

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—Paul.

No. 1,067.—VOL. XXI.

[Registered as]

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

[a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

'The Christian World's' 'J. B.' is always adroit, and it is pleasant to watch him. Dealing with the 'invisible forces,' in relation to Apostolic times and Apostolic Christianity, he notes how possible it was that Christianity might have been made 'a mere cult of the occult.' We might, for instance, have had some such text as this: 'Now the fruits of the Spirit are second sight, night visions, mediumistic revelations, ecstasies, divinations, occultisms.' But, instead of that, says 'J. B.,' we have: 'The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, gentleness, meekness, faith.' And that looks such a nice comfortable hit at the Spiritualists!

But it is only a specimen of 'J. B.'s' adroitness, with the help of the word 'Spirit' which, in the passage used, has no reference to spirit-communion and what is known as 'the occult.' The whole reference is to the influence of God's spirit upon the human spirit, in the sphere of ethics and life: and 'the spirit' is so set over against the flesh that, in the end, the contrast is simply between spiritual leadings and fleshly lusts. Paul says: If we live by or for the spiritual self we shall have life's fruit in love, joy, peace, gentleness, meekness and faith: but if we live by and for the fleshly self we shall have only contention, uncleanness, and misery. The whole thing has nothing to do with what we know as spirit-communion.

But, if we turn to a passage in Paul's writings which does refer to 'the occult' we shall see that he is quite a good enough Spiritualist (1 Cor. xii.-xiv.), for he recognises 'spiritual gifts,' such as 'healing,' 'the working of miracles,' 'prophecy,' 'discerning of spirits,' and 'divers kinds of tongues';—evidently precisely that which 'J. B.' seems to suggest Paul avoided. But Paul did not avoid it; though, as a sensible man, when he spoke of 'the fruits of the spirit' in the inner self he spoke of life and conduct, and when he spoke of 'spiritual gifts' he gave us a fairly good list of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Mr. Henry Wood's new book, 'The Political Economy of Humanism' (Boston, U.S.: Lee and Shepard) covers an enormous field: its twenty-six Chapters dealing with The law of supply and demand, The laws of competition and co-operation, Combinations of Capital and Labour, Profit sharing, Governmental Arbitration, The limits of economic legislation, Socialism, The unequal distribution of wealth, Tariffs and Protection, Corporations and Trusts, and many kindred topics.

Mr. Wood is moderate and slightly conservative, but with a passion for justice and compassion, so long as the idle and the vicious are not made the recipients of 'charity.' He believes that the race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and that it ought to be so. He is no mere theorist; but indications of practical knowledge of the world and of business abound. We think, however, he sticks a little too closely to his brief. The Socialist, the disciple of Henry George, and the silver man, might perhaps be usefully heard in reply.

Our own special interest in this thoughtful work, however, centres in one of the closing chapters on 'Natural Law and Idealism,' which puts a soul into what might readily become a rigid body. Natural Law and Idealism are not opposed, but, on the contrary, are but varied presentations of the eternal truth that the universe is sane, and that righteousness is supreme. Natural Law is only the instrument for the orderly working out of ideal conditions. 'Political economy is the outward expression of the play of the forces of the mind.' Humanity is an organism, and the spirit is the master of the house. It follows, therefore, that 'as the powers within are tamed, controlled, and brought into orderly harmony, all external phenomena, whether of labour, capital, land or money, will exactly correspond.' So all the way through. Hence, Natural Law will work out the behests of Idealism, as time goes on.

'Tis we musicians know.'

The editor of 'The Sermon' is preparing a distinctly taking book, to be entitled, 'What converted me to Spiritualism?' The contributors will be Americans, and there are to be one hundred of them. Each writer will contribute a short chapter of personal experience, and, where possible or desirable, the chapter will be accompanied by a portrait. We shall be glad to see it when it is ready.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate's latest addition to 'The Theological Translation Library' is of great value. It consists of sixteen brilliant lectures by Adolf Harnack, on 'What is Christianity?' delivered in the University of Berlin during the Winter-Term 1899-1900. These lectures include discussions on the following and other subjects: The leading features of Jesus' message, The Gospel in relation to certain problems, and The Gospel in History. Professor Harnack is everywhere an alert and free inquirer, a clear thinker and an attractive speaker, as simple as he is scholarly. His delight is on the high road: but, once there, he notices everything, and yet is stopped by nothing. His thoughts, on 'the infinite value of the human soul,' for instance, go to the root of the matter, and take us very close to the inmost thought and the real inspiration of Christ, who, in very deed, increased the value of all mankind by revealing the true nature of man, in his great hypothesis that manhood meant sonship with God. The book is full of deep thoughts, but it is delightfully easy to read. The buoyant style carries one on while it convinces.

FRAU ROTHE, THE FLOWER MEDIUM.

In the interests of truth, and in recognition of the importance that all aspects of a question should be impartially presented to our readers, we publish the following record of séances with Frau Rothe, from the pen of a correspondent with whom we are personally acquainted, and in whose *bona fides* we have confidence.

A FAIRLY DETAILED ACCOUNT OF A THREE WEEKS' INTERCOURSE WITH
FRAU ANNA ROTHE,
A MEDIUM OF CHEMNITZ, SAXONY, AND HER MANAGER,
HERR JENTSCH.

By F., PARIS.

Monsieur Y., the secretary of the Psychical Institute founded at Paris in August, 1900, was present at a séance given by Madame Rothe a few months ago at Chemnitz. Shortly afterwards Monsieur Y. spoke of this medium to a member of the said society, upon whose advice I wrote, on March 30th, 1901, to Monsieur Jentsch, Madame Rothe's manager, inviting them to give a series of séances to my circle. I did not mention the names of those composing my circle.

The conditions agreed to on both sides were that the medium should belong exclusively to me for three weeks. During those three weeks we were to hold two, and if possible, three séances a week. The medium and her manager were not to enter into communication with other people in Paris; that is, they were not to give séances elsewhere whilst this engagement lasted.

The medium and her manager arrived in Paris on the evening of Friday, April 12th, and were lodged by me in an hotel close to my apartment. They visited me at ten o'clock on the following Saturday morning.

The first impression of Madame Rothe is favourable. She is a tall, thin woman of fifty years of age, of quiet, gentle manners, with an expression of countenance at once frank and sympathetic.

THE FIRST 'APPORT.'

Madame Rothe wore a large loose cloak, which she retained on her person during this morning call. About a quarter of an hour had elapsed when an 'apport' occurred in the following manner: Madame Rothe and Monsieur Jentsch were seated at about one yard's distance from each other and from me. I was conversing with the latter when I heard a noise near my head—a noise like the beating of birds' wings. I think—but am not certain—that I saw two white flowers close to, and above, my head; it was only a second's flash. With the disappearance of what I took to be white flowers, there fell into my hands two sprays of camellia leaves covered with water. The stems were dry and had been cut. These sprays fell through the medium's hands into mine. The medium had arisen very quickly from her chair, instantaneously with that faint sound of flapping wings. She held out her arms above my head, and, *I imagined*, received the flowers from an invisible source from above my head. She presented the appearance of a person in catalepsy—the facial muscles stiff, the eyes rolled back. This 'apport' occurred so quickly—all was over in less than ten seconds—and was so unexpected and unlooked for as far as I was concerned, that I was then, as I am now, incapable of judging of its merits. 'Raps' followed this phenomenon, but I made no precise effort to localise these raps.

I arranged that our first séance with Madame Rothe should take place on the evening of Tuesday, April 16th. But *à l'improviste* several phenomena occurred on the evening of Sunday, April 14th, when I had invited Monsieur R. to meet Madame Rothe.*

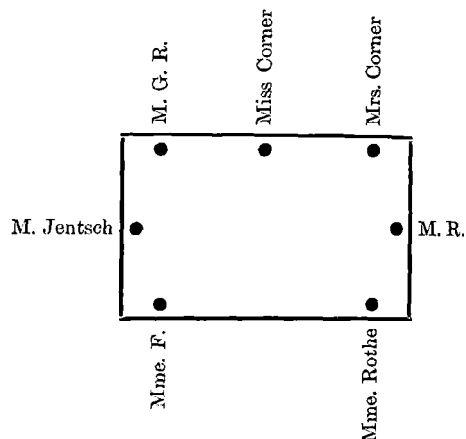
* For this and the four séances we have had with the medium, I adhere strictly to the notes I made either at the end of, or on the morning following, the séance.

THE DINNER OF SUNDAY, APRIL 14TH.

My guests were Monsieur R. and his son, Monsieur G. R., Mrs. Corner (Miss Florence Cook) and her daughter, who were staying with me at the time, Madame Rothe and Monsieur Jentsch.

The dining-room was lighted by six electric lamps. *En passant*, all our sittings with Madame Rothe have been held in a brilliant light.

Our positions at the table were:—



RAPPS.

Scarcely were we seated when 'raps' resounded from different parts of the table, and continued, without cessation, from 7.30 until 10 o'clock. It was evident that an intelligence directed these 'raps.' Correct answers were given to all questions, and the rhythm of several tunes was 'rapped' out with force and vivacity. A resonant case, which we have had especially made for this form of physical manifestation, was placed on the table, and, at our request, 'raps' were given thereon, thus affording clear proof that no sitter at the table was responsible for these sounds.

Though we tried at each succeeding séance to obtain 'raps' on the same case, away from the hands and feet of the medium, we were not successful, and though 'raps' accompanied all Madame Rothe's phenomena they were unintelligent when asked a question the answer to which was unknown to the medium. Are we, therefore, to attribute this extremely important phenomenon to Mrs. Corner's presence?

FLOWER 'APPORTS.'

At about 7.40 p.m. a flower appeared on Monsieur R.'s head (a white marguerite daisy). The medium quickly received or 'plucked' the flower, and holding it before her in a dazed, vacant manner, finally gave it to Monsieur R., recovering thence her normal state. Though we did not see it appear, Monsieur G. R. and I saw the flower on Monsieur R.'s head—before the medium 'received' it; and on questioning the maid who was waiting on us at the time, I learned that she had noticed it also, and wondered why 'Monsieur R. s'était mis une fleur sur la tête.'

In view of our unprepared mind, these first phenomena were not sufficiently well noted, and therefore we cannot give much weight to them.

Suddenly, following a rapid left hand movement, my guests saw Madame Rothe take or 'gather' a large bunch of flowers from my right-hand shoulder. The flowers and leaves were wet; the stalks were dry and had been cut. One of the flowers, a red anemone, was wired.*

Several other flower 'apports' occurred this Sunday evening; but these flowers the medium drew from *under* the table; her left hand was frequently out of sight, and seemed to touch the floor, close to her feet, more than once.

Towards nine o'clock, taking three small leaves from a flower close to me, Madame Rothe, pressing the palm of my hand, asked me to keep these 'leaves' as a talisman. When she removed her hand I found three small gold charms—the leaves had disappeared. Shortly afterwards she took another leaf, and holding Miss Corner's hand for a moment,

* The flowers at this and at every séance have been such as could have been found at every street corner in Paris at the time.

the leaf became transformed into a glass pendant. Ten minutes later, taking another leaf in her hand, she rubbed very vigorously Monsieur R.'s left arm for about ten seconds. As she rubbed, the parts she touched became covered with some sparkling substance. Removing her hand we saw therein an egg-shaped crystal paper-weight, still covered with powdered glass. The leaf had, presumably, been changed into this article during the rubbing process.

Three times during the evening Madame Rothe became entranced; but the incarnating 'spirit' did not remain longer than from one to three minutes. At one time, Madame Rothe, turning to me and taking my hand, said in English, 'How do you do, my darling?' I asked the name of the spirit addressing me, whereupon Madame Rothe awakened. This has been her only attempt to speak to me when in trance.

DIRECT WRITING.

During dinner I tore a blank sheet from a notebook in which Monsieur R. was making notes of the phenomena. I laid it near the medium, mentally hoping for some direct writing, for which I had heard that Madame Rothe was celebrated. I tried not to lose sight of the paper, but it fell several times on to Madame Rothe's knees. Though she laid her hand constantly on the paper, at no time did I see a lead pencil in her hand. Quite half an hour after I had placed this sheet of paper near the medium—I had even renounced all hope of receiving any writing—Madame Rothe, taking Monsieur R.'s hand, placed it upon hers, and traced some lines upon the paper with her finger-nails. Removing her hand, the page at first sight showed no writing, but on examining the side which had *lain on the table*, we found the words 'Grüsse Gott liebe Freunde' faintly traced in lead pencil.

On Monday morning, when examining the carpet where Madame Rothe had sat, I found the five leaves which we thought had been transformed into the crystal and charms of the previous evening. I also found on the floor, underneath Madame Rothe's chair, another wired anemone.

All critical reflections concerning the movements of the hands, &c., came much later. At this moment we were all *absolutely* convinced of the genuineness of everything. They were also my guests, and I had determined to treat them as my friends and do all in my power to smooth away the strangeness of a first meeting, to put Madame Rothe at her ease, and by not only showing, but feeling, absolute confidence in her, establish that harmony which alone produces good phenomena.

FIRST SÉANCE.—TUESDAY, APRIL 16TH.

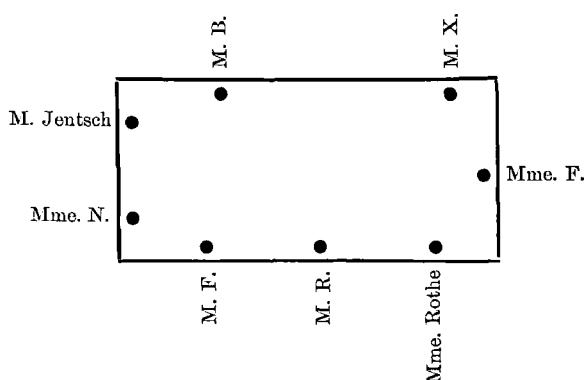
Present: Monsieur R., Messieurs F., B., and X., and Mesdames N. and F.

Our intention was to make these experiments with Madame Rothe in the drawing-room, around a small solid oak table which has been especially made for séances. Seated around this table it would have been easy to keep in constant view the hands and feet of the medium. The dining-table from its size and shape rendered this impossible. But the medium and her manager objected, saying that they preferred to hold *all* our séances in the dining-room, because it was already 'impregnated with Madame Rothe's fluid,' urging that the 'psychic fluids are easier to work with in a simple room bare of all display, and containing as little furniture as possible.'

Accordingly we sat in the dining-room. The medium asked to be searched. Madame N. and I stood by while she removed her skirt. Madame N. passed her hands over the medium's body. We did not completely undress her. I gave Madame Rothe one of my skirts to wear in place of her own. During the séance she raised this skirt, making some remark about its length, and kept it folded on her knees.

The medium asked that she might be placed in the same position at the table as on Sunday. This we modified slightly. Monsieur R. sat on her left, and I on her right hand. The following were the positions of the circle during our

séances with Madame Rothe, modified occasionally by the presence or absence of certain members.



Monsieur Jentsch opened this and the other séances by prayer. He frequently asked the sitters not to look at the medium fixedly, and to remove their attention from her before a phenomenon occurred.

Though Monsieur R. was placed on her left, and, by giving him a special chair, efforts were made to enable him to observe her hands and feet, Madame Rothe always—though it may be unconsciously—drew her own chair closer to the table or to Monsieur R.'s chair, so that keen observation on his part was not easy, notwithstanding the brilliant light. For purposes of observation I was, perhaps, the better placed—I and Monsieur X.

A FLOWER 'APPORT.'

To describe one flower 'apport' is to describe all, for Madame Rothe's manner of producing this phenomenon in our midst never once varied. Madame Rothe becomes suddenly excited and breathes more or less heavily; she places her hands under the table, and at times she asks for the hands of one of the sitters, which she retains with her right hand, while the left continues its wanderings by her side and often near her feet (her arms are long and thin). I have seen her nearly touch the floor, but, naturally, I have not seen her take any flowers from the floor. Immediately before the flowers appear Madame Rothe half rises from her chair, keeps her left hand near the floor behind Monsieur R.'s chair, places her right hand in front of him and with lightning rapidity brings up her left hand filled with flowers.

Sometimes her movements are so quick that the flowers *seem* to make their first appearance on the heads or shoulders of the sitters; but it is always on the heads or shoulders of the sitters within arm's length of Madame Rothe. A flower has *never* materialised in full view of the sitters. We have *never* received any 'apport' whatever without the intervention of the medium's hands.

MANUFACTURE OF CRYSTALS.

During this séance another crystal paper-weight was given to Monsieur R. by the medium, who 'found' it on his right shoulder-blade. Though I was well placed to observe this 'phenomenon,' I cannot say whether the ball was slipped into the hand from the medium's sleeve or whether its coming was abnormal. I was more fortunate with the following phenomenon—a crystal pendant for a watch-chain. The medium laid her hand (as she had done to produce the paper-weight) on Monsieur R.'s shoulder-blade, in which position her hand could only be seen by myself. As she rubbed the coat I saw the crystal enter her fingers as though it had dropped from the collar of the coat. But it would have been a very simple affair to conceal this tiny article under the fold of the collar during the manufacture of the paper-weight. There was an interval of barely one minute between these two phenomena.

SECOND SÉANCE.—FRIDAY, APRIL 19TH.

Present: Monsieur R., Messieurs H., B., X., and F., and Madame F.

The only control imposed upon the medium this evening was a ribbon tied around her skirt, under her knees. At the

end of the séance the medium would not permit Monsieur R. or me to remove the ribbon, hastily undoing it herself.

It was noticed this evening that the medium's hands were in more frequent contact with the floor. The ribbon was naturally somewhat of a restriction to the freedom of the legs.

We had expressed a hope that a flower or flowers might this evening be transported from the drawing-room into the séance-room and took precautions accordingly; but our hopes were not realised.

There was a marked difference between this séance and the first. The medium became 'entranced' more frequently and spoke more lengthily, reciting legends, poetry, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

One of her 'trance' utterances was a poem of some six stanzas, 'The Legend of the Forget-me-not,' which was given to us as original. But I happen to have a translation of these same verses. The poem, in English, was sent to me about twelve years ago, and I was given to understand at the time was the translation of an old German poem.

Only one flower 'apport' occurred this evening, with the usual preliminary proceedings of the left hand under the table and behind Monsieur R.'s chair. But this séance was remarkable in providing a phenomenon which some may say defies explanation on normal grounds.

CRYSTAL PRODUCED IN FULL VIEW.

Madame Rothe became suddenly extremely agitated, and asked Monsieur X. to place his hands in hers under the table. I moved back somewhat in order to allow Monsieur X. to approach the medium, and was thus able to watch her hands fairly well. The night was cool, but Madame Rothe's face was bathed in perspiration. While this phenomenon was being prepared she was either in great suffering or abnormally excited, to judge from her drawn features and the perspiration which literally streamed down her face. This agitation lasted for fully two minutes. There was no result, save that, to me, the medium appeared prostrated. She remarked, in her normal condition, 'My friend has been trying to give me something, but wherever his hand goes five inimical hands are stretched out in opposition; the opposing force has prevented the phenomenon.'

Monsieur Jentsch translated these remarks, and I believe the attention of every assistant was, for a few seconds, removed from the medium. Consequently, a phenomenon which might have ranked of first order is somewhat veiled. Monsieur Jentsch had barely ended his translation when a rapid movement from Madame Rothe drew all eyes to her once more. She held her hands in the air, above the table, in full view of everyone, and all saw what looked like a shower of water fall as though from the ceiling into her outstretched hands. On reaching her hands we perceived that the water had become a small crystal ball enclosing a miniature lamb in silver: the table was strewn with powdered glass. This occurred with such rapidity that we cannot say if the water changed into the ball in the medium's hands, or if the ball was already formed when passing through the air.

Quickly following the glass ball for Monsieur X. came the last phenomenon of this evening. The medium stretched out her hand before us, and, opening it, showed in the palm three tiny silver death's-heads. Though we watched carefully, no one can say if these articles were in her hand when she opened it, or if, simultaneously with the opening of the hand, they were slipped in from an invisible source. With the action of the outstretched hand (as though to receive the death's-heads), the medium exclaimed excitedly, addressing the invisible: 'You say I shall receive no more phenomena? There, then, I have triumphed.'

This evening, only, the medium complained of the presence of an adverse influence.

LUCIDITY.

I cannot say that Madame Rothe has given any strong proofs of lucidity. All that applied to myself and was correct might easily have been gathered from my words—

that I came from Australia, that I was on the eve of returning, &c.

She has given me wrong information when touching on anything strictly private. She has given messages reputed to come from my dead father, but my father is alive.

Neither has she given to any member of my circle any good proof of lucidity.

THIRD SÉANCE.—TUESDAY, APRIL 23RD.

Present: Monsieur R., Messieurs X., B., M., and H., and Mesdames N. and F.

I come now to the relation of what might be called two doubtful séances. But, conclusive as they may be to some people, I feel they only point to the absolute necessity of making a longer and fuller investigation of Madame Rothe's powers.

It will have been remarked that up to the present no serious control had been imposed. Expecting to have been able to retain the services of Madame Rothe for an indefinite period, and not wishing to apply rigid tests suddenly, we thought it best to allow a few séances to go by under the medium's own conditions, hoping to obtain, eventually, the same phenomena under the strictest scientific methods. Searching and completely disrobing a medium are supposed by some to be a sufficient guarantee. But it is a most painful proceeding and, judging from my own feelings, I doubt if there be a lady who would consent to undress completely a fellow creature, even in the interests of science. Therefore after our first half-and-half attempt to undress Madame Rothe I renounced all thought of imposing such a control. We resorted to pleasanter and surer ways, to which these two séances will bear witness.

A REGISTERING BALANCE.

A balance was bought, a balance registering from a hundred kilogrammes to five grammes. Before and at the end of this séance five members of the circle and Madame Rothe were weighed. Further on I give the results of this weighing.

Madame Rothe experienced some difficulty in placing herself upon the balance, which is raised about 4 in. from the floor; and I was obliged to assist her.

On this evening, before the séance commenced, Monsieur Jentsch repeatedly asked Monsieur R. not to touch the medium with his hands; he also made the same remark to me whilst I was assisting Madame Rothe to mount the balance.

It was ten minutes past nine o'clock before any phenomenal sign presented itself. A period of 'trance' speaking then took place, followed in ten minutes by a large bunch of flowers fresh and wet, but, as usual, with cut, dry stems. These flowers were, apparently, taken from behind Monsieur R.'s chair by the medium. Immediately following this 'apport' Madame Rothe laid both her hands upon Monsieur R.'s right leg, which she rubbed most vigorously for about twenty seconds, finally producing a brownish-yellow paper weight of cut-crystal, saying it had been made from Monsieur R.'s body and was destined for Monsieur B.

Monsieur B. believes that the manufacture of this crystal must be entirely attributed to the spirit agency, because each end is cut in such a manner as to represent a six-rayed star, which, it appears, is an occult emblem of the greatest importance to Monsieur B., of which no one present at the séance was aware. I have—since these experiments—examined several crystals and have found many terminating in the form of a hexagon. Neither is this the first time that this kind of crystal has been presented to the sitters at Madame Rothe's séances. So only a very feeble importance can be attached to this coincidence.

After Monsieur B.'s crystal, there followed a long period of 'trance' speaking, of no importance whatever. The 'trance' utterances of Madame Rothe have offered us no evidence of the supernatural, nor even of the subliminal. They have been what one might expect from a refined and sensitive

nature: the fact that she is a woman of the people, as has been said to me, stands for naught. The most lofty teachings have issued from the so-called 'people.'

Towards ten o'clock, Madame Rothe told us that the 'spirits' were now working in the drawing-room, where, at the close of the séance, we would find several objects removed from their habitual resting places.

The séance having ended, Madame Rothe was immediately weighed. It was found that she had lost (apart from what she should have lost in view of her profuse perspiration) the weight found in the crystal and flowers 'apported' during the séance.

During the weighing of the sitters, Madame Rothe, sitting close, very close, to Madame N., presented the latter with a small bunch of myosotis. She was again weighed, and was then found to have lost exactly the weight of the bouquet presented to Madame N.

The weighing ended, we entered the drawing-room, hoping to find Madame Rothe's promises verified. I went in first of all alone, and, taking a rapid glance around, saw that all was in the usual order. I re-entered the room with Monsieur R. and Monsieur X.—the medium followed us. As I neared the keyboard of the piano I was on the point of making some remark to the effect that nothing was changed, when, turning carelessly around, half-facing Madame Rothe (I had had my back turned to her), I saw a book fall near the other end of the piano (a grand). As far as I was concerned, an invisible hand might have thrown that book; but Monsieur X. was more fortunately placed. He *saw* the medium, with the book in her hands, throw it dexterously on to the floor.

The book was a copy of 'Marc Aurèle' which I had been reading this same evening, and had replaced on the top of a revolving bookcase near my writing-table. Entering the room as we did, it was necessary to pass the bookcase. I am sure, most sure, that I saw my 'Marc Aurèle' in its place when I entered the room alone, and also when I re-entered it with Monsieur R. and Monsieur X. and the medium. So, though no one actually saw Madame Rothe take the book from the stand, the fact that Monsieur X. saw her throw it on the floor, and that I saw it in the act of falling, is sufficient evidence to prove that only Madame Rothe herself could have taken the book from the case. It would be absurd to argue otherwise.

I have omitted to mention a piece of 'direct' writing received this evening in Monsieur B.'s notebook. But the condition of certainty was most unsatisfactory.

RESULTS OF THE WEIGHING ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 23RD.

Name.	Before the séance, Time, 8.15.	After the séance, Time 10.35.	Loss.
	Kilogrammes	Kilogrammes	
Madame F.	71.68	71.57	0.11
Monsieur R.	76.11	75.98	0.13
Monsieur X.	83.42	83.40	0.02
Monsieur M.	52.30	52.19	0.11
Monsieur Jentsch	47.96	47.80	0.16
	Time, 8.35.	Time 10.35.	
Madame Rothe	56.20	55.10	1.10

The weight of the flowers and crystal . . 0.80.

Madame Rothe, having given a bunch of myosotis to Madame N. after being weighed, was reweighed, with this result:—

Madame Rothe, time 10.45, 51.92 kilogrammes.

The new 'apport' weighed .18.

It is a physiological fact that adults lose from 0.05 to 0.20 by hour, according to individual variations.

On the afternoon of Thursday, April 25th, Monsieur R. called upon Madame Rothe and asked her if she would consent to wear a bag at the next séance. In view of the movements of the left hand near the floor we were bound—sooner or later—to require this control. Madame Rothe expressed her willingness to wear the bag.

(To be continued.)

FRAU ROTHE, THE FLOWER MEDIUM.

The June number of the 'Revue Spirite' contains two articles signed G. Bera; one is a translation of the account given recently in 'LIGHT,' by Mr. George Larsen, of the extraordinary mediumship of Frau von Rothe; the other is M. Bera's record of his own experiences with this medium at a séance held in Paris, in the house of Madame Rufina Næggerath. The medium, he says, was anxious to have a test séance in order to refute the suspicion of trickery entertained against her by some people.

The medium was undressed in the presence of the mistress of the house and then clothed in a white chemise with a mantle thrown over belonging to the lady of the house. She was then led to her place in a corner of the room, the spectators being in a double row around her. The small room was lit with five lamps, three of them throwing so bright a light upon the face and hands of the medium as to inconvenience the sitters by its intensity; the medium, however, insisted on the light not being diminished until she had given tests sufficient to satisfy the sitters. Madame Næggerath and Princess Karadjá, on the right and left, held the medium's hands in theirs. 'Placed in front of Madame Rothe,' says M. Bera, 'a little on her right, I kept my eyes on her face, bust, and hands, during the whole séance, without being able to detect any suspicious movement, either on her part or on the part of her neighbours; for in order to reply to possible suspicion, I determined to push suspicion even to suspecting our kind hostess and Princess Karadjá. They will understand and forgive, knowing the duties of a critic.'

Under these circumstances first a book, 'Les Grands Horizons de la Vie,' appeared in her hands, then she passed into trance and gave an address, after which, rising and stretching out her arms, she seemed to glean from the air flowers, red and blue. These phenomena went on for an hour and a-half; one bouquet was glistening with water. In a note at the end of this article, M. Bera says: 'Sunday, May 12th.—I have just returned from another séance with Madame Rothe at 36, rue du Bac (circle of "Spiritualisme Moderne"). My wife and children have received bunches of oranges, literally fallen from heaven. The florist whom I have just spoken to refuses to get me such a branch of mimosa as I have received for a hundred francs.'

A DREAM HOUSE AND A GHOST.

The following, by 'G. P. H.,' from 'The Spectator,' is important. If the writer will procure and publish verifications, a great service will be done. We hope to hear more of this matter:—

In your article in 'The Spectator' of May 25th on the Diary of Sir M. Grant Duff you cite a story of a dream house, and say that if authentic it should be examined into. I think the following is a version of the same story, and this is thoroughly authentic. All the principals concerned are living, and well known. They would, I think, be willing to facilitate inquiry, and the facts can be easily verified. A lady living with her family in the neighbourhood of London was, during several years, in the habit of dreaming that she visited and went over a house of which she had no knowledge when awake. This dream was so frequently repeated that the lady asserted she knew every room in the house, and the dream and the house became a standard amusement at the breakfast table with the younger members of the family. They were in the habit of passing some months of the year in Scotland, but one year not so very long since they were unable to have the place to which they were in the habit of going, and a married son was commissioned by the father (husband of the lady) to find a place for them. This was done in due course, and the family went to take possession. As soon as the lady saw the house, she said she seemed to know it, and on entering said she had been there before, that it was her dream house, and she could describe the rooms, which was done sufficiently to identify the house with the dream. It was then the owner of the house, Lady B—, proposed to show the upper rooms, when the lady of the dream said she knew them well, for she had seen them before, to which Lady B— replied: 'I should think you had, since you are the old lady who has been haunting us for years.' I may add that no mystery seems to attach either to the house or the persons concerned, and no fatality followed or any unusual incident. The circumstances occurred as related, but the why or wherefore remains unexplained, and offers, I venture to think—as you, Sir, suggested—a very interesting problem for elucidation, and the more so since there is, so far as appears, nothing supernatural about it. I have no doubt I can obtain permission to give names and dates to serious inquirers, and send you my card as proof of good faith.

OFFICE OF 'LIGHT,' 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1901.

Light,

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

PRICE TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

COMMUNICATIONS intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, Office of 'LIGHT,' 110, St. Martin's-lane, London, W.C. Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Office of 'LIGHT,' and not to the Editor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to Mr. E. W. Wallis, and should invariably be crossed '— & Co.'

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'LIGHT' may also be obtained from E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, London, and through all Newsagents and Booksellers.

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'SOMETHING IN IT.'

We offer our respectful congratulations to 'The Spectator' upon its apparent resolve to make an utter end of frivolity in relation to psychical subjects, and to be at least seriously sane even in relation to Spiritualism. The number for the first week in June contains several letters on these subjects, a thoughtful notice of the Hon. John Harris' book on 'Inferences from Haunted Houses and Haunted Men,' the story we give in another column, and a review of Professor Jastrow's work on 'Fact and Fable in Psychology';—a considerable harvest for 'The Spectator'!

The last of these is hopeful but, as usual, tantalising. We wish 'The Spectator' would be hot or cold: and yet, even when tepid, it is not without acceptability, especially as it always seems to say, 'I could if I would.' It is so in the review before us. Professor Jastrow's main object is to explain miracles and gibbet delusions. It is a tempting occupation, but it leads nowhere. It is so very easy to chaff the abnormal, to play the part of superior person before the credulous, to set the believer right. We are not strangers to the people who do nothing, and do it very well. Professor Jastrow does it very well.

'The Spectator' tells us that the Professor's object is 'to inculcate an attitude of mind' towards all psychical or supposed psychical phenomena. But there is no novelty in this. It appears that 'he wishes to convince the intelligent layman that a phenomenon is not necessarily inexplicable by well-recognised agencies because the intelligent layman cannot so explain it.' Bless the man! whoever denied this? There is not a sane person anywhere who would. 'The Spectator' admits this with regard to conjuring performances, and says: 'The average man who goes to a conjuring performance cannot detect how the trick is done, but is none the less aware that there is a trick. Yet if he goes to a spiritualist séance, and sees writing produced under conditions which apparently preclude human agency, he assumes that some other agency has come in. He underrates the possibility of deception.'

We submit that this is nonsense. 'The average man' who knows that conjuring tricks are merely tricks though he cannot tell how they are done, also thinks that happenings at spiritualist séances are tricks, too, but dishonourable ones. The person who differentiates between the conjurer and the medium, and between the trick and the manifestation, is not 'the average man' but the convinced believer: and the real question is, Why is he a believer? It can only be because experience has shown him that there is a vital difference between the two things. It is not a

question of state of mind; it is a question of evidence. A professional conjurer, with his platform and costly mechanism, or with his professional arrangements, is an entirely different kind of being from the medium who may perhaps be one's own wife or brother or child or trusted friend: and the phenomena are entirely different, the one having relation to well-known performances depending on mechanism or dexterity, the other being as frequently intellectual and moral as physical, depending upon results that appeal, not to the senses but to knowledge.

Two subjects of enormous importance and rapidly growing value, Professor Jastrow either regards as of 'no account' or 'scarcely worthy of special attention.' Will it be believed that these are apparitions and telepathy? Hypnotism attracts him, and 'it is here that he plainly sees most of the "unexplained forms of mental action."' 'Suggestion exists, but of the mechanism by which suggestion is possible we have as yet no hint.' Evidently, we shall not get much help from Professor Jastrow, an impression which is strengthened by the extraordinary statement that 'Science is not bound to examine all hypotheses, but only legitimate ones.' Will anybody have the goodness to tell us what is a 'legitimate' hypothesis, or how we are to know it when it emerges? The legitimate hypothesis of one age has usually served its time as the derided superstition of a previous age, or it is passing on to that fate. 'The Spectator' sees this, but not as clearly as we should like. It opens its review with the following cautious remarks:—

Whenever and wherever mankind has advanced to a point at which the race becomes conscious of its history and its development, each age has probably regarded itself as touched with scepticism, and has deplored, compassionated, or regretted the ingenuous faith of its forerunners. And yet age succeeding age has remained fundamentally credulous, avid of miracles, capable of belief in what defies or surpasses reason. We think of the eighteenth century as sceptical, yet it produced Mesmer and Cagliostro; we think of the nineteenth century as materialist and scientific, and yet America, the characteristic outcome of nineteenth-century civilisations, is riddled with ridiculous superstitions. And to-day, in this year of grace, it is probable that the quack, the charlatan, and the magician reap a richer harvest in London, Paris, and New York than at any time in history.

That looks uncommonly knowing, but it really amounts to very little more than the statement that the pet superstitions of each age vary, or that

The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Or, if it is all the same to 'The Spectator,' let us say that when boiled down it comes to this,—that a vein of occultism lurks somewhere in all of us, from Jerusalem to Piccadilly, and that it manifests itself from time to time in various ways. But let this at least be noted, that this vein of occultism is in the very make of us. It is not intermittent; it is constant: it is not a fad; it is an instinct: it is not a mere superstition; it is a faith.

It is here that the province of Psychology comes in; and 'The Spectator' has rather moony views about the province of Psychology, but we suspect it plays the part of moon to Professor Jastrow's sun. We are told that 'systems of occultism are largely built up of false data or false inferences'; and that 'Psychology steps in to teach us how to allow for and to correct natural predispositions and bias.' But surely that is not the main business of Science. 'The Spectator's' dictum concerning Psychology reminds us of some people's notion of Charity Organisation, the object of which, they say, is to bowl out impostors. At one time that was thought to be the object of Psychical Research; but the wise men at the head of it were not content with this negative virtue. Lower down, 'The Spectator' repeats its dictum, with a variation: 'The province of Psychology,' it says, is to explain how certain

'genuine testimony comes to be misleading.' But here again we have only the negative use of Psychology. In making this remark, 'The Spectator' refers to the investigation by Science of certain phenomena believed to be occult, and it says: 'The result is, as regards the evidence, to discredit at least nine-tenths of the facts alleged, and to attribute them to imposture; and at the same time to refuse credence to a mass of perfectly genuine and disinterested testimony.'

We are not at all sure about that 'nine-tenths.' Indeed, we often feel inclined to retort upon 'the man of Science' what was said above as to 'the intelligent layman,'—that a phenomenon is not necessarily a fraud because the man of Science thinks that is the only way out of it. Even 'The Spectator,' though it is, in a way, sympathetic and wishful to be at least fair, makes the following petulant statement:—

The eye has seen in the half-darkness what the brain under the contagion of excitement hoped and desired to see. But it is needless to go on recapitulating. The point to emphasise is that all the physical manifestations appealing to the eye have been proved impostures, and imitated by experts in conjuring with even greater success.

But why assume that people at séances are all 'under the contagion of excitement'? Our experience is that they are much rather on the watch for trickery: and is it not a very wild statement, that 'all the physical manifestations appealing to the eye have been proved impostures'? Nobody can know that. What, for instance, can 'The Spectator' or Professor Jastrow know of physical manifestations that have occurred in the private homes of, say, one hundred members of our Spiritualist Alliance? 'The Spectator's' statement is, as we say, manifestly wild.

But we are allowed a modest tenth that is perhaps genuine. We accept with thanks. In fact, one genuine manifestation out of ten thousand doubtful ones will do: and it is precisely the genuine manifestations, the undoubtedly genuine manifestations, that often make the believer too readily receptive to the sham manifestation, and make it true, as 'The Spectator' suggests, that a man who sees a conjurer and knows the inexplicable performance is a trick, may go to a séance and at once accept the explanation of the Spiritualist. That is simply because he knows such things can be.

But 'The Spectator' comes out practically in our company at the end, though it is very, very cautious. Here are its concluding words, barring a slight reference to the Professor's book: 'In regard to the whole mass of modern testimony for the existence of a spirit world separate from, yet more or less in touch with, ours, we incline to think there is "something in it," and should like to know more.' This is, at all events, in the right direction. We congratulate 'The Spectator,' and wish it success in its creditable endeavour and desire to know.

A KINDLIER ATTITUDE.

'An answer to the question "If a man die, shall he live again?" has been the burden of the human race; and until answered by intercommunication with those who have cast aside the physical body—the instrument through which the spirit manifested itself—it has been an unsolved riddle. How different now! The change is seen in the public press; in recent expressions from the rostrum, and even science is turning a kindly side toward the subject. By all the rules of logic applied to any other subject the existence of the spiritual world and the possibility of communication with it has been proved, scientifically proved if you please; and at the present ratio of acceptance it will be the exception rather than the rule for men to disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. And all this is the result and the unmistakable growth of Modern Spiritualism.'—DR. HELEN DENSMORE in the 'Banner of Light.'

THE TRANSITION OF MR. MATTHEWS FIDLER.

We recently recorded very briefly the transition of Mr. Matthews Fidler, of Gothenburg, Sweden, on the 21st ult., and have now the satisfaction of supplying the following additional particulars from the pen of an esteemed correspondent who was intimately acquainted with our departed friend:—

'Matthews Fidler, Spiritualist'—for such was the usual designation of the departed—had earned for himself the love and respect of all who knew him; and they were many—for there are but few villages, and fewer towns, in all



MR. MATTHEWS FIDLER.

[From a photo.]

Scandinavia where he was not known, and wherever known he was beloved.

For several years the nature of his business compelled Mr. Fidler to travel in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, bringing him into contact with people of all classes, from the highest in the land to the humblest; and wherever he went he took Spiritualism with him, for, as he was wont to remark, 'I am first of all a Spiritualist, and afterwards a merchant.'

As an indication of the estimation in which 'Matthews Fidler, merchant,' was held in the country, it is only necessary to quote from one of the articles published in the principal newspaper, the 'Gottenburg Post,' May 23rd, 1901:—

'Matthews Fidler, so well known in the foremost rank of mercantile men in this country, has just gone from us, and we have to deplore the loss of one of the most energetic and interested workers for the development of the dairy industry, which has—in a great measure owing to him—become one of the principal features of our agricultural districts. His book, published some fifteen years ago, on the proper management of dairies, and the production of bacteria-free milk, butter, &c., was immediately recognised as the work of one who understood all details of the subject, and is still generally accepted as the standard text-book for the use of dairy farmers and dairymen.'

'He combined, with a superior intelligence, unusual clearness of judgment and business ability, a keen sense of humour, and an optimistic temperament which made him a delightful companion. He was, in the language of his own countrymen, in every sense of the word a "gentleman."

'One could not, perhaps, point him out as a typical merchant, judging from the standpoint of the ordinary business men of our land, whose success is for the most part due to the cultivation of the sharp, keen qualities which

enable them to hold their own in the struggle of life. He, on the other hand, succeeded because of his sterling honesty, his honourable straightforwardness, his dislike of shams or pretence, and his consideration for others, all of which inspired a confidence which was never misplaced nor betrayed. His loss will be felt by many in all parts of our land.

The work of 'Matthews Fidler, Spiritualist,' cannot be summed up in so few words, as it extended over a period of nearly thirty years, during which time he was indefatigable and untiring. He was, if not *the* first, certainly among the first to introduce Modern Spiritualism into Sweden; and he had a hard and thankless task. Few men have been more talked about than he throughout the length and breadth of the country; few have been the subject of so much controversy—of conflicting opinions—of criticism, favourable and unfavourable, or have been the object of so much would-be witticism. Through difficulties which would have daunted many he carried on the work without ceasing. His sincerity, his earnestness, his practical Spiritualism,

which governed or prompted his every act, carried conviction with his teaching; and joined to this earnestness was a nobility of character—an all-embracing sympathy and helpfulness and general 'lovableness,'—which more than once caused the remark to be made that 'If Spiritualism can boast such adherents as Matthews Fidler, then there must be something worth knowing in Spiritualism.'

Only those who were connected with him in his work can understand the difficulties, discouragements, and bitter disappointments which he had to endure during the first years of his pioneer efforts. Time after time when, after a long period of untiring work, it seemed at last about to be crowned by a measure of success, a storm would be raised by one or other party of antagonists, and the little band of Spiritualists, of which he was chief, would suddenly find themselves deserted by all, and the object of abuse and calumny on every hand. But the courage of our friend seemed to become stronger and more active from the opposition which he encountered, and he infected others with something of his bright hopefulness, inspiring them with the determination to persevere and the assurance of ultimate success.

'Matthews Fidler, Spiritualist,' was a welcome guest wherever he went. By all classes he was received with open arms and his words were listened to with respect and attention. He never failed to take advantage of the many opportunities which were afforded him for the introduction of the subject of Spiritualism, but it would require volumes to give an adequate description of his work on its behalf.

Two years ago he had been in Norway, collecting specimens of minerals for a friend, and wearied by his long tramp and heavy load, he entered the first cottage he saw, to rest. A woman lay there sick, and moaning with pain; and tired though he was, he immediately set to work to relieve her by his healing powers. Presently she fell asleep, and after an hour of refreshing slumber awoke, and almost fell on her knees to him in her thankfulness. She was better, but for the first time in his experience our friend felt ill after an attempt to cure a sick person. He

continued his journey, but was compelled to stop and rest at the nearest town for a day or two, and although he got better he was never well again. The poor woman who was unconsciously the cause of his illness completely recovered. She had been ill for many months, but since that day has not ailed anything.

To say that Mr. Fidler was universally loved and respected is not claiming too much; yet he was curiously humble and unaffected. During his illness, which lasted nearly two years, friends came from far and wide to see him, and he was heard to remark, 'How very strange it is that so many are anxious for me to get well! It is wonderfully kind of them. I feel as if I do not deserve so much kindness. I wonder if I really have ever been of use to anyone!'

His interest in what was going on in the world never flagged, and until within a few days of his passing away, he kept up a large correspondence with friends in all parts of the world, and in spite of the fact that he was confined to sofa or bed for months, there were very few days on which he was not accessible to many needing his help or counsel. If his attendants denied admittance to anyone, thinking he would be tired or exhausted, he was always uneasy and remonstrated with them, saying: 'There is but little I can do now that I am ill, so do not prevent me from doing what I can.'

He always regretted that spirits could make no use of him as a medium, and frequently expressed the hope that he might pass over to the other side before his dearest friends, because, said he, 'I am too dense and stupid to be able to feel their presence should they return to me, but I may be able to return to them and in that way still be of use to Spiritualism.'

The following curious incidents interested him greatly and are perhaps worth relating:—

In January of the present year he had been very ill and his nearest friends had been summoned to his home, under the impression that the end was very near. The crisis, however, passed and he rallied again, weaker, but still with unabated interest in all that concerned life, both here and hereafter. One morning during the crisis, a friend telephoned to congratulate him on his recovery, and on the fact that he had been able to go out, in spite of the severe weather.

As Mr. Fidler had not left his bed for weeks and was at the time the object of intense anxiety, the friend was told that there must be some mistake.

'But,' he replied, 'I saw him out walking yesterday!'

'Impossible! You have mistaken someone else for him.'

'No, I was not mistaken,' said he; 'I did not speak to him, certainly, but no one could mistake anyone else for him, he is too familiar a figure.'

Later, during a call on a lady friend, she remarked to the writer: 'What a good thing it is that Mr. Fidler is recovering so nicely. I met him the other day in the Allée; he looks ill still, but now that he can get out he will soon pick up his strength. I am so glad for his sake, for he loves the sunshine and fresh air so much.'

When the lady was told that Mr. Fidler had not been out of his bed for weeks, she said: 'Then it was his spirit I saw, for there is not another man in Gothenburg that bears any resemblance to him.'

