

Light:

A Journal of Psychological, 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.)"

The December number of the *Universal Review* has for its leading paper a very remarkable article on "The Progress of Man." Another, much less striking, deals with "The Progress of Woman." With the political portions of the article first mentioned I am not concerned here: but the opening section, "Of the Kingdom of Heaven," is very germane to the subjects dealt with in this journal. This, says the anonymous writer, is the Age of Pessimism. It is an age of Materialism, too. "Sometimes men stand at such a point as to catch a glimpse of the great whirling sweep of the ascending spiral clearly outlined against Infinity . . . and when man stands at that point it is called the Age of Faith." Pessimism and Faith: Despair and Hope; Bane and Antidote. Yes: but what is the antidote to Materialism? Surely Spiritualism: all notice of which the writer strangely omits. When leaders of thought combine to direct all their care to the things of this world of matter they become first, heedless of the things of spirit, then wholly forgetful, then professedly agnostic, then actively sceptical, and finally they deny that there is anything that may be properly called spirit at all. And so spirit fades from sight. Men killed off all the mediums in the witch persecutions, and then complained that there was no objective proof of the alleged existence of anything outside of matter. It is the business of Spiritualism to bend the warped stick straight, and to restore to mankind a belief in, and a knowledge of, the domain of spirit.

What is the note of the Progress of Man? The writer answers that it is to be found in the aspiration after a time when the Divine will shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven. The ultimate ideal of the race is, "No one shall say to his neighbour, know thou the Lord, for all shall know Him": or, translated into terms of modern thought, "Every man will be free to do just as he pleases, because he will never please to do anything that is not right." I sadly fear that both those goals are very far off, and that we must go through æons of purgation before we reach them. The note that runs through the whole article is the sacredness of the individuality in man. ("What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?") Anything that tends to weaken the individuality is of the devil. Individuality differentiates men from sheep, and involves independence and personal responsibility. But are not sheep, I would inquire, individualised? Surely the ewe knows her lamb; and even the shepherd knows his sheep. Individualism may surely be carried to excess, to the destruction of common duties to the community, and

the ignoring of one's duty to one's neighbour. Every man a law unto himself is beautiful in theory, but it is a faint and far-off vision that may in distant ages prove beatific. Meantime, how about Bill Sykes and Whitechapel?

The characteristics of this age of Democracy the writer puts down as the installation in government of the average citizen in place of the privileged classes, and the emancipation of woman. I need not stay longer than to note that this, in both cases, is the exaltation of the principle of individualism once more. It is more important to follow this principle of the age into the sphere of religion. "The worship of God is more and more merging into the service of man." "A creed that exists for the salvation of the aristocracy of the elect, and dooms the masses to remediless perdition, would not to-day commend itself to men." Individualism (here more rightly) and Democracy again. No doubt religion is good for a man in proportion as it teaches him that his future is in his own hands, and that his daily life is of eternal import. That was strongly brought out in my *Spirit Teachings*. No doubt, too, this full recognition of the paramount rights of the individual involves the necessity for an existence after death. For the individual in this world rarely has a fair chance. To this end, in the writer's opinion, "All religions are recognised as essentially Divine. They represent the different angles at which man looks at God. All have something to teach us, how to make the common man more like God. . . . The credentials of the Divine origin of every religion are to be found in the hearts and lives of those who believe it. . . . The new tolerance of faith recognises as Divine all the creeds which have enabled men to overcome their bestial appetites with visions of things Spiritual and Eternal." This is Catholicism of the rarest sort. To be able to listen to a person with whom you have no belief in common, and to seek to enter into his opinions, to estimate their value, and to assimilate such as commend themselves to right reason, this is to become as the little child whom Jesus placed in the midst of His disciples, telling them that except they became as little children they could not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, *i.e.*, of Truth.

This section of the article concludes with a striking passage which I quote almost *in extenso*: "That is of God which leads men to act as God acted, when He revealed Himself on earth in the person of Jesus of Nazareth—even although those who so act put the wrong label upon the Infinite or ignore His existence. Handsome is that handsome does. Christian is that Christian does. The man who acts as Christ would do under the same circumstances is the true believer, though all his dogmas be heretical and his mind is in a state of blank agnosticism. The true religion is that which makes men most like Christ. And what is the ideal which Christ translated into a realised life? For practical purposes this: To take trouble to do good to others:—a simple formula, but the rudimentary and essential truth of the whole

Christian religion. To take trouble is to sacrifice time. All time is a portion of life. To lay down one's life for the brethren—which is sometimes literally the duty of the citizen who is called to die for his fellows—is the constant and daily duty demanded by all the practical sacrifices which duty and affection call on us to make for men. Hence the supreme Antichrist is selfishness: and he is farthest from his Divine Exemplar who converts even the ministrations of religion into that consecration of selfishness which overleaps even the limits of time, and obtrudes its hateful egotism into Eternity." All which seems to me a noble and ennobling view of one side, and that a very practical and important one, of religion.

Lucifer (December 15th) contains a very remarkable piece of automatic writing. The writing contains fragments of a dirge which the Editor asserts to be "a portion of the chant which was sung over the entranced body of the neophyte who was about to become an initiate." The medium "is a young lady who knows nothing about the dirge." It is a good case of automatic writing of what the medium knew nothing. The Editor thinks it is a reminiscence from past incarnation. I should say it is a communication from the world of spirit made through the passive hand of a sensitive. Whatever it may be, it is a very curious case—one among many—and I should have been glad to see it transferred to our columns if there were space. *Lucifer* may be seen at our offices.

We have a large number, though no monopoly, of incompetent, foolish, arrogant, and abusive critics in this country. But they do not cause us to smile as the following capital story does:—

"The American Spinx.

"The psychic Spinx of this age, is the Theosophic phenomenon, known as Ellitt Coues, A.M., M.D., Ph.D., F.F.S., with ten official positions; member of twenty-seven Scientific Societies, author of thirteen Scientific books, and hundreds of Scientific papers. The question that arises in the mind of all who have dispassionately attempted to solve the enigma is, Is he to be classified as a reincarnation of Jacob Boehme or of Goethe's Faust? Is he an angel of light, or a Daemon of darkness? To those who have been brought under the magic spell of his 'glittering eye.' Such questions are sacreligious. But there are others to whom the glances of those same eyes, were likened only to the hard penetrating persistency of a venomous snake about to strike his prey.

"To these A. G. Tassins 'Question of will power' in the September number of the *Overland Monthly*, will come with the sense of relief experienced in awakening from a night mare. To most readers, the article will read like one of De Quincys wierd fancies, but to those who know the chief actor in the little drama, it is the most perfect delineation of this psychic phenomenon that has ever appeared or perhaps that may appear, and will be read with exceeding care and interest by all those able to read between the lines, and discern their real significance. W.

"San Francisco, October 23rd.

"[The above article having been referred to Dr. Coues for remarks, he says: 'Why, certainly, print it if you like, and think it will amuse any of your readers. But fix up the foolish woman's spelling and grammar, and advise her to spend the rest of her worthless life in trying to find out what a 'spinx' is.' We do not desire to detract from the interest and piquancy of the contribution; we prefer to publish as written.—ED. *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Was ever parable more instructive and more delightfully told than this of Count Tolstoi, which the *Pall Mall Gazette* reproduces thus?—

"There is in the last published volume of Tolstoi's works a charming short parable entitled, 'Where Love is there God is also.' It tells how a poor little old shoemaker, Martiun Avdyeitch, was startled from the sleep into which he had fallen when reading the Gospel story of how Christ was neglected in the Pharisee's house, by a voice saying, 'Martiun! ah, Martiun! Look to-morrow on the street. I am coming.' All next day he waits expectant and wondering for the advent of our Lord. He takes in a half-frozen dvornik and gives him tea; he clothes a shivering woman

and her starving child; and he composes a quarrel between an apple-woman and a street arab. So the day passed and the darkness came."

"The moment Avdyeitch opened the Testament he recollected his last night's dream, and as soon as he remembered it it seemed as though he heard some one stepping about behind him. Avdyeitch looked around, and sees—there in the dark corner as though people were standing; he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear, 'Martiun—ah, Martiun! did you not recognise Me!' 'Who?' uttered Avdyeitch. 'Me,' repeated the voice, 'it's I.' And the dvornik stepped forth from the dark corner. He smiled, and like a little cloud faded away and soon vanished.

"The starving woman and her child, the apple-woman and the boy, also appear to fade away, saying, 'It is I.' Avdyeitch's soul rejoiced, he put on his eyeglasses, and began to read the Gospel where it happened to open, and he read, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' And Avdyeitch, says Tolstoi, in concluding the tale, 'understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received Him.'

THE "SPECTATOR" ON LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

The Spectator (December 29th) has an estimate of the life of Laurence Oliphant which is instructive, and from which we make a rather long quotation.

After admitting the quite exceptional character of the man, his remarkable personality, and the promise and potency of his life—"It was always on the cards during his earlier and middle life that he might be a great explorer, a great diplomatist, a great author, or the founder of a new and widely accepted creed"—the writer goes on to notice the effect that he had on those who knew him, and even on those who knew only his books, as a man "greater, more original and separate than his work."

