

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Dr. Peebles tells a painful story about a certain group of Spiritualists in the United States. He says that at a late Spiritualist Conference a woman speaker said that 'the Bible, all the Bibles, ought to be burned to ashes'; and that a man speaker who followed said, 'not only should all the Bibles be burned, but the Bible-makers themselves should be burned—roasted': 'and these verbatim words,' says Dr. Peebles, "burned and roasted" called out loud cheering from several present.' 'And this is Spiritualism, is it?' he asks, 'after fifty-eight years' phenomenal spirit manifestations?'

Dr. Peebles then goes on to tell us that after the publication of his book on 'Spirit Obsessions' it was publicly said by 'Spiritists' that he 'ought to be impaled on some devil's red hot pitchfork and thrown into a boiling caldron,' and that—well, we need not go on. All we can say is that if this sort of thing is mixed even in a small degree with American Spiritualism, we can quite understand what some people mean by its decay. But Dr. Peebles does not believe that true Spiritualism is decaying. He says:—

Is Spiritualism declining? From my varied viewpoint it is not—emphatically, it is not. And being the World's Missionary-at-Large, re-appointed by the new N.S.A. board, and being in correspondence with leading Spiritualists of England, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, and two of the South American republics, I certainly ought to know, and again I repeat, it is not declining, but is moving forward in victory over materialism and churchianic sectarianism.

The wise old pilgrim adds a sensible utterance concerning the spirits' contradictions in their messages and teachings. Both Mrs. Richmond and Mr. Hudson Tuttle, for instance, are spirit guided, but with what result?—

Mrs. Richmond, of Chicago, teaches the re-embodiment or re-birth of spirits. Hudson Tuttle teaches just the reverse. Mrs. Richmond teaches the soul's eternal pre-existence, Hudson Tuttle teaches that the body and the soul begin together and grow up together. So I could fill this column with straight-out contradictions coming from the spirit world through spirit intelligences; therefore, shall we throw away Spiritualism? Shall we burn the books containing spirit messages? It is about time in this brilliant twentieth century for bigotry and burning books and 'roasting' those who honestly and conscientiously differ from us, to stop. The whole genius of a true Spiritualism is liberty, fraternity, kindness and brotherhood.

A Boston (U.S.) University Professor, Borden P. Bowne, tackles Christian Scientists respecting their theory that pain, disease and evil exist only in thought or opinion, and

that if we could change our thought or opinion these troubles would disappear. He builds on the solid fact that, although we may not comprehend the ultimate nature of the things and persons about us, our experiences concerning them are absolutely real, and that it is necessary to adjust ourselves to them in order to live. 'The order of external nature is something we cannot ignore, and the order of our physical dependence is something we cannot escape.'

Our metaphysic is not the source of our experience. 'Experience is real and carries its truth and verification in itself.' Illusion there may be, but before we come to illusion we come to sensation, and the sensation must be dealt with. For instance, 'hunger may be an illusion, but the only known way of effectively dealing with it is by securing a certain other kind of illusion, known as food.' 'Arsenic may be an illusion or non-existent, but we must not swallow it, nevertheless.' 'Here,' says the satirical Professor, 'is a large field for experiment,' and everybody knows, and the Christian Scientist knows, that we have to adjust ourselves to the results of experiment. 'In the long run, the death-rate seems to be about one apiece for all of us.'

Still, the Professor cheerfully admits that the Christian Science doctrine is good as an emphasis of a truth that has been overlooked in the recent materialistic period, and never until lately duly emphasised by medical science, that the state of the mind has great significance for health or disease, and that courage and mental elevation into confident and cheerful conditions are of great value in the struggle for life.

Dr. Wardlaw Thompson, the President of the Congregational Union for this year, made a notable declaration in his inaugural Address, which was on the subject of Foreign Missions. 'The Daily News' reports as follows:—

Commencing with a description of the condition of theological and political thought at the beginning of the last century, he continued: 'Times have changed. Many of us do not occupy quite the same standpoint as our fathers, either doctrinally or in regard to the condition and hope of the non-Christian world. It is time, then, that we seriously faced the situation, and asked ourselves to state the terms of the missionary problem in the light of modern thought, and on the lines of our present acquaintance with the world.'

Dr. Thompson then pointed out in what respects the modern missionary problem differed from that of a hundred years ago. 'Moderns' had abandoned altogether that narrow Calvinism which dominated the men who originated the London Missionary Society. 'We are not prepared,' he said, 'to sweep to a hopeless doom all the countless hosts of men and women who, generation after generation, have peopled this earth, and have passed hence without a chance of hearing of the Saviour of sinners; nor can we think of the vast multitudes who now share the world with us in the lands of heathenism, or nearer home, as involved in this terrible condition.'

This is all very astonishing and very encouraging: yet we think we may safely say that nearly if not quite every Spiritualist during the past fifty years could have said all that Dr. Thompson presents as new.

About half a dozen books are waiting to be mentioned :—
 'TO THOSE WHO SUFFER: A few points in Theosophical teachings,' by Aimée Bleek, translated from the French by Fred Rothwell (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society). A well-written summary of the leading doctrines of Theosophy: perhaps over emotional, but still quite sufficiently thoughtful and well-informed. 'THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL,' by Floyd B. Wilson (New York: R. F. Fenno and Co.). The author says: 'An attempt is made herein to reveal the plane progressive man has attained on his ascent toward freedom, and to throw light on the path leading through Mysticism to the discovery of those unused powers within the soul which, duly appropriated, give expression to the divine in man.' The book is in the Alliance Library, and is worth reading. 'LIFE'S ORCHESTRA' and 'LIFE'S COLOURS,' by Hallie Killick, now Mrs. Eustace Miles (London: Evan Yellon). The first is in its sixth, the other is in its second, edition: both are lively in expression and wise in thought. 'DRAMA OF LIFE': Sonnets and Music, by William Platt (London: Evan Yellon). Fifty-six Sonnets are a bold venture, requiring both daintiness and strength, but this virile writer has both, and his book, beautifully presented, with noble paper, generous margins, and lovely type, deserves attention, if only for its grip of thought and quaint originality. We should like to give a specimen. How difficult to choose! But here is one, not of the strongest but of the tenderest:—

Calm lay the dead; his share of heat all spent;
 Just a mere wilful, ordinary man.
 His wife stood by, her grief more eloquent
 Because no tear across her pale cheek ran.

The friends passed in; they had no word to give her;
 When hearts would speak, words are too seldom rife;
 What could they say that could one pang relieve her?
 Just a mere loving, ordinary wife.

At last one came and gazed upon his friend,
 And looked again upon the woman there;
 He knew their life, its modest scope and end;
 Just a mere struggling, ordinary pair.

He knew their faults, their strife, their love and bliss;
 He sighed: then said, 'How beautiful he is!'

'SPIRIT, MATTER AND MORALS,' by R. Dimsdale Stocker (London: A. Owen and Co.), is an intellectually gossipy little work, dealing with great subjects in a familiar and discursive way. The Essay on 'Spirit' is a lively attack upon Spiritualists and Spiritualism from his point of view, but, in the end, the writer takes off his hat to us in a moderately friendly way, and says:—

Spiritualism has not been without its place in the religious life. In its modern form it has been almost a species of humanism: as such it has registered an advance upon the old faiths. It marks a stage: a rupture with the deity of tradition; it surmounts the old death; it robs the grave of its horrors. But it goes hardly further. This thing it has done, however: it has established the fact that its followers have begun to search their own souls; they have at least become human, and are prepared to realise that the memories of their dear ones have meant more to them than the legends which have gathered round the saints and redeemers of old. Spiritualism, therefore, is proof of sincerity. But it does not go far enough. The sundry irrational prejudices and misjudgments with which a belief in it must abound must be removed. And to do this a man must have learned that nothing less than virtue itself will satisfy him. To be on the side of virtue, to have cast in one's lot with righteousness and truth, duty and courage, this it is to have tasted immortality whilst yet in the flesh. For this no 'belief,' however consoling, is needed: life as it is, or rather as we shall make it, is all that we shall desire.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held at the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST (near the *National Gallery*), on

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, MAY 28TH,
 WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. GEORGE P. YOUNG,

(President of the Spiritualists' National Union),

ON

'The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism:
 Are they Natural or Supernatural?'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA the following meetings will be held at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.:—

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On *Tuesday next*, May 26th, Mrs. Place-Veary will give clairvoyant descriptions at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

TRANCE ADDRESS.—On *Wednesday next*, May 27th, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis will give a trance address on 'The Sixth Sense.' Admission 1s.* Members and Associates free. No tickets required.

PSYCHIC CULTURE.—On *Thursday next*, May 28th, at 4.45 p.m., Mr. Frederic Thurstan, M.A., will conduct a class for *Members and Associates* for psychic culture and home development of mediumship.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To meet the wishes of a number of Members and Associates a special *Evening Meeting* for

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL,

through the mediumship of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, will be held on

FRIDAY next, MAY 29TH, AT 6.30 P.M.,

in place of the usual meeting at 3 p.m., and the above gathering will be the last of the kind this Session. Admission 1s.*; Members and Associates free. Visitors should be prepared with written questions of *general interest* to submit to the control.

* MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing *one* friend to the *Wednesday and Friday* meetings without payment.

FUNERAL OF MR. W. J. LUCKING.

On Thursday, the 14th inst., the mortal form of Mr. W. J. Lucking was interred in Hendon Churchyard in the presence of a number of his relatives and personal friends. The London Spiritualist Alliance was represented by Mr. H. Withall, vice-president, and Mr. E. W. Wallis, secretary. A service was conducted at the house by the Rev. J. Page Hopps, and again at the graveside Mr. Hopps gave expression to sympathetic and spiritually encouraging sentiments regarding the death transition and the fact that he who had passed through the change had already entered into life on the other side of the veil. A large number of beautiful floral emblems bore testimony to the esteem in which Mr. Lucking was held by his numerous friends.

