not my heart with this! One little flower for me!*

Then all was hushed, and pale, and far away;
And I awoke, too crushed to weep or pray;
And, in mine ear, a little whisper fell,
Like Paradise found at darkest gate of Hell:—
*Why go so far! Too much they showed you, dear,
I never left you, darling. Heaven is here!* J. P. H.