

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

GENERAL GORDON AND "THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

It has always seemed to me that Cardinal Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* is a most beautiful poem, full of deep spiritual insight, and less known and read than it ought to be. I am glad, therefore, to find that General Gordon was of the same opinion. Frank Power, his companion at Khartoum, sent home a marked copy belonging to General Gordon, and this has just been reproduced in fac-simile by Longmans. It is interesting to note what, in perhaps the finest poem of one of our most saintly living men, most impressed the man who came in his life nearest to that absolute confident reliance on a protecting and disposing Providence which we find in the Hebrew Seers and Prophets. First he scores the opening of *Gerontius*, when he cries for prayer as he approaches death:—

"Pray for me, O my friends";
"Tis death—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!"
"O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray."
"Prepare to meet thy God."
"Use well the interval."

What Gordon does *not* score is often quite as instructive to the reader as what he *does* score. This is the part of the response of the "Assistants" who have offered up prayer for the departing soul, which Gordon emphasises:—

"Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom."

There is a depth of pathos in the next passage that Gordon marked:—

"And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here."

It is significant that all the purely dogmatic passages in

Gerontius's dying confession of faith are passed by; such as:—

"Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One:
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son,
And I trust and hope most fully
In that manhood crucified."

These and other similar utterances were passed by in those supreme moments at Khartoum, not (as I conceive) because the General did not acquiesce in them, but because in the very eye of death they had lost their significance. It was then no time for dwelling on human definitions of the Infinite and Unknowable. The soul was face to face with its God.

We pass again over much that is to me beautiful and full of spiritual significance, such as this from the dying man:—

"I can no more: for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man, as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent:
Or worse, as tho'
Down, down for ever I was falling thro'
The solid framework of created things
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss."

This we pass and come to the last expiring cry of *Gerontius*:—

"*Novissima hora est*; and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands."

When the soul of *Gerontius* awakes in the world of spirit there is a soliloquy representing the first experiences and reflections of a disembodied spirit. Gordon marks these lines among many that seem to me equally worthy of notice:—

"A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
'He's gone'; and then a sigh went round the room."

I should like to add to these what Spiritualists will recognise as true and worthy thoughts:—

"What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul:
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something, too, of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have naught else to feed upon.
Am I alive or dead? I am not dead
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place

As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry that wraps me round
And makes me man."

The response of the Angel is not important, and we come then to two longish passages.

The first is from the soliloquy of the Angel, with the response of the Soul:—

"O man, strange composite of heaven and earth !
Majesty dwarfed to baseness ! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed ! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption ! weakness mastering power !
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name."

The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

"Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body ; had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical ; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I ever terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness."

And then some passages singularly, pathetically, appropriate to the General's state at Khartoum, waiting the approach of death. These are fine, and many as fine are omitted:—

"Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled ;

That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

His will be done !
I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day : far less His countenance.

"And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach."

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !"

"I have no fear,—
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe."

"O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came."

"Jesu ! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee."

"O happy, suffering soul ! for it is safe."

"There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day."

The last passage marked by Gordon is the concluding stanza of the poem:—

"Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear.
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of sorrow here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

In the belief that many will like to make acquaintance with Newman's most spiritual poem, valued surely by all Spiritualists, or to see how Gordon read and noted it, I have put my copy of the book at the disposal of members of the Alliance for a few weeks, by placing it on the table at 2, Duke-street, where members may read, or, if they please, borrow it for a short time. My copy is marked exactly as Gordon scored his. But there is very much in the unscored part of the poem that is eminently worthy of attention.

"A MODERN FAUST."*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

(Continued from page 9.)

Book III. is headed "Disorder"; and from this point onward the youth, now "to manhood grown," tells his own tale. He is conducted from point to point through "the stations of a life experience," partly objective, partly subjective; though both, of course, to him wholly real; although our author, out of consideration for the scientific spirit of the day, kindly permits the non-transcendental to regard anything verging on the occult as taking place only in dream. ("And those who are still certain that there is nothing in Heaven or earth undreamed of in their philosophy may charitably reflect that, after all, the whole phantasmagory is intended to pass as a dream." Preface, p. xv.) Nevertheless, the results are most substantial, for they are described as "firm chisel blows whereby a character assumed decisive mould for good or evil."

We are left to imagine for ourselves how The Man (it is really a little awkward not to have a definite name by which to call him) came to undergo these experiences: whether some unseen Mephistopheles led him through them, whether he himself of set purpose sought for them, or whether they occurred casually in the ordinary course of life. But here again we see the philosopher dominating the dramatic poet, and so intent on principles that the method of their occurrence is an insignificant detail.

The first experience is of "Earth's Torture Chamber." Let us remember that The Man evidently possesses a great love of children, and starts out already saddened by the loss of his own child. The miserable deaths to which he now sees other children brought through neglect and cruelty would therefore doubly affect him. The details of this torture-chamber it is not our intention to transcribe; the reader may peruse them for himself, and learn from the preface that our author has rather diminished than exaggerated the facts from which they are drawn. But we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe some of the beautiful lines in which the poet bewails, and endeavours to find some explanation for, what he has described.

"MY LITTLE ONES."

"Ah! little ones! my little ones!
When will your sorrows end?
We deemed you daughters, deemed you sons,
Of our eternal Friend!
Yet ever tears of blood we bleed
Above your bitter mortal need!
I deem that it may be your part
To break, and melt the world's hard heart:
And when ye know, ye will rejoice;
In Heaven will you give your voice
For earthly pain, your own free choice?"

If this poem had been a dramatic one we should have to point out that it might be considered scarcely advisable to minimise the effect to be produced by suggesting its explanation thus early: as, however, it is rather philosophic than dramatic the objection need not be pressed. The reader will at once understand that to The Man witnessing these horrors no such explanation came to rescue him from the terrible doubt, which seemed to be forced on him by what he saw,—*can this be, and God be?* All that he can answer at the time is "charge all on the free-will of man," or on his conservatism or ignorance; which seems to be an answer only so long as an answer is defined as some verbal reply, and no attempt made to realise how the thought contained in the words actually applies to the difficulty proposed. An echo of demoniacal laughter reverberates through the air, and The Man, unable to argue the point, flies from

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

the scene of horror, and passes at once to an entirely different experience.

After real horrors, unreal joys. A siren bower; luxury, light, flowers, music, and beauty. Why trouble over those dark problems? Forget them, leave them behind, and, entering here, be happy, and find all that you can possibly desire. He entered and heard the song, and smelt the flowers; saw the vision of young Dionysus, his "languid eyes dim dewy with desire"; nay more, for once is an actor; tastes himself of the fond joys of the place:—

"She, folding a fair arm around me, fain
Lifts to my lips the ruby-mantling bowl,
And her own mouth more crimson; then she draws
Within a shadowy nest near, and alcove
For dalliance amorous. . . ."

But the result justifies not anticipation, for it is added:—

"After enjoyment vanishing."

And now, as these joys of sense depend for their delight not upon continuance so much as on recurrence, our author, with admirable truth, so soon as he has ended the first, brings about a repetition of the experience, though the individual is different. A vision of the "earlier love of southern summers, fate ravished from me" rises, but "fadeth e'er I hold her," and is succeeded by the vision of his second love, now his wife.

"Then the form
Of one I am bound to shield from all dishonour,
With spell of beauty dominant, inflames
And paralyses reasonable will."

Thus fancy works. But now, from a profounder depth within The Man, another voice speaks, and proclaims the difference between fancy and love. The face of love, slain by being rejected for fancy, appears; the dear child lost also appears but cannot look upon his father because his father was looking upon what was less than love, and mistaking it for love. And as at the perception of his folly his tears gush forth, the fiends, fearful of losing their power over him, suddenly change the scene, and with peals of mocking laughter would fain persuade him that all he had seen and felt was mere illusion, and bid him now behold bare fact, and at once he is in the chill, bleared street again. What he sees is not told us; indeed, the interpretation becomes a little doubtful here, though we are by no means sure that this is not the fault of our own want of penetration. Being back in the street nothing is seen, though he had been bidden to behold bare fact. But one speaks; the voice however is clearly not that of the fiends. It is a solemn and noble warning against reposing in sense. But to what is it the reply? To the impulses to which we have just seen him giving way? or to some implied temptation of the "chill, bleared street"? Any way the moral is clear and sound. The man whose heart is true, and has once been touched by a feeling of and for the sorrows of the world, can never, by plunging into joys of sense, shut out the recollection of those sorrows. The eye once opened can no more be blind; the burden once taken up can never again be put down. Once pass from selfish isolation to the recognition of the oneness of humanity and no private joys can henceforward comfort you in view of the woes of others, or make you content to do aught save rejoice with, or suffer with, your brethren.

It is impossible in the short space of a review to do justice to the fulness of thought suggested in this section, especially in the choric song "Pan," with which it concludes. The strong and outspoken protest, above referred to (p. 47), evidently stirs some sort of counter protest in the Mind of The Man. It is the problem that perplexed Margaret—

"Yet all that urged my heart thereto
God, was so good, and dear, and true."