STARTLING SPONTANEOUS PHENOMENA :
WHAT DO THEY MEAN ?

The following account of three very extraordinary experiences which have occurred, so I am informed and have every reason to believe, in my house within the last eighteen months, will, I think, be of interest to the readers of 'LIGHT.'

I may say, by way of introduction, that loud, triple knocks, amounting at times to forcible blows, have been heard upon the bedroom doors—generally proceeding, not from passages, but from unoccupied adjacent bedrooms—at various times during the last three years. These have been reported to me by my mother, the servants, my wife, and a gentleman friend, who happened to be staying with me when the servants were away, and who was the sole occupant of that range of rooms in which he slept. I have never heard these knockings, but the testimony for them is too strong to be doubted. In July, 1907, the phenomena, or whatever they may be termed, assumed a new and startling guise. One night in the above month, in the small hours after midnight, I was awakened by my wife crying out in a loud voice, 'Who are you?' In a few seconds I sprang out of bed, and the next moment heard my wife say: 'Strike a match (the night-light had gone out) and look under the bed; there's a man in the room.' Instantly I did so and looked round in some alarm, at the same time backing towards the place where I kept a loaded revolver for such emergencies. I then lit the lamp and looked under the bed. There was no one save ourselves in the room, and the door was locked. She informed me that she was awakened by someone lifting up the bedclothes and turning them back from her hands, then a hand grasped hers and felt the fingers as if feeling for her rings. She tried to cry out but could not for a time, but at last got out the cry, 'Who are you?' which I had heard distinctly, and at the same moment she *grasped the hand* just as it was leaving hers, snatching at it, but it seemed to melt away in her grasp, though seeming real and solid for an appreciable time. This incident much upset us at the time, but I put it down to nightmare and we gradually forgot it.

From August to November, 1907, my wife repeatedly complained of the appearance of the figure of a man in the bedroom. This figure she often first saw in the wardrobe mirror, and then, on looking up, perceived it standing in the room, and it almost invariably walked round the bed. She describes it as having a calm, good face, not threatening in any way. One very interesting part of her description refers to the figure distinctly casting a shadow when passing the night-light. On all these occasions, save two, I was asleep, but on one occasion was in the next room, and on another my wife saw the figure pass her on the stairs and precede her to the kitchen, the door of which was found locked. During this period we had no maids. I put these things down to hallucination or some disordered state of my wife's health, or possibly something akin to crystal-gazing; I therefore covered the mirror with a curtain.

On December 19th, 1907, I awoke about 7.30 and heard my wife in a very restless condition. I roused myself and asked what was the matter. She informed me that she had been awake quite two hours, and that 'that thing had been again.'

The light was out and the room, which has curtains and blind to the windows, was yet dark. I rose and lit the lamp. She now informed me that she had been awakened two hours, or more, previously by a feeling of intense cold and the blowing of a *strong cold breeze* upon her cheek. She turned her head in the direction of the wind, and saw just at the foot of the bed and close to the right-hand side (the side upon which I lie) a tall pillar of white cloudy light reaching right up to the ceiling. As she turned fully towards it the cold wind seemed to come from it and blow straight in her face. This pillar of light illuminated the bed coverlet, and she could also see the dressing-table and its mirror. The light was bright like a column of muslin wrapped in spiral swathes with a bright light inside. She looked at it for quite two minutes, feeling the cold wind blowing all the time. She then buried her head under the clothes for a considerable time, and on

again looking up the pillar of light was gone and the room in darkness. During the whole of this appearance I was asleep.

So recently as April 7th last I was awakened, at 5 a.m., by my wife shaking me vigorously. I at once cried out, 'What is the matter?' She replied, 'Hush! that thing is here again.' I at once sat up in bed, all alert, and looked most intently in every direction. The night-light had gone out and the room was intensely dark, not the faintest glimmer of light being seen, the blinds being down and the heavy curtains drawn. After satisfying myself on this point from the position where I sat, I arose and walked about the room, peering in every direction, in order to satisfy myself that no glimmer of light penetrated from outside. I then lit a candle, and my wife informed me that she had been awake for some time previous to arousing me, and that a few minutes before she had done so she perceived a bright light at the foot of the bed, just at my feet, but seemingly projected upon or enclosing one of the smaller brass knobs on the rail at the bed's foot. At first the size of a man's hand, it began to increase in height and breadth until in about a minute it had attained the thickness of a man's body, and stood up a full yard above the rail. She describes it as being very bright, and like gauze with a light inside. She tried to call me but could not speak. I was asleep and breathing heavily, and this light pillar was standing just at my feet, and, as far as she could see, partly upon the bed. At last, in terror lest the phenomenon might develop into something very terrifying, she shook me vigorously. The light still shone and increased, but the instant I awoke and cried out, 'What is the matter?' she avers that the light collapsed and sank down in curious folds exactly like the shutting-up of a camera bellows and disappeared.

Much astonished at this second recital, I at once put out the light and together we watched for any further manifestation, but nothing occurred, and in half an hour's time, or thereabouts, signs of the dawn began to steal through the curtains. I may say that we are both young and in the prime of life, and these manifestations—presuming that my wife, the servants, my mother, and gentleman friend are not the victims of some extraordinary hallucination—are entirely unsought and spontaneous. As to what is their meaning or origin, or whereunto they will grow, I am unable to say.

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. CARTER, BRISBANE.—The poem you ask about is called 'Resurrexi.' It was given through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten by a control purporting to be Edgar Allan Poe, and was published in her book entitled 'Poems of the Inner Life,' by Colby and Rich, of Boston, Mass., U.S.A., but is now out of print. We are unable, at present, to reproduce it in 'LIGHT' as you suggest, but may do so shortly. It is certainly worthy of being better known.

'A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ATLANTIS,' edited by William Kingsland (Theosophical Publishing Society, price 1s. net) is one of those narratives which one would like to believe on account of the manner in which it was given. We are told in the preface that the story was dictated by a little boy, aged nine, to his mother, who wrote it down as nearly as possible *verbatim*, and when questions were asked from time to time, the child replied, giving as his authority an individual or intelligence called 'Jonathan.' When Mr. Kingsland remarked that the public would treat it as pure romance, the boy gave a message, as from 'Jonathan,' saying: 'Many people will read it as only a story, but it is true for all that, and only the few will see and understand the deeper meaning and the real truth,' and hinting that later on Atlantis would give up some of her treasures, and the book would be found to be true. A highly developed civilisation is described, with air-ships and flying machines worked by the mysterious 'force' which so often figures in similar narratives. 'Jonathan' declares that 'everything we think is true *in some way*,' and he adds: 'You could not think of it unless it were given you from another and higher world.' He also says: 'In what people now call wisdom only the surface is seen; but how many do dig and dive for the hidden treasures of True Wisdom? . . . The Unseen is always ready and waiting for the Seer.'

RELIGION AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY.

Not many years ago Religion and Psychology could only keep from quarrelling outright by letting each other severely and disapprovingly alone. Now, in the 'Albany Review' for May, Mr. J. Arthur Hill brings these formerly contending elements into harmony, and sets the one to explain the other. In his view Religion is 'of the heart, not of the head; yet the latter must make some attempt, however weak, to supply what we call a rational basis for the feelings of the former.'

It might be argued, however, that Religion is in itself an *ultima ratio*, a rationality as perfect as that of the head, and more final, because on a higher plane; just as the deductions of algebra are more valid, because general or universal in scope, than those of arithmetic, which deals only with particular cases. From another point of view religion is the necessary completion and justification of psychology, as algebra is of arithmetic, for a mind which could only take account of what it receives through the imperfect and easily deceived sense-organs by which it perceives external or material facts, would be unworthy of its own exalted powers. Mr. Hill perceives this, for after a few pages descriptive of the mental faculties in their normal and supernormal phases, and what he terms 'Myers' problem' of the Subliminal Self, he reminds even the rationalistic theologian that 'mere intellect does not exhaust the potentialities of man's spirit'; that the results arrived at by intellect or mere understanding are not religion, even if they happen to support religious belief; while 'religion, being a matter of feeling rather than of mechanical ratiocination, will obviously resist full explanation on rationalist lines.' Truth, he says, is reached by other paths as well as the intellective; we will add, it *must* be so reached, if at all, because Truth is infinite and the intellect is finite. We cannot scale the Nelson Column with a twenty-foot ladder; over the column of Truth we must fly the kite of Aspiration, bearing the cord of Faith, by the aid of which, when the ends are in our grasp, we can draw up our ladders one by one, mounting higher and higher, until our feet stand on the pinnacle with firm assurance.

Mr. Hill thinks it no harm if the truth, as seen from our level, seems vague, for, he says, 'vaguely expressed Truth is better than clear-cut untruth.' When dealing with the psychological side of the question he takes up the idea that the human being is a spirit only partly functioning through a material body:—

The spirit itself is not limited by time and space, and its knowledge and power are unthinkably great. But it is cabined and confined by the body, which has been moulded by the needs of terrestrial existence, and is not adapted to express the spirit's higher forms of activity. Perhaps all subliminals are in some incomprehensible way in contact—are even, perhaps, merged or united. Some such idea might help us to understand telepathy and many other things which are still more in need of explanation. The soul's true being is in a spiritual world—perhaps a timeless, non-spatial existence. It exists in that spiritual world before, during, and after its temporary and partial incarnation in gross matter. The incarnation may be for purposes of purging away selfishness, and for the learning of the Christ principles. The Kingdom of God is within us; but we need to train the *psyche* to realise it by living our life on this plane in accordance with the dictates of the Inner Monitor—the still, small voice—the 'God within the breast.'

