

Life and Experiences

OF

EDMUND DAWSON ROGERS,

SPIRITUALIST and JOURNALIST,

Editor of 'Light' and President of the London
Spiritualist Alliance.

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Prof. Dawson Rogers

This Memorial reprint from 'Light' of the 'Life and Experiences of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers' has been issued by the London Spiritualist Alliance in compliance with the urgent request of many friends.

PREFATORY NOTE.

SOME of those who were intimate with Mr. Dawson Rogers may perhaps wish that the weary months, apparently wasted in his lingering illness, could have been used by him for the writing of the full story of his life, in ordinary autobiographical form. His retentive memory, his keenness in reading character and his pleasure in doing it, his utter freedom from pose and affectation, his blunt frankness always blended with such attractive humour, all eminently fitted him for the writing of such a book. But it was not to be : and, for all we know, it was better so.

It is quite possible that these gossiping and yet serious glimpses, covering so much of the ground, and giving, as they do, such luminous specimens of his valuable experiences, may be, to strangers, more useful than a strictly literary production.

We see in these glimpses, from the first, his dogged courage, his love of truth, his appetite for facts, his patient industry, his shrewdness, his tenacity, and his humour. An autobiography of the usual kind might have been delightful and piquant, especially if it had contained more records of his intercourse with individuals and more revelations concerning his dealings with them and with the movements with which they were connected, but these naïve and simple records of experiences have, and will have, a special and permanent value of their own.

Taken together, they contain all the internal signs of veracity : and, needless to say, the internal evidence is put beyond all question as we remember the character of the teller of these artless stories. Those who knew Dawson Rogers will be, in these records, curiously reminded of his personality ; and those who did not know him will not fail to be impressed with the fact that, whether they can accept or not the explanations of the narrator, they are in the presence of a sensible and honest man.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

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LIFE AND EXPERIENCES OF MR. E. DAWSON ROGERS.

THE following notes are mainly the fruit of interviews which Mr. Rogers granted to a representative of 'LIGHT' a short time before his active career was brought to a close by the commencement of the prolonged illness which ended in his ultimate release from earth conditions on September 28th, 1910. With this matter, however, are incorporated other details, partly taken from an address delivered by Mr. Rogers to the London Spiritualist Alliance some years ago, and partly from recollections supplied by his relatives and others.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

I was born (said Mr. Rogers) 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.

It is worth noting, I think, as an indication of how learning was then imparted, that the Eton Latin grammar was placed in my hands on the first day that I attended school. This Latin grammar was itself in Latin, so that in reality one ought to have understood Latin before he began to learn it. The general order of things was for the classes to go up to the headmaster's desk, standing around him on a little raised platform, where we had to repeat these rules in Latin—not to read them, but to repeat them by heart. As a matter of fact, from that day to this I could never learn things by rote, and I was thus placed at a considerable disadvantage as compared with other boys. For my failure to please the master in repeating these lessons I suffered considerably, and as the master had a strong *penchant* for the use of the cane and birch, I was frequently punished so severely that I could not sit down in my seat. Many a time I have seen boys held down over the desk by two other boys and thrashed with a birch rod. As a result, I dreaded going to school so much that I would have played truant if I had dared, and even now the old dread recurs to me in my dreams, and I have often wondered why I did not run away. In temperament, however, I was sluggish and dreamy and had no disposition to take part in any active exercises, and this may in part account for my unwillingness to resort to flight.

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 YOUNG CHEMIST'S PURSUITS.

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 I was 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 had already acquired successfully a knowledge of Byrom’s, Gurney’s and Taylor’s systems of shorthand, but I at once 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. This was in 1840. 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.

My only other interest during my apprenticeship was botany, and that mainly took the direction of a study of ferns. I was frequently out with a companion by two o’clock in the morning, roaming all over the district for miles around in search of specimens of rare kinds of ferns. On one occasion I received a vote of thanks from the Royal Botanical Society for the discovery of the habitat of a very rare species of fern.

I served an apprenticeship of about six years with the chemist, and after quitting his service I went as a chemist to a small town in Norfolk, marrying in 1843, at the age of twenty.

Now occurred my first abnormal experience, although I did not think of it then except as a strange coincidence. Having been, and being still at that time, a devout Wesleyan, I was, nevertheless, by nature a thinker, and therefore, perhaps, a doubter. I became very anxious as to my possible salvation, seeing that I could not rationally accept the doctrine of the Atonement as it was then taught among the Wesleyan Methodists—namely, that Christ died to appease the wrath of

the Father and reconcile God to man. I struggled against my doubts, and consulted a Wesleyan minister, but the only thing I could get from him was that it was a sin to doubt, and that doubt was the work of the devil. That did not help me in the least; I could not do otherwise than doubt, seeing that the doctrine which had been taught me was repulsive to my reason.

One day in great distress of mind, I said to my wife, 'I wonder what Mr. Pitman thinks on the subject.' This suggestion came to me, no doubt, from the fact that in the lessons which he had sent me from time to time some few years before, written in phonography, I had, as I thought, detected some theological peculiarities. By the very next post from Bath I had a letter from Mr. Pitman in which he stated that while sitting busy at his desk that morning, *i.e.*, the morning on which he wrote, he had been overborne by a strong impression or impulse to write to me on the subject of the Atonement and to explain his views on the question, his attitude on the subject being that, in plain truth, God did not need to be reconciled, that it was man who needed to be reconciled in accordance with the Scriptures, St. Paul having testified that God was in Christ 'reconciling the world unto Himself.'

This was an immense relief to me, and I at once wrote to Mr. Pitman asking him from what source other than the Bible he had obtained this teaching. Mr. Pitman replied by referring me to Noble's 'Appeal on behalf of the Doctrines of the New Church'—in other words, to the teachings of Swedenborg. I 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.

WOLVERHAMPTON AND THE POTTERIES.

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.

I have mentioned my salary, which was 25s. per week, out of the house, as assistant to this surgeon. Out of this I had to find my home, board myself, my wife and my first child, who was born at Wolverhampton. This was little enough, considering my tastes in book-buying and study, and accordingly I remonstrated with the doctor and asked for a rise. The eldest son of the doctor was in the habit every Saturday night of leaving my money in a certain part of the surgery, done up in an envelope, and the doctor having promised me an increase I was anxious on the next Saturday evening to know the amount to which his generosity extended. On opening the envelope I found that my remuneration was increased from 25s. to 26s. I remonstrated again, upon which the doctor told me he had a very expensive family, as no doubt he had, and his wife thought that other assistants could be had for as little money, and that in fact many applications had been made to them for my place.

At that time, it happened that a shorthand-writing friend in the Staffordshire Potteries, with whom I was in correspondence, suggested my taking a situation, then vacant, on the 'Staffordshire Mercury,' published at Hanley. I did so, but had not been there long when the doctor's wife, already alluded to, came over to Hanley, begging me to return to my former position, as they had had a trial of two or three fresh

assistants and were dissatisfied with all of them. I decided, however, to remain in my new place, which was in every way an improvement, although not a great one.

While residing at Hanley, I made the acquaintance of Joseph Barker, who had been compelled to leave the New Connexion of Methodists on account of his heterodoxy, and had started a society in the Potteries called the Christian Brethren. He was a public speaker, and used to give addresses in some of the open spaces in one or other of the townships, Hanley and Shelton, which were closely contiguous. On one occasion he spoke at great length of religious questions and of the necessity of some great movement in defence of universal peace. In the course of his long address he broke off at one time to baptise a child, and at another to sing a peace song very popular at that period—'Jeannette and Jeannot.' Barker afterwards became a great sceptic on all doctrinal questions, but, as has been recently shown by a published statement, it turned out that while in America he attended some séances and was so greatly impressed by what he saw that his return to Christianity was much aided. It is interesting to know that in the first edition of his life which was published this incident was mentioned, and that it was left out in all subsequent editions. One of our friends in the North got hold of the book and reprinted it with this experience re-inserted.

I also made the acquaintance, while in the Potteries, of Travis Madge. He was well known in those days as a gentleman who devoted himself to the interests of the poor, and thought it incumbent upon him to indulge in no luxuries with which he could dispense. He consequently lived in the most abstemious manner and wore for clothing the cheapest and most inferior materials obtainable. He was a glorious spirit.

Here also I met and became familiar with a working potter named Enoch Travis, a young man of deeply religious feeling, and always lamenting the fact that he could not believe in a future life. Years afterwards, namely, in 1870,

when I had become a Spiritualist, Travis made himself known to me and my wife at our home table séance with the following message: 'I am the spirit of Enoch Travis; I can make you know by several things that I am Enoch Travis. I shall endeavour to tell you my exceeding joy to be *now quite sure* of an eternal life'—referring, of course, to his reluctant scepticism whilst here.

I remained in the Potteries but a short time in consequence of the failure of the newspaper proprietor from some heavy unsuccessful railway speculations. Before I left, one of the last things I did in connection with the newspaper was to put up a poster on the outside of the office announcing the flight of Louis Philippe from Paris and his arrival in England.

After this I decided to visit Norfolk with my wife and child and take a rest; but we had not been there many days before I received two offers of engagements on the Press—one on the 'Staffordshire Advertiser' and the other on the 'Norfolk News,' published at Norwich. With the exception of this brief interval, I was never out of an engagement for a single day in my life. This same year, 1848, was a notable one—the French Revolution, the great Chartist demonstrations, the beginning of Modern Spiritualism, all taking place in it.

ON THE 'NORFOLK NEWS.'

When I took the engagement on the 'Norfolk News,' which had been started in 1845, I succeeded Henry Pitman, a brother of Sir Isaac Pitman, who had succeeded Thomas Allen Reed. It is curious to note that I was a Swedenborgian, who succeeded a Swedenborgian, who in his turn had succeeded a Swedenborgian. I may add that Mr. James Spilling, author of that well-known skit, 'Giles's Trip to London,' who stepped into my place twenty-eight years later, was also a Swedenborgian. But to return. I found the paper in a desperate condition, nobody connected with it having had any previous experience in journalism, and it stood in competition with

two other old papers—Tory and Whig as they were called then—and the ‘Norfolk News,’ being started in the Liberal or Radical interest, met with opposition all round.