The passage to which we wish to direct attention elaborates this idea, and further deals with the mystical side of Oliphant's character in a suggestive way:—

"Something of this effect was due, no doubt, to the contrasts which existed in his mind, to the extraordinary variety of his interests, and to surprise at finding in one man a great adventurer and a man of society, a financier and a metaphysician, a journalist acquainted with many politics, and a philosopher who had seriously studied all the creeds. The attraction was increased rather than diminished by the puzzle of his life, which to ordinary Englishmen seemed always to approach the insoluble. It was generally known that this man, who had 'lived everywhere, gone everywhere, and done everything'; who knew Khatmandoo as well as London, and Jerusalem better than either; who had unknown Oriental Princes for intimate friends, and half the statesmen of Europe for correspondents, firmly believed that the veil between the visible and the invisible worlds was a thin one, that it could be rent, that it had been rent, and that he had evidence sufficient for himself, at all events, of its liability to rending. Nobody who talked to Mr. Oliphant ever doubted his sanity; no man with competence to form an opinion ever questioned his intelligence; and not one man in a thousand ever quite discerned the limitations of his varied knowledge—a knowledge always at command—and to think that such an one, being also an author of light books and a man of fashion, should be a Spiritualist of some kind, struck a people which is at once deeply religious, highly imaginative, and hard-fettered in worship of the ordinary, as something absolutely inexplicable. That a dreamer should dream dreams, they understand; but that the author of *Piccadilly* should! When they further heard that he had submitted himself to the authority of 'a Yankee prophet named Harris,' whom nobody knew anything about, but whom everybody asserted to be an ignorant man; that he had abandoned the world for a mystical 'society' in America; and that he was working for months or years at a time as 'a common labourer,' they gave up the problem as unintelligible, or intelligible only as a revelation of some new and unstudied form of religious mania. Mr. Oliphant, however, was no maniac, nor was his attitude of mind so surprising as English clubmen fancied. It has been noticed for a century at least—ever since the days of Halhed, the administrator, historian, philologist, and 'Gentoo'—that Europeans thrown into close contact with Orientals grow either in-

different or religious, and that if religious they are apt to become singularly detached, and in some way or other mystical. Mr. Oliphant, who had in him a deep strain of imagination, early convinced himself that the frontier between the two worlds was not the impassable thing it seemed, with the usual and, as we should say, inevitable result that, compared with passing that frontier, everything seemed to his mind of minor interest. So, if you can pass it, or honestly believe that it may be passed, everything is. What can 'a career' matter, if you are hoping to learn for certain a little of the secret which the beyond shrouds so carefully from our sight? Mr. Oliphant sought everywhere for more light, sought even in America, and thought, on evidence which, so far as we know, he has never explained to the world, that he had found a source of light in Mr. Harris, to whose authority he necessarily, while his belief lasted, submitted himself and his career. So would the greatest sceptic in the world submit, the datum of belief once granted; so, in fact, did many most acute minds to Swedenborg, the visionary who held converse with Heaven, and traversed the planets, and was at the same time a skilled engineer, an experienced miner, and a Swedish noble, not without a trace of worldly cynicism. Mr. Oliphant's double character was no more impossible than Halhed's, or Swedenborg's, or than the double character, half mystic, half keen man of science or business, which so often reveals itself among the followers of the Swede. One of the most cynical and successful barristers we ever knew thought *Heaven and Hell* a revelation; and a manufacturer who made out of a new business a quarter of a million in five years, would talk by the hour with profound conviction of the system of 'correspondences.' As to his submissiveness to authority, and his resort to manual labour, there is not a monk of the stricter Orders who does not give the same evidences of his faith; and among those monks are men with whom Mr. Oliphant could compare only in knowledge, men of higher rank in the world than his, and deeper acquaintance at once with Courts and with mankind. They and he alike have accepted the idea that the will of man, instead of being an instrument, good or bad as it is employed, is an indwelling force in some way hostile to the development of the soul, and requiring subjugation,—the idea which is at the very root of Buddhism, and has governed every Asiatic society of devotees with which the world has been acquainted, from the monks of the Thebaid to the followers of El Hakem, whom we call the 'Old Man of the Mountain.'"

The article concludes with a very sensible protest against the prevalent supposition that man's mind must conform to the ordinary, or to one of the ordinary, religious grooves if he is not to be suspected of crankiness. Why should it be so? Rather, perhaps, it is a sign of that very originality of mind so characteristic of men who make their mark in the world in many phases of life (as Oliphant super-eminently did) that they are able to carry their originality even into the fossilised domain—where to investigate is in the eyes of the orthodox dwellers a sin, and to doubt the most obvious fallacy a blunder—and there out of the dead past to make for themselves a living present faith instinct with the breath of spirit. This Oliphant did. Those upon whose orthodox dogmas he threw scorn could not call him mad, could not deny his genius, so they are left with uplifted hands wondering.

We have to thank our American contemporaries for kindly reference to our change of premises and extension of work. The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* does us a favour in the following paragraph. We are always glad to see our friends:—

"'LIGHT,' our very able London contemporary, is to be congratulated in that it has taken a step forward by securing new and commodious quarters. It now has suitable accommodations at No. 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., which it occupies in connection with the Spiritualist Alliance. Americans visiting London and interested in Spiritualism may be assured of a hearty welcome at the office of 'LIGHT,' where they will find a comfortable reading-room, with the *Journal* and all the current literature on the subject at their disposal."

"'I HAVE taken a good deal of trouble,'" said the owl, "'but there are parts of the *Thirty-nine Articles* I could never make out. They are a kind of tinned theology, and so much tinned that no one appreciates them but the theologians.'"—*That Very Mab*, p. 91.

"THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP."*

To our mind a thoroughly enjoyable book, with all the liveliness and freshness of American thought, little of its occasional jarring on our English taste, and full of side lights that are the most alluring part of this volume of only 310 pages. We found ourselves constantly losing the slight thread of the story through pondering some such utterance as this, slid in apropos of nothing—"Feeling for the dead in the dark is dangerous";—or this "Marriage, which changes most women by elimination and suppression, has lifted this one to a larger self";—or this, "The temptation is to formulate a theory which must be supported beyond the measure of the evidence" (how many have foundered upon that rock!);—or again, "Consciousness can never give us a complete representation of the sensory impulse which occasions a perception";—or, once more, "There he was just as he had made himself by offering no efficient resistance to the witchcrafts of the flesh."

Such flashes of thought occur throughout the book, and they must be to each reader what he makes of them. To the present writer they have been helpful and suggestive, and have relieved the tedium of a story which is not otherwise than well told, but which would be common-place, or perhaps we may say merely Christmastide sensation, without them.

The book is divided into three parts. In the first we have the Peckster Professor of Osteology, eminent man of exact science, with a name and position to lose, throwing himself à la Crookes or Coues into the great question of Psychics. He scornfully puts aside the existing system of investigation *ab extrâ* as "just as satisfactory as would be the results of an investigation into the merits of Protestantism, conducted by a Committee of the Pope and Cardinals." "Should these excellent ecclesiastics ever undertake such an investigation, be sure they will have the wit to insist upon conditions which will render their present conclusions inevitable."

The Professor is invited by one Clara Souford (a comely widow) to visit her and deliver a celebrated lecture of his. Hence complications. He delivers his celebrated lecture on the "Cervical Vertebra" in public. He also delivers another in private on a different subject, intended to interest the interesting Mrs. Souford (which it eventually does). He discourses learnedly and at length to a sympathetic ear on his scheme of Psychical Research.

Part II. opens with the announcement of the impending death of Ephraim Peckster, and by this time Clara Souford has become the wife of the great Professor of Osteology. We have as *dramatis personæ* a High Church rector, and a Doctor Fairchild Bense, a materialist of the old school. To them the Professor propounds a novel scheme of Psychical Research. Ephraim Peckster is dying. He proposes to weigh him before and after death, and so account (we presume) for the weight of the soul!

Supporting his proposal by arguments from levitation of ecstasies—St. Theresa, Loyola, Savonarola—he develops his plan, and finally obtains assent to the experiment.

Incidentally, in the course of the argument, reference is made to a number of publications which shows a wide knowledge of our literature.

Whether the experiment succeeds or fails the reader must discover for himself. A mandamus from the High Court of Justice would not force us to divulge the secret.

Part III. shows us the Peckster Professor abandoning Osteology for Psychology and practical Psychics. Dr. Fairchild Bense has got so far as to confess that "I am too old to re-examine the fundamental principle upon which my studies have been based." (How we wish that all old men were as honest, and that all young men would realise the

* *An Episode in the History of Psychical Research.* By J. P. Quincy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.; The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

truth, and cease to knock their heads against a rock!) The Professor takes ship for Brazil, and there evolves the ideas which have long dominated his soul.

The book concludes with an aphorism, one of many gems, that we commend to our readers:—

"There are strong minds, acute minds, profound minds; but a really candid and open mind is the rarest form of mental life."

JOTTINGS.

The subjoined paragraph hits the nail on the head. There has been a considerable effacement of "angels" and "summer land," of credulity and gush, during the last decade. The extract is from the *Theosophist*:—

"Spiritualism, of the Allan Kardec school at least, is very far from moribund in Europe. If proof of this were wanted it is afforded by a pamphlet just received, which contains an able address delivered by the Vice-President of the International Federation of 'Spiritists'—M. Jean Hoffman—at the first annual convention of that body, held at Barcelona, Spain, on 9th of September last. The address affords matter for reflection to those whose notions about Spiritualism were formed some years ago. There is a good deal of philanthropy in it, some philosophy, and not a little sound sense; but the inanities about 'Summer Land' and 'loved ones,' which used to form the staple of Spiritualistic exhortations, are conspicuously absent; while in their stead we have an admonition not to place any confidence in the sayings of the 'spirits' if they are not in accord with reason and common sense. To the address is subjoined a statement of the principles of the Federation—a platform which contains many 'planks' to which no one above the grade of a bigot, be he Jew, Turk, Infidel, Christian or Theosophist, could object, as those planks are made out of the moral sentiments which are common to all human beings."

