

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe.

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

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

A large and lively detachment of curious people will eagerly welcome 'Mrs. Lynn Linton: her life, letters and opinions'; by George Somes Layard (London: Methuen and Co.). We are probably prejudiced, as Mrs. Lynn Linton has always rather frightened us: and a glance at the various portraits in this entertaining book revives our old tremors. The portrait facing the title particularly alarms us, and we are perfectly sure that Socrates himself could not have stood even a five minutes' cross-examination from that militant I AM. But, as we say, we are prejudiced, inasmuch as we have always unfortunately associated this combative lady with censoriousness of a specially uncomfortable kind,—and a temper. We are not, however, entirely without justification. For instance: almost at the end of the book we find this, referring to certain literary and artistic persons: 'The very name of one of these arch-offenders would act as a sudden squall on a placid lake: it seemed, in other words, to hit her like a violent blow. The hot blood would rush to her face; her dilated eyes would blaze through her glasses; her hands would clench to veritable fists; and for some moments she would sit trembling and speechless.' And that is the testimony of one of her friends! Perhaps it explains our terror and our prejudices. But there were far other characteristics in this strong woman:—singular alternations of sunshine and lightning, strength and weakness, venom and tears: and all are represented in this uncommonly entertaining and sometimes rousing book.

There is a chapter on Spiritualism, containing, in addition to a remarkably silly letter from a Mr. Orrin Smith and an incomprehensible one from Charles Dickens, nothing satisfactory.

We have received a copy of a new Chicago Magazine, with the odd title, 'Name on the sky.' It is possible to believe that the person or persons responsible for it are inspired by a pure desire for happier conditions of life, but we are sorry to see such a desire embodied as here presented, and in the names of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Eve, Victoria, Socrates, Paul, whose 'messages' are here given, with a promise that the next number will contain contributions from Horace Greeley, St. John, Judas Iscariot, Noah Webster, Martin Luther, and others. We do not mean to say that these persons could not and would not communicate, but we are afraid that the predictions concerning the speedy entire upsetting of everything upon the earth in favour of 'The Spirit Government of Love' with its new order are splendid pomposities or unpractical dreams. At the same time, we are bound to say that a

good many of the predictions are 'consummations devoutly to be wished.'

The following, however, from the editor's prospectus, is very deterring:—

The most wise, ancient and modern spirit people will supply the matter for the paper.

Old Father Adam, Old Mother Eve, Old Methusela, Old Noah, Old Moses, Old Solomon, Jesus of Bethlehem, St. Paul, Judas Iscariot, Mary Magdalene, Martin Luther, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, The Late Queen Victoria, Jeff. Davis, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, and many other spirit people of equal fame and wisdom will be regular contributors to NAME ON THE SKY. This most wise and most wonderful of all papers will be sold at all news stands in Chicago, and by news dealers everywhere in America, and in Europe and Australia.

We are sorry to hear it.

To a thoughtful student of human nature and human life we lately said that Christ took away the sins of the world just as all pure and devoted souls may and do,—by actually receiving and exhausting, and ultimately transmuting, the evil forces of the world. In his reply, he said:—

I believe this is true, as a scientific fact. I remember reading, some time ago, a theory regarding solar light which to my mind bears the impress of truth—*i.e.*, the intuition says, 'That is true'; for apply it as one will, it harmonises with experience and explains many problems. The astronomer who is responsible for the theory expressed himself somewhat as follows: First, the sun is a great power *in itself*. Second, this power manifests itself simultaneously in two ways, attractive and propulsive. He supposed that throughout the interplanetary spaces huge accumulations of sublimated sidereal elements (thrown off by the planets) were drawn towards the sun by its *attractive* power. When these approached a certain temperature (or ring) within the sphere of the solar influence, they are chemically *changed* into light (query, dynamically changed into light waves), which instantly is acted upon by the *propulsive* force of the sun, and thrown out into the solar system; *i.e.*, the planets have returned to them *as light* the emanations which required purification.

This theory seems to me to be true of a good man or woman. In themselves they are *strong* souls, with the attractive and propulsive energies manifesting simultaneously. Through love and sympathy they attract to themselves and take on the sins (or emanations) of others. These they transmute (because they *are* strong souls) into light, and so the sins are worked off and the world somewhat purified.

Even Mr. Charles Voysey fails to grasp the fact that what we call the phenomena of sight are simply personal sensations, and that, apart from these sensations, these phenomena simply are not. He says:—

The obvious truth is, that the phenomenon of light caused by waves of ether set in motion by outside matter-forces is no way dependent on the presence or the absence of living eyes, but shines on just the same whether there be any eyes to see it or not. Eyes are only agents by which we catch any of its rays. The rays were shining before we were born, and will shine on after we are dead. Moreover, in a beam of sunlight there are some rays which are invisible to human eyes. Shall we say they are non-existent because we cannot see them?