All the leading men thought that starting a third paper in the city was an impertinence, and quite unnecessary, and this feeling especially prevailed amongst auctioneers and other large advertisers, so that for a long time after my arrival we had not a single auctioneer’s advertisement. Under these circumstances we had a very small circulation; but, fortunately there was money at the back of us, the principal proprietor being Mr. J. J. Colman, afterwards M.P. for the city, and the head of the large firm of mustard and starch manufacturers.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING SIXTY YEARS AGO.

It may be of interest to insert here a few of Mr. Rogers’s early journalistic experiences which he was fond of narrating as illustrating the life of a pressman some sixty years ago—a life not altogether free from excitement and adventure. When, for instance, magistrates were holding their sessions in some remote little town or village there were long drives to take into the country to attend them, with the possibility on dark nights of losing one’s way or meeting with some accident on the return.

On one such occasion a party of reporters found themselves at some cross-roads, which they failed to recognise. They could just distinguish in the gloom a rickety old sign-post by the wayside. Getting down from their trap they approached and stared up at the pointing arms, but could not make out the inscriptions. Then one of the party, who had not forgotten his schoolboy feats, essayed to climb, and having succeeded, was in the act of striking a match when the post broke, and man and post fell into the road together!

The first thing that gave the ‘Norfolk News’ a lift was the murder of Isaac Jermy, recorder of Norwich, and his son, by his steward, James Bloomfield Rush, in November, 1848.

In those days the Fourth Estate was held in less esteem than it is now, and judges and magistrates often entertained a rooted objection to any publicity being given to the proceedings over which they presided. When Rush was brought before the magistrates on suspicion, two pressmen—Mr. Rogers and another—were present, but the moment they produced their note-books, they were forbidden, ‘in the interests of justice,’ to take a word of the evidence. On leaving the court, his companion was bewailing the wasted time, when Mr. Rogers, who had sat throughout the hearing with his right hand concealed in his overcoat pocket, proved that with him, at least, the time had not been wasted, by producing from his pocket a sheet of paper covered with pencilled hieroglyphics. The deciphering of shorthand notes taken under such conditions naturally presented difficulties, but, these having been overcome, memory proved equal to the task of supplying missing links and filling up gaps, and the result was that, greatly to the magistrates’ surprise and chagrin, the ‘News’ came out next day with a special edition containing a full report of the trial.

On another occasion reporters were carefully excluded from an inquiry of, not only local, but great general interest—probably the inquest in the Rush case. The local pressmen, however, had obtained beforehand a few clues to work on. Armed with these they went in a body to the residences of gentlemen who they knew had been present, and in spite of their victims’ refusal to be ‘drawn,’ succeeded by dint of leading questions in getting a bit from one and a bit from another, till they had put together a fairly coherent narrative. Then late at night they knocked up the coroner himself. When he came downstairs in slippers and dressing-gown to demand their business, they told him what they had done and coolly asked him to check and supplement the facts they had already obtained. No, he would tell them nothing.

‘Very well,’ they said. ‘We will publish what we have here, and if it contains a few mis-statements it won’t be our

fault.' The coroner was evidently uneasy. 'Let me see it,' he said at last, and for perhaps an hour he stood under the gaslight in his hall, listening, amending and adding. When they had got all they wanted they rushed off to the railway station, engaged a special train to London, and disposed of their report to 'The Times' and the other principal London dailies for a sum which about sufficed to recoup them for the cost of the train.

But the most amusing instance of journalistic resource in Mr. Rogers's recollection occurred when a party of reporters arrived at a little town where an important trial was about to be held, only to learn that the evidence would be taken *in camera*. The magistrates had engaged an upper room in the principal inn for their court-room. The reporters resolved that they would have a court-room of their own, and, taking the landlord into their confidence, promptly secured an apartment immediately below the sacred chamber.

As each witness, after examination, quitted the room above he was ushered by the landlord into the room below. Here he found himself in the presence of a number of very busy-looking gentlemen seated round a table, with a grave, silvery-haired personage at the head. Old B——, who had been chosen for the part, was noted for his venerable appearance and gravity of demeanour. 'Now, Mr. ——,' said B—— in his most judicial tones, and looking at the witness over the top of his glasses, 'will you have the goodness to repeat before these gentlemen the evidence you have given to the gentlemen upstairs?'

The witness, ignorant of official procedure, and supposing this was a sort of annexe of the other tribunal, complied, and, being left to tell his story in his own way, unharassed by tiresome interruptions, told it rather more fully than before. As a result of this piece of bluff the case at which no reporter was permitted to be present appeared in all the local papers reported at full length!

Continuing his journalistic reminiscences Mr. Rogers

said : I sought out and exposed a large number of abuses, and especially directed attention to the condition of the agricultural poor. In pursuit of this latter object, I personally visited the principal estates in the country, and in a series of articles under the heading 'The Cottage Homes of England,' described rather minutely the wretched condition in which the agricultural labourers on these estates were compelled to live, owing to the shocking and demoralising lack of decent cottage accommodation. One result of my articles was that while every landowner felt compelled to buy the paper in order to enjoy reading the exposure of his neighbour, he had also to buy it to watch for the time when the exposure of himself should arrive. I was also instrumental in introducing a number of other improvements in the paper, which had a good effect, and, added to the fact that I had obtained, one way or another, a good deal of exclusive information, led the public to feel at last that if they would really know what was going on they would have to buy the 'Norfolk News.' In short, before I left Norwich the paper had become a rich and very powerful concern, and the most influential journal in the county.

MESMERISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

Mesmerism has frequently proved to be a stepping-stone to Spiritualism, and my experiences as a mesmerist certainly prepared me for the acceptance of the larger truths of the spiritual life. In the year 1865 I became acquainted with an invalid lady, whom I will call Miss A. She was confined to her bed with an incurable disease, and at first my frequent visits to her were paid with the simple object of beguiling her long, weary, solitary hours. As she was very intelligent and seemed always cheerful I enjoyed my visits, and I have no doubt she did too. Though so bright and animated she suffered almost continuously great physical pains, but had learned to hide the fact so completely that it was long before I discovered it. When I did, my mind reverted to my former

experience with mesmerism ; I wondered if I could not employ mesmeric power to assuage my friend's suffering, but felt some delicacy in making the suggestion. The suggestion, however, came at last from the Rev. Dr. Bayley, who was visiting her with me, and to my agreeable surprise she assented. The experiment was made, and quickly succeeded, and for several years I visited her two or even three times a week for the purpose of giving her rest and temporary relief.

As an example of how susceptible Miss A. was to the influence I was so happily enabled to exert, I may mention the following incident. On one occasion, during a severe gale in the night, a number of bricks were blown from the chimney and fell down in her bedroom. Workmen had to be obtained to repair the damage that was done. Her medical attendant was consulted as to the possibility of removing her into another room. He said it could only be done at the risk of her life, and consequently must not be thought of ; the only thing he could suggest was that her bedstead should be enclosed with curtains to dull the noise made by the workmen, which was most distressing to her. When I went in the evening, however, I mesmerised her, with her mother's consent, and carried her while sound asleep into another room, where she found herself comfortably placed when she awoke, and she never sustained any harm. Two days afterwards, when the damage to the chimney had been repaired, I carried her back in the same way.

From the time I made Miss A.'s acquaintance to the day on which I first mesmerised her she had never told me, and I had never guessed, what was now revealed to me, that she was the subject of abnormal experiences. She had good and sufficient reasons for silence. There had been occasions in her younger days when, not knowing that her experiences were exceptional, she had unwittingly betrayed herself, as a consequence of which she was reproved for romancing on the one hand, or shunned as 'uncanny' on the other, and being dependent on her friends for the few solaces that can come to

such a life as hers, like a wise woman she kept all these things in her heart and said nothing.

MISS A.'S PREMONITIONS.

Instances of premonition were frequent with her. I will mention one amongst many, though it may fairly be questioned whether 'premonition' is in this case the correct designation. I had been having mid-day lunch with a gentleman, after which, while we were sauntering in his garden, he asked me whether I would like a bunch of roses. I was about to say 'No, thank you,' as I remembered that I had plenty of roses in my own garden, when it occurred to me that I might at least take them to Miss A., to whose residence I should be going straight from my business office. So I said 'Yes,' and gathered the roses with that purpose in view. Directly I entered the room she said, 'So you have brought the roses, as I expected; I saw them at two o'clock'—which was the precise time at which I gathered them. Some may prefer to call this an instance of thought-reading, or telepathy. It does not matter. These are but other terms for the *rapport* between spirit and spirit.

'Premonition,' again, may not be the correct definition for the following. I was sitting by Miss A.'s bedside one calm Sunday afternoon when—being apparently in her normal state—she quietly remarked, 'There's a storm coming.' I suggested that there was not the slightest indication of such a thing, but on her persisting I asked her why she thought so. To my surprise she answered: because she could see it. In reply to my inquiries she explained that before an approaching storm became in any degree apparent to us ordinary mortals, she saw, as it were, little dark specks form in the air; that at first these had no apparent motion; but that after a time they revolved, at first slowly, and by-and-by, as they increased in number, with greater rapidity, till they presented to the vision a wild perplexing tumult. All this she described to me as she said she saw it, and when the confusion was at

its height she shaded her eyes with her hand, as if expecting the outbreak of the storm. At that moment it came with, to my mind, sitting as I was in a partially-shaded room, no premonitory warning—a vivid flash of lightning and a loud crash of thunder, almost simultaneously. And now I give you a statement which she made to me, and which you must receive or not as your own judgment dictates. I believe her because of my intimate knowledge of her for about forty years. She told me that if she happened to have her spiritual vision open at the moment when a flash of lightning occurred, it extended her sphere of spiritual sight, just as it extends our natural sphere of vision in a dark night.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Here is an interesting instance of clairvoyance. As I was sitting one evening by her bedside, Miss A. remarked, 'Miss Smith, whom I have not seen for some months, is now thinking of coming to see me.' Presently she said, 'She is now putting on her bonnet,' and from time to time she added, 'She has started; she is now at such-and-such a spot; she has reached so-and-so; now she is at the door.' And at that moment we heard the rat-tat-tat, and Miss Smith was duly announced.

On one occasion Miss A., being then in a mesmeric sleep, told me that she could see a lady in the country, of or from whom she had not heard for a very long time; that the lady was writing to her; that she could read what she wrote (describing what she saw); and laughingly added that after folding the letter and putting it in the envelope, she opened it again to put in some postage stamps. The letter came next day and I saw it; the contents were in every respect the same as Miss A. had described.

