

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

What strikes me as a most unnecessary fuss is being made about a Frenchman, or rather a Swiss, who has been in a trance of some kind for the past ten days. It seems that the man, Chauffat by name, has been a patient of the celebrated French physician, Dr. Charcot. He is a stoutly-built, short man of about forty, intelligent, and prepossessing in appearance. He is a commercial traveller, and his business in London was to secure orders for wine. He had some forty pounds in gold with him, and of this, if we may trust his rather incoherent murmurings during his sleep or trance, he seems to have been robbed during a short stay in Paris. This seems to have given him a shock which has brought on a recurrence of a cataleptic condition to which he has long been subject. He lies at a restaurant in Greek-street, Soho, perfectly tranquil, breathing gently and regularly, with a rather low bodily temperature, and a slow yet steady pulse. If a limb be raised and put in any position, however uncomfortable, it remains there, until released by a few passes, when it sinks into a position of rest. It is only by concentrating a beam of light on the pupils that the eyes can be temporarily opened, and the patient fed with a little beef tea, or milk. Upon him was found a memorandum signed by Dr. Charcot, which showed that Chauffat had been a patient at the Salpêtrière Hospital at Paris. A request was appended, which shows that Dr. Charcot anticipated a renewal of this cataleptic condition, that the man might be sent to the hospital at Paris in case of "any nervous seizure, prolonged sleep, or similar ailment."

Dr. Charcot, who has been communicated with, impatiently commented on what he thought the very unnecessary fuss that was being made over a simple case. Chauffat has been a patient, it seems, at the Salpêtrière four times within the past two years. He is subject to fits of catalepsy followed by hysterical dumbness. These last sometimes as long as two months. It has been stupidly asserted that Dr. Charcot has hypnotised Chauffat. As a matter of fact he is not a hypnotic subject, and his trances have no connection whatever with hypnotism. I am disposed to say that Dr. Charcot is right in thinking that too much has been made of a simple case, but it may be well to remind the eminent French specialist that it is not English but French doctors that have done it. Chauffat is under the professional charge of the surgeons at the French Hospital. The interest of the case centres in the attention which it may draw to Dr. Charcot's application of hypnotism to the cure of disease, mental, moral, and physical. Some account of experiments of this nature has been given in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, and they are full of suggestive interest. According to this

new French school of medicine we are on the threshold of some discoveries which will revolutionise therapeutic treatment of disease. Hypnotism, Dr. Charcot believes, can be applied to the cure of physical ailments, at any rate in favourably constituted subjects. Hypnotic suggestion can stop a tendency to crime, and the same method can induce crime. Dr. Charcot relates a case in which he succeeded in making a young woman try to poison one of the surgeons at the Salpêtrière. The murder was suggested to her when in the hypnotic state; she was to give the doctor some beer, which she believed to be poisoned. At the suggested hour and day she appeared, in full possession of her waking senses, and offered her victim the beer. He, being in the secret, drank it and dropped down as if dead; a sham magistrate appeared and examined her. The result was to show beyond doubt that a person may be hypnotised and forced, without any volition in the matter, to carry out a suggested murder in the waking state, and with the subtlest cunning and the greatest persistence. A very uncomfortable idea!

Dr. Charcot's really marvellous experiments go to prove that he can do almost anything with some of his cataleptic patients. He can put them to sleep at will, ordain that they shall wake up in a given mood at a fixed time, and then shall do that which he has willed in his mind. He can cut out by his volition the memory of any portion of their life, will that they should remember only this or that occurrence as he directs. It is a terrible power, and, till we really master its extent, it leaves on the mind a sense of awe and almost of horror. We have, it is superfluous to say, almost everything to learn yet as to the phenomena of sleep. What do we know of what goes on in and about us during sleep? Nay, what do we know of that curious faculty by which certain animals go in for a prolonged snooze when there is no food to be obtained? What a pity that the unemployed cannot hibernate! One curious point that is brought into prominence by this discussion is the calm and complete acceptance by the newspapers of the reality of hypnotic phenomena. The writers do not even blush at their indiscretion: they do not apologise for their belief: they merely state it as a matter of course. Another point that is worth pondering is how far this hypnotic suggestion, which seems to paralyse the tendency to evil in a man, is really serviceable in the long run. If the moral development of man's nature is the resultant of a conflict between what we call the evil and the good within him, it may be, I think, questionable whether this paralysis of the will does not in the end leave him weaker than he was at first. *Appropos* of the many cases similar to Chauffat's I may refer to a curious book of which I saw mention recently, *A Dissertation on the Disorder of Death: or that State of the Frame under the Signs of Death called Suspended Animation*, by Rev. Walter Whiter, Norwich, 1819.

A good historical *résumé* from the orthodox point of view of the progress and development of the art of healing

is given in a work recently published, and entitled *The Healing Art: Chapters on Medicine, Diseases, Remedies, and Physicians*. (Ward and Downey, York-street, Covent Garden.) Two chapters give a very interesting account of the alchemists: Geber, Albertus Magnus, Raymond Lulli, Nicholas Flamel (who discovered the Elixir of Life, and died at the age of 116. But why did he die at all, or at that ridiculously early age? "She" could at any rate reach 2,000). To these may be added Cornelius Agrippa, Theophrastus Paracelsus (of whose work some notice appears in another column), and Jerome Cardan, of which last pretender to occult knowledge, Hallam says: "A man far superior to both Agrippa and Paracelsus; his genius quick, versatile, fertile, and almost profound; yet no man can read the strange book on his own life, wherein he describes, or pretends to describe, his extraordinary character, without suspecting a portion of insanity." Yes, but what is insanity? Hallam seems to have been like the rest of the world. When a man travels out of the beaten track he is "extravagant," wild, unbalanced, insane. When he keeps to the decorous dulness of the conventional groove he is respectable. No doubt that is so; but the world has not in any age been saved by respectable mediocrity. It has been the inspired geniuses who have been the salt of this earth, from time's first birth till now. If it had not been for them we should have been all fossilised very long ago. I may note that Cardan's life has been written (2 vols., 1859) by Professor Henry Morley, of University College.

Another chapter is devoted to Animal Magnetism, Mesmerism, and Faith-Healing. "The influence of imagination in the cure of disease is the foundation on which all quackery has been established" is the opening statement. I should say rather that the imagination is a *conditio sine quâ non* of cure in all cases. I wonder how many medical practitioners would deny that they could do nothing for a patient who was antipathetic to them, who had no confidence in them, who was, in short, not *en rapport* with them. Of course they could physic him, they could dose him with drugs which would make him a trifle or a good deal worse than he was—the original ailment supplemented by a new disturbing element—but they could not cure him. This, however, by the way. The chapter on this form of healing deals with various well known names. Here is a recipe of Paracelsus's: "Take of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air,—of real mummy,—of human blood still warm, one ounce each: of human suet, two ounces: of linseed oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole, two drachms each. Mix thoroughly in a mortar . . ." and so forth. I think the idea of the thief who has been hanged and *left in the air* is very delicate. I suppose if he had not been "left in the air" he would have been no good. Probably he would have had no "moss growing on his head." This recipe, by the way, was for "weapon-salve." A sword, anointed with this compound, cured any wound that it inflicted, so it was said.

Then we have Robert Flood—Robert de Fluctibus—who had a weapon-salve of his own. It appears that in these days (1574) weapons were largely used, and salve was much in demand. The disbelievers in its efficacy were "in a great minority." One Pastor Foster, who seems to have had a professional nose for scenting out the Devil, wrote a pamphlet: *Hypocrisma Spongus: a Sponge to wipe away the Weapon-salve*, as an invention of the Devil. But he evidently mistook his vocation. He was not nearly abusive enough. Flood replied to him in a pamphlet, of which the title may give some idea of the vigour of the contents. He overwhelmed the poor man, who had rushed in where Devils did not fear to tread, with this:—"The Squeezing of Parson Foster's Spunge: wherein the

spunge-bearer's immodest carriage and behaviour towards his brethren is detected: the bitter flames of his slanderous reports are by the sharp vinegar of Truth corrected and quite extinguished, and lastly the virtuous validity of his spunge in wiping away the weapon-salve is crushed out and clean abolished." There were giants on the earth in those days!