What do they mean, these strong impulses of our nature?

Are they given us simply to mortify? Is life to be all "thou shalt abstain, renounce, refrain"? The Man feels the impressing of the problem and refuses to concede all that seems to be demanded of him.

"Yet am I fain to reconcile demands
Both of the sense and spirit, I replied."

And then follows the choric song, which is so fine in thought and conception that we must regret that amid much that is beautiful (such as the line "Lucid lives in limpid flood," and the stanza beginning "Naiads of the willowy water," (both on p. 50), there should be some lines which, to our ear, are not quite smooth. The whole well merits a careful analysis, which we much regret that space forbids us to give. The main thought is that moral beauty has not slain natural beauty; though at first it may seem to have done so, if you insist on contrasting and opposing them. Some minds can only see them in the light of mutually opposed principles; and to them it appears that to cleave to one is to reject the other; and when so contrasted there can be no doubt that spirit is higher than sense. But the two are not truly contradictory, but complementary; and sense which is incompatible with spirit is false sense; just as spirit which strives to disconnect itself entirely from sense is false spirit.

Canto III. introduces us to a scene which exemplifies this. The opening of Canto II. showed us false sense; Canto III. shows us false spirit. The writer here passes into prose, and with his usual truth to nature makes The Man rush to the opposite extreme. He has tried joys of sense, and found himself unsatisfied; and then—instead of asking whether his error was not in seeking a wrong kind of joy—he jumps to the conclusion that joy is not to be pursued at all. But he finds that here also, as before, he cannot shut out of his heart the sorrows he has witnessed; even to save his soul. Then the thought comes that since the problem is so constantly pressing on his mind he may, "in the more secular college library," study it from its theoretical side: and so, once more in verse, we have the "Lyric of Thought" (p. 62), enunciating the dictum of science, and theology, or, as would be truer, materialistic science and dogmatic theology. Neither of these can satisfy him, and the Canto concludes with a passionate appeal to Isis, to unveil, "even though thy visage bring me the death-cold." Nature herself knows best how to reveal herself, and by what safe and gradual steps to lead man at last to see her in a true light. But to the man who, devoid of faith, and therefore desiring to "make haste," would fain have all revealed at once, she can, and sometimes will, reveal herself in so terrible an aspect as shall effectually deter him from being again so impatient. No man can be fit for the vision until every particle of self has been separated from him, as the ore from the gold: for the face is the face of absolutely selfless Love; and that must always seem terrible to one in whom yet Self has power.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, NOTTING HILL GATE.—On Sunday morning last a number of members and friends met and exchanged opinions respecting Spiritual Teachings, which was followed by healing by Mr. Goddard. At the afternoon members' meeting some effectual work was done; several friends commenced their subscriptions to a guarantee fund to assist in paying the expenses of the Sunday services, and several offered the use of their rooms to hold weekly séances. In the evening, Mr. Walker not being able to attend in consequence of a mistake in booking the date, Mrs. Treadwell generously offered to take his place, and greatly gratified the large audience by giving an instructive address. Mr. Robert Lees also added to the interest of the meeting by commenting upon various topics mentioned in the address; and a lady visitor sang "Angel Land," and was much applauded. Next Sunday morning, at eleven, service as usual, and healing by Mr. Goddard. Afternoon, at three, members' adjourned meeting. Evening, at seven, Mr. Paine, psychometrist. A lady will sing during the evening the song "Harp and Crown." On Thursday, January 24th, at eight p.m., Mr. Goddard, sen., will give a séance for the benefit of the society at No. 16, Dartmoor-street, Notting Hill Gate; fee to each sitter, 6d.—W. O. DRAKE, Hon. Sec.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER—1889.

There are certain landmarks in time, and in the conduct of all movements for the public good, when it seems natural to "look before and after" even if we have, in the midst of successes, to recount failures, and "pine for what is not." The commencement of a new year is emphatically the time when we should,

"Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those banks we have o'erlooked
And calmly run on in obedience,"

to the lessons which experience has taught.

Spiritualism is, by reason of its very successes, liable, if not wisely controlled, to run a rank and irregular course. What course then shall we steer for 1889?

One of the first suggestions—based upon a long study of psychical operations in the past—seems to be this: let us aim more at *concentration* rather than, as some of our friends are doing, at organisation. The two terms are indeed partly interchangeable. But a little reflection will convince all thoughtful Spiritualists—who wish Spiritualistic *truth* to prevail rather than its merely numerical extension where it is unsuited to the minds of those whom it seeks to proselytise—that in the past it has been too hurriedly thrust before the general public without any restraining principle of selection or "economy." Spiritualism can thrive only in congenial soil, and to attempt to propagate it elsewhere will, as it has already done, tend to confusion and disorder.

The records of the past point unmistakably to this contention. There is scarcely a public medium who has not at some time or other "come to grief" at the expense of the noble truths which Spiritualism is intended to teach, and has taught even when its movements are attended with disaster.

We are not yet sufficiently masters of the situation: there is much more research necessary which can only be carried on in private, or in the calm seclusion of home life. This requirement has been reiterated time after time during the last twenty years, but it needs to be repeated again and yet again. Spiritualism will doubtless at some future time become public property, but it must creep before it can run; it must be reared in the nursery, the home, the school, the college, before it can present itself for public and universal recognition. At present, clearly it is rather engaged in mining operations below the surface than in building above ground any temple or hall for general resort.

Let us then first concentrate our energy and pursue our investigations at home with the most patient and painstaking assiduity, and when we have learnt a new truth, or discovered the reason of past failure, let us bring our experience forward by recounting and comparing notes with one another in such a society as the London Spiritualist Alliance, whose programme of work for the year evidently points in this direction.

This mode of procedure involves a second suggestion—not new, but of inestimable importance—and that is *absolute protection* to our sensitives, not only during their early development but continuously, so long as they sit for us as mediums.

Those experienced in the delicate conditions required for truthful development will at once recognise how necessary for reliable mediumship it is, that our sensitives should be, certainly at first, guarded from publicity and all distracting influences which would tend to interfere with the calm atmosphere absolutely essential for investigation; from frivolous, unsympathetic, and hostile inquirers; from too prolonged and exhaustive an endurance of special states necessary for psychic study, and we may add, from a too exclusively absorbing attention to mediumship, to a neglect of life's ordinary duties and our proper mundane surroundings. A good medium need not be one-sided; and until it is decided to establish sensitives as *an order*,

which may come on sooner than some of us expect, they are safer from evil influences when they do not give up themselves exclusively to the exercise of their gifts.

The wisdom of such a course is self-evident:—the question is how this is to be accomplished. It can only be by generous aid from our Spiritualistic friends, who prizing, rightly enough, the privileges of private mediumship in their own family circles, have not yet seen the immense value to science and to the public which would ensue from protecting and utilising these rare gifts. Here concentration—we might say *organised* concentration—and mutual agreement are absolutely essential, and here the *London Spiritualist Alliance*, and other societies under wise government, are ready and anxious to fulfil such trusts when put upon them. Nor can they do so without much more generous support than has been yet accorded.

These remarks tend to enforce an organised effort, not so much for proselytising (though that would necessarily follow) as for pursuing wise and systematic research—such as the Society for Psychical Research has proposed, but as yet with such feeble results. And why are these results so feeble?

Simply because investigators have imagined that the laws of research in physics would be applicable to a region which is beyond such laws, or governed by laws of an entirely different order. We, as Spiritualists, know better, and adopt the Baconian method of reasoning from well proven *facts*. Having brought together all the facts, and finding from continual testing that they exclude all known physical causes, we have adopted the cause *they claim for themselves*, and we find the psychical a working hypothesis.

Considerably more work has yet to be done: but it must be done systematically, calmly and patiently, upon these lines, even if, as we fear, one of these lines is to let *savants* for the present severely alone. They are doing a useful work in tabulating the resources of hypnotism; and we find it very suggestive that some of them begin to surmise that as an *Ego* in a physical body can control the counterpart in another body, possibly an *Ego liberated* from its physical enclosure may be able to do the same, the body in such investigations ever tending to become a negligible quantity, a factor that may be omitted.

We pursue our studies on this line, and have done for many years; and we find hindrances, contradictions, difficulties yet to be overcome which demand all our concentrated efforts and united wisdom and co-operation.

This brings us to our last remark, that we must look upon Spiritualism as a purely *scientific* movement in all the researches we undertake. Obviously it is absolutely essential to lay a firm foundation before attempting to erect any enduring superstructure, and to be sure of the teachings which Spiritualism offers before attacking other systems which have proved invaluable to humanity, if not, as we would contend, equally ancient. For the thread of Spiritualism runs through all history—its belief, if not hitherto systematised, is the product of all ages. With these few hints

"Away, my friends! new flight:

And happy newness, that intends old right."

VEGA.

"THE presence of the absent is a very serviceable variation from the presence of the present for occasional lighting up of the more imaginative holes and corners of the affections."—*Sir H. Taylor's Autobiography*, Vol. II., p. 105.