MESMERISM AT A DISTANCE.

I will now give a case in which my own form was seen when I was forty miles away. I was going into the country to visit some Quaker friends, and should therefore have no

opportunity of mesmerising Miss A. on the coming Sunday in accordance with my almost invariable custom. But I knew that I should have the quiet of a Friends' Meeting on the Sunday morning, and so—before I left town—I told Miss A. that I would endeavour to mesmerise her at that time by fixing my mind upon her with that object. I gave her this intimation that she might keep herself quiet and composed, and free from possible callers. I should say that on my visits to Miss A. I invariably sat myself down on the side of the bed nearest the door by which I entered the room; but on this Sunday morning when I applied myself to the work of influencing her from a distance, it suddenly occurred to me to pass mentally to the other side of the bed, and to make passes over her from head to foot, whereas I never did that on ordinary occasions, but simply sat by her, sometimes holding her hands, sometimes not even doing that. I continued this mental effort while the meeting lasted, about an hour, and on my again visiting Miss A. I had the satisfaction of learning that I had been successful, and that she had had a long and refreshing sleep. The believer in mesmerism will say, 'Nothing to be wondered at—you had prepared her to expect it.' There was one thing, however, I had not prepared her for. At the same time that she thanked me for the rest which the sleep had given her, she added, 'But why did you come to this side of the room and mesmerise me from head to foot? To get the full effect of your presence I had to turn myself over in bed, which I could only do with much pain.'

Having told you of a case in which my own form appeared to Miss A., I will relate an instance in which she had the vision of an inanimate object. Entering her room one day, I remarked that there was a smell of fruit, whereupon she replied, 'Yes, the girl' (meaning the servant) 'has just been in and said she could smell raspberries.' Nothing more was said for a few minutes, for Miss A., having upon her the old habit of reticence, never volunteered, as she never does now,

any reference to her abnormal experiences, though she answers me fully enough when I question her. At last I asked, 'What is the meaning of this smell of raspberries of which you say the girl spoke? Is there anything in it, or was it a fancy?' Her reply was that for some time before I entered the room there had been standing on her bed what to all appearance was a basket of ripe raspberries, and she described the basket as of a fancy pattern made up of red and white wicker-work. The significance she did not understand, especially as raspberries were out of season. Next day the basket of raspberries came, brought by a lady who had been staying in the country, and who, seeing some autumn raspberries in a friend's garden, had thought that some of them would be a very acceptable present to Miss A. I saw the basket, which exactly corresponded with the description which Miss A. had given of it, as it apparently stood upon her bed the day before.

THOUGHTS ARE THINGS.

If, as I gather from Swedenborg, thoughts are spiritual substances, we may gain from this some slight glimpse of the possibility of the appearance to my friend. Mr. Cromwell Varley, in his evidence before the Dialectical Society, referred to this possibility of thoughts taking recognisable shape. Mr. Bradlaugh put the question to him: 'I think you have seen the colour of the clothes of a spirit as distinctly as the features?' to which Mr. Varley gave the following reply:—

'Yes. I think I see the drift of that question; I was very much astonished when I saw a spirit in a dress. I explain it in this way: All known powers have to be treated as solids in regard to something. A man finds air not solid at all. He can move through it as though it did not exist, but when he comes to an ironclad ship he is stopped, he cannot pass through the iron. Well, electricity finds air the most solid substance possible; it cannot pass through it, but it passes

through the ironclad ship as though it were not in existence. An iron wire is to an electrician simply a hole bored through a solid rock of air, so that the electricity may pass freely. Glass is opaque to electricity, but transparent to magnetism. Thence we may infer that everything is solid in respect to something, and that nothing is solid in respect to all things; therefore thought, which is power, may be in some sort solid, so that if you take an old English farmer, for instance, he would be ashamed to be seen without his top-boots, his coat with the buttons, and his hat. They are part of his identity, he cannot think of himself without them; they form part of his nature, and the moment he leaves the body and becomes a thought man, the thought boots, the thought coat, and the thought hat form part of his individuality.'

VISIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL PLANE.

I first mesmerised Miss A. in the early spring of 1867, but it was not until the July of that year that I discovered that her vision was sometimes opened to the spiritual plane. The discovery came about in this way. While she was in the mesmeric sleep I frequently tried the effect of touching the phrenological organs. I cannot say that I succeeded in gaining any decided satisfaction as to the general truth of the so-called science of phrenology. In some few cases the anticipated response invariably followed; in other cases, never. When I touched philo-progenitiveness, she always went through the form of nursing a baby, and if I touched tune at the same time she hummed a baby melody. But on the evening of July 26th, to my surprise, there was no response whatever; she remained perfectly still and silent. At last I observed a smile on her lips, and asked what it was that pleased her. Her reply was that she was amused and interested in a number of beautiful children whom she saw about her. I suggested that this was an imagination, due to the fact that I had excited a particular organ. But no; she protested that there was no imagination in the case, that she had seen the same children

in their spirit-life many a time before, and that as to some of them she had known them during their natural lives, and had continued to know them and watch their development since. I was not then a Spiritualist, and took no interest in the subject. But I desired a confirmation of the statement, and therefore asked whether she could give me proof. 'For instance, can you find my father?' After some minutes of an apparently deeper sleep, she spoke again, and said, 'No; but I can see your daughter. She is present.' My answer was, 'That is certainly a mistake, for I have not a daughter in the other life.' 'It is no mistake,' she replied; 'she is not only present, but she sends a message to you: "Tell father and mother I am nearer to them both than if they had kept me until now."' It then recurred to me that I had really lost a daughter—my first child—who died as she was born—twenty years before, and the thought of whom as a living child had had no place in my mind. A short time afterwards, when Spiritualism had just begun to occupy my attention, Miss A. said that my daughter had told her that if my wife and myself would sit, she would come to the table and try to communicate. We did sit, and an intelligence came, purporting to be my daughter, and in reply to my request that she should give me her name, she spelt out clearly and distinctly, 'Anna.' On my next visit to Miss A.—with the test idea still strong upon me—I begged her if possible to learn my daughter's name, and after a time the answer came: 'She says, "Call me Grace!"' 'Are you sure?' I asked. 'Yes, quite sure.' 'How did you get the message? Did she speak to you audibly?' 'No—I saw it in her face—and she saw that I understood her.' An illustration, I take it, of what Swedenborg speaks of as tacit speech. But I was perplexed; at the table I had got the name 'Anna'; through Miss A. I had got the name 'Grace.' I went home troubled, if not with disbelief, yet certainly with doubt. That night while on my way up to bed a sudden inspiration caught me (whence and how do such inspirations come?). I descended the stairs at once,

went to my bookcase, and took down Cruden's 'Concordance. Why I selected Cruden's 'Concordance' I could not have said. I acted apparently from pure impulse. I looked out the word Anna in the part of the work giving the signification of Biblical names, and there I found 'ANNA—Grace.'

Next evening I went off to Miss A.'s to tell her my story, but before I could do so she anticipated me with the remark: 'Grace has been here. She is much amused that you should not have known that Anna and Grace are the same. She gave you the idea as best she could, but could not control the form in which it should reach you.' I may add, *en passant*, that Grace has never again been forgotten as a member of our family circle, and that she responds to the name to this day.

CRYSTAL VISION.

In the autumn of 1869, Dr. J. E. Taylor, the editor of 'Science Gossip,' gave me a large crystal, and as I was going to visit Miss A. the same evening I took it with me. The moment I entered the room she exclaimed, 'What bright thing is it you have brought?' at the same time telling me in which pocket I carried it. I placed it in her hands, one hand at each extremity, and asked her to look at it. After a few seconds she dropped it suddenly, with the exclamation that the sensation was so disagreeable that she could hold it no longer—it was like a very unpleasant current passing down one arm and up the other. Yielding to my persuasion, however, she took the crystal again, though with some reluctance, and I begged her to gaze at it for a few minutes—if the sensation which she had described were not too disagreeable—and tell me if she could see anything in it. She smiled at the absurdity of my request, but presently assured me, with evident surprise, that she did see, and she told me what she saw. Briefly stated it was this. She saw a tall gentleman addressing an audience. As he spoke he had a peculiar habit of twisting the two ends of his moustache with both hands

at the same time, and also of combing back his long hair with his fingers. He appeared like an Englishman, or at any rate was dressed like one, except that there was braid on the cuffs of his coat and down the legs of his trousers. His audience were clearly not English, being dressed very differently. She was sure that he was still in the flesh, because she had learned by experience to distinguish between those who were yet on the physical plane and those who had passed on to the higher life. Behind him stood a spirit, who gave her the impression of being a North-American Indian, and from whom there issued streams of light to the speaker, seemingly conveying to him the force and energy with which he spoke. Of what it all meant Miss A. knew nothing, nor, of course, did I. The experiment was never tried again, as she did not like the sensations she experienced, and soon the whole incident ceased to occupy any further thought—at least, on my part.

Now for the sequel. Some months afterwards—namely, on January 9th, 1870—at the house of my friend Mr. C. W. Pearce, at Stockwell, I met a gentleman whom I invited to visit me at my home in Norwich, and to give some lectures in the neighbourhood. He did so during the following month, and on Sunday, February 13th, I took him to see Miss A., thinking he would probably be interested in her case. On entering her room I was about to introduce him, when she remarked that she needed no introduction, as she had seen him before and remembered him well. He replied that she was certainly mistaken as he had never before been in that neighbourhood. ‘Ask Mr. Rogers,’ she said, ‘whether I did not describe you to him months ago, as I saw you in the crystal.’ The particulars of the vision were then narrated to the gentleman, who assured us that they were in every respect exact. The gentleman to whom I refer was Dr. J. M. Peebles, at that time United States Consul at Trebizond, in Asiatic Turkey. He recognised the scene described, as depicting one of several occasions on which he addressed some of the residents in the place; and as to the Indian spirit seen standing

at his back, he stated that he had had precisely similar descriptions through other seers.

The first thought, as it appears to me, which naturally suggests itself in connection with this experience is this—What possible connection could there be between Dr. Peebles, myself, and Miss A., which could bring him to Miss A.'s vision months before this meeting on the physical plane? Was it thought-reading, telepathy, or the operation of somebody's 'sub-conscious self,' and if somebody's 'sub-conscious self' then whose? and why? and how? For, kindly bear in mind that at the time of the vision we did not so much as know of Dr. Peebles' existence, nor he of ours.