Mr. Fidler among other things was a great lover of bees, and on the hills near the town he kept a large number of hives, with which he occupied most of his leisure during the last year or two. During the cold weather in the beginning of the present year he was very anxious lest his little colonists should not be properly protected from the icy north winds.

Accordingly he sent for his man whose duty it was to look after them, to make inquiries. The man came, and while waiting to be admitted to the invalid's room, remarked that he had expected Mr. Fidler would come into the cottage to speak with him about the bees, as he had been up looking at the hives three times one day.

'When was that?' he was asked.

'The day before yesterday,' he answered. 'I wondered why he did not come to the cottage as he usually did, and I waited for him. When he did not come I went out to ask

if he had any orders to give me but he had gone. I thought it so queer, for he always looked in to say good-day.'

This was naturally very puzzling, as during this time Mr. Fidler frequently lay in a semi-unconscious condition, from which it was very difficult to arouse him sufficiently to take nourishment.

The same week a man occupying the post of 'conciierge' remarked to one of the servants: 'Your master cannot be so ill when he can be out of doors at ten o'clock at night.' The maid protested that he had not been out for months during either day or night-time. 'Nonsense!' replied the man, 'my wife was locking the gate last night at ten o'clock when a gentleman came in. She struck a light to see who had brushed past her and she saw it was Mr. Fidler. She curtsied and said "Good-night," but he took no notice but came straight into the house.' The servants were horrified at what they considered a warning of approaching death, and begged that Mr. Fidler might not be told of these statements, but, knowing how interested he would be, the circumstances were related to him, and, as was expected, they opened up for him a field for thought and speculation, which, when he had recovered somewhat, occupied his mind and gave a fresh impetus to his interest in occult matters.

When at last he grew so ill that hope of recovery seemed vain, the news spread far and wide and was received with consternation by many friends in distant countries. 'We are all praying for you,' was the burden of many messages that came during the last days.

A few days before the end came, a parcel was sent to him from some Roman Catholic friends containing a silver crucifix. The message with it ran: 'It has been blessed by the Pope for your special use. We took it to church, and the congregation offered prayers for the recovery of the sick man, or if he was wanted in heaven that he might have a happy death.' He was told with some little hesitation of the present and the message, and was asked if he would accept it. 'Certainly,' he replied; 'the prayers of good friends cannot but help one. Tell them I thank them and accept the gift.' It did not bring healing, but the last hours of his earthly life were calmer and more restful than he had known for some time. He passed away surrounded by his nearest and dearest, who cannot as yet realise that he is removed from them.

Mr. Fidler had left instructions that no fuss was to be made over his funeral; no guests were to be invited and no flowers were to be sacrificed to adorn his coffin. His wishes were respected as far as possible. No invitations were issued, no flowers were bought; but his funeral was attended by a numerous crowd, and such masses of exquisite flowers were sent that extra carriages had to be obtained in order to carry them to the chapel. All the bells were tolled, and flags were flying half-mast high throughout the town. While the body lay in the coffin poor people streamed through the room to kiss his hands or even his feet, thanking him for the help he had given and the friendship he had shown them. All this came upon his friends unexpectedly; not his removal, for they were in a great measure prepared for it; but they were not prepared for the great exhibition of grief for his loss and the esteem in which he was held by high and low. From the king's palace to the humblest cot of the peasant, expressions of sympathy and regret have poured in. His body was cremated after the funeral service, and in the urn containing his ashes a parchment scroll was placed, on which the following inscription was written:—

'IN THIS URN

Are the ashes of MATTHEWS FIDLER, born July 29th, 1843, at Orthwaite, Cumberland, England, and who departed this life May 21st, 1901, in Gothenburg, Sweden, leaving a widow and three sons to mourn his loss.

'We grieve deeply at his early departure, scarcely hoping to meet his equal again on earth; at the same time glad that his long and weary sufferings are at an end; knowing that he is neither dead nor sleeping, but with us in spirit to guide and help us in the trials and difficulties through which we must pass before we also lay down the burden of the flesh.'

'A Spiritualist, death was to him but the portal leading to a fuller life, where he might continue the work dearest to him.'

'His one thought in life was to benefit his fellow-creatures, especially the poor and afflicted; and many in him have lost a generous friend and counsellor.'

'The key-note of his life was, "Do good to all men." His life was one unbroken chain of good and noble deeds, and his memory and example will ever be cherished in our minds.'

The parchment was laid open for six hours, and during that time people waited in a line to affix their signature.

Well as his friends knew that he was beloved and honoured, it is only now, since he has gone, that they learn how much he merited it, for he was not one to talk of his helpful deeds. One or twice a member of the family said to him tentatively: 'You have no bad habits; you are a temperance man, and you do not use tobacco, but you manage to spend plenty somehow or other.' To such remarks he would laughingly reply: 'Perhaps what might be termed good habits can be as expensive as bad ones; but wine and tobacco are too expensive for me, for they not only cost money but health too.' Now his friends know what the 'expensive' habits were in which he indulged, and stand abashed before the facts which are revealed—facts that prove that he obeyed, both in spirit and letter, the command 'Do good unto all men.'

As he chose to conceal his good works as far as he was able, it would not please him now to have them dragged into publicity, and so it is perhaps showing him more honour to respect his evident wishes and remain silent than to do what we as Spiritualists would be so proud to do, namely, to testify to his many good deeds and helpfulness towards the poor, the afflicted, the sick, and the sorrowful. It will always be a matter for regret that although he had intended to publish the story of his work in Sweden, his failing health prevented its completion.

[The expressions of sympathy, and the spontaneous tributes of affection and esteem, referred to by our correspondent, must have been very gratifying and consolatory to Mrs. Fidler and family. There can be no higher praise than that a man shall be spoken of as 'one who loved—and served—his fellow-men.' The best recommendation of Spiritualism that can be afforded to the world will always be the personal influence—by their noble, useful, and honourable lives—of Spiritualists themselves, a fact which has been happily exemplified by our friend, who has 'entered into life' with a rich dower of the love and blessings of those who knew and honoured him and who remember him for the good he has done.—*ED. 'LIGHT.'*]

THE PROPHECIES OF MADAME DE FERRIEM.

In my contribution to 'LIGHT,' of October 13th last, I gave the details of many remarkable visions by Madame de Ferriem. It will probably interest the readers of 'LIGHT' if I now draw attention to the fact that in the summer of 1900 Madame de Ferriem, whilst in Austria, had the following vision. She said:—

'I see looming up a black mass. What is it? I cannot see well yet. Ah! it's a rock in the sea against which the latter has been broken. It is a German warship. The black mass is part of the wreck. Many people meet their death thereby. All the sailors are Germans. It is certainly a warship. I see the captain: he stretches his hands towards Heaven. He gives his last commands. He has a beard like that of the Emperor Frederick III., but shorter and almost black. The sea has now become nearly calm. Round about I see a rocky country. It is a foreign land; but a ship is in sight! Yet there is little hope of help. Help will come, but much too late.'

This vision was printed in the journal 'Die Seherin de Ferriem,' in September, 1900, and in 'Zeitschrift für Spiritismus' for October 27th, 1900.

The fulfilment occurred on December 20th, 1900, when the German warship 'Gneisenau' was wrecked near Malaga, in Spain. The captain and fifty people were drowned.

JOSEPH DE KRONHELM.

Gajsin, Podolia, Russia.

'HOLD THE HEAD UP!'—The suggestion, 'Hold the head up!' is a use of terms applied to the physical which may also express the secret of spiritual growth and success. When one lifts up the head, holds the body erect, it is the soul which has assumed a natural attitude. The moment this is done one feels more hopeful, breathes deeper, in every way the spirit has a better opportunity.—'Higher Law.'

OLD-TIME EXPERIENCES.

(Continued from page 279.)

One of my most curious experiences was with Mrs. Youngs, the 'piano medium.' Mrs. Youngs was a jolly little woman, perhaps thirty-five years old in 1878, when I saw her (ladies' ages always puzzle me). Wherever she went the pianos obeyed her. It was the most 'uncanny' thing imaginable to see the piano doing what she told it, about as gracefully as an elephant. The séance took place in the afternoon on a fine summer day. There were present only eight people. We did not 'sit,' but seated ourselves here or there and chatted for a while with Mrs. Youngs, who told us how she had personally warned Lincoln not to go to the theatre that fatal evening.

The piano was a semi-grand, and we were invited to examine it thoroughly, which we did. Mrs. Youngs then sat down and played, the front part of the piano rising some 8 in. or 10 in. from the floor and keeping time perfectly, moving up and down as lightly as a feather, without touching the ground. Then she stood up and played, placing herself as far from the piano as she could and still reach the keys, two of us holding back her skirt to prevent any possibility of its touching the piano. Then she held her hands a foot above the keys and moved her fingers in the air, still the piano kept time by the front part rising and falling.