"THE investigator should never forget that when the truth of an hypothesis is known, every further confirmation belongs to mere surface working; and further, that every hypothesis has only a limited capacity. When its limit is reached, further progress is on a deeper plane, and the first sign of this new period consists always in phenomena which stand in *contradiction* to our hypotheses."—*C. DE PREL'S Philosophy of Mysticism*, Vol. I., p. 19.

JOTTINGS.

We regret to announce the death of Baron J. N. Tiedman on December 15th ult. He was better known to our readers as M. Martheze. He was a keen student of Spiritualism, and a very kindly man.

The *Echo* (January 12th) has a note from some contributor who dubs Madame Blavatsky's latest work "delirious slush." A fine phrase. We do not quite know how "slush" can be "delirious," but we are gradually learning from the columns of our contemporary. Certainly "delirious," if not "slush."

The criticisms (if they may be so called by courtesy), of which that above alluded to is a sample (it is not worth quotation), are of the "smart" type; of the radiant and flarboyant order of debased Gothic word-piling. Sound and fury meaning nothing.

We have given more space to Mr. Huxley than is perhaps needful, so that here we need say nothing more. How is it that a mind, usually acute and clear, becomes foggy and even biassed when it touches Spiritualism? Huxley is by no means a lonely example; but he is not in good company. Intellectual cripples, most of them.

Blake was a man born out of due course, and far in advance of his time; a marvellous seer, and a wholly lovable creature. Here are some stories of him:—

"At Felpham, by the sounding shore, visionary conversations were held with many a majestic shadow from the past—Moses and the Prophets, Homer, Dante, Milton: 'All,' said Blake, when questioned on these appearances, 'all majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men.' Sometimes his wife accompanied him, seeing and hearing nothing, but fully believing in what he saw."

A fairy's funeral. Our readers will remember his ghost of a flea:—

"By the sea, or pacing the pretty slip of garden in front of his house, many fanciful sights were witnessed by the speculative eyes. The following highly imaginative little scene was transacted there. It is related by Allan Cunningham. 'Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' he once said to a lady who happened to sit by him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the answer. 'I have!' said Blake, 'but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was a great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral!'"

Men called him a visionary; some said he was mad. We should prefer to say that he was a modern Balaam—"a man whose eyes are open":—

"At one of Mr. Aders' parties—at which Flaxman, Lawrence, and other leading artists were present—Blake was talking to a little group gathered round him, within hearing of a lady whose children had just come home from boarding school for the holidays. 'The other evening,' said Blake, in his usual quiet way, 'taking a walk, I came to a meadow, and at the farther corner of it I saw a fold of lambs. Coming nearer, the ground blushed with flowers; and the wattled cote and its woolly tenants were of an exquisite pastoral beauty. But I looked again, and it proved to be no living flock, but beautiful sculpture.' The lady, thinking this a capital holiday-show for her children, eagerly interposed, 'I beg pardon, Mr. Blake, but may I ask where you saw this?' 'Here, madam,' answered Blake, touching his forehead."

Blake never pretended that his visions were what crass people call real. He never had any doubt as to their subjective reality, but he never claimed for them any objectivity—"realities (as he said) transacted within the realm of mind."

One more pretty story of this denizen of two worlds:—

"A lady tells a pretty and very characteristic story of her first and only interview with the spiritual man, which illustrates, in another way, how he came by his happiness. ('Unworldliness, with its resultant calm, elevated joy.') The lady was thought extremely beautiful when a child, and was taken to an evening party, and there presented to Blake. He looked at her very kindly for a long while without speaking, and then, stroking her head and long ringlets, said:—'May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me.' She thought it strange, at the time—vain little darling of Fortune!—that such a poor old man, dressed in shabby clothes, could imagine that the world had ever been so beautiful to him as it must be to her, nursed in all the elegancies and luxuries of wealth. But, in after years, she understood plainly enough what he meant, and treasured the few words he had spoken to her. Well might he sweetly and touchingly say of himself:—

'The angel who presided at my birth,
Said: "Little creature formed of joy and mirth,
Go, love without the help of anything on earth."

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Mrs. Hennings	5 0 0
Morell Theobald	3 3 0
A. A. Watts	3 0 0
H. Wedgwood	3 0 0
G. P. Serocold	2 2 0
C. A. P.	2 0 0
J. J.	2 0 0
Sir Chas. Isham	2 0 0
Mrs. Sainsbury	2 0 0
"V."	2 0 0
E. M.	2 0 0
"A Friend"	2 0 0
Lady Mount-Temple	2 0 0
Miss Withall	2 0 0
Miss H. Withall	2 0 0
Mrs. Carter	1 11 6
Mrs. Basil Wood	1 10 0
J. Owen	1 1 0
Mrs. Penny	1 1 0
Mrs. James	1 1 0
J. H. G. W.	1 1 0
Mrs. A. Mackinnon	1 1 0
S. R.	1 1 0
W.	1 1 0
F. W. Percival	1 1 0
Mrs. F. W. Percival	1 1 0
Hon. Auberon Herbert	1 0 0
Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart.	1 0 0
W. W. Fawcett	1 0 0
M. A. A.	1 0 0
M. H. C.	1 0 0
"F. M."	1 0 0
A Friend	1 0 0
Mrs. Garratt	1 0 0
"A. M. L."	1 0 0
A. Glendinning	0 10 6
Mrs. Ross	0 10 0
E. B. S.	0 10 0
Miss Phillipps	0 10 0
"L. O."	0 9 6
R. B.	0 9 2
"A. J. J. W."	0 9 2
Mrs. Glanville...	0 9 2
I. de S.	0 5 0

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.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

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

The Spiritualist's Examiner and Camp Reporter.—[A scurrilous rag, which has probably come to us by mistake. Not the kind of literature we either read or notice.]

Magazine of Short Stories. No. 1. 20, Bedford-street, Strand. [One more added to the already long list of fictions, which is harmless in proportion as it is unattractive.]

Golden Cord. A monthly magazine for young people of all ages. No. 1. *Christian Million* Offices, 20, St. Bride-street, E.C. [Editor requests us to "take it into our hands and say heartily—very heartily, 'Welcome, little stranger!'" Somehow the wish does not rise to our lips. Gush: and much of it.]

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

Light:

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19th, 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.

ENCORE MR. HUXLEY.

Mr. Huxley's article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 1st seems to have brought him some correspondence, and he has selected (no doubt) the silliest part of it for publication as an "instructive illustration of the mental attitude of Spiritualists." He prefaces certain letters from a Mr. Garbett with the subjoined communication:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Pall Mall Gazette*.

"SIR,—I have not the good fortune to be personally acquainted with Mr. E. L. Garbett; but the letters with which he has favoured me afford me an instructive illustration of the mental attitude of 'Spiritualists' that (having, as you will observe, obtained Mr. Garbett's permission) I ask you to publish them. Mr. Garbett's suggestion that Mr. Conway has been 'duped by two women personating' the Foxes is almost as delicious as that of the ingenuous journalists who suggest that Sir Robert Morier fabricated Bazaine's letter.—I am, your obedient servant,

"T. H. HUXLEY."

Like Mr. Huxley we have not the advantage of personal acquaintance with Mr. Garbett. Indeed, Mr. Huxley has been the means of bringing to our notice the fact of his existence. By what right he thinks himself entitled to bring ridicule on the cause that he espouses, and to put an effective weapon into a hand not slow to use it, we are unable to conceive. But Mr. Huxley knows—no man better—that an argument is not answered till it is answered at its best. And he would be the first, in his own sphere of work, to throw contempt on such tactics as he has lent himself to, in printing letters obviously silly and worthless from an unknown correspondent, for the purpose of discrediting a subject, with which he himself is only very superficially acquainted, while he ignores the patient and painstaking work of his compeers in science on the same subject.

This is not the controversial method which we expect from so eminent and (usually) so fair a critic. If he had taken pains to inform himself by reference to our columns, as (we submit) he ought to have done before taking the course of which we complain, he would have found that we had given full publicity to the doings of the Fox sisters. We never for a moment attempted to palliate or disguise their conduct; and we pointed out, from accurate information, the deplorable cause to which that conduct was to be attributed. From Mr. Garbett's foolish suggestion that these poor creatures are not the originators of the so-called exposure, which is a laughing stock in America, we absolutely dissociate ourselves. The story is perfectly true and notorious. The poor women have damaged nobody but themselves, and have taken in nobody except (perhaps) Mr. Garbett and Mr. Huxley. In the face of what we have done in the interests of truth, quite regardless of any other interest, we have a right to treat with scorn such a publication as this of which we complain. And so *exit* Mr. Garbett.