To say the least, that we three should first meet in the way I have described, though the Doctor was only present then to Miss A.'s clairvoyant perception—and that we three should meet again a few months afterwards in the very room in which the vision occurred, was—if a coincidence—then a very remarkable coincidence indeed, the circumstances of which could not have been more neatly fitted together if they had been carefully pre-arranged. And why not pre-arranged? There *must* have been, I humbly submit, some existing *rapport* between Dr. Peebles and Miss A., by which he could be brought within the sphere of her clairvoyant perception. But how, when, and where could this *rapport* have been established?

As I have already told you, I have frequently sat by the bedside of my friend in perfect silence by the hour together, often in the dark, while she was in a deep mesmeric sleep, and it will not surprise you to be told, under the circumstances, that I have often gone to sleep as well. On one occasion before she returned to her normal condition, she remarked to me, 'You have been asleep.' I asked her how she knew, and her reply was that she had seen my spirit sufficiently released to enter the companionship of some of my spirit friends. And she subsequently told me, as the result of her observation, that the freedom of the spirit is in proportion to the depth of

the sleep, but that in no case is it so great as that of the spirit released by death. This raises the question—Where are we when we sleep? Consciousness may change its sphere of perception, but can consciousness ever become unconscious? And if not, then we are consciously somewhere when we sleep—as we are when we experience the analogous but greater transition which we call death.

Have we any facts to support this teaching? Not many, I think—and one reason for this may be that they have rarely been sought for—the thoughts even of Spiritualists having seldom taken that direction, though it is fully recognised amongst us that mediums, on returning from a trance condition, often remember their intercourse with spirits on the other plane. And if this communion is possible in trance, why not in normal sleep? And in this connection I call to mind the fact that Mr. Cromwell Varley, in his evidence before the Dialectical Committee, narrated an instance in which, having fallen asleep with a chloroformed sponge still held to his mouth, his spirit went to his wife in another room and conveyed to her an impression of his danger. This is clearly a case in which, during sleep, one spirit consciously communicated with another.

In my long intimacy with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, I found that John Watt, the spirit who for many years communicated through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship, always gave the same teaching, as to the communion of friends, during their rest hours, on the spiritual plane; and I may quote in illustration a circumstance which occurred in the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt while I knew but little of them, in August, 1871.

The following is the narrative as noted by Mr. Everitt at the time :—

‘ During a conversation with John Watt, he said : “ Mr. E., you must let your wife go into the country ; she requires a thorough change, and the society and magnetism of Mr. Rogers's family will do her good.” This struck me as very

curious, for Mr. Rogers's family were comparatively strangers to us, and I therefore mentioned some three or four other families where I knew she would receive a hearty welcome and feel more at home, and consequently be more comfortable, all of which John said would not do so well. "But," I said, "I cannot write to Mr. Rogers and ask him to let my wife come and stay with his family"; but John replied, "That has all been arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers on our side. They are quite willing, and will be delighted to receive your wife as their guest." Now, imagine my astonishment when, on the delivery of the first post the next morning, a letter came from Mr. Rogers with a pressing invitation for my wife to go and spend a few weeks with them. I had had no correspondence with Mr. Rogers, and therefore could not expect an invitation from that quarter, or imagine how it was to be brought about. I need scarcely say that Mrs. Everitt went, and soon realised the benefit of the change.'

I submit then that, even if it be admitted that the evidence is not yet sufficiently complete, yet we are not altogether without reasonable grounds for the belief in the possibility of our communion during sleep; and that in the absence of any better theory we may accept this as a feasible explanation of the association of Miss A., Dr. Peebles, and myself long before, on this plane, we knew of the Doctor's existence or he of ours. It may also, in some measure, account for the strange and unaccountable impulses and inspirations that sometimes come upon us in our daily life, bearing with them the same air of spontaneity with which a subject performs an act that had been impressed upon him during his hypnotic sleep.

THE AURA.

One of the most interesting phases of clairvoyant perception is that of the aura, which is said to belong to every human form, and to many other forms, organic and inorganic. That such aura is really seen I had abundant

evidence. The instance I have already narrated of Miss A.'s perception of the crystal in my pocket is a case in point. She professed to be well acquainted from long experience with the distinguishing auras of various flowers, and a bunch of blooms having been taken into her room in the dark, she has told me correctly of what the bunch consisted, though she did not touch it, and several of the flowers were without perfume. I may just say, in this connection, that she has spoken of the aura of the bloom of the common garden nasturtium as, to her vision, the most brilliant. From a person's aura she could tell his mental condition, whether at any moment he was in deep thought or under some strong emotion; and this, too, in the dark, as I have frequently proved, though I had spoken no word. She also professed to tell, from the state and quality of the aura, a person's moral quality; but perhaps of my experiences in this respect I may be excused from saying more. She could trace the motion of my hands in the dark, from, as she said, the light emitted from the finger ends. She described the most soothing and perfect form of mesmeric influence as that which came from the complete blending of her aura with my own. She has several times, to my certain knowledge, read letters in the dark which she has never seen before, and of the contents of which she could know nothing through the ordinary channels of sense. She said the words were luminous. And in the same way she has in the dark picked out, from a Bible and other books which I had placed in her hands, passages specially suitable to her mental state at the time. I carefully verified the facts by turning down the pages and looking out the passages after obtaining a light.

OBSESSIONS.

A curious case which came under my observation in Norwich was that of a lady who went to London to consult Dr. Newton, the psychic healer. She was in such a state of chronic lassitude or weakness that she could no more than

just crawl about. The effect of her treatment by Dr. Newton was that she recovered great power of movement, but her psychical sensitiveness seemed to have been excited, for, a little while after her return, a sister of hers came to me and begged me to go and see her, saying that she seemed absolutely possessed by evil influences, which played havoc in her bedroom at night, pulling the bedclothes off and hurling boots or any other articles they could find at her while in bed. I suggested that this was hallucination, but the sister said no; it was true enough, because she occupied the same bedroom with her, and knew the facts to be as stated.

I accordingly went to visit the lady, who repeated all these facts to me. She said she was constantly annoyed by hearing these spirits using all sorts of blasphemous and indecent language, so that she was distressed not only at night, but also in the daytime. I mesmerised her and ordered the unwelcome visitors to depart. Gradually she became somewhat calm, and told me that the influences were becoming less and less distinct, and that the last one to go was that of a man of whom she had known something during his lifetime, and whom the others called 'Dick.' He acknowledged my power in driving him away, but declared that in revenge he would stick to me. I replied that he was perfectly welcome to do so if he would but leave the lady. A few evenings afterwards I went as usual to see Miss A., and the moment I entered the room she covered her face with her hands and cried out that I had brought a number of bad spirits with me, one of whom the others seemed to obey, and who she stated was called 'Dick.' Now she could have had no possible connection with the other lady, or known anything of the matter. The result was that these bad spirits attached themselves to her for some weeks, and caused her immense distress, inciting her to get rid of her troubles by suicide. During these weeks I tried in vain to drive them away from her, but she said that the only relief she got was that while I was actually present they seemed further off than during my absence. Every time

I visited her I found her in this melancholy condition ; but one night, while my wife and I were holding a séance, my spirit daughter, Grace, came to the table with a request that I should go to Miss A. at once. As it was ten o'clock at night, and she lived a mile away, I said it was impossible for me to go then. However, my daughter insisted that it was very important, and that an opportunity offered of doing a great and good work, and I must go. I objected, however, that by the time I got there the house would be shut up, and there would be no getting in, to which my daughter replied, that if I went I should find the front door unfastened. She said that I was to go in, walk straight upstairs into Miss A.'s room, make a circuit of the room, and then in the name of the Lord command the evil spirits to depart, drive them downstairs and out into the street. My scruples being thus overcome, I departed on my mission. When I arrived at the house, I found everything as my daughter had stated, and was able to walk into the place without disturbing the occupants. I went straight to Miss A.'s room, and found her rolling her head from side to side in great trouble. I went through the act of driving the spirits into the street, and shut the door on them. On returning to the lady I found her face illuminated with a great joy and peace ; her tormentors were gone, and they never troubled her again.

In reply to questions addressed to him by the interviewer, Mr. Rogers said that although he, of course, could see nothing of the invisible beings who tortured the lady, he seemed to feel an interior conviction of the reality of their presence. It was but one experience out of many in which he had had to deal with malignant spirits, but he had always found that their capacity for evil was limited by a higher power, and that in fact they were frequently, if not always, permitted to exercise their malevolence for a wise purpose.

Describing the circumstances under which he first met the Everitts, Mr. Rogers said that he was introduced to them by Mr. C. W. Pearce, whose acquaintance he had made in Nor-

wich. In fact it was at séances with Mr. Pearce, which Mr. Rogers held in his own house, that he first became acquainted with Spiritualism. The mediumship of Mr. Pearce was of a peculiar character. He would sit at the table, and thoughts and ideas would come to him, whereupon the table would move to confirm what was in his mind.

Thus, through table-moving in his own home and the revelations that came to him through Miss A.'s spiritual vision, Mr. Rogers was led by degrees to realise the fact of spirit communion. He was now to witness phenomena of a more startling character.

SEANCES WITH D. D. HOME AND MRS. MARSHALL.

In March, 1869, Mr. Rogers journeyed to London expressly for the purpose of attending a séance with Mr. D. D. Home, having obtained permission to form one of the circle through the friendly offices of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, then editor of 'The Art Journal.' There were present at the sitting, besides Mr. and Mrs. Hall, at whose house in Victoria-street it was held, several distinguished visitors, including the Countess of Caithness, the then Master of Lindsay, and some personal friends of the last-named gentleman.

Mr. Rogers, it should be here noted, had all his life taken great interest in conjuring, being himself an amateur conjurer of no mean ability, and in order that he might satisfy himself that the phenomena were not to be accounted for in this direction, Mr. Home courteously consented to place everything at his disposal for the sitting. The sitters were gathered round a table covered with a cloth, in a room lighted by wax candles set on the table. They were scarcely seated when a shower of raps came, and Mr. Rogers listened with very mixed feelings while the Halls and the rest of the company conversed with these raps as with intelligent beings, and got intelligent answers to their questions. Suspecting that there might be some mechanical arrangement by which the raps were produced, he asked that the cloth might be removed and the table itself

taken to another part of the spacious room. This was done, and the raps continued without difference. He then asked that the table should be made lighter or heavier at request, and, the raps assenting, the table (a heavy old-fashioned round one) was first raised about a foot and suspended by no natural means, all three claws, as the careful investigator on his hands and knees assured himself, being away from the carpet at the same moment. At his desire it descended as lightly as a feather; and then he requested that it should be made heavy and that the sitters should just touch it with their finger tips. Getting on his knees again in such a position that he could see all the hands, and placing his shoulder to the table he found he could not stir it the fraction of an inch till it was restored to its normal weight. This was good evidence for a beginner.

