

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

"THE LITTLE PILGRIM" ONCE MORE.

A picture of Hell; the most graphic and impressive that I ever read: the most replete with instruction, the fullest of insight into truth.* My readers will remember Mrs. Oliphant's charming narration of the adventures of *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* (reprinted by Macmillan), 1882, of which I made some mention in these columns; and also of that further narration in which "The Little Pilgrim goes up higher." We have now, and we cannot be too grateful for one of the most impressive pieces of Spirit-teaching ever put before us, a further narrative "of the Little Pilgrim's Experiences in the Spiritual World; not her personal story (as the other parts were), but drawn from the archives of which, in their bearing on the universal history of mankind, she was informed." It is a very difficult task to present in summary any adequate idea of this most remarkable article. In attempting to do so, I begin by a strong recommendation to all who can to read the article *in extenso*. For, I repeat, it is a most impressive piece of teaching presented in a most taking form.

The narrative is in the first person, and sometimes assumes a dramatic form. As the prefatory words imply, it is intended to give a glimpse of some teaching conveyed to the Little Pilgrim. "I found myself" (so the narrative commences), "standing on my feet, with the tingling sensation of having come down rapidly on the ground from a height." There had been no appreciable interval after death, no particular realisation of change. (This is not always so, but it is striking to note how often the great change leaves no impress on the intelligence, which, as yet, is hardly awake to its new surroundings.) By degrees the spirit awoke. "First of all the light, lurid, as if a thunderstorm were coming on, . . . a lowering canopy of cloud, dark and threatening, with a faint reddish tint diffused upon the vaporous darkness . . . a street of a populous place . . . shops on either side . . . a noise great and ceaseless of traffic, with no sort of regulation." Everybody seemed to be pushed and driven here and there, and the narrator, hustled about, withdrew into a secluded doorway. There he was addressed by the master of the shop, with a smart smile on his face, but (a touch of real insight) with his real thoughts palpable, and very different in their character. He was polite on the surface, and most offensive in reality. "Would the gentleman look over his stock?" He would; he purchased, or rather ordered; for he had neither home nor

money. He did not even know where he was. "The name of this place" (he was informed) "is not to be named to ears polite." What was he to do with the purchases? "Oh! look about till you find a house that suits you, and then take possession!" "What! of another man's property?" Then the shopkeeper laughed "with a harsh mirth which reminded me of the crackling of thorns, and had neither amusement nor warmth in it; and, looking up, I saw grinning faces full of derision bent upon me from every side, from the stairs which led to the upper part of the house, and from the depths of the shop behind—faces with pens behind their ears, faces with workmen's caps, all distended from ear to ear, with a sneer and a mock and a rage of laughter which nearly sent me mad."

Rushing out of the shop he came into the turmoil of the street, and was severely handled by a mob of ruffians, one of whom he had unwittingly knocked against. No one cared for his sad plight. He lay bruised and sore, and people pushed by with a jeer or a curse. Nobody cared. It was a world of absolute selfishness, where men mocked at the misery of others, and congratulated themselves that they had no share of that special form of annoyance. While he was wandering his eye fell on a creature full of sores. "Why don't you go to a hospital" he said, "instead of lying here in the street!" "Hospital!" and the sick man, with a crowd of bystanders, broke out into a fiendish roar of mocking laughter. Then there came up a person, evidently of consideration, his thin lips never without a smile, but a mocking one not pleasant to see, who inquired curiously, "What object had you in talking of those antiquated institutions? the pretences of a world that can still deceive itself. Did you expect to find them here?" "I turned and looked at him amazed; but he had somehow shut his soul, so that I could see nothing but the deep eyes in their caves, and the smile upon the close shut mouth." After some argument, for the narrator evidently could not understand his interlocutor, he said good-bye, and was surprised to receive a buffet on the mouth. "Take that to teach you how to wish the worst of tortures to people who have done you no harm." In hell the very name of God is blistering. "Curse you. Try it. 'God be with you.'" "And then there came a pause over all the place, an awful stillness, hundreds of men and women standing clutching with desperate movements at their hearts, as if to tear them out, moving their heads as if to dash them against the wall, wringing their hands, with a look on their convulsed faces that I can never forget. They all turned to me, cursing me, with those terrible eyes of anguish. And every thing was still, the air all silent, with a silence that could be felt."

And in this terrible silence the soul awoke. He saw his past life, his opportunities and how he had missed them; his sins and how he had been tempted to them; the evil he had committed, the good that he had left undone. He saw it all in one glimpse of introspection, with a shudder of dismay. It was a revelation of his true Self. The evil was there, and he loathed it, yet knew that he had

* "The Land of Darkness," *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1887.

chosen it. God was there, and he shrank from Him: the very sight and thought of Him scorched and burnt him up. He was in hell: "a world full of all the bitterness and tears that come from all the universe. These drop from them, but stagnate here. *We have no tears.*" And so he wandered on, shocked and horrified, to the outskirts of this gruesome place, and found himself gazing at a low horizon all lurid and glowing, with a distant town standing up gaunt and black against it; and the air was full of a hum like the sound of the sea: the prospect bleak and bare, with here and there a cluster of giant trees lightning-scathed, and great openings in the ground that looked like the mouths of mines. A few glimmering fugitive lights, flitting like will-o'-the-wisps; but of passengers hardly any. No vegetation: no birds: no insect life: just the abomination of desolation: "a scene all drawn in darkness, in variations of gloom." The impression conveyed was one of horror, and he turned again to the street in which he had first alighted. There he found a lecturer prepared to demonstrate to a mass of people some new theory of nerves, his subject a living man strapped down to the operating-table and ready for vivisection, "writhing, twitching to get free, but bound down by every limb." He gazed in horror, and rushed forward to protest. The lecturer laughed, and all round rose the hellish mocking laughter which any act of human sympathy and kindness never failed to raise. "Who is this fool who cares what happens to others?"

At no great distance was the mouth of one of these mines, and he inquired respecting them. "Find out for yourself." Who cares to do anything for any one here? And so he found for himself that these were places of toil—"you don't know what hard labour is, if you have never been there"—where "there is neither air nor light, your blood boils in your veins from the fervent heat, you are never allowed to rest" in the accursed quest of gold, molten, burning, maddening in the fever that it stirred. "The workmen seemed to consume away with the heat and glow: their eyes shrank into their heads; their faces blackened . . . dark against the golden glare, the hot eyes taking a yellow reflection; the monotonous clamour of pick and shovel, and cries and curses . . . a pandemonium of gold." Money-grubbers earning their reward! He turned and fled.

We have been shown one phase of hell. We are to see more. When the narrator made his escape from the awful sight on which he had looked, he lost consciousness. When he came to himself the lurid atmosphere had changed; it was more like twilight, a black paleness, a certain dead serenity, everything faint and faded. The scene, too, was changed. It was a town, walled and guarded, with evident appearance of law and order. Two men in uniform bade him come with them—raised him with a magnetic touch that compelled obedience—and turned him into a central building before an official with great books open before him. Here he was examined and consigned to the care of one of his conductors, who took him into a certain house, opened the door of a numbered room, small and bare, and left him therein. Then came retrospection and meditation. "There came upon me a burning regret for everything I had left, for the noisy town with all its tumults and cruelties, for the dark valley and all its dangers. Everything seemed tolerable compared with this. *I seemed to have been brought here to make acquaintance with myself.*" It became unbearable, and the door being open, he went out and viewed the town. "Tall houses, crowds of people, none caring for his fellow. Presently one spoke: "You are now here. Come with me. You may help." And he found himself seized and made to act as subject in a vivisectionist's lecture. A philosopher

was expounding a theory and illustrating it by experiments on the nerves and brain of this newly-captured subject. After it was over he found himself thrown into a larger house with other victims. "They have made my brain burn with these experiments. Will nobody help me?" . . . "At this a sort of dreadful chuckle ran round the place." So might a poor cat or dog, if it had human voice, appeal to man, and so might its appeal be received. There is no mercy in hell; and hell is on earth sometimes.