We have said that Mr. Huxley has not treated Spiritualism fairly. That is a very mild way of putting the case. These silly letters of yesterday which he has

dragged into publicity suit his purpose. But has he ever seen a little volume (reprinted from the *Quarterly Journal of Science*) entitled *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*: by Wm. Crookes, F.R.S.? The little volume bears date 1874, and it is almost impossible to conceive that it has not come under Mr. Huxley's notice. Mr. Crookes, we believe, has exhausted the honours at the disposal of the Royal Society. It would be impertinent in us to praise his ability, capacity, and success as an investigator in the obscurest regions of research. No man would seriously question his pre-eminent ability in devising experiments and his subtle power of reasoning on facts that he observes. If there be a man alive who is capable of dealing with these obscure phenomena, of observing and registering them, of deducing theories and tabulating facts, it is Mr. Crookes. This even they who pooh-pooh facts with which they are imperfectly acquainted, if at all, will and must admit. We ourselves regard a man with a level head and trained powers of observation as quite able to state whether a table did or did not rise from the floor, and whether a certain noise was or was not abnormally made upon it. But this by the way.

Mr. Crookes, in the book to which we now make reference, particularises, with diagrams, some experiments that he made with the late Mr. D. D. Home, and he especially catalogues and describes his experiments made during the years 1870-1873. During those four years "in my own house and in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and under as strict test conditions as I could devise," Mr. Crookes observed and recorded with scientific accuracy such phenomena as these.

- 1.—The movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical exertion.
- 2.—Percussive and other allied sounds (*e.g.*, rappings governed by intelligence).
- 3.—Alteration in weight of bodies (*e.g.*, rendering a table light or heavy at request).
- 4.—Movements of heavy substances at a distance from the medium.
- 5.—Rising of table from the floor without contact with any person.
- 6.—Levitation of human beings.
- 7.—Luminous appearances (*e.g.*, of a solid self-luminous body, shaped like an egg).
- 8.—Appearances of hands, either self-luminous, or visible by ordinary light.
- 9.—Writing without ordinary appliances, or the aid of any person present.
- 10.—Phantom faces and forms, more or less solid in appearance.

The list might be extended, but it is sufficient for our purpose, and it is not inopportune to ask Mr. Huxley whether he has made himself acquainted with the published testimony of his distinguished colleague, and what he has to say to it. Does he, for example, think that the ostrich policy of ignoring it disposes of its claims to attention? Does he think that the ineptitudes of Mr. Garbett are to be played off against the facts of Mr. Crookes? And, not to multiply questions, does he think that serious testimony of this kind, which might be indefinitely multiplied and extended, should be passed over by a man of Mr. Huxley's eminence when he elects to write about a subject such as Spiritualism? We have accepted his own estimate of the connotation of the term for purposes of argument. We, of course, hold that Spiritualism means far more than Mr. Huxley credits it with. But on his own estimate of it, he has treated the subject not only discourteously but unfairly.

And yet it will move on and develop and grow long after our critic and ourselves have learned by personal experience more of what it means.

Good for the Arab. Good all round:—

Arab Proverb: "The moment a man is satisfied with himself, everybody else is dissatisfied with him."

**ASSEMBLIES OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE
AT 2, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.**

We shall shortly issue a complete programme for the Session, commencing on January 22nd and ending June 11th.

It may be notified in advance that the President will open on January 22nd with a general address, presentation of report for the past year, and a talk which may raise subjects for free discussion. It is very important that a perfectly simple and untrammelled expression of opinion on subjects proposed for discussion should be had on each evening. This can only be had by members coming forward to take part in discussion. To this end a full programme will shortly be put forth so that members may prepare themselves to treat subjects on which they can throw light or on which they seek information.

Among the speakers who have accepted invitations to open subjects for debate are Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Maitland, Dr. Wyld, Mr. Paice, Mr. Shorter, Mr. Dawson Rogers, Madame de Steiger, and "1st M.B. (Lond.)."

It is further proposed to hold some social meetings during the Session, over each of which some lady member of the Alliance will be asked to preside and receive visitors, whom members are on these occasions invited to introduce.

The meetings will commence at 8 p.m., but the rooms will be open and available for members from 6 p.m. We venture to ask our members to make a note of the evenings in advance, as soon as the programme is published, and to reserve them as evenings engaged, with which no ordinary business shall interfere.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTICISM."*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It will be well, before proceeding farther with the consideration of Du Prel's remarkable treatise, to note the reasons he gives for concluding that somnambulism gives the key to the Self problem. The confused dream that we generally remember on waking, argues the author, is confused because made up of the fragments left of daily consciousness, the result of the functions of the dream organ, and of the images produced by such vegetative processes as nutrition. Hence, we must look for significant dreams in deep sleep. But as we do not remember the dreams, if there have been many, on waking out of a deep sleep, we must, to find what such dreams are, if they exist, have recourse to other means. This is found in somnambulism, where the somnambulist narrates his "dream," but, as before, does not remember it on waking.

That this is the proper method Du Prel argues from these reasons: Sleep and somnambulism are of the same kind but differ in degree only, because—the external conditions are the same; artificial somnambulism is more easily induced at night than in the day; actual sleep is the best condition for exciting somnambulism; memory is alive in somnambulism as well as in confused dreaming; in both states the visions are often allegorical or symbolical; and while sleep is curative, somnambulism is more so.

Somnambulism and sleep being, then, but different degrees of the same state, we have the key to the position. And it is in this somnambulant state that the threshold of sensibility is displaced, and we get a transcendental world as well as a transcendental Ego. Du Prel is very careful to insist on the clairvoyance, which he defines as "far-seeing in space, and fore seeing in time," as a condition, not a cause, of somnambulism.

We can now go on with the investigation. As has before been shown, dream is dramatic, in that it presents both bodily and mental states under the form of images; but there is one particular set of conditions in which this dramatic power is brought out with great clearness, that is in the case of bodily disease. "Dream is a symbolical representation of interior conditions of the dreamer; it is a symptom of health or disease." And a quotation is given from Maudsley, who says that "dreams sometimes have a truly prophetic character in regard to certain bodily affections, the early indications of which have

not been sufficiently marked to awaken any attention during the mental activity of the day. When the disease ultimately declares itself distinctly in our waking consciousness, then the prophetic dream, the forewarning, is recalled to mind with wonder."

The author develops, at great length, this part of the subject in a chapter called "Dream, a Physician." Numerous instances are given, not only of knowledge as to the somnambulist's *own* bodily state, but as to that of others. Space will not allow of quotation to any extent from this most valuable part of the book; valuable not only for the philosophic investigation contained in it, but also as being a collection of facts bearing on the subject of somnambulant healing, perhaps never brought together before. These facts—the kind of which will be known to the readers of "LIGHT,"—lead Du Prel again to the conclusion that the physician present in dream is the transcendental person, the sundered Ego.

"This language will no doubt seem strange to many; but since the faculties of somnambulists cannot be explained from the external consciousness, we must even have the courage just to say that somnambulists are inspired. But by whom inspired? It is not necessary to accept their 'guardian spirits' and their guides as realities and as the inspirers, because the phenomena are as well explained by the simple hypothesis that the somnambulists are inspired by themselves. These inspirations originate, however, from the region of the unconscious; it is the Ego below the threshold that lets itself be known when external consciousness disappears. A psychical relation of some kind must be at the foundation of the appearance that these inspirations come from without, and no other explanation is to be found than that the inspiration originates from the same subject, indeed, but yet from another person, than that of the external consciousness. This second person, however, can then be only relatively unconscious for the person of external consciousness, but not in itself."

Whether *no other explanation is to be found than that given by Du Prel* may certainly be questioned, and we cannot help feeling that having started with the sundering of the Ego, we are now proving that the Ego is sundered. This expression, "no other explanation," jars a little, for it is distinctly contrary to the canons of investigation laid down at the commencement of the book, and is of the same nature as the so-called scientific expressions against the use of which Du Prel argues strongly and with reason so often. If he had confined himself to saying "This seems to me *the most probable explanation*," the author would have been quite within his right, for in the chapter entitled, "Dream, a Physician," he has done more, perhaps, than in any other part of the book to establish his case.

In the chapter on Memory, Du Prel is apparently on still firmer ground, for the facts of alternation, of suppression, and again of recollection in the somnambulant state are now so well proved that a double personality would seem to be a certain fact; but even here we are confronted with the also seemingly well ascertained facts of a multiplex personality. For example, in the last number of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research we have a case of triple personality given as authentic. Of course in all these cases there may have been suggestion, and the experiments of Charcot and others clearly show that the limits of the effect of suggestion are not yet by any means known. Now Du Prel insists strongly against suggestion in the branch of experimental psychology of which he treats. It is difficult, therefore, to account for such a case as this given by him: "Bertrand's somnambulist had *three* different states besides the waking one; in the latter she knew nothing of either of them; but her somnambulism embraced the two others." Suggestion not being allowed, surely Bertrand's somnambulist had four different states, and the argument for the separation of the Ego into four parts is as good from this case as the argument in other cases is for the separation into two. For, as Du Prel justly says, in an early part of the work: "A negative case in opposition to dominant theories is thus the most valuable that an investigator can find. A new phenomenon may easily contradict all our known laws, and yet be conformable to a law unknown to us, which suppresses the former"; and so, if there be a single case which contradicts the "dominant theory" of the dualism of the Ego, and surely a case of triple, or quadruple personality does that, then we must seek for the explanation in some law "unknown to us, which suppresses the former." Unless indeed the case of multiplex personality is intended to cover the duplex, which is contrary to the whole tenor of the book.