His next experiment was with an accordion, an experiment subsequently made famous by Professor Crookes's report of his experiences with Mr. Home. Noticing such an instrument on a sideboard, Mr. Rogers asked whether it could not be played, having heard that the playing of an accordion by an unseen agency was amongst the phenomena obtained in connection with Mr. Home's mediumship. A reply having been received in the affirmative, he went over and fetched the accordion, and resumed his seat at the table on the opposite side to the medium. He then inquired into whose hands the accordion should be given, whereupon it was signified by raps that it should be handed to Mr. Home. He was about to rise in order to take it to Mr. Home, when it suddenly quitted his hands and floated across the table, over the candles, into the hands of the medium. Mr. Home held the instrument, bottom upwards, the keys hanging down, and several tunes were played upon it, some of the airs being chosen by members of the circle. Mr. Rogers intimated that the experiment was not entirely satisfactory to him, as, although he could see that Mr. Home was holding the accordion upside down, he could not see the lower end. Thereupon the medium invited

him to come round to his side of the table and take a seat next himself. He was then able not only to touch the accordion, but to see it moving up and down, and the keys moving at the same time as though the instrument were being manipulated by some unseen performer beneath. Having thus satisfied himself that there was no physical contact of any sort to account for the playing of the music, he returned to his place, and then the accordion came to him under the table, playing as it travelled. On the way it got fixed in the claws of the table, and on his releasing it with his left hand it passed into his right. As far as physical phenomena were concerned these were satisfactory enough, but there were other occurrences in the course of the evening which were eminently convincing to the persons concerned. Mr. Home, for instance, wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to a gentleman present, who seemed much startled by what he read, and told Mr. Rogers that he had just arrived in England, and that the communication professed to be concerning a person he had left thousands of miles away, and contained particulars that could not possibly be within the knowledge of anybody in Great Britain besides himself.

While in London Mr. Rogers went *incognito* to Mrs. Marshall's, at Maida Vale, and was present at a dark séance at which every person present was a perfect stranger to him. Noticing a tube placed on the table, he quietly removed it as soon as the light was out, and placed it between his knees. The result was that no voice was heard, and Mr. Marshall, finally becoming impatient, expressed his surprise at John's (that is, 'John King's') absence. Thereupon a hoarse whisper was heard with the inquiry, 'Where is the tube?' 'On the table,' said Mr. Marshall. 'No, it is not,' came the whisper. 'I am sure it is,' said Mr. Marshall, 'for I placed it there myself just before I put out the light.' Thinking, at this point, that he had carried his test far enough, Mr. Rogers replaced the tube on the table. Immediately he was struck with it several times on the head, and a loud voice exclaimed,

'Don't do that again, Roger.' He asked if 'John King' knew him, and got the reply that he only knew his name was Roger, and that there were two Rogers in the room, the other being 'Roger Bacon,' another control of Mrs. Marshall's.

MRS. EVERITT'S MEDIUMSHIP.

Referring to his first séance with the Everitts—at Penton-street, on May 3rd, 1870—Mr. Rogers said: There were present Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, Mr. F. Hockley, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Keningale R. Cook, Mr. Traill Taylor, myself, and others. After tea Mrs. Everitt sat down for automatic writing. She sat with the fingers of one hand pressed over her eyes, while she wrote with her other hand, answering questions that were put to her. During tea-time I had had a little conversation with her and felt I had easily gauged the extent of her general notion of abstruse topics. It was evident, in fact, that she had none, and so when it came to my turn to ask a question I asked her to define the difference between 'objective' and 'subjective,' and she at once wrote what I considered to be an exceedingly lucid explanation. I regret very much that I did not bring the reply away with me, and, therefore, have no record of it, but the language in which it was couched was inconceivably beyond what I should consider her capable of using. Preparations were then made for a sitting, and I remember 'Znippy' came with a shriek and a yell. He could not then speak English. Soon afterwards the light was put out, and 'John Watt' notified that we could have some direct writing. I at once said (in pursuit of my idea of testing Mrs. Everitt's capability), 'Can you explain the difference between the will and the understanding and the operation of each?' Now that was entirely beyond the medium's capacity, yet in eight seconds we had the answer written by an invisible agency. I subsequently found that the reply was taken, with a few slight alterations, from Swedenborg's 'Heaven and Hell,' paragraph 423.

At a subsequent séance I put the question as to this pas-

sage and was told that it had been given by the Rev. Samuel Noble, author of Noble's 'Appeal,' to which I have already referred. It was stated that he had come to Mrs. Everitt's séances by request, and had taken charge of the circle on the spirit side to guard against intruders. Here is the reply as given by the spirit :—

'You all possess understanding and will. Your understanding is the receiver of truth and is formed from that truth, and your will is the receiver of good and is formed from that good. Hence, whatever a man understands and thinks, he calls true, and whatever you will and think, you call good. You are capable of thinking from your understanding and perceiving what is true and good, but you do not think from your will, unless you will and do what your understanding approves. When you thus will and do, truth is both in the understanding and the will, and therefore in the man; because the understanding does not constitute the man, nor the will alone, but both together. If it is in the understanding only, it is *with* you, but not *in* you, for that would be only a thing of the memory, or science in the memory. The power is going—gd. nt. (good night).'

Describing another séance, Mr. Rogers said: It took place in my own house in the presence of a few friends of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. We were gathered around a good-sized central table when raps were heard on a small chess table which stood at one side of the room. On the name of the spirit being asked for, 'Rose' was spelled out, that being the name of my little girl who had passed on fifteen months before. She was asked if she could bring the small table up to the larger one, and she did so, that is to say, it moved up without physical contact. It was replaced by one of the sitters and was again brought up to the séance table in the same way. This occurred several times, and, taking place in a good light, was witnessed by all present. That was a case of table-moving without contact—the first time I had seen such a phenomenon. The small table spelled out messages by tilting over and striking the larger table. I ought to men-

tion that this daughter Rose, when she was dying, had said to her mother (as a comforting assurance): 'Mother, I shall come to the table to you after I am gone.'

'Znippy,' who in his early manifestations through Mrs. Everitt's mediumship was quite unable to speak intelligibly, rapidly increased in knowledge and intelligence, till, as many friends of Mrs. Everitt can testify, he was able to give well-reasoned and lucid explanations in regard to philosophic questions.

While Mrs. Everitt was with us there were several excellent séances, besides which we had some interesting evidences of the presence of spirit friends, out of the house as well as in it. They manifested their presence in railway trains, and in a boat on the river, beating time to the singing, and on one occasion raps were distinctly heard, emphatic in their approval of sentiments uttered, at a church which we were attending, to the evident confusion of Mrs. Everitt herself, and, to some extent, of the preacher. As we sat near him the raps were distinctly heard, and he knowing something of our Spiritualism, and of our guest (Mrs. Everitt was at that time staying with us), looked up at intervals in evident curiosity.

One curious incident which happened while I was in Norwich I might relate to illustrate the ignorance of the educated classes in regard to Spiritualism. I had at that time charge of two or three newspapers, and the chairman of the managing committee requested me on one occasion to call upon him as he wanted to see me on some important business. On my calling he explained that on the previous evening he had been to a private meeting of friends, when a gentleman brought to the attention of those present that at the head of their papers was a Spiritualist. It was regarded as a very serious matter, and it was thought that I should be spoken to on the subject that they might hear what I had to say. I pointed out to him that although I was a Spiritualist I had never used the newspapers which I controlled in any way for the propagation of my creed. He acknowledged that this was

so, but suggested that if it got known amongst the public that the general manager was interested in such things, they would suspect the presence of Spiritualism where it might not really be. I replied that I could not give up my faith under any circumstances, and if my Spiritualism was objectionable I must leave. He said he did not wish that on any account, but he asked me if I seriously thought that it was possible to talk with *dead* people. Of course I told him no. I did not believe it was possible, that, in fact, the people I talked to were very much alive!

The reason I mention this incident so particularly is that the gentleman who first called attention to the fact of my being a Spiritualist afterwards became a Spiritualist himself. He is well known in connection with psychical inquiry. I retained my position for some years afterwards and had no further trouble, and was never the worse treated on account of my faith.

GOOD-BYE TO NORWICH.

‘Why did you leave Norwich?’ asked the interviewer. Well, said Mr. Rogers, not on account of my Spiritualism, but for quite other reasons. In 1870, having heard that other people thought of starting a daily paper in Norwich, I strongly advised the proprietors of the ‘Norfolk News’ at once to do so themselves. They yielded to the suggestion with great reluctance, feeling that an agricultural county like Norfolk afforded no scope for such a venture. However, the paper, the ‘Eastern Daily Press,’ was started under my direction on October 10th, 1870. Of course it was very uphill work for a time, and two years afterwards, at a committee meeting, the chairman called my attention to the weekly loss which existed up to that time, remarking, ‘And, confound it, Rogers, you led us into this.’ I replied at once, ‘Yes, and when the balance on the credit side is as heavy as it is now on the debit side, you will not remind me of the fact.’ My answer led to some friction between us, but my prophecy was true, as the paper soon afterwards became a financial success, and is now

a highly prosperous concern with enormous profits. The proprietors, however, never again reminded me that it was started at my suggestion. The incident, however, unsettled me, because of the fact that the chairman and myself had for more than twenty years enjoyed the most confidential and friendly relationship, and this was the first rupture. At that very meeting I handed in my resignation, but was requested to withdraw it, and did so. Everything appeared to go tolerably smoothly after that for a time, when an event occurred which led me to look out for a change. The 'Daily Press' had been supplied with telegraphic, manuscript, and stereotyped matter, presumably in the Liberal interest, by a concern in London, and as I had to go through it all every night, in preparation for the coming morning's issue, I fancied that I detected that this matter was being more and more tinged with Conservatism, and I came to London with a view to discover the truth. I saw the proprietor of the agency, who laughed at my suspicions, and declared that there had been no change in the conduct of the concern, and that the literary staff continued to be the same as before. However, I was not satisfied, and I remained in London for some days in order to get at the bottom of the mystery, and at last I succeeded (I need not say how) in securing a copy of a private circular which had been sent out and which fully justified my suspicions. I took this back to Norwich with me, and showed it to Mr. J. J. Colman, afterwards M.P. for Norwich, and of course he asked whether I had any suggestions to make. I said, 'Yes, start a Liberal agency on the same lines.' He approved the suggestion, and I therefore came to London again, saw the then Liberal Whip, Lord Wolverton, and after some negotiations with friends he agreed that an attempt should be made, and that I should take the management. There was only one hitch in the negotiations at first. He would not undertake to ensure my position for more than three months, while the attempt was in the form of an experiment, and he would not agree to give me the salary which I requested. When I went

back to Norwich I made these representations to Mr. Colman, and he said, 'Take the position ; the difference in salary I will personally make up to you, and as to the question of possible loss of position in three months, I will guarantee that you shall be at liberty to return to the same office here which you now hold.'

The company was formed under the name of the 'National Press Agency.' Premises were taken in Shoe-lane, E.C., and work was started in January, 1873. The old 'Central Press Agency' was quickly driven out of the field, and the 'National Press Agency' is still a very big business concern, sending its supplies all over the country daily. Mr. Colman also became, at my suggestion, one of its largest shareholders. It is due to the memory of Mr. Colman, who is since deceased, that I should say that, although I had known by experience very few liberal Liberals, he was one certainly, *par excellence*.

I held the management of the National Press Agency till 1893, when I retired, simply because the work was too heavy for me. Having had twenty-five years in Norwich and twenty years in the service of the National Press Agency, I was in reality in Mr. Colman's service for close upon fifty years, and I was given a small pension on my retirement. At the end of five years my pension was reduced to half ; at the end of the next three years it was stopped altogether, although I was then in my 79th year. Unfortunately for me Mr. Colman had died in the meantime, or this would not have happened.

THE SPIRITUALIST MOVEMENT IN LONDON.

And now let me deal briefly with some of my further experiences in Spiritualism.

I think I told you that I took up business in London in January, 1873. Shortly after that time a conference of Spiritualists was held in Liverpool, at which Mr. Thomas Everitt was present. At that meeting a resolution was passed, asking Mr. Everitt to endeavour to form a National Association in London. In compliance with this expressed

wish, Mr. Everitt called a meeting of a few friends, including myself, the outcome of which was the establishment of the British National Association of Spiritualists. The prospects for some time were good, a considerable number of members giving in their names, and a large Council was constituted to conduct the affairs of the new society. Rooms were taken in Great Russell-street, and the first president was Mr. Martin Ridley Smith, the banker, the second being Mr. Alexander Calder, a City merchant. A great deal of useful work was done by the Association, though this was accomplished under very considerable difficulties, owing to the fact that there were two or three members of the Council who were of a quarrelsome disposition, and who, when a certain course had been agreed upon, invariably endeavoured, by whipping up members of the Council who had not been in the habit of attending, to upset the course of action determined upon. One of these obstructive members had at first the support of some of the leading members of the Council ; but by degrees all this was changed, and the member referred to was left without any support whatever. He and one or two others, however, pursued an obstructive policy, until at last it was felt that no progress could be maintained except by dissolving the society and starting another.

The fact was that a great mistake had been made in appointing so large a Council ; it numbered about fifty. The Association was broken up in consequence, and was merged into a society which was called 'The Central Association of Spiritualists,' but the discouragement of the recent collapse was too great, and after a short time this society also was disbanded. During the heated discussions which had taken place in the Council of the British National Association, it was felt that the 'Spiritualist'—the journal which was regarded as the organ of the Association—had not fairly represented it. In consequence of the dissatisfaction about the reports given in the 'Spiritualist,' a gentleman temporarily in London, Mr. J. G. Meugens, of Calcutta, whose name will

be remembered in connection with his very wonderful experiences with Mr. Eglinton, suggested to me that a new paper should be started, to be the organ of the British National Association. I at once communicated with a number of friends throughout the country, and with their assistance 'Light' was started on January 8th, 1881. The 'Spiritualist' soon afterwards disappeared.

'LIGHT' AND THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

I had from the first the business control of 'Light,' but Mr. J. S Farmer was for a time the editor, and after him Mr. Stainton Moses ('M.A., Oxon.'). Mr. Stainton Moses died in September, 1892, and Mr. W. Paice, M.A., took the editorship. He, however, also died shortly afterwards, and so the conduct of the paper fell into my hands altogether. In the meantime the London Spiritualist Alliance had been started on the suggestion of Mr. Stainton Moses, who called a number of friends together and proposed that an Alliance should be promoted, with no governing body at all, other than a few persons nominated by himself, as he had been disgusted with the experiences of the British National Association. The first meeting was held in the Banqueting Room at St. James's Hall on May 5th, 1884, when Mr. Stainton Moses delivered the inaugural address as President. On his death I was elected President, which position I have retained to the present time.

The constitution of the Alliance on the lines laid down by Mr. Stainton Moses, under which the Council was elected entirely by the President, remained in force until 1896. It then occurred to me that in these days of enlightened progress an autocratic body was out of date, and in 1896 the Alliance was duly incorporated as a limited company, under the Companies Acts, as a company limited by guarantee and not conducted for profit. The Memorandum and Articles of Association were prepared by the solicitor who had drawn up those of the Psychical Research Society, and on precisely

the same lines, and application was made to have the Alliance incorporated so that it could be registered without the designation of 'limited.'

This application was within the power of the Board of Trade to grant, but notwithstanding the pressure which was brought to bear by the solicitor the Board of Trade refused, without deigning any explanation whatever as to their reasons. Fortunately or unfortunately for us, we had chosen the word 'Spiritualist' in our title instead of 'Psychical,' hence no doubt the prejudice which prevented us attaining the end we had in view.

ORIGIN OF THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

Having referred to the Psychical Research Society, I may say a few words as to the origin of that society. It so happened that in the year 1882, or perhaps in the last months of 1881—I cannot now recollect the date—Professor W. F. Barrett was spending the night with me at my residence in Finchley, and we sat up to a late hour while he recounted some of his psychical experiences. In the course of his narration he mentioned the fact that so long ago as 1876 he read a paper to the British Association at Glasgow, principally on the subject of thought transference, and had urged the formation of a committee to investigate the subject, together with that of psychic phenomena and so-called Spiritualistic manifestations, which had been tested by Sir William Crookes. Nothing had come of this suggestion, however, and he had made other attempts, with a like result, to induce scientific and literary men of influence to look into the subject without prejudice. I suggested that a society should be started on lines which would be likely to attract some of the best minds which had hitherto held aloof from the pursuit of the inquiry. Professor Barrett approved of the suggestion, and called a conference of a few friends, which was held in the rooms of the British National Association in January, 1882. At that meeting Mr. Stainton Moses, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr.

F. W. H. Myers, Mr. J. G. Romanes, myself, and others were present. A committee was appointed to formulate a plan, and it presented its report to an adjourned conference in February, 1882, when the society was definitely constituted. The first Council comprised Mr. Stainton Moses and myself, with some other well-known Spiritualists, including Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, Dr. Wyld, Mr. Alexander Calder, and Mr. Desmond G. FitzGerald.

Mr. Stainton Moses and myself shortly afterwards withdrew from the Council in consequence of the attitude which we thought the new society evidently desired to take up in reference to Spiritualism. We felt, indeed, that under pretext of an inquiry there was a manifest desire that it should lead to a disproof of our position, and not to a fair investigation. Our facts, however, in the long run happily proved too strong for them, and some of their leading members—notably Mr. F. W. H. Myers—subsequently gave their adhesion to the Spiritualistic hypothesis as the only satisfactory explanation of all the phenomena.

DIRECT WRITING.

As already intimated, my experiences have embraced every variety of spiritual manifestation ; but they have been chiefly with Mrs. Everitt and Mr. Eglinton, although I have sat with many other mediums. I have had scores of séances in my own house, with Mrs. Everitt as the medium. I have before referred to the marvellous rapidity with which Mrs. Everitt's direct writings were executed. A sheet of paper initialled by the persons present was laid on the table with a pencil, and the light having been turned off for a few seconds, we heard the rustling of the paper as it was taken up into the air, followed by what appeared to be only a few ticks. The pencil then fell, and, having lit up, we found a written communication on the paper. We used to estimate the length of time these ticks (representing the sound of writing) occupied, by mentally counting one, two.

three, &c., for the number of seconds. On one occasion we had nine hundred words written in six seconds, *i.e.*, at the rate of one hundred and fifty words *per second*. It takes a good shorthand writer to reach one hundred and fifty words *per minute*, and therefore these writings were done sixty times as fast in longhand as a stenographer could do it in shorthand. That these writings were actually done at the moment was evident from various circumstances. On one occasion, for example, the writing filled the whole of one side of a quarto sheet which had been previously initialled by us, and at the foot was a remark to the effect that the writing would be continued if we tried again. Consequently the paper was turned over and laid on the table. A few seconds afterwards a quantity of writing was found on the other side. A long series of these writings was obtained dealing with the authenticity of the Christian religion, with quotations from ancient writers, and extracts from the old authors who had written in Latin. Most of the quotations, as we knew, were far beyond any information obtained by the Everitts, or, in many cases, by any other person present. On one occasion it was observed that the latter part of the writing appeared to have been written with a double pointed pencil. On examining the pencil which had been used it was found to have been accidentally broken, presenting two jagged points.

I have known cases of writing having been produced on a piece of paper enclosed in a sealed envelope; the writing in this case contained information procured for a gentleman at a distance on matters of which we had no cognisance whatever.

TWO STRIKING CASES OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

It is often said that the communications received from unseen intelligences always partake more or less of the mind of the medium, or at least that the information imparted is within the knowledge of the persons present. To show, however, that this is by no means invariably the case, I

should like to give you the particulars of a séance held some time ago at the house of a Mr. Mansell in Finchley, when the messages obtained were in no degree whatever within the knowledge of any of the sitters, but were afterwards satisfactorily verified. The medium on the occasion was Mrs. Everitt, and the company included Mr. Everitt, myself and wife, Mr. Mansell, and two or three personal friends of his, all being well known to each other. I ask your attention to the name of *Mr. Mansell*, because on that will hang some of the interest of my narrative.

