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A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A correspondent, "Godwin," writes with some depression on the social follies of the time. They are certainly numerous enough to discourage the observer who limits his attention solely to the field in which they operate. Even the matter to which "Godwin" makes particular allusion, the present day craze for notoriety and self-advertisement, is a disquieting one. Everywhere he notices "the rage for the pushing forward of names." The old dignity and reticence are passing away, and he instances the tendency to seek for a channel of self-expression in any organ of the Press, however low its grade, even on the part of the more distinguished writers and leaders of thought. But it is necessary to discriminate. There is admittedly a rush to get the name advertised, to push the personal self forward in many directions, but this is not always the ruling motive. In some cases it is clear that the greater writers are seeking, even at some apparent loss of dignity, to address their ideas to the largest possible number of minds, and so they take the journals of biggest circulation, disregarding the appeal to the baser instincts of the populace on which the great circulation is based. The transition times through which we are passing are bound to produce a great deal that is ugly, painful and disquieting. The mere fact that those things which formerly festered below the surface are now brought conspicuously into the light is, rightly regarded, a symptom of health rather than of disease. They are being thrown off from the social body, instead of suppressed to continue the process of poisoning the organism in unsuspected places.

Another thought that comes up when we are asked to contemplate the darker signs of the day is that the ugly and worthless elements are usually the most conspicuous in times of crisis. The little turbulent "forces" rise up brawling and blatant, the great "powers" go on their way, calm and unobtrusive, hardly apparent except to those who look quietly into the depths of life. For every pushful notoriety-seeker there are thousands of quiet heroic souls taking a nameless part in the work of the world. They are unnoticed because of their very quietude and selflessness, but the labour of any one of them is often of more real consequence than the achievements of a dozen of those whose fussy activities are mainly directed to the end of self-glorification. After all, as we have said before, it is better to have movement and turbulence, however distracting and objectionable, than that kind of "peace" which results from spiritual sloth and indifference. The man who wants to "push" his ideas, his books and his discoveries with his

name attached in large capitals to each, is a more hopeful spectacle than the spiritless folk who simply desire to vegetate, to escape the trouble of thinking and the inconvenience of taking a part, whether conspicuous or inconspicuous, in the great advance of mankind beyond the old servitudes and the ancient ignorance.

"The most impressive contribution made to literature by Greek story-tellers has been the exploring of Destiny. The burden of the Hebrew stories is Duty, duty to a living and single God." In these words Mr. Eric S. Robertson, before proceeding to explain the rather puzzling title of his book—"The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons: The 'J' Stories in Genesis" (Williams and Norgate, 6s. *net*)—gives us the key to the distinctive character of its subject matter. Though they may be well aware that the time has long gone by when the Bible was regarded as a homogeneous whole, the explanation that follows will to many readers be a very necessary one. He tells us that modern scholars have dissected the Pentateuch into four main blocks—J, E, D and P. The initial J stands for the writer or editor or group of editors responsible for that early collection of oral and written treasure, drawn up in Judah, in which the Deity is indicated as Jehovah; E for the parallel collection gathered in the Northern Kingdom, in which He is known as Elohim, *i.e.*, God; D for the document found in the Temple in the reign of Manasseh or of Josiah, and which included most of Deuteronomy; and P for the fresh body of history and law produced in Babylon after the Exile. He shows that all of these have their special qualities and characteristics. The Pentateuch is, in fact, as Professor Bennett says, "a kind of paste-up, constructed on the general lines any early Father would have used in attempting a harmony of the Gospels." Mr. Robertson's purpose in his book is to study by lights borrowed from modern critical scholars the early Genesis stories fathered by J. (whom he describes as, "like Herodotus, a gatherer of legends at old shrines"). In doing so he adopts the eminently rational and common-sense procedure of endeavouring to discern what was the actual trend of mind of their author—setting out the various stages of his narrative, as he proceeds, under such picturesque captions as "The Birth of Woman," "The Birth of War," "The Birth of Wine," "The Birth of Religion," &c.

To the element of common-sense already referred to, Mr. Robertson adds a certain fearless bluntness which never hesitates to call a spade a spade. On one point he expresses himself with special emphasis. J's Paradise story affords no justification for the common doctrine of the Fall:—

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Another thought that comes up when we are asked to contemplate the darker signs of the day is that the ugly and worthless elements are usually the most conspicuous in times of crisis. The little turbulent "forces" rise up brawling and blatant, the great "powers" go on their way, calm and unobtrusive, hardly apparent except to those who look quietly into the depths of life. For every pushful notoriety-seeker there are thousands of quiet heroic souls taking a nameless part in the work of the world. They are unnoticed because of their very quietude and selflessness, but the labour of any one of them is often of more real consequence than the achievements of a dozen of those whose fussy activities are mainly directed to the end of self-glorification. After all, as we have said before, it is better to have movement and turbulence, however distracting and objectionable, than that kind of "peace" which results from spiritual sloth and indifference. The man who wants to "push" his ideas, his books and his discoveries with his

name attached in large capitals to each, is a more hopeful spectacle than the spiritless folk who simply desire to vegetate, to escape the trouble of thinking and the inconvenience of taking a part, whether conspicuous or inconspicuous, in the great advance of mankind beyond the old servitudes and the ancient ignorance.

"The most impressive contribution made to literature by Greek story-tellers has been the exploring of Destiny. The burden of the Hebrew stories is Duty, duty to a living and single God." In these words Mr. Eric S. Robertson, before proceeding to explain the rather puzzling title of his book—"The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and her Sons: The 'J' Stories in Genesis" (Williams and Norgate, 6s. *net*)—gives us the key to the distinctive character of its subject matter. Though they may be well aware that the time has long gone by when the Bible was regarded as a homogeneous whole, the explanation that follows will to many readers be a very necessary one. He tells us that modern scholars have dissected the Pentateuch into four main blocks—J, E, D and P. The initial J stands for the writer or editor or group of editors responsible for that early collection of oral and written treasure, drawn up in Judah, in which the Deity is indicated as Jehovah; E for the parallel collection gathered in the Northern Kingdom, in which He is known as Elohim, *i.e.*, God; D for the document found in the Temple in the reign of Manasseh or of Josiah, and which included most of Deuteronomy; and P for the fresh body of history and law produced in Babylon after the Exile. He shows that all of these have their special qualities and characteristics. The Pentateuch is, in fact, as Professor Bennett says, "a kind of paste-up, constructed on the general lines any early Father would have used in attempting a harmony of the Gospels." Mr. Robertson's purpose in his book is to study by lights borrowed from modern critical scholars the early Genesis stories fathered by J. (whom he describes as, "like Herodotus, a gatherer of legends at old shrines"). In doing so he adopts the eminently rational and common-sense procedure of endeavouring to discern what was the actual trend of mind of their author—setting out the various stages of his narrative, as he proceeds, under such picturesque captions as "The Birth of Woman," "The Birth of War," "The Birth of Wine," "The Birth of Religion," &c.

To the element of common-sense already referred to, Mr. Robertson adds a certain fearless bluntness which never hesitates to call a spade a spade. On one point he expresses himself with special emphasis. J's Paradise story affords no justification for the common doctrine of the Fall:—

The third chapter of Genesis did not mean in the mind of its writer or editor what St. Paul, or Augustine, or Calvin, or Luther, or Jonathan Edwards meant. The idea that Adam's sin caused the sin of all the succeeding generations is entirely absent from the story. . . . Paul's scheme of a second Adam

setting right what a first Adam set wrong is not shared by any other writer in the Bible or by Jesus Christ. St. Paul in his germinal Fall Doctrine has handed down the greatest mistake Theology has happened to perpetrate. . . . Jesus, it may be presumed, would have expressed astonishment at the formula to which this doctrine has given origin. At every Anglican baptism the clergyman is bound to use these words, "We beseech Thee that Thou wilt *mercifully* look upon this child . . . that, *being delivered from Thy wrath*, it may be received into the ark of Christ's Church." Every young person confirmed in the Church of England is bound to say and believe these words from the Catechism, "*Being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath*, we are made the children of grace." These are condemnable untruths, as issued by the Church to-day in connection with God's young children, yet no Convocation seems able to disown them.

"Would to God," he exclaims, "that some scholars would form themselves into a Society for the Extirpation of the Doctrine of the Fall! Would that Oxford or Cambridge would provide such a society!"

A HYPNOTISED NATION.

A NOTE ON GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY.