Presently he found a number of arrivals of people who like himself had served as subjects of experiment. They pushed and they struggled, but from the lazar-house no adit was open, from its depths no sound of misery found escape. "I wish" (said our narrator) "they could all be silenced, they make me miserable." "Why," (said a Voice) "should anybody be miserable save for suffering of his own?" "Ah! yes." And then the voice spoke, "The spirit of the place has entered into you. You did not think so once, and that not so long ago. You have become what your surroundings have made you. You no longer pity, you no longer grieve for human sorrow. *You are one of us.*" "I wish I could die." "When will you learn that you have died, and can die no more?" I must not linger over all the many touches that show profound insight into spiritual things: and I pass on. Our narrator and his friend, who had conveyed to him already much insight into spiritual truth, are conversing. "I," said his friend, "am going a journey, the most awful and the most dangerous." "I understood and I cannot tell how. . . . Behold now! I will go too." Remembering what the very mention of the name of God had been in hell, they set their faces to seek Him. "Has it ever been known that one has escaped?" . . . "There is a world where every way leads to One Who loves us still." And so they set forth, with much doubt, and some contention, but with their faces Godward.

"On the right hand was the city, growing clearer and clearer, with noble towers rising up to the sky, and battlements and lofty roofs, and behind a yellow clearness as of a golden sunset. . . . And before, the way grew dark with storms, and there grew invisible among the mists a black line of mountains, perpendicular cliffs, and awful precipices, which seemed to bar the way. . . . And presently my hand dropped from my companion's, and I saw him no more." On he went, more and more impatiently, to the city of the evening light, and when he entered the gates he found the whole city in festivity, decorated, full of all that might please the eye, filled with crowds bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost. He strolled about, and by-and-bye, amid music and dancing, he fell into talk with an old man who seemed to be set in authority. He inquired as to the cause of all this rejoicing. "It is for your coming—yours and others who are arriving; but *you are the chief.*" The flattery was toothsome and pleasant. Then he made acquaintance with others, and he found that he was in the Sphere of Pleasure—"the height of all misery and all weariness: worse than pain and trouble, more dreadful than the lawless streets and the burning mines," and all the woe and misery. Soon he came to loathe it all; the feasts, the gaiety, the giddy whirl. Anything better than this: music everywhere and always: a feverish round of monotonous festivity. "Always the music went on, and the dancers danced, and the people feasted, and the songs and voices echoed up to the sky." In despair he stumbled out, like a sick dog, and found himself again in the great vacant plain which surrounded this accursed home of pleasure: a bare and barren wilderness. Stumbling on aimlessly, he came upon another place, full of furnaces and machinery and endless work, where a master-mind planned and made machines like living men,

automatons which did his bidding. Yet withal he was not content. Nothing pleased him, and he must go on and on and on, resting never. All in vain! "But why is your work vain? Why do you create and never employ?" "Vain, vain: all useless. I can do nothing. Listen. These my works are vain—because God rules over all." . . . "I fell at his feet like a dead man. . . . O terrible Name of God, in which is all succour and all torment. . . . If one could find Him." And so once more his face is turned to God; and "the waste lay wild before us, dark with a faintly rising cloud, for darkness and death and cloud and the gloom of death attended upon that Name. . . . It was something, a moving spot of milky whiteness in that dark and miserable wilderness. . . . It was something from that other sphere—a butterfly or a gossamer web." "*There are no butterflies here.*" "Can I tell what I saw? A child perhaps—oh! thought that wrings the heart! for do you know what manner of thing a child is? *There are none in the land of darkness.* I turned my back on the place where that whiteness was. On, on, across the waste! On to the cities of the night! On, far away from maddening thought, from hope that is torment, and from the Awful Name." So it is hell still: but there is more to come; and we shall learn assuredly of the ascent and progress of that soul whose aspirations are not quenched.

THE WORKS OF ELIPHAS LEVI.

Mr. Arthur Edward Waite has rendered an important service to English students of occult science by the preparation of his digest of the works of Eliphas Levi, which has lately been published—under a rather bad title, *The Mysteries of Magic*,—by Mr. George Redway, of York-street, Covent Garden. One would rather have welcomed so profoundly philosophical a volume under some simpler name less calculated to alienate the sympathies of the cultivated world at large. The general public is apt to find a flavour of charlatanry in any person or treatise professedly relating to magic—something they understand so little as to associate it either with the *Arabian Nights* or modern conjuring. True magic—the science of the Magi—is in reality nothing less than spiritual knowledge, and the name is strictly appropriate, of course, in its loftiest significance, to the grand philosophy of the ancient "Wisdom-Religion" which Eliphas Levi partly unveils. We have merely objected, in passing, to the title of Mr. Waite's book, in so far as it may to some extent lessen its acceptability to a generation not yet generally ripe to understand it, but from the midst of which it may still be possible, by the presentation of occult truth in a certain way, to attract more advanced minds into the paths of spiritual inquiry.

No determined student of Nature's higher mysteries, setting out from the standpoint of modern European culture, can afford to remain ignorant of Eliphas Levi's works. But to study them in the original is a wearisome task, if for no other reason, on account of their aggregate length. The present single volume is a digest of half-a-dozen books enumerated by the present author in a "biographical and critical essay" with which he prefaces his undertaking. These are the *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie*, the *Histoire de la Magie*, the *Clef des Grands Mystères*, the *Sorcier de Meudon*, the *Philosophie Occulte*, and the *Science des Esprits*. To attack the whole series—which, indeed, it might be difficult to obtain now in a complete form—would be a bold undertaking, but Mr. Waite has endeavoured to give his readers the essence of the whole six books in a relatively compact compass. Certainly we must be content to accept at his hands *his version* of Eliphas Levi's meaning, as he gives us an epitome and not a translation of the originals. But we are at any rate supplied with a painstaking and earnest epitome, the object

of which has been to interpret the great mass of what the writer conceives to be valuable teaching on the part of the illustrious Kabbalist—not to recast or modify this. Oddly enough, however, it is to his conscientious candour in regard to characteristics in Eliphas Levi's books which he thinks it necessary to apologise for, so to speak, that we trace some defects in Mr. Waite's work. His critical essay opens with a recognition of grave inconsistencies in his author's treatment, in different books, of some great fundamental dogmas of religion and magic. Eliphas Levi undeniably wrote many passages in his later books in sheer subservience to the intellectual tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church. This is, perhaps, to be regretted, but from the point of view of the modern occult student these acts of homage to the Church are too glaring and exaggerated in tone to be misleading. Mr. Waite points them out remorselessly, and deplores them, but seems to have been led, by contemplating the obvious contradictions they involve, to suspect his author of contradictions in other places where a more careful consideration of the text would have shown nothing worse than intentional paradox, a figure of speech that may be tiresome, but is not necessarily treacherous.

It is true that to interpret such an author throughout with success a translator would require to be illuminated with at least as full a measure of esoteric knowledge as he himself possessed. And no study of Eliphas Levi's works, however painstaking and appreciative, can possibly convey this. No study of *any* published works, indeed, without the subtle aid of direct personal teaching from some highly advanced representative of the Wisdom-Religion, could qualify a commentator to translate the works of so profound an occultist as the Abbé Constant into explicit and intelligible language. No attempt to do this can lead to more than an imperfect result. Levi himself was, of course, but a beginner in the search for Truth, if we measure any knowledge he could have acquired under the conditions of his life beside the oceanic immensity of the science he was endeavouring to acquire—the science of all Nature's working, the science of Omniscience. But he certainly acquired so much more than is familiarly current in the world around us, that he must have more or less dimly sighted realms of knowledge lying entirely beyond the reach of unspiritualised intellects. These half-appreciated truths were no doubt constantly projecting themselves across the field of his reflections as he wrote, and contributing to blur the outlines of his own conceptions. His paradoxes would often, no doubt, but dimly suggest them to himself. In other cases he would despair of making plainly intelligible to the reader, conceptions which may have been definitely appreciable within his own understanding, and would even in such cases fall back upon paradoxes or resign himself to apparent inconsistencies;—some of which (reverting to the position from which we set out) have escaped interpretation at Mr. Waite's hands.

