

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

'WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!'—Paul.

No. 1,553.—VOL. XXX. [Registered as] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1910.

[A Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.
Per Post, 10s. 10d. per annum.

London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd. 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

Programme of Meetings for the Coming Week.

TUESDAY, October 18th, at 3 p.m.—

Members and Associates, 1s.; Friends, 2s.

Séance for Clairvoyant Descriptions ... MR. J. J. VANGO.

THURSDAY, October 20th, at 4.50 p.m.—

For Members and Associates only. Free.

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MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 11 a.m.,

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For further particulars see p. 490.

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This Alliance has been formed for the purpose of affording information to persons interested in Psychical or Spiritualistic Phenomena, by means of lectures and meetings for inquiry and psychical research.

Social Gatherings are also held from time to time. Two tickets of admission to the lectures held in the Salon of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, are sent to every Member, and one to every Associate.

Rooms are occupied at the above address, where Members and Associates can meet and attend seances for the study of psychic phenomena, and classes for psychical self-culture, free and otherwise, notice of which is given from time to time in 'LIGHT,' and where they can read the special journals and use the library of works on Psychical and Occult Science. The reading-room is open daily to Members and Associates from 10 to 6 (Saturdays excepted).

A Circulating Library, consisting of two thousand five hundred works devoted to all phases of Spiritual and Psychical Research, Science, and Philosophy, is at the disposal of all Members and Associates of the Alliance, whether in town or country, to whom books can be forwarded on payment of the cost of carriage. Members are entitled to three books at a time, Associates one. A complete catalogue can be obtained, post free, for 1s., on application to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, Librarian.

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Notices of all meetings will appear regularly in 'Light.'

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Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

No. 1,553.—VOL. XXX. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1910. [a Newspaper.]

PRICE TWOPENCE.

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LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

At the Council Meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance, held on Thursday, the 6th inst., the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

'That this meeting of the Council desires to place on record its deep sense of the great loss sustained by the Alliance through the "passing" of its President, Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, whose services to the cause of Spiritualism during a long and arduous career will ever be remembered with deep gratitude and affectionate esteem.'

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Dr. Forbes Winslow's spirited little work on 'The Suggestive Power of Hypnotism' (London: Rebman, Limited), is full of information, though of a rather personal kind, that is to say, information plus opinion. It is pleasant to see that the book is 'dedicated with much pleasure to the President, Officers and Members of the Psycho-Therapeutical Society,' with this tribute, that 'the progress of this science is in many ways due to the energy and work of members of that Society, and the author congratulates them heartily on their great progress and the success obtained by their efforts.'

Dr. Winslow is ardent in his appreciation of Mesmerism and Hypnotism. He believes in both as increasingly valuable curative agencies, and answers several questions concerning them, such as: 'Can the subject who is hypnotised occasionally, or even daily, be in any way under the influence of the operator when at a distance?' His answer is 'No,' 'Can anyone whilst in a state of hypnosis, or otherwise, be influenced by the operator to commit a crime?' The reply is 'Impossible.' 'Can the patient resist the power of the operator?' The answer is 'Yes.' Perhaps it is too soon to be quite so positive.

Incidentally, and without mentioning it, Dr. Winslow helps us to understand the real effect produced by holy or consecrated water. He tells us that many physicians cure with water alone under the guise of medicine. What then might be done with water plus intention and fervour?

He agrees with so many good hypnotisers that hypnotism may do harm as well as good, and deprecates hypnotic exhibitions. He would, in fact, make them illegal, and would prohibit any one but qualified doctors from practising hypnotism. What then about the Psycho-Therapeutical Society?

We have been seriously interested in a small book by Grace Dawson on 'Living the Life, or Christianity in

Being,' just published by W. Rider and Son, Ltd. It is a courageous and uncompromising presentation of Duty as opposed to calculation and reasoning. It dares to insult and defy intellect as a standard of right. That, says this clear-hearted and clear-headed writer, is always man's stumbling-block. 'He argues and reasons, he goes his own way, utterly disregarding God's laws, and, indeed, often declaiming them as "unpractical."' That use of the verb 'declaim' is a small instance of her independence, though her phrasing is, all through, as clean and crisp as her thought. Indeed, the little work deserves attention if only for its strong and choice use of words, and its unusually tense style, so eloquent and yet so simple, so picturesque and yet so restrained: the little sentences being as compact and firm as the argument or appeal. It is, in one sense, a severe argument or appeal, and yet there is music in it. The following will give some idea of both:—

Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil doing.

The wild sea tosses, glorious emblem of humanity; the wind blows over it, lashing it into fury, high rise the breakers, dashing themselves with a thunderous roar upon the beach. The sea calls them back, only again to cast them forth. Here is clamour and unrest, tumult and danger. The sun shines upon the waters, beautifying and glorifying them with colours indescribable, unearthly. Even in its wild tossing the sea reflects the eternal restfulness, the wonderful colours of the sky. The spirit of rest here clothes itself in sunshine, in beauty and quietness. Down in the depths of the sea there is stillness and rest always, as always also in the depths of the heart of man. The storms are only on the surface of both. The sea lover realising the depth, the power and mightiness of the sea, is rested and quieted by it. It calls to him and he understands, to him it reveals its mystery, its majesty, its restfulness. The deep in man calls to the deep in the ocean, like to like, spirit to spirit. So out of the very heart of the tumult the spirit of rest draws rest to itself. It is thus that at times apparent restlessness in Nature becomes most restful, the form matters not at all. Spirit meets and recognises spirit, joyfully, restfully.

Be still and know that I am God.

Herman Scheffauer's tribute of praise to Haeckel in 'The North American Review' does not much help us to understand Haeckel's 'Monism.' We say 'Haeckel's' because there are as many Monisms as there are Socialisms. 'We are all Socialists now,' said Sir William Harcourt. So may we say, 'We are all Monists now.' Mr. Scheffauer tries to expound Haeckel's brand, and this is how he does it:—

In his view, substance is the one recognisable expression of the cosmos. Substance manifests itself in the universe in the attributes of Thought and Extension. In the field of Thought we realise psychic phenomena; in the field of Extension, corporeality as individual manifestations or activities of substance. There is but one Substance, and Matter and Energy are its inseparable attributes.

Chemistry has made plausible the hypothesis of an original or primal matter to which it has given the name of protyl. Therefore, if these laws apply to both the organic and the inorganic world, all Being is merely a constant exchange of Force accompanied by a constant exchange of Matter. And since Force and Matter are but attributes of one and the same thing, the Law of Substance remains distinct as the one basic canon of the universe. Upon these simple, fundamental and

incontrovertible truths of the Law of Substance the philosophy of Monism has been built up. It is incompatible with all ancient dualistic conceptions of Deity and the World, Spirit, and Nature.

What does all that amount to? It certainly does not exclude God; not even Mr. Voysey's intensely personal God. Then what does 'Substance' mean? The derivation of the word suggests that which stands under. That may mean Ether or Electrons or 'Thoughtons.' It is that which 'manifests itself in the universe' in Thought and Extension: and in everything else. But what is it that manifests itself in Substance? 'There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet' is a very old cry. But there is one older—'There is one God and Substance is His manifestation.' Haeckel does not get behind that. He does not approach it. Why? He has done splendid work on the mud bank. The next man will get the ship off into the open sea.

A Chicago Biblical journal hangs out signals of distress with a smile. It announces 'A new type of Christianity.' Having to decide between Genesis and Geology, it will stand with Geology. Called upon to choose History or Legend, it will desert Legend. 'Religion has its rights, but so also has History' (a naïve way of putting it!). It will be 'scientific, ethical, practical.' 'Absolute loyalty to the teachings of evidence is a necessary element of the highest type of religion and morality.' Jesus, we are told, witnessed to this. 'No tradition, no scripture even is authoritative for him against the conclusions demanded by his own insight into the world of present fact.' All of which is quite true, but think of the consequences!

A new danger has arrived with the Cinematograph, further illustrating the awful power of suggestion. A man witnessed the picture presentation of a suicide, and went home and copied it in reality. The picture that he saw showed a young woman going through all the preliminaries to suicide by gas, finally reclining on her bed and awaiting death calmly.

What was thrown on the screen the man copied to the last detail, even to the stuffing of the cracks of the windows and doors.

TRANSITION OF MR. GILBERT ELLIOT.

Mr. Gilbert Elliot, another of the stalwarts of the early days of 'LIGHT' and the London Spiritualist Alliance, passed to spirit life on Friday, the 7th inst. 'The Financial News,' of the 11th inst., says:—

Through the death of Mr. Gilbert Elliot the City loses one of its most picturesque and engaging personalities. Mr. Elliot was a familiar figure in Throgmorton-street and at many company meetings, whose proceedings he frequently enlivened in his blunt and downright way. Mr. Elliot, who was nearly seventy-seven, was formerly a distinguished member of the Bombay Civil Service, and he saw fighting enough during the Mutiny to procure for him the rare distinction, for a civilian, of obtaining the medal. In more peaceful times Mr. Elliot earned the special thanks of the Indian Government on several occasions for striking administrative achievements. His Indian service finished so far back as 1877. In the City Mr. Elliot leaves a host of sorrowful friends.

Mr. Elliot frequently contributed to 'LIGHT,' and the last letter from his pen appeared in our columns as recently as three months ago. He was always a welcome visitor at 110, St. Martin's-lane.

MISS ROGERS desires to acknowledge the receipt of many letters from friends in all parts of the country. She regrets that she is unable to reply to them individually, and hopes that the writers will accept this expression of her grateful appreciation of their sympathy.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, LTD.

A meeting of the Members and Associates of the Alliance will be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST (near the National Gallery), on

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27TH,

WHEN AN ADDRESS WILL BE GIVEN

BY

MR. A. W. ORR,

ON

'Proofs of Spirit Identity, including Evidence by "Psychic Photography."'

The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Address will be commenced punctually at 7.30.

Admission by ticket only. Two tickets are sent to each Member, and one to each Associate, but both Members and Associates can have additional tickets for the use of friends on payment of 1s. each. Applications for extra tickets, accompanied by remittance, should be addressed to Mr. E. W. Wallis, Secretary to the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

Meetings will also be held in the SALON OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, S.W. (near the National Gallery), on the following Thursday evenings:—

Nov. 10.—The Rev. T. Rhondda Williams: 'The Moral and Spiritual Factors in Social Reform.'

Nov. 24.—Mr. A. P. Sinnett: 'The Occult Student's View of Evolution.'

Dec. '8.—Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore: 'Phenomenal Spiritism: My Experiments with Mediums.'

MEETINGS AT 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

FOR THE STUDY OF PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—On *Tuesday next*, October 18th, and on the 25th, Mr. J. J. Vango will give clairvoyant descriptions, at 3 p.m., and no one will be admitted after that hour. Fee 1s. each to Members and Associates; for friends introduced by them, 2s. each.