Valentine Greatrakes comes in for notice. It is interesting to note that his cures are described as "numerous, rapid, and complete." He had an idea that all disease was caused by obsession of spirits. A patient suffering from rheumatic gout was informed that he was obsessed by "a watery spirit." "I have seen" (he added) "many of this order of evil spirits in Ireland"—a very surprising statement, surely: "contiguous to a melancholy ocean," I suppose Lord Beaconsfield would have said. And so the watery spirit was commanded to go: and an aerial spirit after him, and "the sick man was ordered to withdraw," but it is disappointing that we have no evidence by certificate or affidavit as to his cure. Greatrakes was credited with enormous curative power, "a curative odour of exquisite beauty, a kind of divine *aura*, being given off from his body." His supporters were men of education, position, and unquestioned intelligence: Andrew Marvell among them. A piece of testimony may be quoted here, because it is not unknown in the present day that the presence of a sweet odour issuing from the body of a medium is indicative of a curative process that is going on. "The Right Hon. Lord Conway observed one morning, as he came into the chamber, a smell strangely pleasant as if it had been of sundry flowers: and demanding of his man what sweet water he had brought into the room, he answered 'None'; whereupon his lordship smelled upon the hand of Mr. Greatrakes, and found the fragrance to issue thence; and, examining his bosom, he found the like scent there also."

We come next to Van Helmont and Baptista Porta; Father Hell, the Jesuit professor of astronomy at Veronica, who made many wonderful cures, and communicated his method to Anthony Mesmer, who improved and developed it. The "experiments" or "orgies," as they were respectively called by friends or foes of Mesmer, are well known. Next comes the Marquis de Puysegur, a disciple of Mesmer, and after him the Baron Du Potet, who brings us down to the present generation. The first well-known Faith-healer was Prince Alexander Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, Roman Catholic Bishop of Sardica. Other names that occur are those of Deleuze, Braid, Boardman of Bethshan, and others. Dr. Newton comes in for his share of attention. Respecting the value to be attached to these alleged cures, the writer of this perfectly orthodox volume, from the point of view of the College of Surgeons and Physicians, thus delivers his verdict: "Make what deductions we may for exaggeration, misrepresentation, suppression, ignorance, or deception, and not forgetting that often the relief was only temporary, the fact remains that most extraordinary cures have been effected, sometimes instantaneously, of diseases which had defied medical skill."

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—The rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 16, Craven-street, Strand, are closed for the holidays, but will be re-opened on Tuesday morning next.

WANTED, Nos. 476 and 477 of the old *Spiritualist* newspaper (October 7th and 14th, 1881).—Address, Office of "LIGHT," 16, Craven-street, Strand, and stamps, &c., shall be returned with thanks.

CRITICISM must never take the place of sympathy—spirit sympathy. When we forget the spirit, we ally ourselves to forms too strongly, and represent forms instead of the sympathies of spirit, or the *beau idéal* even of Love.—JAMES PIERREPOINT GREAVES.

PARACELSUS.*

It is perhaps somewhat remarkable that so little interest should exist among the "scientists" of the present day as regards the lives and work of the alchemists, and that, indeed, so much ignorance and misconception should be current about them, when it is considered that we owe them a very great deal, to say the least, in every branch of science, and in none more than in physics and chemistry. In such modern works on chemistry, whose authors do not deem it beneath their dignity to give some account of the alchemists, the statements made are, as a rule, of the most inaccurate kind, and are hardly of a complimentary character, the attitude adopted by the historian being, as a rule, that of the "very superior person," that attitude with which we are only too familiar, as productive of such excellent results and such a superior philosophy. Like the *History of England*, which, in the popular mind, begins with "William the Conqueror, 1066," modern chemistry "starts" with "Priestley, Scheele, and Lavoisier, 1774." The alchemists, certainly, have been as heartily abused and vilified as any class of people in existence, and none more so, perhaps, than the extraordinary man whose name heads this notice. Vilification by the public, and misrepresentation by the "priests" of official science, may be taken as a very good certificate to character, ability, and originality, and undoubtedly, if this be so, Paracelsus stands in the front rank. Dr. Hartmann's work is a most valuable contribution to occult literature. It has evidently been for him a labour of love to study the numerous and voluminous works attributed, some rightly, some incorrectly, to Paracelsus; a list of these works is given at the commencement of the volume before us, and although we are told that Paracelsus himself did not write much, and that the greatest part of his works is in the handwriting of his disciples, to whom he generally dictated without using "any memoranda or manuscripts," still it must be admitted that the mind that can treat of such a formidable array of subjects, and can initiate the publication of so many works upon them, must be of a truly remarkable order.

Dr. Hartmann's book is divided into ten chief headings, "The Life of Paracelsus, Explanations of Terms, Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy," and an appendix; and under each of these headings an excellent exposition of the works of Paracelsus which bear relation to them is given, together with many well-chosen quotations, with reference to which it must be said, however, that some of them are of a rather coarse description, at any rate apparently so; although it may be admitted that it would have been difficult to avoid giving them.

Philippus Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, was born in 1493, at Maria Einsiedeln, a village not far from Zurich. His father, William Bombast, of Hohenheim, was a physician and came of an old and celebrated family. In consequence of the place of his birth Paracelsus has also been called "Helvetius Eremita," while he is not unfrequently alluded to as "Germanus," "Suevus," and "Arpinus." In this connection it may be remarked that Brande, the chemist to the Mint, in a work published in 1848, which contains an essay on the alchemists, asserts that his real name was Philip Hochener, and that he took the name of "Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus" on commencing his professional career as a physician. However this may be, Dr. Hartmann regards the appearance of Paracelsus at the commencement of the sixteenth century as an event characteristic of the new era of thought then called into existence, and ranges him with Luther, Erasmus, and Copernicus.

Paracelsus, having studied at the University of Basel, and having worked in the laboratories of various well-

known alchemists, travelled a great deal in different parts of the world. It is said that he went to India; that he was for some considerable time a prisoner among the Tartars; and the author deems it quite probable that during his captivity in Tartary he was "instructed in the secret doctrine by the teachers of Occultism in the East." A parallel is drawn between the system of Paracelsus and that recently promulgated under the name of Theosophy and attributed to Eastern adepts; the information about the seven-fold principles of man, the qualities of the astral body, the elementaries, and so on, being identical with that contained in *Isis Unveiled* and *Esoteric Buddhism*. We are told that during his travels Paracelsus associated with all kinds of persons with a view of obtaining useful information, "physicians, surgeons, and alchemists, executioners, barbers, shepherds, Jews, gipsies, midwives, fortune-tellers, and vagabonds, upon the highways, and at public inns." At the age of thirty-two he returned to Germany, "where he soon became celebrated on account of the many wonderful cures which he performed." In 1527 he was appointed Professor of Physic, Medicine, and Surgery at Basel. "His doctrines were essentially doctrines of his own, and he taught them independently of the opinions of others"; and it is therefore not surprising that he was not allowed to remain long in his appointment. He continued to wander over the face of the earth, and died at the age of forty-eight in 1541.

The "Explanations of Terms" given in the book are of considerable value, and their study might with advantage be recommended to the many persons who use various "occult" terms in a very loose sort of way. It is somewhat novel and indeed striking to find "Flagæ," "Gnomes," "Homunculi," "Lemures," "Monstra," "Nymphæ," and "Vampires," set down in a list and distinctly and specially defined.

Dr. Hartmann makes some very striking comparisons between the doctrines of Paracelsus and the latter-day faith of modern science. "All beings were born from the element, and consist of elementary substances out of which other forms may come into existence bearing the characteristics of their parents." "There is nothing dead in Nature. Everything is organic and living, and consequently the whole world appears to be a living organism."* The doctrine of Evolution, the doctrine of Darwin and Haeckel, was held and preached by Paracelsus 300 years ago, with this difference, however, that Paracelsus looks on the continually evolving forms as necessary vehicles of a continually progressing living spiritual principle, seeking higher modes for its manifestation.