An important example will be found in connection with a passage beginning on p. 105—a very significant passage relating to the processes that follow death, and the evolution of the soul. Properly understood, this passage will be found in strict accordance with more recently published occult doctrine derived from Eastern sources. Mr. Waite, epitomising his author's teaching, describes the soul as changing its environment on the death of the body, and hence its envelope. "The individual falls into his final sleep and lapses into a species of dream before awaking on the other side of life." Eventually "it ascends of itself above the atmosphere as the air rises above the water when it escapes from a broken vial. The atmospheric air becomes solidified beneath the feet of its infinitely more ethereal envelope, the weight of which varies, however, in different persons, and while some cannot rise above their new earth-plane, others on the contrary ascend and soar at

pleasure in space like the eagle." There is a somewhat embarrassing mixture here of allegory with statement that seems to aim at being exact. Translation from one plane of Nature to another may be suggested to the mind by the terms above and below, but the dimensions of physical matter are so incongruous with any super-physical existence that they are terribly apt to mislead the imagination when mingled with conceptions of spiritual exaltation. We do not suppose, for a moment, that Mr. Waite regards Eliphas Levi as desiring to state that the souls of human beings are superposed in or above the atmosphere of the earth in regular strata according to their specific gravity in the scale of spiritual merit; but as the explanation proceeds an intellectual flaw derived from some trace of this idea creeps into the statement. "As nothing can enter Heaven save that which comes from Heaven, the divine spirit must ultimately return alone into the empyrean, and thus two corpses are left by it in the earth and in the atmosphere. . ." To this passage Mr. Waite appends a note. "In utter contradiction to this express statement and the occult tradition which it may be supposed to represent, Eliphas Levi insists elsewhere that created spirits must be clothed with bodies, the limitation consequent on which alone makes their existence possible. Otherwise, he says, the spirit would be everywhere but everywhere in so imperceptible a degree that it would act nowhere."

Eliphas Levi is not really guilty of any contradiction in the two statements which Mr. Waite has thus found to be opposed. There is an order of matter appropriate to each plane of Nature, or—using a symbol that is more grateful to some ears—to each sphere thereof. The second or astral corpse, which is left behind by the spirit entering the empyrean, is not a body belonging to the same order of matter as, although more tenuous than, the physical body, but is a body composed of matter belonging to the astral plane, and altogether out of gear with that gradation of bodily forms which constitutes the scale of the physical plane from dense solid to fine vapour. When such an astral body is spoken of as rising above the atmosphere, just as air would rise through water, that expression is altogether allegorical. To the consciousness centred in such an astral body, the physical plane matter, whether solid or gaseous, is equally imperceptible, or is only perceptible under abnormal conditions corresponding to those which sometimes render the generally invisible astral body perceptible to incarnate senses. An adequate appreciation of these views will show how, in an exactly corresponding way, the spirit which can take nothing into Heaven except that which it brings from Heaven, may at one and the same time discard the astral body, and yet be clothed in "Heaven" with a body adapted to the conditions of that state, and affording the limitations necessary for individual existence. The application of recent esoteric teaching to those dicta in Eliphas Levi which have disconcerted Mr. Waite's interpretation, might have made all this clear.

By a similar disregard of already current explanations which furnish a clue to other paradoxes of the great Kabbalist, Mr. Waite has been betrayed into accusing him of another contradiction of which he is perfectly guiltless. Further on in the same passage, of which we have already quoted some sentences, Mr. Waite makes Eliphas Levi say: "It is impossible that the same individual should be incarnated twice on the same earth," and then he appends a note in which he asks "How can this statement be harmonised with that in the chapter on the Kabbala which says that the elect are invariably in a minority because the conditions of initiation can only be fulfilled by a small proportion of the vast multitude renewed from age to age, and which will continue until the election and salvation of all? This passage is intelligible only on the supposition of successive re-incarnations of the same soul, in different generations of humanity, in some one of

which it will receive the crown of the adept." The apparent conflict of statement in Eliphas Levi is no conflict whatever for those who can realise the difference between the permanent and the transitory attributes of a human soul. That which cannot be re-incarnated twice on the same earth is the group of external circumstances which, clinging to the soul, constitute a human personality for any given moment. The imperishable spiritual Ego merely masquerades for a time as John Smith or Mary Brown, with such and such a habitation in London or New York, such and such relationships with other contemporary incarnations and burdens of petty experience in the evanescent business of earth-life. All these external circumstances in the aggregate, constitute what is generally described in modern occult writing as a personality, whereas the inner Ego, the real thinking, feeling principle which may obviously, in progress of infinite time, go through an enormous succession of such groups of experiences, is what modern usage has generally defined as an individuality. These two words, of course, are merely labels, and might be interchanged if that is done with a full realisation of the ideas to which each label is attached. In the passage we have quoted from Mr. Waite's interpretation of Eliphas Levi, the word individuality is applied, in contravention of the modern usage, to the lower group of ideas, but corrections can easily be made in this mere distribution of words to suit each writer's idiosyncrasy. The important point is—and when this is clearly realised we venture to say that no contradictions along these lines of thought will ever disturb Eliphas Levi's readers—the important point is, that the inner Ego survives all the transitory experiences of each incarnation and returns again and again to incarnate existence through an immeasurable future until final perfection is attained, whereas no single group of transitory experiences, no so-called personality, can possibly be revived after it has gone through its appointed ephemeral term. No question connected with modern occult teaching claims more earnest treatment and careful thinking than this pitfall of the understanding, the apparent conflict between the destinies of the personality, in the sense of the *persona* or the mask, and the individuality or real Ego. For the situation is liable to be further confused by a statement that will sometimes be met with in esoteric teaching to the effect that under some circumstances a personality may be re-incarnated. The only meaning of this is that when children die in infancy, or when the organism is rendered by idiocy useless for Karmic purposes, the Ego which nature sought to incarnate along those lines of personality will be at the earliest opportunity impelled again into physical life under the guidance of precisely the same Karmic affinities. But where, it will be asked, is the personality in this case, if the Ego has not yet had time to develop a new group of ephemeral mundane experiences? The answer is, it lies in the potentialities of those experiences which the child who died in infancy would have had if he had survived. In other words, it resides in the Karmic affinities accumulated around the Ego at the close of its former personal existence. The subject is too great in its importance and ramifications to explore fully in the course of this review, but enough will perhaps have been said to assist students of Eliphas Levi—whether they read him in the almost intolerably verbose original or in Mr. Waite's agreeable epitome, slightly perverted as this may be here and there—to derive advantage and not merely to suffer irritation from all those of his paradoxes which refer positively or negatively to Re-incarnation.

The book before us is encyclopædic in its range, and it would be difficult to find a single volume which is better calculated to supply modern inquirers with a general conception of the scope and purpose of the occult sciences at large. It freely handles, amongst others, the ghastly topics of witchcraft and black magic, but certainly it would be difficult to imagine any reader tempted to enter those pathways of experiment by the picture of their character and purpose that Eliphas Levi supplies. In this way the intrepid old Kabbalist, though never troubling his readers with sublime exhortations in the interests of virtue, writes under the inspiration of an uncompromising devotion to the loftiest ideals, and all his philosophy "makes for righteousness." S.

REVIEW.

MORE LIGHT ON THE PATH.

Through the Gates of Gold,* a small octavo of 150 pages, contains within a small compass a mine of thoughtful meditation. Though the fact is not mentioned on the title-page, advertisements have betrayed the open secret that it is from the pen of the authoress of *Light on the Path*. That short treatise, with which our readers are, we hope, already acquainted, contained in it rules of life suitable for those who would penetrate behind the veil, and who aspired to counsels of perfection. It may not be inopportune to note that it appears in an enlarged form (with additional original notes contributed by the authoress) in an American edition (New York), which we hope may be procurable in this country. The additional matter is not the least important part of the little book. The tone throughout is elevated, the advice such as will ennoble. "When you have chosen and entered on the upward path you cannot yield to seductions of sense without shame. Yet you can experience them without horror; can weigh, observe, and test them, and wait with the patience of confidence for the hour when they shall affect you no longer. But do not condemn the man who yields; stretch out your hand to him as a brother-pilgrim whose feet have become heavy with mire. Remember that, great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner, it is greater between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity."†

Through the Gates of Gold is a further attempt to throw "light on the path" of the pilgrim who is pursuing his upward journey. Its five essays deal with the search for pleasure: the mystery of the threshold: the initial effort: the meaning of pain: and the secret of strength. It is in all its parts an attempt to answer that "sad question of the nineteenth century, 'Is life worth living?'" to lead the disciple who would be perfect away from the fleeting pleasures of sense, from joys that pall, and pursuits that end only in mortification, to the Golden Gates through which alone 'the elder brothers of the race,' the poets, philosophers, thinkers, and teachers, have arrived at knowledge and content."