Certainly: they are non-existent as 'rays.' They exist only as vibrations, just as *all* so-called rays and colours do, until eyes and brain receive and translate them.

We do not care to champion palmists, but we have a rooted dislike to injustice and cant, and we see a good deal of injustice and cant in the treatment of some palmists by magistrates and the police. If one is prosecuted, why not all? A few days ago, a placard was exhibited all over Croydon, announcing a Fancy Fair; and one of the most prominent lines, in the list of attractions, was

PALMISTRY.

Following this, we read that the Fair is to be opened by the Mayoress, 'supported by the Mayor, Sir F. and Lady Edridge, the Vicar of Croydon and Mrs. Pereira, and other ladies and gentlemen.' And yet, if the police prosecuted a palmist, the Bench, with this very Mayor at its head, would probably convict. What gross injustice and cant attend upon 'Society' and the Church!

'The Sermon' reports the following incident, as pretty as it is instructive:—

At a recent convention of Spiritualists in Philadelphia a daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman was present, and listened with closest attention to the addresses and spirit messages. So strong were the arguments, so convincing the character of the messages, that it is said she became a convert to the belief in spirit communion then and there. It came to her as a revelation, a revelation of most joyful character that everyone ought to be glad to hear and learn about, and, believing, ought to be glad to tell to others. 'But I cannot understand,' said she, 'if it is all true, why you don't let the world know of so joyful a fact. Why not tell it everywhere?'

At this same Convention, says 'The Sermon,' a certain medium was controlled by one who had been a lawyer in Philadelphia:—

When this control first manifested to a gentleman in Philadelphia—a prominent Spiritualist—many reminiscences of their past friendship and intercourse were called up, and after a time the spirit control said: 'Friend L., we knew each other a good many years. We often met and transacted business. Why did you never tell me of this spiritual philosophy? Why was I compelled to come over to spirit life to learn so wonderful and valuable a fact as spirit communion? Why did you not tell me?'

There may be more in this than many imagine. It may make a very real difference to a spirit whether he awakes ready to comprehend the change that has occurred, or awakes only to be bewildered, perhaps alarmed. To many, the difference may perhaps be as great as landing on a foreign shore after due preparation, and being shipwrecked and drifted there.

'H. B.' sends us the following, and asks for our opinion. We thank him for it, and think it is as good as many a sermon, and better than some. He calls it

A HYMN OF MERCY.

How could we bear to be among
The sons of God, if those we love
Could never join the ransomed throng,
Could never reach the courts above?
How could we loiter through the bowers
Of that new Eden, 'mid the flowers,
If one of those beloved below
Lay wailing in unceasing woe?

No: ages could not wander by,
And God amid His creatures be
Deaf to their bitter, ceaseless cry,
Wrapped in His own felicity.
For, though He is the Lord of Night,
Unending Justice, Prince of Right,
He still delights to reign above,
The unexhausted Fount of Love.

We have received the first number of the organ of The Buddhist Mission of San Francisco. It is called 'The Light of Dharma,' and is published at the Mission house in San Francisco. Price 10 cents,

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

It is a remarkable and significant fact that, with very few exceptions, Art, in all its varied forms of outward expression, such as painting, music, poetry, and romance, has steadfastly resisted the materialistic explanation of the belief in life after death as a dream and a chimera. However irresistible the cold arguments of the scientist or the sceptic might appear, Art pursued its own way, preaching a spiritual doctrine, and, by a direct appeal to the human heart, sweeping down the materialistic creed like a house of cards. To imagine a great work of art as the product of a mind which insists on proving everything before venturing a step in advance is an impossibility; for a great work of art is not the result of actual hard and dry matter of fact patent to the dullest mind, but the daring attempt to express the heart's innermost feeling in such a manner as will give complete and entire satisfaction.

However skilfully argument is piled upon argument that there is no life after death, the heart of every man or woman who has lost a loved one throws arguments to the winds, and clings longingly to a future meeting face to face.

What has been for ages to the general mass of mankind a more or less misty belief in a future life is now capable of adequate demonstration to the careful and open-minded inquirer who sets about the quest in the right way. Hundreds of thousands of the human race are to-day absolutely convinced that death is not cessation of existence, but change from one plane of consciousness to another. This sentiment is gradually and surely leavening the whole of civilisation, and is exercising a more and more pronounced influence on the art of the day.