We clip the subjoined from the *Theosophist*. Where I cease and someone else begins is a problem indeed:—

"Colonel Olcott has received a most interesting personal letter from Mr. Wilkie Collins about the article on 'Precipitated Pictures' in our July number, in which the weird incidents in his remarkable novel 'Two Destinies' were used as illustrations of the theme. Mr. Collins regards the fact of his having unconsciously moulded his story—to him a work of pure 'imagination,' written entirely from his own 'inspiration'—on lines of Aryan Philosophy, as 'one of the most remarkable and most gratifying' among the many strange incidents of his literary life. His intimate friend, the late Charles Reade, told him: he was sure Mr. Collins had written into the story more than he was himself aware of: a truth most apparent. In fact, the imagination and inspiration of poets and prose writers is simply the poetical illumination of the physical intelligence by flashes of divine knowledge from the higher consciousness. Sometimes these inspirations come when the physical brain is stupefied by liquor or drugs, a fact but little known. Edgar A. Poe's is a case in point."

The International Magazine of Christian Science (New York City, 13, West Forty-second Street, Unity Publishing Co.) is a magazine the object of which may be inferred from the title. It bears throughout a spirit of broad charity which is often not found in the writings of those who are conscious of being looked down upon by the world as fanatics.

Among many evidences of phenomena now familiar to us we do not remember to have noticed this which the above magazine draws attention to:—

"Nathanael said unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee."

"This seems to be an instance of mind reading; of Jesus seeing at once what was in mortal mind, even to little details; not like clairvoyance, but in a natural way, somewhat as we read character expressed in the faces and manners of strangers. Jesus read this man's character (verse 47) as well as told where he had been. This instance is similar to the one where Jesus told the woman of Samaria 'all she had ever done.' Not only could Jesus read the past but the future of others as well as of himself, as in Peter's denial, and many other instances recorded in Scripture."

Any of our readers who desire to see the orthodox theory of the *Theosophist* as to the Double may find it in *Lucifer*, p. 328. It is distinctly worth attention, even by the many who will not accept the theories set forth.

Colonel Olcott had, when in England, an interview with Professor Max Müller, and interested him much in his Indian work. The Professor has written Colonel Olcott a letter (published in the December *Theosophist**) in which he recognises in plain terms the work done by the Theosophical Society, and

* P. 143. To be seen at our rooms.

urges on it the publication of the text of the Upanishad, on which, "if the Theosophical Society means to do any real good, it must take its stand, and on nothing else." The Professor is commendably free from prejudice.

The *Spiritual Reformer* is a good number. The Editor states his position as to Federation, and defines it very clearly. We have not thought it necessary to do more than watch the course of events as they unfold themselves.

In the same number Mr. James Hooper, of 33, Henry-street, N.W., gives some details of his psychical experiences which are worth recording on the principle of accumulating evidence. They are told with simple directness, and are of precisely similar nature to the experiences of a great number of other witnesses.

Professor J. Jastrow deals with the psychology of deception in the December number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. He points out that a fruitful cause of error is to draw a wrong conclusion from an unusual disposition of external circumstances. New experience is necessarily interpreted by old: unusual by usual. (That, no doubt, is why so many men of science go wrong in interpreting the phenomena of Spiritualism. They read them by the usual experience of the laboratory or the dissecting-room.)

The Professor goes on to deal with the physical phenomena of Spiritualism from his own point of view and substantially thus in summary. The sincerity of observers he does not question: he admits the integrity of the witnesses; but, borrowing a Carpenterian criticism (long since disposed of), he believes that they do not sufficiently recognise their liability to error, and disposition to refer the unknown to the supernatural. That is the stock argument of the mind that finds itself unable to account for certain phenomena. It is easy, cheap, and has the merit of saving trouble.

In the *New Princeton Review* (New York) Mr. Stetson wants to know what we have to say against his idea that the world is growing wickeder, that we are passing through a period of moral degradation, with a rising flood of immorality and crime. We have nothing to say against the statement. We believe it to be true. We are on the borderland between two epochs, and the powers of evil are having their hour.

A quotation makes clear the meaning of the writer:—

"Education is more general, our literacy greatly increased, our habits and tastes more refined—a statement that no one will controvert when made in reference to the state of society in the whole country; but with this increasing literacy and refinement it is found that we have a decreasing moral sense, and with increasing education, an increasing ability in the commitment and concealment of crime. Brutal drunkenness and dissoluteness, and the outrageous, inhuman, and barbarous crimes, are now generally confined to the lowest class in our society. The habits and crimes which indicate education, social position, and a degree of refinement—such as breaches of trust; skillfully concealed frauds; public frauds, which, by political influence, receive the sanction of law; embezzlements, which are compromised to protect either the criminal or victim, or both together; cheating, under the pretence of insolency; the misappropriation of public moneys; skilful burglaries, and other similar crimes—are the peculiar province of the great middle class."

Is it to be wondered at? Brutal crimes are rife enough among the lower classes. But these are always to be found in the Whitechaps of great cities. We have many times pointed out, and Mr. Stetson agrees with us, that our wholly intellectual education, our exclusive devotion to materialistic science, our ignoring of spirit—these and other causes are developing a race of intellectual criminals, who care nothing for crime *per se*, have no fear of a God in whom they do not believe, and heed nothing except their own selfish ends. This is the *status quo*. It can be remedied only by revived faith supported by actual knowledge.

The *Cornubian and Redruth Times* (December 21st) devotes a whole page to the recital of various forms of ghost story, borrowed (with due acknowledgment) from various sources, from our own columns, from the *Wesleyan Spectator*, from *More Light*, of New Zealand, from the *Chicago Times*, &c. A very eclectic selection. The Wesleyan Minister's story is specially good. Space fails, however, at this season of the year to accommodate all the good things we wish to insert.

This from the *Spectator*: the origin, no doubt, of the belief in Italy and other countries of the "Evil Eye." If a kindly glance can soothe, why cannot an angry glance blast?—

"There are eyes which do literally 'beam' and they are so common as to have given rise to a separate description in most languages; there are eyes which in anger seem to emit light from within—Mr. Gladstone's do; there are eyes, generally steel-grey in Europe, but often black in Asia, which never cease to menace, even when the face is gentle or at ease; and there are eyes into which a look of almost intolerable scrutiny can be thrown—eyes, as Lord Beaconsfield described them, 'which would daunt a galley-slave.' The writer saw a remarkable pair of them once. He was waiting with a crowd of passengers on the French frontier of Italy, all under orders to pass through a barrier in single file. The Emperor Napoleon had been warned about some projected attempt by *carbonari*, and a special agent had been despatched from Paris to examine every passenger by the train. The eyes of this agent were absolutely different from those of any human being the writer ever saw; and the Italians, as they passed under their fire, visibly quailed, every third man, perhaps, throwing out his fingers to counteract the malefic effect of their influence. Even the English, who had nothing to fear, did not like the eyes, which this writer will remember at the Judgment Day; and one, presumably an actor, said audibly—'My God, that is Mephistopheles alive!'"

The *St. James's Gazette* has some amusing Notes on an article of Madame Blavatsky's: amusing from information given (false), and from matters of common knowledge of which the writer is evidently ignorant. It is not worth while to correct him. We leave him to his fate at the hands of one of "the joint Pope-Joans."

Preaching recently from the text "Your fathers, where are they?" the Bishop of Marlborough expressed his belief in communion with the world of spirit, and justified that belief by copious reference to Scripture.

The year's retrospect in our contemporary, *The Two Worlds*, is dignified and commands our sympathy and respect. The course which the Editor marks out for the future is the only one that is consistent with self-respect or likely to achieve any worthy success. Our best wishes.

We agree also in the suggestion that we have had altogether too much of Fox girls and March 31st. Even if we are to limit the term Spiritualism to the puerile phenomena of Hydesville there were mediums in America before the Foxes. But we do not so narrow down the term. The world has never been without Spiritualism in some of its Protean forms.

From a useful, though imperfect, return of members and average attendance at Country Societies' Sunday meetings some curious facts appear. Blackburn has 150 members, yet the average attendance at the Sunday evening meetings is 330. There must be a good deal of outside interest in the proceedings. Or is it, as we have found, that there are many Spiritualists who will take the good the gods provide if they have not to pay?

More curious still. There is at Burnley a society numbering twenty-four members, with an average evening audience returned at 300. If there be not a clerical error, and there does not seem to be, for the hall seats 250 and the return is "over-crowded," then there is want of some organising power.

Another instance of waste of force. Bradford has 187 members divided amongst seven societies. Why not consolidate? At Openshaw again a society numbering 125 gets 600 people together on Sunday evening. At Heckmondwike a society of fifty-eight gets 400; at Huddersfield a society of thirty-one gets 200; at Pendleton a society of seventy gets 350; at Wisbech a society of forty gets 250; and so on. This is a record of work which may serve to open the eyes of some of our readers to what they now know nothing of, viz., the power that Spiritualism is in the provinces.