Writing in *LIGHT* of December 26th, 1914, Mr. H. Ernest Hunt saw in the mental condition of the German nation which led to the great war all the signs of hypnosis. Recently we came across an article by a German Socialist written apparently before the war, in which, as will be seen by the following extract, he traces the influence on his nation of Hohenzollern "suggestion" effected by names, pictures, monuments, &c., all with an insidious appeal to the impressionable Teuton.

The tourist from constitutional lands, who for the first time sets foot on German soil, is surprised by the hypnotising display of "patriotic" monuments, squares and streets. He is haunted everywhere by the names of the Hohenzollern electors, kings and emperors—from the Beggar Markgraf to the present sabre-rattling ruler, who turns the sweat of seventy-five million souls into "Dreadnoughts" and Zeppelins.

There is hardly a painter in the Fatherland who is not responsible for some fierce-looking Emperor-picture for a school or a town-hall. And so it is with every branch of art, literature and science. Hence the name of Hohenzollern is, in Germany, inseparable from everything that is the outcome of human intellect and ambition, and go where you will, the idea of Kaiserism follows you like an evil genius, which, at last, makes you look upon the world as a huge advertisement of His Imperial Majesty's greatness.

In small villages the cult begins with a memorial tablet put up on a tree near the village pump, or at some other busy spot, where the inhabitants cannot escape from it. Little towns which cannot yet afford a life-size statue have temporarily a head and shoulders, or at least a Hohenzollern-street, a Königin-Viktoria-Luise fountain, or a Kronprinzessen-lane. The cult develops with the city's size, and large towns refresh their memories daily by the presence of an equestrian monument, as well as a Kaiser Hotel, a Kaiser-Wilhelm-der-Erste Public High School for boys, a Kurfürsten Platz, a Kronprinz-Friedrich-Wilhelm Cemetery, or a Gross-somebody's Library.

Great accomplishments of genius are not exempt from this misplaced hero-worship. The huge railway bridge in Westphalia, known to every engineer of the world by the name of Mungsten Bridge, is indeed a feat of modern engineering. As one looks from the deep valley up to the gigantic cobweb structure, one cannot but admire the engineer who put so lofty an ideal into realisation. But, alas! just on the top, where the graceful curves meet high up in the sky, the official name—Kaiser-Wilhelm Brücke—in golden letters, sneers at you in defiance.

If you go to Germany and inquire for the Kiel Canal, they look at you in wonder, for the Fatherland knows only a Kaiser Wilhelm Kanal.

The largest bell in Cologne Cathedral is called, of course, the Kaiser Glocke, and if you look sadly away, down the giddy depth into the streets, your gaze falls upon huge posters and flag displays, inviting you to spend an evening at the Kronprinz Opera House, or praising the durability of the latest fashion in Kaiser-Wilhelm socks. When Professor Koch discovered in Africa his famous bacillus, it was seriously proposed to honour it with the name of Hohenzollern. Someone remarked at the time that there was no need to make such a fuss about a Hohenzollern bacillus, as the brain of the whole nation was infected with it, and apparently no one felt any the worse.

MYSTICISM: A CRITICAL NOTE.

BY COLIN MCALPIN.

[Mr. Colin McAlpin is the well-known musical composer and the author of a remarkable book on the arts, "Hermaia."]

Spiritualism, which seeks to probe the great Within, must sooner or later come up against the question of mysticism. As a theory, it penetrates the outer phenomenal hull of reality: as a practice, it enjoys communion with the many denizens of an interior realm of life. Whether we term it trance-mediumship or no, many have been the superior souls who—quite apart from Spiritualistic prepossessions—have tapped an inner world of sempiternal beauty. Blake, for instance, had his pictorial visions of the spiritual; and Handel, when penning his "Hallelujah Chorus," said, "I did see all heaven open before me, and the Great God Himself." And what more natural and logical than the passage from communion with spirits of varying grades of excellence to a very real contact with the Infinite Spirit and Father of us all? As Benjamin Jowett puts it:—"Mysticism is Religion in its most concentrated and exclusive form, that in which all other relations are swallowed up in the relation of the soul to God." But the following reflections have been stimulated by recurrent references to this inviting theme in recent numbers of *LIGHT*.

In the first place, let us bring to the notice of the reader the following authoritative statements on the subject. Vaughan, writing of Dionysius the Areopagite, says that "To assert anything concerning a God who is above all affirmation is to speak in a figure—to veil him. The more you deny concerning him, the more of such veils do you remove. By negation we approach most nearly to a true apprehension of what he is." But surely the higher the reality the more we can pronounce upon it in the affirmative. More can be said of a man than of a mollusc. The truth is, agnosticism, whatever form it takes, ignores the principle of a manifesting Deity. God, for instance, is for ever unveiling Himself in the unfolding of His universe. And in view of what we indubitably know concerning man and Nature, the following certitudes emerge. God reveals Himself as One who labours incessantly, and glories in the work of creation. He discloses Himself as a passionate lover of beauty. He betrays an unfailing regard for the majesty of law and order. His constant aim is ever higher achievements in the scale of evolution. His holiest delight is in the triumph of the good. And to deny these open truths is not to know Him better. All this, moreover, quite apart from the express revelation of His saving grace and love. But we are here not so much concerned with the intellectual apprehension of, as with the soul's communion with, the Infinite and Eternal.

And in this connection, Dionysius speaks of the gradual union of the soul with God as a kind of progress "by diminishing." But here we seem to be led perilously near the nescience of "Nirvana," though that may be—as is often asserted—"something" about which we know nothing. It looks, moreover, more like a process of retrogression than one of progression. Dionysius (in a comparison which was also used by Plotinus) likens the procedure, however, to that of sculpture, where fragment after fragment is chipped off the marble. Hence what remains is a very definite thing of substantial beauty, and what is discarded is merely that which is worthless and unwanted. We need not, therefore, quarrel with the following quotation from Emerson:—

The man proceeding thence puts off the egotism of manhood and becomes at last a public and universal soul . . . rising to greater heights, but also rising to realities, the outer relations and circumstances dying out, he entering deeper into God, God into him, until the last garment of egotism falls and he is with God—shares the will and the immensity of the First Cause.

Again: Tennyson, writing of his own personal experience, says that—

All at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was almost a laughable

impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life.

With him there was "no shade of doubt,"

But utter clearness; and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life as matched with ours
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words.

But even here we seem to be met with a confusion of thought and contradiction in ideas. For whereas on the one hand it is said to be a state of "utter clearness," on the other it is one wherein the self that knows the state is supposed to be lost. Perhaps, however, the poet, if hard pressed, would have drawn a radical distinction between the "outer personality" and the "inner individuality"; for he had, most assuredly, no sympathy whatever with the theory of absolute extinction. Indeed, we see the difficulty—Tennyson himself admits it—of adequately expressing in words so sublime a state of soul.

Still, many a mystic has fallen into the intellectual error of regarding the mystical state of consciousness as virtually synonymous with the loss of the sense of individuality. Madame Guyon, for instance, in her choicest hymnody comes dangerously near the destruction of her own self-being. And the fallacy is obvious. Union is not identity; sympathy is not absorption. To love is to gain—a gain, moreover, which accrues to both the lover and the loved. Even German philosophy has, at least, taught us this much—that unity is not to be found in identity, but in and through the principle of difference. Union, moreover, is quite compatible with distinction. Though the chord is one, the several notes which go to make up its harmonial unity still retain their audible identity. Though the sun be single, light and heat remain perennially distinctive manifestations. Neither could the interests of a genuine religious activity be rightly served by the extinction of the sense of such personal and self-conscious relation as makes religion itself alone possible. So if we lose ourselves in God, it is only that we may find our higher selves afresh. We die that *we* may live.

Nevertheless, the seeming loss of distinction between subject and object is eminently understandable. When, for instance, in the contemplation of the sublime in Nature, do we not seem to lose entire hold of ourselves, and sink to dreamless rest beneath the waves of oceanic Being? Similarly with respect to the superior state of mystical rapture; for here, too, the distinction 'twixt the Infinite and finite self seems, at times, to be wholly obliterated. We are blinded by the blaze of unearthly refulgence; just as some are baulked and baffled by music's speechless sound, or deafened by its classic clamour. We say with Walt Whitman that "I cannot be awake, for nothing looks to me as it did before, or else I am awake for the first time, and all before has been a mean sleep." Needless to say, however, we hold the latter view to be the more tenable and sane. For he who is awake is more fully alive to reality than he who is asleep.