By the *psyche* Mr. Hill means, on this theory, the incarnated portion of the *pneuma* or entire spirit, the portion of it which constitutes our conscious self, while the remainder, the Real Self, acts as occasional reminder or prompter, and as subconscious director of our actions.

'I BELIEVE that everyone has the breath of God in his nostrils. That breath constitutes personality—a personality which will persist for ever. It will not be absorbed in the infinite as a drop of water is absorbed by the ocean, but will maintain its separate identity throughout eternity. Moreover, it will, amid the opportunities of another life, slowly educate itself and rise to heights not dreamed of. No part of God can die, neither can it remain dormant. It will, when it becomes conscious of itself, push its way into broader spheres of development and influence.'—REV. GEORGE H. HERWORTH.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS AND HIS MEDIUMSHIP.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., M.A.

Mr. Wake Cook's address on 'Andrew Jackson Davis and the Harmonial Philosophy,' delivered in December last and reported in 'LIGHT,' interested me, especially because of the inquiry of 'H. T.' asking if A. J. Davis 'can be claimed as the father of Modern Spiritualism,' and the replies printed on p. 153. If Modern Spiritualism has a legitimate father, that father is Dr. A. J. Davis. While that was very clearly shown by the erudite Mr. Wake Cook, you will allow me, I am sure, to go a little deeper into the history of Modern Spiritualism.

Before me lies that remarkable volume, 'The Univer-cœlum and Spiritual Philosopher,' edited by the very able S. B. Britten, and published in New York in 1848, with articles therein dated back to 1847. This volume contains articles from Fernald, Fishbough, Ingols, and a series of A. J. Davis's visions, written by himself, under the heading, 'Introductory Vision, by A. J. Davis,' in which he speaks of spirits, of seeing and hearing them. Davis describes one of these immortals, on p. 378, in these words:—

I observed that he (this spirit) was a lover of Nature and of truths. He was a being whom I felt constrained to love, for love was prompted by his superior wisdom. And it is a truth that I conversed with him and he with me for a long period.

William Fishbough, the scribe, once kindly showed me the original manuscript of 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' which were written down as they fell from the lips of the inspired Davis, who in his revelations and visions (especially the latter) emphasises the fact of spirit intercourse, the interior principles of things, and the continuity and perpetuity of law—law relating to spirits in the next and higher stage of existence. His works abound in communications and teachings from such spirits as James Victor Wilson, Galen, Swedenborg, and others. As Mr. Wake Cook wisely said, 'there can be no question as to the right of Dr. Davis to the title of "The Father of Spiritualism."' And be it stated, to his honour, he has never shown a particle of mental itching for leadership, nor has he deluged the spiritualist press with advertisements of his books, and yet they are world-read. I saw a full set of them in the library of Mr. and Mrs. Armitage, in Calcutta, India, and there is a continuous call for them in this country. Why are they not to be purchased?

Naturally connected with the foregoing statement as to 'The Father of Spiritualism,' is the lately-invented phrase, 'The New Spiritualism.' The old Spiritualism of A. J. Davis, Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, S. B. Britten, Benjamin Coleman, Dawson Rogers, Howitt, Shorter, Stainton Moses, is to me quite satisfactory. New methods are not new truths or new principles. And yet I like the 'new,' if it has been demonstrated to be true. Truth, as an eternal verity, is, philosophically speaking, neither old nor new. Certain conceptions of it may be new to us—that is all. The 'New Thought' wave in America is on the decline. The intellectual have learned that it is really *old*, clad in a new dress and with a new name.

Spiritualism, or if you choose, the 'New Spiritualism,' with its corollaries, may be new to non-investigators, and some of its teachings may be decidedly new to those unacquainted with the treasures of the Neo-Platonists, and the higher literature of the past centuries. But what are the new thoughts, new facts, new truths, and new principles connected with the 'new' Spiritualism? When and by whom were they discovered? How many of them have been absolutely demonstrated to be true? Let them be classified and tabulated, so that we may investigate and critically analyse their claims.

There have been certain so-called 'new' teachings put forth by spirits and Spiritualists which at first were new to me, but research has proved them to be very ancient. Here is a sample from a prominent American Spiritualist:—

A spirit (referring to the future world) is not necessarily immortal, but can become gradually extinguished, like a lamp

burning an indefinite time and then going out. Such is the condition of the lowest of mankind.

I thought this new—gloomily new—but research in Hindu literature gave me the identical old, yet newly-hatched theory, in these words :—

Man's life, or soul, like his body, is an organic existence, and is as much subject to the ever-changing laws of Kosmos as every other being thereof. . . Man's soul, the *Atma*, may develop or it may deteriorate towards dissolution and become extinct. ('Manual of Teachings,' Shri Dev Gueu Bhagwan, p. 21.)

Again, when I read this bit of startling ethics : 'Do all for others,' I thought in the innocence of my ignorance that it was new and in advance of Confucius or of Jesus, but reading 'Buddhism,' a quarterly review published in Rangoon, Burma, I found this telling sentence : 'He who renounces self and does all for others has taken the first two right steps in the path.'

Self-pronounced originals are often not quite entirely original. They are new, if new, only in words, dress, and re-arrangement. The great, the good, and the conscientious say, with Jesus, 'I come to fulfil,' and with Confucius, 'I only hand on.'

DID ATLANTIS EVER EXIST ?

A correspondent in a recent issue of 'The Progressive Thinker' asks Mr. Hudson Tuttle why he maintains that the story of Atlantis is untrue, and remarks, 'so many spirits of the lost continent have communicated that it seems to me that it has become identified with Spiritualism.' Mr. Tuttle, in reply, says :—

It is of little moment to me whether this 'lost continent' existed or not, except as a matter of fact. If spirits should come claiming to have their home in the sun, I think one would be justified in saying they were mistaken. Anyone who has studied the conformation of the ocean beds will well understand that the story of Atlantis is fabulous. If the area chosen had been the Indian Ocean, the wide stretch from the Japanese Archipelago to Borneo, covered, as it is, with islands representing the tops of submerged mountain chains, there would be the element of probability in the assertion ; but to have a continental area plunge suddenly to the depth of from four to nine miles into sea abysses, is simply a wild fancy.

In a former answer on this subject, wherein I alluded to the stability of the great Atlantic valley as an early and permanent curvature of the earth's crust, I did not produce the evidences, though they were in my mind, and contented myself with the bare statement.

For the satisfaction of the reader I will now give them.

From soundings taken for the purpose of navigation and science, the depth and conformation of the floor of the Atlantic have been approximately determined. The northern section between Halifax and the English coast was thoroughly sounded for ascertaining the possibility of the ocean telegraph. It was found to be an extensive plain, the so-called telegraph plateau. The average depth of this plain, after leaving Newfoundland, is 12,000ft., sinking sometimes to 14,000ft., and on nearing the English coast diminishing to 1,500ft.

This great valley divides towards the south into two deeper hollows, one running along the coast of America, having a depth of 20,000 or more feet, and another along the African coast with a lesser depth of 15,000ft. Between these is an elevated ridge, on the crests of which are St. Helena, Ascension, and the Azores. The depth of the ocean west of St. Helena, as sounded by Sir James Ross, is 27,000ft.

The greatest depth ever reached was by Captain Parker, west of the island Tristan da Cunha, of 50,000ft., or normally nine miles. It must be admitted that the determination of such vast measurements cannot be accurate, but the soundings show that the ocean valley is of profound depth.

It is to be noted that west of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea—the region where the fabled Atlantis is supposed to have been—the ocean, as sounded west of the Antilles, has been found to be from 12,000 to more than 18,000ft. deep, and the Caribbean Sea averages 6,000ft. in depth.

This tremendous depression has not a broken, irregular surface, but extends at the great depth as a vast plain, until it reaches the uplift in the central Atlantic, where there is an abrupt rise, a table land, and then another plunge downward and another plain, not as deeply submerged, until the last ascent is made on the African coast.

The submergence of Atlantis is supposed to have been in comparatively recent geological times. It is almost historic, so to speak, and yet it now lies at the bottom of the deepest ocean on the earth !

Such a depression of the earth's surface is unknown in the records of geology. Whenever large areas have been elevated or depressed, it is apparent that the process has been so slow that it would not have been recognisable, except by observations extending through a series of years.

If Atlantis extends over the floor of these profound abysses, it must have gone down millions and millions of years ago, a long time before any form of human being came on the earth.

The 'Atlantians,' who come with sweet messages, must be somebody else. They have forgotten their birthplaces, or are impersonators.

PSYCHIC RECORDS OF THE PAST.

At the suggestion of a correspondent, who has kindly lent us the book for the purpose, we give the extract from George Gissing's 'By the Ionian Sea' (Chapman and Hall, Limited, 1901, pp. 83-85) in which the author describes his experiences, referred to on p. 202 of 'LIGHT,' when lying ill with fever at Cotrone, the ancient Crotona, the city in which Pythagoras taught, and around which centre some of the most interesting historical associations of Southern Italy. His great fear was that he would have to leave Crotona without having visited the promontory with the ancient temple and column. After some gloomy dreaming of a perilous road, suggested by descriptions previously read, he says :—

I fell into a visionary state which, while it lasted, gave me such placid happiness as I have never known when in my perfect mind. Lying still and calm, and perfectly awake, I watched a succession of wonderful pictures. First of all I saw great vases, rich with ornament and figures ; then sepulchral marbles, carved more exquisitely than the most beautiful I had ever known. The vision grew in extent, in multiplicity of detail ; presently I was regarding scenes of ancient life—thronged streets, processions triumphal or religious, halls of feasting, fields of battle. What most impressed me at the time was the marvellously bright yet delicate colouring of everything I saw. I can give no idea in words of the pure radiance which shone from every object, which illumined every scene. Most remarkable, when I thought of it next day, was the minute finish of these pictures, the definiteness of every point on which my eye fell. Things which I could not know, which my imagination, working in the service of the will, could never have bodied forth, were before me as in life itself. I consciously wondered at peculiarities of costume such as I had never read of ; at features of architecture entirely new to me ; at insignificant characteristics of that bygone world, which by no possibility could have been gathered from books. I recall a succession of faces, the loveliest conceivable ; and I remember, I feel to this moment, the pang of regret with which I lost sight of each when it faded into darkness.