Nearly eighty societies sent in their returns, and from a rough calculation it appears that these bodies of Spiritualists attract—taking their audiences at the highest returns—not very far from 9,000 people to their evening services. Half the societies make special provision for the training of the young in the way in which the Spiritualists believe they should go. In connection with most of the societies circles are held, the returns specifying such numbers in connection with certain single societies as twenty, thirty, twelve, "several," "many."

Twenty-eight societies, not counting a large number of London bodies, sent in no return. But, imperfect as it is, the table of statistics, for which our thanks are due to our contemporary, is an interesting and impressive record.

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Remittances should be posted to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, Charing Cross, W.C.; but should be made payable to the Treasurer, Mr. H. Withall.

Friends who are intending to forward donations are earnestly solicited to do so without delay.

FUNERAL OF MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT.—Mr. Laurence Oliphant was buried yesterday (December 27th) at Twickenham New Cemetery. The funeral procession started from York House, the residence of Sir M. Grant-Duff, near Richmond, at 11.45. The service in the mortuary chapel and at the graveside was that of the Church of England, and was read by the Rev. C. Tahourdin. The coffin was of polished oak, and bore the following inscription:—"Laurence Oliphant, died December 23rd, 1888, aged fifty-nine years." The only other ornament to it consisted of a Greek cross enclosed in a circle. The number of persons at the graveside was small. The chief mourners were Colonel Oliphant and Mr. Arthur Oliphant (cousins), Mr. Hamon Le Strange (brother-in-law to the deceased), and the Rev. Hasketh Smith (representing the widow). Among the few others present may be mentioned Sir M. and Lady Grant-Duff, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Eliot (representing Prince and Princess Christian), Sir Thomas Wade, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. A. B. Kelly, Mr. D. P. Stuart-Menteith, and Mr. Napatali Herz Imber. Wreaths and crosses had been sent by Princess Christian, by the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Mrs. Jeune, Lady Grant-Duff, and by several members of the family. The Prince of Wales, the Empress Frederik, and Prince and Princess Christian sent letters and telegrams of condolence to Mr. Oliphant's family.—*Times*.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
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"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, and all Booksellers.

Light :

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1889.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects, good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

A NEW YEAR'S LOOK AT FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

We do not further notice the wretched story of the Fox mediums than to say that the American papers give us full details as to how the whole miserable business was conducted. Mr. Stechan (impresario and manager) is a smart man, but he could not manage Mrs. Fox Kane, chiefly because that lady could not manage herself. Broken down by drink and debauchery, these poor creatures are objects of pity rather than of resentment. The whole affair is not worth consideration. None can suffer but those implicated in the so-called exposure, and they—those who *could* run—*did* run, and got out of it as best they might.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* reproduces "LIGHT's" review of Julia Wedgwood's *Moral Ideal* as a "thoughtful and none too appreciative study of a book which ought to attract many sober readers in America."

W. Emmette Coleman announces that Mrs. E. L. Watson has been compelled to retire from public work in Spiritualism, at least for the present. A few months ago she lost her son, and since that time she has been struggling against the strain of her deep bereavement. She has bravely fulfilled her engagement at her own cost, owing to the interest displayed in her addresses. No one could be found to fill her place, and so she struggled on. But now the crisis has come, and she can go on no longer. The meetings which she used to address at the *Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society* will be suspended. Our sympathies follow Mrs. Watson into her retirement, which, we hope, is only temporary. Our friends can ill afford to spare one so gifted and so elevated in thought and diction. She was a credit to the cause; an oasis in the midst of a desert of twaddle.

Hudson Tuttle has been commenting on the correspondence that we published between Alfred R. Wallace and Vaughan Jenkins, with annotations by Mrs. Sidgwick. He cannot (metaphorically) swallow that materialised hair. He applauds Mrs. Sidgwick as "one of the most cautious and laborious investigators in the London Society for Psychical Research" (which, indeed, she is). He describes

Mr. Wallace as "a great leader in science, who would be implicitly trusted in minutest detail of what he saw and had tested in islands in remotest Indian seas." That is a large order. But when "he states a fact in regard to the appearance of a materialised spirit, the cutting off and giving a permanent lock of hair, which *cannot be a fact, cannot be true*," he is not to be believed! We will not criticise the extraordinary language, or inquire how "a fact cannot be a fact, cannot be true." But is it not a pity to write in this loose way when dealing with a serious statement? We are bound to say that the allegation presents difficulties to us which we cannot at present solve. But we are not omniscient, and therefore decline to say that it "cannot be a fact, cannot be true." Mr. Wallace, it seems, is to some a prophet in Indian seas, but has no honour in his own country. It is consolatory to find Mr. Tuttle returning at the close of his article to paths of greater justice; though he is a little obscure at the close of his remarks:—

"Mr. Wallace's complaint that the really important facts have been received by these investigators heartlessly and unsympathetically is very just, and the attitude he assumes, and the 'facts' he regards as crucial, have much to do with the manner of these investigators. They have usually taken the known frauds and the commonest tricksters, even jugglers, into their confidence, and their 'investigations' have been farces; yet, after all, if spiritual phenomena are to stand, and be received as final evidence, the ways of science, modified to meet the varying conditions, must be instituted."

In his paper in the *Journal* on "The Sensitive State while Waking," Mr. Tuttle has much more to say that is instructive. Dividing this state into mesmeric, somnambulant, and clairvoyant, he gives us some familiar and some new instances, of which latter this is a good case:—

"A young man on a farm in Australia, after a hard day's work, went to sleep on a sofa; after some little time he awoke, passed through several gates, opening and fastening them. Reaching the shed he took off his coat, sharpened his shears, caught a sheep, and had just finished shearing it when his companions came with lanterns in search of him. The shock of awaking caused him to tremble like a leaf, but he soon recovered. The sheep was shorn as perfectly as if the work had been done in broad daylight."

Hudson Tuttle also contributes to the *Golden Gate* a useful paper on "The Sensitive State while Waking:—the Highest Form of Clairvoyance." In the course of it he gives an admirably clear description of the external phenomena attendant upon the state:—

"In passing into this state, the extremities become cold, the brain congested, the vital powers sink, a dreamy unconsciousness steals over the faculties of the mind. There is a sensation of sinking or floating. After a time the perceptions become intensified; we cannot say the senses are intensified, for they are of the body, which, for the time, is insensible.

"The mind sees without the physical organs of vision, hears without the organs of hearing, and feeling becomes a refined consciousness, which brings it *en rapport* with the intelligence of the world. The more death-like the conditions of the body, the more lucid the mind, which for the time owes it no fealty.

"If, as there is every reason to believe, clairvoyance depends on the unfolding of the spirit's perception, then the extent of that unfolding marks the degree of its perfection. However great or small this may be, the state itself is the same, differing only in degree, whether observed in the Pythian or Delphic oracle, the visions of St. John, the trance of Mohammed, the epidemic catalepsy of religious revivals, or the illumination of Swedenborg. The revelations made have a general resemblance, but they are so coloured by surrounding circumstances that they are extremely fallible. The tendency of the clairvoyant is to make objective the subjective ideas acquired by education. Yet there is a profound state which sets this aside and divests the mind of all trammels, and brings it into direct contact with the thought atmosphere of the world—the psycho-ether. Time and space for it, then, have no existence, and matter is transparent."

This state may be artificially induced, or may occur spontaneously. A thrilling statement is made as we write that the celebrated hypnotic experimenters of Paris have succeeded in advancing our knowledge a considerable step. It is asserted that Dr. Pinel has succeeded in hypnotising several subjects by means of the phonograph. All commands made through that channel were, it is said, as readily obeyed as those uttered directly. Suggestions of every possible sort were as effectually communicated through the medium of the machine as if made *viva voce*. What if they can induce the state of deep trance in which true clairvoyance resides? Will they not then go far to demonstrate that the trance state in which the body is in deep sleep enables the freed spirit to use perceptions independent of those bodily senses on the use of which man in his normal waking state depends?

In this connection we may allude again to the case of Mollie Fancher, the fasting girl of Brooklyn, respecting whom we heard so much from our friend Epes Sargent in former days. She is still alive (as we learn from the *Banner* of November 24th) though on the very brink of the grave. It may be well to recapitulate the salient facts of this most extraordinary life. Her parents were Brooklyn people, well known, and died while she was yet at school. A fall from a horse, followed shortly after by a fall from one of the street cars, in which she sustained severe injuries to the spine, so incapacitated her that she has been for two-and-twenty years in bed. The case was from the first a very bewildering one to the physicians. When excited, the nervous system seemed uncontrollable. At other times she was paralysed. Then came loss of sight, speech, and, last, of hearing. Long death-like trances supervened, lasting sometimes as long as twenty days. From these she would recover without warning, and then relapse. For the first two months the patient took no nourishment. Then she had a little very light food for a short time. Since then, *i.e.*, for more than twenty years, it is alleged on reputable authority that she has taken no food that would be at all sufficient to keep a child alive for a week. About three months after her accident she went into a rigid trance: finally, after four days, the muscles of her left hand and arm relaxed, those of the rest of the body remaining rigid. Her head rested lightly on her right arm, which was thrown upward. For nine years she remained in this position. At times she could not articulate, but usually she spoke as well as anyone. Her eyes were closed; at times she was in a state of "ecstasy." Then she told her visions of friends and things unseen; the sights that her spirit had been privileged to behold.