As to the importance of a single opposing case in philosophical investigation Du Prel is very explicit, for he says (Vol. II., p. 121): "If in the North-German plain but one erratic block had been found, geology would have drawn from it the inference

* *The Philosophy of Mysticism*. By Carl du Prel, Dr. Phil Translated from the German by C. C. Massey. (London: George Redway.)

that the glacier world of the North had once advanced its gigantic tongues thus far. . . . Honesty therefore demands that just such importance should be ascribed to a well-proved case of extraordinary function in the human psyche, even were it but one."

Another point which strikes one is the way in which the author, forgetting his own canons of investigation, takes for granted the absurdity of certain other beliefs. For instance, he says, "The Abbot Eleutherius had adopted a 'possessed' boy, who while with him was freed from his delusion, but relapsed when the abbot once made an incautious allusion to it." That the "possession" was a "delusion" is taken for granted just as easily as Du Prel's "transcendental Ego" will be assumed as a "delusion" by the scientists whose blind positiveness he so constantly and justly attacks. And as another example of the facility of assumption on the part of so advanced a thinker, we get this (Du Prel is speaking of the effect of suggestion in producing recollection) :—

"It seems to me that some light is also thus thrown upon the still unexplained witches' sabbath. It is said that nothing was more harassing to the witches when prepared for their journey than the cry of the night watchman or the ringing of the church bells. At the sabbath itself no one could make the sign of the Cross or utter the name of Jesus; in both cases the spell was broken and the whole assembly disappeared, to the glory of the religion so detested by Satan. *It is easy to see* [the italics are not Du Prel's] that the broken spell signifies only the awakening from the somnambulant visions, effected by the impact of memories which in the Middle Ages were associated with the most intense interest, even for apostates."

Putting aside the facts as to the "sabbath," whatever those facts may or may not have been, the "it is easy to see" is strikingly like that pleasing assumption of the youthful mathematician when not understanding his subject he hopes to beguile the unwary examiner. It is never "easy to see," except in cases where the consequence follows or does not follow absolutely from the premises.

The conclusion at which Du Prel arrives, after a long consideration of alternation and other apparently abnormal functions of memory, is that "the Subject has a double consciousness, so that it falls asunder into two persons, and in forgetting, as in remembering, what takes place is simply a transfer of possession of an idea between these two persons." Whether this is quite proved may be questioned, though the author has certainly shown the very great probability of the existence of two or more persons in the same Ego.

The result of the argument, then, is, according to Du Prel, that the life-principle in us is the transcendental Subject, and that at death this transcendental Subject simply gets rid of the earthy and material covering. In other words, instead of the ordinary doctrine that the soul is encased in its shell, the body, which may or may not fit it, the transcendental Subject, or the soul, and the body are one, but possessing a double consciousness; the one can die, the other cannot. With Swedenborg one may say that "Man is so constituted that he is at the same time in the spiritual world and in the natural world."

Here, however, arises at once the question, Why are we here at all? By the free act of our own transcendental Subject, says Du Prel; a Subject which can will, and which does will, its incarnation, hence is free, but loses that freedom in that part of the Ego which is earthly and transitory man. The freedom of the will and its co-existence with the fact of causation are thus explained, while the incarnation itself is brought about by love, the mystery of which lies in the Unconscious. Arguing from the indifference to pain when the lower consciousness is suppressed in somnambulism, it seems to follow that human suffering is not suffering for the transcendental Ego which "had chosen this lot [this life], not being moved by the sufferings of our earthly life, but yet enjoying the fruits of it." Nor is this advantage for the individual only, but also for the race, for "the evil in the world, which the struggle for existence brings with it, is therefore in the result optimistic; for this struggle advances the biological elevation of the life forms and their consciousness." While as for the individual "the impulse to incarnation is only explicable if the sufferings of life are of transcendental advantage to the Subject, which has wholly different interests from the earthly person." And as explaining the curious attachment to life, which the author seems to take too readily for granted as being general, Du Prel agrees with Schopenhauer that it exists notwithstanding the preponderance of suffering, because we not only have the will to live, but we have this will. The transcendental Subject is "indifferent to the sufferings of the earthly person, reckoning them for its own

advantage; it therefore insists on this existence, as somnambulists in the crisis may desire an operation from which they shrink in waking life."

But it is impossible within anything like reasonable limits to do anything like justice to the profound thought contained in the 300 pages devoted to the *Monistic Doctrine of the Soul*. If we cannot here again always concur in the conclusions obtained, and if assumption is sometimes too freely made, the suggestiveness of the whole chapter — and suggestiveness is perhaps, after all, the thing most worthy of praise—the suggestiveness is prominent on every page, and in almost every line.

As a contribution to psychology, to metaphysics, and to ethics, Du Prel's book is of surpassing value, even though one may find it difficult to agree at times both with the methods and with the conclusions.

Mr. Massey has done a great service to the thinking world in undertaking the heavy work of translation, and gratitude is due to him moreover for his elucidatory notes, and for a preface which itself deserves a serious review. π.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

A REMINISCENCE.

We hope to publish from a personal friend some trustworthy account of the mystical side of Laurence Oliphant's character. Meantime the following (from the *Observer*) gives a better account of him than we have seen elsewhere :—

I have seen but scant notice of the death of Laurence Oliphant. More obituary notices have appeared of the late Lord Eversley, an almost forgotten politician who was once Speaker of the House of Commons; more still of S. Mancini, a third-rate Italian statesman. But I would wager heavily that for one human being who cared to learn whether Lord Eversley or S. Mancini was alive or dead there are hundreds to whom the news that Laurence Oliphant is no more will come home as a thing not to be lightly mentioned or to be soon forgotten. Amongst all sorts and conditions of men, in all the outlying nooks and corners over which the Union Jack flies or in which Englishmen have made their home, there will be found little knots and groups abroad to whom the tidings will bring back any number of personal recollections, regrets, and phantasies.

Let me, for one, speak of him as I knew him. If I were asked to say what Laurence Oliphant had done to fill so large a place in the minds of those to whom he was a living presence, I should find it hard to make out much of a case. He was for many years—ever so long ago—a man of note in the social world; he sat in Parliament for a short period, member, if I remember rightly, for a Scotch borough; he wrote one clever social novel, *Piccadilly*, which is now hardly intelligible except to those who have attained the maturity of foggdom; he was the author of half a dozen bright sketches; he was a contributor to the defunct *Owl*; he was the promoter of a few financial enterprises not always of the highest character; he was correspondent to a daily paper; he had been mixed up with any number of adventures, enterprises, undertakings, revolutions, and agitations; he was a Spiritualist, a Fourierist, a Mystic, and a follower of Harris, the Yankee prophet. He knew many men; was known in many cities; had played many parts in life's drama; and died leaving behind him little but the memory of a name.

Adepts in the art of chiromancy tell me that on the palm of some hands there stretches a broad, deep, cross line which dies away before reaching the side. The possessors of such a line have a talent which borders on genius but fails quite to reach it. If this be so the line graven on the palm of Laurence Oliphant must have come very close indeed to the outer edge, and there been cut short in its career. He was not a genius, but yet he was the nearest approach to it that it has been my lot to come across. What marred the man I cannot tell, but, if I had to offer a solution of my own, the flaw in his mental composition was that there were within him two Oliphants, and that he never could make up his mind whether to be one or the other. I remember the late Lord Houghton saying of him once that Laurence was always trying to serve two masters, God and Mammon, Harris and Delane. In this saying there lay, to my mind, the keynote of a character of singular complexity. I knew Oliphant when he was a man about town, a worldling amongst worldlings, and yet even in those days it was evident to all who knew him intimately that

in the pursuit of pleasure he had always a longing for higher things. I knew him later, when he had left the world behind him, and had become a dreamer of dreams, a searcher after truth, a disciple of the creed of the higher life; and yet—so it seemed to me—a certain hankering after the world and the good things of this life abided with him to the end.

It is in no unkindly, still more in no unfriendly, spirit I write thus of one whom to know was to like, almost to love. In common with Mary, he had chosen the better part; in common with Martha, he was cumbered and troubled about many things. It was no fault of his if to the aspirations of a mystic—almost of a martyr—there were added by nature the instincts of the born promoter. I recollect years ago his coming to me to suggest I should join him in his project to form a limited liability company for the re-installment of the Jews in the Holy Land. I pointed out the obvious difficulty that the Jews could not be forced to return to Judæa; and that, to the best of my observation, they had, as a body, not the remotest wish to leave London and Paris, Vienna and Frankfort, and Amsterdam for the valley of the Jordan and the shores of the Lake of Galilee. To my way of thinking it was mere waste of time even to discuss the project; so I stated that in my opinion there was one fatal objection to the scheme, and that was that it would be impossible to raise the capital required. "Oh, about that" (in as far as I can recall his words), Oliphant replied, "there will be no difficulty whatever. Every Evangelical clergyman and every Non-conformist minister in the British Empire and the United States will act as our unpaid canvasser. We have only got to state in our prospectus that we are going to fulfil the prophecies and confirm the truth of Scripture by restoring the chosen people to the land of promise and the capital will be subscribed a hundred times over." Whether he was right, whether he was wrong, I know not; but of this I am convinced, that he was equally sincere both in the mysticism which conceived the abstract idea and in the shrewd promoter's instinct which suggested the practical solution.