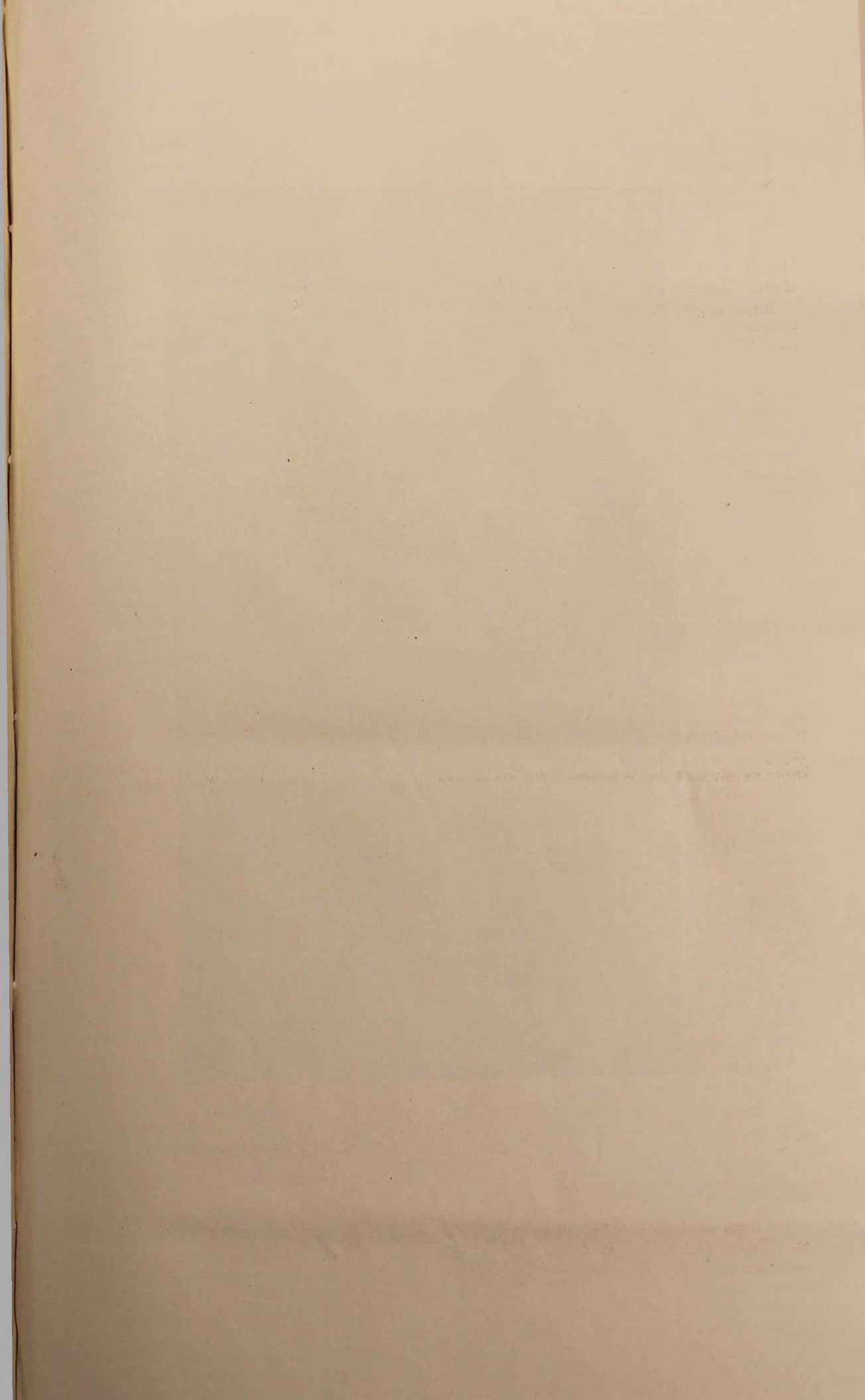
PSYCHICAL SELF-CULTURE.—On *Thursday next*, October 20th, the first meeting of the Psychic Class, for Members and Associates only, will be held at 5 p.m. Addresses will be given by Mr. E. W. Wallis, Mr. George Spriggs, and Mr. J. A. Wilkins. Mr. Withall will preside. After the meeting tea will be provided at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, to which all the members of the class are invited.

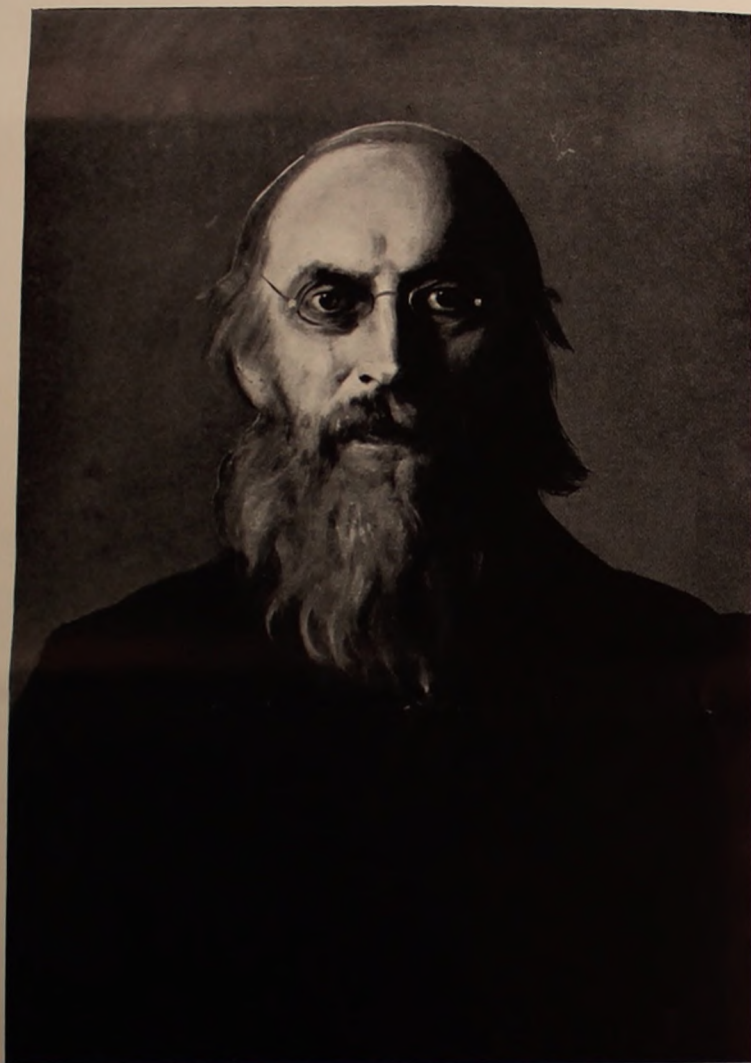
MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.—On *Thursday*, October 27th, at 5 p.m., Mr. George Spriggs will conduct a Class for the Development of Mediumship, for Members and Associates only.

FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE.—Members and Associates are invited to attend the rooms at 110, St. Martin's-lane, on Friday afternoons, from 3 to 4, and to introduce friends interested in Spiritualism, for informal conversation, the exchange of experiences, and mutual helpfulness.

TALKS WITH A SPIRIT CONTROL.—On *Fridays*, at 4 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis, under spirit control, will reply to questions relating to life here and on 'the other side,' mediumship, and the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism generally. Admission 1s.; Members and Associates free. MEMBERS have the privilege of introducing one friend to this meeting without payment. Visitors should be prepared with written inquiries of general interest to submit to the control. Students and inquirers alike will find these meetings especially useful in helping them to solve perplexing problems and to realise the actuality of spirit personality.

SPIRIT HEALING.—On *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays*, Mr. A. Rex, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., at the Rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., to afford Members and Associates and their friends an opportunity to avail themselves of his services in magnetic healing under spirit control. As Mr. Rex is unable to treat more than a limited number of patients on each occasion, appointments must be made in advance by letter, addressed to the Secretary, Mr. E. W. Wallis. Fees, one treatment, 7s. 6d.; course of three, 15s.





Edwin Dawson Rogers

From a painting by James Archer, R.S.A.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCES OF MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

Mr. Rogers was seen at his private residence, and in reply to the first question, which naturally related to the beginning of things, he said :—

I was born on August 7th, 1823, at Holt, Norfolk, and am therefore an East Anglian. My parents were poor, and my father, whom I only just faintly remember, left home while I was quite a child and was never heard of afterwards. My mother had a small allowance from a brother who was in fairly good circumstances in the same town, and she made a little extra money for the support of herself and me by keeping a dame's school. She was a good, pious Wesleyan Methodist, and I became imbued with the same doctrines; but at an early age I had to attend the parish church owing to the fact of my gaining, by what influence I do not remember, admission to the Sir Thomas Gresham Grammar School in the same town. There I was placed, through the wish, I suppose, of the head master, a clergyman, on the classical side of the school, and nearly all my education and training were in Latin and Greek, to the almost complete omission and neglect of every other subject. We had the classics for our study every morning in the week and three afternoons out of the five, leaving only two afternoons for other subjects.

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But at last this state of things at school suddenly changed. By some good fortune I was on a certain occasion at the top of my class, but failed to repeat by rote the first Latin rule in that day's lessons, whereupon the next boy, who repeated it correctly, took my place, and I went down one with a thrashing. So it went on until I reached the bottom, when with a courage marvellous to me then, I suddenly exclaimed something to the effect that it was not fair, and that I knew my lessons better than any of them. For this I was visited with another thrashing; but after we had all returned to our seats, the master suddenly called out 'Rogers!' and I marched up to his desk, whereupon he asked me what I meant by my insolent remark. I replied that I had meant what I said. I knew and the other boys knew that although they could repeat their Latin rules by rote, they understood them really less than I did. The class was then called up again, and my assertion was put to the proof and fulfilled. I was placed at the top of the class again, and had no trouble afterwards. I became the master's confidential helper, kept his private accounts, and conducted his private correspondence. He, in return, assisted me in my private studies in Latin and Greek in every possible way, and before I left the school I was at the head, and could take any Latin or Greek classics and read them without previous study. And here I may pause to narrate a curious incident. When long afterwards I became a member of the Press at Norwich, I went as a reporter to a

meeting held at my old school. Seeing my old master, who was just then retiring from the school, I recounted to the Governors, in his presence, my experiences as a schoolboy in that very school, and the impressions they had made on my mind.

While at school I had no particular pet study; in fact, no special interest in anything except shorthand, and meeting with a system which, although not phonetic, appeared to me to be simple and easy, I devoted my time to a study of it, and became tolerably proficient; but by this time I had left school.

A chemist and druggist in the town wanted an apprentice, and as I was a favourite with the master of the school, he recommended the druggist to accept me and give me free indentures. While in my new occupation, the druggist was visited by a brother from one of the northern towns, Leeds, I believe, who, learning that I was interested in shorthand, introduced to me what was then known as 'Pitman's Phonography,' the system of which was compressed in a very condensed form on a single sheet of paper published at a penny, a copy of which he presented to me. I saw that this system was far superior to any I had yet met with, and devoted myself so thoroughly to its study, that within a week I sent a letter to the author, Mr. Isaac Pitman (afterwards Sir Isaac), at Bath, with a lesson for correction. I kept up a desultory correspondence with him for many years, and for a long time was one of the Phonetic Council, which was in reality a committee of expert writers of the system, to whom he used to refer any suggestions which reached him on improvements in the details of phonography.

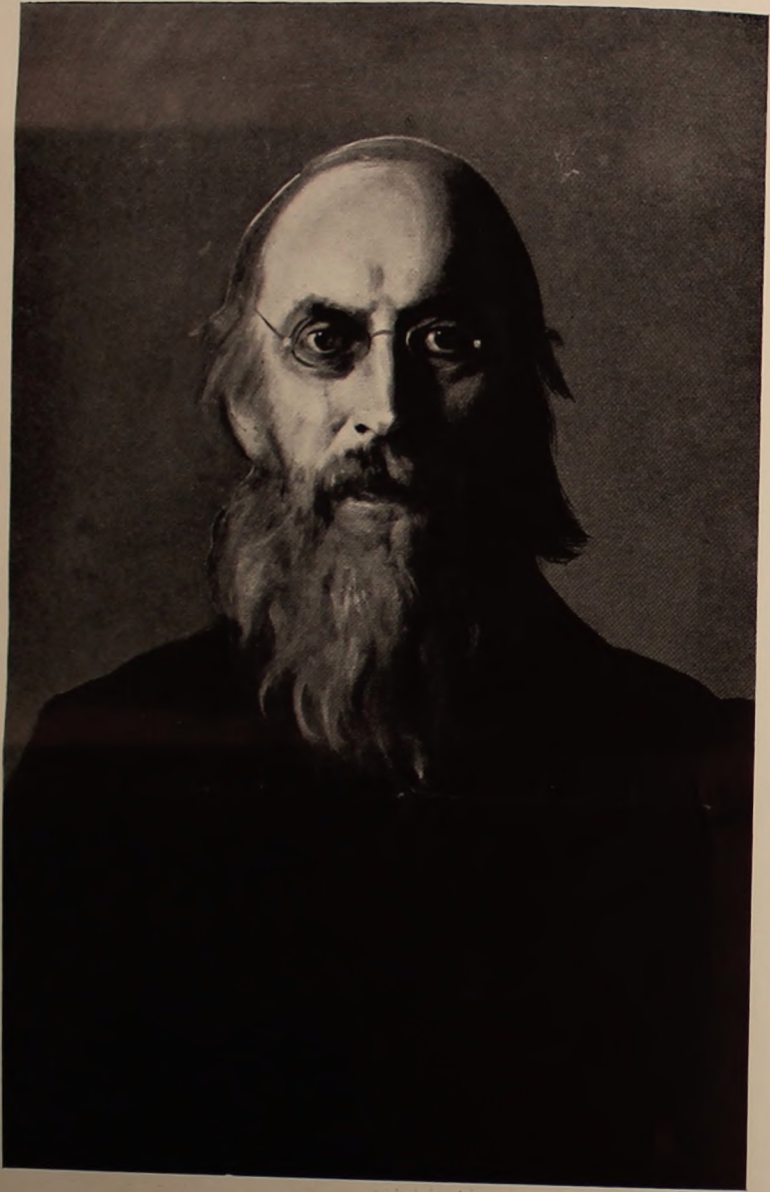
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E. Dawson Rogers

From a painting by James Archer, R.S.A.

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accordingly read Noble's 'Appeal' with great avidity and delight, and for years turned my studies in this direction. You will see, therefore, that the two incidents of my learning shorthand as a boy, and this introduction to Swedenborg, prepared me for my future courses in life, one in the direction of Journalism, and the other a preparation for the reception of Spiritualism.

One incident in connection with Noble's 'Appeal' may be worth mentioning. The author states that Wesley, when in London making preparations for a mission through the country, received a letter from Swedenborg saying that he had been informed in the spiritual world that Wesley had a desire to see him. On receipt of the letter Wesley replied that the statement was quite true, that he had had such a desire, which he had never mentioned to anyone, and that he would indeed be pleased to call upon Swedenborg after such and such a date. Swedenborg's answer to this was that the date mentioned would be too late, as on the 29th of the next month (March, 1772), he would enter the spiritual world never to return. He did, as a matter of fact, die on that very day.

Such incidents as these and others of Swedenborg's life, showing powers of clairvoyance and intromission into the other life, had a good effect in preparing my mind for Spiritualism, which was not then known, but which I had less difficulty in understanding when the time arrived for its presentation to me.

In the year 1845 I went with my wife to Wolverhampton to undertake the duties of dispenser to a surgeon in a large practice. He was a Roman Catholic, and in all respects, except that of salary, I had occasion to admire him greatly. I was never better or more considerately treated by any employer. While at Wolverhampton a Mr. Adair gave some lectures and illustrations on Mesmerism in the Mechanics' Institute there, which I attended. It was of the more interest to me because I had recently taken in and studied the 'Zoist,' a journal edited by the celebrated Dr. Elliotson. I was greatly impressed by what I witnessed, and sought the advice and instruction of Mr. Adair in contemplation of trying mesmerism myself, as I always had a disposition to test everything personally.

Just at that time a patient called at the surgery suffering from palpitation of the heart, so loud that it could be heard distinctly by persons standing near him. The doctor failed to give him relief, and I was strongly impressed to try mesmerism upon him, and asked him to allow me to do so. He consented, and I succeeded in inducing hypnosis, and in curing his palpitation. At last I gained so much power over him that he felt my influence, whether I was with him or at a distance. This increased to such a degree that I was obliged to cut off all communication with him. We have heard a good deal of late years about suggestion, but even then I had proofs of its efficacy, for while the patient was in a deep trance I would frequently suggest that at such and such a time or at such an hour he should do a certain thing, and he invariably did it.

(To be continued.)

SYMPATHISERS with the troubles and trials that so often beset our earnest workers in their closing years will have an opportunity on Sunday next of showing their appreciation of long and faithful services rendered to the cause of Spiritualism by those who are no longer able to fight the battle of life for themselves. To-morrow will be 'Benevolent Sunday,' when all societies, large and small, strong and weak alike, are asked to make special collections for the National Fund of Benevolence. Individual sympathisers, not connected with any society, can also send contributions to Mr. A. E. Button, of 9, High-street, Doncaster, whose letter appears this week. The Fund of Benevolence exists to aid any worker who has endeavoured to spread the truths of Spiritualism, and now needs help to procure the necessities of life. No distinction is drawn, and any *bond fide* Spiritualist worker, whether a member of the National Union or not, is entitled to receive assistance. In some cases a regular monthly pension is given; in others temporary help, sufficient to tide over the trouble for the time being. We are informed that among those in receipt of assistance are a lady who helped to convince Mr. F. W. H. Myers of the truth of Spiritualism, and others equally deserving, who but for the fund would have had to seek refuge in the workhouse.

MODERN ANGEL MINISTRY.

Many preachers are at last finding courage to avow their conviction that the dwellers in the unseen are able to be of service to those on earth. Here is a recent instance. The 'Nottingham Guardian,' of October 1st, says:—

The feature of the harvest festival and thanksgiving services held at Boston Church, on Thursday night, the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, was the striking and suggestive sermon preached to the large congregation by the Rev. E. Singleton, D.D., vicar of Fosdyke, on the subject of the ministry of God's angels upon earth, which he holds actually to prevail, and instances of the reality of which he related from the personal experience confided to him of friends.

It was, said the preacher, very hard to bring our will into line with God's will under all circumstances of life, but after all God's dealings were only our necessary education. We were in this world for an education, and that education was to fit us for the higher forms in the next world. The obvious lesson of the text ('Thy Will be done on earth, as it is in heaven'), was conformity to the will of God. Who did God's will in heaven? Of course, the holy angels, and in the prayer of the text we asked that they might do it for us on earth, and that their ministry should be exercised in any particular need that might arise. We found in the Bible that when angels came to minister on earth they took the form of a man, and performed human actions.

Dr. Singleton might have said that angels, or messenger spirits, take the form of a man and perform human actions because they are human beings, incarnate men and women and children—but perhaps that would have been a step too far even for him. But he did say:—

I believe that angels minister to us, but people do not like to speak of their experience of the ministry of angels in their own case, and the majority of people dismiss the matter as idle tales. Yet it is quite true. I would be bold enough to ask you to listen to me when I tell you two stories, not stories written to point a moral or written in a book—nothing of the kind; they came to me from the lips of the men whose experience they were. I know the place well, a place in my own country where I had a living, and going down a certain part of the country there is a very long steep hill, a most dangerous hill, called Crooked Wood. A friend of mine who is a clergyman had occasion to drive down that lonely mountain side, and the night was pitch dark. He could scarcely see, and when he came to a bad part of the road he distinctly felt a hand that took the horse's rein, and drew it to one side of the road. He went on a few yards, and the rein became loose. The next day when he came back, what happened? A tree had fallen over that spot, and if he had gone on he would have been dashed down a precipice. The other case is one in which a friend of mine was delivered from the commission of a dreadful sin by the interposition of an angel.

People do not like to state their experience of these things, because they fear they might be laughed at; but I ask you, in all your dealings with God, with the spiritual world, and the ministry of His holy angels, to cultivate a childlike, simple faith in God. Above all things, do not be frightened if people sneer at your own spiritual experience, even if they go so far as perhaps to express doubts as to your sanity. Remember you have got God's angels with you invisible. Cultivate the thought, and you will find tremendous comfort in it, and gain in your spiritual life. I must ask this question—Why do not we—shall I say you?—Why do you not see and experience these things, this ministry of angels, as others have done? Can it possibly be that you are afraid of too close contact with the things of God's invisible world? I know that many a man and many a woman are afraid to go to the altar, not because they are not fit to go, but out of feelings of reverence and unworthiness, and I dare say that may be the reason why so many people do not experience, or try or wish to experience, the ministry of angels.

Perhaps the reason is that there is some defect in the spiritual eyesight, which may arise from what I may call a low power of vision. Or it may arise from a want of light—from lack of the spiritual life. It often seems to me that there is a wonderful spiritual photography going on between your soul and God. There are rays of light coming from Jesus Christ, and they imprint the likeness of God on the soul. If there is no light, if we do not have the light of grace in our hearts, there is no picture of Christ on the soul. There is one sad reason why men do not see, and cannot see, the invisible things of God's world. It is this, 'the pure in heart shall see God.' Does that condemn us? Is our heart right? Is thought pure, are the motives all right? If not, there is no vision of God, the spiritual world is darkness.

MEDIUMISTIC AND PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

BY ERNEST A. TIETKENS.

(Continued from page 480.)

One night a spirit came to me. She was dressed in the garments of a nun, Sister of Charity or Mercy. Her face was covered with a veil excepting the eyes. She took me by the hand and said 'Come.' I lost consciousness. When my spiritual vision was opened I was standing in a sphere of light, not exactly brilliant but as at evening at sunset. I beheld a vast extended site or plain with no signs of scenery of any kind, rather desolate. Dotted about were many spirits seated by themselves, chiefly females, seemingly occupied with one idea or purpose in view. I approached them, and saw that each was gazing intently at different games of cards or chance before them which they seemed to be playing at. I saw a roulette table. As they played they became intensely absorbed in the game, their faces fixed, and intent on the numbers turned up, colour of cards, and dice. In the far, far distance (it appeared to me a very large sphere of active life) many were dotted about, and all occupied with the same games of chance. All seemed to be utterly indifferent and oblivious to other passing events or anything else. They were well dressed people, and appeared to me to have belonged to the upper classes in mortal life. This was a spiritual sphere of life to which these spirits had been drawn after death by their mental tastes and desires—a mental condition, so to say, for gamblers in the spiritual life, if they have allowed the vice of gambling to warp the mind to such an extent that they are absorbed only in this one idea. It was not meant as a lesson to me, for I never play at any games of chance, gambling, or anything else of the nature of racing.

I visited a professional medium to obtain certain information I required. She also told me the spirits were searching for a developed medium (clairvoyant) who would be useful to them for researches on the planet Mars for scientific ends. I declined the post, and left.

A few nights after that I was spiritually awakened, and seemed to be looking into a huge opera glass through the lenses from the larger side, and on the glasses was most clearly written the word 'fly.' I could not decipher the meaning the next morning, and thought no more of the vision. A few nights after this I again was spiritually awakened, and my head seemed turned into an immense telescope. My individuality seemed to be in this telescope, and I looked through this huge tube out in the beyond far away into the dark blue heavens, but saw nothing like stars, planets, &c.

The next morning the impression came to me that the spirits must have followed from the professional medium's house and were preparing me for their own purposes to do their bidding. I very soon gave them to understand I would have nothing to do with the affair, and if this occurred again I would give them a bit of my mind, dished up in a way not to their liking. They desisted, and I was not further troubled. I argued in this way: Some scientists in this life, to attain their ends, do not mind what pain and suffering they inflict upon others, and especially the brute creation. Hence, as I did not know who was at the 'other end of the line,' I declined, for the benefit of others, to be a sleeping partner.

On three occasions in my life, when some particular crisis was going to happen in my life's affairs, I have clearly seen in my dreams, a short time before, the faces of the individuals I was to meet for the purposes in view. I could tell by the colour of the aura surrounding them what sort of character they bore, and I could read by their features if they were to be trusted. This was of immense service to me.

PHANTASMS OF THE NEWLY DEAD.

The late Mr. Myers seems to have stated the truth when he says that the spirit of an individual at the moment of dissolution does, and can, appear to another in the flesh. The following two instances occurred to me.

Some few years back I had met the late Lord Chief Justice

at Assuan, in Egypt and had spoken to him at times about Spiritualism, &c. One night before retiring to rest when at home, I heard a voice say most distinctly to me, 'The Lord Chief Justice is in the study.' I could not understand the meaning of this, but the following dream vision came to me and revealed the purport of these words.

I saw a bright spirit, clothed in flowing resplendent drapery, slowly pass before me and then cross over an open courtyard and mount up some steps towards a large building which I seemed to remember. He entered the portico and disappeared. The building resembled the Law Courts in the Strand. I had an impression it was the risen spirit of the late Lord Chief Justice with whom I had conversed at Assuan on Spiritualistic matters; he having had no personal experience on the subject nevertheless expressed his opinion from what he had heard, that such phenomena were perfectly possible.

I was well acquainted with a gentleman some years ago, having frequently met him on the Riviera, and later on in Egypt. He was a man of genial temperament and pleasant company. I had not seen him for a long time. One night he appeared to me most distinctly. A few days after I called at a club to which I belonged at the time, and of which my friend also was a member. I there heard he had passed away rather suddenly a few days before, at Cannes, from heart failure.

In both these cases I believe, at the moment of dissolution, the mind must have wandered in thought to the conversation regarding the truth of the future life, and by some mysterious law or tie, the released spirits have found their way to me, they both acting on the impulse of the last idea prevailing in their minds. By some law of attraction they had appeared to me to show that they had passed away to the higher life. The surroundings of the Lord Chief Justice were very bright and beautiful, his life no doubt having been one of great usefulness, for and towards humanity. The other spirit was not so advanced in spiritual glory, as he had been fond of social pleasures and worldly things.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

I am quite convinced that animal life exists in the spiritual state. My sister is very fond of animals. She possessed a very valuable white collie dog and the two were inseparable. The collie one day had fits and, after twenty-four hours of suffering, died; nothing could be done to save her. A few days afterwards I was on the point of sleeping, when, to my astonishment, I saw 'Lassie,' the collie dog, standing on my bed, looking intently at me in the same way she used to look when alive. I then heard a voice which said: 'Tell her not to grieve; "Lassie" is well looked after and will join her when she passes over,' and then the voice called to the dog to come. This referred to my sister, who was secretly grieving for the loss of her pet, and who received great comfort to know she would again meet 'Lassie' in the spiritual life. The voice belonged to my father, who was very fond of dogs when he lived on earth, and was glad to render his daughter this service.

On another occasion I have seen the spirit of my mother's pet pug dog, which died rather suddenly. The little creature was dancing round my feet, looking up at me, evidently delighted at being allowed once more to see and visit me.

From inquiries I have made, I find that pet animals who are constantly with their masters or mistresses as companions, and who receive from them much of the influx of their spiritual aura, become attached to their masters by the ties of love (divine). It is then permitted that these animals occupy a state in the life beyond, until the necessity for such affection is no longer existent, when their spirit, or that part of their being which may be kin to the divine, becomes merged into the ocean of spirit for other purposes in the Creation. (The case of Mr. Rider Haggard and his favourite dog can be perfectly explained by this law in Nature.)

Many others besides myself have become convinced of the truth of this, who have clairvoyantly seen their own pets and the pets of others; hence lovers of animals need have no fear of not once again meeting their animal friends after death, provided the genuine affection exists for them in the soul.

(To be continued.)

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A LITTLE GEM.

There lies before us a modest-looking little thing that calls itself 'a leaflet.' It really contains sixteen pages, but of the tiniest size as though it were just a trifle ashamed of itself in presuming to be at all. But there is no need for that. It is a simple talk by a Mr. Hoddinott on 'There is no Death,' and we call it 'a gem' as much because of its lustre as because of its simplicity and its size. (London: Book Room, Essex Hall, Essex-street, W.C.)

The radiance centres in and proceeds from the precious saying of Jesus, 'God is not the God of the dead but of the living, for all live unto Him.' We agree with the writer that the world is far from any realisation of the profound significance and value of this saying. It is indeed doubtful whether the majority of people who profess to be convinced Christians really understand it, though the number who are at least prepared to understand it has greatly increased since the breaking down of the old belief in the tomb as a residence for the dead.

Mr. Hoddinott, with the utmost simplicity, takes the saying literally, and says:—

Could we but look upon life as we may reasonably suppose that God sees it, we should doubtless know that with Him there is no death. He, seeing clearly through the cloud and mist that obscure our vision, sees nothing but life. He sees no dead forms lying at the bottom of the sea, no mothers imprisoned in the grave, no children hidden under the sod, no companions vanished from sight into an all-surrounding darkness, no soldiers on the field of battle blown out of existence, for all still 'live unto Him.' To His all-seeing eye there is nothing but a wide, illimitable sphere of light, and life, and blessed discipline, throughout the vast universe.

Death—what we call 'death'—is therefore a delusion, and, from the side of spirit-life, it is more like birth. That being so, it is comparatively unimportant how we go. The probability is that, in some respects, it is a gain to go swiftly, to be spared all the long drawn out distress of slowly taking off 'this mortal coil': a thought of vast consoling value when we think of what we call 'awful accidents' and 'terrible disasters' on land and sea. In every case it is but the undoing of the coil and the liberation of the self for its promotion into the real world.

It is quite arguable that these 'accidents' and 'disasters' have a significance we have yet to discover. They

certainly show a kind of contempt for our present form of life. Nature seems to be flinging her children away with cruel wastefulness, but what if the Great Mother is only hurrying them to her enfolding arms? What if her seeming wastefulness is only an exhibition of her lovely scorn? We lay such exaggerated stress upon the body which usually hinders as much as it helps, and she—the strenuous but gracious Mother—ostentatiously shakes us out of it at times, and puts to scorn our shivering clinging to it and the ridiculous value we put upon it.

If we could see with her eyes, with God's eyes, as this writer would say, that would be true which he pictures thus:—

If we could but get even a glimpse of the universe as God views it, we may well suppose that we should see but one glowing, vivid field of boundless and everlasting life. Every death-chamber would be transformed into an ante-room of the Infinite temple; every death hour would be seen to be the hour of triumphant entrance through an arch of shade into the light of eternal day. The whole earth would be seen to be constantly sending spirits into the upper heights, just as the soil and the ocean send up their moisture to the clouds in constant and invisible streams.

There would then be seen to be no more loss of souls than there is loss of the drops when the ocean yields its fresh vapour in response to the touch of the warm sun. Yes! if we could but see this wondrous and magnificent process of life, of which death appears to our poor sight as one of the dark agencies, although it would not altogether assuage our grief, nor dry our tears, it would help to lift off much of the gloom and burden of the mystery often associated with it.

This, of course, at once raises the question: 'What then will the new world and the new life be like?' The direct answer to that question will perhaps never be given here, because we have neither the faculties nor the experience that would enable us to comprehend either that world or the life of its inhabitants. But many inferences are permissible. One is that what will be ours there will be our selfhood; nothing more, nothing less. We shall have what we are. And another inference is more than permissible—that we shall still be on 'the stream of tendency' we know as Evolution. It is therefore an advantage for every one to go to that new life: not perhaps at first, but ultimately; and not only because of the working out of the law of Evolution, but also because of the enormous help that will await us in the company of the myriads of saints and saviours whose delight it must be to serve.

This writer has no sympathy with the old conventional idea of heaven with its gaudy decorations and selfish bliss. His ideal is a heaven of education, development and service:—

The conception of heaven as an immense choir—its business a never-ending chant—has little to attract the thought of those whom God has blessed with the highest capacities for the full appreciation of the spiritual life. The active mind seeks a field where its God-given faculties can grow, expand and ripen, and it seems impossible to doubt that the higher life will afford ample opportunities for the exercise of all that is highest and best in us; and we are thus prepared for the future joy, just in the proportion in which our loving sympathies have unfolded on earth.

Neither has he any belief in the old conventional idea of hell; and in this, happily, he is now being joined by the children of the dawn in all the churches. 'In the Father's house are many homes,' said Jesus—homes appropriate to the many states of His children who go home to Him. The cruel and clumsy hypothesis of lost and saved, damned and redeemed, all huddled up in either heaven or hell, is so detestably stupid and savage that we can only wonder it has survived so long: but it *has* survived, and every good, thankful and happy Spiritualist will be anxious to help to wipe it utterly away.

'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

[The following Address was given by the Rev. J. Page Hopps in the Marylebone Cemetery Chapel at Finchley, London, at the funeral of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers on Saturday, October 1st, as the concluding portion of the service.—ED. 'LIGHT']

It is not possible to let this day pass without making some effort to estimate the character of the old friend who fills our thoughts to-day, and to read the lesson of his life. In attempting this, I at once find the greatest possible help in that familiar call to the Church in Smyrna, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' That call came early to him, and he obeyed.

Before he gave in, the last I remember of him was seeing him seated in his chair, holding manuscripts connected with 'LIGHT,' which he was evidently not able to deal with: but he held the papers tight although unable to do anything with them—true to the end, though, in his case, that end was strangely prolonged. So true was this that we interfered with nothing in relation to him and to any office held by him, every one of us feeling how impossible it was to associate him with any other thought than 'faithful unto death.'

This message to the old Church in Smyrna quite fits in with his steadfast life. That Church was a persecuted Church, a Church that had to face opposition and scorn. So had this faithful witness to a glorious faith. That word 'faithful' is a word of power. It really includes every virtue and every grace, and yet it is the warrior's word. It includes fidelity to one's self. Every one has the awful power to be untrue to himself, to go against his conscience, his reason, his knowledge. Every one has the power to shrink from his duty, to go with the stream, to follow the path of least resistance. And the temptation is sometimes very great. What it really was to this man we do not know: we only know that he resisted it, and was faithful.

But faithfulness passes over beyond self. True faithfulness has regard for others. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' was the question of a Cain. 'I am come that they might have life' was the avowal of a Christ. And this applies to the use we make of our knowledge. Our friend made noble use of his. He had made a glorious discovery. He had found that it was no mere hallucination that the seen and unseen worlds could blend—that people in the flesh and people out of it could at times communicate—and he said so, and he kept on saying so, and never flinched: but strove to give to others what he had found so good for himself: and herein he was faithful.

'Unto death.' Ay, that is the stern summons: that is the boundary: that is the test. It meant two things in the old days:—Be faithful to the end, and it also meant, Be faithful though they kill you. In these days, they kill not for a faith, but they often withdraw friendship, withhold opportunities and flood you with insolence, misrepresentation and scorn.

Our friend knew all about that, but he kept sturdily on. 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved,' said Jesus; and Dawson Rogers earned that well, and saved his manhood, his honour and his soul.

Paul said, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' Let us say that for our old friend to-day. 'A crown of righteousness!' All the crowns of earth turn at last to dust, or, at best, become gaudy exhibits in a case. Not so this. It is the benediction of immortality: it is the crown of life.

Then, last of all, there is some one who speaks this promise, 'I will give thee the crown of life.' We need not be too curious to inquire who it is that speaks. It is some one—God or angel. It is some one who cares, some one

who understands, some one who is just, some one who remembers, some one who is able to give.

Just think for a moment what all this actually means if it is true. Think what it means now to him: what it will presently mean for us: what it means for the mighty multitude that no man can number who have pushed past the dusky veil of death. They live! 'Live!' Think of it! This sordid fight is not all. This dusty road is not the end of our journey, with nothing left but to lie down in that dust at the end. It means a meeting again with all the old friends and lovers: it means a possible meeting with those whose lives and writings have been to us an inspiration and a joy: it means great and happy advances in knowledge, with splendid new inheritings of the treasures of the universe: it means a disentangling of body and mind, and the spirit's freedom from its earthly fetters: it means a fresh stage in the glorious march of progressive life, and evolution at a rate more rapid and under conditions more favourable to growth, and a heaven, not of selfish enjoyment or consecrated idleness, but of service, with time unlimited, and strength unailing, and health secure: it means fuller, clearer, happier co-operation with God in the fulfilment of that

One far-off Divine event

To which the whole creation moves.

And now our old friend speaks to us. Let me try to interpret him. It is a message for each of us,—'Be thou faithful!' Do *your* part, carry *your* load, bear *your* testimony. Others may flinch, or play for safety, or prevaricate, or apologise, or keep silent. Not so you. Come! fall into line, enlist under the banner of all the saviours of the world.

Follow you on, and take the cross!

The cause despised, love most!

Count nothing pain, or shame, or loss,

On! join the martyr host!

DEATH A NATURAL INCIDENT.

When he felt that he was drawing near to 'the great divide,' Mr. Dawson Rogers strongly desired that 'Humour Stafford,' the faithful spirit friend of Madame d'Espérance, might be ready to receive and assist him when he should enter life on the spirit plane. Miss Rogers communicated this wish to Madame d'Espérance, and, thinking that they will be of interest to the readers of 'LIGHT' as an illustration of the naturalness with which her father viewed the passage to the unseen, she has kindly permitted us to give the following letters which Madame d'Espérance sent in reply:—

May 15th, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your dear daughter has written to me of your wish that I should write to Humour Stafford, commending you to his friendly care—so I have done so, not that I think anything of the kind is necessary; still, the fact that it is in writing will imprint itself on the tablets of your mind, and will be readable as printed words to all who see, and so my letter of introduction will be carried with you when the time comes for your journey to the next world.

It makes me very sad to know of your weary suffering and waiting: one does not understand why one should be translated suddenly and painlessly, and another should suffer for weeks, or months, or even years. We are so shortsighted and can only see what is on the surface, only appreciate what seems best, because we do not know the meaning of it all. Some time we shall see and understand and be glad for what has been, even if we now resent it and think we have not deserved our earthly fate and pain.

You are, perhaps, more fortunate than many—nearer the door, which will open when time strikes, than some of us others who are pressing close behind, who have yet to wait and endure awhile. You have so many waiting for you, so many eager to welcome you, so much to learn, to see, to understand that one has just lived here in hopes of seeing, learning and understanding, that to me the nearness of realisation seems too good to be true.

But it is a Blessed Truth, and we Spiritualists can only rejoice that to us is given a little knowledge beforehand of what awaits us beyond the gateway. Thank God for the knowledge! It makes life more bearable and removal easier.

So I will say 'Auf Wiedersehen' [until we meet again], either on this or the other side, where I know Stafford will be your friend as well as mine.

Take with you wherever you are the assurance of the sincere affection of

ELIZABETH D'ESPÉRANCE.

May 15th, 1908.

HUMNUE STAFFORD,

You who from the beginning have been and are still my true helper and most dear and faithful friend, to whose wise teachings and gentle admonitions I owe everything I may have won or have obtained, give me your help once more! Not for myself, but for my good and dear friend, Edmund Dawson Rogers, whom you know.

He stands now near the gate that may soon be opened to him, the gateway to the new life, through which we must each pass alone.

Stand by, when the time comes, I pray you, to grasp his hand as he crosses the threshold, to lead, to guide, to support, and help him to find those loving souls who have gone before and wait to give him welcome!

You know how good and faithful a friend he has been to me, and how much I dread to lose his material presence on this physical plane, how hard will be the knowledge that the door is closed between us even for a little while—therefore be his friend for his own sake as well as for mine.

ELIZABETH.

In this connection we may mention that in his Inaugural Presidential Address at the *Conversazione* of the London Spiritualist Alliance, November 5th, 1892, Mr. Rogers said:—

As Spiritualists we are, on a few points, all agreed. We believe that death is but a resurrection to another life; that—

'We bow our heads

At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King,
Larger than this and lovelier.'

We believe in the possibility, under certain conditions, of communion with dear ones gone before. We believe that on our entrance into the spirit world we shall find ourselves pretty much what we were here—neither worse nor better. And we believe that growth in goodness and consequently in happiness is in that world still possible to all; that opportunities of progress are ever open to all; and that *even there* it will be found, as Gerald Massey has so well said, that—

'Heaven is not shut for evermore
Without a knocker left upon the door.'

THE OLD CHIEF.

(AN APPRECIATION.)

From a body which, enfeebled by pain and age, had long ceased to express its higher activities, the soul of our old leader has passed to the Better Land. Clear-sighted, shrewd, fearless, strong of faith and purpose, he was a born captain. Men of smaller mould have risen to higher places in the world (judged by its own standards), but the grey veteran who has passed was no soldier of fortune whose sword was at the service of the highest bidder. He chose to ally himself with an unpopular cause, to be the leader of what at times must have seemed a 'forlorn hope.' With a following of tried and seasoned soldiers—a remnant of the 'Old Guard' of the Movement—it fell to him to deal also with a veritable 'Falstaff's ragged regiment' of fanatics, visionaries and eccentrics. But his stout heart never failed, and he carried on the fight with unwearied patience and resolution, welding his forces together with the skill of the true commander, and inspiring all with his own sanity of outlook.

A wide knowledge of the everyday world, gathered in the administration of great business enterprises and in the rush and roar of Fleet-street, as a working journalist, made him invaluable as a public representative of the Movement. Pressmen, grown cynical by long contact with life 'behind the scenes' of journalism, forbore to sneer when they heard unpopular doctrines expounded by an honoured member of their own craft,

one whose career had won their respect, and to whom no suspicion of 'flightiness' of mind had ever attached. Here was no artist or poet carried off his intellectual basis by contact with the invisible—no writer of sensational matter for the Press gaining material for his pen by identifying himself with the subject to be exploited. Here, on the contrary, was an old colleague who had won his spurs in the days before the telephone, the phonograph, the typewriter and even the telegraph (in its later developments) had relieved journalism of so much of its more arduous work—a Pressman who, fearless of consequences, openly espoused doctrines that lent themselves to many a cheap witticism. And, wondering amongst themselves, these younger brothers of the craft said many things in private that prudence or compulsion forbade their expressing in print, for the matter was not favourably regarded by the public. And the doctrine of 'what the public wants' was, and is still, an article of faith amongst them.

And now the veteran has departed, leaving a record of fearless devotion to the truth as he had realised it, of work well done, and of character unsmirched by contact with things that test to the utmost a man's loyalty, courage and patience. The warm heart, that no external ruggedness could conceal from those who knew him; the alert, aspiring brain, that even in old age made fresh conquests of knowledge, have passed from us, but their influence and example remain. *Ave atque Vale!* The 'Farewell!' we utter from this side of life is mingled with the 'Hail!' of those who greet the old warrior on that farther shore, the Avalon where he has gone to rest awhile before taking up afresh the tale of life in a higher state. Late or soon we shall see him again face to face. In the meantime our thoughts follow him. We think of him as the old chief, the veteran, the pioneer, but most of all we can in his case dwell upon—

'That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.'

D. GOW.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES.

PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S.

There were few men equal to Dawson Rogers in the high-minded and brave devotion to truth, and the fearless expression of his views. His sterling integrity and faithful devotion to duty is a lesson to us all. I had ever the warmest regard for him, and can never forget the original impulse he gave to the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research.

MISS H. A. DALLAS.

'It is not what the best men *do*, but what they *are* that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellows.'

These words of Phillips Brooks are in my mind as I sit down to write a few words as a tribute of gratitude to E. Dawson Rogers.

It is not always possible to say what is the specific service which one person has rendered to another; this is not my case, however, in relation to the friend who has just gained his promotion in the spiritual universe. I can, in one particular at least, clearly recognise what I owe to him. I feel, nevertheless, that the truest benefaction which he, or any man, can bestow upon another consists, as Phillips Brooks has so well said, rather in what he *is* than in what he *does*. I wish, therefore, to say one word first concerning the impression which Mr. Rogers' character made upon me.

My acquaintance with him, which extended over about fifteen years, enabled me to recognise in him, in addition to the kindliness which appeared in many ways, a deep sincerity of nature; I learnt to know that his word could be absolutely relied on, that if I wanted to know the exact facts in connection with any matter I could go to him with the assurance that he would tell me all he knew, as far as he was at liberty to do so. Together with this absolute sincerity, one recognised in him innate modesty; the two qualities are more closely associated than is always supposed, a deeply sincere man is likely to be a modest one. Self-importance and the simplicity

which is a part of truth are mutually exclusive qualities : there was no suspicion of self-importance about Mr. Dawson Rogers. Then, he seemed to me to be a man who cared for goodness above all things. More than once when I said 'Good-bye' to him, after an interesting talk on psychic matters, he would say, as he shook hands, 'Keep good.' The sentence was no mere form of words, it told me that in his estimation there was nothing better he could wish for a friend than this : so-called development, the acquisition of knowledge, health of body or praise of the world, what are they in comparison to the value of 'keeping good,' of keeping a clear conscience and a constant upward reach towards the ideal Goodness, who is the spring of all our best aspirations ?

In addition to the gratitude which I owe to Mr. Rogers, in common with many others, for what he was, I owe him particular gratitude for the encouragement he gave to me when I began to write for 'LIGHT.' When I first began, I well remember how diffident I was. A very little rebuff would have sufficed to check me. We all know how educative it is to try and express our thoughts to others, and the gain for oneself is likely to be much greater than the gain to others. This education I owe largely to the encouragement of the friend who has gone into the other life.

What he is doing there we cannot say, but what he is *being* we know. He is still the same true, helpful spirit, with the same ready response to the call of opportunity, the same desire to serve, the same faithfulness to friends. We do not doubt that God will have need of him in a larger sphere. Where he is needed by the Divine Wisdom which 'ruleth from one end to another, mightily and sweetly doth order all things,' there he will be, and his service will still enrich the universe in which we all are fellow citizens.

For his peace and progress we pray and wish him God-speed until we meet again.

JOHN B. SHIPLEY.

Although unable to lay claim to speak of Mr. Rogers by virtue of long personal acquaintance, yet a comparatively brief experience of his admirable personality was enough to make me feel that my delightful first impressions of him would only be confirmed and intensified on closer and longer acquaintance ; and, indeed, his was a character in which new beauties and deeper resources were continually being made manifest as I came to know him better—and to know him better was to love him more. Thorough, ardent, earnest, no one could fail to recognise in him a *man* ; prompt in decision, direct in aim, resourceful in action, persistent in effort, when he undertook to do a thing it might be regarded as well on the way to accomplishment. One felt that his friendship was a treasure to be highly prized, and that when once given it would endure ; while as regards those of whom he did not approve, he was content to abstain from speaking of them.

Of the sincerity of his friendship, and desire to help, there could be no doubt ; he maintained no conventional reserve, but showed a keen and personal interest in his friends' welfare which called forth a full and frank response and inspired the most complete trust and confidence. If he thought that small troubles were being taken too seriously, he had a fund of dry humour always ready, which placed matters in their true light and relieved the tension of the situation, so that strength and courage were gained from his plainly manifested sympathy. He was a man whom to know was to love, to revere, and to take as an example.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

I am so glad that relief has come at last. I had a high regard for him, a true calm spirit, though critical and sceptical about many things. Even when I differed from his treatment of some matters I felt it was his sense of being fair to all that prompted his action.

G. TAYLER GWINN.

Our brother 'passed on' ripe in years, and will, of course, enter upon his new sphere of labour rich in experience ; so we will send him our congratulations on his elevation to a higher plane of being.

A. W. ORR.

The passing-on of Mr. Dawson Rogers is an event which, even in the hurry and bustle of these strenuous days, gives one pause while one recalls the memory of the quiet-mannered, shrewd but kindly gentleman who for so many years guided the course of the journal which holds so high a position among papers dealing with psychic and occult subjects.

My first recollection goes back some fifteen years when, although I was personally unknown to him and quite a recruit to Spiritualism, he wrote me a note of kindly approbation and encouragement in connection with a matter in which I had taken part, and that incident was, I think, characteristic of his goodness of heart which prompted him to kindly acts.

I have not had the privilege of so intimate an acquaintance with Mr. Rogers as many who were more closely connected with him in various ways, but on those occasions upon which I did meet him I was impressed by the quiet power of his mind, his keen sense and love of justice, and of the personal right of all to form free and independent opinions on all subjects, provided that they were the result of thoughtful consideration of facts. I do not know that he 'could suffer fools gladly'—but certainly I shall long cherish the recollection of his kindness.

E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc.

Speaking before the Quest Society at Kensington Town Hall, on Thursday, October 6th, Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe said :—

Before I enter upon this evening's discourse will you allow me to say a few words about one whose departure from this visible world has a special significance for us ? I refer to the recent transition of Mr. Edmund Dawson Rogers, the founder and editor of 'LIGHT,' President of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and a member of the original Council of the Society for Psychical Research. After a long and weary struggle he has fought his way across to that land on which his gaze was fixed so clearly and steadily. Through good and evil days he held aloft the banner of truth, never swerving from what he believed to be right and just. If at the present day the world is less materialistic, more inclined to recognise the supremacy of the spirit, it is in no small measure due to him whose visible and tangible presence is lost to us, though his help and sympathy are, I am certain, still with us. And I must add to this tribute a more personal note also. For he was my father's dearest friend, and I was named after him. I trust and believe that their friendship has been renewed in the higher world to which they have passed.

J. J. MORSE : EDITOR OF 'THE TWO WORLDS.'

We quote the following passages from Mr. J. J. Morse's article in 'The Two Worlds,' of October 7th :—

One by one the Old Guard are passing from the scene of earthly labour to find higher work under nobler skies in the bright beyond. Now we have to chronicle the transition of that erstwhile earnest worker, E. Dawson Rogers, who for many years was a foremost figure in the Spiritualism of the United Kingdom, and who also held a high place in the esteem of Spiritualists all over the world.

Mr. Rogers will be best known to our readers as the founder and editor of 'LIGHT,' which he established in 1881. For the first two years of the existence of that journal, the present writer was its sub-editor, while, also, he was associated with the launching of the journal. It was in 1869, however, that we first met Mr. Rogers, paying him a visit at his home in Norwich. For upwards of thirty years we were associated with him on terms of close friendship, and co-operated with him on many matters of public importance. We ever found him an upright and conscientious man, mindful at all times of the best interest of any matter he engaged upon. . . . It may not be out of place to say that our personal debt to our arisen friend is great. In many ways we recall his helpfulness, his consideration, and loyal friendship over many years. But the personal and intimate are not for the public eye, so we silently gaze upon the pages of memory whereon are engraved the ever-to-be-treasured recollections of our association with one who was an honour to our cause, alike as an adherent, a journalist and a man ; and thus closes an all too brief and a quite inadequate tribute to the subject of this sketch, who now experiences the realities he was so well informed upon.

THE EDITOR AND STAFF OF 'REBUS,' MOSCOW.

Greatest sympathy of all of us at our offices goes with you in your loss of this highly esteemed and beloved co-worker. We thank you for sending us this sad announcement, which will be inserted in our paper, and to-morrow we shall have a funeral service in memory of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, the indefatigable, energetic and devoted partisan of our cause.—Yours very faithfully,

P. A. CHISTAKOV.
A. BOBROWA.

September 24th (October 7th), 1910.

[Mr. H. N. de Fremery, editor of 'Het Toekomstig Leven,' Bussum, Holland, also writes that a notice of Mr. Rogers' decease will be inserted in his paper, and says: 'After what he suffered during the last years of his earthly life, I cannot be sorry for him.'—ED. 'LIGHT.']

DO WE FEAR DEATH LESS OR LOVE LIFE MORE ?

We quite expected that Spiritualism would figure in 'T.P.'s Magazine,' and we are not disappointed, even though Spiritualists are said to be 'a few survivals,' as 'formerly every person was a Spiritualist, and all the world was a séance.' The writer, 'C.,' speaks of 'our lessening fear of death,' which, he says, is due to our increasing 'fear of life.' He thinks that in the Middle Ages men 'had a love of life which we have lost: that we have lost the old strong faith and now see the horrors of physical death less acutely,' and, according to 'C.,' 'there is scarcely one of us, for instance, who would not choose death in preference to long-continued agony.' If he had said we now refuse to be frightened by the old terrors of a physical hell, and indeed decline to allow fear to usurp the place of faith, he would, perhaps, have been nearer the truth. He further asserts that: 'With the new fearlessness of death has come a lack of curiosity regarding the question of immortality.' We doubt if this is quite in accordance with the facts, and are inclined to believe that there never was a time when there was so much intelligent interest in and desire for knowledge regarding the fate that awaits us when we die. 'We have attained,' he says, 'without earning it, the spiritual calm which many a saint earned and did not attain.' What 'C.' calls 'a spiritual calm' we should regard as a state of spiritual inertia—due to indifference—an unhealthy indifference based on mere physical content and mental surrender, or on morbid pessimism. While if we have attained it 'through civilisation acting on temperament alone,' so much the worse for civilisation and the temperament it has engendered.

We believe, however, that there is a great spiritual awakening in progress: that a truer and deeper realisation of life, and of its endlessness, is giving us strength, poise and serenity: that the sense of security is growing in our minds—not a credulous faith, but a confidence based on law and life and love: that the knowledge of survival as a natural sequel to this stage of existence, and of the progressive development of character and intelligence in the after-death spheres, has not only banished our fear of death and the beyond, but has given us a firmer hold on life. Our fearlessness of death is due to our conviction that it cannot kill us—we are not curious about immortality because we realise that life is everlasting.

A NEW HEALTH RESORT.—Dr. Stenson Hooker, well known by his writings on health subjects, as a worker for the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, and as a consistent advocate of modern and advanced methods in healing, has recently opened a new health resort at Grove Court, Totteridge, Herts, within easy access of London, yet on high ground and amid healthful surroundings. In addition to the advantages of residential treatment of diseases of all kinds, especially nervous and dyspeptic troubles, by diet cures, mechanotherapy, suggestion, deep breathing exercises, sun and air baths, garden work and outdoor exercise, electricity, massage, &c., attention will be given to the philosophical side, and the establishment will be made a centre for the promotion of lectures, debates, and other gatherings for the diffusion of knowledge on new modes of thought and practice tending to health, mental, moral and spiritual.

'HE WHO DIED AT AZIM.'

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, 'Abdallah's dead!'—
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,
'I am not the thing you kiss,
Cease your tears and let it lie,
It was mine, it is not I.'

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath pass'd.
Love the inmate, not the room,
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends, be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone:
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie.
Let the shards be earth once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now Thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends,
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you,
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect Paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space,
When ye come where I have stepp'd,
Ye will wonder why ye wept,
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught;
Weep awhile, if ye are fain;
Only not at Death, for Death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain, all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home,
Ka-il Allah—Allah la,
O love divine, O love away!

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

—From the Arabic.

MESSES. L. N. FOWLER AND Co., of Imperial-arcade, Ludgate-circus, have issued a comprehensive catalogue (156 pages) of the best and most recent works on Occult and New Thought Studies, phrenology, physiognomy, health, astrology, and kindred subjects, including Spiritualism, mesmerism, hypnotism, telepathy, concentration, crystal-gazing, diet and fasting, vegetarianism, hydropathy, &c. Indexes to titles, authors, and subjects render this catalogue as useful for ready reference, as it is valuable by reason of its detailed announcement of the scope and contents of the various books handled by this enterprising firm, including a number by American authors.

TRANSITION OF MR. R. DONALDSON.

Another of the Old Guard, and one who was a staunch supporter of 'LIGHT,' has entered into fuller life, as will be seen from the following letter which we have just received from Mrs. Donaldson, who writes:—

SIR,—It is with great sorrow that I have to inform you of my husband's passing to spirit life on Saturday morning, the 8th inst. He had suffered very much. I know he always took a great interest in 'LIGHT' and used to contribute articles under the *nom de plume* of 'Vir.' I am sure many Spiritualists must remember him. I tried last week to tell him about Mr. Rogers, but he was not able to understand me.

The interment took place on Tuesday afternoon at Bristolington Cemetery.—Yours, &c.,

E. F. DONALDSON.

5, Langton-road, St. Anne's Park, Bristol.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Donaldson.

JOTTINGS.

It is reported in the newspapers that Edison has proclaimed himself an absolute disbeliever in immortality, the soul, and in a future life. He is said to regard the brain as 'a recording office where records are made and stored: it is a mere machine.' We can agree with him as regards the brain—but who or what causes the records to be made, understands, and uses them? Further, it is said that he denies human individuality, and declares that 'each man is merely a collection of cells, just as a city is a collection of human beings.' The analogy is not exact. The cells in a human being are unified by the corporate life and utilised by the consciousness—and beyond the cells of the bodyman there exists the living individuality without which all the cells would cease to be, as they *do* cease when the living intelligence withdraws itself and functions in the psychic body on a higher plane. We are inclined to doubt the accuracy of the newspaper report referred to, especially as we have seen it stated that Edison's parents were Spiritualists and that he himself was a writing medium when he was but seven years of age.

In 'The Health Record' for September, Dr. F. Gilbert Scott deals suggestively with 'The Higher I,' and says, 'the consciousness that the brain is not the master, but servant, and the revelation that the whole of our nature cannot be demonstrated by mechanical means, produce a vast change in the view we take of life. . . The I does not undergo material changes like the body tissues do, for the good reason that it is not material. With a slight effort of the imagination one can picture one's body lying dead and yet the self (the I) looking on the subject from a point outside the body.' The one-time owner is free and unfettered, and is now possessor of a non-material body that can pass through fire and not be burned, through water and not be wetted. He is no longer subject to the law of gravity, but is free—free in every sense of the word where thought and action are synonymous.

In the 'Herald of the Golden Age' Mr. Sidney H. Beard draws a clear distinction between those schools of 'new thought' which declare that matter is a pure illusion, and, therefore, that the human body has no existence and its ailments can be ignored, and those who have discovered that Spirit and Mind transcend and can influence matter, and that physical conditions can be vastly improved by wisely directed thought force. He says: 'The spiritual consciousness and the sense of mental poise, power and supremacy resulting from the higher psychic culture are greatly desirable and of much worth, and those teachers who have proclaimed the truth concerning them have rendered inestimable help to many in bondage to what may be termed the "mortal consciousness." But a great gulf has been fixed between this genuine spiritual science and much of the pseudo science characterised by irrational assertions and misleading dogma.'

'Get thee behind me, Satan,' may well be the exclamation of any medium who receives an epistle such as was sent to a clairvoyant recently, and by one who claimed to be a Spiritualist. The writer of the letter in question desired that the seer should guess 'three winners,' and said that he would then put 'a small stake on the treble' and would be pleased 'to remit half the winnings.' Public mediums receive a large amount of unmerited opprobrium, and few persons have the slightest idea of the temptations to which they are subjected, or of the difficulties with which they have to contend—but, surely, Spiritualists ought to be the last persons to act the

part of tempter to sensitives. We do not wonder that the contributor who sends us the document referred to above regards it as a 'shocking disclosure,' indicating a 'deplorable state of things'—we cannot think that there are many Spiritualists who would thus degrade seership.

In the course of an 'open letter' to the Bishop of Worcester which was published in 'The Leamington Spa Courier' on the 7th inst., Archdeacon Colley says: 'I very often hear said privately, what would not openly be spoken, as to things read from the lectern in church being regarded as apocryphal by priest and people. I know of the miraculous occurrences recorded in Holy Writ being called "rot" by those who have been ordained to teach their parishioners reverence for and belief in the Sacred Scriptures.' The Archdeacon further says that, during the recent Church Congress at Cambridge, clergymen, university professors and more than one dignitary of the Church thanked him for the stand that he has so long made for 'Devotional Christian Spiritualism and the exercise of the gifts of the Holy Spirit in Union, Anointing and Psychopathic Healing'; that his exhibition of spirit photographs and psychographs aroused great interest, and that he there found others who had had experiences akin to his own, affording evidence of the survival of human personality beyond the grave.

The well-known lines by James Whitcomb Riley, slightly altered, are appropriate at this time:

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into the spirit land.
Think of him as faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
Think of him as still the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

A Letter from Mrs. H. T. Brigham.

SIR,—Your paper is true to its beautiful name, and is, indeed, 'LIGHT' which the world needs so much. It does not seem possible that a year has passed since my friend, Miss Cushman, and I said 'Good-bye' to our dear friends in England and Scotland. So fresh and vivid are our recollections that we seem to see their faces and hear their voices yet. The year has been a busy one with us, and I am glad to say has been crowned with success and encouragement. There is in New York (as elsewhere) a growing demand for the deeper meanings of true Spiritualism—for something beyond that which gratifies mere curiosity and selfishness, and people are thinking more and more beyond the narrow limits of the earthly. After our summer's rest in my old home among the green hills and singing brooks, we have returned and resumed our work for the cause. Our president, Miss Cushman, spoke on Sunday last particularly of the value of your paper, also of 'The Two Worlds' and 'The Coming Day,' recommending them to all seekers for spiritual truth and help.

With hearty good wishes from us both to all dear friends abroad.—Yours, &c.,

HELEN T. BRIGHAM.

Lessons in Truth.

SIR,—In thanking Mr. A. K. Venning for his kindly reference to my letter (page 487), perhaps I can best answer the question in his last paragraph, by quoting some lines from a small book entitled 'The Psychic Realm' which I hope Greening and Co. will bring out for me this month:—

'I suppose I am a rebel by nature, for I always resented, and always shall resent, the people who come and tell me that I am too low down and too miserable a worm to be able to hold communion directly with the Source of my life, and that I can only do so through properly appointed intermediaries.

'I don't understand the whole scheme of the universe any more than any of you do. I don't know the names or personalities of all the officials who may handle a letter I send to India, or the answer which is returned to me; but just as I know that my friend in India will answer my letter if he or she be alive, so I know with an infinitely greater certainty

that my Father and your Father—the Great Source of all Love, all Wisdom and all Life—*spell the word as you choose*—will answer my direct appeal to Him, through any channels He may appoint.

'I know no more of these channels than I do of the post office officials between this and Bombay, but I do know that my answer comes direct from my friend; and only incidentally through them.'

As to the planetary and solar gods mentioned by Mr. Venning, naturally I did not refer to these as the Source of my life, and in that sense my Father.

Emily Brontë has answered Mr. Venning's question far more beautifully than I can hope to do, in her lines:—

'Though Earth and Man were gone,
And Suns and Universes ceased to be;
And thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee!'

Finally, may I be allowed to suggest that it does not matter how far above our comprehension the Source of our being or His messengers may be; it is only important that we should not be beyond His comprehension.—Yours, &c.,

E. KATHARINE BATES.

Spiritualism and Vivisection.

SIR,—Kindly permit me to say how cordially I agree with the letter of Mr. J. Fraser Hewes in 'LIGHT,' page 476.

In her 'Popular Lectures on Theosophy,' Mrs. Besant says that 'vivisection belongs morally to the past . . . and will prove one of the passing bells of our civilisation unless the social conscience arises and puts an end to these crimes against humanity.'

Spiritualists are so much interested in psychical and spiritual healing that it would seem inevitable that they, as a body, equally with Theosophists, should look with abhorrence upon the practice of vivisection; for surely scientific materialism has reached its lowest depth when it claims that the interests of health can be furthered by studying the bodies of tortured animals.—Yours, &c.,

E. SAWERS.

15, Pembridge Mansions, Bayswater, W.

Does Man Survive Death?

SIR,—In 'LIGHT,' of August 6th, there was a long extract from a sermon entitled, 'Has Man a Spirit that can Survive Death?'* by the Rev. John Spence. I recently obtained several copies of the sermon, and on reading it was much impressed with the fact that it was admirably suited for placing in the hands of those opposed to Spiritualism.

Readers of 'LIGHT' would do a good work were they to distribute copies of the sermon among their relatives and friends.—Yours, &c.,

F. R. BEGGIE (Colonel).

National Fund of Benevolence.

SIR,—The only donation received during September was one of £6, the proceeds of a Tea and Social Evening held by the members of the Accrington Psychic Class to welcome Mrs. M. Thompson on her return from South Africa. This is indeed worthy of emulation by others, and I wish to tender my gratitude to all those who assisted in the endeavour.

The Third Annual National Benevolent Sunday Collection will be held on Sunday next, October 16th. May I appeal to all Spiritualists to help me to raise £100 for the benefit of our sick and aged workers? It only requires a united effort, in which each one helps.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. BUTTON,
Hon. Sec.

9, High-street, Doncaster.

An Answer to Prayer.

SIR,—Last week the president of the Southend and Westcliffe Spiritualist Association, Mr. W. Rundle, casually met a prominent local preacher, who told him how his son had fled from home several days before. This son for years has been mentally weak, and after hearing some details of his life, our president advised the father to attend the meetings at Séance Hall, promising to do his utmost to restore his son to him. At the service on Sunday evening last, Mr. Rundle made reference to the father, who was present, and fervently prayed that the missing son might soon be restored to him. During the clairvoyant descriptions the father received particulars respecting a spirit lady, including details of her earth life, names, &c., which he publicly acknowledged were all true and admitted that his

eyes had been considerably opened. As he was wending his way home, he was prompted to return, although the service was over and all had dispersed, and when he drew near he saw his son standing at the entrance to the Hall. The son was quite unable to account for being there, except that he said he wished to go to the Salvation Army, but something seemed to say 'Wait here till you are found.'

The father was deeply impressed, seeing that neither he nor his son had ever been near the Hall before. Surely this is an answered prayer.—Yours, &c.,

A. JORDAN,
Secretary,
per pro H. S.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, OCT. 9th, &c.

Prospective Notices, not exceeding twenty-four words, may be added to reports if accompanied by stamps to the value of sixpence.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—*Cavendish Rooms*.—Mr. W. J. Leeder delivered an address of exceptional merit on 'The Realities of Spirit Life,' and gave successful clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. A. J. Watts presided.—*Percy Hall*.—On October 3rd Mrs. Knight McLellan, of Melbourne, gave clairvoyant descriptions with names and encouraging messages, all fully recognised. Sunday next, see advt.—D. N.

SPIRITUAL MISSION: 22, Prince's-street.—Miss Florence Morse gave a deeply interesting address on 'The Spiritual Revelation.'—67, George-street, Baker-street.—In the morning Miss Morse's address on 'The Way of Salvation' was greatly appreciated. On the 5th inst. Miss Violet Burton gave an encouraging address on 'Realities.' Sunday next, see advt.

STRATFORD.—WORKMEN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mrs. Jamrach gave an interesting address on 'The Spiritualist's Conception of God' and replied to questions. Sunday next, Mrs. Mary Davies, address and psychometry.—S.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Mr. J. Blackburn spoke on 'Healing.' Sunday next, new officers; at 3 p.m., Lyceum. Monday, 7.30, ladies' circle. Tuesday, 8.15, members' circle. Thursday, 8.15, public circle.—G. T. W.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mr. Robert King lectured on 'Invisible Helpers' to a large audience. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Miss Violet Burton, silver collection in aid of the Fund of Benevolence. Saturday, November 5th, tea and social evening, tickets 6d. each.—N. R.

BRIXTON.—KOSMON HOUSE, 73, WILTSHIRE-ROAD.—Miss Lucy Thompson's illuminating address on 'The Inspirational Scriptures of All Nations' was followed by recognised clairvoyant descriptions given by Mrs. Johnson. Public services: Sundays, at 7 p.m.; Wednesdays, at 8.15.—K. S.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—Mr. Gordon gave an address, and Mrs. Wilson clairvoyant descriptions. Saturday, 15th, at 8 p.m., social gathering. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., circle; at 7 p.m., Mr. R. Boddington. Thursday, 8.30, circle, Miss Nellie Brown; silver collection.—N. B.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Miss Violet Burton gave an address on 'Death and After,' and answered questions. Mrs. Birrell recited. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Imison (Nurse Graham), address and clairvoyant descriptions.—T. C. W.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. M. H. Wallis gave interesting addresses, answers to questions, and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., local workers, collection for Fund of Benevolence. Monday, 8, and Wednesday, 3, Mrs. Curry. Thursday, 8, public circle.—A. M. S.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL.—Morning, Mrs. F. Roberts, of Leicester, gave addresses and clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. Scott sang a solo. Sunday next, Mr. D. J. Davis; Fund of Benevolence collection. Thursday, Miss Florence Morse. 23rd, Mrs. Annie Boddington. 27th, Mrs. Webster.—W. R. S.

HIGHGATE.—GROVEDALE HALL, GROVEDALE-ROAD.—Morning, at the Harvest Festival, Mr. J. Abrahall spoke on 'Harvests' and gave psychometrical readings. Evening, Mrs. Mary Davies, after a helpful address on 'God's Beautiful Harvest to Humanity,' gave clairvoyant descriptions. A lady kindly rendered solos. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Abrahall; at 7 p.m., Mr. J. Blackburn. Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham. Saturday, 22nd, social gathering.—J. F.

BRIXTON.—84, STOCKWELL PARK-ROAD.—Mrs. Harvey gave a beautiful address and clairvoyant descriptions.—A. B.
SOUTHSEA.—LESSER VICTORIA HALL.—Mr. T. Olman Todd delivered eloquent addresses on 'The 23rd Psalm' and 'The Significance of Spiritual Gifts.'—J. W. M.

* Copies from the Author, 29, Denbigh-street, London, S.W., 14d. each, post free.

CLAPHAM.—RICHMOND-PLACE, NEW-ROAD, WANDSWORTH-ROAD.—Mr. Percy Smyth gave an address on 'Spiritual Gifts.'

WINCHESTER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL.—Mr. Elvin Frankish, of Exeter, gave an address on 'The Parable of the Prodigal Son.'

SOUTHSEA.—ABINGDON HALL, ABINGDON-ROAD.—Mr. Sherlock gave an instructive address.

GLASGOW.—EBENEZER CHURCH, 143, WATERLOO-STREET.—Mr. Walter Howell, of Birmingham, addressed large audiences, morning and evening.—J. C. B.

SOUTHEND.—SEANCE HALL, BROADWAY.—Mr. W. Rundle gave an address on 'Power of Thought in the Spirit World' and well-recognised clairvoyant descriptions.—A. J.

PLYMOUTH.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, MORLEY-STREET.—Mr. Clavis gave an address on 'Spiritualism'; Mrs. Trueman, clairvoyante. On the 5th Mr. Stafford spoke.—N. F.

SOUTHPORT.—HAWKSHEAD HALL.—Mr. C. Smithies addressed large audiences on 'What is Man?' and 'Is Atheism Justifiable?' and he and Mrs. Scholes gave clairvoyant readings.

BRISTOL.—12, JAMAICA-STREET, STOKESCROFT.—Mr. A. C. Osborne spoke on 'Our Children in the Spirit World.' Mrs. Williams and Miss Wright gave spirit messages.—H. O.

BRISTOL.—52, SUSSEX-PLACE, ASHLEY-HILL.—The president read a paper on 'Courage,' and Mrs. Courtney gave clairvoyant descriptions and spirit messages.—W. B.

LINCOLN.—PROGRESSIVE HALL, COULTHAM-STREET.—Mr. Manion gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions; and on Monday conducted two meetings.—C. R.

KENTISH TOWN.—17, PRINCE OF WALES'-CRESCENT, N.W.—Mrs. Neville gave an address on 'Sowing and Reaping,' and fully recognised psychometric readings.—B. G. M.

READING.—NEW HALL, BLAGRAVE-STREET.—Mr. P. R. Street delivered addresses on 'Revealed Religion' and 'The Spiritual World.' Other meetings during the week.—A. H. C.

EXETER.—MARKET HALL.—Morning, Mr. W. Venn spoke on 'Heaven our Home'; evening, Mr. W. H. Evans on 'The Sacredness of Mediumship.' Mr. Lockyear and Mrs. Grainger held meetings during the week.—H. L.

CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD.—SURREY MASONIC HALL.—Morning, Mr. Long spoke and gave clairvoyant descriptions and spirit messages. Evening, he delivered an inspiring address on 'Proving the Spirits.'—E. S.

MANOR PARK.—CORNER OF SHREWSBURY AND STRONE-ROADS.—Mrs. Effie Bathe delivered an illustrated lecture on 'The Occult Power of Prayer,' and ably answered questions. On the 5th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts conducted the service.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mrs. Podmore gave clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., service; at 7 p.m., Mr. H. Leaf, address and clairvoyance.

SEVEN KINGS, ILFORD.—5, SPENCER-ROAD.—Mr. E. J. Dyster delivered an address on 'Materialisations.' On the 4th inst. Mrs. Neville spoke on 'Experiences in Spiritualism' and gave well-recognised psychometric delineations.—W. M. J.

BOURNEMOUTH.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, TOWN HALL-AVENUE.—Mrs. A. Boddington gave addresses, in the evening on 'Man's Place in the Universe,' and good clairvoyant descriptions. On the 6th inst. Mr. Aaron Wilkinson gave clairvoyant descriptions.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—At the Harvest Festival, in the morning, the society's officers spoke; evening, Mr. Horace Leaf gave an address on 'Harvest' and clairvoyant descriptions. Madame Cereseto rendered a violin solo and a duet with Miss Keith. Large audience.—H. E. V.

LITTLE ILFORD.—CORNER OF CHURCH-ROAD AND THIRD-AVENUE, MANOR PARK, E.—Mr. J. A. Wilkins addressed a large and sympathetic audience on 'Failure.' Mr. Noyce and others gave clairvoyant descriptions. On the 5th inst. Mrs. Imison gave clairvoyant descriptions.—M. C. A.

BIRMINGHAM.—30, JOHN-STREET, VILLA CROSS, HANDSWORTH.—Mr. Edmund Spencer, of Nantwich, addressed large audiences on 'I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day,' and 'Show us the Father and it Sufficeth,' and gave psychic readings; also on Monday.

PORTSMOUTH.—VICTORIA-ROAD, SOUTH.—Mr. Hector J. Lacey delivered stirring addresses on 'Biblical Spiritualism' and 'What Must I Do to Be Saved?' On the 5th inst. Mr. Aaron Wilkinson, of Halifax, gave recognised clairvoyant and psychometric delineations to a large audience. As a result of the recent visit of National Union speakers, the attendance is increasing rapidly.—G. McF.

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