Powers of second-sight were developed, and bore severe testing. She ate nothing, but asked occasionally for the juice of sweet fruits. Her condition was very variable. Sight would go, and then become preternaturally acute. So with hearing and touch. She would describe a visitor as he came a long way off, always correctly. She could see abnormally, and distinguish colours of the nicest shade in wools. We have in our possession, sent to us by Epes Sargent, who saw it executed while the eyes were tightly closed, a signature beautifully written and surrounded by most elaborate symmetrical flourishes. It is like copper-plate engraving. At times her body would become cold and clammy, except in the region of the heart, whose beating was barely perceptible. This was her state up to 1875. Then the rigidity left her, but with it went the memory of the previous nine years. At this particular time her clairvoyance was even more remarkable.

The account of one test out of which she came triumphant is thus recorded by Hudson Tuttle in a paper on clairvoyance above referred to. It is worth citation:—

"Mr. Henry Parkhurst made many experiments to test her powers. She repeatedly read sealed letters he gave her, and, as

a crucial test, he took a letter at random from the waste basket of an acquaintance, tore it in strips, and then cut the strips into squares. He shook the pieces well together, put them into an envelope, and sealed it. This he handed the blind girl. She passed her hand over it several times, took a pencil and wrote the letter verbatim. Mr. Parkhurst opened the envelope, arranged the pieces, and found she had made a perfect copy.

"Not satisfied, with the assistance of two friends Mr. Parkhurst secured an ancient mining report, yellow with age, and, with averted face, so that he might not see the contents, he tore out a page of tabulated figures with explanation. This he folded and tore into scores of pieces. Some of the pieces fell on the floor and were allowed to remain there. The others he put in an envelope and sealed, and handed to one of his assistants, who put it in another envelope, which he also sealed and handed to the third, who enclosed it in the same manner. Then the party went to Miss Fancher's room, and asked her to give them the contents of the envelope. She took it in her hand and wrote, 'It is nonsense; figures in which there are blank places, words that are incomplete, and sentences in which words are missing.' She wrote on, in some sentences skipping three or four words, and began with the last five letters of a word having ten letters. The table of figures she made contained blank spaces, but she wrote it out; and the gentlemen returned to Mr. Parkhurst's, where they arranged the pieces in their original form. They found that the copy made by Miss Fancher was absolutely correct, and the blank spaces represented the pieces left on the floor. When these were fitted in the broken sentences were complete."

Since 1875 her life has remained practically the same. She has been gay and high-spirited when conscious: full of fun and conversation. She has been able to use her hands, and does the most beautiful embroidery. Her face and neck are plump, but her limbs are terribly emaciated. She has recently had a bad relapse and her life is despaired of, as it has been many a time before. We can testify to the care with which the case has been from time to time tested by independent witnesses. We are indebted to the *New York World* for refreshing our memory as to familiar facts which are detailed above.

We see that the American Spiritualist Alliance is holding regular fortnightly meetings. Their discussions are conducted on the model which we hope to see in the meetings of our London Alliance during the coming year. Recently they have been talking of "Spiritual manifestations through mediumship," and of the "extent to which the preconceived ideas of the medium colour the opinions sought to be conveyed through him." We are glad to find our allied body of friends active.

The time has almost, but not quite, gone by to remark on the appearance in the *Chicago Herald* of a long notice of Spiritualism more than usually fair and candid, in which the influence of Colonel Bundy is very apparent. He took the ground, in his interview with the reporter, that he aimed to put this subject on a clean and on a scientific basis. Being asked who in Chicago could be recommended he replied:—

"I don't sweepingly and unqualifiedly indorse any medium, but from personal verification and from reports that have come to me, I class as honest and fairly well-developed mediums Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test; Mrs. Kate Blade, slate writer; Mrs. Coverdale, Mrs. Sarah De Wolf, Mrs. Ella M. Dole, Mrs. C. E. Eddy, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. H. S. Slosson. One of these is a very superior trance medium and an especially fine clairvoyant and clairaudient, as well as a prophetic seer. She is a widow now, a perfect lady and formerly an Episcopalian. The story of how she became a Spiritualistic medium would be a very interesting one to read. It shows that the spirit of persecution and of religious intolerance has not yet wholly died out in this country."

One case from a far-distant country must bound our present horizon. The *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne) contains the following letter, addressed to its accomplished

contributor, Dr. O. W. Rohner. Omitting what is not important to the narration, we give the letter as it stands :—

“Wilson-street, Albury, N.S.W.

“September 2nd, 1888.

“Dr. C. W. Rohner,

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I see in yesterday's issue of the *Harbinger of Light* that the Society for Psychical Research looks upon the apparition of your double to your wife as a hallucination.

* * * * *

“I, therefore, beg to relate to you, and submit to your critical eye, what I deem an almost parallel case of the presentation of the double in real life. The case, however, rests solely on the evidence of my wife and on my own experience. My wife was absent when I wrote the present letter, so I am compelled to depend entirely upon my own memory. Here is the case then :—

“Two years ago last February, I lost a gold ring, the sole value of which consisted in its being a relic of my wife's father. I at first concealed the loss, thinking thereby to delay regrets as long as possible. I kept my secret so well that Mrs. Frauenfelder did not notice the absence of the ring from my finger. When, about a month afterwards, I was lying on the sofa, I was somewhat suddenly and unceremoniously roused up from my somnolent state by the entrance of my wife into the room in which I was resting myself, she at the same time taking hold of my hand and asking me, ‘What have you done with your ring?’ I told her I had lost it, and asked her why she made inquiries about the matter in so abrupt a manner. She then answered me: ‘I was in the shed, standing at the wash-tub, when your hand appeared in front of my face. I thought of your ring, and noticed its absence from your finger at once. I then turned round and beheld you smiling at me, whereupon you suddenly disappeared. You were not out in the shed, were you?’ I told her I was not at the time spoken of by her. My wife has told me since that if she were not so well acquainted with my truthfulness, she would not have believed me.

“Now, the only difference between the two cases, yours and mine, consists in the distance our doubles had to travel in order to achieve our objects unconsciously, or somebody's objects if not ours. You were probably some miles away from the spot where the apparition of your double was seen by your wife; (no, only one mile, or a little over.—Ed.), whereas, in my case, the distance in a straight line, through two nine-inch brick walls, was only forty-five feet altogether. The door of the room in which I was lying was closed.

“It would appear to me that my double was standing behind my wife and extending the arm around her to bring the hand with the missing ring before her eyes, and under her notice—for what object I do not know.

“In conclusion I beg to state that you are at liberty to make whatever use you think proper of the above document.

“JOHN FRAUENFELDER.”

“P.S.—The ring in question had been lost twice before. Once at a fording place near the Murray river, where mobs of cattle were crossing every day. On another occasion this ring of Polycrates was out of my possession and lost for nine years, and finally discovered in a pig-stye. In the first instance I found it myself; in the second it was found and restored to me by somebody else.—J. F.”

This plain statement of facts is corroborated by the following letter of Mrs. Frauenfelder :—

“Albury, September 11th, 1888.

“DEAR SIR,—At my husband's request, I will try to give you the particulars about the ill-fated ring, as far as I was concerned in the matter. All that I can say is this, that it is still a mystery to me, although what I saw at the time was so clear that there remains no room for doubt as to its truth. I was washing at the time, and not in the least thinking of the ring, of the loss of which I was still uninformed, when suddenly Mr. Frauenfelder appeared to me, not in full, presenting only one hand and part of his body, with the hand turned up, showing the finger which bore a white mark indicating the absence of the ring from where it had been for years. This apparition was so distinct that I turned round suddenly to ask my husband for the meaning of his conduct, when to my surprise I discovered that he was not there. I knew that he was lying down at the time inside the house, and I thought he was playing me a trick. I therefore went into the room at once to examine his hand, and to my astonishment I found my husband fast asleep. I then woke him up and asked him where his ring was. As a matter of course he was unable to tell me, as it was lost. My husband's surprise was almost as great as my own over the strange manner of revealing the secret of the lost ring, a secret he had kept so long and so well from the whole of his family.

“LOUISA FRAUENFELDER.”

“A MODERN FAUST.”*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

In the present day, when the old conception of God as *Deus ex Machina* is slowly but surely giving way before the more spiritual idea of God as the indwelling, informing Spirit and Orderer of the universe, by Whom, not only all things were made, but also all things are, and ever will be, determined and ordained, it becomes a question of the most pressing interest what is the character and nature of that Order of which He is believed to be the Source and Determiner: for if it be, as Hegel prophesied to us long ago, and as we are now beginning to understand, the manifestation in material terms of Himself—if its ends are His ends, and its methods His methods—then it follows that our opinion of Him must be largely dependent upon our opinion of it; and, if it is dark, evil, and hateful, it will be hard to still believe that He is light, goodness, and love.

Mr. Roden Noel's new volume, of which this article is a review, is concerned entirely with this all-important and most pressing modern problem. The poem in its scope, character, and aim is a philosophic poem; there is no story, no character drawing. Instead of these there is a clear and forcible statement of the problem presented by the circumstances of the time; graphic portrayal of the dark and terrible side of our social life; presentation of the devil's dilemma—“either God is not the orderer of all things, or, if He be, He is not good”; ending with the celestial solution of this dilemma, showing that we may believe both that God is the orderer of all things, and that He is good.

It will be well first to speak of the literary value of the poem, give a brief synopsis of its contents, and perhaps some few extracts, as a sort of foretaste to the intending reader of what he will find, and then at greater length discuss the more important factors of the work, the attitude of mind it describes, and the answers it propounds to the various philosophical questions it raises.