The chapter that deals with the secret of strength is both powerful and full of insight, and it is by no means alone in that respect. Throughout the book, scattered up and down, are many gems of thought.

"The waters of oblivion are something very different from the waters of death. . . . The true waters of oblivion lie far behind our consciousness, and can be reached only by ceasing to exist in that consciousness, by ceasing to exert the will that makes us full of senses and sensibilities. . . . Those who have gone before have not found that the Gates of Gold lead to oblivion. On the contrary, sensation becomes real for the first time when that threshold is crossed."

"This is one of the most important factors in the development of man, the profound and complete recognition of the law of universal unity and coherence. The separation which exists between individuals, between worlds, between the different poles of the universe and of life, the mental and physical phantasy called space, is a nightmare of the human imagination."

"It is essential to discriminate, and not bring into our life the confusions of our sleep. If we do we are reckoned as madmen and fall back into the darkness where there is no friend but chaos. This chaos has followed every effort of man that is written in history: after civilisation has flowered, the flower falls and dies, and winter and darkness destroy it."

"Not twice can the same cup of pleasure be tasted; the

second time it must contain either a grain of poison or a drop of the elixir of life."

"At the entrance on a new phase of life something has to be given up. The child, when it has become the man, puts away childish things. St. Paul showed in these words that he had tasted of the elixir of life. . . . Only a man who has the potentialities in him both of the voluptuary and the stoic, has any chance of entering the Golden Gates."

"In the kingdom of life there is no heredity except from the man's own past. He has to accumulate that which is his."

"The Gates of Gold do not admit to any special place: what they do is to open for egress from a special place. Man passes through them when he casts off his limitation."

"The end of the man who endeavours to live by thought alone is that he dwells in phantasies and insists on giving them to other men as substantial food."

"Sometimes the man who has sinned so deeply that his whole nature is scarred, and blackened by the fierce fire of selfish gratification, is at last so utterly burned out and charred that from the very vigour of the passion light leaps forth."

"Indolence is the curse of man . . . and mental indolence, which is incredulity, and which at last men learn to pride themselves on, they call scepticism, talking of the reign of reason. . . . With the sceptic decay follows the condition of inaction, whether it be mental, psychic, or physical."

We heartily commend the little book to the careful study of our readers.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE SPECIAL FUND.—Subscribers to this Fund who have not yet paid the amount of their contributions should send their remittances when convenient to MR. MORELL TROBARD, 62, Granville-park, Lewisham.

"M. A. (OXON'S.)" *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*, which has been out of print for some time, and for which inquiries have been made, is binding, and will be procurable at 16, Craven-street, in the course of next week.

"ADAIR" ("LIGHT," January 1st) may consult with advantage the work of the German Catholic writer, Görres, a French translation, at least, of which, under the title of *La Mystique Divine*, is, I believe, in the British Museum.—E. M.

CONSIDERABLE excitement and alarm have been caused at Hostock, near Bolton, by the reported appearance of a "ghost" at a spinning mill in the township. According to the statements made by a number of the workpeople who say they have seen the ghost, it haunts the place morning and night, and so alarmed have the workpeople become that they will not enter the mill in the morning individually. The "ghost" is said to be that of a spinner who died twelve months ago. An over-looker, a very intelligent man, spoke to it the other night about ten o'clock, but got no answer, and the watchman says he saw it walking about the mill on Sunday night.—*Globe*.

FAITH CURE.—We find the following in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We daresay the "cures" effected have been the result of the assimilation of matter more harmless than is usual, or we should perhaps say, than was usual in medical treatment:—"St. Petersburg society has been somewhat interested in a medicinal water discovered by a Baron Vrevsky, and which was described as effecting marvellous cures. In consequence of his requiring official permission to continue the use of this water the Medical Committee of St. Petersburg caused it to be analysed, and the result of this analysis, according to the *Official Messenger*, is to show that this famous and universal remedy is absolutely identical with the water of the Neva."

"SPIRITUAL RELIGION."—Under this title Mr. A. F. Tindall has published the first of a proposed series of papers of the London Occult Lodge and Association for Spiritual Inquiry. This society, of which Mr. Tindall is president, justifies its somewhat high-sounding name by this statement:—"We are strongly convinced, after many years' investigation of psychic phenomena, that it is necessary to go deeper than has hitherto been done to solve these mysteries, and also that outside the modern Spiritualistic manifestations so called, there is a vast mass of occult phenomena existing, though kept secret; therefore we have taken the above name as covering, in our opinion, the whole ground." In the course of the short pamphlet named above, the writer traverses the familiar ground of proof that Spiritualism is a valuable adjunct to the religion of the day, which needs such aid badly. He defends Spiritualism against some forms of attack, rebuts some fanciful theories that have been ventilated, asserts that the Bible is full of reference to phenomena now called Spiritualistic, and ends with a very categorical and precise creed of his own. There is much in these few pages that is good and true.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' new work, *Spiritualism in the Old Testament*, may be had through any bookseller, on giving the name of the London publisher, E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London. Price threepence. Post free from the author, Leicester.

* *Through the Gates of Gold*. Ward and Downey. May be had of George Redway, 15, York-street, Covent Garden, or at 16, Craven-street Charing Cross

† *Light on the Path*. New York edition.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
16, CRAVEN STREET,
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Light:

Edited by "M.A. (OXON.);" and E. DAWSON ROGERS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1887.

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

John Bull, the High Tory and Dry Church organ, has been meddling with the unholy thing. Nearly three columns of a recent issue are devoted to Occultism under guise of reviewing three works just issued by Mr. Redway.* "The increased and increasing interest taken in these days in Occultism" has induced attention in this unlikely quarter. It is evidence of a "reaction against modern Materialist science. But it is a reaction in a direction that to us, at least, as Christians, is not in the least welcome. It is a movement out of Atheism, indeed, but far less towards Theism in any form than towards Pantheism. . . . The goal aimed at, consciously or unconsciously, is the deification of Nature, though some of the doctrines inculcated by individual writers may be consistent with Christianity." The writer of the review has manifestly taken trouble to read and master the contents of these volumes, though equally evidently they fill him with alarm and sometimes with disgust, as when "the Incarnation of our Lord is blasphemously alleged to belong to the category of those of Krishna, and Buddha."

It is of interest, and it is highly instructive, to see ourselves as others see us. Not that Spiritualism is directly represented in any of the three works under notice; but the reviewer evidently includes us in the condemnation that he passes on what he calls Occultism. Indeed, he generalises with a breadth that fairly takes one's breath away. All outside of the Church is Anti-Christ. Freemasons, Secret Societies, Internationalists, *hoc genus omne*. Occultism is a name that will fit them all, and their tendency seems to the reviewer to be such as this:—

"Occultism is, in our view, part of the system which has been set up from the beginning by the Powers of Evil, and which will continue to war against the Church of Jesus Christ until Anti-Christ shall appear—that Man of Sin, 'the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God'—'that Wicked, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders'—'that Beast on whose seven heads is the name of Blasphemy'—that 'Liar that denieth that Jesus is the Christ,' and 'confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.' We know that the 'spirit of Anti-Christ' is 'even now already in the world.' The course of Anti-Christianity can be traced throughout the Christian era in the various heretical bodies, secret societies, and occult organisations. The Masonic sects which exist not only in Europe, but in Asia, and especially among the Buddhists (!) are its rallying-point. In religion they war against the Church, because in Her, through the Sacraments, the Incarnation is continued and extended. In secular politics they war

against all who wield the Kingly authority which, by virtue of the Incarnation, belongs to Christ. They war against a society whose unit is the Family, the type of the Incarnation. Internationalists, Secret Societies, Infidel Revolutionists, Anarchists, Freemasons, Occultists, Neo-Pagans—all are banded together in one unhallowed bond. They work by different methods, but the ultimate aim of all is the same. Their increased activity is doubtless due to the 'great wrath' of one who 'knoweth that he hath but a short time' before he shall be finally 'cast out.'"