Be it remembered, moreover, such states of spiritual exaltation as here considered are obviously intermittent and sporadic. They represent not a usual, but an unusual, condition of soul. They adumbrate a mode of consciousness which as yet is, in all probability, but in its infancy. Hence the attendant obscurity and seeming self-unconsciousness. But what is mystifying and indistinct to the child becomes clear, though mystical, to the man. And this we call progress in the development of the mind. To take an artistic analogy: if modern music be to the unmusical but a jargon of incomprehensible noise, to the musical whose ears are attuned to higher tonal possibilities it becomes coherent and harmonious. Though at times the eye is blinded by the blazing glories of the noontide sun, the progressive evolution of vision has not involved the gradual disintegration of the faculty of sight. On the contrary, the power to see has passed from a vague consciousness of an objective something to a more definite consciousness of an all-encompassing beauty.

But some zealously devout souls have regarded the persistence of self in the presence of the All-inclusive as an unwarrantable piece of unspiritual presumption. Thus Gautama, the Buddha: "People are in bondage because they have not yet removed the idea of the I." But how the act of worship

can be properly promoted when the creature is lost to the knowledge of its own adulation, nothing but a mistaken monism can hope to explain. Obviously you cannot have a state of consciousness, however ecstatic it be, without being conscious of the self which has this state of consciousness. Surely oblivious obeisance is a contradiction in terms. No true father, moreover, but wishes his child to be another emphatic self of the highest order, nor be swallowed up in the greedy maw of his larger personality. And what kind of love is that which is destined to be at one time unreciprocated? Surely it cannot deny its own nature, and become so selfishly tyrannical?

Still there is a sense in which self-emptying is a spiritual necessity. But we are only to be emptied of such earthly imaginings as crowd the gallery of the grosser mind—only emptied of the noisy passions of a wilful heart so that in the stillness of the soul may be heard the music of its God. The fact is, we must differentiate between a metaphysical extinction and a moral surrender of the self, between the denial of a passive Buddhism and the affirmation of an active Christianity. The one is a suicidal ethic by reason of its faithless negation of the individual; the other is an ethic of salvation through belief in the preciousness of personality. Indeed, the intellectual dangers we speak of are current mainly amongst the mystics of the East and a certain type of neo-Platonists. Occidental mysticism, if true to its own religious genius, will have none of it. We are assured, therefore, that a healthy and robust mysticism will ever remain in a clear, self-conscious experience, prophetic, not of the extinction, but of the exaltation of the soul.

But what, after all, does man's Godward tendency exactly involve if not a growing likeness to Divinity? And who is God if not eternally the great "I am"? It behoves us to be clear in this matter. Impersonality is not more, but less, than personality: supra-personality is not the minimisation, but the magnification of personality. All evolution is commensurate with an increased complex of correspondences which strengthen rather than weaken the sense of self. We might even say that God Himself is enriched in and through His relation to the myriad discreted souls of His own creation. Hence loss of self-knowledge would be an unmitigated deprivation. But God thinks, therefore He is: God knows He thinks, therefore He knows He is. And similarly with man. The truth is we are in danger of prostituting the Divine Personality to the level of a vague, impersonal force. Neither is the spirit of a man but vapour to be sucked up by the warmth of the sun. The very nature of soul is such that it cannot lose the God-given sense of its own eternal being.

The fact is, this seeming loss of self-consciousness, when the soul is rapt in wonderment before the cosmic vastness, or in the contemplation of the Divine Ineffable, does not in reality argue the ultimate extinction of individuality, but only the inability to apprehend so great a mystery. And how could we otherwise "see" than "through a glass darkly," tabernacled as we now are in so dull a tenement of clay? It is our present mental impotence, not our future destiny, that is here insinuated. But we shall one day "know as we are known," just as we shall one time come to realise more fully such deeps of personal self-being as so profoundly stir within each one of us. "The finiteness of the finite," writes Lotze, "is not a producing condition of this personality, but a limit and hindrance of its development."

It is not, then, loss of self but self-enlargement that awaits us in the future; not salvation through self-extinction, but through self-realisation. And this, since absorption would mean not advancement, but failure to attain. So we shall not perish in the consuming fire of Divine Love; we shall only be purged of the dross of self, leaving the gold refined and meet to be shapened into a vessel for holier usage. Yet, the mystery of it all!

L.S.A. MEETINGS (CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY).—The Council of the Alliance have decided that admission to the Tuesday meetings for clairvoyance and psychometry shall in future be restricted to members, but arrangements will be made whereby members will have the privilege of introducing friends as invited guests.

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CANADIAN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE "DIRECT VOICE."

We have received from Mr. Herbert G. Paull, the Secretary of the Canadian Society for Psychical Research, a pamphlet entitled, "The Voice of the Spirit," its subtitle indicating that it is a record of six "occult séances" of the W. T. Stead Bureau Committee, held under the auspices of the Canadian S.P.R. It contains a general presentation of the subject of Spiritualism, but the major part of the book is, of course, taken up with an account of the séances, which were for the direct voice, the medium being the Rev. Hugh Gordon Burroughs.

We found it of great interest, but at the risk of seeming ungracious we could wish that the account had been presented in a more restrained and accurate form. Mr. Paull writes in an excited and vehement fashion, with a profusion of adjectives. Misprints and other errors disfigure the work in several places, and "the sample of fifty of the incalculable host of notables" who have investigated "the occult realms of spirit" would have been the better for careful revision. The spelling of names is admittedly an arbitrary matter, but some of the names are too well known to excuse any carelessness. "Crooks," "Lombrosso," "Usbane Moore," "Flammarian" are examples. We hardly recognised Paracelsus under the spelling "Paraulsus"—even if it were a misprint it should not have escaped attention. Mr. Paull, too, writing under the auspices of a scientific society, should not have been permitted to say that "*devil* is Greek for *daemon*." It is not so. States of consciousness or unconsciousness are many, but a state of "comparative *como*" is unknown to us whether in mediums or other persons. Careful editing would have saved us such eyesores as "sacriligious," "predilictions," "speritual," "ethereilization," "eidolin," &c. We take no pleasure in this part of a critic's duty. It is forced on us by the desire that so tremendously important a subject as this shall not be marred by an appearance of haste and carelessness on the part of those who present it to the attention of educated inquirers. The latter may easily suppose that verbal inaccuracies argue a general disregard of exactness. We know, of course, that this is not the case. A man who cannot put his ideas into correct English may yet be a more precise and reliable observer than a skilled writer.

After all, the faults we have pointed out are perhaps a small price to pay for the courage and earnestness which Mr. Paull displays throughout the pamphlet. The long conversations with spirit communicators using the direct voice are immensely interesting. The questions and remarks of the sitters show the real critical and scientific spirit, and a clear appreciation of the many problems suggested by the phenomena investigated. The familiar question as to the method whereby the voice is produced is

thus answered by one of the controls, Mr. Timothy Murphy, in whom (by the style of his conversation) we think we recognise an occasional visitor to Mrs. Wriedt's séances in London, although his name was then unknown to us.

After explaining that the "astral" or spiritual body is connected with the physical body by a fine cord which is usually seen by the true clairvoyant at or near the solar plexus region, he says:—

This astral body, while in contact with its physical vehicle, may be forced out for the time being by the will [whereupon] the silvery cord expands or stretches as a rubber band or cord [would do, and by a correct application of the will the astral body is capable of producing much phenomena, as it often does while the physical and subjective self may be in a dream state. The astral body then while out or away from its temple is the first instrument of communication, for it must be used by those who wish to communicate with the friends of earth (the medium may or may not be conscious of this fact). . . . Now as our medium, Mr. Burroughs, forces his astral body out, and in this case produces trance, I . . . , by the law of suggestion, put it in motion, and through or by its density, I cause it to pick up the trumpet or any other object which I desire to move through the physical hands of the medium may be at all times held. Through the same law of suggestion I cause it to take on my personality and present myself to you as an individual apart from the personality of the medium. As your friends desire to reach you, I step aside and they one by one, as myself, use the astral body as a means through the same law above-mentioned to give you the message they desire. Male or female bodies [have] equal success, and as the astral body is plastic, it may assume any identity that is strong enough to use it. This accounts for the different tone productions one hears in a physical séance. Ofttimes some of the higher forces [spirits] wish to reach you from the greater spheres—this is done through the *law of vibration* and reaches the astral body of the medium in different ways—sometimes by or through wave vibration, and sometimes through tubular vibrations. This last law of tubular vibrations would require many hours of discussion to explain, but I believe I have made the main facts clear. The words spoken by the spirits are first thought [by them] and vibrated upon the vocalisation of the astral body, which in turn vibrates within the larynx or "sounding board" of the medium. This is why the vibration may be felt by those in touch with the medium.