A most important fact which has hitherto escaped the attention of many of those who have studied the alchemists, is that they wrote allegorically. That, for example, their "mercury, sulphur, and salt" had an esoteric as well as an exoteric meaning, and that it is, therefore, not to be assumed that by the term "mercury" they necessarily meant the metallic substance known to us by that name. This is strongly insisted on by Dr. Hartmann, as is also the view that in order to carry to success an alchemical process, such, for instance, as transmutation, it is necessary to bring into play, not merely the "external" processes of chemistry, but the powers of the "spirit" or the "soul." "Alchemical processes can only be successfully undertaken by one who is an alchemist."† "There is a threefold aspect of alchemy. In its higher aspect it teaches the regeneration of the spiritual man, the purification of the mind"; . . . "in its lowest aspect it deals with physical substances." In a footnote to the chapter on "Alchemy and Astrology," the author remarks: "It would be useless to give detailed descriptions of processes that cannot be followed out by one who does not possess the necessary

* *The Life of Paracelsus and the Substance of his Teachings.* By Franz Hartmann, M.D. (London: George Redway.)

* "La mort ne règne nulle part."—CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

† An "Adept."

magic (magnetic) power, and those who possess the power will hardly require such descriptions, in which allegories are strangely mixed with truths."

In regard to transmutation it is significant to find the greatest of English living chemists giving expression to the theory of the ultimate element,* and his application of the principle of evolution to the development of the substances we now call elements from this. Those who have seen something of the powers that can be wielded by the beings who visit us at physical-manifestation séances will probably admit the possibility of fundamental changes in matter as we know it, or think we know it, even upon that plane, by calling in, as did Paracelsus, "the powers of the spirit and of life." Again, as to the power of intuitive or internal perception:—"The books treating of alchemy and astrology will easily be understood by persons who have the power of interior perception, but to others they will be incomprehensible, neither can their allegories be satisfactorily explained to them, because it is an eternal truth that spiritual verities cannot be grasped by an intellect reasoning merely from the material plane." "Those who condemn the ancient occultists for their supposed ignorance and superstition would do well to remember that it requires a vastly greater amount of credulity to believe that great reformers in science, and men possessed of wisdom, such as Paracelsus, Johannes Trithem, Van Helmont, and others, should have consented to write whole volumes of such intolerable rubbish, as such writings would certainly be if they were to be taken in a literal meaning, than to believe—as is actually the case—that great spiritual truths were thus hidden behind allegories that were intended to be understood only by those who possessed the key."

Faith-healing, mesmeric and "magnetic" healing (for Paracelsus is asserted to have discovered "mesmerism" before Mesmer), the power of "imagination" in disease, are examples of matters treated of by Paracelsus, which at the present time many look upon as new. Magic, white and black, the incidence of obsession and possession, many of the phenomena of the séance-room, appear all to have been deeply studied by him. Even thought-transference—so-called—is not to be taken as the private and particular discovery of the Society for Psychical Research, but was known in the sixteenth century to Paracelsus.

It is certainly a most remarkable fact that the system of the Theosophists should so closely resemble that of Paracelsus. Different people may, of course, attribute this to different causes. Dr. Hartmann even recounts an old tradition, which says that "the astral body of Paracelsus having already during physical existence become self-conscious and independent of the physical form, he is now a living Adept, residing with other Adepts of the same order in a certain place in Asia, from whence he still—invisibly, but nevertheless effectually—influences the minds of his followers, appearing to them occasionally even in visible and tangible shape." The doctrine of "Shells," "Elementals," &c., producing the phenomena, or some of the phenomena, of Spiritualism appears to have been held by Paracelsus. While all this may be perfectly true, and while admitting that the theories propounded afford in a great many instances explanations when no others are forthcoming, it is still, perhaps, permissible to ask upon what demonstrable facts the statements in question are based. Are they revelations actually made to the Adept? It may be true that the astral corpses of the dead (elementaries) take frequent possession of elementals (spirits of nature), and "use them as masks to represent deceased persons, and to mislead the credulous" (p. 33); but while it would be unscientific to deny this or any similar statement, it strikes one as being a rather difficult matter to prove.

Many further points of interest might be alluded to. Two more will suffice here.

* "Protyle."

"The word death implies two meanings. 1. Cessation of the activity of life. 2. Annihilation of form. Form is an illusion, and has no existence independent of life; it is only an expression of life and not productive of the latter. It cannot cease to live because it never lived before, and the death of a form is only the cessation of the eternal power of life in one form of manifestation of its activity preceding its manifestation in some other form. . . . Life is an eternal power that has always existed, and always will exist. . . . Life is a function of God." . . . "All forms are subject to annihilation. They are only illusions, and as such they will cease to exist when the cause that produced them ceases to act." . . . "Pure spirit has no form, it is formless like the sunshine."

"Spirit passes into the body, and out of it, like a breath of air passing through the strings of an Æolian harp. . . . Man is a materialised thought; he is what he thinks."

Finally a quotation from the *Philosophia Occulta* of Paracelsus, given at the end of the chapter on Pneumatology, may be repeated here, pregnant with truth now as it was when written: "Things that are considered now to be impossible, will be accomplished; that which is unexpected will in future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century will be the basis for the approved science of the next." C.

HOW I INVESTIGATED SPIRITUALISM, AND WHAT I MADE OF IT.

By J. H. M.

PART V.

"Where there are clear, palpable evidences of thought, of intention, of foresight, I do not see how one can do otherwise than refer them to a thinker, an intender, a foreseer. Such reference appears to me not rational only, but necessary."—ROBERT DALE OWEN.

In publishing these experiences of a neophyte in search of the truth, I am sadly conscious of the elementary value they cannot but assume to the cultured Spiritualist, Theosophist, or expert in Occultism. But I am encouraged to continue in the conviction that their simplicity and elementary character, common to all inquirers, may constitute at once their justification and their usefulness. In whatever language clothed, no thought can pass from one mind to another where no point of contact exists between the communicating minds. The reflections and conclusions of a neophyte necessarily appear superficial and faulty, regarded from the superior standpoint of the adept, but for that reason they may be better adapted to the capacity of the inquirer, for whose benefit these experiences are written.

I had not proceeded thus far in my investigation without arriving at two very definite conclusions. 1. The phenomenon of Spiritualism was a fact. On more than a dozen occasions the little table, on the upper surface of which our hands rested, had been lifted from the ground by some unknown agency sometimes as much as a foot, and kept suspended in mid air for twenty or thirty seconds.

In a circle in which I have had the privilege of sitting, it was a common occurrence for the table—a circular one, weighing perhaps forty pounds—to be removed without human aid and taken to the door of the room. In this position, with no one touching it, the hands of the sitters being joined together, replies to questions and messages would be rapped out by the communicating intelligence, knocking the table against the panel of the door. At the termination of one of our early séances in February, 1884, on my return from escorting to her home our friend Miss Sinclair, I found depicted on the faces of my wife and son the utmost surprise and astonishment. During my absence they had placed their hands on the small round table we had been using. It at once walked to the door of the

library, thence into the hall to the foot of the staircase, and commenced ascending the steps. Reaching the landing and turning the corner, it ascended a second flight, and thence walked to the door of the bedroom occupied by my daughter Jane, and commenced to knock violently against it. During this extraordinary phenomenal manifestation my wife and son had followed the table as well as they were able, with their hands but lightly touching the upper surface. There could be no simulation in the utterly blank look of astonishment on their faces; nevertheless, for my own satisfaction, and to comprehend the *modus operandi* of the phenomenon, I requested my wife to place her hands once more with me on the table, and see if it could be repeated. An influence known to us as the "Irishman" responded. Could he take the table up the stairs? I asked. *Doubtful*. Would he try? *Yes*. The table quickly commenced to move in a kind of walking motion, one of its three legs remaining always suspended from the ground. In this way it went from the dining-room to the hall, and thence to the foot of the stairs. After several unsuccessful attempts it succeeded in getting on to the first step, and by a sideways effort levered itself upwards until it reached the fourth stair, when, having satisfied myself by observation of the reality of the phenomenon, I requested the influence to desist. This experiment was conducted in the light, with the gas brightly burning in the hall.