Mrs. Youngs then stepped away some 4 ft. from the piano and made us all stand back. 'Get up,' she ordered in the most peremptory tones, and after several attempts the piano balanced itself on two legs and stayed up in an unsteady, painful way, for all the world like a cow standing on its hind legs. After, perhaps, half a minute it flopped down, and Mrs. Youngs regularly scolded it, and set us all laughing: 'Get up again, and stay up till I tell you to come down, you lazy thing!' and up it got again. If ever a piano was 'bewitched' that one was! She then asked if one of us would lay his hand on the floor for the piano to come gently down on it; but as no one volunteered, she took an egg and laid it on its side on the floor, and commanded the piano to come gently down on it. 'Mind you don't break it, as you did the other day, and made me look foolish.' The piano came gently down and held the egg against the floor, and we all in succession verified the fact that it was really held firmly against the floor. She then ordered the piano to 'get up,' and taking the released egg she broke it on a plate to show that it was genuine. She then seated five of us on the piano, she herself and the other three strangers standing clear away. 'Now get up,' she ordered, and the piano 'got up' so suddenly and vigorously that we all rolled together on the floor. One of the five was a very fat man, who had had some difficulty in getting on the piano, and who had expressed his opinion that it would not move with *him* on it. 'Well, I'll be hanged!' he exclaimed as he picked himself up. 'I hope you won't,' said Mrs. Youngs.

The peculiarity of this 'specimen' is that the occurrence was in broad daylight; that the piano was isolated most of the time, no one within several feet of it; and that a continuous effort was exerted, when the piano stood up at command on two legs, for what seemed to me to be considerably more than a minute at a time.

It must have been in 1878 that William Eddy was at Saratoga Springs. A doctor living there invited him to stay for awhile, permitting him to give séances if he (the doctor) were allowed to construct the cabinet. The agreement was made; and the doctor took out a window in a room on the second floor, and built out a cabinet supported on stanchions from the ground, and constructed of strong planks with big augur holes for ventilation. It was a rough but very solid structure, with no opening but that into the séance room. Not more than eight or ten people usually attended, and we sat pretty close to the cabinet. One evening we were startled by the sudden appearance of the figure of a woman, not fully dressed. She stood looking round in a disconsolate way at the sitters, until they had recovered breath enough to tell her to go and finish dressing. When she went back into the cabinet again there was a great hub-bub—much scolding, many voices. The guides explained that this was the spirit

of a crazy Irish girl who had slipped past them before they could stop her. William Eddy told me afterwards that she had done the same thing several times. Now what terribly puzzling questions that suggests! Do crazy people still remain crazy 'over there'? How could a spirit materialise and 'slip past' the guardians of the cabinet? How ignorant we really are of what goes on on the other side! I attended five of the Saratoga séances, and at another of them a *huge* Indian, in full war-paint and feathers, came suddenly with one bound into the middle of the circle, brandishing a tomahawk. He positively shook the room, and caused several of the sitters to nearly tumble backwards. After capering about for a while, he bounded back into the cabinet. How he got through the curtain coming and going I could not make out; and as there was only just room for the medium in the cabinet, I believe he must have materialised and dematerialised suddenly on the outside. In a great many cases, materialisation is like the sudden throwing of light upon a form which is all there, but imperceptible; but it is a 'light' which makes the form not only visible, but perceptible to all the senses. What kind of a 'light' can that be?

At every séance I attended at Saratoga a tall thin old man and a little wizened old woman came together for an old lady present. They purported to be her grandfather and grandmother, and their object was to bring her the title deeds of a property that was hers by right. These 'spirits' brought two 'Gladstone bags,' or 'gripsacks,' with them full of documents, one of them a very large gripsack; and they emptied these on the floor and searched through the contents; and were evidently much annoyed at not finding what they wanted. They looked about on the floor, and made the lady and the people on each side of her get up, and searched under their chairs, the old man going down on his knees to look. Now, although those spirits must have lived in the last century, if they were what they said, they were dressed in quite modern costume, and they spoke a gibberish which they said was Irish, but was not Irish, according to an Irish-speaking Irishman present one evening; moreover, the lady told me that although her grandparents were Irish they did not speak that language. This lady had never heard of any lost title deeds, but she had remained several weeks at Saratoga Springs on purpose to see if any title deeds would materialise; she got no 'forwarder,' however, and left at the time I did. Mrs. Brown, the cabinet control, said that if the lady stayed on she would eventually get the title deeds; but the lady said that if she stayed any longer her children would declare she had gone crazy!

'CHRONOS.'

(To be continued.)

'SLATE-WRITING' WITH MR. FRED EVANS.

During a visit to New York, recently, the Editor of the 'Light of Truth,' accompanied by his friend, Mr. J. B. Townsend, was favoured by Mr. Fred Evans with a séance for slate writing. The following description of what transpired, from the pen of the Editor, appeared in the 'Light of Truth' of May 18th:—

'A small plain table, unpainted, stood against a desk. Upon the table there was a simple tray holding some pieces of pencil, bits of coloured crayon, &c. Mr. Evans was seated at one side of the table, Mr. Townsend and myself at the other, the room lighted by two large windows. While engaged in conversation the medium placed a number of small slates, thoroughly washed and dried, upon the table, with a bit of pencil under each slate. For the most part Mr. Evans walked the floor and the talk was upon matters not at all in connection with the psychical work going on under the slates. At times Mr. Evans would pause and take up a slate, and in every instance the slate would be found filled with writing. Some of the writing was done in colours, and all of it pertained to matters in which Mr. Townsend and myself are deeply interested, making it very precious to us. In this way and in the course of a few minutes six slates were covered with these messages and signed by the communicators.

'It is too late in the day of inquiry to cavil over the question of genuineness regarding this wonderful performance. That Mr. Evans had nothing whatever to do with it other than as a passive and wholly unperturbed instrument, is certain.'

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PSYCHIC FACULTY.

BY ALBERT GRESSWELL, M.D., M.A., M.R.C.S.

Scientific research has established the fact of the great antiquity of the human race. In the early ages of man's growth the intellectual powers were correspondingly feebly developed; but in the course of time the differentiation of the nervous mechanism became more and more pronounced. It will be readily seen that, while the organism was becoming more and more adapted to social life, the intellectual organs in particular were simultaneously becoming more developed. And while the body with its wonderful senses, and complex intra-cranial nervous mechanism, was being developed, the psychic powers began to assume, in a more and more pronounced way, a most important rôle in man's future, until at length, during the last several thousand years, we find instances of the manifestation of psychic power in our race.

But compared with the antiquity of man it is probable that this faculty in the higher degree is of rather recent appearance, belonging to that age which can claim the earliest progressive government among the tribes in the secondary stage of progress.

But when one wishes to probe into the question of those faculties which were recognised as of the highest and of progressively increasing power by Jesus Christ, one is reminded that there a seamy side to psychic culture. What is the reason of this? It is simply that most men in psychic matters lack experience; in fact, some are totally devoid of it, and unless in a good state of bodily and mental health one may be misled. And even if physical and intellectual health be guaranteed one may still be assailable by evil. The attacks by evil are of no avail against a man really desirous of perfection. No evil can assail such a man with success. It is only when one is not sufficiently awakened intellectually to realise man's high destiny that one is overcome by evil. Therefore those who are not proof against evil should be placed under the guidance of those who psychically have arrived at a stage demonstrably free from such imperfections. Hence the need of a training college and a temple of truth where worshippers may be enlightened in all wisdom. We need guidance into all truth.

We find psychic power in gipsies and in other men uncultured. Is this power of any utility? It is, as a rule, in such cases of very little value, the intellect not being sufficiently developed to discern its bearing and importance. The result is that when it is present it is usually applied for purely personal and selfish ends. So, too, for that matter, do intellectual men often misapply and misuse not only their physical, but also their mental powers in the furtherance of bad ends, and so prostitute their highest gifts.

To be a perfect man one needs bodily, mental, and psychic health, but in the present stage of the development of the human race one is usually content with the first two and cultivates the further development of the power which man is attaining, and some few have already gained. Evil is of less power than good; hope is more lasting than despair.

Psychic culture, with its manifold gifts following in its train, is safe for the intellectually sane man. People tell us psychic manifestations are commonest in those physically and mentally deficient. Such manifestations, however, are generally of small or no account, so the argument falls to the ground. What can be done by cultured psychics is proved by facts unassailable by any bigotry. Some scientists, however, insist on adopting the logic of the Pope who forbade Columbus to set sail across the Atlantic. The Pope said Columbus could not sail round the world because it was flat, the reason being that if it were round, the people on the opposite side would not be able to hear the sound of the last trump. Other scientists are like those who, in 1584, fearing the end of the world, set to work to make their wills, regardless of their worthlessness. The truth we are speaking of is ascertainable by all if bigotry is withdrawn. Goethe says those who learn what is eternal, necessary, and in conformity with the laws of Nature seek to ground them-

selves upon enduring principles, so that they will be unshaken, nay strengthened, by what is perishable.

In order to become a good psychic it is essential that one should be genuine, should have a genuine character; and for those who would follow the teaching and guidance of such a one it is essentially necessary that a genuine attitude of mind should be maintained. Conventional morality is little good; in order to be real it must be genuine. So it is of no use whatever for one to start in psychic culture with inadequate means to achieve such great knowledge; the means required are genuine character and patience. The patience is required to tolerate the incomplete and self-seeking ordinary self-styled mediums. We must gain the courage to be always sincere and always genuine.

A pronounced sceptic called on the writer. He was a professed agnostic. The writer introduced him one Saturday evening to a private clairvoyant. The latter, whom the writer knows as one of the best mediums in Britain, described for him a long series of events in a strange town. On the Friday following the sceptic returned convinced, having most unexpectedly encountered every single one of the events on the day before. The very people were described accurately, the houses also and the streets in the town, although the medium had never been there.

The medium's name is Bagglely, who gives his services freely. Of professional mediums the writer has tested a large number, and found the greatest success with Mrs. Manks and Miss Findlay. True clairvoyants have a joyous consciousness of their strength. One test was given by Mr. Bagglely to the writer. The clairvoyant described a death which would take place in sixteen weeks' time. He described the persons at the deathbed, of one of whom neither of us had any knowledge, and also strangers present at the funeral. The death took place in exactly sixteen weeks and two days, but death practically commenced, indeed was imminent, in exactly sixteen weeks.

Another test which was given by Mrs. Manks was of a different order. She described a man, even giving his name, whom the writer knew when a child. She described him fully and correctly, and gave a verifiable message previously unknown to either of us.

In conclusion, divine love is not assured to us, until by patience, humility, and obedience we have earned it; and not until we have become loving in our attitude towards humanity generally can we possibly gain wisdom. Divine wisdom follows love; it does not precede it. Man by wisdom knoweth not God, but by love.

God never deserts His own, and His own are those who, by their thoughts and subsequent actions towards their fellow-men, show that they practically love Him. Evil is powerless against such men. It is commonly said that if one fears God and does the right, all will be well. But the great point of all is that in very many instances in life one cannot tell what is the right, unless led by the spirit of God in the daily life. What is right for one may be wrong for another; what is right to-day for one to do, may be wrong to-morrow; what is right in one country may be wrong in another. If man is to progress he must be led by that wisdom which follows love.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. MELLON.—Kindly favour us with your address.

E. J. S.—You should address J. G. Piddington, Esq., 87, Sloane-street, S.W.

R. G.—Your communication should have been accompanied by your name and address.

PALMIST.—The lady palmist referred to by Mr. Arthur Lovell on page 288, in 'LIGHT,' of June 15th, was Mrs. Kew, 58, South Molton-street, S.W. See our advertisement column.

The contributions of 'A. Lovell,' 'R. Harte,' 'An Old Correspondent,' 'W., Ilfracombe,' 'Effie Bathe,' 'E. Katharine Bates,' and others are necessarily held over for another issue.

MRS. GIDDENS desires us to announce that her séances will be suspended from June 29th until July 6th inclusive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

Finite and Infinite.

SIR,—Although Mr. Harte only seems able chiefly to associate God with the 'solar systems,' I am glad that he agrees that God *does* notice the trifling events of every-day life, and to most minds the word 'notice' implies thought and interest. With regard to the passage in reference to the birds, I was not aware that I did imply that God did interfere. I have not yet reached the stage to conclude that 'we are but helpless pieces of the game He plays.' We must not think that God will deprive mankind of free will because a small minority of misguided wretches choose to 'burn out with red-hot wire the eyes of hundreds of little song birds.'

The way in which many people insist on denying the 'Fatherhood' of God is curious, 'for if Jesus did not teach a Divine Fatherhood, embracing the race, then He used words to conceal thought, and one must despair of ever understanding Him. When Jesus speaks of this Fatherhood, however, it is almost a stupidity to explain that He is not thinking of any physical relation.' Words are of course almost inadequate to express religion at its highest, and the word father, though woefully misused as it often is, best describes God's relationship to mankind.

CICELY C. KENWORTHY.

SIR,—Many of us will perceive that Miss Katharine Bates and Mr. Harte are essentially at one upon the subject of man's relation to the Deity. The difference, if any, is merely in words. As Miss Bates remarks, there are 'hundreds,' nay thousands, who recognise that the power of Omnipotence is for the benefit of every incident of our lives; and, sooner or later, we shall each recognise that it is absolutely at our 'beck and call' for the veriest trifles of our every-day existence.

It is clearly Mr. Harte's belief that the mental process which he calls 'Christian Science' is the remedy for all undesirable conditions of life; and as 'falling over a coal scuttle' would be one of such undesirable conditions, it follows that it is not so trivial a matter as to be outside the province of such a remedy. The fact is this, and we would all do well to hasten to grasp it: the 'Kingdom of Heaven is within us' and 'Our Father in Heaven' is that omnipotent and universal law which is the basis of our individuality, and which requires to be commanded and not supplicated for the infallible guidance of our every step in life. The *modus operandi* is nought else than concentration of thought. We may each adopt any formula best appealing to our minds in connection with our particular needs; but it must be unfailingly recognised that it is a demand made upon the omnipotent basis of our constitution, which St. Paul designates the 'Spirit.' We are 'spirit, soul, and body,' and the spirit, or in other words the omnipotent and universal law which we fundamentally are, operates for our particular assistance only when so called upon.

Our Master, Jesus, said: 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut to the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.' The misapplication of these words arises from the mistaken idea that sentimental emotionalism is religion. On the contrary, obedience to the various laws of our being alone is true religion, and it includes every duty of love to our neighbour. How all-inclusive is that word neighbour, is yet to be learned by the world.

J. F. DARLEY.

Christ's Resurrection Body.

SIR,—The article with the above title, which appeared in 'LIGHT' on June 1st, contains a part of a paragraph to which I attach special interest. In it 'The question arises: What, then, became of that crucified body?' The suggested answer 'that the husk of that precious seed had instantaneously been disintegrated and dispersed, hence, "saw no corruption,"' appears to me to truthfully embody the fact to which the question applies.

I wish, through your courtesy, to give a reply to this question; one which I received in my own house some months since, through the mediumship of a lady (Miss Hilda Rhodes) who is at present living with my wife and myself as one of the family. The spirit who used Miss Rhodes on the occasion to which I refer, is known to us by the name of 'Budvah.' The exact question and answer put to and answered by him I give herewith:—

QUESTION: 'Can you say, with any degree of certainty, what became of the physical body of Jesus? You will

remember that it was buried, and then mysteriously disappeared.'

ANSWER: 'Budvah, greeting! The component parts, we understand, were dissipated into the elements composing them. Christ had so subdued his body that when his spirit left it, it perished almost immediately.'

The above answer may be helpful to many, as well as pleasing to your valued contributor, 'H. A. D.'

A. D. L.

An Offer to Inquirers.

SIR,—Being an earnest inquirer into spiritualistic phenomena, I am anxious to meet others interested in this grand subject who would arrange with me to meet at each other's houses regularly, in the hope that we may by patient investigation obtain proof that 'there is no death'—only transition—and that our loved ones are able under certain conditions to communicate with us. If any of your readers care to join me for interchange of ideas, and 'sitting in circle,' I shall be pleased to receive letters on the subject.

(MRS.) ELLA ANNIE WALKER.

Cambridge House,
Ealing, W.

Evidences of Identity.

SIR,—In reply to the question of your correspondent, 'M.,' in the last number of 'LIGHT,' I can say I have had tests which were not in my mind or thought at the time, and others which are too private for publication. As I have not had the privilege of hearing the mediums in America I have nothing to say regarding them; but 'M.'s' experience in London has been different from mine, for I have had clear and distinct descriptions, including names and incidents related to myself and others, that have proved to me that a separate individual was working behind the medium, and that there is no death.

S. BICK.

SOCIETY WORK.

SOUTHALL.—1, MILTON-VILLAS, FEATHERSTONE-ROAD.—On Sunday evening last Mr. Millard spoke enthusiastically on the 'Guidance of Natural and Spiritual Law.' There was a good attendance.—E. B.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last, as it was an 'open night,' Mr. Phipps read one of Mr. E. W. Wallis's trance addresses, entitled, 'Death's Chiefest Surprise.' All who have not heard or read it, should do so, as it contains so much information that is of general interest. A gentleman in the audience related an instance of spirit healing, and a few remarks from Mrs. Hurrell brought the evening to a close. On Sunday next Mrs. Boddington will be our speaker.—C.

HEATON AND BYKER SPIRITUAL AND INVESTIGATION SOCIETY, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The above society will welcome Mrs. Mellon, who has just arrived in Newcastle from Australia, on Sunday, June 23rd, in the New Assembly Rooms, Byker Bridge End, Newcastle. Several prominent and influential speakers will take part in the services at 2.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. Tea will be provided in the hall. All are cordially invited. A crowded house is expected.—D. P.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday last a well attended morning circle received interesting teachings arising from questions relating to the appearances of Jesus—after death. We intend to establish a Bible Class for the study of the spiritual records and their explanation in the light of modern revelations. Christian Spiritualists will thus have an opportunity to receive instruction in the spiritual reading of the Bible. Applications to join the above class should be made to W. E. Long, 12, Lowth-road, Camberwell. The evening address on Sunday next will be upon 'Jesus and the Martyrdom of Stephen,' at 6.30 p.m. The morning circle will meet at 11 a.m. Strangers heartily invited.—L.

BATTERSEA SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, HENLEY-STREET, S.W.—On Sunday evening last Mrs. Boddington, speaking on the text 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,' said 'the kingdom of heaven is the one we take with us, and outside self heaven lies. We must become as little children if we would attain true spirituality.' Mr. Boddington also affirmed that out of our own ideality do we weave our own particular conception of Deity, and that what all the teachers of the past have taught and emphasised as to being good and loving one another are not mere platitudes. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 3.30 p.m., meetings in Battersea Park and on Clapham Common; at 7 p.m., Mr. Cole will deliver an address. On Tuesday, at 6.30 p.m., Band of Hope. On Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., a public séance will be held.—YULE.