We were sitting under the full blaze of a gas chandelier when some loud raps came upon the table. Mr. Everitt endeavoured to get the name of the spirit spelt out, several times without success. I suggested that perhaps the spirit had not communicated before and did not know the usually adopted signals, and I requested that one rap should be given for 'No,' two for 'Don't know,' and three for 'Yes,' and that for other answers the spirit should rap at the letter required while the alphabet was being repeated.

I then asked, 'Have you communicated before?'—One loud rap indicated 'No.'

'Will you endeavour to spell out your name while Mr. Everitt repeats the alphabet?'—Three raps, 'Yes.'

Mr. Everitt repeated the alphabet very quickly, and I pencilled down the following letters, 'T-H-O-M-A-S-M-A-N-S—'

'Oh,' I said, 'Thomas Mansell! This is a friend of yours, Mr. Mansell.' But Mr. Mansell said No, he knew no such person. Nor did anyone else present. The experiment was tried again, with the same result—'T-H-O-M-A-S-M-A-N-S—.' I repeated that I had got the same letters as before, when a loud single rap indicated that I was wrong; and so I asked the spirit, letter by letter, how far I was correct. I then found that 'T-H-O-M-A-S-M-A-N' was right; and when the alphabet was again repeated I learnt that after the 'N' 'T' was intended, and not 'S,' the letter immediately

preceding. The name was then without further difficulty spelt out—'Thomas Manton.' Questions put to the friends present satisfied me that no one in the circle had the slightest idea of who Thomas Manton was, and I next asked the spirit to tell me how many years he had been in the other life. The answer came—S-I-X——

'Oh,' I said, 'six years?'—An emphatic 'No.'

'Perhaps you mean six years and so many months? Tell us how many?'—Answer, 'T-E——'

'Oh, six years and ten months?'—'No.'

'Go on.'—'T-E-E——'

'Oh, sixteen years?'—Again 'No.'

'Well, go on.'—'H-U-N-D-R-E-D.'

'Then you mean that you have been in the other life sixteen hundred years?'—'No.'

'Well, try again.'—'Sixteen hundred and seventy-seven.'

'Do you mean that you have been in the other life sixteen hundred and seventy-seven years?'—'No.'

'Do you mean that you entered the other life in the year 1677?'—'Yes.'

'Tell us where you were born.'

Answer, 'Laurencelydiard.'

Knowing nothing of such a place as this, I asked where it was, and the reply was spelled out correctly and rapidly—'Somersetshire.'

'Where were you buried?'—'Stoke Newington.'

The spirit afterwards told us that he was a Nonconformist divine; was at one time chaplain to Charles II.; was afterwards ejected from the Church and imprisoned; that he could say no more then, but that if we wanted further information we could learn something of him at Wadham College, Oxford. He added, however, that he had been introduced to the séance by a Nonconformist friend whom he had met in the other life, Dr. Jabez Burns, who while in earth-life had attended some of Mrs. Everitt's séances.

On turning next day to a Clergy List in search of a parish

of a name that might bear some resemblance to 'Laurence-lydiard,' I found '*Laurence Lydiard*' in *Somersetshire*. This gave me some hope that I might find all the rest of the narrative to be correct, and as the readiest method of testing the messages, I requested the Rev. W. W. Newbould, who was in the habit of frequenting the British Museum, to endeavour, if possible, to verify the facts for me, telling him, however, nothing more than that I wanted a brief sketch of the life of Thomas Manton, a Nonconformist divine. The following is the report which Mr. Newbould supplied to me next day, and which, it will be seen, proves the accuracy of the communication in every particular :—

[EXTRACT.]

MANTON (Thomas), a learned Nonconformist minister, was born at *Lawrence Lydiard*, in *Somersetshire*, in 1620, and educated at the Free School at Tiverton, and at *Wadham College*, and at *Hart Hall, Oxford*. He then studied divinity, and was admitted to deacon's orders by the celebrated Dr. Hall, Bishop of Exeter. After preaching for some time at Sowton, near Exeter, and at Colyton, in Devonshire, he came to London, where he was admired for his pulpit eloquence, and about 1643 was presented to the living of *Stoke Newington* by Colonel Popham, and here preached those lectures on the Epistles of St. James and St. Jude, which he afterwards published in 1651 and 1652. During his residence at Newington he often preached at London, and is said to have preached the second sermon for the Sons of the Clergy, an institution then set on foot, chiefly through the influence of Dr. Hall, son of the bishop, who preached the first. He was also one of those who were called occasionally to preach before the Parliament, but being strongly opposed to the execution of the King, he gave great offence by a sermon in which he touched on that subject. In 1651 he showed equal contempt for the tyranny of the usurpers by preaching a funeral sermon for Mr. Love, and in neither case allowed the fears of his friends to prevent him from doing his duty. In 1650 he was presented to the living of Covent Garden by the Earl, afterwards Duke, of Bedford, who had a high respect for him. At this church he had a numerous auditory.

Archbishop Usher, who was one of his hearers, used to say he was one of the best preachers in England, and had the art of reducing the substance of whole volumes into a narrow compass, and re-presenting it to great advantage. In 1653 he became chaplain to Cromwell. He was nominated also by Parliament one of a committee of divines to draw up a scheme of fundamental doctrines. In the same year he was appointed one of the committee for the trial and approbation of ministers. In 1660 he co-operated openly in the restoration of Charles II., was one of the ministers appointed to wait upon his Majesty at Breda, and was afterwards sworn *one of his Majesty's chaplains*. In the same year he was, by *mandamus*, created D.D. at Oxford. In 1661 he was one of the commissioners at the Savoy Conference, and continued preaching until St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, when he *was ejected for Nonconformity*. After this he preached occasionally, either in private or public, as he found it convenient, particularly during the indulgence granted to the Nonconformists from 1668 to 1670, but was *imprisoned* for continuing the practice when it became illegal. His constitution, although he was a man of great temperance, early gave way; and his complaints terminating in a lethargy, he died October 11th, 1677, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and *was buried in the chancel of the church at Stoke Newington*.—H. J. ROSE, *New General Biographical Dictionary*, vol. ix., pp. 464, 465 (1857).

Here is a clear case of a correct and truthful communication, not one word of which was known to any person in the circle, and which the spirit succeeded in giving in the face of a somewhat persistent, though unintentional, attempt to make him say something else than he wished to say.

On the evening of February 16th, 1890, a séance was held at my house, in Church End, Finchley, the circle consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt (Mrs. Everitt being the medium); Mr. H. Withall and Miss H. Withall, of Angell Park Gardens, Brixton; my wife, my two daughters, my son, and myself. We sat in the dark for the 'direct voice,' and in that way had communications from several spirit friends. In the course of the evening a 'stranger' spoke, giving us his name, the

time of his decease, and his age, and mentioning a town in Missouri as the place of his residence when he departed this life. Wishing, if possible, to verify the correctness of the message, I addressed the following letter to Colonel Bundy, the Editor of the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal,' Chicago:—

CONFIRMATION WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.'

During a séance held at my residence on the 16th inst., with Mrs. Everitt (a very fine medium for the direct voice), a spirit came, and speaking in firm, emphatic, and distinct tones, with a decidedly American accent, expressed his interest in the work in which we were engaged and his wish for our success. He added that his name was Moses Kennedy, and that he passed away in September last at Glenfield, Missouri, aged seventy-one. I had no opportunity of making a note of his remarks until the close of the séance, and as to one word, 'Glenfield,' I am not quite certain that I remembered it correctly, but I think I did. I shall be glad if any of your readers can confirm the accuracy of the message.

E. DAWSON ROGERS.

London, England, February 23rd.

This letter appeared in the 'Journal' of March 22nd. In the meantime—namely, on the evening of March 9th—we had had another séance, the members of the circle being the same as before, with the single exception that Miss H. Withall was absent, and that her sister occupied her place. During this sitting a spirit friend who never fails to speak at Mrs. Everitt's séances, referring to Moses Kennedy's communication on the previous occasion, said that he thought we had misunderstood the name of his place of residence—he believed that the stranger had said, '*not* Glenfield, but *Glenwood*, or some such name as that.' As there was no reason to think that 'Glenwood' was more likely to be correct than 'Glenfield,' no mention of this incident was sent to the 'Religio-Philosophical Journal.'

On the 17th inst. the post brought me the following letter from S. T. Suddick, M.D., Cuba, Missouri, dated April 6th :—

RESPECTED SIR,

Yours under date of February 23rd was forwarded to me by Bro. Bundy for confirmation. I have investigated the matter with the following results :—

There is no such town in Missouri as 'Glenfield.' I wrote to Glenwood, in Schuyler County, Missouri, and find that Moses Kennedy died there September 30th, 1889. He was born in Clement County, Ohio, November 18th, 1818. His widow, Mrs. Phœbe Kennedy, still resides there. I have written her, and her answer is before me, received to day. Full particulars will be sent the 'Journal' this p.m.

I would be pleased to have you write me.

Yours very respectfully,

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

From Dr. Suddick's letter it will be seen that the message was correct in every particular—as to name, age, place of residence, and time of decease. And yet none of us who formed the circle to which the message was given had so much as known of Moses Kennedy's existence.

PHENOMENA THROUGH MR. EGLINTON.

As regards Mr. Eglinton, I have sat with him some scores of times, both in my own house and elsewhere, and have witnessed a considerable number of manifestations through his mediumship, including direct writing, the direct voice, the production of lights, materialised forms, &c., but amongst the most interesting was the receipt of a written communication, produced at the very time some thousands of miles away.

Mr. Rogers at this point produced a letter bearing the exact signature of a departed son, as to which he gave the following remarkable details :—

On March 13th, 1883, I attended a séance at the house of Mr. R. Pearce, the sitters being Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. T. Everitt, Mr. Frank Everitt, my wife and myself ; and

Mr. W. Eglinton as medium. We were sitting in a room well lighted by a gas chandelier, which hung directly over the table, when Mr. Eglinton asked that a piece of paper should be initialled by members of the circle and placed in a book. Mr. Pearce accordingly produced a piece of notepaper, which was initialled at the four corners by Mr. Everitt, Mr. Pearce, and myself, while I also wrote my initials and the date of the sitting at the back. This piece of paper I, at Mr. Eglinton's request, placed inside a book, which I laid before me on the table, with my left hand upon it. Mr. Eglinton put his hand upon mine for a few seconds and then requested me to open the book. I did so, and found that the notepaper had disappeared, and in its place was the address card of one of my daughters. On one side of the card was written the following message: 'I am taking care of Frank, to whom I send my regards. Don't be anxious.' 'Frank' was the name of one of my sons, who was at home ill. We were not then aware how serious his illness was; he departed this life three days afterwards. On the other side of the card was a message written in German.