As an example of the more elaborate visions that passed before me, I will mention the only one which I clearly recollect. It was a glimpse of history. When Hannibal, at the end of the second Punic War, was confined to the south of Italy, he made Croton his headquarters, and when, in reluctant obedience to Carthage, he withdrew from Roman soil, it was at Croton that he embarked. He then had with him a contingent of Italian mercenaries, and, unwilling that these soldiers should go over to the enemy, he bade them accompany him to Africa. The Italians refused. Thereupon Hannibal had them led down to the shore of the sea, where he slaughtered one and all. This event I beheld. I saw the strand by Croton, the promontory with its temple ; not as I know the scene to-day, but as it must have looked to those eyes more than two thousand years ago. The soldiers of Hannibal doing massacre, the perishing mercenaries, supported my closest gaze, and left no curiosity unsatisfied. (Alas ! could I but see it again, or remember clearly what was shown me !) And over all lay a glory of sunshine, an indescribable brilliancy, which puts light and warmth into my mind whenever I try to recall it. The delight of these phantasms was well worth the ten days' illness which paid for them. After this night they never returned : I hoped for their renewal, but in vain. That gate of dreams was closed, but I shall always feel that, for an hour, it was granted me to see the vanished life so dear to my imagination. If the picture corresponded to nothing real, tell me who can by what power I reconstructed, to the last perfection of intimacy, a world known to me only in ruined fragments.

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THE LIBERATED GOD.

The spiritual conception of the Universe and Life deepens, uplifts and sublimates everything. That is why it cannot be indifferent to the old creeds that grew out of a material conception of the Universe and Life. Spiritualism is a solvent as well as a creator: but it dissipates only to finer issues. The quaint old Theology was based upon a sort of little penny-theatre view of the world. It was the only world—the only stage: and the sun, the moon and the stars were its 'properties,' while man—poor little man—strutted about, sinned, and got saved all to himself!

It was really all very funny. But even an old-world Hebrew poet got a glimpse of the truth when he said, 'When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast created, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou regardest him!' So mysterious and wonderful to him were these fascinating orbs, even though he also thought of them as only lights.

But now,—what a change! This earth is dwarfed to one of the least of worlds, and man,—well, we do not know what he is;—how small, how backward, how imperfect!—only 'an incident in the evolution of the universe,' as one has said. And then, behind and within all, what tremendous depths of force and purpose meet us as we look steadfastly at the changeful forms and modes of the 'matter' which is now seen to be the least stable thing! Truly, it is the philosophy of Spiritualism which puts us in possession of anything: or hardly that; for the utmost we can do is to conquer our foolish pride of knowledge, and to know that the truest knowledge is the discovery of our ignorance; and that the highest wisdom is indicated by the confession: 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high, I cannot attain unto it.'

It goes against our pride to admit our ignorance, and still more to find any joy or consolation in admitting it. And yet there is great possible joy and consolation in the discovery of our ignorance. The more we think we know all, the more do we go into prison: and our boasted assurances strangely tend to become our cage. The more certain we are, the less likely are we to inquire; and the more confident we are in our standards and our tests the

more likely we are to miss some shy and unfamiliar truths. It is the child, after all, that gets into the kingdom.

There is not a department of science in which this is not so. An open college door is not everything; there must be an open mind. An open laboratory and an open book are useless if one takes to them a settled conviction that the truth is already known. In such a case, the scientific pharisee will experiment for the purpose of exposing 'ignorance,' or read only to refute. He may become a formidable critic or a dangerous opponent, but he will hardly be likely to hear the 'still small voice' of a revelation that has come in the fulness of time.

How remarkably this has been illustrated by that vast and usually dominant school of teachers and believers who set themselves resolutely to maintain that the Bible contained the full and final discovery of religious truth! When we compare these with the early inquirers into astronomy and anthropology, the analogy is singularly close. When the sciences cleaned the popular slate, and showed us that this poor planet was not the only world, and that, in all probability, mankind was only one of a multitude of creative experiments in the Universe, it was thought that those who said this were impious or mad, or both. But, for all that, they were right.

Precisely on the same lines, when men like Max Müller introduced us to 'Comparative Religions' as a science, and disclosed 'The Sacred Books of the East,' and traced, even in the Bible, vast, subtle and complicated evolutionary processes, the dwellers in the cave denounced the children of the day as impious when, in reality, they were preparing for the world a vaster temple, and revealing a greater God. We lose the shining of the moon when the sun appears, but that is no loss: it is a splendid gain. The moon shines with a borrowed light: the glorious light-giver is the sun. So is it with all the so-called 'Sacred Books.' They are to the All-inspiring Spirit what the moon is to the sun: they shine with borrowed rays, more or less brilliant or confused. Here and there, a great thinker, an anxious seeker, a sensitive seer, a tender poet, a religious genius, caught the ever-shining rays and reflected them; but never perfectly: and yet they who saw them naturally thought that this portion of the reflected light was the veritable source of light itself. With what results we know.

We have had to go beyond the Bible to find the great spiritual Sun which gave it its partial illumination. That Sun we find perfectly nowhere. It would be nearer the truth to say that we do not find it at all than that we find it perfectly anywhere. We see it only in reflections. 'No man hath seen God at any time; but the well-beloved, the highest one, has manifested Him.' But many who are not the highest also manifest Him. It is a consoling thought that not Judea only, but India and Persia also, and Greece, and Egypt, and even old 'Pagan' Rome, manifested Him, after their kind. And, in the fulness of time, the Christ came, but, though the highest, confessedly only 'one of many brethren': and, as the truly enlightened Spiritualist knows, the Sun is still shining; and there are men and women upon this earth to-day who receive and transmit the heavenly rays.

If only for the joy and hope of it, this is a glimpse of God and Man, and of their relationship, which we might fain wish were true, even if we had no evidence for it. It makes finality impossible: it infuses into everything an infinite possibility: and even so-called 'dead matter' throbs and glows with hidden fires as we reflect upon the meaning of 'Omniscience.'

Everywhere barriers dissolve, Fate relents, and the

Hells are opened. There are no inevitable destinies, no irremediable dooms. God is not shut up to an age, a nation, a book, or a heaven. He is the inmost of everything, and therefore the hope of everything. There are no closed questions in Science, and no final creeds in Religion. Man is on pilgrimage, and God is going with him: or, rather, he is going with God. It is a vaster Universe than our forerunners imagined, and therefore it is a vaster God, who breaks all bounds, and floods all space, and lives in all souls;—‘the Altogether-Beautiful’ and the Hope-Inspirer of the Universe.

PSYCHIC FACULTIES AND PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

BY MISS E. KATHARINE BATES.

The spacious Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists was crowded with the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., when Miss Katharine Bates delivered an Address on ‘Psychic Faculties and Psychic Experiences’; Mr. Henry Withall, Vice-President, in the chair.

In her opening remarks MISS BATES said that Mr. Dawson Rogers, the President, nearly ten years ago, suggested to her that she should give an Address to the Members of the Alliance, and he repeated the invitation a few years later, but on both occasions she had been unable to comply. When Mr. Withall again made the suggestion she felt that it would seem churlish and ungrateful not to accede to his request, although it had required a good deal of effort for her to appear on a platform, for never before had she made a speech or given an Address in public, and she trusted that her hearers would remember this fact if, at the end, they felt inclined to wish that she had not broken through an admirable rule. Continuing, Miss Bates said:—

I think I never fully realised until this past year how many sad and perplexed men and women there are in the world. A few months ago I published a very simple little book, probably known to most of you here to-night, called ‘Seen and Unseen.’ You cannot be more tired of hearing that title than I am, and you need not be afraid that I am going to make quotations from it! But it happens to be the pivot upon which my appeal must turn. I have received some very severe criticisms upon that book, and these chiefly from personal friends. Professional critics have been, almost without exception, most kindly and genial in their remarks; very much to my surprise. The book has brought me a large and most interesting correspondence from perfect strangers, including clergymen, French *pasteurs*, and Cornish miners, amongst many others. Every writer of a book which has had any success must naturally have found him or herself involved in a more or less wide correspondence with strangers. There is nothing uncommon in the fact itself. It has been, however, brought home to me very forcibly, that the disgust of my friends, the geniality of my critics, and the curiously intimate letters of my unknown correspondents, have all arisen from the one identical cause, namely, the breaking down of those walls of reserve behind which we usually entrench ourselves when dealing with the public, whether by word of mouth or word of pen.

My friends have quite fiercely resented this action on my part. ‘How could you do it? Fancy taking the world into your confidence in that way! It would be most impossible and repulsive to me,’ and so forth, and so forth. Where these criticisms have not been made verbally, they have been made silently in my presence, and that, alas! is just as efficacious, where a ‘sensitive’ is in question. Well, I can quite understand such remarks. It seems to me most natural that they should have been made, and made by intimate friends, and yet I want to urge others to sin in this matter as I have done; for my action has been more than justified by results. If I *did* take the public into my confidence, both as regards the sorrow and the brightness in my life, I can only say that this confidence has never in one single instance been abused.