The subject of death has been treated by Art in various forms. Generally it has been the ruthless and terrible destroyer, the king of terrors, the all-conqueror who lays low the highest and haughtiest, equally with the lowest and most humble. It is but seldom that one meets with the idea portrayed by Mr. Arthur Drummond, the painter of the delightful 'Her Majesty the Baby,' in a work entitled 'The Angel of Death,' exhibited at the rooms of Messrs. Cadbury, Jones and Co., 13, New Burlington-street, W.

The conception is good, and it is almost impossible to convey to the reader the powerful impression produced on the spectator.

In a humble room, where all is dark and mean and wretched, save for the majestic presence, is an empty cot from which has just been lifted a little baby, to whose left hand the mother clings in one last lingering hold. Her lips are swollen with grief. The agony of despair can be seen on the part of the face not hidden from view by the hand she holds up to shield her eyes from the dread glory that has descended in an intense blaze of light. The sight is too much for her. She sees her baby has turned its little face to the visitor from the unseen, much as a tired infant turns to its nurse. She knows that in the powerful arms of this glorious being, whose golden hair is agleam with the light of the spiritual sun, whose garments are iridescent with the wealth of colour, and whose lips are shaped to kiss the little one it has come to fetch, there lurks no danger to her child. And yet, and yet, her heart bleeds to say good-bye. She clings and clings to the little baby hand that no more will touch the empty cot. The wings of the Presence are black as night itself, and the arms that take the infant are irresistible in their might. The mother knows not, heeds not, alas, that the Presence, in its compassion for the anguish of the human heart, bends its wings, on which the light beyond is shining, over her to gently stroke her hair, and comfort her as far as it is possible for its celestial nature to feel for human grief, inasmuch as it knows that in the universe all is well. It is a messenger of fate, which, though black and heart-rending for the moment, is yet an agent of the Great Spirit that has ordained, ere yet the foundations of the world were laid, the eternal progression from chaos to order, from discord to harmony, from darkness to light, from death to life.

ARTHUR LOVELL.

FRAU ROTHE, THE FLOWER MEDIUM.

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

BY F.—, PARIS.

(Continued from page 293.)

FOURTH SÉANCE.—FRIDAY, APRIL 26TH.

Present: Monsieur R., Messieurs B., H., and Jentsch, and Mesdames Corner and F.

The dining-room was, as usual, prepared for the séance. But on arrival, Monsieur Jentsch said he had certain directions to give to us. His words were: 'Madame Rothe's controls have given certain directions for this evening's séance. We are to sit in this room' (the drawing-room); 'Madame Rothe is to work with her own powers only. You may put her into the bag, tie it and seal it well. You are then to place Madame Rothe in Mrs. Corner's cabinet, behind the curtains, which are to be dropped.* The members of the circle are to sit as far away as possible from the cabinet, and you are to observe me' (Monsieur Jentsch), 'in order to assure yourselves that no collusion exists between the medium and me. Madame Rothe will work with her own powers; as the wearing of the bag will necessitate great expenditure of force, it is necessary that the medium be hidden from the view of the sitters.'

Naturally, we were obliged to accept these new conditions. Madame Rothe was placed in a bag of black lawn. The bag was secured around the waist. The sealing was worthless, for Madame Rothe objected to being tightly tied. I was able, with ease, to pass my closed hand between the bag and the medium's body. She objected—a second time—to being tied any tighter. Madame Rothe always wore a black dress, very loosely fitting. The bodice was particularly large and easy.

Ten minutes after the curtains of Mrs. Corner's materialising cabinet were lowered, Madame Rothe came slightly out of the cabinet, holding in her hands five sprays of mimosa† and four tulips. These flowers were absolutely dry and very crushed. One by one half a-dozen oranges were thrown from the cabinet, by the medium.

A few more tulips were given; these also were dry and crushed. One only was long of stem and fairly fresh.

Madame Rothe called me into the cabinet, and gave me two faded corn-flowers. Madame Rothe was weeping.

A few seconds after I left the cabinet, Monsieur R. and I believe we saw a bunch of flowers in the medium's hands—which were showing between the half-opened curtains—but the bouquet disappeared. I must refer to this a little later on.

'Frida,' through Madame Rothe, 'entranced,' asked if she might sing. The voice was Madame Rothe's. The poetry was not original. I cannot at the present moment give the author's name, but the words were familiar to two of the sitters. Those who have studied German song will recognise at once the origin of Madame Rothe's 'trance' singing.

At about ten o'clock Monsieur Jentsch declared that the séance was ended. The medium was weighed, when the weight lost was again found to correspond with the weight of the oranges and flowers.

RESULT OF WEIGHING ON FRIDAY, APRIL 26TH.

	Time, 8.30. Before the séance. Kilogrammes.	Time, 10.20. After the séance. