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Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

No. 455.—VOL. IX. [Registered as a Newspaper.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889. [Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

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

My opening Notes, after some temporary silence, must be personal. Absence from any centre of information, and even from any place of rest, made it impossible for me to continue the series of comments on passing events which have been characteristic of this journal ever since its foundation. Moving about as I was day by day in unfrequented districts, it was, under the best of circumstances, not easy to keep up with the requirements of a weekly journal, and to know what was really wanted from time to time. But when letters follow post by post pursuing me from one Post-office to another and never actually overtaking me till a stop has to be made to give them time to get up, the difficulty becomes almost insuperable. I am indebted to friends in and near London for much assistance in supplementing my own unavoidable shortcomings. A holiday was a necessity, but I will never again attempt to edit this or any other paper when driving through a considerable part of England, having a fresh postal address almost every day, missing letters that have not arrived, writing "copy" at odd moments in still more odd places, and always with a sense of inability to overtake the work to be done. Even a war correspondent might sometimes grumble at such a condition of things. But I am not a war correspondent, and my health was very indifferent. So Notes were not to be done, and I did not attempt to do them. For the rest, if readers knew the difficulty under which the journal has been produced during the holiday season, they would, I am sure, think its contents very creditable.

The extent to which correspondence has run has materially helped to sustain interest. A topic on which opinions differ is always interesting to those who discuss it, and information is elicited by the friction of correspondence that would come out in no other way. A man who cannot write an elaborate article can write a letter, and will read rejoinders to it. Delane, the best editor the *Times* ever had, always gauged the popular interest in a given subject by the number of letters he got about it. And those who conduct a newspaper know that voluminous correspondence indicates not only general interest but furnishes matter that will usually be read. If so, "LIGHT" has been readable enough, though the subjects that provoke the correspondence in these columns cause me some mild surprise. I should have thought that the interpretation of the accumulated facts of our varied experiences would furnish a fruitful ground for

discussion, for many minds take many views. I hope the may come in due course.

Meantime, as I assume the sole control of "LIGHT," devoting all my time to its interests and those of the *London Spiritualist Alliance*, I appeal to all for such help as they can give me. The burden is heavy enough for any one man; too heavy for one whose health is precarious, and who cannot rely on himself for any excessive strain of work. I found that to try to do everything ended in doing nothing, for the jaded system struck work, and I had perforce to give in. I will bea long time, under best conditions, before the overstrung nerves resume their tone. One, out of many things, had to be done, the rest must be abandoned. The one thing that I chose naturally was my present sole work. I have been for a period not far short of twenty years a servant of Spiritualism: what during those years has been done by and through me is partially known to the public. The rest is private property so long as I live here. But they were years of considerable energy succeeding, by a strange coincidence that perhaps is not strange at all, on another period of collapse of health through overwork. I cannot hope to labour with the same energy for the future, but I have still much to do for Spiritualism, and I shall try to do it with all the might that I have when health and strength permit. I want help in any way that can be had. I need literary aid, for it seems as if I could now number on the fingers of one hand the available aid that I can reckon on from steady contributors. Money, of course, will be wanted: it always is. But now and at once volunteered effort to keep up the literary character of the paper, which stands so high in the estimation of Spiritualists the world over, is needed. It must not, for many reasons, fall wholly, though it will fall principally, on the Editor to write most of each issue.

There is amongst a section of readers of "LIGHT" a certain impatience of speculative disquisition and a demand for facts. Others ask for some discussion of theories, and say that we have facts enough. I am not disposed to range myself with either party, and will try to satisfy both. I remember once hearing a very eminent scientific experimenter say that he always framed a theory first of all, and then set out to see by actual experiment what it was worth. In that way he made most of his discoveries. Our case is a little different. We have facts—I do not say in plenty, so that no more are needed, but we have facts in profusion. If new facts are to be printed—and no fact that was worth anything has ever been rejected as a contribution to "LIGHT"—we must have them from one of two sources. We must draw upon the stores of past times, and ask those who have records of séances in days gone by to place them at our disposal. Or we must go for them, as has frequently been done, to the contemporary journals of other countries. Readers of "LIGHT" will easily remember how many have been transferred to these columns from America. For facts do not occur amongst us as they used to do, at least, in public; and private persons

are very chary of printing what is almost always intimate and personal to themselves. These are, so far as I know, the only sources to which we can go for the facts asked for.

Now, what probability is there of getting any supply of facts from these sources? We all know that the Society for Psychical Research has appealed to Spiritualists repeatedly for facts, but without result. Spiritualists, rightly or wrongly, believe that there is no disposition in that quarter to treat such facts as they are able to furnish in a way that they consider reasonable and fair. Yet I know very well that there is a wealth of unpublished fact in the records of private circles which would be a very welcome addition to the matter of "LIGHT." It would be in every way desirable to get this on record, if only that it may be useful in the future when our interpretation and classification of facts is more orderly and complete. In the hope that I may induce others to follow the example, I propose next year to print accounts of some private séances at which remarkable phenomena occurred. These phenomena are, some of them, on record in the various magazines and journals of Spiritualism, but no account of the occurrences, teachings, &c., from day to day has been published. There are independent records extant, and from these I propose to compile. I have no sort of notion of submitting a series of accounts for critical analysis and dissection. I propose rather to give an account of various séances at which spontaneous phenomena occurred, and to make the series in some sort autobiographical, aiming further at showing what, at least in one case, has occurred in a private circle without the aid of a professional medium. Who will volunteer to follow?

SHUT OUT FROM LOVE.*

This is a dramatic story well told; one of the Handy Series, which just suffice for a long railway journey, or are useful at the seaside. We have no intention of making any attempt to analyse the plot. It is well-constructed, and the reader's enjoyment of its details shall not be marred. What interests us is to see how the dominant spirit of the age reflects itself in these pages. Introspective, analytical, sometimes pessimistic (for the story is in the minor key throughout), it has frequent examples of pithy sayings, which one naturally pauses to read again, sometimes wondering whether the paradox is true. "Strength of mind should admit of tenderness, for the perfect system needs elasticity. The mere iron will, so much belauded, carries all along; but with jolting and friction and want of spring. It is but a barbarism."

Again "Spiritual partisanship is viler than political faction. Spiritual companionship (was the rejoinder) is necessary to spiritual life: and he who will be the companion of all the world shall be the companion of nobody."

On education there are some remarks which will generally be acquiesced in, though some advanced thinkers will consider that to teach any child that which is venerable only to uproot the seed when it is growing to maturity is a mistake. "Eclectic teaching to a girl of seven is surely premature. . . . We must remember that every force tells, and therefore is worth calculating. To me it seems a sin to make rash experiments in the education of a child. The historical sense of the world should be consulted in this as in most questions, and systems which have slowly grown up, maturing and perfecting themselves, should not be tossed lightly on one side."

A similar tone pervades the remarks which touch on religion and faith. Redmond Featherstonehaugh decides to take orders greatly against his worldly mother's wish. When he tells her that his ability, his faith, love, and the

devotion of a life shall be consecrated thus, she bursts out, "I really thought you had more sense than to quote your catechism in that perfervid way. You bring faith, do you? Yes, such faith as I suppose a university man with fairly successful career may bring; a faith tinged with the mystic charm of æstheticism, or a faith fluttering with the titillating excitement of scepticism, or a faith pricked on by aspirant egoism." We shall not all of us admit that that sentence sums up the motive power of the belief of an earnest man.

"Are we better than our fathers? The evolutionary clock moves slowly. The indubitable ancestral experience has not yet embodied itself, like the ideas of time and space in the human constitution. In moral power, as apart from moral sensitiveness, there does not seem to be any great advance from the time of apologue or history, when woman risked eternal life that she might taste a mystic apple. Each of us has his own private epic and 'Paradise Lost,' unpublished, fortunately, for the most part."

To those who like such reflections among their story, and many do like provocatives of thought, even in a novel, *Shut out from Love* may be recommended.

SELF-PRESCRIPTION BY POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT.

A highly-interesting article by Dr. Carl du Prel appears in three recent numbers of the *Vienna Tagblatt*. It is entitled "Dream a Physician," and supplements the chapter under that heading in the author's *Philosophy of Mysticism* by an account of a late experiment in the Munich "Society for Experimental Psychology," which suggests the possibility of important practical results.

The literature of somnambulism, which accumulated during the first half of the present century, records many well-authenticated cases, observed by competent physicians and others, proving a faculty of self-diagnosis and self-prescription by patients when thrown into the somnambulatory sleep. In a later work, on *The Mysticism of the Ancient Greeks*, Du Prel has shown the strongest grounds for believing that in the celebrated "Temple-sleep," of which so many marvellous cures are reported, the patients were hypnotised, and in that state developed those faculties of organic self-consciousness which are only a higher degree, or exaltation, of the natural curative instinct observed occasionally even in waking, but more often under the dramatic disguise of dream. But still, looking to the uncertainty of the effect in modern experience of somnambulism, the reputation of the "Temple-sleep" for invariable success remained a problem to Du Prel, till he conceived the possibility that the priests of the temple were not only acquainted with hypnotism, but were also familiar with our latest discovery, the "post-hypnotic suggestion"; and, moreover, understood an application of this power which would naturally not occur to our modern experimenters till they had verified to their satisfaction the important functions of the hypnotic consciousness in the instinctive discovery of remedies. It is not quite apparent why a postponed suggestion should be more powerful to stimulate and direct the organic, or instinctive, self-consciousness, than a suggestion intended to be immediately operative in the already present hypnotic condition. Supposing the fact to be established, however, it would apparently prove that the intervening period of latency is preparative—little as we can at present understand how this should be so—and we are compelled all the more to admire those arrangements which belong for us to "the unconscious."

The experiment, devised by Du Prel, and carried out in the Society of which he is a leading member, was, in brief, as follows:—One of the members, designated as "B.B.," being in constant suffering from the effects of a

* *Shut out from Love*. A novel. By JOHN MICKAL. (London: Joseph Hughes, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, E.C. One Shilling.)

wound in the arm, received at Sedan, was hypnotised by a Dr. G. Asked concerning the means of relief from his sufferings, he failed in his replies to afford any evidence of the true somnambulant insight, or curative instinct. Thereupon Dr. G. imposed on him the following command: "This night you shall dream; you shall remember your many and great sufferings from your wound; the recollection of them shall be so poignant that you shall set earnestly to thinking whether a remedy is not known to you. And I tell you, you will find one. You will learn it in the dream, and will know how you will be entirely cured of your suffering. And this remedy, this method of cure, will be so firmly impressed on your memory that to-morrow morning you will recollect it quite distinctly, and will retain the recollection till you see Dr. du Prel, and report the dream exactly to him. That, which I have said to you, will and must happen." The patient was then left to sleep on for some time, and on being awakened, was, as usual, without any consciousness of what had passed during his sleep, the others abstaining from any intimation of it to him. The following day Dr. du Prel called upon the patient, who began by regretting the ill-success of the hypnotic experiment. (He had not been told beforehand that it was a postponed suggestion which the experimenters had in view.) The pain, he said, had indeed abated for a time, but had returned at night, and only at one o'clock had he got to sleep. But he proceeded to relate a dream which he had then had, in which he heard a voice reproaching him for not being more solicitous for the relief of his pains. He was to begin with cold washings, and then to treat the arm with bandages steeped in magnetised water, &c. It was promised that this would diminish the pain, and perhaps altogether remove it. The dream so struck him, that he at once related it to his wife in the morning. Dr. du Prel then told him that this dream was a post-hypnotic effectuation of the order given to him in the hypnotic state of the day before, and urged his compliance with the directions received in the dream. "This has since happened, his wife magnetising the water to be used in the bandages. Two months later, on the 24th July, I received from her a letter, saying that the improvement was already considerable; the pains had almost entirely ceased, except on very hot days, and those of over-exertion and excitement at the office; many days were quite painless. The treatment was continued; she had herself succeeded in hypnotising her husband, and had suggested a second prescriptive dream. This had occurred, with the intimation that the pain would increase on the next hot days, necessitating a bath of the arm in magnetised water, and further bandaging. This dream had been, however, not so clear as the first, but confused, which she ascribed to the inferior force of her will." Dr. du Prel goes on to insist on the necessity for further experiments of this kind, with different subjects, and in different complaints, with the view of establishing the medical value of such dreams, for the proof of which an isolated experiment is not sufficient.* His further remarks and suggestions in relation to experiments of this nature, are very worthy of attention, but I must content myself with simply recommending them to the notice of those who are likely to pursue the subject practically. The article in the *Wiener Tagblatt* containing them, and the above account, is in the number of that paper of August 24th last.

C. C. M.

* A review of *The Philosophy of Mysticism* in last week's *Spectator* contains a rather strange misapprehension of the author's meaning in one of his remarks in that book. Du Prel having argued that a single fact may be sufficient foundation for a conclusion, the reviewer treats this as equivalent to saying that a single report of a fact may be sufficient, evidentially, to establish the fact. Whereas the author limits his proposition, expressly, to the case of a single "well-proved" fact. He was not discussing what is, or is not, sufficient proof of the fact. He says, "if only one single fact of this kind were uncontested," &c.

MEDIUMS AND MONEY.

BY DR. R. B. WESTBROOK.

FROM THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.
No. I.

The following important utterance will provide material for thought. It deals in an able manner with a problem which has almost solved itself in this country (though may recur) but with one on which opinions differ.

"And it shall come to pass that every one that is left in thine house shall come and crouch to him for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread and shall say, Put me I pray thee into one of the priests' offices that they may eat a piece of bread."—1 SAMUEL ii. 36.

"The heads thereof judge for rewards and the priests thereof teach for hire and the prophets thereof divine for money."—MICAH iii. 11.

A priest is a medium, and a medium is a priest. Mediums have always existed. It has ever been claimed as the function and prerogative of such, to approach nearest to the gods and angels, and to be the authorised expounders of Divine oracles, and they have thus in the estimation of many become "holy order." Some persons have been shrewd enough to discover that many of those who aspire to belong to a caste are not the wise and great, but the foolish and weak, and it is even asserted that God prefers such persons as instruments to "conduct the mighty"! Priestcraft has always been ambitious for power. This is true of Pagan, Jewish, and Christian priests, and some persons even suspect that Theosophists and some Spiritualists have the same weakness. The priestly role has always been the subjection of the credulous to the arbitrary influence of the caste in order. These "go-betweens" never could afford to have a conscience and, therefore, have not shrunk from any deceit that could augment their domain, and hence their chief success has been in the work of demoralisation. The ignorance and superstition of the people have always been the stock in trade of these pretenders. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but they are not numerous enough to become conspicuous.

After these few introductory remarks—as the preachers say—we must now come to the main subject of our text. According to the Hebrew record which I have placed at the head of this article, there were certain persons in ancient times who sought the middleman's office for a livelihood. They even "crouched" for "a piece of silver" and were hungry for "a piece of bread"! And in view of this state of things how could it be otherwise than that they should soon "judge for reward," "teach for hire" and "divine for money"? No, I could say many and very strong things against what the Quakers call "a hireling ministry," but of this I shall bear no "testimony" hereafter. My present business is with professional mediumship, as it exists among Spiritualists—for the purpose of a livelihood—"a piece of silver" or "a piece of bread."

We note (1) that if no one should enter the ranks of professional or public mediumship, who is not influenced by the desire and expectation "to get a piece of silver" the number of mediums would be greatly reduced. Few persons fully realising what a multitude of professional mediums have to be furnished with bread and apparel by somebody. If you cast your eye over the advertising columns of our Spiritualistic papers, and then count up the numbers who circulate their business cards at public meetings and in other ways, you will find them to be a "legion, because they are many."

(2) It must be granted that professional mediumship receives very small pecuniary remuneration as a rule. A few are "small enough" to make it "pay," but the many are starvelings, and carry in their very faces an expression of importunity and expectancy which is suggestive of the want, "a piece of silver" or "a loaf of bread." Most of these are women who have to support themselves, and besides often provide for worthless drunken husbands. I venture to hint that in very many cases any one of a large class of industrial pursuits now open to women would be likely to make "a piece of bread" more surely. Sewing machines are now very cheap and can be purchased on the instalment plan, and there is always remunerative work for willing and skilful hands. Few persons care to pay much for grasping greasy hands, breathing poisonous air, singing orthodox hymns, and listening at intervals to the oft reiterated twaddle of the average professional medium.

(3) Then what can be expected of the "instruments" whose chief end in life is "to get a piece of bread"? They must

see something" for the anxious seeker, or the patron would not come again. And it is a remarkable fact that these bread mediums have a way of finding out just what the sitters want and expect, and it would never do to disappoint them. They are almost sure to get what they came for. I knew a woman who was very anxious to have her husband die that she might wed another man, and she liberally supported a small army of hungry mediums for several anxious months, always selecting those "who saw" darkened windows, and other signs of a coming funeral—which never came! It cannot be denied that mediumship of the hungry variety soon lapses into a sort of fortune-telling, and for this abuse the latter is often more to blame than the impecunious medium. I feel a strong sympathy with a woman who suffers a famine of bread, and I would not allow my pen to write a syllable of what I am now writing, but for the hope of inducing such to give up their uncertain means of livelihood and turn their attention to some legitimate industrial pursuit.

(4) But what shall I say of those professional mediums who prostitute sacred things for pecuniary gain, and trifle with the most tender feelings of human nature, from motives of avarice, teaching for hire and divining for the love of money? Successful public mediums are almost sure to become tricksters, as well as the poverty stricken ones; the first through avarice and the latter through want. Who can name a half-dozen hireling mediums who have not been detected in fraud, and sooner or later lost all reputation for honest character? I cannot call upon one. The tricks that have been played upon honest inquirers by the silver and bread mediums of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston would furnish a history unequalled in the annals of crime. I could write a good-sized book on this subject from facts that have come to my knowledge. The Dis Debars are not the only ones who have "got much gain" by the mediumistic "craft." Suffice it to say that there is no dungeon dark enough in which to incarcerate these vampires. If Spiritualists themselves do not put them down and shut them up, the public law-makers will soon take this matter in hand and provide some adequate punishment. Such a bill has already been introduced in the Legislature of Pennsylvania. I know how unpopular it is to tell the whole truth. Everybody knows how the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has been antagonised for its fearless exposure of dishonest mediums, but if it is not sustained in the future by those who know what a boon true Spiritualism is, I shall lose all confidence in the triumph of truth.

(5) But we are told that "mediums must live," and that what makes them mediums disqualifies them for worldly pursuits and avocations. When a tramp said to Johnson "I must live," he curtly replied, "I do not see any necessity for it"! But if persons with two eyes, two hands, and two feet, cannot make a living by ordinary pursuits I see little hope for their success in "divining for money"; especially if they have no special spiritual gifts. Then if persons are really so sensitive and passive as to be disqualified for business pursuits, they must be at the mercy of every dark, wicked, and trifling spirit confined, by his want of development, to the low and dark regions of this earth. Such mediumship is full of peril and fraught with indescribable evils. The Swedenborgians are not very far out of the way in discouraging all such mediumship, for the reason that such weak persons are more likely to be controlled by bad spirits than good ones. Moreover there are those who extenuate, if they do not justify, the dishonest tricks and pranks of mediums, on the ground that they could not help doing so, because their guides made them do it. If this be true the proper question to consider is whether such mediums are knaves or fools, in order to determine whether they should be confined in jail, lunatic asylum, or institution for feeble-minded persons. They are certainly not safe citizens, and should not be allowed to run at large. How do I know what moment they may be made to cut my throat, steal my watch, or set my house on fire?

(6) But I am asked whether it is not a simple matter of justice, for mediums who give up their time to public or private "sittings," to be paid for their time. It is the giving up time for sittings and making a business profession of mediumship that I am writing against. Those who do so always become more or less demoralised, and soon become unworthy to be trusted. While business matters, family affairs, and the general routine of fortune telling are made the chief concern of professional mediums, nothing but evil can be the result. Existing laws against fortune telling ought to be more stringently enforced, and stronger ones enacted. The practice of some spiritual

associations of licensing certain persons to "preach" and claiming for them the rights of ministers in order to evade the law, is simply disgraceful and ought to be frowned down by all who would be respected.

(7) What I propose in the place of a bread-and-butter professional mediumship, is the formation of orderly private circles of harmonious persons, conducted seriously and devoutly, which shall be absolutely free from pecuniary consideration. The most wonderful results often follow such meetings, so long as the idea of professional mediumship is excluded. Indeed I would not invite to these circles persons who are or have been known as public mediums. But what I believe to be better still, is for each person for himself to cultivate his spiritual faculties and intuitions, to set apart a portion of each day for calm, aspiring, and profound thoughtfulness and earnest meditation, learning the art and habit of introspection—looking within one's self, devoutly desiring the "communion of saints" in Heaven as well as of those on earth; and in some whisper, impulse, or impression, he will be pretty sure to be guided into the way of all truth. I might as well frankly say, that while I am a Spiritualist as distinguished from a Materialist, and a firm believer in the future life, and the return of the disembodied sometimes that as I do not need a mediator through whom to approach the Great Spirit, I do not need a medium through whom to reach my decarnated friends, or to be reached by them.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A FORM OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

The September number of *Psychic Studies* (San Francisco) has an article on the "Conservation of Health and Life Forces" which contains much that is excellent. The writer deals with man as a spirit incarnate, and points out that one of the chief lessons inculcated on the Spiritualist is the preservation of sound health in body and mind. He inveighs against the injustice that man has done to himself by selfish indulgence, and the wrong done to woman by denying her her proper place, and her equal liberty of action in her spiritual development. The relation between the sexes in the past—the subjection of woman—is responsible for much that offends refined and developed taste in this more spiritual generation. The matter is not one for discussion or even for statement here. One extract shows the writer's tendency. He has been writing against the usual condonation in man of what is regarded as enough to blast a woman's character, and condemn her to social ostracism. Having claimed that each is a spirit in process of development, he proceeds to claim further that one is the complement of the other, each capable of assisting the other in that development.

The majority of people talk as if there were but two extremes of relation which woman can sustain to man. She must be a pretty, tricky, artful creature, beguiling him of his reason, taking him captive through his senses, the panderer to his pleasures, at once his tyrant and his slave; or she must arm herself against him, accuse him, abuse him, as at once the sole author of her wrongs, the source of all her miseries. The fair open land between—the severe and sacred land of friendship, wherein men and women may meet in human sympathy, in kindred pursuits, in wide thoughts and in beneficent action,—we hear constantly spoken of as a debatable if not impossible meeting-ground. It doubtless is for the people who express this opinion; but never has been, and never will be to those men and women who recognise and revere in each other the equal human nature which each alike receives from God. Always man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clearer vision, her subtler insight, her swifter thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardour of his will, his calmer judgment, his braver force of action, his reverence and his devotion. Thus the mystic bond of sex which binds one-half the matter and spirit of the universe in counterpart and balance to the other, gives even to the friendship of man and woman its finest charm, enabling each only through the other to preserve the perfect equipoise of intellect and soul.

It seems to us that this is good Spiritualism in one of its most practical aspects.

TOMBSTONES AND MEMORIAL CARDS.

SIR,—You ask for further contributions to your list of mottoes for tombstones and memorial cards ; I read the following thirty years ago on a tomb in Bath Cemetery :—

T. L. HENLY.

Without a sigh, or shaded smile, he freely gave his hand to the stern messenger ; and, like a happy child returning to his father's house, went home.

SIR,—The song of Hadyn's vision is very appropriate for some bereavements :—

Hark ! what I tell to thee :
Nor sorrow o'er the tomb :
My spirit wanders free
And waits, till thine shall come !

Have any readers of "LIGHT" seen the original picture ? It must be very beautiful judging from a small photo I had given to me by a Spiritualist friend. Pope's Dying Christian is very fine, and A. J. Davis writes :—

Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless fingers life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love.

E. D. PONDER.

Other correspondents have kindly supplied the following :—

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given ;
They live on earth, in thought and deeds, as truly
As in His heaven. —WHITTIER.

We mourn for those who weep,
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend :
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
Oh ! mourn for them no more. —SIGOURNEY.

Not of this world the hand that takes
Our loved, our lovely, to the tomb ;
Not of this world the light that breaks,
Resplendent from its vanished gloom.

The heart may bleed, the eye may weep ;
Frail Nature's sorrow must flow on ;
Unmurmuring trust our spirits keep :
Father, 'tis Thou—Thy will be done.

The mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With darkened hearts to weep and pray
For Him, the loved One, buried there :
What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not beloved dead ;
E'en while we come to weep and pray,
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day :
Immortal hope dispels the gloom !
An angel sits beside the tomb. —S. F. ADAMS.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee. —WHITTIER.

So not alone we land upon that shore ;
'Twill be as though we had been there before ;
We shall meet more we know,
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove—
Our home at once with the Eternal Love. —FABER.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long ;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong. —WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to Heaven.

The things unseen, O God, reveal ;
My spirit's vision clear ;
Till I shall see, and know, and feel
That those I love are near.

Sad, sad, indeed, 'twould be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If Thou hadst left us still to fear
Love's only heritage was here.

But calmly now we see them go
From out this world of pain and woe ;
We follow to a world on high,
Where pure affections never die. —GASKELL.

Dread I not to go
O'er the silent river :
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;
Bear me, thou life giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before ! —LUCY LARCOM.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps. —LONGFELLOW.

(On the death of an infant.)

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise could bloom.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

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

Introduction to Theosophy. By GILBERT ELLIOTT. (Redway [Thirty-two page pamphlet.]

Sympneumatic Handbook. By MRS. LAURENCE OLIPHANT. Office of "LIGHT." Price 4d.

The Astral Light. By "NIZIDA." (Theosophical Publishing Company, 7, Duke-street, Strand, W.C.)

Analysis of Mind Cure. By DR. HELEN DENSMORE. [Ten cents. Reprinted from Hall's Journal of Health.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It will ensure despatch if all matter offered for publication is addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other name or address. Communications for the Manager should be sent separately.

It seems desirable to make clear that any facts previously published in transactions of any Society or in any journal cannot be printed as original matter in "LIGHT," and should not be sent to us except for our private information. All records sent, moreover, must be accredited by the name and address of the sender, and will gain in value by the attestation of witnesses.

The Editor begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. If accompanied by stamps to pay postage, in case of its being deemed unsuitable for publication, he will use reasonable care in reposting any MS.

He also begs respectfully to intimate that he cannot undertake to prepare for the press communications that are not suitably written. He begs his correspondents to see that all articles and letters forwarded are written on one side of the paper, are ready for the printer, and are of moderate length. Those over a column in length are in danger of being crowded out.

J. J. B.—Declined with thanks.

W.O.—Thank you. Pray send on. We are always glad of such facts: glad also to hear from you.

S.—We have not a file of "LIGHT" at hand. The matter was touched on in Mr. A. A. Watt's address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, "Spiritualism: Some Aspects of Comfort."

R.T.—We await fuller reports of the Paris Congress before committing ourselves to any definite view on the subject respecting which you write. The Standard's reports have been fuller than any other. On the return of our representative we shall have more precise information.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Annual Subscription for "LIGHT," post-free to any address within the United Kingdom, or to places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America, is 10s. 10d. per annum, forwarded to our office in *advance*.
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"LIGHT" may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London and all Booksellers.

Light:

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 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.

MRS. BESANT AND THEOSOPHY.

Lucifer this month is largely concerned with Mrs. Besant. She contributes an article on "Karma and Social Improvement." It is from the point of view of a "Socialist and Theosophist," advocating "self-sacrificing and strenuous endeavour to raise our brethren out of poverty, out of misery, out of evil of every kind." It has evidently been the idea of the brotherhood of humanity that has attracted Mrs. Besant to Theosophy, once she abandoned her Materialism. Then we have her address to which allusion has been already made in these pages, "Why I became a Theosophist." It is a noble and outspoken utterance, containing some passages of rare eloquence, and some very worthy thoughts which are as applicable to ourselves as they are to her. Her defence of her development from Materialism in answer to the parrot cry of inconsistency was perfect.

The law of life is progress, it is development and it is growth. The fossil remains the same; the plant *changes* because it *lives*. Mark the seed hidden in the darkness of the soil; it swells and sends out a tiny root, growing downwards. Presently it shoots upwards, unfolding two green leaves to the light and to the air. Is it inconsistent because it spreads its leaves to the sunlight, because the leaf is not a root? But after awhile instead of a leaf bud, it puts out a flower bud, and spreads the glory of blossom to the skies, with fragrance and colour. Is it inconsistent because it develops the flower in addition to the earlier leaves? But now the colour fades, the fragrance vanishes, the petals drop to earth, and the fruit grows and ripens, fulfilling the law of its life. Is it inconsistent because fruit succeeds to flower, as flower to leaf, and leaf to root? Growth yes; change yes; *inconsistency* NO! For in life's cycle growth and change must come, and fossilisation is death, not life.—The charge of "inconsistency" could no more be applied to her than to the boy whose development into manhood rendered his clothes no longer fit for him. Freethought, she said, had never yet stipulated by what means we should "seek for truth," nor on what lines we should carry on our investigations. She then instanced a large number of psychic and mental phenomena, for which materialistic science had never yet found a sufficiently lucid explanation. She concluded her lecture by stating that she did not believe that man, as he is known to-day, is the highest product of evolution. She looked at the record of the past and saw that all was change and progress, and in the future of the human race she had great and increasing hopes.

We have read Mrs. Besant's address with more than ordinary care, for it excited in us a more than ordinary curiosity. She is a person of marked intellectual ability. She has proven herself over and over again to be a fearless champion of opinions which are unpopular. She has not flinched from standing out boldly and confessing that her Materialism was a mistake. All this entitles her to our respect, and commands our attention to her words. But when we come to study her apology for her change of faith, we are confronted with the same difficulty that besets us in all our endeavours to differentiate between our own belief and that which is called Theosophy—though, be it remembered, that term was not coined in our day, and was appropriated in previous generations to a form of belief with which modern Theosophy has no sort of connection.

Mrs. Besant defines the primary object of the Theosophical Society as an attempt at "Universal Brotherhood." That is the corner-stone. Then comes the study of Aryan and other religions. The last aim is to "investigate the unexplained laws in nature and psychical powers latent in man." That seems to us roughly to be summed up by the formula, Spiritualism with Socialism and Aryan philosophy thrown in. Mrs. Besant touched also on that which has always seemed to us the most important matter and that on which we find it most difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, viz., the existence of certain persons who have attained to a pitch of psychical development far beyond that which any of us in these Western lands have reached. On this vexed question Mrs. Besant throws no additional light. She accepts the statement; that is all. It remains that we see no ground of direct evidence such as is imperatively necessary before we can arrive at such a momentous conclusion for accepting and acting on that statement. That has been our attitude throughout to those who are little removed from ourselves in belief.

Speculation we brush aside, when it does not explain the problems that confront us in our research. It is possible to have too much even of a good thing, and we shall probably interpret aright the feeling of our readers when we say that we have had enough of mere speculation just now. We have also had enough of mere dogmatism, from whatever source it comes. If it could be proven that there are in existence men who know and can authoritatively settle moot questions such as we are concerned with, then, by all means, let us doff our hats and listen. Dogmatism then ceases to be misleading. If there be, on the other hand, among our own ranks those who feel entitled to interpret authoritatively the utterances of spirits and to give us a harmony in place of this strident discord, let us listen to them.

Mrs. Besant advances us no whit. Her reasons for becoming a Theosophist would be as cogent for becoming a Spiritualist. Until some much more persuasive and conclusive arguments reach our minds we shall continue to believe that respecting the facts of Spiritualism there is no doubt, but that respecting their interpretation there is a great deal. None of us possesses a chart of that unknown land from which, we know, some travellers have returned: or, if anyone does, it has not been published yet with any general acceptance. Perambulating "shells" do not impress us. They are on their way to extinction, we are told. By all means let them be extinguished; the sooner the better. Fanciful reminiscences of previous states of being: Re-incarnations, in which Mary Stuart and a Pharaoh play prominent parts, and John Jones and Betsy Smith do not, lack adequate evidence. If the life that now is will merge, as we believe, into one yet to come, it presumably did not commence with the conception of the physical body. That which is eternal or potentially eternal after death is reasonably postulated as existing before physical birth. But none remembers his past. None can say when and how he lived, unless, indeed, we are to except from that

general statement some whose fancied allegations are only the exception that proves the rule.

The fact remains that between the speculative writer, who is speculative and nothing else, and the Spiritualist of old time, who is Spiritualist and nothing else, between these upper and nether millstones reasonable persons are in some danger of being ground to powder. It needs only to point to the danger in order to avoid it. We strongly feel that among qualities that Spiritualists generally lack is an open-minded readiness to look at the problems with which they deal from opposite points of view. It would be unreasonable to ask them to do so if they were dealing with problems in mathematics. But they are not. Our psychical problems have received no solution yet that all men accept: and careful study tends to throw doubt on the complete accuracy of some explanations of which Spiritualists have been too prematurely certain. We are right in the main; but we cannot afford not to face every difficulty and consider it all round.

We can none of us need a nobler apology for our faith, nor a better defence of advocacy of unpopular truth, than Mrs. Besant's closing words. We are not surprised to read that they were received with prolonged cheers.

I love too well the party I have worked with for fifteen years to give one handle to the enemy if I can help it by word or act of mine; but there is one thing I will not do for any party, and that is to be traitor to the truth as I see it, or to hold my lips when I have anything to say that I believe will be useful to the men and women around me.

Many years have passed since, in a quiet country vicarage, I took a vow to be true to Truth all through my life, and to follow her wherever she might lead me. On that first moment, when she called me, I left home, social position, friends, and went out alone into the world with my child in my arms. Later, her cry came to me once more, demanding that last wealth of mine, and I laid then my child at her feet as I had laid all else, so that I might keep unstained the loyalty I had sworn to her. And for the rest of my life, as in its past, this one fealty I will keep unstained. If friendships fail me they must fail; if human love leave me it must go; so that I be true to that one truth I follow, and strive to do her service in the world in which I live. She may lead me into the desert, I will go after her; she may strip me of all love, I will still cling to her: and I ask for no loftier epitaph on my tombstone than this:—"SHE TRIED TO FOLLOW TRUTH."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor requests that all communications for him may be addressed W. Stainton-Moses, Esq., M.A., at the Office of "LIGHT," or at his private address, 21, Birchington-road, N.W., and not to any other address whatever. Much confusion will be avoided if correspondents will bear this request in mind, and will not send to the Editor anything that should go to the Publisher. Literary matter and private letters should alone be sent to the Editor. These will be forwarded during his continued absence from London.

WE can use every part of our nature—conscience, intellect, heart and will—so as to re-affirm the old verdict that all is vanity and vexation of spirit; or we can give ourselves up to the divine possibilities within, and, living in them, find our relationship to the infinite life that has no limits.—T.G. MILSTED.

CRITICISM and teaching are what are needed—historical criticism of the great formative theological epochs especially, that the clergy, if possible, may learn how tentative, how temporary, are all theological products, the result of the spiritual forces moving in their time, neither more nor less, coloured by the opinions and prejudices and half thoughts of their time. Till this is understood—and it is not understood either in England or Scotland—there is no use in talking of further expansions or developments of theology. The clear understanding of the nature of theology will supersede dogmatic system—as authoritative—altogether, and leave the Church, if the Church can ever come to such an understanding, content with Scripture, with the Gospels, Epistles, and to some extent the prophecies.—JOHN TULLOCH.

WHAT IS SYMPNEUMATISM?*

This question Mrs. Laurence Oliphant sets herself to answer, partly by way of exposition, in reply to many inquiries touching her late husband's books *Sympneumata* and *Scientific Religion*, and as to the methods of the development of the system at his settlement at Haifa: partly, and by implication, in rejoinder to some injurious reports which have been circulated in private, but not substantiated in any published form, and to which, following Mrs. Laurence Oliphant's example, we do not more particularly refer.

That any who had the privilege of even a passing acquaintance with Laurence Oliphant would imagine that a life of self-abnegation and remarkable sacrifice for what he believed to be the good of humanity and the spiritual development of the race could possibly set in the lurid clouds that his enemies and detractors allege, is an unthinkable proposition. That what his guilelessness propounded as a system may have been perverted to evil uses by ignorance, folly, or vice is not so unthinkable. We are not called upon, fortunately, to estimate the exact point at which innocent intention becomes blameworthy because it gives occasion for enemies to blaspheme. Nor are we under any obligation to appraise or apportion the blame between the system and its devotee, assuming that in his blindness the latter has misused the former. Still less are we called upon to notice floating rumours until they assume, if they ever do, a concrete form that can be tested and tried—a local "habitation and a name." It is sufficient in a matter which concerns us only as all that affects our subject must needs concern us, to notice briefly Mrs. Laurence Oliphant's apology for her belief, a defence so short that anyone who wishes for further information may easily acquire it from her pamphlet.

An acquaintance with the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant's later works is almost essential to an understanding of what he believed respecting the transmutation of the currents of physical force in the human system into a spiritual agent of the greatest potency. That sensation which in a séance is recognised by a sensitive, that which is conveyed by a powerful magnetiser, to a suitable subject, is, we are told, an adumbration of that more intense influence projected upon the very centre of the being of the sympneumatic person in waves of sensation which are only not incredible, as they are indescribable, because they have been experienced. It is the Spiritualisation of the most potent forces of the human being.

We cannot enter into a discussion of the nature of this Sympneumatic or Dual Consciousness, which has sometimes been associated with the question of sex. It is alleged that a "person possessing it is composed of a preponderance of molecules or dual atoms, while the unsympneumatic person is principally composed of uni-atoms." These dual atoms "partake of the male and female nature both in man and woman, each possessing atoms which are positive and negative." "When these psychical atoms," says Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, "form into ethereal molecules we hold that they become generative, or in other words that all creativeness, moral or spiritual as well as physical, is founded on sex; that if there were only the male or only the female principle in the world not an emotion or an idea could be born. We furthermore believe that these molecules may be conveyed from one organism to another and can create in that other a swifter life, provided the one to receive does not turn positive to them, or prostitute himself or herself after receiving them by selfish or unclean thoughts and emotions. We perceive that if this be true—if goodness, rectitude, energy of purpose can actually be sent through these creative molecules from one organism to another; if seeds of spiritual health may be conveyed as seeds of physical disease are spread; then

* *Sympneumatic Handbook*. By Mrs. LAURENCE OLIPHANT. (London: "LIGHT" Office. Price 4d.)

we hold that a practical solution is found by which the world may eventually be redeemed through mutual helpfulness, and that those who have yearned with unspeakable and yet helpless yearning over the sins and sorrows of humanity have found at last a means to an end more powerful and effective than any which has yet been manifest."

It is frankly admitted by the writer that the force "may be very dangerous" . . . "projected into an unworthy organism it may do far more harm than good both physically and spiritually." But, it is contended that the world is developing, this force is of the New Age, and the question is whether it shall be dedicated to God or the devil.

We express no opinion with regard to this new force with which we have not made acquaintance. We are disposed to believe that there may be a communicable spiritual force which, like all forces, may be beneficent or destructive. The methods by which this force in particular are most readily communicable inspire us with a desire to pause till we know something more about its nature and operation, assuming, that is, that what is claimed, we are sure in perfect good faith, by the present writer is demonstrable and real. That she is thoroughly in earnest we do not for a moment doubt. That her intent is pure and good appears stamped on every page of her pamphlet, which has evidently been produced in the throes of anxiety, and in obedience to a strong sense of duty.

The statement of Mrs. Oliphant is dignified and direct. No allusion of any kind to any unworthy topic appears throughout. If any of our readers desires to read, set forth in simple language, what the sympneumatic idea is in a transparently sincere mind, this prelude to a more elaborate volume will afford the opportunity.

SLATE-WRITING IN SYDNEY, N.S.W.

The *Harbinger of Light* for July reports that rains and floods interfered somewhat with the sances of Mr. Evans at Sydney, but since their cessation he had been fully occupied, and gives a list of the names of those who obtained writing on their own slates tied or screwed together. Mr. H. Copeland, M. L. A., had a pair of board-back slates made and fastened with a patent combination keyless lock, the method of opening which was known only to himself. Under these circumstances he obtained three messages on his slates.

The same paper contains a letter from R. J. Creasy, of Melbourne, describing a very satisfactory impromptu sance held by him with Mr. Evans in Melbourne. Upon going home and talking over his remarkable experience he proposed that his daughter go, and he would go with her as a witness. She said: "I had rather you did not, for he will then know I am your daughter, and I want him to know nothing of me." She did not go till ten days after this, at which time, after one message had been written for her on a slate, Mr. Evans said: "Some one is here who calls you 'Sis' (no one had so called her since her brother's death, sixteen years ago); his name is Nelson."

On the slate was written: "Hello, Sis, I am glad you have come here to find this thing out; you must know it is true. I see father and you thought you would fool the medium by covering your identity. . . . Love to father from mother and me. Your brother, NELSON L. CREASY."

The correspondent of the *Harbinger* vouches for the fact that all the messages received by himself and daughter were written without human agency, in broad daylight. "Our new slate was thrown on the floor in his sight; on being taken up it had two messages."

"UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE. — We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May flowers in the parlour breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our characters. In the family circle, beside and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and straightened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence."—*Congregationalist*.

DEMISE OF HORACE SEEVER.

The *Boston Herald* (August 22nd) records the death of the well-known editor of the *Investigator* at the ripe age of seventy-nine. He rose from the position of compositor to the editorial chair. His pen was used for fifty years and his voice heard in defence of freedom of thought, a wide area, in one section of which we ourselves labour. Over his tomb Ingersoll uttered some noble words. Of his friend he testified that:—

He believed in the religion of free thought and good deed—of character, of sincerity, of honest endeavour, of cheerful help, of sympathy—and above all in the religion of love and liberty, in a religion for every day, for the world in which we live—for the present; the religion of roof and raiment, of food, of intelligence, of intellectual hospitality—the religion that gives health and happiness, freedom and content—in the religion of work and in the ceremonies of honest labour. He lived for this world; if there be another he will live for that.

What a Spiritualist that man would make if he would add faith to his knowledge! This was his peroration:—

He did what he could for the destruction of Fear—the destruction of the imaginary monster who rewards the few in Heaven—the monster who tortures the many in perdition. He was the friend of all the world, and sought to civilise the human race. For more than fifty years he laboured to free the bodies and the souls of men, and many thousands have read his words with joy. He sought the suffering and oppressed. He sat by those in pain, and his hand was laid in pity on the brow of death. He asked only to be treated as he treated others. He asked for only what he earned, and he had the manhood to cheerfully accept the consequences of his actions. He expected no reward for the goodness of another. But he has lived his life. We should shed no tears except the tears of gratitude. We should rejoice that he lived so long. In nature's course his time had come. The four seasons were complete in him. The spring could never come again. He had taken life's seven steps. The measure of his years was full. When the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired labourer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death:—

Let me not live after my flame lacks oil,
To be the snuff of younger spirits.

When the old oak is visited in vain by spring, when light and rain no longer thrill, it is not well to stand leafless, desolate, and alone; it is better far to fall where nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine. How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well! How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never pressed! How little of this life we know—this struggling ray of light 'twixt gloom and gloom, this strip of land by verdure clad between the unknown wastes, this throbbing moment filled with love and pain, this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death! We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust, and the "knot intricate" forever falls apart. But this we know: A noble life enriches all the world. Horace Seever lived for others. He accepted toil and hope deferred. Poverty was his portion. Like Socrates, he did not seek to adorn his body, but rather his soul with the jewels of charity, modesty, courage, and, above all, with a love of liberty. Farewell, oh brave and modest man! Your lips, between which truth burst into blossom, are forever closed. Your loving heart has ceased to beat. Your busy brain is still, and from your hand has dropped the sacred torch. Your noble, self-denying life has honoured us, and we will honour you. You were my friend, and I was yours. Above your silent clay I pay this tribute to your worth. Farewell!

IMPRESSED in conversation with the impenetrable character of bigotry in every shape. What a curious state of mind—I fancy it is comfortable—with unbroken, unbreakable trust in opinions which are nothing but conventions, which vanish at the touch of criticism! What sacred things are prejudices! How troublesome to have no such conventional ground to rest upon, to feel that all opinion is tentative, fleeting, vanishing, that there is only one grand fact.—JOHN TULLOCH.

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS" AT HOME.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 11th prints an interview with a very old Spiritualist, which our readers will peruse with interest. Mr. Bailey's noble poem is less known to-day amongst Spiritualists than it ought to be.

Just fifty years have elapsed since Mr. Philip James Bailey first published his religious poem called "Festus." It does not seem wholly inappropriate (writes a correspondent) in this, the jubilee year of this big book, that I should write a short account of an evening I recently spent with its author, now a man of some seventy years of age. Somebody has termed "Hamlet" a mere collection of quotations; the same phrase might almost as well be applied to "Festus"; although many, indeed I fear most, of the present generation, to whom these quotations are in themselves almost household words, would be quite ignorant of the source from which they are taken. Yet in its day the book made a great sensation. Fifty years ago Calvinism, dogmatism, and illiberality reigned supreme, but faint echoes of the "Larger Hope" had reached the vast multitude of thinking men and women striving often against hope, always against the tide of public opinion, to free themselves from the bands by which they were so tightly confined. At Oxford Tractarianism was introducing new phases of thought, but only in the direction of priestism and sacerdotalism; Kingsley, Maurice, William Hinton Drake, Stanley, and Robertson were yet to come. "In Memoriam" had not been written. "Festus" appeared and all was wonder, joy, fear, enthusiasm. And yet it was but the work of a boy, a mere lad under twenty years of age. Tennyson, then just coming to the front, "scarce dared say all he thought of it lest he should seem to exaggerate." Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Macaulay, and all the giants of that period were equally enthusiastic. With their praises in my memory, I found myself standing in the pretty porch of "La Bagatelle," for such is the fanciful name of Mr. Bailey's little home on Blackheath Hill. In the drawing-room I found the author himself—a charming, gentle figure clad in a long black coat, and to whom there clings all the tender grace of a bygone day, a head crowned with a silver glory, a snow-white moustache and beard.

I commenced the conversation by saying that "one of the chief things that strikes me in reading your great work, Mr. Bailey, is the manner in which, fifty years ago, you appear to have anticipated so much of the religious thought of to-day. May I ask how you account for that?"—"Well, chiefly in this way. I always had a tendency towards theology and metaphysics, and at the age of sixteen I went to Glasgow University, where I understood those elements predominated, and there I studied under Robert Buchanan—"Logical Bob," we irreverently termed him—the theological tutor. From him I learned much that was new and delightful to me. I passed two sessions there, logical and ethical, and then left the University. Had I stayed I should have been compelled to study the Presbyterian theology, which would not have suited me at all. I then came to London and read at the British Museum and at the library at Lincoln's Inn, where, by-the-bye, I studied for the Bar, being there at the same time as Frederick Denison Maurice, whom I saw for five years daily, but to whom, curiously enough, I never spoke."

"And what was it put it into your head to write 'Festus'?" I inquired.—"Some years before my father—who, I may mention, was a business man at Nottingham, himself an author and a politician (he once stood for the borough)—had asked me to write an essay descriptive of my impressions of the Book of Job. This I accordingly did. Then, again, the first book I ever bought with my own money was the legend of Dr. Faustus, while later on Lord Francis Egerton's translation of Goethe's *Faust* greatly delighted me. These three studies, Job, Dr. Faustus, and 'Faust' influenced me very strongly and greatly inspired me to write 'Festus.' I felt that Goethe's *Faust* was fascinating, delightful, terrible, but unsatisfactory. My own views began to settle themselves upon universalism as opposed to the partialism, if I may so term it, of orthodoxy. Then again, Dante and Milton were favourites of mine from earliest childhood. And so, gradually, I began to think that another view might be presented to the poetic reader and thinker. All this accounts for the ultimate scope attained in 'Festus.' I felt very strongly, as do so many feel

and teach now, that the souls that were worthy of creation were as worthy of salvation. When the poem was published a well-known paper in those days, the *Sun*, noticed the novelty of the theology, and said many kind things of my daring attitude, for in those days the slightest departure from strict orthodoxy was indeed daring. I wrote and rewrote the poem many times before it was published, but its gradual development was never intermitted. My father, himself of a very poetic nature, was greatly interested in my work, although when I gave it to him to read he frankly said there was much with which he could not agree, and yet he considered that there was imperishable matter in it. A little later I became acquainted with a Rev. Dr. Thom, of Manchester, whose views very much influenced my own. He was at the head of a party whose chief endeavour was to effect a union between Universalism and Calvinism and the stern doctrine of election. "Not an easy thing to do," added Mr. Bailey as he caught the smile upon my face.

At this moment the poet's wife entered the room, and I rose and made my best bow to a tall, graceful woman, who welcomed me as simply and kindly as her illustrious husband had done. We all three now fell into conversation, and Mrs. Bailey, with pardonable and innocent pride in her husband's fame, told me that she was the original Festus's love, Clara. "I have known Mr. Bailey all my life, but we were not married till 1863," said she. Mrs. Bailey then produced a great book of autograph letters. One from Charles Kingsley spoke of his pleasure in hearing that the author of "Festus" still lived. "My husband, you know, hides himself away, he hardly can be persuaded to see any one. No, he never met Tennyson. Mrs. Mary Howitt, who used to say she felt it her mission to be the advocate of 'Festus,' once arranged a meeting between them, but Mr. Tennyson was unable to come that day, unfortunately; but here is a note from him," handing me as she spoke a letter from the Laureate speaking in terms of admiration of Mr. Bailey's writings. I then took up a note in Thackeray's exquisite caligraphy, in which he deeply regretted that some verses which Mr. Bailey had sent him were not suited for *Cornhill*, of which he was then the editor, and how sorry he was to refuse a writer for whom he entertained such a great admiration as the author of "Festus."

"The poem was much liked in America, was it not?" I asked.—"Yes," replied Mr. Bailey; "it was first published in Boston, the Hub of the Universe; its first appearance was very curious, for it came out in the shape of a newspaper. Longfellow, too, expressed a great liking for it. Margaret Fuller wrote an account of it in Emerson's paper, the *Dial*. I think Emerson himself was fond of quoting the line, 'Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea.'" Mr. Bailey then handed me a beautiful illustrated edition, published in America. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent a line and this quaint verse:—

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring,	Let them smile as I do now At the old forsaken bough Where I cling.
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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Beverley Farm, Mass., Sep. 3, '80.

I glanced with interest at a letter from Maria Edgeworth and from Miss Muloch, the authoress of *John Halifax* who, in common with Mr. Bailey, owned as godson that graceful, delicate writer Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, who died, alas! some few years ago; and last, but by no means least, there was a note from the G.O.M. himself speaking of his admiration of the great poem.

"May I ask, Mr. Bailey, what it was that made you publish a jubilee edition?"—"Well, several reasons combined. For instance, we had heard that a clergyman preaching a year or two ago had recommended his hearers to read the book, and thinking the work out of print, had lent his own copy, and it went the round of the whole congregation. I thought it would be a good idea to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by the publication of a new and revised edition at a price that would place it within the reach of all. My wife undertook a great deal of the work in connection with it. It is, perhaps, now more in accordance with the teaching of Voysey and Stopford Brooke than it originally was; as I thought, with Mrs. Browning, that the Trinitarian references were not quite in harmony, all now is referred to the Fatherhood of the one God."

Before I left Mr. Bailey had taken me down into the charming little study, which opens on to a lovely "careless-ordered garden," and had shown me some of his little treasures. An original edition of the *Eikon Basilike* published in 1648; a Prayer book of Queen Anne; and a preserve dish which once

had belonged to Mary Charlsworth, Byron's lady-love, and out of which the poet himself may often have regaled himself. As we stood talking Mr. Bailey said: "Speaking of quotations from my book, I remember when I entered the first Alexandra Palace, a few days before it was burned down, my wife drew my attention to the sentence that ran round the inside of the building—my own lines—'We live in deeds, not words; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial'; and so, with these words ringing in my ears, I passed into the storm and darkness of the night."

HYPNOTISM IN ANIMALS.

Now that mesmerism has received the more creditable name of hypnotism, scientific men discuss its merits at length before their societies, and win renown by lines of experimentation, over which the earlier investigators passed, receiving, however, only sneers from these societies, which regarded them as charlatans. Even the observative Dr. Hammond, who is about as far from things spiritual as possible to be, is pursuing a continuous series of experiments in hypnotism, and the results to which he arrives are eagerly published by leading journals. Now the columns of the *Science Monthly* are employed editorially to show how this same hypnotism explains hitherto mysterious phenomena in the lower animals.