The ‘Record’ newspaper (which I was surprised to find was still extant) certainly called me ‘blasphemous’ and ‘irreverent,’ but this was only theologically speaking. Even the ‘Record’ did not accuse me of ‘want of dignified reserve’—only my friends have said and thought that.

Whilst I am very sorry to have been misunderstood, I am extremely glad to have given cause for the criticism, for the following reason. The publication of that little book has taught me a grand lesson, and I want to pass it on to you. We cannot really help others in any valuable way, unless we are prepared to give them not only our experiences, or even our opinions or decently dressed up thoughts about things psychic and spiritual; we must add to these a bit of our very *selves*, the true self within. We must tear off those extra skins of reserve which encase us all (quite rightly and of necessity) in the ordinary transactions of life. If we cannot do this—if the sacrifice of natural pride and natural reserve is too great—well, then we must face the fact that in holding intact that which we have every right to hold intact—our own most inner life—we have lost the chance of touching other lives in that supreme and final fashion which alone can dig deep down to the very springs of essence and being.

I am now referring more especially to the correspondence entailed upon me by ‘Seen and Unseen,’ rather than to the book itself. It *is* a sacrifice—a great sacrifice—to shed those skins of reserve of which I have spoken. I do not want to speak lightly of the process. I only want to urge others to do it as I have done it, in spite of protesting and dismayed friends and counsellors; because I *know* that there is no easier way by which we can give a helping, or even a sympathetic hand, to other pilgrim souls treading the same hard and often stony paths as we ourselves are doing.

The grand mysterious law of this world (possibly of all worlds) is the law of vicarious sacrifice, and I think no sacrifice can be much harder than to step down from the platform of all the virtues upon which your generous unknown correspondents have placed you, and to say to them ‘I am not in the least what you suppose. The courage and confidence and unswerving faith with which you credit me do not belong to me at all. They *do* belong to the true self, back of the phenomenal self. If I appear to you to have this courage and faith, it is only because the separating wall between the two selves may have worn a little thin in places. But I, also, get weary and discouraged, and know what it means to have doubts and fears and shadows in the foreground of life’s picture even whilst convinced that peace and righteousness are not only the aim, but the *end* of every mortal life—some time—somewhere.’

Many are held back from absolute sincerity and truthfulness, not so much by any personal sacrifice entailed, but because they think it well to keep up the standard of a fellow creature’s faith, even in mortal man or woman. We must all act according to our individual judgment in this matter. Personally I have found that one is most really helpful by being absolutely simple and perfectly truthful about one’s own standpoint. It is always easy to insist, as thank God one *can* insist, that beneath the surface storms and troubles, lie the unruffled depths of the sea—the experience of our highest consciousness at our truest moments of realisation—those too fleeting moments, when we no longer *believe*, because we *know*.

Having disposed of this question, I should like now to make another appeal: an appeal in the interests of science this time; an appeal for a tentative working hypothesis. Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out to us that spiritualistic, or, as some prefer to call it, psychical, research has as much right to a working hypothesis as any other branch of science. The time is not *coming*, for it has already arrived, when Physical Science can no longer tyrannically insist upon limiting the use of the word science to one portion only of that vast field. We all owe an enormous debt of gratitude to physical science, and to those brave and devoted exponents of it who have been willing to face death, and tortures often far worse than death, in the prosecution of their researches. Such men are our

grand Example, and our never failing Stimulus ; but they have no right to become our executioners by trying to stifle any line of research or experiment beyond the limits of their own experience. They cannot say to the vast ocean of science 'thus far shalt thou go and no further.' Yet this is exactly what so many purely physical scientists *have* been saying, and for years they have said it successfully and crushed down by sheer *force majeure* the feeble voices of those who knew that they were being robbed of property that belonged to them legally—property *invisible* indeed, but none the less 'real property' on that account.

The inevitable reaction that follows sooner or later upon the heels of all forms of tyranny, physical or mental, has set in. The feeble and isolated voices have been upheld by that Unity which makes for strength. One by one the scientists themselves, more especially those engaged in the research into the finer forms of matter as we know it, have been induced to go a little further still into that vast field of science of which I have spoken ; with results which are well known to all of you. I need not waste time in recapitulating the details or the names connected with that bloodless revolution which has set in during the last twenty-five or thirty years. Those of us who have suffered in our own small way by loss of friends and loss of favour because of our unpopular opinions and 'queer ideas,' can best form some dim conception of the sacrifices entailed and the splendid pioneer work achieved, in the middle of the last century.

We needed these grand abolitionists of the slavery of thought and research (just as much as the slave population of Africa, of the West Indies, or of the Southern States of America needed such men as Wilberforce, Garrison, Whittier and others) to rise up and strike off our shackles and teach us that we were men and women, and had a right to think for ourselves and investigate for ourselves, instead of being eternally choked and suppressed by the 'great names' of those who were accustomed to think for us—and who might have investigated for us also (and to some good purpose) had they not considered our absurd experiences unworthy of a moment's attention.

Now that we, as psychical researchers, are being at length accorded the 'Freedom of the City' in this branch of science, and the rights of citizens, is it not time to formulate some general working hypothesis, not so much for theoretical discussion as for practical experiment? A hypothesis that must be dropped, of course, should sufficient facts appear in the future to disqualify it.

Without wishing for one moment to minimise the immense value of the researches made by Dr. Morton Prince, Drs. Charcot, Liébeault, and others into the obscure and marvellous phenomena of the so-called secondary and multiple personalities, it seems to me that *side by side with these*, something of a simpler and more elementary nature might be postulated, if psychic scientists would direct their attention in the first place to discovering some of the fundamental facts and functions of the etheric body. This last term is a very bad one, I am well aware, because it begs the question. I only use it because I know of no better. I dare not say the 'astral' body, for Theosophists seem to have taken out a copyright in that word, and I am quite sure that some of my theosophical personal friends would at once rise up and tell me that I had used the word in an entirely incorrect and most ignorant manner! What I am referring to is that inner and probably etheric casing of the real man which comes immediately next to our present physical bodies. St. Paul refers to it as the 'spirit' body in distinction to the physical, or, as he calls it, the 'natural body.' He tells us that we already possess these two bodies or garments of our individuality. For aught we know there may be other and more highly attenuated envelopes, to be unfolded in turn. It would seem as though it must be so, arguing by analogy, but the etheric body in immediate contact with the physical body now *en évidence* is all that we need think about this evening.

I should much like to hear, later, what some of you have been thinking upon this very practical matter ; for it seems to me quite as practical as the wonderful discoveries of late years

in the X-rays, in wireless telegraphy, or in the radiations of radium, with all the possibilities involved in the latter modern miracle, as we may well call it.

Vibrations in an *etheric*, as distinguished from a purely *atmospheric*, medium have had to be postulated in all these recent discoveries. Then if, or rather as, we are getting into the etheric realm as regards atmosphere in general, is it a very wild or in any way illegitimate suggestion that we may some fine day—who knows how soon?—have to postulate an etheric body inside, or around, the physical body which we see?

The real and fundamental things are the *invisible things*, we must remember, and this is true on the plane of the higher physics, just as much as on what we have been accustomed to call the *spiritual* plane—things invisible to us simply because we are, as a majority, too much sunk in and limited by, the lower physical phenomena to be able to perceive, or even to be conscious of, the higher physical, let alone anything still more subtle.

That is *our* limitation. We need to be reminded of this last fact now and then, because we are apt to speak of the 'invisible things' as though the invisibility were an inherent quality in the things themselves, and one of which they ought to feel rather ashamed! I suppose this comes from the dim traditions of early training, and that *the invisible things are the real things* will, for many years to come, have more of a Biblical suggestion in our ears than of a scientific meaning.

Now, given the hypothesis of an etheric body as our *present possession*, and one which may, therefore, be studied from an experimental point of view :

First—What may we, as psychical students, be said to know already of the doings of such a body?

Secondly—What are we justified in *assuming* about it, for our scientific hypothesis?

It must first be admitted that we do not know *much*, but the little we know is both interesting and suggestive. We now know that the old German legends of the *Doppel Ganger* had a foundation in truth. We know that it is not even very rare amongst 'sensitives' to see, and sometimes—though less frequently—to hear, friends who, whilst still incarnate, have paid them friendly visits ; sometimes apparently only to 'pass the time and change the weather,' as the little boy said, in Miss Montgomery's charming story. At other times, such visits have had a definite motive ; in warning or encouragement and sympathy.

Many of you must have known of such occurrences at first hand. My friend, Mr. W. T. Stead, has frequently been seen and also spoken to, in his Double Personality. I have myself appeared to several friends in this way ; and so naturally, that not one of them supposed it to be other than my physical self, until they spoke to me and received no answer—which I trust may be considered a testimony to my general good manners! Anyway, Mr. Stead and one or two other friends of mine seem to be more *au fait* than myself in directing the powers of the Double Personality.

The suggestion here of thought images, created in the brain of the recipient, is so obvious, that it is needless to go further into that consideration—I am assuming that many of you must have had experience of the Double, sufficiently evidential to preclude any *sane* suggestions of a subjective source alone. I say *sane*, because the insane suggestions are infinite and Omnipotence alone can deal with them! Even Dr. Hyslop has found that task a difficult one, I imagine. Assuming, therefore, that a second body can, even here and now, walk about occasionally and talk and be talked to, it is only reasonable to conclude that such a body must possess organs and functions on the etheric plane, as our physical bodies possess organs and functions on the physical and atmospheric plane.