As to the literary value, and speaking first of what Matthew Arnold would call the “style” of this poetry, that is, the effect of the verse upon the rhythm-faculty, the manipulation of metre and accent and sound, which together with the manipulation of words make up the charm and the power of poetry, we shall find there is much here that pleases, and a little that does not. The attempt to make “musically” rhyme with “valley” and “dally” is not pleasing; neither does “sun” rhyme properly with “moon”; nor “spirit” with “blur it.” Occasionally, too, our author allows his lines to be a syllable too long or too short for correct effect. But when one has said this one has said all that has to be said from the fault-finding point of view, and may pass to the more agreeable work of approving. But, indeed our author himself has almost challenged animadversion upon this topic, for on p. 74, under the section headed “The Palace of Art,” he definitely and of set purpose goes about to disparage the value of sound-music in poetry. “Style, sir, style—the one thing needful is style,” he makes Schmetterling say; “to turn a sentence or a period cleverly is surely the highest of human functions.” But there is all the difference in the world between “style,” and “mere style”; and the fact that some pseudo-æsthetes affect to make style everything does not, surely, justify us in treating it as nothing. If to pursue style were to relinquish earnestness and depth, then one would, of course, very much prefer to do without style; but many ancient, and some modern, poets have proved that it is possible to combine the two; and for ourselves we feel only the deepest gratitude and respect for Ruskin walking up and down his garden half the morning thinking

* *A Modern Faust and other Poems.* By the Hon. Roden Noel. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.)

out the exactly right words for the expression of his thought, and Tennyson delaying the publication of a poem until some fine thought has been set in a casket worthy of enshrining its splendour.

On the other hand one thankfully acknowledges the many beauties of style in this poem. What vivid expression there is in the line (p. 36) :—

“Nights of ear-ringing terrifying silence.”

And what beauty of sound, as well as volume of meaning in these on p. 41:—

“A song, as of a siren warbling low,
Who lulls, inhales, and breathes away the soul.”

How charming also are these from the “Fountain Song,” (p. 171):—

“Silent in airy dew
Playfully wafted,
Rainbow, the Fairy, flew
Swift from the shafted
Watery column.
He will beguile
Old over-solemn
Faces to smile.”

This is so very beautiful, and shows so well what our poet can do, that it is (to us) almost maddening to find this most musical metre marred a few lines further on in this wise :—

“A bird who is washing
In a waterlily bath
A very fine flashing
Leaf laver hath.”

This beautiful metre has been almost consecrated by the matchless music of the “Chor der Jünger” in “Faust” and by Bayard Taylor’s incomparable translation :—

“Has He victoriously
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all gloriously
Now sits exalted ?
Is He in glow of birth
Rapture creative near ?
Ah ! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here,” &c.

The other many beauties of the poem we must leave the reader to find out and enjoy for, and with, himself ; and pass on to speak of the action.

This poem, as was said above, is a philosophical poem, In an ordinary story opinion determines action : here action is shown as determining opinion. The central figure is rather an observer than a doer. And herein does this poem differ from the poem-drama from which it takes its name. Although Mephistopheles’ proposal was “The little world and then the great we’ll see,” yet Faust cannot be content with merely contemplating. He must plunge into the thick of action. He will feel desire for all sorts of things, pursue them, and, either winning or failing, judge for himself, by how the gain or the loss affects him, of the true value of the objects he was drawn to pursue. And thus experience is his teacher, with its two sides of action and passion, doing and feeling.

Our author has wisely determined not to go over again ground already covered, and by such a master hand. The modern Faust, unlike the ancient one, does nothing but contemplate. He is himself a personality hard to describe. He has no name, and he stands first, perhaps, for a projection of the poet’s own individuality, and secondly as representing all those who have felt oppressed by the dark problem of the presence of terrible evil in a world whose God is good.

He is introduced to us first as a fair child straying into a village church on a peaceful Sabbath morn at the hour of divine service, seeming “born from the pure atmosphere of all the prayers and praises undefiled, heart offered here through centuries,” than anything more material and earthly. He comes, gleams for a moment before us, is blest, and then

—the next thing we hear of him is in the second section, “The boy, a youth now.” Meanwhile the first section winds up with a beautiful reflection how everywhere, not only in homes of affluence, but among the poor, childhood is ever treated with that *maxima reverentia* which is proverbially its due.

The second section is headed “Doubt” and treats of “Adventure, Love, and Loss.” The boy, a youth, now wanders and learns ; learns the hard lesson of the contradiction of his presuppositions by experience. As he finds how tastes, customs, habits, and creeds differ, the old truths, once so sure, are felt to be demonstrably inadequate, and thus in his mind :—

“A seed,
Was sown, of gradually matured misgiving
If circumscribing faiths exhaust the living
Spirit of universal God indeed.”

Through many lands the youth journeys, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, where “beneath the whispering young palm”

“he whispered with a beautiful lithe maid.” A charming and true little romance ; and when “fate with flaming sword asunder drove, and shut them out of paradise,” a dark and stern lesson of loss must have burnt itself into the youth’s mind. But in youth these wounds soon heal, and so, in a couple of lines, we find him once more home again in the North, and happily wedded to a “blonder fere.” Of this marriage is born a son, a perfect child, “all laughter, light, affection, health, and song.” And yet, scarcely has he been described when fate again intervenes, and casts the shadow of his dark sword over the youth, now a father ; the fair child dies, and our author, changing his metre, plunges at once into a dirge of great pathos and beauty:—

LOST LAMB.

“He is gone, he is gone,
The beautiful child.
He is gone, he is gone,
And the mother went wild.
Babble all silent,
Warm heart is cold ;
All that remains now
The hair’s living gold,” &c.

On such a topic those who know Mr. Noel know that he writes from the heart.

NATURE OF THE “EGO.”

“RECORDEE :—Concerning the human organism as it appears to us while living upon the earth. Will you enlighten us as to its composition ? What is its central power, which to us is the Ego, or self ? Is it the true atom of Life, Angel ?”

“ANGEL:—That Ego, as you term it, is a part of the great Spirit of Life, which forces its way through all states ; and by the mighty power which it asserts in passing through myriad states, it attracts to itself atmospheres of all and every grade, which atmospheres, when they come into contact with that great central, mighty power that is called *Life*, become solidified, and crust after crust of atmosphere is found, which differ in size, in dimensions, and in colour as much as the sands (or particles of sand) upon the sea shore ; of which if ye take up only two and place them beneath a powerful glass, you will find that they differ in colour, shape, and size, as much as we see that two human faces differ in appearance upon your earth. The subject of the taking up of lives is a great and glorious one ; the life takes up lives, and methinks I can illustrate it by using one of your own organisms as an example. The central moving power (which you know to be the divine life within) has attracted somewhat to itself, by means of which a human body is formed, and it is that in which you now stand ; but the greater portion of this human body teems with life of another kind. This is the great and beautiful mystery—viz., the clothing of the life with lives ; for be it known to you that at one time or state all which now composes your outer body have been living, moving, acting principles of life, and it is with these lives that ye are clothed. They first become solidified, and then passing through a divine process (which you cannot comprehend), they are changed into what is called atmosphere ; and it is this—composed of living principles—which forms the clothing of the Divine Spirit within the centre of your human organisms.”—OXLEY’S *Angelic Revelations*, Vol. IV., p. 170.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Monk Martin."

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

FRIEND,—I did not think to be writing again—still less on such a theme as the present. But, noticing in thy pages a narrative of the Supernatural occurring in Ireland in 1651 at Honor O'Brien's, I cannot but place on record another that has only just occurred (as I think) and has a very interesting harmony of character therewith. It, moreover, relates to the remarkable horrors still wrapt in mystery and anonymity in London.

In this case there was no appearance or phenomenon, but the sense of hearing was addressed. And I conceive this will as truly import the presence of a ghost as what is apprehensible by another special sense of the body.

A friend (in this house) had been reading *The Mystery of Mitre-square*, of which thou lately gave an epitome. She is a person of strong mind and highly sensitive, who has dreams, rivalling Anna Kingsford's for clearness and subsequent remembrance, in which her own parents visit her, evidently, and things have been many times foretold.

She was awoke from sleep, after having read with much feeling that awful story, by the noise of a fall near by. This was accompanied by an apparent visit of the Monk Martin, causing her a great and strange distress on his account. He seemed as if by her. The being *wakened* by such a visitant we see in the case of Castlereagh, without sound.

She was entirely clear at the time the noise occurred, and tried to think what could have made it, but could not. She thought of the skull I keep opposite my bed in my room, and which would be just behind her head, but the fall of that would have made a different noise. This was only *such a sound as a body, dead, would make in falling*. Nor has it since been accounted for in the house.

After this she was distinctly conscious, with surprise, of the words: "Pray for the repose of the soul of the monk!" She is no Romanist; but she obeyed, asking to be forgiven if it was wrong, and immediately had peace—so that she fell asleep. Nor has she felt her previous distress at all since.

Here it would seem as though the poor creature's shade was wandering earth, after the very doctrine of the ancient Greeks (who assigned such 1,000 years of this distress), and, finding a soul wrought into true and deep sympathy for his sad case, had visited such to obtain the help of its prayers. And on such a hypothesis—which I simply throw out,—we might, further, see how it is that the scene of the dread tragedy of tortured conscience and mad revenge has continued to this day to be haunted, or destined to like horrors—however altered in every external feature from what it was of old. If he be still on earth in misery, he might be supposed to visit there and cause these repetitions; and, indeed, the book tells how he did so visit for generations—or that he might visit still.