In the face of experiences of this conclusive nature, it is simply childish for professedly scientific men, who have only *heard* of the subject, to formulate theories of unconscious muscular effort on the part of the sitters, and endeavour to pass them off to an ignorant and prejudiced public as explanations of psychical phenomena. The absolute genuineness of occult physical manifestations is an incontrovertible fact. Conviction of the same constituted my first step in Spiritual freemasonry.

But while the effect was palpable enough, the producing cause was quite another matter, and it was not until I had passed through conflicting experiences and received lessons of line upon line, that my mind assented to a second conclusion which I formulated as follows:—

"From the character and subject matter of the communications, as also the occasional idiosyncrasies of manner and expression in the communicating agent, received alphabetically through the table, and by means of automatic writing, I am unable to resist the conviction that, from whatever source they emanate, some of the messages furnish unmistakable evidence of external, independent, thinking intelligence—an intelligence separate from, and quite outside that of the circle, and independent of the individual or collective brains of the sitters—an intelligence at once capable of conceiving and expressing thought, intention, and foresight."

In support of the above conclusion I cull from my diary a variety of common-place messages received on different occasions. They are of no importance in themselves. I do not profess that they are; quite the reverse. They are quoted only as furnishing evidence, more or less difficult to understand on any other hypothesis, of the independent nature of the communicating agent; of an outside intelligence capable of directing, instructing, and objecting, with ideas of its own, and occasionally, also, manifesting a will of its own.

Precise and definite instructions were sometimes given as to time and place for sésances, and names mentioned of sitters that were to compose our circles. The following was written automatically, with almost incredible rapidity:—

"Try in a warm and quiet room. Get a few messages first, so as to highly magnetise the table, and only have a few present—at most five—to-morrow evening. I should like to try for a few minutes in broad daylight to see if that affects communication.

"MATTHEW JENKINS."

On Sunday evening, February 10th, 1884, we were sitting for spirit communication in our dining-room. Soon after commencement we received the following instructions:—

"Leave off for the present and go into the room where you were last night. Take the table and chairs in now, and it would be better for you to sit in the room—you darken the room.

"JENKINS."

I read the message aloud. When I came to the last line, the table rocked considerably, and we received this correction:—"I missed out the word 'mind' after room.—M.J."

A sésance had been arranged to be held at my house, when our friends Mrs. Faithful and Mary Sinclair were to join us. Both these ladies proved highly mediumistic, more particularly the former, to whom the writer is under unspeakable obligation for frequent and invaluable opportunities of psychical study. At most of our previous sittings a low gas jet had been kept burning, just sufficient to enable us to see each other's faces and the principal objects in the room. For this evening we had arranged a dark sésance for 8.30, for the display of physical phenomena. An automatic message by the hand of Mary Sinclair arrived during the afternoon from her guide to this effect:—

"Let the sésance be held at eight o'clock instead of 8.30, as John King has another engagement at ten o'clock.

"J. RAMSAY."

John King, I may explain, is the assumed name of a spirit well known in certain circles. He is supposed to possess great knowledge and skill in the production and management of psycho-physical phenomena, and had promised to attend our sésance and assist in the proceedings. It was to be held in our small drawing-room instead of the library, and we had never before sat in this room. A good fire was kept up to ensure the requisite temperature, and every precaution taken to secure perfect darkness by closing the shutters of the window and drawing across the curtains. When waiting in the dining-room for the arrival of our friends, the table on which my son accidentally placed his hand commenced moving, and automatically we received this caution:—

"Mind the light from the lamp does not come in at the top of the shutter.

"MARGARET FORTESCUE."

Nearly in front of the house is a street lamp, the light from which shines into the drawing-room window. I had overlooked this circumstance, and concluded that in closing the shutters and drawing the curtains I had done all that was necessary to ensure complete darkness. On receipt of this message I re-examined the window, and discovered, never previously observed by me, that the shutters, as in many drawing-rooms, did not extend the entire height of the window but left a space of about a foot at the upper part uncovered, so that the light from the lamp outside, but partially excluded by the curtains, entered the room over the top of the shutters.

The selection of sitters for this sésance, and the positions they were respectively to occupy, were dictated in the following definite instructions received by the hand of Mary Sinclair:—

"Your aunt (Mrs. Faithful), and yourself, Mrs. M., Mr. M., John M., and Jane, if she likes. Mr. M. must not sit next to you. Mrs. M. should sit beside you on one side, and John on the other. Your aunt may sit between Mr. and Mrs. M., so that she may not be likely to go into a trance.

"J. RAMSAY."

These directions were strictly observed. I am not now concerned with describing the events that took place at the sitting. They were of considerable family interest, but the anticipated display of materialisation did not occur, and in this respect the sésance was a failure and a disappointment. My contention is, that these simple but definite communications furnish *prima facie* evidence of an outside intelligent communicating agent of some kind, and one capable of thought, intention, and foresight. Of the nature of the communicating intelligence and its relation to ourselves, I do not, at this stage, propose to enter. The difficult question of identity must necessarily arise when we attempt to test the verification of messages received as to matters of fact. Apart from the greater issue, lessons of the deepest import lie embodied in these simple and natural communications. It is surely no light discovery to be brought face to face with the fact of the existence of unembodied intelligences outside of our world, and of the possibility of holding converse with them. The simplest message so given to this superficial, know-nothing age is, of itself, a mighty revelation. If, as I contend, after making every allowance for the conscious and unconscious influence exercised by the minds of the sitters themselves, the above quoted messages indicate thought, intention, and foresight, then, with Robert Dale Owen, we are logically unable to escape from the conclusion that we are in the presence of an independent thinker, intender, and foreseer.

(To be continued.)

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

SATURDAY, APRIL 9th, 1887.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.*

"A disappointing book," "A brilliant fragment," "A fascinating but superficial book"—such are some of the criticisms that have been passed on Mr. Cotter Morison's attempt to adumbrate the religion of the future. A most saddening and, in some ways, most illuminative book, we are rather disposed to say. Pessimism run to seed: Optimism gone mad. For the Author is to the last degree pessimistic in his views of the ills of life: optimistic in his faith, beyond all reason, in the remedies which he prescribes for them. He sees with clear insight that "the older religions grow the more infirm do they become, the less hold do they keep on the minds of thoughtful men." "That the world, in its cultivated portions, has reached a great turning-point in the evolution of thought which will mark the close of an old epoch, and the opening of a new one, will hardly be disputed by any well-informed person." "It would be rash to expect that a transition, unprecedented for its width and difficulty, from theology to Positivism, from the service of God to the service of man, could be accomplished without jeopardy." Anarchy in thought is leading to anarchy in morals. It is high time that men should put away the old, and turn them to the new lines of religious thought. For the decay of belief is general all over Christendom, and man cannot live a wholesome life without a Faith.

The attempt to reconstruct some stable form of Faith out of the relics of the past is to our Author pathetic in its intensity. Men want to believe: and herein this age of ours differs from the flippant and shallow scepticism of otherwise similar ages that have preceded it. But, spite of all desire, Faith dies, and the world is the poorer for its extinction. Men cling passionately to the supernatural: "they listen even with patience and flattering hope to the deeply suspicious and suspected professors of Spiritualism and Thought-reading [ah me! the conjunction, and the knowledge it displays of the "deeply suspicious" subjects!], athirst for a hint, a suggestion, an evanescent fact, which would lighten the gloom of the grave. Above all, they will believe, in spite of science and the laws of their consciousness, in a good God Who loves them and cares for them and their little wants and trials." Well: all is not so bad so long as the decay of belief has not reached the core. At least, we have our God, in spite of science; though in respect of all else we are Agnostic if not Nescient.