In clairvoyance and clairaudience may we not reasonably suppose (if we suppose at all) that the ears and eyes of the etheric body are functioning before us in the case of those sensitives with whom the dividing walls between the two envelopes have 'grown thin in places'? This gives us another possible point of departure for our investigations of the etheric body. We see that already some of its presumable

organs are absolutely being exercised under our very eyes. Why not—for the sake of a good working hypothesis—assume that all this is perfectly orderly and reasonable?—as orderly and reasonable as that we should use our present visible eyes and ears, instead of looking upon it as 'bizarre' and spasmodic and abnormal; just as our savage forefathers, in past ages, looked upon the apparently spasmodic thunder and lightning and hurricanes and eclipses as inconvenient ebullitions of temper on the part of the unknown gods. Again, there are people gifted with the inner or etheric vision, who have been able to see at the moment of death what appeared to be a grey filmy mist, rising up from, or being drawn out of, the physical body, through the mouth, ears, nose, and eyes of the latter; and forming above it the perfect representation of the man or woman in diaphanous appearance.

What can this be but the etheric envelope withdrawn through the physical (which would be permeable by it) and appearing misty and diaphanous to our present lower physical senses, since these can only accept as *solid* that which makes a direct appeal to them on their own special planes of vibration? All this, of course, only touches the fringe of my subject.

(To be continued.)

DO NOT BE A PESSIMIST.

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, in an interesting article in the 'Somerset Reporter,' Maine, U.S.A., deals thoughtfully with the 'disagreeable' person who is always 'gloomy, solemn, and hopeless,' and says: 'He is the pestilent pessimist of every neighbourhood,' who thinks that 'the race is rapidly going to the bad, and that every man save himself is dishonest.' He is a wet blanket everywhere and brings a chill to almost every heart. There are other types of 'disagreeables,' and the despair, gloom, and hopelessness of such persons too frequently prompt them mistakenly to endeavour to escape from everything by self-murder. That suicide is worse than foolish, is clearly evident to the enlightened Spiritualist, and Mr. Barrett emphasises this fact when he says:—

There is no such thing as Death, and the suicide finds himself a thousand times more alive than he was when in control of his body. He is surprised to find that he must face himself throughout an eternal future, and pay the penalty of his rash deed to the uttermost farthing. There is no escape from the law of consequences, nor is there any forgiveness for sin of any sort save that which is honestly earned, each man for himself.

Self-pity is one of the worst possible states of mind. Many persons wonder why *they* should have so much trouble, and often attribute to others their failures and losses, and in their desire for sympathy proclaim their woes to the world; but, as Mr. Barrett says:—

The man who indulges in self-pity is almost beyond redemption. He is a derelict on the sea of life, useless to himself and a menace to the well-being of everybody else. It is true that 'man's inhumanity to man does make countless thousands mourn,' but they mourn because they need that which they are receiving. If they did not accept that which is handed them, they would not be hurt by it. 'Unless there is in you the fault, or the possibility of the fault, that you think you see in another, what that other does or does not do will not hurt you!' You are the arbiter of your own fate. No one else ever can answer for you, or do for you. You are either master or servant. If you are the servant, then you of right may claim the title 'pessimist.'

But is there any need of yielding in meekness to the dominancy of others? Buddha's experience can be made your own. He was once walking along an unfrequented road, when a man met him and began to curse him, denounce and upbraid him most bitterly. Buddha waited in patient serenity of spirit until the man had finished his tirade, then, in a gentle tone said: 'Friend, if thou hast a gift which thou wishest to bestow upon a friend, and he refuseth to accept it, whose then is the gift?' 'Thou fool!' replied the angry man, 'it belongeth to him who tried to give the gift!' 'Take then thy gift,' said Buddha, 'it is thine: that which thou hast said to me belongs not to me, hence it is thine. Take it and use it as thou seest fit!' Reader, apply those words of Buddha to

yourself. You take, you receive only that which belongs to you. If it be not yours, refuse it! Speak up bravely, and say: 'This belongs not to me; it is yours; use it as you see fit!'

There is a time to dream dreams, but that time is not when Duty calls you to serve in the ranks as a soldier in the Army of Rescue, whose legions are battling against hatred, falsehood, doubt, gloom and ill-will. He is the best leader who best serves his fellow-men. It is not the man of blood and conquest who ranks as the real hero in life. It is he who lives in harmony with his own soul, and thereby radiates peace and happiness to all around him. The dreamer's hour comes when he has nobly done his part in unselfish service of others. He who dreams a noble ideal, and inspires the young and strong to strive faithfully in love until it is realised, becomes a saviour to his race.

There is a bracing tonic in the spirit of hope, and Mr. Barrett firmly believes in the power of the spirit when rightly directed. He affirms that every man can find the way to the sunny realms of optimism if he so elects, and makes the practical suggestion that those who are pessimistically inclined should put away their forebodings and let the sunshine of love and good-will and hope thrill them into new life. He says:—

Talk success—not failure. Argue prosperity—not reverses. Speak of the good—not of the ills of your life. Stop barking and whining like whipped curs—laugh, sing, rejoice! 'Face the sunshine,' and you will be astonished when you see that all your shadows lie behind you. Rid yourself of morbid fancies—get out of the graveyards in which are hideously shaped marble reminders of your sorrows, covered over with lying inscriptions. Stop referring to Death. Let Life be your theme. Do not falsify to yourself and to God by publishing the word 'Died' of any one of your friends. Life is the Commander-in-Chief of the Universe. Through it, God wills, acts, and loves. You cannot get outside of Life; therefore you cannot go or be where God is not, nor where His Love has ceased to be. You are an epitome of His universe. Be worthy of your high and holy estate. In God's Kingdom of the Soul there is no room for anything save Life and Love—twin-halves of Infinity.

There is a passage in a recent sermon by the Rev. R. J. Campbell which makes a fitting conclusion to Mr. Barrett's stimulating article. The preacher said:—

There is always turmoil, always danger and insecurity, in the life that is bounded by the thought of self. Let go, and push out into the full ocean of the love of God, and see how grandly it will bear you. Just realise that your life is only yours to give away, and you can safely trust it in the keeping of Him by whom the very hairs of your head are all numbered. You will be omnipotent and invincible in the work of the Lord, and none can rob you of your peace, for you have no selfish end to gain. I need not say, Be strong, for this in itself is strength, this consciousness that God is reaching out through you to strike the fetters from the limbs of His children and open their prison doors.

AN EFFORT AT MERTON.—A small band of workers is endeavouring to build up a society and carry on a mission at the Masonic Hall, Merton, where Mr. John Lobb is to speak next Sunday. The society is in urgent need of funds and of voluntary help in conducting the meetings. The hon. sec., Mr. A. T. Eames, 64, Mitcham-road, Tooting, S.W., will be glad to hear from friends and sympathisers.

ANOTHER series of short stories by Michael Wood, a well-known contributor to the 'Theosophical Review,' has just been issued by the Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond-street, W., under the title of 'The King Predestinate' (price 1s. net.). All the four stories deal with the trials of young people who are sustained and fortified by a consciousness beyond the external; in the first, a brave lad, born and destined to sit on a throne, in spite of political revolutions, is described as having 'the sense of the unseen which is indispensable to the truly great ruler.' In the second a malign occult influence is exhausted, dispelled, and replaced by the power which works through another's faithful and devoted soul; the third shows how the shattering of implicit confidence or worship, bestowed on one who is not fully worthy of it, may destroy the power of right reverence, and faith in the Changeless and Infinite. The fourth is a lovely and pathetic tale of a crippled child whose whole nature was wrung by the cruel tactlessness of a 'philanthropist' who could only see and feel for the needs of humanity in the aggregate, forgetting that the divine love and sympathy are lavished on all alike, individually as well as collectively.

MYSTERIES, MITHRIAC AND CHRISTIAN.

Reference has already been made in 'LIGHT' to the series of shilling books issued by Mr. G. R. S. Mead through the Theosophical Publishing Society, under the general title of 'Echoes from the Gnosis,' each containing an exposition of a special aspect of ancient mystic thought. Volumes V. and VI. of the series are entitled 'The Mysteries of Mithra' and 'A Mithriac Ritual,' and contain a presentation of the outlines, so far as they can be discerned, of the once widely spread cult of Mithras, the secrets of which were so strictly guarded 'that not even a single Church Father has been able to boast that he is in possession of their rites and doctrines.' Mithriac sculptures are found in many places occupied by the Roman legions, as, for instance, at York, and a Mithriac temple, built in imitation of a cave, has been carefully restored at the Saalburg camp, near Homburg. But such monuments tell us no more as to the real character of the religion than the ruins of an abbey tell us of the creeds and dogmas of Christianity.

Mithraism appears to have been originally the religion of the Iranian peoples, and to have spread, with the Persian conquests, over Babylonia, where it developed, partly by fusion with other religions, into Magianism, and is thought to have largely influenced both Zoroastrianism and the special tenets of the Pharisees. Carried into Asia Minor by the Persian conquests, it was met with by the Greeks and Romans when those empires replaced the Persian supremacy, and by them in modified form, was introduced into Europe. Philosophers like Porphyry were 'deeply versed in the Hellenised Mago-Chaldean oracles, and the members of the later Platonic school were mostly initiated into Mithraism.' In fact, Mr. Mead traces the essentially esoteric element of the Babylonian and Egyptian Mystery-Religion to Mithriac sources, and the Mysteries of Mithra were at one time the most formidable rival of Christianity for supremacy in the Roman Empire.

It seems to be undoubted that these Mysteries had for their object the arousing of the psychic faculties, giving a demonstration of a world of life and reality beyond the physical perceptions; and more than this:—

The secret of regeneration, of being born anew, or spiritually, or from above—in brief, the divinising of man, was the last word of the Mithra-rites; all else is introductory or ancillary. This secret was the one secret of all the great mystery-rites and mystery-arts. It was the secret of the Gnosis in all its forms, contemplative or operative. . . . The religion of Mithra was one of the many forms of the Christ-mystery; and the mystery of the Christ is the mystery of man's perfecting and final apotheosis.

Among the monuments of the Mithriac religion the most remarkable is a series of tableaux, in which the contest of Mithra with the Bull is apparently intended to symbolise various stages in the conquest of the irrational nature by the reason, and the final purification of the whole bodily and mental powers. The Mithriac Ritual, recovered from among a vast amount of less valuable matter in the Magic Papyrus preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, appears to be a course of individual Yoga practice for inducing psychic states; 'an act for mystic union, in which the physical breath, the etheric currents, and the psychic auras, or life-breaths, work together for the inbreathing of the Great Breath, or Holy Spirit, or Atmic Energy,' until 'the supreme moment arrives when the man is to meet with Mithra, the Great Initiator, face to face, and gaze upon His Mystery with cosmic senses, the whole of him one sense, and all senses in one.'

The seventh volume of the series is called 'The Gnostic Crucifixion,' and contains a revelation supposed to have been made to St. John at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus, setting forth the conception of the cross as the meeting-point of the visible and invisible worlds, 'the Place of Rest, where all things cross and unite, the Mystic Centre of the whole system,' and reminding us that the Spiritual Infinite is always crucified when the attempt is made to reduce it to the compass of finite reason and to express it in the set terms of human thought and language.

MRS. SIDGWICK ON SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Mrs. Sidgwick, widow of the late Professor Sidgwick, who was the first President of the Society for Psychical Research, has been nominated President for the current year, and on Tuesday afternoon she delivered her inaugural address.

The address was mainly composed of a brief *resumé* of the work already accomplished by the Society, work which the President complained had been hindered by the attacks made amongst others by 'unscientific, treacherous Spiritualists'; and a reference to Professor Barrett's researches into water divining, and the hypothetical explanation that possibly this is a form of clairvoyance, elicited the remark that if it is so 'it is almost the only evidence we have of clairvoyance.'

The work done by the Society, said Mrs. Sidgwick, in regard to telepathy had thrown a new light on the subject of apparitions, and many had been convinced of their telepathic origin, but she admitted that much yet remains to be done by scientifically-demonstrated evidence in order to definitely ascertain the nature and origin of apparitions.

With regard to the work of the Society in the investigation of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, so far as she could judge, the subject stands exactly where it did twenty-six years ago, when the Society was founded. The first President in his address said it was a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should still go on, and the Society would make a systematic attempt to remove the scandal. Nevertheless, the scandal remains. On the one hand the phenomena are still swamped in fraud and occur, for the most part, in the presence of professional mediums, who are sooner or later detected in trickery and evidence is given of fraud which cannot be disregarded. On the other hand, there were a few cases which received testimony from trustworthy sources, persons whose judgment could not be ignored, who asserted that they had seen genuine phenomena, even with professional mediums. She, however, did not feel confident that in such cases the possibilities of error had been adequately excluded, or that there was sufficient justification for the conclusions. There was still a *prima facie* case for investigation. As a rule the fraudulent medium runs no serious risk, even of loss of credit on discovery. After exposure he is just as much in demand as before. She did not think it possible to produce any evidence likely to make any permanent impression on the scientific world. In the field of telekinesis no disinterested person has come forward and asked for a scientific investigation into the powers claimed to be possessed.

In conclusion, Mrs. Sidgwick referred to the work which the Society had now taken up, the investigation of a mass of automatic writings, work which would require careful and critical application. At any rate, they had abundant material for extending their knowledge of telepathy.

THE healing power of Nature, when given free play, in full faith, and without the counter-suggestions of words like 'incurable,' is well illustrated by a narrative sent us by Mr. A. J. Knocks, of Otaki, N.Z. Some months ago considerable discussion was aroused in the New Zealand papers by the case of a Mr. Lawrence Johnstone, a consumptive patient, who had been discharged from two hospitals and refused admission to another on the ground that the disease was too far advanced for any benefit to be derived; thus Mr. Johnstone was virtually told to 'go and die.' Mr. Knocks, learning his unfortunate position from the newspaper reports, kindly offered to erect a 'shelter' in his garden; in spite of some local opposition this was done, and Mr. Johnstone remained in it for about five months, at the end of which time he considered himself practically cured, and left in order to resume his ordinary occupation, after testifying, both verbally and in writing, his deep gratitude to Mr. Knocks and family for their hospitality and personal care. The general facts are attested by three reverend gentlemen of different denominations who visited Mr. Johnstone at intervals during his recovery, and the cure seems to us to have been at least partially due to the exchange of surroundings in which the patient was branded as 'hopelessly incurable,' for those in which he could feel that he was expected to recover.

JOTTINGS.

On the subject of Spiritualism and Buddhism, a correspondent writes: 'I would suggest that the Bhikku is correct. All reincarnations are in time and space. The ultimate absorption of the personality in the Deity (Nirvana) means liberation from the conditions of time and space; loss of human personality, but not loss of spiritual personality. I cannot understand why a personality should not exist unconditioned in time and space, nor why such a personality should not be able to "project itself" in our universe of time and space as a human personality.' It is so difficult to say what the nature and powers of a personality unconditioned by time and space would be, that we think it best that each one who can grasp the idea should form his own opinion on the matter.

A correspondent sends us a cutting from a French newspaper containing a letter from Algiers, describing some strange phenomena which occurred at a village situated about ten miles from that place. A girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age seems to have been the involuntary medium for the manifestations, which consisted mainly of raps on doors and windows and the displacement and disarrangement of articles of all sorts, including business papers, lamps, beds, household linen, and various goods in an ironmonger's shop and dwelling-house. A bottle half full of water was conveyed from the dining-room table into the kitchen, then went up four steps of the staircase and came down again to the second step; this fact was described by a neighbour who had witnessed it. When the girl-medium was sent back to her home similar disturbances occurred there for some days, and all was quiet in the ironmonger's house.

The 'Review of Reviews' quotes from 'McClure's Magazine' an experience narrated by Mr. Carl Schurz as having occurred in his presence at a séance held in Philadelphia just after the close of the Civil War. Being asked to call for some spirit in whom he took an interest, he named Schiller, and soon the girl-medium wrote that Schiller was present; Mr. Schurz asked that a verse or two from Schiller's works might be written as proof of identity; two lines were written which were not remembered by anyone present, but were found in the last act of 'Wallenstein's Death.' The medium had never heard of Wallenstein or of the tragedy. Mr. Schurz then asked for the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, who correctly informed him as to the purpose (of which Mr. Schurz was ignorant) for which his presence was required at Washington the next day. The spirit also predicted that he would become a Senator from Missouri, a State in which he was not then domiciled, but two years later he removed to St. Louis, and not long afterwards the prophecy was fulfilled.

Mary Everest Boole, in one of her papers on 'The Philosophy and Fun of Algebra' in 'The Open Road' for May, aptly illustrates our ignorance of our own limitations by a parable of gnat-larvæ in water. 'If you watch them you will see that they swim in different positions, some with their tails uppermost, some with their heads uppermost. There may also be some who do not swim much, but wriggle about at the bottom. Perhaps they quarrel as to which is the right position, but they would know no more about it at the end than at the beginning. They are all tied by the same hypothesis—that everybody lives under water.' Some day, however, one of them comes out of the water. 'He has got wings; the water-hypothesis no longer concerns him; he is set free. Infinity has come to him.' Moreover, 'if a winged gnat fell back into the water he would die.' The parable applies, on earth, to liberation from the slavery of past ages, and to being 'up-to-date and fit for the generation to which we belong.' 'The gnat who has got wings must not try to amuse himself in the water.'

In another article in the same magazine Mrs. Boole says: 'Whenever you hear a person assert that his neighbour's love for any particular line of inquiry springs from unbelief in God and must lead to immorality, or that it springs from ignorance of science, and must lead to superstition, you may take it for granted that he is exceeding his commission. No form of mental activity can proceed from either ignorance or unbelief. Nothing but selfishness and conceit can lead to either superstition or immorality. If any study leads, or seems to lead, a man astray, be sure that it is not the study itself which is so leading him, but the self-love which mingles with his desire to know the truth. . . No enterprise worth undertaking in itself is desisted from, nowadays, on the ground that the district is infested with lions. If a lion stands in the way of progress, so much the worse for the lion. . . As it has been with the lion, so must it be with the devil.'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

The Ministry of Pain.

SIR,—In a recent issue of 'LIGHT' E. P. Prentice suggests that pain may be 'a necessary precedent to pleasure.' Now, the terms 'pain' and 'pleasure' are relative in degree, and upon that comparison we unhesitatingly condemn 'pain' as subversive of that tranquillity that makes for progress. Humanity aims to suppress all that savours of discord in its mental, physical, and spiritual development. The barbaric and degrading treatment of the organism, as being conducive to the exaltation of the soul, has as little to commend it to Spiritualists as the more evolved conception that sorrow, suffering, and adversity are effective in bringing about the same results. It is the savage idea of 'trial by fire' transmuted to suit the subtler requirements of modern times. Still, for all that, it is another step towards the fuller and higher appreciation of that Love we speak of so much, and, I fear, keep for only special uses. We speak of Love as omnipresent, and fail to realise that the incongruities of life are due to the non-realisation of its true inwardness. Its influence should permeate all phases of life, and as harmony is its law, as Man evolves, he will come increasingly to believe in the Ministry of Love.

The idea of the infliction of pain, mentally or physically, as a reformatory agent, is gradually losing ground in favour of more rational methods in the treatment of offenders against the civil law. Shall we continue to advocate penal laws for weaklings in the spiritual world? The idea of hell, however modified it may be, dies hard.

How inexpressibly cruel it is to advocate the ministry of pain in those instances of sweet, good natures brought relentlessly face to face with suffering and trial in the different forms with which we are all familiar. It seems to me that we—their brothers and sisters—often salve our consciences that 'it is God's will and all for the best.' Have we shared their burdens spiritually, mentally, and physically; soothed their distraught minds, poured love into their empty hearts and settled their financial troubles? Do we in actuality believe in the brotherhood of man? Individuals, and society, often invent queer excuses for their shortcomings.