In the case in Ireland the record shows that the apparition was that of a woman slain after being the subject of sin, and secretly buried, who still came whenever any of the family was dying, though that had occurred ages before. Here, then, also, we have visitation over centuries—and in both cases there is a combined crime and violent death as cause of the uncommon event; so that I cannot but note a great and confirming analogy which warrants me, on the drawing of attention to one, to mention the other, though I pretend not to speak positively in explaining it.

C. Fox.

Public Worship.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I thank you for your kindness in allowing me to make my appeal to the London Spiritualists in regard to a public place for worship, and I now appeal to you once more for space to say that I cannot for the life of me see the force of your editorial note in connection therewith.

If the assembling of ourselves together for prayer and praise is to be construed into "creating Spiritualism into a sect," and therefore objectionable, there are only two alternatives that I can see; one is to abandon public worship altogether; the other to attend the orthodox churches and listen to such teaching as that alluded to in my last letter.

Whether either course is likely to assist in developing that higher life, which we Spiritualists profess to aim at, is, of course, a matter which each individual must decide for himself, I on my part believing that the injunction "not to forget the assembling of ourselves together" is "worthy of all acceptance."

Those who agree with me and are inclined to help, can address me at 57, Charing Cross, S. W.

T. L. HENLY.

[If all Spiritualists were agreed as to their religious beliefs, it would be possible to carry out Mr. Henly's wishes. But they are not, and we fear there would be much said at such meetings that would be more objectionable than anything they are likely to hear in the churches. Spiritualism is gradually permeating the churches, and it is in that direction that we must look with hope.—Ed.]

Rational Belief in Immortality.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Observing in a letter which you recently published in "LIGHT," a statement to the effect that Spiritualism "alone affords the proof of a continued existence beyond death," I am impelled to send you the few following remarks.

Your more intelligent readers will at once admit that, apart from Spiritualism and from an unreasoning acceptance of the orthodox faith, there is another way of reaching to a rational belief in immortality. This is that faith which is founded on a clear observance of the effect of a Divine belief on the inner life, and which dwells secure within a man's heart as the result of a close analytic and comparative study of personal and general development under the different influences of either Divine and spiritual law, or as under a negative and agnostic one. Without miracle, phenomena, or special revelation, it is possible for any human soul which seeks to see truly, to perceive God and receive eternal life. I would suggest such men as Emerson and James Hinton as, perhaps, the most remarkable examples of this rational faith in these latter days, and many others might be easily named.

But besides the above method of obtaining belief, probably the Theosophists would insist that they also offered to the world good ware—china cups and saucers (see *Occult World*)—for a basis of belief in a spiritual region (I ask forgiveness of those who teach the nobler Theosophy). And I daresay many true evangelists would point to their remarkable cases of sudden conversion, adding also a claim for power in salvation. "There are," in fact, "differences of administrations but the same Lord; all these worketh that one and the self-same spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." (1 Cor. xii.) However, that which I would be saying has still to be said, and it is this, that there is yet one other rational basis for belief, one other absolute proof open to man of the Great Invisible around him. This is the revelation of the Divine-feminine, of the *sympneuma*, or *pneuma*, or spirit coming with power, which is discussed in Laurence Oliphant's *Scientific Religion*. Many must have felt of this book as I myself formerly used to feel towards *Sympneumata*—that it appealed to them most urgently, but nevertheless related to things that must for ever lie in the abstract, or be only intellectually grasped. I have, though, since found that I was mistaken, and that nothing can be more real than the experiences which follow a true apprehension of this book and its writer. Being more or less of a sensitive I have for several years been conscious in the ordinary ways of the action upon myself, or near to myself, of outside intelligences. I have also studied mesmerism, &c., in the past, and therefore am qualified to note the difference in the peculiar influx, or influence, which has since come to me—a little more than a year ago, immediately on personally meeting Mr. Oliphant. That influx, the revelation of the *sympneuma*, or whatever it may be, is, I am certain, one of the rare psychic experiences that can come at any time to any man. And, as I have already said, it is *real* beyond measure, sensational to the body and uplifting to the spirit. Soon I discovered that, as Mr. Oliphant had been the agent in imparting the new life to me, I was also in a very slight degree able to transmit it to others, although by no exercise of my own will.* I have since and quite recently had the delight of seeing it pass to one or two friends in great spiritual need; and the effect upon their lives has been so marked, their appreciation of an invisible universe become so instant and clear, that I could not but smile at the exclusive claim of your correspondent. Of course it might be advanced that "all this is still only Spiritualism." Were Spiritualism comprehended spiritually, as the French do in their term *spiritualisme*, and not as *spiritisme* or *phenomenalism*, then it might be so. Otherwise I contend that this revelation of Mr. Oliphant's has nothing, or next to

* Besides Mrs. Oliphant, there are others in England whose experience and radiative power are of the same order.

nothing, to do with all the Spiritualism or table-tilting of the world ; and yet that it can afford the highest possible proof of a continued existence after death.

I would not venture to trespass at all upon your valuable space were it not that I feel it right that I should try to impress upon some of your chance readers the fact that there are actualities, and not abstractions, at the back of Mr. Oliphant's *Scientific Religion*, which book I again earnestly commend to their careful consideration. X. Y. Z.

Sunday, December 23rd, 1888.

P.S.—December 24th, 1888.—The foregoing was written on the Sunday of Mr. Oliphant's death, when in ignorance of that which was transpiring many miles away, the writer believing rather in his speedy recovery.

"The Secret Doctrine."
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I assert that *The Secret Doctrine* is full of contradictions. Madame Blavatsky gives me "the lie direct"; this proves nothing. I can produce notes of the aforesaid contradictions, but their length precludes their appearance in "LIGHT," except in weekly instalments, and I do not consider them of sufficient general interest to make it worth while thus to present them to your readers.

To put the case briefly—*The Secret Doctrine* is apparently written in opposition to the idea of a personal God. As a theological discussion would be out of place in a journal primarily intended for purposes of psychical research, I shall avoid as much as possible touching upon the polemical aspects of the question, my object being to approach it from the point of view of the psychic student. Whether Theosophists believe or do not believe in any God concerns themselves chiefly. "Let the dead bury their dead." But when Christianity, in the person of its Founder, is attacked, those who love and reverence Him are bound to defend Him. And is it not attacking Him to misinterpret His sayings, and to strive to undermine His work? What right has Madame Blavatsky to say that "no Theosophist could speak with more implied contempt of that tribal God (Jehovah) and His commandments than Jesus Himself"? This is but another instance of that "Theosophical perversion of religious ideas" which runs throughout *The Secret Doctrine*, and to which I called attention in my last letter. Madame Blavatsky must be well aware that innumerable passages in the Bible can be found to controvert this extraordinary statement, and to prove the continuity of the Jewish and Christian dispensations. Still, I am not inclined to walk into the trap so cleverly laid by the enemy. We must deal with this matter as psychic students, not as Sunday-school teachers. To quote Scripture to a Theosophist would result in being told that one text is a forgery, that another has an esoteric meaning, and that, finally, most of the Bible characters are solar or lunar myths. I maintain that other channels of information are open, which render us independent of the letter of the Bible, while conclusively proving its invincible truth. "The secret of TETRAGRAMMATON is with them that fear Him." LEO.

Madame Blavatsky and the Ten Commandments.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—That most gifted lady, Madame Blavatsky, fills me with surprise when she picks out Matt. v. to let us know that almost every word of it demolishes the Ten Commandments of the Jewish Bible! Why, it is that very chapter which says, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law. . . . Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no way pass away from the law." Nor can its moral precepts pass away, for they are the natural moral law for all mankind, for all thinking souls. No, what Jesus did was to change the venue, that was all. Whereas the threats conveyed to Moses were confined simply to earthly contingencies (and the fact is patent to us all that the sins of fathers are visited on their children), the threats of Jesus are for future life: "prison" there and "hell," though there is exit from the first when the debts are paid.

Certainly, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, merciful to those who loved Him, seems but to grant an inadequate reward of virtue in giving length of days as the prize in this vale of tears and grief where suffering is so rife; but that was inevitable on the supposition of the limited area whereby a future life was to be kept in the background or suppressed

altogether. Jesus, on the contrary, keeps His chief rewards for the future life, as well as His punishments.

Only compare the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob with the gods of Hindoostan, for instance. Why, so long ago as the time of Abraham his God Himself was the first to put down human sacrifice, by the substitution of a ram for a man, while human sacrifices, by the command of their gods, have only recently been put down in India by Englishmen. When a Colonel in command in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad insisted that animals should be sacrificed to their goddess, in lieu of human beings, the priests unwillingly complied, saying, "On you be the sin, O Sahib!" but I never heard that he was any the worse for it. There is, at a temple near Benares, a goat beheaded every morning in lieu of a former human victim. The officiating priest said to an English observer that if he did not cut off the head of the animal at a blow the goddess would be angry with him. Do your work well and clean is not a bad precept. The priest seems by this to have been in communion with his goddess; and it is remarkable how the smell of blood, human if possible, appears to delight some spirits.

"It may seem to be a horrid thing," wrote General Wolsley to Lord Kimberley, after the Ashantee war, in allusion to the customs of Dahomy, "that a human being should be destroyed to propitiate an idol, or merely to bear some foolish message from a living to a dead savage. Yet here the poor victim is offered with an object, and such sacrifices are common in many parts of the world; but in Ashantee there is nothing of the sort—that nation only kills for the sake of killing." We doubt it; and we believe that spirits are at the bottom of it all; and that, if it is not the smell of blood that they like, it is the opportunity of getting fresh companions just parted from the flesh, whom they may hope to find like-minded with themselves; else, why should they counsel men to suicide, as they often do?