One recurs to that exceeding bitter cry of one who was in many respects typical of his age: "To me," (wrote Carlyle) "the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility; it was one huge, dead,

immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death." The Voice of a despairing man who has lost his hold on the Unseen. And then the mood changed, and faint yearnings of a faith not yet all dead found utterance. "Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that Truth [of communion with the Unseen God] fell mysteriously over my soul . . . like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too exasperated heart came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike and my Father's."

Passing by the terrible and prolonged indictment that Mr. Cotter Morison pens against our existing forms of popular religion—an indictment in some respects one-sided but in the main fair and temperately framed, allowing full weight to the saintly character, while it ruthlessly demolishes the pretensions of that debased form of theology which has come upon us in the senility of the faith which we still profess—passing by the too long and too laboured portion of this fragment of thought, which we hope Mr. Morison may yet complete, what, we come to inquire, is his Evangel to the world? What has he to offer us in place of that Divine system, now adulterated by man's persistent efforts, which availed to produce in saintly women, such as those of whom he writes, self-sacrifice, devotion, overmastering love, of which he is constrained to say, "I will vie with anyone in celebrating the unselfish devotion, the self-sacrifice, the warm love and sympathy shown in assuaging human suffering, bodily or mental. I cannot read their lives without tears, and the admiration I feel for them may truly be called passionate. I regard them as inexpressibly lovely and human souls, who, led on by their own warm women's hearts, nearly, if not entirely, conquered self, and became like the beautiful alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very costly and precious, which, when poured out, filled the house with the odour of the ointment." By their fruits shall ye know the system that produced them. What is the Gospel of the Future according to Mr. Cotter Morison?

Alas! it is a mockery. The Service of God is to yield to the Service of Man. As if the two were incompatible! As if the heights of aspiration were to be scaled, or the depths of self-abnegation sounded, by one who has before him no future, no fruition of his soul's development, no hope beyond a precarious fame when annihilation has made it impossible for him to enjoy it. If there be, as we do not doubt there are, some strenuous and lofty souls in whom the enthusiasm of humanity so dwells as to lead them to dare and sacrifice all, to spend and to be spent, in the working out of an ideal, is it seriously contended that to the mass of mankind the abandonment of belief in an overruling Providence, of hope in a future, of a righteous judgment, will be anything but disastrous? Mr. Morison believes that we are approaching a social crisis. We would ask him whether he has thought seriously how far that crisis would be complicated if the masses came to believe, and to act on their belief, that they have nothing to gain and nothing to fear in the future, and that this world is for them the be-all and the end-all of existence.

It is impossible to lay down a book which its Author believes to be his final work, a fragment unfinished from failing health, without a feeling of great sadness. It is a mercy that the Author's doubts cannot affect the future that is in store for him. We would fain hope that the deep-dyed pessimism which colours his brilliant work all through is but the jaundiced reflection of his impaired bodily health cast upon a spirit that has pondered on the problems of life till it has bewildered itself. "An exceeding bitter cry" must be the verdict; "Thank God it is not true," the last reflection.

* *The Service of Man: an Essay towards the Religion of the Future.* By J. Cotter Morison. Kegan Paul, 1887.

PRIMEVAL MAN: A SUGGESTION IN PSYCHOLOGY.

By E. D. FAWCETT.

The Antiquity of Man—Folly of the Assaults of Mere Iconoclasts on Genesis—Not to be Literally, but Esoterically Rendered—M. Boucher de Perthes' Discovery of our Antiquity—Fact and Prejudice—Palæolithic Researches—Kent's Cavern; Neolithic and Palæolithic Man—Continual Progress from Barbarism, *e.g.*, from Mammoth Period, Reindeer Period up to Neolithic and Historic—THE NECESSARY INFERENCE—Mental Evolution and Rebirth—Our Beginnings in Earliest Geological Times—Nature's Justice—Personality and Individuality.

Perhaps no more cruel blow was ever dealt by science at conventional orthodoxy than the establishment of the enormous antiquity to which the first traces of Man's presence on this globe are assignable. The proof that in our remote ancestors as typified in Palæolithic man—a being more brutal and animal-like than the lowest existing Australian black* or Andaman islander—we look in vain for the sublimely perfect tenant of an imaginary Eden, is now indisputable.† But we venture to maintain that those iconoclasts who inveigh so wildly against the archaic book of Genesis, and who see nothing in it but a dreary picture of barbaric ignorance, have fairly overshot their mark. Certain, of course, it is that no *literal* interpretation can for a moment stand against the facts of Geology, Astronomy, Biology, and kindred sciences. None, for instance, possessing any acquaintance with geology would now urge the belief in a Universal Deluge or pilt the biblical narrative of the ark against a scientific treatise on the geographical distribution of animals. But, while fully admitting the fallacies of *literalism*, the Mystic regards the opening chapters of Genesis as veiling a rich substratum of *esoteric* meaning. Anxious to maintain an impartial eclecticism in religion, he will point to the author of those memorable verses as an Initiate of the Egyptian mysteries, and one who, fully acquainted with the SECRET DOCTRINE of the inner ring of the temple, declined to vulgarise the sacred teachings by committing them to the rude criticism of the *profanum vulgus*. Hence the necessity for a practically impenetrable symbolism. It is only now, in the light of recent occult teaching, that we are enabled to decipher those veiled records which hitherto theology has been equally to blame for *literalising* in the teeth of fact as science for wantonly branding as puerile. It is not my intention, however, to attempt to point out here the esotericism of the biblical "cosmogony," but merely to justify *en passant* the respect which students of Occultism must all feel for the venerable documents, which, however mutilated and interpolated, have come down to us from a remote past. But to return to my subject:—

In the year 1847, a retired French physician, M. Boucher de Perthes, brought about by the publication of his *Celtic and Antediluvian Antiquities* the collapse of the dominant theory as to man's non-existence with extinct fossil *fauna* and the discredit of Archbishop Usher's ingenious but absurd chronology. He proved at great length that flint tools—flakes, hâches, scrapers, &c.—of undoubted human workmanship had been turned up, together with remains of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, &c., in the quaternary beds deposited by the river Somme scores of centuries ago, before it had worn out its present channel now 100 feet below the old level. At first, as was to be expected, the uproar in the camps of orthodoxy and even science was terrific. *The facts were not wanted, and hence it was so much the worse for the facts.* The comments passed on M. de Perthes' sagacity and intellectual attainments generally were scarcely temperate enough to

* Theosophy (the Esoteric Doctrine) teaches that the present race of Australian blacks are the degraded remnants of the inhabitants of Lemuria—the great Pacific continent, submerged some million and a-half years ago. *Co-existent is it is with a whole system of Eocene flora and a most curious fauna*, the origin of this mysterious branch of the human family is veiled in complete darkness to the eyes of the Western ethnologist. Some curious evidence might be adduced on these and kindred points.

† The evidence of the Miocene flints of Thenay, which were undoubtedly shaped by human hands, would give Man an antiquity of some 1,000,000 years at least. This calculation is enough to make Archbishop Usher turn in his grave!! It is a highly interesting fact, as bearing on the teachings of Eastern Occultists, that the first traces of Man known to science of Palæolithic savagery, give us an approximate date which exactly dovetails with that assigned to the origin of the fifth Root-Race, of which we are a sub-race. But the grand error of science lies in supposing that, because we can trace the ascent of Man from animalism upwards through a certain duration of time, we are justified in denying pre-Palæolithic civilisations altogether. But the fact is that while humanity in Europe, and to some extent in Asia, in those times was in a state of Barbarism, the reverse was the case in Atlantis. Civilisation progresses in waves of cyclic periodicity. (As for the existence of a Miocene Atlantis, the mass of *cumulative* evidences—geological, archaeological, ethnological, biological, &c., &c.—now to hand is most impressive. As Huxley says, "There is nothing whatever which can stand against positive evidence to the fact.")

bear repetition. And had it not been for the fact that an eminent geologist, happening to pass through Abbeville carefully scrutinised the collection of implements on which the doctor had based his conclusions, and subsequently reported the result of his investigations to experienced English scientists, it is very probable that the extensive evidences we have since come to possess on the subject of our Palæolithic predecessors would have been now only in process of tabulation. However, as it was, the discoveries of the French archaeologist were absolutely forced on the attention of the civilised world.