"Playing 'possum" has passed into a proverb, and no one has ever explained satisfactorily why an opossum feigns death to avoid the maltreatment of its enemies. It is not the only animal that does so; a great variety of insects have the same characteristic. There are many species of beetles, which, when disturbed, become motionless; but in no animal does this appear as marked as in the opossum. Dr. Mills, as quoted in *Science Monthly*, observed this peculiarity in two red squirrels—an observation open to grave doubts—and he explains the cause by inherited instinct, as well as by all those life experiences which have taught them that quiet and concealment of their normal activities were associated with escape from threatened evils.

The animal cannot correctly be said to "feign death," for it can know nothing about that event, and this phrase has, undoubtedly, led to a great deal of confusion in writing and thinking. Some birds when their nests are disturbed simulate being wounded, and by fluttering and falling, lead their supposed enemy away from their treasure. Assuredly there is no "hypnotism" in their deception. There is no more reason for saying that an opossum is hypnotised because it remains still when disturbed than that a box turtle is hypnotised when it withdraws into its shell. If a sufficient stimulant is applied to either, they promptly respond and attempt to escape. A coal of fire will awaken them to extreme activity. All animals armed or defended by bony covering, or spines, like the armadillo or porcupine, contract their limbs and roll themselves up so as to present only their well-defended backs to the attacks of their enemies. The opossum descended from such ancestry, and although having lost the spiny defence, it retains the instinct which accompanied it.

We by no means would be understood as holding that animals may not be hypnotised, for they are really quite susceptible to this influence, and they show thereby the close relationship between man and the animal world. It also shows that the study of their mental development must be pursued along the same lines as that of man. But this "feigning death" or "playing 'possum" is quite distinct from the hypnotic state. Are not our "scientific" friends using the term rather loosely? They have made it cover all psychic phenomena, from "playing 'possum" to the most pronounced independent clairvoyance, and not content with this amplitude, use the term as though it was of itself full and sufficient explanation and cause of the mysterious series of phenomena. Really they are indulging in a credulity in this direction amusing when compared with their scepticism in others. —*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

THEY say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young—younger than I ever was before.—GUTHRIE.

COLONEL OLCOTT ON THE SITUATION.

The wanderer, fresh from Japan, with the love of union and unity on his heart thus discourses in the *Madras Theosophist* on subjects that have recently engaged our attention:—

We have the most convincing proofs that the Theosophical idea is taking hold upon the Western mind, and winning the respect of advanced thinkers hitherto hostile. Among recent accessions, one of the most notable in every respect is Mrs. Annie Besant, who bears the same relation to Mr. Bradlaugh in the Secularist movement in England, as Madame Blavatsky does to myself in our own work. Besides being one of the most intellectual and best educated women, speakers, and writers of our epoch, she is conspicuous for courageous devotion to any cause with which she identifies herself, and the malignity of her bitterest foes has not been able to tarnish her reputation for purity of life and unselfishness of motive. Her colleague, Mr. Bradlaugh, lacking her feminine insight which has made her see the profound verity of the Wisdom-Religion when once she calmly studied it, deplors Mrs. Besant's changed position towards Theosophy, and looks "to possible developments of her Theosophical opinions with the gravest misgivings."

Mr. Bradlaugh does not seem to understand the grand work of the Society in India. He has, apparently, only thought of Theosophy as a religious and philosophical system, and he is an atheist in the same sense in which Vedantists or Buddhists are called atheists by Christians, who cannot rise to the grandeur of their conception. Atheism is included in Theosophy, because the arguments upon which the atheist relies, though true enough in themselves, are not all there is to be said. Theosophy goes around Atheism and over it, and away beyond it, and shows that the so-called atheist is in his way very nearly as ignorant and prejudiced as the sectarian. The extraordinary thing about Theosophy is that it is more materialistic in its philosophy than the most confirmed Materialist of the schools, and yet it is at the same time more spiritual than the most spiritual of religions. When the so-called atheist enters it, he is met blandly by the admission, "You are right, but there is another side to the question." When the Spiritualist comes in he is told, "You are right, but there is something more." Instead of opposition each meets with sympathy, and the minds of both are opened to the part of the great whole to which they had previously been closed.

This is no mere theorising; it is the experience of hundreds who have approached Theosophy from the opposite poles of Materialism and Spiritualism, and it will be the experience of thousands; for the prejudice with which we have hitherto been regarded is slowly melting away, and experience has shown that those who calmly and candidly listen to what we say, end almost always in being converted to our doctrines and opinions; which will probably be the case with Mr. Bradlaugh, who has always shown himself open to the reception of ideas new to him, and defender of what he believes to be the truth, as fearless as he is powerful.

I regret that this brave champion of Freethought has not as yet seen his way to accept the ancient philosophy, but hope he may be persuaded in time to do so, after having availed himself of the opportunities within his reach to discuss the moot points with Mrs. Besant and Madame Blavatsky.

Our next great hope is in a complete rapprochement with the Spiritualists, for whom the *Aryan Philosophy* is an indispensable necessity. If we and they had always put a proper restraint upon our tongues and pens, the mutual understanding between our two great families of spiritual reformers would undoubtedly have been an accomplished fact by this time. With the world's Free-thinkers, Spiritualists and Theosophists, working together in full amity, no reactionary influence could long withstand the onward surge of progress or baffle the scheme of Universal Brotherhood.

H. S. O.

NOTHING does or can go with a man into Heaven, nothing follows him into Hell, but that in which the will dwelt, with which it was fed, nourished, and clothed in this life. And this is to be noted well, that death can make no alteration of this state of the will; it only takes off the outward, worldly covering of flesh and blood, and forces the soul to see, and feel, and know what a life, what a state, food, body, and habitation its own working will has brought forth in it.—WILLIAM LAW.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Drawing Mediumship.

SIR,—Although Madame de Steiger's thoughts on this subject have been exceedingly interesting to me, yet my own observation and experience will not permit me to agree with all she says.

I would like to know more clearly why I must infer that the influence controlling me to draw, is "dangerous" and "inferior," &c., merely because it leaves me physically prostrated? This is but a temporary inconvenience and one that is the common and natural result of effort (free or compulsory) on our parts to objectively express the thoughts and ideas we receive. It often attends too, earnest prayer and praise. Whoever, or whatever we may believe that control to be, let me say, that an unusual exaltation of spirit was the frequent accompaniment of each, and lucidity of mind the never failing one. I also felt perfectly happy and secure the whole while.

Madame de Steiger objects to these control-drawings for the reason that they seem to lack instruction, and that the "sentiment alone of a person is touched." I must admit I have not yet arrived at that stage of advancement that would enable me to clearly distinguish between the spiritual, mental, and sentimental side of man's nature, and so cannot decide which is most appealed to in the drawings I myself receive; but taking Madame de Steiger's beliefs to be right then I venture to reply that they only touch the sentiments helpful to mental and spiritual progress and that are purest and best. Referring again to the quotation from my last letter, I would like now to add that at least a fortnight, and often several weeks, elapsed between each drawing control; and it generally possessed me when least expected.

Prayer and watchfulness are of course necessary in the development of this and every other phase of mediumship; also a continuous aspiration for good and beneficial results to accrue; perhaps it is because this aspiration is allowed to sink into indifference that mediumship often fails to achieve any practical or elevated purpose.

MARIE GIFFORD.

The Perfect Man.

SIR,—The letter of "T. W." on "The Perfect Man, and the Perfectible Man" is the expression of a thought which is developed more at large in *The Gospel of Divine Humanity*, and *The Christian Revelation of God the Basis of True Philosophy*, two books published by Elliot Stock.

"T. W." is in error, when he attaches the clause in the Nicene Creed, "By Whom all things were made," to the Father. This clause belongs to the only-begotten Son of God," in Whom the Word of God (John i. 1-3) was in a special manner incarnate (John i. 14).

The thought is most fruitful, and in the light of it, Christianity becomes indeed the *the gospel*. For thereby God's purpose for man (i.e., for every man) is seen to be "that he should be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren." Then that Word or Wisdom of God, which dwelt in fulness, in the only begotten Son (not only begotten in an exclusive, but in a pre-eminent sense) is felt to be germinally present in all men, even that Word or Wisdom of God whereby all things were made.

St. Paul, too, says to the Athenians (Acts xvii. 28), "We are the offspring of God," or akin to God.

September 10th, 1889.

E. T. S.

A Last Word to Messrs. Crosland and Myers.