That leaves a good deal unexplained—it clearly applies only to one form of direct voice mediumship. Nevertheless there is much in it that will be of interest to those—and they are now many—who have made a practical study of direct voice manifestations. It refers, as will be seen, to the close connection between the "voice" and the medium's own vocal organs and seems to confirm the theory of a distinguished man of letters who, after much investigation, told us of his theory that spirits communicating do not speak directly to the circle but through some temporary form of personality, although precisely what this is he could not determine. Another gentleman, who in his early days was a celebrated medium, but who to-day is an even more celebrated author, told us that during his experience as a medium he became convinced that the remarkable manifestations produced in his presence were the result of the activity of his "double." (We may mention, by the way, that the martyrdom he underwent at the hands of hordes of shallow and heartless curiosity-mongers, coupled with his growing disbelief in the agency of exanimate spirits, induced him to give up the practice of mediumship—he resolved that he would no longer be butchered to make a psychic holiday! That was the world's loss, and although to-day he has a better knowledge of the facts of mediumship, it is doubtful if he will ever return to it.) We make these comments in passing. The opinions of the people in question, as practical investigators, have a suggestive bearing on Mr. Murphy's remarks concerning the use of the medium's "astral" body.

Mr. Paull's pamphlet gives the records of many conversations with spirit visitors, in especial Mr. W. T. Stead, as is natural, seeing that the inquiry was conducted by the W. T. Stead Bureau Committee, which included Dr. John S. King, the President of the Canadian S.P.R.; Mrs. E. A. Calvert, President of the Progressive Research Club, Toronto; Mrs. A. Murphy, Vice-President of the Club; Mr. H. G. Paull, the Secretary of the Canadian S.P.R., and others. It is difficult for an outsider to pronounce on the question of identity, especially as Queen Victoria, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Margaret Fuller and other famous people were amongst the speakers. But a general survey gives the impression that many of us have already gained by visiting circles for the direct voice, viz., that some of the characters are life-like and natural in their modes of expression, while others seem to reflect in some curious fashion the conditions of the circle, their phrases and sentiments suggesting an echo of the mentality of the sitters or some of them. But this peculiarity is not confined to manifestations of the direct voice. It is a familiar feature in other forms of phenomena, as all experienced Spiritualists can attest.

On the whole we found Mr. Paull's pamphlet an arresting production. The arguments and illustrations he uses in enforcing the lesson of the facts and the importance of Psychical Research show him to be an alert, courageous and practical exponent of the subject. Those who properly grasp its importance will perhaps regard the blemishes to which we have alluded as comparatively trivial. But they certainly mar the message for a large class of minds who insist on a careful examination of the *surface* of anything presented to them as the condition of pressing their investigation below the surface, and the fitness of things certainly requires that a great message shall be delivered in a form entirely worthy of its importance.

THE LIFE PERSISTENT.

In the course of an address on "Life and Death" at the Primitive Methodist Church, Stafford-street, Walsall, on the 23rd ult., Sir Oliver Lodge is reported to have said that the whole of Europe stood face to face with death. We were in a marvellous state of ignorance, not altogether because we were not taught science at school, for even those who gave their lives to science had to admit that the realm of ignorance was enormously larger than the realm of knowledge, and the more it expanded the more they found the infinitude of things there was to know.

Life was not energy, but utilised and guided energy to produce results which otherwise would not happen. The great progress of evolution was going on, and what its outcome would be we did not know. We only knew there would not be an end. We lived in a material universe for a short time, and by the brain and muscles we might interact with it. It was amazing what interaction there was between mind and matter, and death was but the suspension of that particular form of activity.

At death each would take his own personality with him. The idea that people after death became glorified beings, fit company for the saints, was a mistaken idea. They would find the other side of death very like this side; they might want to get rid of their characters, but they could not. There was no next world, except in the sense that it was where we were going next. The next world was there all the time. There was a kind of subjective partition; we are on one side and the communication was interrupted, but the universe was one and not two.

A body we should have, though it would not be a material body, and some of the features of the body that we have acquired here would be permanent and carried on, and only in that sense would there be a resurrection of the body.

RACHEL COMFORTED: THE STORY OF A MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY "RACHEL."

I consider that the planchette is in most cases the best "writing medium" we yet know of for communications from the other side. If the hand be used, one feels uncertain whether it be oneself or the spirit. It is often both, mixed. But that is very unsatisfactory. When the planchette is really being controlled (as described in my previous articles under this heading) by a discarnate person, the two people (two are best) who sit at it can have not the smallest doubt that a third and unseen personality is present, and is moving it. You yourselves have nothing whatever to do with it, beyond letting your finger-tips lightly touch the board. After we had sat patiently some time, the writing became more and more legible, more and more easy and rapid. A few minutes (at first, perhaps, even half-an-hour) after sitting down, we would notice a strange trembling, stirring movement in the little board. It was, in fact, as if the inanimate wood were becoming a living thing! I often whispered to Nellie: "It is as if a small living animal is struggling under our fingers to move!" Having gathered up enough strength (drawn, as I believe, from the electricity in us), it would start off, and so rapidly did it write that Sunny, through it, could fill up an enormous sheet of white paper about twenty-six inches by twenty-one (pinned to a white tablecloth firmly spread over the table, the tablecloth pinned together under the table to prevent it moving) in a far shorter space of time than we could have done it ourselves. He became so joyous and eager as we went on, and so pleased at his own cleverness, that the little board would dash along oblivious of any remarks we made. Seeing he was getting to the edge of the sheet, we would call out "Stop, stop!" (so that we might move the planchette back to a fresh line); but often he would *not* stop, but raced along, the last few words being written on the highly starched white tablecloth, and I often wondered what our laundry thought of a long line of such words as "and then, darling mother," "Towzer began to," "hullo!" and sometimes only the fag end of words. He was so eager that if we sought to stop him when he was intent on finishing his sentence, we found that on trying to move the planchette back, *it was held down with such force* that Nellie and I both had to pull at it to lift it at all.

I always believe, had we been able to continue these delightful experiences another year or two, that we should have had the joy of seeing the little board move entirely of itself, in broad daylight, under perfectly normal conditions; for, after one year, Sunny one day, when very strong and joyous, moved it feebly entirely by itself, neither Nellie nor I touching it at all. But the effort exhausted him so much that I did not ask for it again.

In earth-life Sunny loved inventing and asking riddles. One day we sat down to planchette, and while resting our fingers on it and waiting for Sunny to begin, we discussed a ten-shilling piece I had dropped that morning in a shop. I was worried over it, and Nellie was trying to cheer me up, when all of a sudden Sunny (tired evidently of this dry conversation!) wrote rapidly, without the smallest preamble, "Why do policemen wear big boots?"

It was the first time since his transition that he had ever asked a riddle, and I was so taken aback I did not know whether to laugh or cry, but of the two emotions the joy was greater, for it was these things which were to me so convincing. Nellie looked frightened, and whispered "Is it Master Sunny?" I fancy she thought a stalwart policeman from the other side might be paying us a visit. I replied "Oh, it's he. He loved riddles." In earth-life Sunny would have days and days of riddle-composing, and would land one on you, shouting "Guess again!" every time you guessed wrong. He wrote now that we were to "guess the answer," and when I said "Oh, Sunny! How like you this is!" he wrote "That isn't the answer, is it? Oh, mother, *do* guess!" (He soon learnt to underline words.) After many

guesses, and "Oh, Nellie, you duffer!" &c., he wrote solemnly: "Because they've got big feet," and asked "Am I clever?" and when we praised him the little board would fairly dance with joy, lift itself and stroke my face, and sometimes Nellie's too, and then he would write rapidly "Oh, I do love praise!"

After that we had riddles, and *only* riddles, for days on end.