So long as the spirits and the men of this planet believed that this small world was the centre of the Universe, every man's god was supposed to be subject to the passions; but Copernicus changed all that. Once understood the awful immensity of the universe, and that our little world is but as a grain of sand whirling around, yet in perfect order, through its stupendous abysses, like every other heavenly body, it was felt then that the one living and true God could not be subject to emotions or to anything else, otherwise the stars could never keep their courses. And it was then that a few sound words were formulated which put the question, I believe, in a true and logical light. Here they are: "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things visible and invisible," devils of course included.

General Gordon seems personally to have gone through, in some measure at least, the change that the more enlightened portion of humanity went through after the Copernican system was established. In a letter to his sister, of October 1st, 1878, p. 140 of his book, speaking of his own phases of faith, he says: "I believed (used to believe) that the world was made up of incarnated children of God, and incarnated children of the evil spirit; and then I came to the belief that the two are one." T. W.

Spiritualism and Theosophy.
To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your correspondent, "1st M.B. (Lond.)," has taken me to task in your issue of December 22nd, over what he will excuse my thinking a very trivial point. He says that anyone who states that "a Mahatma to be a Mahatma must have power to penetrate every plane," must be a Mahatma himself. Why? If "1st M.B." will oblige me by turning up the word Adept in his dictionary he will see that the lexicographer fixes a certain condition of skill or knowledge as being the qualification of an Adept (in any phase of knowledge), and without which qualification he cannot be an Adept. A Mahatma is a spiritual Adept, and if there be any such person he must, according to the meaning of the word, be perfect in spiritual knowledge. If that meaning is disagreeable to "1st M.B.," he must blame the philologists, and not an humble writer who merely uses the word according to its ordinary meaning. I am not now entering into the question as to whether anyone has ever reached the condition of Adeptship, or Mahatmaship, or not, though I myself believe there have; but, "G.A.K.'s" and

"1st. M.B.'s" ideas to the contrary notwithstanding, it is an absolute fact that the belief in the existence of one or any number of Mahatmas, or the disbelief in their existence altogether, in no degree interferes with the truth of Theosophical teachings. No Theosophist, from the humblest Associate to the highest Adept, could ever, as a Theosophist, insist upon any belief upon mere faith; for an inquirer is in all cases asked to believe only that which he can find out for himself—and no more. If he be willing to take the experiences of others as an aid to this, so much the better for him; he is only doing what man has always done. But the true Theosophist, whether accepting the counsel and experience of others or not, will follow out the one course of training—seeking first the soul within himself; linking that soul with the Universal Spirit; and finally, by the power of that soul, penetrating into every plane and sphere to which his aspiration leads. This, and this only, is the creed of the Theosophist; a creed which emanates from the inner soul of the man himself, and is in no way dependent for its fundamental truth upon monkish record, Church dogma, or even Adept teaching. In so far as the truth-seeker is inclined to accept the experiences of others as a guiding aid to his own development, will he benefit by the lives of all good men, from Plato to Wesley, from Confucius to Giordano Bruno; or by the lessons of Divine teachers, such as Christ and Buddha.

Finally, let me tell "1st M.B." that there is no "secrecy in Theosophy" to those who are in earnest. But to those who merely take it up with the idea of satisfying their love of phenomena, this plain creed of Theosophy to which I refer is full of mystery; much as "the higher Spiritualistic life" is but an empty and senseless phrase to the average table-turning "Spiritualist." The "evil generation" which "seeketh after a sign" is just as much abroad in the world of Spiritualism and Theosophy to-day as it was when it ran after a miracle-working Christ 1,800 years ago, yet heeded not the higher life which He taught.

FRED. ALLAN.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

The Religion of Humanity: An Address to the Church Congress at Manchester. By the RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, LL.D., F.R.S.—An edition in pamphlet form (price 4d.), published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. There is also a large type edition, demy 8vo, 5s.

The Philosophy of Mysticism.—By CARL DU PREL, PH. D. Translated from the German by C. C. MASSEY. 2 vols. (Redway, York-street, Covent Garden. Pp. 332, 316).—A most valuable work by one of the most acute and thorough of German thinkers. We shall endeavour to give some account of the book with all convenient speed.

The International Magazine of Christian Science. (New York: Brentano's, 5, Union-square, and Paris, 17, Avenue del' Opéra. Also at Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Louisville, &c.) 2dol. a year. On the first of each month.—"Well got up. Deals exclusively with the work of Christian science, leaving 'error and error's ways' severely alone."

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. Part XIII. December, 1888.—A more than usually interesting number, containing *inter alia*: (1) The President's opening address. (2) A suggestive paper by a physician on the connection between hypnotism and the subjective phenomena of Spiritualism; in the course of which the writer attempts to show how self-suggestion may account for such phenomena as automatic writing and trance-speaking. (3) An elaborate classification and discussion of the evidence for premonitions by Mrs. Sidgwick. "The evidence does not seem to me sufficient to warrant a conclusion in favour of the reality of premonitions." (4) A comprehensive estimate of the work of Edmund Gurney in experimental psychology, by his friend, F. W. H. Myers. Written with all his well-known charm of diction, and full of pathetic interest, as well as of great value in enabling us to realise the work of a remarkable man.

"THERE is no absolute type on earth; the absolute exists in the Divine Idea alone, the gradual comprehension of which man is destined to attain; although its complete realisation is impossible on earth; earthly life being but one stage of the eternal evolution of life, manifested in thought and action. . . . Our earthly life is one phase of the eternal aspiration of the soul towards Progress, which is our law; ascending in increasing power and purity, from the finite towards the Infinite, from the real towards the ideal, from that which is towards that which is to come."—GIUSEPPE MAZZINI'S *Essay on Goethe and Byron*.

SOCIETY WORK.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. Rodger delivered an interesting address on "Geology" at the morning meeting, on Sunday last, and a trance-address was given by the guide of Mr. J. A. Butcher at the evening service. On Sunday next, Mr. R. Harper at 11 a.m., and Mr. J. Humphries at 7 p.m.. The annual meeting will be held on Tuesday, January 8th, at the Society's rooms.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—Mr. E. W. Wallis, sub-editor of *The Two Worlds*, will be at the Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell-road, E.C., on Sunday next, and deliver two addresses, at 2.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. In the afternoon the subject will be "The Work before us," and in the evening, "Spiritualism; its Power, Principles, and Progress." Tea at 5 p.m., for old friends to renew, and new friends to make, the acquaintance of Mr. Wallis.—J. VEITCH, Sec., 44, Coleman-road, Peckham, S.E.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, 18, BAKER-STREET (close to Baker-street Station, and opposite the Portman Rooms).—On Sunday evening next, at seven, Mr. Harper will deliver a lecture, entitled "The Working Autonomy of Cosmic Systems." Mr. C. C. Massey has kindly presented the Society with a copy of his translation of Du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism*, portions of which will be read before the lecture. I shall also read a short paper thereupon, as we consider this work most important as demonstrating the existence of the "Higher Self." We trust many of your readers will attend on this interesting occasion.—A. F. TINDALL, A.Mus. T.C.L., President, 30, Wyndham-street, W.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, W.—On Sunday morning last several interesting speeches were given by members, and there was also an interchange of opinion with sceptics in reference to the phenomena of Spiritualism. In the evening Mr. Robert Lees gave an excellent inspirational address to a good audience, on "The Gleaners," as exemplified in Hymn 65 of *Spiritual Songs and Hymns*. After reviewing our work, both failings and successes, of 1888, he gave an earnest exhortation to be more sincere and active in 1889, and impressed upon his hearers the necessity of living a life consistent with our holy faith and knowledge of spirit communion. Next Sunday morning, at eleven, services as usual, and healing by Mr. Goddard. In the evening, at seven, Mr. Portman and others.—W. A. DRAKE.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, MORTIMER-STREET.—Mr. T. H. Hunt's lectures still continue to draw large and respectable audiences. The discourse on Sunday last was on "The Possibilities of Man." After viewing the various discoveries that have been made and pointing out the wonderful results of recent inventions, the controlling spirit explained how man in years to come will be able to utilise psychometry, psychology, clairvoyance, and other faculties of mediumship, for general and noble purposes all over the world. There were more attributes of matter in existence than are at present made known, and as the intellectual and spiritual forces of man became more developed, so would these hidden forces of life be evolved. Several questions were asked and answered satisfactorily. A beautiful impromptu poem was then given on the farewell to the Old Year. We hope soon to see the whole lecture in print.—C. H. BRADLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately. The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in re-posting any MS. He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

MRS. HAGON.—We make it a rule not to print testimonials of cure that are not authenticated by collateral evidence, and confirmed by qualified opinion. Those sent to us are of no evidential value, and are written in a way that precludes our receiving them. We therefore decline with regrets. The papers are at our office.

J. A. R.—The papers about which you ask, "Personal Investigations in the Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism," by "M.A. (Oxon.)," were published in *Human Nature*, a now defunct magazine. They appeared about the year 1874, and were never completed. They ended with "Spirit Photography," and treated all the elementary physical phenomena.

"MONEY commands labour, it gives leisure; and to give leisure to those who will employ it in the forwarding of truth is the noblest present an individual can make to the whole."—SHELLEY.