Later in the evening, while sitting in the dark and receiving communications from Mr. Eglinton's spirit attendants by the direct voice, they told us that they had fetched the card from my house, about a mile distant; and as to the initialled notepaper which had disappeared, they informed us that it was in their possession, that they had taken it for a special purpose, and that it would be returned on some future occasion at my own residence.

On the evening of February 10th, 1884, eleven months afterwards, Mr. Eglinton paid me a visit at my house, and we had a sitting in the evening—the circle comprising Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, my wife and myself, my son and two daughters. It was a dark séance, Mr. Eglinton sitting, not isolated from the circle, but with us at the table, between my wife and myself. Before the light was put out I had laid some paper and a pencil on the table, in case they might be needed. We had

the usual manifestations of lights and raps, and touches by materialised hands ; and some pleasant conversation with Mr. Eglinton's spirit friends in the direct voice. Suddenly, while all these were going on, we heard a noise as of the rustling of paper in the air, and a sound like that of writing. The paper fell between my wife and my son, and we were at once directed by the 'voice' to light up. We did so, and then found, to our surprise, that none of the paper which had been placed on the table before the séance commenced had been used ; but that the writing had been done on the initialled piece of notepaper which had disappeared *eleven months before*, and which was now returned to us as clean, smooth, and uncrumpled as when placed between the leaves of the book held by my own hand. The message written was as follows :—

'We have been asked to write this message for your son.

'DEAR FATHER,—Only a word with difficulty—but a great deal just now. Take comfort in the fact that I shall soon be able to write myself.

'Love to all, from

'Your affectionate son,

'F. ROGERS.'

I have only to add that the text of the message was written in a good bold hand, which I do not recognise ; but it is certainly not Mr. Eglinton's, being as unlike his as could possibly be imagined. But the signature, 'F. Rogers,' is equally unlike the writing of the rest of the message, and is beyond a doubt that of my son, who departed this life, as I have said, three days after the paper originally disappeared, *viz.*, on March 16th, 1883. No one who knew his writing could hesitate for a moment to declare that the signature was most certainly his.

On March 23rd, 1884, I had a sitting with Mr. Eglinton and Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds ; Mr. J. S. Farmer and Mr. Quintin Hogg were also present. All the light was turned out, and we all sat holding hands. A light floated about, and

'Joey' spoke in the direct voice, and taking a marked sheet of cardboard, succeeded in placing it within a locked folding slate, where it was found at the end of the séance. I believe it was the same slate which, it was understood at the time, had been specially prepared by the Duke of Albany for some séances he had had with Mr. Eglinton, and which he had presented to Mr. Eglinton at the close.

In Mr. J. S. Farmer's book, '*Twixt Two Worlds*' (p. 147 *et seq.*), will be found a report of some satisfactory séances with Mr. Eglinton, Mr. Quintin Hogg, Mr. Farmer, and myself, when Mr. Quintin Hogg received a number of communications on slates under the most perfect test conditions, all the arrangements being placed at his disposal. The account may be read in Mr. Farmer's book, but it is right to say that the accounts there are rather meagre in some respects, because at that time it was not felt that the identity of Mr. Quintin Hogg, whose name appears as Mr. H——, should be revealed. It will be seen in reading the report that Mr. Quintin Hogg had the privilege, seldom accorded to anyone, of actually seeing part of the writing produced. An incident occurred at the time which is not fully set forth in the book. Mr. Quintin Hogg obtained by slate writing a message purporting to be from a brother of his. Observing that only two names were given, Mr. Hogg said, 'Now, if you are my brother, you know that you had a middle name; please give me that name.' That middle name was given, and Mr. Hogg admitted that it was right. Still hesitating, Mr. Hogg said, 'Now tell me where you lived when you passed on, and the date.' That information was also given, but Mr. Hogg said he was greatly disappointed, as the answers were wrong, upon which the meeting broke up. At the next sitting, the first thing Mr. Hogg said was that he regretted the fact that he had made a mistake at the previous meeting by calling in question the accuracy of the written statement, for, having communicated with a member of the family who kept a record of family affairs, he had found that the message was perfectly correct in

every particular ; and he then asked for one more test. He said, presumably speaking to his brother, 'Now, if you are really my brother, you can tell me the subject of our last conversation on religious questions. What did you say ?' and a message under the same conditions as before was then obtained, with a passage from the New Testament written in Greek, and Mr. Hogg admitted that this was correct.

Recurring again to the subject of materialisations, Mr. Rogers remarked that he had seen the most perfect examples of this phase of phenomena with Mr. Eglinton that he had ever witnessed. He mentioned one sitting in particular, of which full details were given in '*Twixt Two Worlds*' (pp. 177-80). The main facts may be briefly recapitulated. Exclusive of Mr. Eglinton, there were fourteen persons present, all well known. Adequate precautions were taken to prevent the ingress of a confederate. There was sufficient light to enable the writer of the report 'clearly to observe everybody and everything in the room,' and when the 'form' stood before him he was 'distinctly able to note every feature.' An inner room, a small one, was used as a cabinet, but Mr. Eglinton did not stay there, he entered the larger room and, while entranced, paced up and down the space formed by the 'circle,' the sitters being arranged in horse-shoe formation. This he did for upwards of five minutes, then he took up a position at a point between the two ends of the horse-shoe. Next he began gently to draw from his side and pay out at right angles a dingy, white-looking substance, which fell down at his left side. The mass of white material on the floor increased in breadth, commenced to pulsate and move up and down, also swaying from side to side, the motor power being underneath. The height of this substance increased to about three feet, and shortly afterwards the 'form' quickly and quietly grew to its full stature. By a quick movement of his hand Mr. Eglinton drew away the white material which covered the head of the 'form,' and it fell back over the shoulders and became part of the clothing of the visitor. The connecting link (the white

appearance issuing from the side of the medium) was severed, or became invisible, and the 'form' advanced to Mr. Everitt, shook hands with him, and passed round the circle, treating nearly everyone in the same manner. Finally, the materialised visitor re-approached Mr. Eglinton, *who was now partially supported from falling by Mr. Rogers*, and, taking the medium by the shoulders, dragged him into the cabinet. The 'form' was that of a man taller, by several inches, and older than the medium. He was apparelled in a white flowing robe, and was full of life and animation, and at one time was fully ten feet away from the medium. This séance Mr. Rogers regarded with the utmost satisfaction; he was fully convinced that the manifestation was genuine—that trickery was out of the question.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Rogers said in conclusion: I have sat with every British medium of note, and with a good many foreign mediums, and I have seen every phase of phenomena, and that under test conditions. I began my investigations into Spiritualism with a belief that the phenomena were trickery, but I discovered their genuineness. There is no doubt that trickery is practised in some quarters, and I attribute to this the odium in which our movement has been held; but facts are facts, nevertheless, and sooner or later they will be even more widely accepted than they are at present. Even now we have great reason to congratulate ourselves that men of repute in all spheres of life are beginning to recognise the truth. The movement grows, has grown, and continues to grow; all the same, it would be a sad day for Spiritualism if it ever becomes prematurely fashionable. While we do not want people to come into the investigation who are strongly prejudiced at the beginning, we have no reason to shirk inquiry on the part of those who will conduct their investigation in an impartial and serious spirit.

ADDENDA.

'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

At Mr. Rogers's funeral on Saturday, October 1st, 1910, the Rev. J. Page Hopps gave the following address in the Marylebone Cemetery Chapel, as the concluding portion of the service :—

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. Everyone has the awful power to be untrue to himself, to go against his conscience, his reason, his knowledge. Everyone 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 someone 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 someone—God or angel. It is someone who cares, someone who understands, someone who is just, someone who remembers, someone 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 unfailing, 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 !

'THE LAST SERVICE THAT LOVE CAN RENDER.'

At the graveside, Mr. E. W. Wallis, who spoke with considerable difficulty, said: Friends, we have now rendered the last service that love can render to the mortal form of one whom we loved. We return to mother Nature the body which served him so well for so many years, and we offer these flowers, the flowers which he so much prized (here the speaker dropped a small handful of flowers into the grave), as tokens of our affection and our appreciation of his brave spirit. After upwards of ten years of almost daily intimate and helpful companionship, my feelings will not let me say what I should like as a tribute to my more than friend. But I never stand beside an open grave without feeling, 'Thank God for Spiritualism—for the strength and comfort derived from the knowledge of the presence and companionship of the departed.'

Continuing, Mr. Wallis said that it was good to feel certain that the beloved friend who had left the poor tired body behind was truly alive, himself, and that he was really present in spirit—in possession of his spirit body which during the weary months of waiting had been surely prepared for him—and that he was conscious, active, and happy in the company of his loved ones, and of his old friends and co-workers who had doubtless happily welcomed him home on the other side. His life of loyal and devoted service to truth and spiritual advancement was an inspiration to others to work on bravely and be faithful to the end here, strong in the knowledge that death is but the gateway into a larger, fuller, and richer life beyond.

DEATH A NATURAL INCIDENT.

When he felt that he was drawing near to 'the great divide,' Mr. Dawson Rogers strongly desired that 'Humnur 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, who sent the following letters in reply :—

May 15th, 1908.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your dear daughter has written to me of your wish that I should write to Humnur 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'ESPERANCE.

May 15th, 1908.

HUMNUR 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 it may be mentioned 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 the 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 oppor-

tunities 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 intellec-

tual 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's character made upon me.

My acquaintance with him, which extended over about fifteen years, enabled me to recognise in him, in addition to the kindness 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 own best aspirations?

In addition to the gratitude which, in common with many others, I owe to Mr. Rogers 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.

MR. 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.

MR. 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.

MR. 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.

MR. 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.

MR. E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.SC.

Speaking before the Quest Society at Kensington Town Hall, on Thursday, October 6th, 1910, 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.

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

The following passages are taken from an article by Mr. J. J. Morse, in 'The Two Worlds,' of October 7th, 1910 :—

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.