Since 1847, the evidence has been accumulating with astonishing rapidity; in fact we have almost an *embarras de richesses* in the cartloads of worked flints and other implements exhumed from the pleistocene and recent strata of Europe, Asia, and even North Africa. It is most interesting also to note the gradual improvement in their workmanship, from the clumsy chipping and rude shaping of the earliest Palæolithic hâches to the relatively graceful stone celts of that part of the Neolithic period immediately preceding the use of metals. The most interesting example of this progressive march is, perhaps, afforded by the celebrated Kent's Cavern at Torquay (which, by-the-way, is now open to all interested in such matters). In that strange recess excavated by water out of the Devonian limestone, we find a curious record indeed preserved for us in the geological memoirs of the earth. Under the blocks of limestone which heaped the floor of the cavern, were discovered, embedded in a deposit of black earth, many implements of the Neolithic period, of fairly excellent workmanship, with a few fragments of pottery, &c., clearly assignable to the era of the Roman invasion and colonisation. But, though we find the bones of many of the domestic animals and other still existing *fauna* scattered throughout this deposit, there is no trace of Palæolithic flints or of the extinct animals of the quaternary period. When, however, we penetrate still deeper through the dense layer of stalagmite beneath the mould, into the red earth, which, of course, itself once formed the pavement of the retreat, things assume a very different aspect. Not one implement fit to bear comparison with the finely-chipped weapons found in the overlying stratum is to be seen; only a host of the rude and lumbering hatchets, knives, and scrapers of the Palæolithic age, mixed up confusedly with the bones of species now either extinct or forced, like the reindeer, by the subsequent change of climate, to seek other climes. This is only one of scores of other instances. In all cases hitherto investigated, we meet with the same unanswerable evidence that from historic to Neolithic, and from Neolithic to Palæolithic man, things slope down in an inclined plane from the rudiments of civilisation to the most abject barbarism. Thus in the earliest division of the Palæolithic age—the Mammoth period—the extreme rudeness of implements, and the brutal appearance of contemporary skulls, *such as* the Neanderthal, which Geology has made known to us, point to a very low type of humanity. In the next, the Reindeer period, the improvement is marked, and in addition to the more varied and artistic workmanship displayed in the stone implements, we have these latter supplemented by many ingenious inventions, such as bone needles for stitching together the rude skins which formed the attire of these uncouth savages. Towards the close of the Reindeer period those very quaint sketches of animals and men, so prized by geologists, were executed. Some are very striking and exhibit great ingenuity, as well as no inconsiderable artistic spirit. The progress thus evidenced continues to increase at a constantly accelerating rate up to the dawn of "history."

Now what is the necessary inference we must draw from this? It is one from which, in my humble opinion, there is no escape. It is one, too, which the wide acceptance of the Doctrine of Evolution,* as applied to the origin of man, renders inevitable for those who maintain the belief in a soul against

* Theosophy, however, *only* accepts the doctrine of Evolution in its physical aspect—and even that only in its most modified sense, *the grand mystery of the origin of man yet remaining to be told.* (Those who desire an intellectual treat are referred to the coming work of Madame Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*.) Its grand postulate is the necessity of a *psychical evolution*, as the corollary of the first. Of this modern science is absolutely ignorant, believing that the highest human intellect is the result of cerebral complexity; all, however, that the absolute interdependence of mind and brain during life shows is the *impossibility* of the eternity of the *personality* as opposed to the Transcendental Ego, its creator. The Esoteric Doctrine, moreover, relegates man's appearance on earth to an earlier date than the wildest dreams of Western biologists have led us to picture even as a possibility, *e.g.*, in the *early part of the Eocene Age* the great cycle of the fourth Root-Race had only just reached its apex!! (See *Esoteric Buddhism*, "World Periods.")

the brutal iconoclasm of a dogmatic Materialism. We find that, according to science and the general conviction of all authoritative writers of the present day, there was a time when the progenitor of civilised man was endowed with an intellect so rudimentary, a nature so bestial and animal-like, as to render even the abject barbarism of the Palæolithic savage, when contrasted with its source, a veritably sublime state of perfection! And we find that even to-day the cranial capacity of the ordinary Englishman exceeds that of the non-Aryan aboriginal Hindu by sixty-eight cubic inches, while the difference between the latter and the gorilla in this respect amounts to only eleven cubic inches!!! Contrast again the intellectual powers of a European with those of an Australian black. The result is conclusive in favour of the doctrine of the evolution of the soul—if soul there be, a fact which none of my readers, I take it, will question—through a series of re-births. We must not include only civilised man in our psychological researches, but face the problem boldly; note the *tremendous range of variation* traceable in human intellectuality, and take man not, *as he is*, on statical principles, but remembering *how he became* what he is. The gap between a Herbert Spencer and a Mincopie is barely to be bridged in thought. Can the evolution of these two “Egos” then be on identically the same level? Surely not. And if you trace man with Science—down, down, down to his lowest beginnings—say, to Professor Huxley’s Miocene ape-like ancestor or to the hairy arboreal creature of the Eocene Age, so vividly portrayed by Mr. Grant Allen, how, except on some theory of the origination of the soul by evolution, are you to credit this primitive ape-man with an “immortal Ego”? Or again, if you cut the Gordian knot by denying “it” a rudimentary soul, can you draw a hard and fast line across that link in the hierarchy of organic forms where “mortality” shades off into “immortality”? Or again, can you endow the gross animal experiences of the Palæolithic savage with an *eternity* of vivid remembrance on a par with those of the civilised philosopher? Obviously you cannot; and Nature would be harsh and unjust in her favouritism if it were so. Why should one “Ego,” for instance, be pitch-forked, without being consulted, into the organism of a Bushman, whose whole career is one of gross animality, while another wakes up into conscious life in the happy environment of a pure English home? If the experiences of both these “Egos” are equally eternal, we must convict Nature of injustice. But that conclusion Reason declares to be untenable. We can, however, only escape from it by admitting “Re-incarnation.” But, to avoid confusion, it should be stated that the Esoteric doctrine does *not* teach the *re-incarnation of the personality*, the worthless self of every life; each personality buds, blossoms, and fades out along the line of re-births—the *Individuality*, or Higher Self, intensifying all the while owing to the absorption into its essence of myriad experiences. The *personality* is the instrument employed by the Transcendental Self to build up its own exalted self-consciousness out of primary unconsciousness; but even this self-consciousness is so universalised, so to speak, that no conception, based on our miserable ideas of terrestrial “separateness,” can do it justice. From it spring those gleams of intuition and clairvoyance which so startle the modern Psychologist, dealing, as he does, solely with the realm of Mind—thoughts, volitions, and emotions. It is this Transcendental Self* which is “the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,” the Buddhi (Christ-principle) that overshadows the humblest member of the human family. And, steeped as the world is, in these days, in unbelief and materialism, sensuality and indifferentism, there are yet those in the East who have sought this higher self and found it. May the West not be long in contributing its mite to swell the number of that Holy Brotherhood.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUAL INSTITUTE, WINCHESTER HALL, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday morning last, we had a very successful séance with Mr. Robson. In the evening, Mr. B. Harris spoke to an attentive audience. We should be thankful for any books that friends could spare us towards forming a library here. Next Sunday, Mr. J. Veitch will give an address on the “Resurrection.”—W. E. LONG, 9, Pasley-road, Walworth.

* For which see an admirable paper by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, entitled “The Higher Self”; in my opinion the most lucid and philosophical contribution to the psychology of mysticism yet before us, and one which has proved a veritable mine of inspiration to recent writers. (*Proceedings of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is desirable that letters to the Editor should be signed by the writers. In any case name and address must be confidentially given. It is essential that letters should not occupy more than half a column of space, as a rule. Letters extending over more than a column are likely to be delayed. In exceptional cases correspondents are urgently requested to be as brief as is consistent with clearness.]