E. P. Prentice says, 'Surely it is a duty to try to relieve our fellow creatures knowing that a two-fold benefit must accrue, namely, the relief of the sufferer and our own spiritual advancement.' Without commenting upon the doubtful spiritual aspect of the selfishness of assisting another with some consciousness of personal spiritual advancement to accrue, I might say that it is unquestionably the office of Love to 'carry one another's burdens' in the best sense, but it is illogical to do so if it is held that suffering is spiritually beneficial, which is the point in dispute. Hence, I cannot see that 'perfection is the ripened fruit of pain.'—Yours, &c.,

J. H. B.

Nottingham.

Democracy.

SIR,—As Mr. A. K. Venning's question on p. 154 of 'LIGHT' remains unanswered, permit me to make the attempt, not for the sake of contradiction, but because I see the matter in a different way. In the first place Spiritualism and politics cannot be made to fit. It is to me like the difference between 'Spirit Teachings' and the darkness of traditional theology. The fact is, unfortunately, that 'the unfit and ignorant' who know very little about 'self-government' are in many cases given the vote, and present practices are according to the present state of development. Government being 'a means to produce good citizens,' we can only hope that order will evolve out of chaos. The spiritual teacher who teaches by his life, is the best social reformer, but let us not despise any channel by which good may uproot evil. Giving the people the vote seems to Mr. Venning 'a very unwise and extravagantly wasteful way' of educating them. This view seems to me one-sided; for the rich are not necessarily more qualified to vote than the poor. Material circumstance does not determine intelligence, or high moral principle, in fact material possessions ought to be a disqualification, lest the idea of personal interest should dominate. Is it a case of poverty being the guarantee of incompetence and *vice-versa*?

The 'chief argument' adduced by Mr. Venning against democracy is true. All true government for our good is 'from above,' even here; but this is not an argument against,

but in favour of, democracy. It is government 'from above' which is purely democratic: the government which is above class privilege, money, injustice, selfishness, acquirement, pride, brutality, vice, ignorance, and all evils.

The greatest Divine governing force is love; it is from above in the truest sense; and what can be more democratic? To call it 'monarchic' is just a reversal of terms; the principle is the same, and is for the redemption of all.

We want the spiritual method, for the good of all, in place of the method of dominance by class privilege. We want to be ruled from above, more and more; we are apparently ruled from below already; but happily it is a fictitious appearance. All real ruling is above votes and politics.—Yours, &c.,

Haltwhistle.

T. PEARSON.

'Back from Death.'

SIR,—Mrs. C. J. Vesel asks, on p. 240 of 'LIGHT,' if it is known whether, in the incident related on p. 172, Miss Smith, the nun who acted as guide, was dead or living at the time.

I think this is not known, and as Miss Smith was a nun it would not be easy to find out anything about her.

As the story is now published I may perhaps add, for Mrs. Vesel's information, that it was brought to the notice of the Society for Psychical Research by Professor W. F. Barrett, who, speaking of it, said: 'It is in my opinion one of the most interesting and impressive of the many cases of phantasms of the dead that have ever come under my notice.' The names given are not the true names.—Yours, &c.,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

For 'Doubting Thomases.'

SIR,—'LIGHT' is always worth its price, and frequently a great deal more. I was particularly pleased with your last issue, containing the continuation of Mr. James I. Wedgwood's instructive address on 'Auras,' &c., which for clearness of expression has been seldom equalled. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wedgwood will favour us again. I would also like to express my appreciation of the excellent answers to questions by Miss Florence Morse under spirit control, and especially that referring to the subliminal self, where she says: 'There are many who will take any theory, no matter how strange or foolish, rather than accept the truth of spirit return.' That is a sentence which, in my opinion, should be printed in very large type and presented to Mr. Frank Podmore, Professor Scripture, and others of the 'Doubting Thomas' fraternity. You are too lenient with Professor Scripture, I think; it would be interesting to know by what process or method he has proved, or established, any fact himself. Will he tell us what is his method of investigation?—Yours, &c.,

W. CHRIMES.

679, Knutsford-road, Warrington.

'Little Harry.'

SIR,—My sister tells me that on May 14th she attended a séance at Mildmay Grove, at which 'Little Harry' fully materialised, and speaking in the direct voice said: 'Haxby took me to a séance the other day where a dial was being used, and a lady present described me as a little boy. I spelled out my name, "Harry," on the table, whereon she said: "I wonder if he belongs to Mrs. Titford." We did not remain longer, but in answer to my inquiry, "Where was that place?" Haxby said it was at Norwood or in that direction.' Can any of your readers throw light upon this?

In reference to the questions of suicide and malodorous spirits, about a month ago we had the spirit of a suicide present, and he so disturbed things that our séance was almost a failure. 'Little Harry' said: 'He is a man of about fifty, who killed himself when mad through drink, but do not ask me for further particulars as it is so disagreeable a subject to dwell on, and he brings the feeling of the grave with him—such an earthy, mouldy smell.'—Yours, &c.,

A. F. G.

Meaning of Symbols.

SIR,—In reply to 'Catholic's' inquiry on p. 239 of 'LIGHT,' permit me to say that the triangle of light is a symbol of the 'All Light' whom we may worship as the All Perfect One. To Catholics this symbol would represent the All Perfect Three in One—Father, Mother, Child. The serpent has been held as a symbol of the Cosmos, creation, &c., but in Hebraic esotericism we have it as the symbol of the 'Fall'—descent of spirit into the material world, procreation by Adam-Eve,

There is a series of symbols representing what is known to initiates as the G.M.A., of which the Triangle and Serpent could be accurately considered as the First and Last. 'I am the Alpha and Omega.' Again, the All Light leads us upward to Himself (the Triangle) away from the 'lower self' (the Serpent). It is probable that 'Catholic' is overshadowed by some Great One whose object is to quicken the mentality into a fuller desire for the study of celestial things. Symbolic clairvoyance is a beautiful gift and, to one who can read it, a great means of proof of the actuality of other spheres of life and being than this material one.—Yours, &c.,

FAITHIST.

Balham.

SOCIETY WORK.

Notices of future events which *do not exceed* twenty-five words may be added to reports *if accompanied by six penny stamps*, but all such notices which exceed twenty-five words must be inserted in our advertising columns.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—On Sunday last short addresses were given by Miss Morriss and Mr. Hough. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., circle; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; speaker at 7 p.m., Mr. Kelland. Thursday, at 8 p.m., circle.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Webster earnestly exhorted her hearers to become more courageous in advocating Spiritualism, and gave good clairvoyant delineations. Sunday next, Mrs. Podmore, address and clairvoyant descriptions.—W. H. S.

HACKNEY.—SIGDON-ROAD SCHOOL, DALSTON-LANE, N.E.—On Sunday last Mrs. Roberts, of Leicester, gave an address on 'Death, the Revealer,' and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. H. Boddington, address and clairvoyant descriptions. Soloist, Mr. Robert Wittey.—N. R.

ACTON AND EALING.—21, UXBRIDGE-ROAD, EALING, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Snowdon Hall's address on 'The Cultivation of Spiritual Gifts' was highly appreciated. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. F. Pierce, of Portsmouth. At 8.30 p.m., commencement of special week's mission; lectures and phenomena. May 31st, Mrs. H. Ball.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Imison gave an uplifting address on 'Love casteth away all fear' and Mrs. Imison gave excellent clairvoyant descriptions to a large audience. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. Frost. Monday, at 7 p.m., 'Faithful Sisters'; Thursday, at 7.30 p.m., social evening.—O. W. B.

MERTON.—MASONIC HALL, KINGSTON-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Eustace Williams gave an address and psychometric delineations. Mrs. Weedemeyer gave good clairvoyant descriptions and under control sang a solo. Mr. John Adams related interesting experiences. Sunday next, Mr. John Lobb on 'How the Dead come back.'—A. T. E.

FULHAM.—COLVEY HALL, 25, FERNHURST-ROAD, S.W.—On Sunday last Mr. G. T. Gwinn answered questions. On Wednesday evening Mr. Abbott continued his course of lectures on 'The Apostles' Creed.' Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton. May 27th, Mr. Abbott, seventh lecture on 'The Apostles' Creed.'—W. T.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—On Sunday morning last a good public circle was held. In the evening Mr. F. G. Clarke delivered an excellent address. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., public circle conducted by Mrs. Wesley Adams; at 7 p.m. she will give an address and clairvoyant descriptions; also Monday, at 8 p.m.—A. C.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday evening last Mr. E. W. Wallis delivered an able and much appreciated address on 'The Inter-relations of the other World and This.' Miss Gray ably rendered a solo. Mr. F. Spriggs presided. Sunday next, Mrs. Place-Veary, of Leicester, clairvoyant descriptions. Doors open 6.30 p.m.; early attendance necessary.—A. J. W.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street, Oxford-street, W.—On Sunday evening last Miss Violet Burton's address was much enjoyed. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Fairclough Smith, spiritual clairvoyance and messages.—67, George-street, Baker-street, W.—On Sunday morning last Mrs. Fairclough Smith, to an appreciative audience, gave interesting and eloquent answers to written questions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. H. G. Beard on 'The Christ Spirit in Jesus.'

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—On Sunday morning last Miss Morriss delivered a good address on 'Spiritualism the Reformer.' In the evening Mrs. H. Ball gave some 'Hints to Investigators' and replied to questions. On the 14th Mrs. Wesley Adams gave psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Miss Earle. Thursday, at 8 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. Imison, clairvoyant descriptions.—C. W.