SIR,—I am amazed that such a long student of psychical science as I know Mr. Crosland to be, should publicly deprecate "with apprehension and reprehension" my submission to spiritual guardianship. The evolution of the soul logically must be continuous; the wisdom garnered by experience must be the spiritual possession of those high beings who "rule this lower world." I certainly would never dishonour mediumship by seeking spirit help in the ordinary and hum-drum affairs of life and business. In such matters I wish to realise that I am a spirit *per se*, that reason and judgment are spiritual attributes, and must be exercised; but in important emergencies there is a Divine and perfect wisdom, which is ever responsive to solemn evocation, and in answer to prayer. I have often realised that "Love, Almighty love was near," and that inspirations are the exact correlatives of our special aspirations. Spiritual seership reveals the eternal law of foreknowledge and destiny, every imperfection; and each broken link in this world of matter is cognised by the omniscient spirit-

eye. All of us are but broken lights of the universal sun. Careful living, high thinking, and an energetic creation in our own souls of sweetest and light, must float us continually into those ethereal heights of communion where earth and Heaven meet. I regret that the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research still retain in their vocabulary that offensive word "Hallucination." Such was pointed out to Mr. Myers in this city some six years ago. Why should a tapping of the higher realm necessarily be associated with a phrase which is used in connection with insanity. This, I know, has prevented many Spiritualists from favouring the society with their personal experiences, and simple common sense revolts at the idea of being considered "hallucinated." My own personal experience of Spiritualists in many parts of England, and in business spheres of action, is that they invariably possess a sturdy common-sense—a quickness of mental activity and practical application to the affairs of common life which is admirable. Many of them (I have met several) act continually on the inventive and constructive plane; and all their efforts in this direction tend to human amelioration. The few cases of cross methods and mediumship which have been experienced have been the result of brain mal-formation, but even such cases are more numerous amongst the religious denominations.

Newcastle.

W. H. ROBINSON.

SOCIETY WORK.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last Mr. Lees lectured to a full room. The meetings have continued steadily and successfully. Many of the attendants have received phenomenal proof in their own homes, and are satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism. Sunday next Mr. Wallace.—M. GIFFORD, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—Mr. Joseph Humphries gave an instructive address on Sunday morning last, descriptive of the "Spheres," as revealed by the exercise of his own spiritual vision. In the evening a retrospective glance at our spiritual movement was given by the secretary. Next Sunday, Mr. W. E. Walker, address and clairvoyance, at 11 and 6.30. At the usual weekly meeting for inquirers at the Society's Rooms on Wednesday next, the medium will be Miss Davy, at 8 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

KING'S CROSS, 253, PENTONVILLE-HILL.—Last Sunday morning the discourse of Mr. Mackenzie on "Pythagoras" led to an animated debate. The vexed question of numbers, and the transmigration of souls, were ably dealt with. The latter doctrine introduced the subject of "Re-incarnation," which to the mass of Spiritualists acts much as a red rag to a bull. The subject is to be taken up next Sunday. In the evening an excellent inspirational address was given by Mr. Wallace, comprising an interesting history of the various versions of the Bible. Societies would do well to secure the services of Mr. Wallace as a competent and interesting lecturer.—J. BOWLES DALY, Hon. Sec.

MARYLEBONE LYCEUM, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—The Conductor opened the Lyceum on Sunday in due form. Twenty-six persons were present. The proceedings included musical reading "The World has much of Beautiful," calisthenics and marching to "Shall we Gather at the River," and recitations by Lizzie Mason, Annie Goddard, Anne and Martha J. Cobb and M. J. and T. C. White. The Conductor continued his readings from *Spiritualism for the Young*, the children and all present taking great interest in the details of the origin of Modern Spiritualism. The concluding hymn was "Catch the Sunshine." We hope that parents and friends having an interest in our work will aid us in our endeavour by coming amongst us, and by the interchange of ideas, by which all would be benefited.—C. WHITE.

ZEPHYR HALL, 9, BEDFORD-GARDENS, SILVER-STREET, NOTTING HILL GATE.—We had a very good attendance on Sunday last, a number of strangers being present. Mr. J. A. Butcher gave an able address entitled "Where are the Dead?" in the course of which he showed that death was only a re-birth of the spirit, after which the spirits of the departed still influenced people, and did a great work on earth. One of the strangers present related a very interesting spirit manifestation which he had experienced, although in no way a Spiritualist; he explained how he had "accidentally" come to Zephyr Hall, and gave his name and address. Next Sunday, the 22nd inst., we hope to have a successful flower service and harvest thanksgiving at 7 p.m. More speakers are wanted. The following have kindly given their services:—Mr. Treadwell, Messrs. Hopcroft, J. A. Butcher and others. All friends are invited. In Hyde Park near the Marble Arch we had a very large meeting on Sunday, and the speakers, Mr. Hopcroft and Mr. Drake, engaged the earnest attention of a good audience. Over 250 copies of spiritual papers were distributed. Next Sunday at 3.30 p.m., Messrs. Hopcroft, Rodgers, and others. Persons can become members on payment of a subscription.—PERCY SMYTH, Hon. Sec.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 20 years' standing by a simple remedy will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 21, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

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

[The books herein enumerated represent the chief forms of thought respecting Spiritualism and kindred subjects. In recommending them for perusal I do not necessarily endorse the views set forth in them, as is apparent, indeed, from the obvious fact that these are heterogeneous and in some cases inconsistent. I say only that it is well to hear all sides, and that these books present the opinions of thoughtful persons in various times on various phases of a great subject. It is needless to add that I have attempted no classification. The order in which works are mentioned is purely arbitrary, nor do I pretend that my list is complete.]

"M.A. (OXON.)"

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. R. DALE OWEN, 1860.
The Debateable Land between this World and the Next. R. DALE OWEN, 1871.

[Two charming books, many years old, but always fresh and new.]

Spiritualism in the Light of Modern Science. W. CROOKES, F.R.S.
[Science on Spiritualism: facts and no theories.]

Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. A. RUSSEL WALLACE.

A Defense of Spiritualism. A. RUSSEL WALLACE.
[Able and very cogent treatises, suitable for those who are making acquaintance with Spiritualism.]

Experimental Investigations of the Spiritual Manifestations. PROFESSOR HARE.
[One of the earliest scientific works by the celebrated American Chemist.]

On Spiritualism. JUDGE EDMONDS and DEXTER.

[A record of personal experience. 2 Vols.]

Zöllner's Transcendental Physics. Translated by C. C. MASSEY.

[A record of personal investigation adapted to the scientific mind that is not afraid of metaphysics.]

From Matter to Spirit. MRS. DE MORGAN.

[An early work strongly to be recommended: with a most valuable preface by the late PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.]

Planchette. EPES SARGENT.

[Perhaps the best book to be read first of all by a student.]

Proof Palpable of Immortality. EPES SARGENT.

[On Materialisations. Perhaps a little out of date.]

Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. EPES SARGENT.

[Sargent's last and most elaborate work. All he says is worth attention.]

Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism. N. B. WOLFE, M.D.

[A record of phenomena of a very startling character, chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. Hollis Billing.]

Spirit Teachings. "M.A. (OXON.)"

[Personal evidence through automatic writing; bearing on identity, and an argument.]

Spirit Identity. "M.A. (OXON.)"

[An attempt to prove that the claim made by communicating spirits that they have once lived on this earth is borne out by facts.]

Psychography (2nd Edition). "M.A. (OXON.)"

[A record of phenomena of what is sometimes called "independent writing," occurring in the presence of Slade, Eglington, &c.]

Higher Aspects of Spiritualism. "M.A. (OXON.)"

[Spiritualism from a religious point of view.]

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. EUGENE CROWELL, M.D.

[From a religious standpoint: compare with *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*.]

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. MORELL THEOBALD.

[A record of home experiences during many years with several mediums, some being children of the family, and all non-professional.]

Phantasms of the Living. (Society for Psychical Research.) E. GURNEY, F. W. H. MYERS, and F. PODMORE.

[Discussions and evidence respecting thought-transference, telepathy &c., and much evidence of apparitions at or about the time of death. Not written from the Spiritualist point of view.]

Hints; or the "Evidences of Spiritualism." "M.P."

[A brief logical argument. "An application to Spiritualism of the arguments vulgarly held to be conclusive in the case of dogmatic Christianity."]

Incidents in my Life. (2 Vols.) D. D. HOME.

[Vol. I. contains facts in the life of a remarkable medium.]

D. D. Home: His Life and Mission. By his WIDOW.

[An account of a very strange life, with records of facts, and abundant testimony from well-known persons.]

Modern American Spiritualism. MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

[A history of spiritualism in its earliest home and during its first two decades.]

Nineteenth Century Miracles. MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

[A record of the phenomena of Spiritualism in modern days.]

Art Magic; or Mundane, Sub-Mundane, and Super-Mundane Spiritism.

Edited by MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

Ghostland. Edited by MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

[Two weird books dealing with Occultism and Magic.]

Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation. MRS. HOWITT WATTS.

[Dr. Justinus Kerner and William Howitt. By one of the best writers on Spiritualism.]

The Perfect Way; or the Finding of Christ.

Mystical, and very suggestive from the standpoint of the Christian Mystic: Edited by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Kd. Maitland.]

Old Truths in a New Light. COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS.

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