Then he would have a poetic fit, and would compose yards of childish poetry, sometimes serious, sometimes amusing. Then he had a spell of drawing—another favourite amusement of his on this side. It was quite marvellous the way he used that rather clumsy little board to draw, in turn, angels, omnibuses, bicycles, houses, ships, people, &c. He could never draw very well, and had always envied the great talent in drawing and painting possessed by one of his brothers. But he was always passionately fond of drawing pictures, and I had put away in a trunk, with his dear little clothes, every single drawing he had ever done for me. His drawings with the planchette went on day by day—of course under great difficulties at first, for he found it hard to lift it up to fresh lines, &c. But finally he was able to give us charmingly childish pictures, generally full of fun, and on comparing these with his past ones every characteristic was there. He drew an omnibus one day (they were horse omnibuses then) with people inside and an old lady climbing the steps, being assisted by the conductor. He labelled this "A bus; mother inside with a feather round her hat." (We looked and recognised it.) "And grannie climbing to the top swearing at the conductor" (a bit of boyish mischief, and just the way he used to tease my mother, who is much too dignified to do any of these things).

I remember laughing at the two very decrepit-looking horses he had drawn, and I said in fun, "The poor horses look very hungry, Sunny!" He was quite hurt. Had he done them badly? Didn't I like his picture? &c. All this is so like him. He would have sensitive moods, and think you were laughing at him. But, as a rule, good temper, joyous love of life, jokes, and "larks," quick repartee, a great sense of humour, and a most affectionate nature characterised him.

Here is verbatim one (short) conversation, dated *December 1st, Sunday morning*. (On Sundays we only talked a short time.)

MOTHER: "Sunny, darling."

SUNNY: "Oh, yes, mother darling. Do you like my story?"

MOTHER: "Oh, I do indeed!"

SUNNY: "Well, will you just tell Miss Nellie to keep her thoughts to herself?"

MOTHER: "But she is delighted with your story."

SUNNY: "Oh, yes, I know! But she said 'I believe it's his own experiences.' Now, Nellie, just you don't believe anything at all about it. Please wait till the last chapter."

MOTHER: "All right. We like it so much."

SUNNY: "Oh, I am so glad you like it. Ten minutes up yet, eh?"

MOTHER: "Not yet, darling. What are you going to do all to-day, Sunny?"

SUNNY: "Going to church. Have my dinner. Read, and enjoy myself. And what are *you* going to do, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

MOTHER: "Well, first I'm going to Earl's Court to take the train to Windyfield."

SUNNY: "Oh, dear! Take the train! Oh, it will be heavy for you to take!"

The "story" he alludes to I may give entirely later. He was several weeks writing it, doing a small bit every day, then stopping, and asking "Now can we have a nice chat? I'm tired of the story." It was obviously his own experiences from the hour he found himself on the other side. But he would not tell us the identity of the "little boy" whose experiences he described, and, childlike, was most anxious to keep up the mystery, often stopping suddenly, when racing along, to write (with an anxiety impossible to describe, yet vividly recognisable by us), "You don't know who the little boy is, do you?" And, of course, to please him, we would say, "Oh, no!" And so he would continue in most joyous mood, though as time went on it became a rather open secret.

Here is another little conversation:—

MOTHER: "Who teaches you, Sunny?"

SUNNY: "My teacher, mother."

MOTHER: "Who is your teacher, darling?"

SUNNY: "She is Love."

MOTHER: "Do you call her Love?"

SUNNY: "Her name is Love, but I call her lots of other names."

MOTHER: "Will you grow to love her more than me?"

SUNNY: "Mother, my own little mother! You know I could never, *never* love anybody so much as I do you, little pet!"

MOTHER: "Well, tell me some of the names you call your teacher."

SUNNY: "Mother, first tell me, are you jealous? You know I must love everybody, but mother best of all."

MOTHER: "No, darling, not jealous. Tell me some of the names you call her. I won't be jealous."

SUNNY: "Sometimes I tell her she is an angel, and sometimes I tell her she is a beauty."

MOTHER: "Is she an angel?"

SUNNY: "Oh, no."

MOTHER: "How old is she?"

SUNNY (slowly and very mournfully): "You *are* a little bit jealous, I think."

MOTHER: "No, no, my funny pet, I won't be jealous!" (Of course I was, and he saw it.)

SUNNY: "I think my teacher is twenty-four, but I have not asked her. Shall I?"

MOTHER: "Would she be vexed? Ladies here don't like their ages asked."

SUNNY: "No, mother, she is never vexed."

MOTHER: "Does she live in the same house with you, darling?"

SUNNY: "Are you sure you are *not* a little bit jealous?"

He told us she had on "a white dress this morning, but she has a blue one on now."

There are people who have a most remarkable attitude towards life on the other side as regards the objects in it. I have met people (and there are thousands, as we know), who, if Sunny said his teacher wore a dress of white gossamer, would say, "That is as it should be." But if he told us it was of alpaca, they would have a fit. If he spoke of someone playing music with a trumpet of pure gold, they would believe it. But if it was of tin they would decide that Sunny was an evil spirit, and not Sunny at all. Meals of grapes and "luscious fruits" would be admitted, but not of peas or potatoes. Even a chair might be allowed, providing it was strictly picturesque: a couch, but *not* a bed, and so on. A lady told me, in superior tones, that her husband lived "under a canopy" on the other side, and that houses denoted a very low plane indeed—why, she would find it perhaps hard to explain. I do not believe my Sunny is "on a very low plane." He was more fitted to a fairly high plane than many adults would be likely to attain at once. And why the most advanced of souls should not be as advanced and holy in a house as under a canopy puzzles me. There are more saints living and doing good in the East End of London than in the West End. I quite believe that, as we shall advance, we shall also arrive at more that is beautiful and less that is ugly. A house may be a thing of great beauty and art (the concrete thought of a nature beautiful and artistic), or it may be the Early Victorian horror of the Early Victorian mind, with a dark basement and the hideous bow-windows and hard, cold front of the typical London square. Each dwelling is but someone's ideas and thoughts embodied. The houses and furniture of certain periods are standing examples of narrow outlook, bigoted ideas, and rather ugly, crooked, or foolish minds. Of course, want of space was, and is, a great excuse. But take the artistically-evolved architect of to-day, and he will, with only the same space, design you an abode which satisfies your soul to some degree instead of setting your teeth on edge.

Another lady recently told me that a friend of hers, passed on, could not possibly be in any plane "so low" that to help or advise, cheer or comfort, the friend struggling (amid many sorrows) on this side, would be possible to the advanced one, or agreeable! She was "much too high up." If being "high up"

means enjoying yourself so much amid heavenly glories that those who so badly need you on earth are forgotten and ignored, then may no one whom I love or respect go as "high up" as that.

I expect that lady's friend is longing to help her if given the chance!

TOLERANCE: THE LARGER VIEW.

Every day brings its own experience and enlarges our field of view. In every conversation and by every book we read we are unconsciously checking, correcting, and modifying our preconceived ideas, re-arranging and recasting our little store of wisdom and truth. The events and thoughts of every hour keep our knowledge in a continual state of flux, the cauldron is ceaselessly stirred and new ingredients are added. As no two people have quite the same experience, so no two people's views exactly coincide, and no man's mental picture of God, of the world and of all things therein can be precisely that of anyone else. We may marvel that we can agree with our neighbours as far as, in fact, we do. My friend's "mauve" may be approximately the same colour as my "purple" and another man's "violet," but we shall be three very exceptional men if we allow that it is so.

A sculptor makes many statues, of which no two are exactly alike, and yet a competent judge may detect characteristics, a certain manner, which proclaim them all the same master's work. So no two men nor angels are alike nor ever will be. Some have visions, perceptions, phases of mentality, levels of consciousness of which others never even suspect the possibility. There are first-floor people and second-floor people and people again who have not yet emerged from the basement. The more elevated our standpoint and the more comprehensive our sweep of knowledge, the more tolerant and sympathetic should we be. The narrow and prejudiced are the ignorant and rudimentary, for we are suspicious and sceptical about that which transcends our own experience, and in the Middle Ages the faggot was ready for the presumptuous opponent of anything that was settled, tabulated and authorised. The man with the larger consciousness must be a prophet not a persecutor. He will be scoffed at as a dreamer and idealist; but "wisdom is justified of her children," and Elijah seated upon the hilltop will not come down at the bidding of the common herd. "Explain yourself, justify yourself," they cry, but he cannot pour his gallon into the pint measure held out to him. Martha, good soul, cannot think what her sister would be at—selfishness and laziness seem the only possible explanation of her impractical attitude; and yet Mary no less than Martha is setting her house in order.

To go from Lausanne to Visp it is not necessary to look out of the window of the train, the traveller will get there just as quickly if he sit and read the "Financial Times"; but there is a type of men to whom looking at the scenery is the principal part of the business, and whether he arrive at Visp or Vladivostok is all one to him provided the hills are high and the lakes blue. There is something to him beyond the ritual and the priest, a dominant idea beneath all the wheels, straps and pistons of life's machinery.

To many Spiritualism is a pot of poison with a good deal of frothy fraud on the top; to others it is medicine, for the need of which the world of our day is dying; and the exasperating thing is that the patient, deplorably sick though he is, can be persuaded to take so little of it.

The intense desire to propagate our own views is one of the most extraordinary things in life, and even the Secularist must give himself the trouble of going to the park every Sunday to disseminate his dreary doctrines. Let us not be perturbed, "Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God." There will always be swine who prefer offal to pearls; and quite right too, for until we develop capacity, pearls are useless to us.

When the ground is baked hard and dry, the rain will run off it, be it never so much in need of moisture. Let us smile and pass on, reviling and scorn will not help the cause; it is, after all, an antiquated method of determining whether or no a man is dead to rap him on the head with a hammer—though the hammer may be of the purest gold.

F. FIELDING-OULD,

THE WESTON PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPH.

The Rev. Chas. L. Tweeddale, Vicar of Weston, Otley, Yorks, writes:—

As the statement has been made that the appearance of the bearded man upon the photograph which I recently took at my vicarage is due to the interposition of flowers, branches or fronds standing up from the table, or interposed between the position occupied by the figure and the camera, and that the face is formed by leaves or fronds "out of focus," I wish here to state distinctly that there were no flowers, branches, fronds or sprays of any kind upon the table, or interposing between the end of the piano, where my wife saw the figure, and the camera. Nothing visible to normal vision interposed between the camera lens and the place where the figure of the man shows up on the photo. During the whole time of the exposure my wife clairvoyantly saw the figure of the bearded man move away from my son's side, pass round the corner of the table and take up a position in front of the piano, where she distinctly and steadfastly saw him during the whole time of the exposure, occupying the position where the image afterwards appeared on the plate.

The fact that the lines of sight from the camera and the clairvoyant respectively are widely divergent makes it impossible that the camera image and the clairvoyant's vision could have been caused by the same interposing branch, frond, or flower, even had such been there.

Again, the suggestion that the figure seen in the photograph is merely an effect of light and shade is easily disproved by comparison with another photograph taken later under the same conditions of light and at the same time of day. Not the slightest trace of the figure is to be seen in the second photo, the pleated silk front of the piano being clearly and distinctly shown. All the suggested explanations of finger-prints, film defects, interposed flowers and branches, light and shade, are therefore untenable. All the evidence points to the psychic explanation as the only satisfactory one.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF AUGUST 7TH, 1886.)

The following story lately appeared in a native Japanese paper: "A few nights since a jinrikisha man, whose stand was close by the entrance to a temple in the vicinity of Kawasaki (Osaka), was hired by a woman to take her to a house in the village. After starting, the jinrikisha man says, he was astonished at the lightness of his fare and repeatedly turned round to see if she had not alighted. Each time, however, he distinctly saw her, and in due course they arrived at the house he had been hired to take her to. Here she got out and at once entered the premises, but, as she had not paid her fare, he, after waiting a few minutes, knocked at the door. His summons was answered by the master of the house, to whom he applied for payment of the amount agreed upon (10 sen), when, to his astonishment, he was told that he had made a mistake, and that no one had lately entered the house. The jinrikisha man, however, was not to be put off, and insisted that he had brought a woman who had just entered the premises without paying her fare. To this the master replied that his statement could not be correct, as there was no woman living on the premises, his wife having died a few days previous. The jinrikisha man, however, would not be convinced; so a child, four years old, who was nursing the deceased's baby, was called and stated that she had just seen her mother enter the house and nurse the baby. The husband was convinced that his deceased wife had paid a visit to the children, and paid the man his fare."

THOSE who need much help and can give none are the ones we call the wicked. Those who could give much but give little we call the good. Those who try to give all they can, as they think that Christ would have them do, we call cranks.—E. KAY ROBINSON.

M. GORCE, a French reader, writes expressing the wish, as a reader of *LIGHT*, a lover of England, and a man keenly interested in psychic matters, to enter into correspondence with an English friend. He has some knowledge of English, and desires that any letters sent to him should be in that language, but he will write in French. Any letters sent to us for him, prepaid, shall be forwarded.

"THE DAYS AND DREAMS OF EDWARD CARPENTER."

Mr. F. C. Constable writes:—

As one of many who respect and admire Edward Carpenter, I find difficulty in understanding him when he says that he seems to be utterly unreasonable in feeling a curious sense of liberation and of obstacles removed, even a curious feeling of joy, as his bodily powers fail. Such feeling I think is reasonable, and shared, in old age, by all who have tried in life to do their duty, though they may have failed: we all fail, try as we will.

Is it possible Edward Carpenter thinks it *natural* that when the body falls to pieces our personality disappears? I have some doubt of him as to this.

But suppose that we still live on when disembodied? Then Edward Carpenter's feeling instead of being utterly unreasonable is utterly reasonable. The decay of bodily powers marks the approach of the dissolution of the body, and the dissolution of the body marks the *escape* of personality from imprisonment in the body. While prisoners we must do our duty as prisoners; but, even while honestly working as prisoners, we have glimpses of what freedom in its glory must be for us when our term of imprisonment is over. Hence arises Edward Carpenter's curious sense of joy in approaching liberation. And the feeling is natural.

We suffer a great deal of intolerable nonsense to be talked by the young about old age. Those who have had success in bodily life and live on in old age dreaming only of their past bodily success, cannot, it must be admitted, be happy as their bodily powers fail and they find their authority over men fall away from them; past earthly work, they live on in sorrow. But the many who regard their little span of bodily life but as passing imprisonment for *human conduct*, and who can look back on their past lives as full of honest attempts to be true in conduct to God and their fellows, *love* old age and enjoy it. For the inevitable decay of the bodily organism marks the approach of the day of freedom from imprisonment and so gives—in Edward Carpenter's words—a sense of elation. And why this sense of elation? I do not know, you do not know. But we *feel* that on the expiry of our sentence we shall walk outside the walls of our prison into the freedom of a higher and fuller personality. Our conduct, then? That is in the hands of God.

The last act of the spirit on escape is an act of love. It marks the mould it is leaving with a new-come expression of nobility and peace.

Mme. Isabelle de Steiger sends us a letter with special reference to Mr. Carpenter's allusions to the Hermetic Society quoted in *LIGHT* of 22nd ult. (p. 234). In the course of her letter Mme. de Steiger says:—

I was a member of the Hermetic Society, and still have a syllabus for a course of lectures. I can remember a largish circle of people, perhaps twenty, meeting at regular intervals in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society in Albemarle-street, just opposite to the Albemarle Club, of which I was a member. I never saw Mr. Carpenter there, neither had I ever heard of him. I can remember papers being read, especially those contributed by Dr. Wynn Westcott and Mr. McGregor-Mathers. Both were authorities on the Kabala, and Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, as everyone knows, were close students of the Kabala. I remember also other speakers.

Mr. Carpenter, who is evidently anxious that the outer world should regard him as a conspicuous figure in the world of thinkers, sustains the difficult and most inconvenient *role* of a hermit, who, although desirous of forgetting the world, yet on the whole would much object to be "by the world forgot." In consequence of this seclusion, a state apt to confuse dreams and true memories, he speaks of his former friends (if they were his friends) and describes them as being both "so inflated with heavenly conceit over their discovery [what the discovery was he does not exactly state] that they grew quite foolish and intolerable."

It is possible that in the near future the works of those two writers that Mr. Carpenter so brutally maligns may be in general demand, whereas "Love's Coming of Age," "New Democracy," &c., may recline unmolested on that very high shelf—the topmost. The world, we think, has in the future no use for shallow philosophy of the Carpenter school.