So, again, there comes back to me another incident in my relations with Laurence Oliphant which throws light on that curious, complex character. Years ago a friend of mine and his died, leaving a widow utterly forlorn, almost without kith or kin, and altogether destitute. It was one of those cases which call for help, and in which—to do the world justice—help, as a rule, is given not unfreely. It fell to my lot to appeal for subscriptions towards a fund to provide some small competence for the widow left penniless. Of the very few refusals I met with, one, to my surprise, was from Laurence Oliphant. The reason he assigned for his refusal was that all such moneys as he could apply to charitable purposes were devoted to the relief of spiritual sorrows far more acute than any physical or material sufferings. I was angry at the answer—unjust in my judgment, as men in anger are apt to be. There were special personal and professional reasons why Oliphant, of all men, should have contributed to the fund, and in conversation with another friend of mine who had much to do with Oliphant's affairs I expressed my opinion that the excuse alleged was a mere pretext. "You are wrong there," I was told in reply; "I have no sympathy with Oliphant's ideas; but as a matter of fact I can tell you, as all the payments are made through me, that every penny Oliphant can spare from what he earns beyond what is required for the necessary expenses of his position—and those calculated on the most frugal scale—is remitted through my hands to the support of the community of which he is a member." So the facts were; and the truth should be told that for years a man whose tastes, habits, associations, instincts were all those of the world we live in, worked hard and gave away the fruits of his toil simply and solely to support an idea which men of common-sense regard as a Utopian absurdity, and in which I have often doubted whether he himself had any profound and consoling faith.

For here, once more, the duality of Oliphant's nature made itself manifest. A martyr must be devoid of the sense of humour, and a hermit should not have a keen appreciation of ridicule. And with Oliphant mysticism and humour were always in conflict; the cult of the higher life was perpetually in antagonism with the insight into the element of absurdity that enters into all human efforts to be in the world and yet not of the world. In the end he found refuge in Spiritualism. I am not sure whether he ever quite believed in it; I am sure he would gladly have believed. But faith is a matter of temperament, and the temperament of a devout enthusiast is not and

cannot be that of a man of the world. Thus, I doubt greatly whether Oliphant's mystic teachings produced much effect while he lived, or will be remembered after his death; they will pass as shadows pass and leave no mark behind. But to those who knew him Laurence Oliphant will live in memory as one of the strangest, brightest, and most sympathetic personalities of their time. Almost a genius, well-nigh an enthusiast, a sort of nineteenth century Hamlet who doubled the part of an adept of the higher life with that of a promoter of companies—this is about how I can best describe him. It was, so I have been told, an article of his inner creed that as one of the elect he could not die till the time appointed for the second coming. He has died as others die! Peace be to his memory! If ever man deserved to rest well after life's fitful fever, that reward is surely due to Laurence Oliphant.

IGNOTUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Laurence Oliphant and T. L. Harris.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—In "LIGHT" of January 5th, "X.Y.Z." seems to consider the late Laurence Oliphant as the authority on Sympneumata or counterparts. This is not so. Oliphant's ideas are simply borrowed (without due acknowledgment) from the writings and oral teachings of Thomas Lake Harris, with whom he was at one time associated.

I will add that some of Oliphant's statements in his recent writings on this subject are historically inaccurate. I say this from documentary evidence in my possession, in the shape of Harris's privately printed works and letters.

Those who wish to judge intelligently on this matter should resort to the fountain-head. More than one Spiritualist library now contains a copy of Harris's *Esoteric Science in Human History*, printed in 1884. I advise the inquirer on these subjects to read it; and especially in this connection to study sections 380-384, 499-500, and 1078-1079. I know more on this subject, but must be silent.

E. W. BERRIDGE, M.D.

48, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park.

January 8th, 1889.

[A copy is in the Library of the London Spiritualist Alliance.]

"A Romance of Two Worlds"—New Edition.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—There is so much that is true and beautiful in the above-named book that I hesitate to write one word casting doubt upon any of the statements contained therein; still the cause of Truth, we are told, is the cause of God, and anything which perverts truth and causes it to be misunderstood is injurious to humanity, and therefore I believe it to be the duty of every believer in Spiritualism to protest against error in connection therewith, let it come from whatever source it may. It seems a pity that the authoress should go out of her way to cast a stone at mediums and so-called Spiritual phenomena (spirit-phenomena is of course the better term); it is as certain as anything can be that the genuine manifestations are produced through some agency apart from the fleshly bodies of the sitters, although in some cases possibly they are due to the soul-portion of the same known as "the double."

The fact that in a great many cases the manifestations are of a very unsatisfactory character is a matter of no moment so far as the present argument is concerned; the question is, Do spirits or intelligences of any kind communicate through the means employed? If so, and reliable information comes to some of us from friends and relations who have passed over the river, then are we justified in the belief of the life beyond the grave, the really valuable part of all such manifestations.

The thoughts and conversation of a ploughman and a peer are widely different, and so are the communications received at séances, but all the same it would be folly to argue therefrom that the peer was human whilst the ploughman was not so. It takes a good many people to make up a world, and when we consider that all these, good and bad, gentle and simple, pass on to the "undiscovered country" at the rate of 3,600,000,000 in every century; that the great majority of these are pretty low down in the scale of humanity, and from this very circumstance are more than likely to be still hovering around their earthly habitation from sheer inability to go up any higher as yet, I for my part am not at all surprised at the want of intelligence so often displayed in the communi-

cations received at séances. But I do not deny their source any the more for that. It is not given to all of us to sit down to table "clothed in purple and fine linen," and surrounded by costly exotics electrically lighted, nor to be served with wines of rare vintages by "graceful youths clad in Armenian costume"; life in this world is a mighty bread-and-cheese affair with a good many of us, I fear; nor have all of us the privilege of going up to the seventh Heaven and seeing Jesus, as the young musician did, and yet, while firmly believing in spirit intercourse, even through the "skipping about of chairs and tables" (just as I believe that the "skipping about" of the electric needle brings me a message from my friends across the ocean), so do I also believe that in proportion to the purity and intelligence of those who sit in the circle will be the spirituality and intellectuality of the communications received by them, and I sometimes venture to suppose that the words of Jesus—"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name there am I in the midst of them"—may be taken literally; but, as the Apostle Paul said, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

The author of *A Romance of Two Worlds* declares that "Spirits can touch nothing corporeal," but I venture to think that it is only by spirit that matter can be moved at all, and that matter without spirit is dead to all intents and purposes; and that spirit hands of some sort can touch us, and that somewhat roughly, is plain enough to some of us at any rate. I will not attempt to criticise other portions of this book, for I would on no account wish to weaken its power for good in the minds of many, and I heartily hope the time is not far distant when a further revelation in regard to "the cultivation of the electric spirit within us" will be given to the world, if such a thing is possible, although how much is fact and how much fiction in the book herein treated of is a mystery to the present writer.

T. L. HENLY.

Clairvoyance and Clairaudience.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR.—For the last two years or so I have had occasion to meet, in the way of business, an intelligent aged seaman of noble aspect, formerly a captain in the merchant service, who is still a leading member and the actual manager of a flourishing trade concern in the seaport town in which I live, therefore much more than a mere enthusiast or visionary, or one whose word there is any remote reason for doubting.

On former occasions, when transacting business with him, I have only noted in him a very strong religious feeling and the capacity of quoting Scripture at every turn; but two days ago, on visiting his office, he startled me by the demonstration of quite a new and unexpected faculty. In allusion to some assertion of his, he backed it by the following words: "The Lord said so to me." "What," I replied; "do you mean to say that you heard the words spoken to you?" "Yes," he replied, "as plainly as I hear you speaking now. And the Lord often, when I am anxious, repeats the three first verses to me of the forty-sixth psalm," and he quoted those three verses on the spot. "This hearing voices," I replied, "has become in these days by no means an uncommon thing." And when he went on to say that he "saw the dear Lord" also, I merely remarked that those who hear have often the power of seeing likewise. He always spoke of "his dear Lord" as his interlocutor; and when he came to seeing also, I felt that he had touched upon a ticklish point that our casual acquaintance could not justify my then discussing; while I feared to break the even tenor of his discourse by opening a side issue. It is certain that almost all the young mediums of note who have lost their mothers begin by seeing and hearing spirits whom they believe to be their own parent, the marvellous calculating boy, Jacques Inodi, included, who is said to hear the answers to the problems put to him. The spirits first interest their young hearts by coming to them in the form of those they love best. Marie Alacoque, of the bleeding heart, and St. Theresa, whose life Cardinal Manning has written, are perhaps the two modern saints most prized by the Romanists; but the more I study their lives by the light of modern materialisation and their own words, the more convinced I am that their guiding spirit was not the spirit that they believed him to be; my reason for which I gave in a paper published by the *Spiritualist* of March 14th, 1879. That the spirit, however, who guides the gentleman I am now writing about is one of extraordinary power and reliability I am now about to show: more extraordinary and reliable, indeed, than any other guide I remember to have read of in modern days, when danger was at hand. Let me premise that

my friend throughout always spoke of, "the dear Lord," with as much confidence in His individuality and identity as did any ancient prophet or saint in the Roman calendars, Marie Alacoque and St. Theresa included.