There! We have not overstated the opinion set forth in the High and Dry Church organ. This is the conclusion. It is interesting to note how it is arrived at by a writer so painstaking and candid. He sniffs Pantheism throughout these books, and a perusal of Mr. Redway's catalogue has caused him to shiver. There he finds a list of books on scores of subjects "representing various forms of the anti-Christian conspiracy." Pantheism is self-evident in Paracelsus.

"He speaks of God as the original Cause of all existence, but holds that this Cause or Power 'divided itself' at Creation. It 'developed out of itself the Primordial Matter.' It is not only 'vital activity,' but also 'vital matter, of which the substance of living beings consists.' This, of course, is the doctrine of Emanation from the World-Soul. Elsewhere Paracelsus seems to employ language consistent with the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. But, according to him, the worlds and other beings that have been brought into existence 'form, so to say, the visible body of the invisible God.' Thus we get Pantheism pure and simple."

"The visible body of the invisible God" surely is not an ignoble conception; not more so, not less elevating, perchance, than materialistic conceptions of Heaven and Hell that must be familiar to the reviewer, the brimstone and the stench of Hell, the harps and crowns and ceaseless hymns of Heaven. We fear since he thinks thus that he does not like his Tennyson any more than his Paracelsus.

Dr. Anna Kingsford's *Astrology Theologised* provides him with more Pantheism, "though the author repeatedly employs language that implies the Personality of the Deity. On the other hand she seems to attribute personality to the Soul of the World." So that things are a little mixed, and Dr. Kingsford affords scant comfort, for she shows "the cloven hoof of Pantheism" (*horresco referens!*), "enunciating the doctrine of Emanation," as well as in spiritualising some of the language of Scripture in respect of the historical Jesus and the Christ.

As to Madame Blavatsky and Esoteric Buddhism, things are even worse. Esoteric Buddhism—a misleading title which Mr. Sinnett shows some inclination to change for the better one of Wisdom-Religion—"is distinctly anti-Christian, and as such may conceivably be able to call to its aid certain powers which we should be inclined to attribute to diabolic agency."

Now, while it is impossible wholly to suppress a smile at all this, we have every desire to avoid writing a word that could give a shock to honest convictions. For the Central Figure of Christianity, though we view Him in a different way, we profess, in all sincerity and earnestness, the same reverence as that shown by our reviewer. But, if he knew more of Spiritualism, he would know that, although it is, in the strictest sense of the term, a Religion, it has no war with existing forms of faith; it does not seek to hold the balance between them: it includes within its ranks persons of every form of belief, and is of friendly disposition to all. What strikes the intelligent Spiritualist as specially curious is, that the form of religious opinion represented by our contemporary—a form of faith equally rejected by the Catholic Church, and rebuffed by the most educated and cultured opinion of modern days, unacceptable to the masses and uninfluential with the thinkers—that this dignified but fossilised and antiquated body cannot see that the spirit has departed from it, and that Spiritualists can supply what is lacking. What again

* *The Life of Paracelsus. Astrology Theologised. Life of Madame Blavatsky.* G. Redway, York-street, Covent Garden.

strikes us as surprising is that those on whose tongue texts from the Bible habitually rest cannot see that the Book is full of what we Spiritualists can alone fully understand and interpret; and, in another way, this third thing astonishes us, the superstructure that man has built on the simple words of the Christ, and the way in which such Churchmen like our reviewer defend as Divine what is obviously and demonstrably of human origin, constructed in days not too intelligent in opinion, and not too nice in its methods of acquiring coveted power, and not too scrupulous in formulating means of retaining it.

We have no quarrel with Pantheism. It seems to us, in the mouths of some of its professors, a noble and a dignified belief. That man who sees everywhere a present God, who habitually regards nature as a phenomenal manifestation of the Supreme, who lives as in that presence, and regulates his life as one who is framing an imperishable character, is quite likely to be a good Spiritualist, as he will certainly be a good citizen and a God-fearing, law-abiding man. But Spiritualism is not Pantheism, any more than it is Positivism, or Atheism, or Agnosticism, or any other-ism. It can give instruction and help to them all.

KING CHARLES I. AND VANDYCK.

The following interesting letter appeared in the *Globe* of January 12th, 1887:—

Sir,—Among the many portraits of this monarch by his justly favoured Court painter, perhaps the most attractive is one which is not in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is that which gives three representations of that refined and remarkable face in one canvas, and adorns the walls of our National Gallery. Its history is interesting and picturesque. Bernini, the celebrated Italian sculptor, had been ordered to make a bust of the King, and, being unable or unwilling to come to England, had undertaken the work on condition of being furnished with as good a portrait of him as could be taken, showing the full face and the two profiles. To Vandyck was naturally entrusted this delicate task, and in the careful and admirable production to which we allude we see the result of his skill. But this is not all. The picture was duly despatched to Italy, but time passed and no response came from the sculptor's studio. At length he was communicated with, and some amount of correspondence went on, during which he contrived to excuse himself first in one way and then in another, till at last he admitted confidentially that he had several times taken up the work, but at each attempt he was so overcome with melancholy as he proceeded to study the features and to reproduce the expression, at once so dignified and so sad, that he found it impossible to fulfil his engagement. Much persuasion, however, in the end induced Bernini to complete his task, and the bust was at length finished, packed, and sent over to England. The King was sitting in an arbour in the gardens of Chelsea Palace, attended by his courtiers, when its arrival was announced, and he ordered the case containing it to be brought and opened before him. Hardly, however, had the lid been removed and the bust laid bare than a hawk, holding in its beak a lark, flew past, and in the act some of the blood of the victim, falling on the marble, left a narrow crimson streak round the throat of the royal effigy. The sight was sudden and ghastly, and those present looked at each other with dismay; moreover, the stain could not be altogether removed. Nothing was said, and the King ordered this work of art, with which he was well pleased, to be placed in a niche above the entrance to the royal library. There it remained until some years later, when the Palace was burnt down and the ominous piece of sculpture perished in the flames. An account of this curious incident, identifying the triple portrait as that painted for this purpose, will be found in one of the notes of a curious, and rather scarce, historical work called *Macarie Excidium*.—Yours obediently,

THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

London, January 11th.

CONVERSAZIONE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

We desire to remind our readers that the first conversazione of the London Spiritualist Alliance during the present year will be held at the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Hall, on Friday evening next, the 28th inst. Mr. C. C. Massey will read a paper on "The Application to Spiritualism of Scientific Research." Particulars will be found in our advertising columns. We trust that there will be a large gathering of our friends.

CONFIRMATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

The subjoined curious experience, translated, and somewhat condensed, from *Le Spiritisme* of January 1st, 1887, is very similar in kind to many within my own experience. It was a not infrequent thing for spirits to come and give precise and long accounts of themselves and their doings while on earth. I do not now attach the same evidential value to such communications as I did at one time. Facts such as these could be easily got up, no doubt. But who is it that goes about getting them up, and to what reasonable end? If we are in search of positive proof of identity we shall not get it from this source: at the same time, accumulated testimony of this character is interesting and tends strongly in the direction of proof which, however, it does not quite reach.

"M.A. (OXON.)"

On August 19th, 1886, a few people assembled to pass the evening at the Colombier, with the intention of holding a séance. These persons were M. and Madame B., of Melle; Madame R., "propriétaire" at Melle; Messieurs B. and C., "employés"; together with M. and Madame Vincent, and the two eldest of their children; eleven in all.

At 10.30 some of those present seated themselves at a small round table, and remained there for about ten minutes without obtaining any clear result. At the end of a few seconds more, movements commenced. The table at first turned round in a somewhat unusual manner, and then raised and lowered one of its feet.

Seven persons were seated at the table, having their hands simply placed on the top, M. and Madame B., one of the demoiselles R., Messieurs B. and C., and Madame and Mademoiselle Vincent.

After this evidence that an intelligent agent was present who wished to communicate, M. Alexandre Vincent begged the "spirit," which was agitating the table, to give its name. The name was given, "Molina."

As soon as the third and fourth letters had been given, those present expected the name to be "Molière." This name alone was in their minds.

In the course of a conversation between M. Alexandre Vincent and the spirit calling itself "Molina," it was elicited by categorical questions that his first name was Louis; that he lived in Spain in the sixteenth century; that he was a Jesuit, was born in 1535, and died in 1601. Having got this information, M. Vincent fetched Larousse's small dictionary from the next room. He then read as follows:—

"Molina, a Spanish Jesuit, founder of Molinism, a doctrine of free grace which was condemned by the Church (1535-1601)."

Those present, struck by the agreement as to dates, were very much surprised and excited. Silence being restored, the conversation was resumed:—

"Did you write anything during your life?"

"Yes."

"Mention the title of one of your works."

The table spelt out the letters: "deliberiareitrii," which those present, after having put the letter *b* for *e*, thus translated, "De Liberi arbitrii." They saw that either the spirit had made a mistake as to the letter *e*, or that they themselves had blundered in putting an *e* for a *b*.

M. Vincent then asked for other details as to the individual who was present, and these letters were obtained, "c u g l o r i a e c o n c o r d i a," which, by adding *m* after the two first letters, gives "cum gloriæ concordia," words which appeared to complete the title given above. However, the small classical dictionary of Larousse not being sufficiently full, it was impossible to verify exactly, for the moment, the title of Molina's work.

M. B. then put this question:—

"Will you tell us where you were born?" to which the answer was spelled C u e n c a. That is, Cuenca.

Then M. Alexandre Vincent asked a number of questions, which related chiefly to the state of the spirit and his beliefs. To these affirmative or negative replies were given. The spirit then affirmed that he could write through the hand of a medium, Madame Vincent.

The séance was then discontinued at 11.30, and those present talked until midnight, when the séance was recommenced in order to obtain the written communication.

Madame Vincent took up her position at one end of her

piano, having a few sheets of paper and a pencil. M. B. then asked for paper and pencil, and placed himself at the other end of the piano. But it was not Madame Vincent, who is accustomed to automatic writing, it was M. B. who soon obtained the following communication:—

“I have nothing to add, unless it be that I was professor for twenty years in the University of Evora, in Portugal. I have not yet learnt that my error was complete. I maintain always that the state of grace cannot exist without the participation of the will. I will neither add anything nor subtract anything from my work which has been so much debated. I refer you to it.—MOLINA.”

This communication, which was very badly written, was given through M. B. whilst the other persons present were talking around him. He assured us that he was quite certain that what he wrote did not emanate from his own brain as a thought that he wished to express. He added that after this communication he felt his right arm fatigued, and that it was also somewhat benumbed.

The account goes on to say that further investigation showed that Louis Molina, a Spanish Jesuit and theologian, was born at Cuenca in 1535 and died at Madrid in 1601, and that he was professor of theology for twenty years in the University of Evora, in Portugal. He was the author of the celebrated work *De Liberi Arbitrii cum gratiae donis concordia* (1588 in 4to.), in which he set forth the doctrine known as Molinism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is better that correspondents [should append their names and addresses to communications. In any case, however, these must be supplied to the Editor as a guarantee of good faith.]

Psychography and Conjuring. To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In your editorial remarks on Mr. F. W. Percival's experiments with Mr. Eglinton, you ask, “Will the Society for Psychical Research offer a sufficient inducement to any conjurer who will undertake to duplicate some half dozen of the phenomena that have been recorded in our columns; who will further demonstrate that he has no abnormal psychical gifts to aid him; and, lastly, who will clearly show in every case the methods employed by him?” The latter condition is certainly essential, because, though mediums developed for such a phenomenon as psychography are doubtless still few in number, it is probable, as was lately pointed out in a most valuable communication by an honoured correspondent of your paper,* that this faculty is only an extension, or extra-organic projection, of the comparatively common one of automatic writing. Any professed conjurer who is known to have attempted to develop in himself “mediumship” is more reasonably liable to suspicion than is the medium who is not known to have ever studied conjuring. Eduard von Hartmann observes in his pamphlet on “Spiritism,” that mediums have been known to set up as conjurers, mixing tricks and genuine phenomena, but no known conjurer has ever adopted the profession of a medium. And he adds: “The public is far more certainly duped by these anti-Spiritists [medium-conjurers] than by the Spiritist mediums.” (p. 7 of translation.)

I am afraid, however, that the insistence on your condition would leave the question still very much where it is. Of course in very many cases the *modus operandi* could and would be explained, at least privately to the witnesses, to their complete satisfaction. These would be really trick cases, as to which the antecedent reports will always have some evidential defect, discoverable by a careful critique without any presumption at variance with the distinct and definite statements† of the witnesses (except in the case of witnesses whose veracity, or capacity for ordinary observation, is questionable), and such, therefore, as would not be adduced in any judicious selection of evidence to prove the genuine phenomena. As to other cases, in which the reports were evidentially unexceptionable on the face of them, the conjurer has only to state as a fact what is

* “S. E. de M.,” “LIGHT,” October 30th, 1886, on “The Repetition of Phenomena”; a brief article worth, in my humble judgment, fifty times as much as all that has been lately written, on one side and the other, about possibilities of conjuring and mal-observation, and far more truly conceived in the right spirit of psychical research.

† Unfortunately, comparatively few people seem to have a clear notion of what definitude of statement, in relation to these experiments, means. The statement should be as far as possible *pictorial*. For instance: “The slate was then placed,” &c., is not a definite statement. It leaves something which may be important undetermined, viz., by whom. We should have in every case, as nearly as can be, a *verbal image* of what happened.

now put forward by his friends as a presumption, viz., some monstrous lapse of observation or memory at variance with the most positive and definite consciousness of the witness; and whether the latter admits or believes it or not of course signifies nothing. The medium-conjurer's dupes will believe it anyhow; and the witness's protestations, if he does protest, will of course go for nothing, it being part of the superstitious faith in conjuring to believe any extravagance about mal-observation which may be alleged.* Nor will it make any difference that the witness may possibly be himself a conjurer, well versed in the infirmities of observation, and the modes of distracting it, and who has arranged his test accordingly. Whatever he, in such a case, may think, or rather *know*, he will probably say as little about it as possible for his own reputation's sake and that he may not stand before the public in a false and ridiculous position. As to ordinary witnesses, it must be remembered that there is something very imposing in a positive statement, when there is no general antecedent experience to oppose to it, that the supposition we are here considering is to most people utterly unnatural and incredible, whereas the prestige of conjuring powers is very great. All things in such a case combine to discredit the faithful witness of the senses.

But all this is hypothetical. We must first catch our conjurer, and test him in the way you require. A slight experience of my own suggests that this will not be so easy in the case of experienced investigators. Six months ago I seemed to have a chance of bringing to book a certain “Mr. A.,” alias “Mr. Clifford,”† alias Mr. S. J. Davey. A friend of mine, and of his, wrote to me suggesting—though it must be understood without the authority or knowledge of Mr. Davey—that my opinion as to the reliability of observation might be modified by experience of “Mr. A.'s” conjuring, and that a meeting between myself and that gentleman might perhaps be arranged. I was just leaving town, but replied at once by post-card, briefly indicating the conditions upon which I should be glad of such an opportunity. Getting no reply, a few days later I addressed a letter to my friend on the subject. I took a copy of it, as it was written with a view to possible publication, and as it embodied the terms on which I should be willing to meet any conjurer professing to simulate psychography. My friend, however, had no such view in writing to me, and therefore naturally objected to publication of our correspondence, especially as he had no authority from “Mr. A.” to address me at all. My own letter may, therefore, be treated as though it were an overture from myself to a friend of “Mr. A.” (with whom I was unacquainted), intended for communication to the latter. I extract from the copy the essential parts of my letter. After referring to my correspondent's letter, my post-card in reply, and to the fact that I had not heard further, I said:—

“But I am unwilling to let the matter drop without some more explicit communication with you. . . . But we must understand one another clearly. You will surely see that it is idle to convince me by experiment of what I have never questioned, viz., that observation can be deceived in one set of circumstances, when I am only maintaining that it cannot be deceived in another. For the experiment to be any test of the issue between us, your expert must accept the conditions which I contend to be sufficient security for observation, those conditions being such as are described in reports of such actual mediumistic experiments in slate-writing as I may offer for imitation by the conjurer. By this I, of course, only mean that I shall be made to believe that I have those conditions. For instance: In my and Noel's slate-writing experiment with Eglinton, described in my paper, everything depended on our examination of certain slates at a certain moment, on our observation that these slates were the ones used, that they were held by me and Eglinton *immediately* after we had ascertained them to be clean, that I saw Eglinton holding the slates tight together at his end till and while the sound as of writing was heard,‡ that on its cessation he at once quitted hold of them and left them in my hand for examination, twenty lines of writing being then discovered by us on the inner surface of one of them. Naturally, all I ask of your conjurer is that these *appearances* shall be maintained for me, so that I shall describe the experiment, as far as my observation went, just as I described that with Eglinton.

“I should offer several other experiments, sending Mr. A.

* In a note to my paper on Mal-observation (*Proceedings S.P.R.*, Part X.), I have dealt with the only case—one adduced by Mr. Podmore—in which a failure of observation which the witness himself found it hard to credit was independently proved. I do not think there is anything very surprising in it.

† Adopted, we are told, as a “professional” name. (*Journal S.P.R.* January.) Are we to understand from this that Mr. Davey practises, or has practised, his art *professionally*?

‡ As mentioned in my report, but not in this letter, the slates were held off, not under, the table, and in full view throughout.

the published reports of them, and leaving him to select any of these for imitation on the condition that in any case the described conditions, circumstances, and result should *apparently*—*i.e.*, in my belief—be strictly followed.”

I proceeded to make the condition that there should be certain public admissions, by my correspondent and a certain other person, in one event, or by myself in the other event; and added:—

“Finally, to satisfy others that Mr. A. is not really a medium, I must be told in confidence the *modus operandi* if he succeeds.”

And in a postscript I added:—

“At the meeting of the Society last May, something was said* about thought-reading being mixed up with the experiment of ‘Mr. A.’ with Mrs. Sidgwick and ‘Miss Z.’ As that might give colour to a suggestion that he is mediumistic,† I think I should have full information on that point—I mean as to how thought-transference came in. It might also affect my choice of test cases. For instance,—I could rely on my own observation to write secretly a word on a slate to be laid by me on the table (word side downwards), and on my seeing that it was not meddled with (the word to be copied on another slate by Mr. A.). But if there was thought-transference, I should have to select a word I had not seen, by reference to a book. And if there was *clairvoyance*, I should have to reject this particular test altogether, as regards its utility for observation.”

As I quite expected, this carefully defined offer came to nothing, and I inferred from the terms of the reply I received that my friend declined even to communicate it to “Mr. A.”!

It is certainly rather remarkable that none of the more conspicuous witnesses of Mr. Eglinton’s psychography appear to have been afforded any opportunity of testing performances which are now put forward to show the worthlessness of their evidence. It might at least have been expected, seeing that Mr. Davey was experimenting on intimate terms with certain well-known opponents of psychography and of Mr. Eglinton, connected with the Society for Psychical Research, that *colleagues*—Vice-Presidents, and other members of Council—who had given favourable evidence, such as Mr. Noel, Mr. Stainton-Moses, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Stack, Mr. Dawson Rogers, and myself, would be afforded similar facilities. But so far as I am aware, the whole thing was kept a close secret from all these experienced persons till after public use had been made of it to the prejudice of psychography. Nor, I believe, have opportunities been subsequently offered, unless the above-mentioned correspondence is thought to make an exception in my own case. But I do not care to have proved to me what I never doubted, *viz.*, the incompetence of my own powers of observation to cope with a conjurer under his own conditions.

Whether there is anything in the reports of these performances, printed in the January number of the *Journal*, to necessitate the conclusion that Mr. Davey obtains direct writing, may be a question for future discussion. A critical study of the history he himself gives of his connection with the subject may, perhaps, incline some to the opinion that he does.

C. C. M.

Pseudo-Science.

To the Editors of “LIGHT.”

GENTLEMEN,—I have perused with interest and profit the remarks of “M.A. (Oxon.)” on the mixed character of spiritual communications generally, in the conclusion of his Notes on the pamphlet of Mr. Page Hopps, as also your leading article on “The Investigation of Rare Phenomena,” No. 1, and they have set me thinking. We live, no doubt, in an age of sophistications and adulterations. It is the business of Spiritualism to look at and have regard to the spirit, substance, or underlying quality, of the utterances of men, or embodied spirits, as well as of those unembodied, as contrasted with the mere form or simulacrum. Among these sophistications, there is no one from which Spiritualism, or the science which has relation to the spirit of things, has suffered more than from “science falsely so called”—from pseudo-science—as contradistinguished from true science; and there is, as it seems to me, no duty more paramount upon Spiritualists than to cultivate the habit of separating, very distinctly, in their minds, the one from the other. It is the primal characteristic of true

* By Mr. Podmore.

† When I wrote this I was unaware of the identity of “Mr. A.” with Mr. Davey, and of the reports of the latter in “LIGHT,” of 1884, and of the not less remarkable report which he sent to the Society for Psychical Research, but which was accidentally suppressed till its appearance in the *Journal* of last November.

science to discriminate, by the processes of accurate analysis, aided by a sober imagination, the nature and quality of the phenomena with which it is applying itself to deal; and to devise and employ for their examination, methods adapted to and affirmative with them. It is the characteristic of pseudo-science to do none of these things. It does not discriminate, and it applies to investigation no imagination whatsoever, because it possesses none to apply. It uses old methods to examine new conditions to which they are in no wise adapted, and with which they possess no affinity; and securing no results, it claims the title to assume that there are no results to secure. It reasons, (in so far as it reasons at all,) upon the assumption that the laws of the universe were devised for science (as it understands the word), and not science for the laws of the universe. It runs ever in grooves, like a snail in a waggon-rut, with the same ultimate results. It is the characteristic of true science to be reticent of speech—to reserve the records of its elementary experiments to the notebook of the study, and not to be ashamed of saying nothing until it has that to say which shall be definitive and cover once and for all the full ground with which it is dealing. It is the characteristic of pseudo-science to vociferate in the streets, crying ever “figs in the name of the Prophet,” to proclaim to the world its laboratory experiments, and to formulate upon them theories constructed upon partial results, leaving what is inconsistent with, or not covered by, them to take care of itself. Science discovers (uncovers), establishes, and explains new truths. Pseudo-science dwells ever in formulas and terminologies. True science respects always the antecedent labours of others; pseudo-science ignores and discountenances them, “disguising them as beggars do stolen children to make them pass for their own.” True science is constructive and positive and loves to prove; pseudo-science is destructive and negative and seeks ever to disprove. It is “the spirit that ever denies.” Signs such as these accompany ever true and false science, and by these shall men know them.

But, a difficulty exists in discriminating true science from pseudo-science in the fact that, as pointed out by “M.A. (Oxon.)” in relation to communications from spirits out of the flesh, they are often very curiously mixed up in the spirit embodied. It would be very unjust not to recognise that the pseudo-scientist is not necessarily, and perhaps is rarely, consciously devoid of a desire to get at truth. It is pitiful to think how many estimable folk there are quite incapable of distinguishing, in any thing, the spirit from the simulacrum. Even the pseudo-scientist deviates occasionally into right reason. Similarly and more pitifully, for he may be expected to know better, the man of real scientific aptitudes and intuitions, from the difficulty inseparable from the weakness and duplicity of human nature of recognising truth, and the claims of it under new aspects, retrogrades, without probably being aware of it, into pseudo-scientific phantasies. It is sufficient for Spiritualists carefully to watch the two, remembering that, as Bacon says of truth and falsehood in religious systems, Science and Pseudo-science “are like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar’s image; they may cleave but they will not incorporate.”—I am, yours sincerely,

19, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

A. A. WATTS.

January 17th, 1887.

A Disclaimer.

To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—Kindly permit me to give a disclaimer to what appears in your columns of January 15th.