Was Jesus an Essene?
To the Editor of “LIGHT.”

STR,—Concerning the interesting and important book just published by Mr. Lillie, *Buddhism in Christianity, or Jesus the Essene*, I do not at present desire to offer any criticism on the first part, further than this, that I fail to see that Buddhism and the teachings of Jesus have any primary connection, further than that the *esoteric* teaching of all religions has only one source, namely the One Holy Spirit, speaking through the illuminated souls of the sons of God.

Immediately, however, when this esoteric teaching is given in form and detail, divergence takes place, by the refracting media of the various minds through which the light is transmitted.

Hence we find the religions of Asia are given in the details of myth, legend, symbol and the floral ornament of the dreamlands of the tropics; while the teachings of Jesus, although given in the first place geographically in Asia, were enunciated amidst the surroundings of the Roman and Grecian civilisations, and in antagonism to the pharisaical distortions of the moral law, as given to the Jews—essentially a worldly-minded race, with all the activities of the temperate zone; and thus the teachings of Jesus were antagonistic to those of the East, in so far as they expressed action, vigour, and at times an uncompromising severity; and so while the Asiatic religions must for ever be confined to the Asiatic mind, the religion of Jesus must ultimately be that of the broadest and deepest thought and action of the world.

My object, however, at present is to criticise Mr. Lillie’s examination of the arguments of Bishop Lightfoot, who maintains that Jesus was not an Essene.

Mr. Lillie has of late years rendered great service by his destructive criticisms on that grotesque form of Buddhism which has been presented to us by the fanciful materialism of the East; and it is therefore with disappointment that I feel as if he occasionally indulged in a tone of cynicism in writing on subjects, which can only be comprehended when approached with the profoundest reverence. He appears to me, also, to make many hasty statements, such as (p. 260) “Christ’s disciples were forbidden shoes and staves,” whereas it was only when He sent them on a special mission that He said, “Take with you neither staves nor shoes, but sandals and a staff only.” Signifying that, as they were on a mission of urgency, they should not encumber themselves.

Then he calls in question the historic probability of the saying, “Never man spake as this man,” because those sent to seize Jesus could not have returned with this message to those who sent them without themselves suffering execution; and yet Mr. Lillie knows that even a common mesmerist might thwart the efforts of those who attempted to seize him. Again (p. 267), he calls in question the historic evidence for Jesus partaking of wine, for, says he, had He done so in the presence of the Pharisees, who hated asceticism, they would have been so satisfied with Him that “there could have been no crucifixion”; the fact being that Jesus precipitated His crucifixion by His incessant denunciation of these Pharisees. Again (p. 268) the author, finding certain passages in Luke antagonistic to his views, concludes, without any evidence, that these passages are additions by an “unskilful interpolator and cheat.”

But the passage which has most pained me is (p. 278) where, finding that Jesus permitted a penitent woman, a sinner, contrary to what, as an Essene, He could have permitted, to anoint His feet, he applies to that sorrowful penitent a coarse epithet, as he discredits the narrative—one of the most pathetic ever spoken—forgetting that Jesus had said, “There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons needing no repentance.”

But let me pass to the question, Was Jesus an Essene? My reply being that He was not, for the following reasons.

The Essenes were in a manner of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and stood up strongly for the law, with this difference, that they gave it a spiritual signification. They were a brotherhood living in monkery, with whom physical purity was the all essential. Therefore they clothed themselves in white and lived as celibates, vegetarians, and abstainers from wine. They

stood at meals and ate in silence, and considered contact with the outer world as defilement, which could only be removed by incessant washings of the entire body, and especially of the hands; and therefore the public haunts of men were to them abhorrent.

They passed their lives in abstractions, fastings, and prayers, and thus aspired to hold communion with God and to the gifts of healing.

In their lives of purity, holiness, and healing, they resembled Jesus, but they differed from Him in this:—

1. They were of the order of the Pharisees, an order with which Jesus was for ever in antagonism.

2. They lived in solitude, and were defiled by contact with the outer world, while Jesus devoted almost His entire ministry to the closest intercourse with the unclean lower orders, touching them and healing their diseases.

3. The Essenes ate in silence and standing, but Jesus socially reclined at meals, and taught while He ate.

4. The Essenes abstained from wine, but the first miracle Jesus wrought was to sanctify wine, by converting water into that emblem of the Spirit, and, moreover, almost with His dying hands He gave the cup as His last testament.

5. The Essenes abhorred animal food, but Jesus called no food unclean, and said, "Not that which entereth in but that which cometh out defileth the man." He further, on two occasions, multiplied fish as food, and on other occasions caused miraculous draughts of fishes to be taken as food, and even after His resurrection He ate a broiled fish before His disciples.

6. He repeatedly entered the houses of "sinners," and sat down to meat with them, which as an Essene He could not have done.

7. To the disgust of the Pharisees He ate with unwashed hands, which as an Essene He could not possibly have done.

8. Further, He chose His disciples from among ignorant, illiterate, and uninitiated fishermen, who made their living by taking and selling fish as food. As an Essene He could not possibly have done so, and, moreover, had He been an Essene and a member of that fraternity, it is inconceivable that He should not have selected a single Essene brother as a disciple.

9. Neither Jesus, nor any of the Apostles, nor Paul ever name or allude to the Essenes, although they were for ever speaking of the other sects of the day, the Pharisees, and Sadducees, and the lawyers, and priests, and Scribes. Had Jesus been an Essene this omission is inconceivable.

10. The Essenes spent much of their time in vain attempts to comprehend the mystic name of God and "the Unspeakable Word," but Jesus makes no allusion to *verbal* mysteries, and taught the simple child-like doctrine of God as His Father and our Father.

11. John the Baptist, Mr. Lillie makes no doubt, was an Essene, and infers that so also must Jesus have been as he upholds him as the greatest of the prophets. But John does not appear to have been an Essene, for he did not wear a white robe, but one of camel's hair; he was not a vegetarian, but so far as we are told, lived entirely on animal food, namely, locusts* and wild honey; and he did not seclude himself as the Essenes did, but lived for the people.

12. The Essenes as a sect of exclusive monks, without the expansive element, became extinct in the second century, but the life and teachings of Jesus as a universal power grow with the ages, and "of His kingdom there shall be no end."

GEORGE WYLD, M.D.

Spiritual Literature,
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Since I became a member of the London Spiritualist Alliance I have taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the large collection of works on Spiritualism and kindred subjects which the library contains, to borrow and read most of the principal works by celebrated writers on Spiritualism, and have found it very interesting to compare their views and experiences, as well as the vast number of communications, purporting to come from spirits of the departed, not only with one another but with those I obtain through my own mediumship.

I have thus obtained much information upon many subjects which are now and again brought forward in the columns of "LIGHT," among others on one which has been recently much discussed, that, namely, of Re-incarnation, and have met with a good deal on this subject in *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, by D. D. Home; in *Evenings at Home in*

Spiritual Séance (second series), by Miss Houghton; and especially in Mrs. E. H. Britten's *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, published in 1883. This book is rather alarming at first sight, being a bulky and very voluminous volume, but it is divided into different sections, each of which is headed by the name of the country the history of the Spiritual movement in which they are devoted to. The several chapters dedicated to Spiritualism in France contain an account of the origin of "Spiritism," by its founder, M. Rivail (Allan Kardec); and the method by which the communications in the *Spirits' Book* were obtained are narrated by M. Aksakof, who took great trouble in making researches on the subject; there is likewise an account of the rival school of French "Spiritualists," whose principal champion appears to have been M. Piérart, editor of the *Révue Spiritualiste*. I will not trespass further upon your space with reference to this work, but refer any of your readers who may be interested in the subject to the book itself, which is rendered the more interesting by containing a large number of portraits of celebrated Spiritualists.

Among books not on Spiritual subjects which I have lately read is the deeply interesting *Life and Work of the late Earl of Shaftesbury*. I mention this because, though Lord Shaftesbury was not a "Spiritualist" in the general acceptance of the term, being ignorant, that is, of the grand truth of spirit communion on earth, he was one in the highest sense, and the glimpses of his inner spiritual life afforded by the copious extracts from his private diaries—which for a long time he refused to allow his biographer to make public—show the source and mainspring from which all his works for the good of mankind arose. I am told that this great and good man is now reaping the reward of his untiring labours for God and humanity in a very high sphere; truly "he rests from his labours and his works do follow him."—
Yours truly, V.

"Animals and their Souls."
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I have been long ill and am still too great an invalid to enter into any controversy; but I should like, *apropos* of the subject of Mrs. Penny's interesting letter of March 19th on animals and their after life, to relate a pathetic little story which I heard from a well-known Spiritualist in Paris. At a certain séance held in that city, a clairvoyante saw and described spirits whom she beheld present. Among the sitters was a stranger, an English gentleman, unknown to anyone in the room. Looking towards him the clairvoyante suddenly exclaimed: "How strange! Behind that gentleman I see the form of a large Setter dog, resting one paw affectionately on his shoulder, and looking in his face with earnest devotion." The gentleman was moved, and pressed for a close description of the dog, which the clairvoyante gave. After a short silence he said, with tears, "It is the spirit of a dear dog which, when I was a boy, was my constant friend and attendant. I lost my parents early, and this dog was my only companion. While I played at cricket, he always lay down watching me, and when I went to school he walked to the door with me. He constituted himself my protector as long as he lived, and when he died of old age I cried bitterly." The clairvoyante said: "This dog is now your spirit guardian. He will never leave you; he loves you with entire devotion."

Is not that a beautiful story?

I don't think, however, that I should have been moved to give it here but that, while I was at Nice a few days ago, someone sent Lady Caithness a new journal just issued by an "occult" society, or lodge, in which there was a passage which deeply grieved both of us. It was a protest against belief in the survival of the souls of animals. Such a passage occurring in any paper put forth by persons claiming to have the *least* knowledge of things occult is shocking, and makes one cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" The great need of the popular form of the Christian religion is precisely a belief in the solidarity of all living things. It is in this that Buddha surpassed Jesus—in this divine recognition of the universal right to charity. Who can doubt it who visits Rome—the city of the Pontiff—where now I am, and witnesses the black-hearted cruelty of these "Christians" to the animals which toil and slave for them? Ill as I am, I was forced, the day after my arrival, to get out of the carriage in which I was driving to chastise a wicked child who was torturing a poor little dog tied by a string to a pillar—kicking it and stamping on it. No one save myself interfered. To-day I saw a great, thick-shod peasant kick his mule in the mouth out of pure wantonness. Argue with these ruffians, or

* The "locust" that John Baptist fed upon was, in all probability, the pod of the carob tree.—[EDS. of "LIGHT."]

with their priests, and they will tell you "Christians have no duties to the beasts that perish." Their Pope has told them so. So that everywhere in Catholic Christendom the poor, patient, dumb creatures endure every species of torment without a single word being uttered on their behalf by the teachers of religion. It is horrible—damnable. And the true reason of it all is because the beasts are popularly believed to be soulless. I say, paraphrasing a *mot* of Voltaire's, "If it were true that they had no souls, it would be necessary to invent souls for them." Earth has become a hell for want of this doctrine. Witness vivisection, and the Church's toleration of it. Oh, if any living beings on earth have a claim to Heaven, surely the animals have the greatest claim of all! Whose sufferings so bitter as theirs, whose wrongs so deep, whose need of compensation so appalling? As a mystic and an occultist, I *know* they are not destroyed by death; but if I *could* doubt it—solemnly I say it—I should doubt also the justice of God. How could I tell He would be just to man if so bitterly unjust to the dear animals?

Rome, March 28th.

ANNA KINGSFORD.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Allow me to contribute an incident bearing on the question, Have animals souls? or, as "E. M." tells us the question should be put, have animals souls capable of surviving their bodies, inasmuch as organised being cannot exist without soul? Upon my paying a visit to a medium who was a perfect stranger to me, he told me that a poodle dog accompanied me into the room. As no dog in the flesh was with me, I was struck by that remark, as a poodle, whose intelligence I had considerably developed, had been my constant companion for eleven years, having then been dead about two years. I wrote to the *Banner Circle* at Boston and asked for an explanation of the circumstance of an invisible dog being alleged to be following me. The answer was that it was probable that an animal having become attached to me from living with me so many years would be attracted to me after its death, and continue to accompany me, although I was unaware of its presence. It was mentioned also that a dog that had been a great favourite with Mrs. Conant while they were both living the earth-life, was with her now, both of them, mistress and dog, being what we call dead.

J. H. G.

"The City's Doom."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—My attention has been attracted to a letter headed "The City's Doom," which alludes to a certain prophecy, "that the capital of Great Britain shall be destroyed by earthquake and by fire within this year." I am ignorant of the circumstances of this prophecy, or by whom spoken, as I see only an occasional number of your journal, but it occurs to me to draw your attention and that of your readers to certain prophecies spoken by T. L. Harris in his poem, *A Lyric of the Golden Age*. It was uttered while in a state of trance in the year 1851, thirty-six years ago, and has reference to the city's doom as follows:—

"I saw a vision; though my soul is shriven,
The scene of England's doom day haunts me still;
The cry, the cry, 'The rebels have arisen!'
London afire the dead black night did fill
With pitchy flames. Seven days the fires raged fiercely till
The hungry, naked, shelterless, became
Millions"

As to the time when this doom may be expected, he speaks in another place:—

"When English armies fly like beaten dogs,
Or held in death-grip by the Russian bear,
Like faithful mastiffs do their best and die;
When as the anaconda opens its jaws
To swallow its doomed prey, whose sinews fail,
While every nerve is paralysed with fear,
The huge, fierce serpent, Bankruptcy, devours
The nation's wealth; when commerce flies the Thames,
And the huge steamers crowd the docks no more,
And Parliament breaks up, while anarchy
Bursts like a conflagration from the deep
Fire-damps of squalid want; when harvests fail,
And three cold summers rot the standing corn;
When Manchester and Birmingham consume
First wealth, then credit, and then close their doors,
While like an inundation pour the streams
Of hungry operatives through the streets;
* * * * *

For, surely as the living God endures,
The day of England's ruin draweth nigh;
These signs her desolation go before."

It is worth while to note these passages and read them in conjunction with a startling sermon by Archdeacon Farrar on "National Perils," preached in Westminster Abbey, and published in the *Christian World Pulpit* of February 16th, which reiterates in fulfilment of this prophecy the facts of our present position as a nation. He finishes his appeal with these pregnant words: "For it was on the eve of one of the most terrible destructions which the world has ever seen that Christ said to the full-fed Sadducees and Pharisees of a self-satisfied generation: 'In the morning ye say, Foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but ye cannot discern the signs of the times.'"

I am of your correspondent's opinion that "the Universal King is even now amongst His subjects in this world." There are those who know this and those who do not. May it not be possible that the latter will have to learn it through some such powerful awakening from the dead life of our national selfishness as these prophecies foreshadow? From your article on "Clairvoyance in the Last Century," it seems that similar prophecies proved correct concerning the Revolution.—Yours truly,

April 2nd.

J. J. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. H.—Next week.

E. F.—Declined with thanks.

H.—Too late for the present issue.

S. G. B. (New Zealand).—The letter and remittance to which you refer have never come to hand.

H. C. W. (Napier, New Zealand).—Remittance received for subscription for year ended March 26th last.

J. LEE (102, Astbury-road, Queen's-road, Peckham, S.E.).—Not of sufficient general interest. We print your address for the benefit of Mr. Lockerby.

S. F. (Florence).—You have misunderstood our point, and on re-reading what you sent us we see no reason to modify the opinion we have expressed.

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 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
 Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out hereafter,
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—ADDISON.



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