The ice being broken, the revelations of my friend found full play and filled me with astonishment. He told me that once, when sailing with a gentle wind and serene sky, the dear Lord told him, in nautical terms, "to lower every sail." "Dear Lord," he answered "you have never deceived me, and since it is Thy will I will do as Thou orderest me." So he at once gave the word of command, and it must indeed redound to the honour of guide and medium; and his officers and men must have thought the latter mad if they had not gained confidence already by his previous fore-knowledge. No sooner were the sails lowered than there came on the most tremendous squall conceivable, blowing every rag to "shivereens." I confess that his faith and his sea terms somewhat confounded me; and not less his testimony in proof that his faith was never gainsayed by a single *fiasco*. That was the grand point which touched me most. He went on to say how he was guided in fogs, and, instead of laying to, he used to proceed boldly forward straight to the point sought, avoiding other ships and dangerous rocks and headlands in perfect faith and confidence in his guide. We may well conceive that he kept the rudder in his own hands on these occasions. And so he does now. In the very last local paper I see that a local steam tug was sent out to a ship that had run on shore. The steam tug was commanded by Captain — (they call him, in the newspaper, plain Mr.). And he got her off. His partners, we see, have confidence in him still, as his crews had aforetime, not least when he piped all hands to prayers and thanksgivings; and they all fell on their knees together. "Ah!" said my friend, seeing he had an interested listener, "I could go on for hours!" But we were interrupted by a messenger who came between us, and I felt it time to go. As it is, I have been only able to give just a small part of his narratives, rendered partly unintelligible, I must acknowledge, by sea terms and the volubility engendered by his own reasonable and intense faith in the mercies extended to him, and by my own slowness of apprehension. How much nobler and better is this than dreamland racing tips, that may ruin others now, and confound the dreamer next time! I was able to cap my friend's narratives with a tale of a commander in the Navy being woke at night by a voice which told him to go on deck, and he was then saved from running on to a cliff; but as that story is already in your pages I must not repeat it. I did not, however, add that the commander had to be pulled by the sleeve before he would turn out. I thought that might be a step in advance of my new friend; and, moreover, in one so faithful as regards modern Spiritualistic events quite unneeded.

AN OBSERVER.

Spiritualism and Theosophy.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Your correspondent "Fred Allan" misses entirely the point of my letter in "LIGHT" for December 22nd, which point was that he is confounding what he knows with what he has been told, no matter by whom, and has come to believe. The quotation concerning the necessary powers for Mahatmaship was but a flagrant instance of the same. The dictionary meaning of the word Adept is quite beside the question. In going there for his information your correspondent may well find the ordinary meaning of the word Adept, as applied to any subject whatever. Adeptship in chemistry or literature is ideas that can be measured by Adepts in those matters only, and Adeptship in spiritual science can only be measured in like manner by a spiritual Adept. Hence when a person describes the necessary qualification for Mahatmaship, that person must be a Mahatma himself. From this it follows that "Fred Allan" must be a Mahatma, or he must be asserting matters in a positive manner, concerning which he has no knowledge but only belief.

On reading further your correspondent's letter, I was delighted to see that he holds that the existence of Mahatmas, or their non-existence, "in no degree interferes with the truth of Theosophical teachings"; that no Theosophist "insists upon any belief in mere faith"; and that "an inquirer is only asked to believe that which he can find out for himself." I almost thought that I was unconsciously a Theosophist. But what a sudden blast there came to my hopes when this was immediately followed by the following sentences: "But the true Theosophist

. . . 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." I venture to think that adherence to any such *one* creed, must be very near akin to "belief on mere faith."

To enter now on the region of so-called speculation. "Fred Allan" tells us "that this creed emanates from the inner soul of the man himself." I should like to know the worth of this statement. Man inherits certain tendencies, which are the unconscious (in corporeal states) memories of his previous existence. A man who in earlier lives was a bigot in any form of religion, will in his present life show signs of that bigotry, that are quite recognisable to himself, if he have overcome that fault since his last death. If a man again were inordinately proud, pride would again manifest its presence, though perhaps in less intensity. In the same way every other more complicated matter that formed part of his consciousness in previous existence, shows itself now, unconsciously as to its origin, in the embodied state. These unconscious tendencies, and reminiscences, *plus* the result of present reflection, research, and the experiences of the present life, to my mind constitute the "emanations of the inner soul" as F.A. terms them. These "emanations" are constantly changing, amplifying themselves, becoming more perfect, and approaching nearer to truth, according as the man conquers the lower tendencies, the material attributes of his soul, and so gains in spirituality and experience. Experience is the great teacher, and experience, so far as it goes, strongly supports the teachings given by those teachers Spiritualists of the best kind desire to get in contact with. We find too that *these* teachers do not tell us untruths, that they are credible witnesses, and therefore we have great reason for believing them when they tell us things quite beyond the power of the normal soul to cognise for itself while clothed in flesh. And when they weave the whole of their information into one simple and harmonious whole, demonstrating and clearing up difficult points, in short doing their best to give us all the help in their power; I prefer to thankfully accept, weigh, and assimilate what I can of their instruction, rather than lean towards the "mysterious and unproved† system of philosophy," given in a mysterious manner by Theosophical teachers.

"Finally," says F.A., "there is no secrecy in Theosophy to those who are in earnest." I am very glad to hear it, but having always been, as some of my acquaintances have called it, "dreadfully in earnest," and up to the present having found it very secret, I may hope some day to find that F.A. is correct; considering that phenomenalism is the very last thing I care to get into contact with. "1ST M.B. (LOND.)"

Mr. Page Hopps's Sermons.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—I know nothing, unfortunately, of Mr. Page Hopps's sermons except from your "Jottings." I will not, therefore, presume to pass any criticism upon them. But let me earnestly protest against the theological criticism you yourself offer, apparently as an echo of his, respecting what Mr. Hopps refers to as "some of the grosser and more repulsive hymns that are still taught to children: such as

"I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains."

Mr. Hopps asks, "What possible sense can a child find in the idea of washing crimson stains white in blood!" and you endorse his scornful question by adding, "What indeed, or, for that matter, what sense can anybody find in such rubbish?"

I do not profess to be in entire sympathy with the language of the hymn quoted. I could not talk exactly in that strain. But I do think that the earnest beliefs of God's people should not be thus trampled upon. And that a Spiritualist, who is accustomed to the bold symbolism adopted by mystic teachers, and to the far-reaching application of the Science of Correspondences, should find any difficulty in attaching sound sense, and even deep spiritual meaning, to these words, fills me with astonishment.

Surely the whole education of the Jewish dispensation, from which this sacrificial language is derived, was in-

* The italics are mine.

† This word was by printer's error printed "improved" in my letter of December 22nd.

tended among other things to teach the world that "the blood of any creature is its life"—and that whoever gives himself to any great purpose sheds his blood for it. This spiritual law is too deep to be expounded to uncultured persons in philosophic terms: but all its import is appropriated, with immensely heightened power, by the use of concrete altar terms, implying that He whom the Christian Church accepts as its Lord and Saviour communicates all the wealth of life and influence which this profound and unfathomable symbolism expresses. The verse commented upon seems to me rather unfortunately selected. There is nothing in it about legal satisfaction, or compensation, or purchase. All the symbolism may be very fairly deduced from passages in that most sublime of all symbolic poems, the Revelation of St. John the Divine. The sentiment is really healthy, and the pictures deposited in the mind by the figurative speech are such as any one whose inner perceptions are even slightly opened will use without risk of abuse. I do not for one moment believe that all your ideas of the interior significance of such words as *crimson*, *white*, *spot*, *stains*, *washing* are limited by the dyer's vat and the domestic tub; and yet this seems to me to be the ridiculous import of your rough censure of the words you refer to as senseless "rubbish." When we cast contempt on the homely Scriptural phraseology which is so dear to simple souls, do we not leave them a monopoly of poetry and shut up ourselves in most grovelling prose? By all means, let us have a purified and refined theology! Let us abandon the glosses put upon sacrificial symbolism by forensic interpretations and mercenary, market habits. But while carting away the husk do not reject the kernel, and this I am afraid we do when we refuse to recognise the fact that beneath all the crudeness and grossness of theologic phraseology in the mouths of unlettered people—behind the wild extravagance and caricature of Salvation Army enthusiasts (fanatics if you will), and such folk—there is often a living organic deposit of eternal truth, half hid and half revealed in concrete language, which the inner spirit grasps even while it may use language at which refined taste heaves its gorge. No reform can be salutary which does not affirm and appropriate the truth which exists in the forms and institutions which it seeks to improve or re-model. R. M. THEOBALD.

[We are impenitent. The verse quoted was by no means the worst of those mentioned by Mr. Page Hopps: and we entirely agree with him that such hymns are most undesirable food for a child, or for anybody. Probably, however, they are sung without any meaning being attached to them. That does not improve matters.—ED. "LIGHT."]

Astrology.

To the Editor of "LIGHT."

SIR,—Having lately taken up the study of this ancient science, I am met at the threshold with this difficulty: that I can form no rational conception of how *events* can be brought about by the movements and influences of the stars. Effects flow from causes, but *events* require the intervention of intelligence. Let me illustrate this. The aspect of the stars at a certain time forebodes an accident. Suppose an accident by a railway collision actually occurs to me on a particular line. My presence in the train could not possibly be caused by any constant unintelligent force (like that of Saturn, for instance), because three days out of four I travel by a different route. My being in the train at all was the result of my breakfast being ten minutes late, and that was caused by the cook having a toothache. Could the planet Saturn know that the cook would have a toothache?

The influence of the stars on character, physique, &c., is quite conceivable, but to believe that events, marriages, births, deaths, and accidents can be foretold, seems to require as a logical consequence that we endow them with the human attributes of intelligence and volition in a superhuman degree. From this dilemma I see no escape. Can any of your readers who may be believers in the science, assist me to *digest* its facts? LIBRA.

KING'S CROSS SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCH, COPENHAGEN HALL, COPENHAGEN-STREET, N. — On Sunday morning last, Mr. Towns delivered an address on "Liberty of Thought," followed by discussion. In the evening a full house assembled in the expectation of clairvoyance from Mrs. Wilkinson, who was, however, unavoidably absent. The chairman, Mr. Rodger, read the poem "Evermore," as a lesson, and introduced Mr. Paine, whose Psychometric Readings gave satisfaction to nearly all present. The meeting was a most harmonious one. We expect Mr. Veitch, of Peckham, to address us next Sunday evening.—Cor.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN WILLIAM INCHBOLD.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(FROM THE *Athenæum*.)

We extract and reproduce *in extenso* the following beautiful poem of one of our foremost poets: one instance among many of poetic insight, where imagination fixes what the eye does not see. The poet sees farther and in a different direction than the man of science, whose eyes are bent on his material work. Each in his sphere, but the poet's eye is purged and gives us glimpses of the unseen.

Farewell: how should not such as thou fare well,
Though we fare ill that love thee, and that live,
And know, whate'er the days wherein we dwell
May give us, thee again they will not give?

Peace, rest, and sleep are all we know of death,
And all we dream of comfort: yet for thee,
Whose breath of life was bright and strenuous breath,
We think the change is other than we see.

The seal of sleep set on thine eyes to-day
Surely can seal not up the keen swift light
That lit them once for ever. Night can slay
None save the children of the womb of night.

The fire that burns up dawn to bring forth noon
Was father of thy spirit: how shouldst thou
Die as they die for whom the sun and moon
Are silent? Thee the darkness holds not now:

Them, while they looked upon the light, and deemed
That life was theirs for living in the sun,
The darkness held in bondage: and they dreamed,
Who knew not that such life as theirs was none.

To thee the sun spake, and the morning sang
Notes deep and clear as life or heaven: the sea
That sounds for them but wild waste music rang
Notes that were lost not when they rang for thee.

The mountains clothed with light and night and change,
The lakes alive with wind and cloud and sun,
Made answer, by constraint sublime and strange,
To the ardent hand that bade thy will be done.

We may not bid the mountains mourn, the sea
That lived and lightened from thine hand again
Moan, as of old would men that mourned as we
A man beloved, a man elect of men.

A man that loved them. Vain, divine and vain,
The dream that touched with thoughts or tears of ours
The spirit of sense that lives in sun and rain,
Sings out in birds, and breathes and fades in flowers.

Not for our joy they live, and for our grief
They die not. Though thine eye be closed, thine hand
Powerless as mine to paint them, not a leaf
In English woods or glades of Switzerland

Falls earlier now, fades faster. All our love
Moves not our mother's changeless heart, who gives
A little light to eyes and stars above,
A little life to each man's heart that lives.

A little life to heaven and earth and sea,
To stars and souls revealed of night and day,
And change, the one thing changeless: yet shall she
Cease too, perchance, and perish. Who shall say?

Our mother Nature, dark and sweet as sleep,
And strange as life and strong as death, holds fast,
Even as she holds our hearts alive, the deep
Dumb secret of her first-born births and last.

But this, we know, shall cease not till the strife
Of nights and days and fears and hopes find end;
This, through the brief eternities of life,
Endures, and calls from death a living friend;

The love made strong with knowledge, whence confirmed
The whole soul takes assurance, and the past
(So by time's measure, not by memory's, termed)
Lives present life, and mingles first with last.

I, now long since thy guest of many days,
Who found thy hearth a brother's, and with thee
Tracked in and out the lines of rolling bays
And banks and gulfs and reaches of the sea—

Deep dens wherein the wrestling water sobs
And pants with restless pain of reflux breath
Till all the sunless hollow sounds and throbs
With ebb and flow of eddies dark as death—

I know not what more glorious world, what waves
More bright with life,—if brighter aught may live
Than those that filled and fled their tidal caves—
May now give back the love thou hast to give.

Tintagel, and the long Trebarwith sand,
Lone Camelford; and Boscastle divine
With dower of southern blossom, bright and bland
Above the roar of granite-baffled brine,

Shall hear no more by joyous night or day
From downs or causeways good to rove and ride,
Or feet of ours or horse-hoofs urge their way
That sped us here and there by tower and tide.

The headlands and the hollows and the waves,
For all our love, forget us: where I am
Thou art not: deeper sleeps the shadow on graves
Than in the sunless gulf that once we swam.

Thou hast swum too soon the sea of death: for us
Too soon, but if truth bless love's blind belief,
Faith, born of hope and memory, says not thus:
And joy for thee for me should mean not grief.

And joy for thee, if ever soul of man
Found joy in change and life of ampler birth
Than here pens in the spirit for a span,
Must be the life that doubt calls death on earth

For if, beyond the shadow and the sleep,
A place there be for souls without a stain,
Where peace is perfect, and delight more deep
Than seas or skies that change and shine again,

There none of all unsullied souls that live
May hold a surer station: none may lend
More light to hope's or memory's lamp, nor give
More joy than thine to those that called thee friend.

Yea, joy from sorrow's barren womb is born
When faith begets on grief the godlike child:
As midnight yearns with starry sense of morn
In Arctic summers, though the sea wax wild,
So love, whose name is memory, thrills at heart,
Remembering and rejoicing in thee, now
Alive where love may dream not what thou art
But knows that higher than hope or love art thou.

"Whatever heaven, if heaven at all may be,
Await the sacred souls of good men dead,
There, now we mourn who loved him here, is he."
So, sweet and stern of speech, the Roman said,

Erect in grief, in trust erect, and gave
His deathless dead a deathless life even here
Where day bears down on day as wave on wave
And not man's smile fades faster than his tear.

Albeit this gift be given not me to give,
Nor power be mine to break time's silent spell
Not less shall love that dies not while I live
Bid thee, beloved in life and death, farewell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W.—Thank you. Next week.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Excellent addresses were given at both meetings on Sunday last by Mr. J. Veitch and Mr. R. Harper. Next Sunday, Mr. U. W. Goddard at eleven. At three p.m. a children's anniversary service will be held, and a prize distribution; address to be given by Miss Reeves; also at seven p.m. London Spiritualists are earnestly invited to attend our second anniversary meeting on Sunday, January 27th. Annual tea on Tuesday, January 29th. Particulars next week.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, 18, BAKER-STREET (NEAR BAKER-STREET STATION, OPPOSITE THE PORTMAN ROOMS).—On Sunday next, at seven p.m., Mr. Butcher will give a trance address, before which I shall read some accounts of recent psychic phenomena in America and especially relate the history of an extraordinary painting of the Virgin to be seen in a church in Mexico, said to have been produced by spiritual means. All such phenomena, whether produced within the pale of the churches or outside of it, have, no doubt, a common origin and are equally interesting to Occult students. We hope to see a good attendance.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., President.

"ALWAYS encounter petulance with gentleness, and perverseness with kindness; a gentle hand will lead the elephant itself by a hair."—SAADI.

"THE existence of a particularly difficult and manifest paradox is one of the best signs; it is the indication that the time has come for an advance in thought, for its development or advance to a higher grade. The two opposite opinions must be put together, not by a compromise, nor by holding two contrary opinions, or making one yield, but by maintaining both in their fullest and most absolute sense, and seeing how they agree and are one, i.e., by adding another element to our knowledge and raising the level of our thought. Strong and startling paradoxes are ground for hope and not for despair; they are the things which turn the course of thought when in that direction it has reached its limit; turn it and elevate it, if dealt with aright, in a spirit of manful boldness and earnestness, and not of cowardice and compromise and distrust of power. In fact paradox is in mind the analogue of that condition which caused development of species; two extremes, two polars."—HINTON'S *Philosophy of Religion*, p. 110.