One of your respected correspondents has made me one of a quaternion of Re-incarnationists; but assuredly the wrong man is in the wrong place, for whatever else I am, or may be, this much is certain, I am *not* a Re-incarnationist in their, or in any, sense, of giving credence to the notion that “an atom of life” once passed through the experience of an *apparently* differentiated form in physical conditions, ever renews the experience. Upon those who come forward as the exponents of such theories rests the burden of proof. I *now* reject *all* theories that are not sustained by scientific demonstration.

All “manifestations,” whether physical, psychical, or spiritual, are subject to law, which is only a term used to give meaning to the action of the Great Supreme, Who, or Which, without form—to human conception—is yet the Life within all forms in this and in all worlds of being. To my view Re-incarnation, as popularly understood, is a libel on the Infinite Intelligence, and arises from the ignorant mistaking of appearances for realities. All the “doctrines” of past and

present systems—Esoteric Buddhism not excepted,—professing to deal with “man and his future” are based upon appearances, consequently, when dealt with from the internal standpoint, are fallacious. The cardinal error arises from thinking that a spirit is created when it forms for itself what we think of as a personal Ego. A spirit is phenomenal, but the life principle which gives to a spirit its apparently differential form,—and thus makes it objective to others in like condition,—is part and parcel of spirit, and thus uncreated. Then, “as parts of one stupendous whole,” how is it possible to really separate ourselves, or, so to speak, set up a life upon our own account, and arrogate to ourselves a delegated power to determine our own destiny? The science of universal spiritual law—and all law is spiritual, even when expressed by natural law—knows nothing of such a thing. Only imagine such a thing as a man “delegating” power to one of his organic structural forms, comprising his being, to act upon its own account, and independent of the ruling power within! The absurdity is seen at once as a scientific impossibility! Then why endeavour to apply to the major what will not bear application to the minor?

I have no quarrel with “Appearances,” nor yet with the deductions from such appearances, for all is necessary, and each performs his part in the grand drama of Life and its manifestations, and he would be a fool who denied the reality of the appearances by which we are surrounded; and all that I intend to inculcate is that there is a standpoint, from which the appearances can be seen through; and lo! all is seen to be “very good.”

As you, to my thinking, Mr. Editor, have wisely closed the discussion on Re-incarnation, I may not expatiate further, and I hope you will not judge my opening up of the larger question, a re-opening of that question.—Faithfully yours,

Higher Broughton, Manchester. WILLIAM OXLEY.
January 15th, 1887.

Mr. Eglinton's Psychography.
To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—In the December number of the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research, Mrs. Sidgwick tries to get over the difficulty arising from the slates being closed by gummed paper at my second séance, by the suggestion that, when Mr. Eglinton saw the additional precaution I had taken, he may have slipped out of the room and gummed up the slates he had prepared in imitation of mine, in a similar way. “To do this,” she says, p. 484, “Mr. Eglinton had only to leave the room—it would not take long—and he frequently leaves the room on one excuse or another during his séances.” It is to this assertion which I have italicised, with its plain insinuation that the practice is adopted for the purpose of fraud, that I wish to call attention. The assertion is so completely opposed to my own extensive experience, and that of all the friends whom I have consulted, that I cannot but think that Mrs. Sidgwick has listened to much looser evidence than she should have required to justify her in so serious, and, at the same time, so vague a charge. In my own case the only instances in which I have known him leave the room after the door had been locked are, once in order to fetch another penknife, when I reclaimed that which lay on the table as one that I had lost at a former sitting, and once, or possibly twice, in order to speak to an importunate caller, whose knock I had heard on the outer door. To the like effect a lady who has probably had many more sittings than those of all Mrs. Sidgwick's friends put together writes me: “He may have left the room perhaps in all three times, certainly not oftener, when I have been with him, on the occasion of some one calling and almost insisting on a few minutes' interview.” In ninety-nine cases out of 100 it is impossible to conceive what end he could have served by quitting the room during the séance.

H. WEDGWOOD.

Teachings from Swedenborg.
To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

SIR,—Mr. Haughton cannot have noticed the subjoined passages, not searched for, but recalled at once on reading letters from “Alpha” in last week's issue of “LIGHT.” As proving the old-fashionedness of certain lines of thought, now as popular as the doctrine we have for the present done with in “LIGHT,” I think the quotations may have interest for its readers. The first is taken from one of the “*Memorable Relations*” in which Swedenborg ridiculed and reprobated such errors as he was

dealing with, at a length which makes them almost unreadable now.

“‘Concerning the origin of your soul.’ . . . ‘These were the unanimous sentiments of the whole company’—‘that human souls had their birth and beginning at the time of the ether's emerging from the fore-mentioned chaos, when it divided itself in the supreme region into innumerable individual forms which infuse themselves into men when they begin to think under the influence of the purer air, and are then called souls.’ Another of the company further said, ‘I allow that the individual forms framed by the ether in its superior region were innumerable; but still the number of men who have been born since the creation of the world exceeds the number of such forms; and how then could those forms be sufficient to frame so many souls? It is therefore my opinion that departed souls, after a revolution of many ages, return into other bodies, and begin a course of life similar to that which they once lived, according to the known doctrine of the metempsychosis, which; many wise men have maintained.’ Several other conjectures of the same kind were started by the rest of the company, which, as being utterly absurd and groundless, I pass over in silence.”—E. Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion*, par. 79.

“Nor can the soul migrate back to earth, by means of an ovum, according to the dreams of old philosophers; for the volume of the animal spirits is great, and cannot possibly begin *e minimo*; therefore the soul is under the permanent necessity of living in its own sphere, and in no other.”—E. Swedenborg's *The Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, Part 2., No. 351.

N.B.—I do not cite these sayings as in any respect authoritative, the negative verdicts of seers, however great, generally proving less of fact than of the limits of their own vision.

January 15th.

A. J. PENNY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COLONEL H. ST. M. W.—Remittance duly received. Thanks.
J. P.—Your letter shall appear next week.

COLONEL COOPER KING, who is well-known to our readers, is about to publish a monograph on George Washington.

PROFESSOR BUCHANAN, the American psychometrist and distinguished physiologist, recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday in Boston.

MADAME OLYMPE OUDOARD, who is a well-known figure in Parisian society, recently delivered a lecture at the Paris Salle des Conférences upon “The Mysteries of Life and Death Unveiled by the Spirits.” Madame Oudouard has been a Spiritualist for a very long period.

MR. MILNER STEPHEN.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that it is “inundated with applications for Mr. G. Milner Stephen's address” and refuses to give it “until a public test under approved conditions has satisfied us that he is not labouring under an extraordinary delusion.” We have no scruple in giving the address of Mr. Milner Stephen at 17, Orchard-street, Portman-square, W.

MR. EGLINTON left London on Saturday evening last, *via* Queensboro' and Flushing, for Munich, expecting by continual travelling to reach his destination some time on Monday night. He will give séances, we believe, to the Munich Psychological Society, which comprises amongst its numbers several distinguished men. On leaving Munich, Mr. Eglinton will go on to visit Prince Esterhazy at Pressburg, Austria.

LONDON OCCULT LODGE AND ASSOCIATION FOR SPIRITUAL INQUIRY, REGENT HOTEL, 31, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.—Last Sunday evening I read Mr. Tindall's paper on “Palmistry,” which was well received. Next Sunday there will be no meeting in the morning. In the evening, at seven, Miss Brown will lecture on “The Food Proper for Psychical Development.” Mr. Price will attend for mesmeric healing on the morning of the 30th; and as he is a most successful healer we hope to see a large attendance.—F. W. READ, secretary, 79, Upper Gloucester-place, N.W.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday, January 23rd, at 6.30 p.m., a religious service will be held, when several speakers will address the meeting. Religious services in connection with the public advocacy of Spiritualism will be held every Sunday in future at 11.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m., at the above hall. It is hoped that the committee will be able to start a Children's Lyceum in connection with the above very shortly. A tea and public meeting will be held on Wednesday, January 26th, in the above hall. Tickets, 1s. each.—J. VEITCH, Cor. Sec., 3, Gloucester-road, Peckham.

SUBSCRIBERS RESIDENT ON THE CONTINENT will greatly oblige if, when they send remittances through the Post-office, they will kindly forward to us, at the same time, a notice that they have done so. We frequently receive “orders” through the Post-office without any intimation as to whom they come from, and do not know, therefore, to whose account to credit them.

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