If we compare the religious teachings of the present century with those of any past one, we shall find out that the practical Spiritualistic belief taught by the Bible has to a great extent dropped out of it.—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

While experts may differ as to the exact nature of the force which is variously called "nerve force" or "energy," "vitality," &c., it is certain that it is very near akin to electricity. Wherever there is chemical action, electricity is generated. Inasmuch as chemical action is incessantly taking place in the living body, it follows of necessity that electricity is produced incessantly within us. So far as this electricity itself is concerned, it stands to reason that it must be precisely the same as the electricity which lights our lamps and draws our cars in the world external to our bodies: the difference consisting in variations of quantity and potential. The well-known phenomenon of the electric eel and other fishes which are able to give a true electric shock is sufficient indication of the close relationship between nerve-energy and electricity, a fact also brought out by the analogy between the peripheral nerve-ending and the electrodes of a battery. But there is something else besides ordinary electricity in the composition of nerve-energy—something still finer which links the power to the mind and will, and which can be cultivated and developed scientifically in a manner similar to that in which the athlete develops muscular power.

In one word, this is the power that super-man will train for his use as the existing type of man has trained steam and electricity for his use at the present day. This will enable him to control at will the other forces of Nature. Glimpses of this power of active will have been given occasionally in the past, and have been handed down as more or less vague traditions of miraculous and supernatural occurrences. In the Bible, Elijah stands out as a wonder-worker who could command the fire from heaven—electricity in the form of lightning. The references made by Jesus Christ to the power of faith as being able to blast a fig tree or remove a mountain are connected with the same force which we use every moment in daily life at a lower intensity or potential. Concentration of will and unshaken confidence produce a more powerful action, on the principle which forms one of the most elementary formulas of the science of dynamics, that the energy of a body of constant size can be increased simply by increasing its speed, either of motion or of rotation. A bullet will not do much harm if it falls on your head from a distance of a few feet, but will tell another story if shot from a rifle. So with rotation round a given point. It is within the bounds of scientific speculation to imagine the head of a pin in a ring that you could wear on your little finger rotating with such speed that it would generate a mechanical power of several locomotive engines.

To argue, therefore, that active will-power of a living being cannot possibly produce any more results than is experienced by the ordinary person in ordinary life is equivalent to denial of one of the most fundamental principles of dynamics, as well as ignorance of the elements of physiology.

—"Meditation," by ARTHUR LOVELL.

THE INNER LIGHT.—Here is the origin and authority for the belief in the Inner Light. Rising within the soul is a light that answers to the Light that encompasses us around and above. It is mine, for it is the birthright of every man. I have but to retire within my soul to enter into the innermost chamber of my being, and though I shut the door against all sounds and sights from the world of sense, alone I am not, nor in the dark.—CYRIL HEPHER.

THE NOVELIST AND THE PALMIST.—Writing in "To-day" of the 5th inst., Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, the novelist, remarks: "I see by this morning's paper that my old friends the palmists are being attacked again, and a long list of their evil deeds is given. I have consulted crowds of them in my time (and once in my early, pearly girlhood I wrote a most touching novel called 'The Seer of Bond Street,' which no publisher would ever publish!), but I never met a genuine case yet where any real harm was done. Personally I have had a good deal of fun from them, and I know one wonderful woman who has been a real help and comfort to me and to many others. As for horoscopes, no war-economy posters should induce me to give up the delightful excitement of my yearly two-and-eightpence worth—no, not even if Mr. McKenna makes a house-to-house visitation and kneels at my feet!"

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JULY 30th, &c.

(Continued from page vi., Supplement.)

PORTSMOUTH.—311, SOMERS-ROAD, SOUTHSEA.—Mrs. Harvey, of Southampton, conducted the morning public circle and a séance in the afternoon; and in the evening gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions.

BRISTOL.—SPIRITUAL CHURCH, THOMAS-STREET, STOKES CROFT.—Mr. Lamsley, of Portsmouth, gave an address in the morning and clairvoyant descriptions in the evening. Other usual meetings.—W. G.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.—Mr. Howard Mundy, of Bournemouth, gave addresses and helpful clairvoyant descriptions. 26th ult., Mrs. E. M. Christie gave a splendid inspirational address, followed by remarkably accurate clairvoyance.—J. McF.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, uplifting address by Mr. G. Prior. 24th ult., ladies' meeting, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Marriott. 26th, address by Mr. Morris, clairvoyance by Mrs. Marriott.—E. M.

MISS MCCREADIE asks us to state that she will be out of town until the end of the present month.

ATTENTION is called to the exhibition of what are described as "psychic and subconscious paintings," now being held by Mrs. A. K. Diver ("Atlantis"), at 91, Moscow-road, Palace-court, Bayswater, W., as advertised on page ii.

THE L.S.A. LIBRARY.—Will Members and Associates of the L.S.A. (past or present) kindly examine their bookshelves to ascertain if they have any books belonging to the library which should have been returned? A number of books are missing from the shelves, some of them taken out years ago, and the names of the borrowers not having been recorded at the time, it is difficult to ascertain in whose hands they now are.

THE "Occult Review" for August contains, amongst other articles, a deeply interesting study of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce by Miss Charlotte E. Woods, and an account of the Dynamistograph, the machine by the agency of which Drs. Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst have been able to "obtain direct communications from the surviving spirit of man without the aid of any 'medium.'"

MR. J. HEWAT MCKENZIE.—We are informed that Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie leaves for New York on the 5th inst., and will make a tour of the United States and Canada. His journey is made in the interests of the projected National Institute of Psychic Science, and particularly in connection with engaging the services of materialising and psychic photographic mediums in connection with the new Institute. Mr. McKenzie asks that correspondents will kindly note that letters will not be forwarded to him during his absence. He expects to return in October.

NATIONAL UNION FUND OF BENEVOLENCE.—The Honorary Financial Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Stair (14, North-street, Keighley, Yorks), acknowledges with thanks the following subscriptions received in June: Mrs. Charnley, by sale of postcards, 3s.; Mrs. Crane, 2s. 6d.; Rothesay Circle, £1 10s.; Exeter Society, 10s. 6d.; retiring collection, Lyceum Conference, 7s.; Mr. Appleyard, £1 1s.; Mr. Venables, £1 1s.; London Union Camp Meeting, 8s. Total £5 3s. The disbursements for June amounted to £21 10s. Mrs. Stair states that the income during the first half-year has not fallen off so far as regular donations are concerned. But after the promise of £50 annually from a generous subscriber the committee decided to enlarge the grants to pensioners, thus increasing the disbursements from £12 per month in the first half-year of 1915 to £21 10s. during the last half of that year and the first half of this. Mrs. Stair, referring to the high cost of living, begs for increased help, adding that to give quickly is to give twice.

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"THE DAYS AND DREAMS OF EDWARD CARPENTER."

Mr. F. C. Constable writes:—

As one of many who respect and admire Edward Carpenter, I find difficulty in understanding him when he says that he seems to be utterly unreasonable in feeling a curious sense of liberation and of obstacles removed, even a curious feeling of joy, as his bodily powers fail. Such feeling I think is reasonable, and shared, in old age, by all who have tried in life to do their duty, though they may have failed: we all fail, try as we will.

Is it possible Edward Carpenter thinks it *natural* that when the body falls to pieces our personality disappears? I have some doubt of him as to this.

But suppose that we still live on when disembodied? Then Edward Carpenter's feeling instead of being utterly unreasonable is utterly reasonable. The decay of bodily powers marks the approach of the dissolution of the body, and the dissolution of the body marks the *escape* of personality from imprisonment in the body. While prisoners we must do our duty as prisoners; but, even while honestly working as prisoners, we have glimpses of what freedom in its glory must be for us when our term of imprisonment is over. Hence arises Edward Carpenter's curious sense of joy in approaching liberation. And the feeling is *natural*.

We suffer a great deal of intolerable nonsense to be talked by the young about old age. Those who have had success in bodily life and live on in old age dreaming only of their past bodily success, cannot, it must be admitted, be happy as their bodily powers fail and they find their authority over men fall away from them; past earthly work, they live on in sorrow. But the many who regard their little span of bodily life but as passing imprisonment for *human conduct*, and who can look back on their past lives as full of honest attempts to be true in conduct to God and their fellows, *love* old age and enjoy it. For the inevitable decay of the bodily organism marks the approach of the day of freedom from imprisonment and so gives—in Edward Carpenter's words—a sense of elation. And why this sense of elation? I do not know, you do not know. But we *feel* that on the expiry of our sentence we shall walk outside the *walls* of our prison into the freedom of a higher and fuller personality. Our conduct, then? That is in the hands of God.

The last act of the spirit on escape is an act of love. It marks the mould it is leaving with a new-come expression of nobility and peace.

Mme. Isabelle de Steiger sends us a letter with special reference to Mr. Carpenter's allusions to the Hermetic Society quoted in *LIGHT* of 22nd ult. (p. 234). In the course of her letter Mme. de Steiger says:—

I was a member of the Hermetic Society, and still have a syllabus for a course of lectures. I can remember a largish circle of people, perhaps twenty, meeting at regular intervals in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society in Albemarle-street, just opposite to the Albemarle Club, of which I was a member. I never saw Mr. Carpenter there, neither had I ever heard of him. I can remember papers being read, especially those contributed by Dr. Wynn Westcott and Mr. McGregor-Mathers. Both were authorities on the Kabala, and Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, as everyone knows, were close students of the Kabala. I remember also other speakers.

Mr. Carpenter, who is evidently anxious that the outer world should regard him as a conspicuous figure in the world of thinkers, sustains the difficult and most inconvenient *rôle* of a hermit, who, although desirous of forgetting the world, yet on the whole would much object to be "by the world forgot." In consequence of this seclusion, a state apt to confuse dreams and true memories, he speaks of his former friends (if they were his friends) and describes them as being both "so inflated with heavenly conceit over their discovery [what the discovery was he does not exactly state] that they grew quite foolish and intolerable."

It is possible that in the near future the works of those two writers that Mr. Carpenter so brutally maligns may be in general demand, whereas "Love's Coming of Age," "New Democracy," &c., may recline unmolested on that very high shelf—the topmost. The world, we think, has in the future no use for shallow philosophy of the Carpenter school.

If we compare the religious teachings of the present century with those of any past one, we shall find out that the practical Spiritualistic belief taught by the Bible has to a great extent dropped out of it.—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

While experts may differ as to the exact nature of the force which is variously called "nerve force" or "energy," "vitality," &c., it is certain that it is very near akin to electricity. Wherever there is chemical action, electricity is generated. Inasmuch as chemical action is incessantly taking place in the living body, it follows of necessity that electricity is produced incessantly within us. So far as this electricity itself is concerned, it stands to reason that it must be precisely the same as the electricity which lights our lamps and draws our cars in the world external to our bodies: the difference consisting in variations of quantity and potential. The well-known phenomenon of the electric eel and other fishes which are able to give a true electric shock is sufficient indication of the close relationship between nerve-energy and electricity, a fact also brought out by the analogy between the peripheral nerve-ending and the electrodes of a battery. But there is something else besides ordinary electricity in the composition of nerve-energy—something still finer which links the power to the mind and will, and which can be cultivated and developed scientifically in a manner similar to that in which the athlete develops muscular power.

In one word, this is the power that super-man will train for his use as the existing type of man has trained steam and electricity for his use at the present day. This will enable him to control at will the other forces of Nature. Glimpses of this power of active will have been given occasionally in the past, and have been handed down as more or less vague traditions of miraculous and supernatural occurrences. In the Bible, Elijah stands out as a wonder-worker who could command the fire from heaven—electricity in the form of lightning. The references made by Jesus Christ to the power of faith as being able to blast a fig tree or remove a mountain are connected with the same force which we use every moment in daily life at a lower intensity or potential. Concentration of will and unshaken confidence produce a more powerful action, on the principle which forms one of the most elementary formulas of the science of dynamics, that the energy of a body of constant size can be increased simply by increasing its speed, either of motion or of rotation. A bullet will not do much harm if it falls on your head from a distance of a few feet, but will tell another story if shot from a rifle. So with rotation round a given point. It is within the bounds of scientific speculation to imagine the head of a pin in a ring that you could wear on your little finger rotating with such speed that it would generate a mechanical power of several locomotive engines.

To argue, therefore, that active will-power of a living being cannot possibly produce any more results than is experienced by the ordinary person in ordinary life is equivalent to denial of one of the most fundamental principles of dynamics, as well as ignorance of the elements of physiology.

—"Meditation," by ARTHUR LOVELL.

THE INNER LIGHT.—Here is the origin and authority for the belief in the Inner Light. Rising within the soul is a light that answers to the Light that encompasses us around and above. It is mine, for it is the birthright of every man. I have but to retire within my soul to enter into the innermost chamber of my being, and though I shut the door against all sounds and sights from the world of sense, alone I am not, nor in the dark.—CYRIL HEPHER.

THE NOVELIST AND THE PALMIST.—Writing in "To-day" of the 5th inst., Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, the novelist, remarks: "I see by this morning's paper that my old friends the palmists are being attacked again, and a long list of their evil deeds is given. I have consulted crowds of them in my time (and once in my early, pearly girlhood I wrote a most touching novel called 'The Seer of Bond Street,' which no publisher would ever publish!), but I never met a genuine case yet where any real harm was done. Personally I have had a good deal of fun from them, and I know one wonderful woman who has been a real help and comfort to me and to many others. As for horoscopes, no war-economy posters should induce me to give up the delightful excitement of my yearly two-and-eightpence worth—no, not even if Mr. McKenna makes a house-to-house visitation and kneels at my feet!"

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, JULY 30th, &c.

(Continued from page vi., Supplement.)

PORTSMOUTH. — 311, SOMERS-ROAD, SOUTHSEA. — Mrs. Harvey, of Southampton, conducted the morning public circle and a séance in the afternoon; and in the evening gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions.

BRISTOL.—SPIRITUAL CHURCH, THOMAS-STREET, STOKES CROFT.—Mr. Lamsley, of Portsmouth, gave an address in the morning and clairvoyant descriptions in the evening. Other usual meetings.—W. G.

PORTSMOUTH TEMPLE. — VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH. — Mr. Howard Mundy, of Bournemouth, gave addresses and helpful clairvoyant descriptions. 26th ult., Mrs. E. M. Christie gave a splendid inspirational address, followed by remarkably accurate clairvoyance.—J. McF.

MANOR PARK, E.—THIRD AVENUE, CHURCH-ROAD.—Afternoon, Lyceum; evening, uplifting address by Mr. G. Prior. 24th ult., ladies' meeting, address and clairvoyance by Mrs. Marriott. 26th, address by Mr. Morris, clairvoyance by Mrs. Marriott.—E. M.

MISS MCCREADIE asks us to state that she will be out of town until the end of the present month.

ATTENTION is called to the exhibition of what are described as "psychic and subconscious paintings," now being held by Mrs. A. K. Diver ("Atlantis"), at 91, Moscow-road, Palace-court, Bayswater, W., as advertised on page ii.

THE L.S.A. LIBRARY.—Will Members and Associates of the L.S.A. (past or present) kindly examine their bookshelves to ascertain if they have any books belonging to the library which should have been returned? A number of books are missing from the shelves, some of them taken out years ago, and the names of the borrowers not having been recorded at the time, it is difficult to ascertain in whose hands they now are.

THE "Occult Review" for August contains, amongst other articles, a deeply interesting study of the late Archdeacon Wilberforce by Miss Charlotte E. Woods, and an account of the Dynamistograph, the machine by the agency of which Drs. Matla and Zaalberg van Zelst have been able to "obtain direct communications from the surviving spirit of man without the aid of any 'medium.'"

MR. J. HEWAT MCKENZIE.—We are informed that Mr. J. Hewat McKenzie leaves for New York on the 5th inst., and will make a tour of the United States and Canada. His journey is made in the interests of the projected National Institute of Psychic Science, and particularly in connection with engaging the services of materialising and psychic photographic mediums in connection with the new Institute. Mr. McKenzie asks that correspondents will kindly note that letters will not be forwarded to him during his absence. He expects to return in October.

NATIONAL UNION FUND OF BENEVOLENCE.—The Honorary Financial Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Stair (14, North-street, Keighley, Yorks), acknowledges with thanks the following subscriptions received in June: Mrs. Charnley, by sale of postcards, 3s.; Mrs. Crane, 2s. 6d.; Rothesay Circle, £1 10s.; Exeter Society, 10s. 6d.; retiring collection, Lyceum Conference, 7s.; Mr. Appleyard, £1 1s.; Mr. Venables, £1 1s.; London Union Camp Meeting, 8s. Total £5 3s. The disbursements for June amounted to £21 10s. Mrs. Stair states that the income during the first half-year has not fallen off so far as regular donations are concerned. But after the promise of £50 annually from a generous subscriber the committee decided to enlarge the grants to pensioners, thus increasing the disbursements from £12 per month in the first half-year of 1915 to £21 10s. during the last half of that year and the first half of this. Mrs. Stair, referring to the high cost of living, begs for increased help, adding that to give quickly is to give twice.

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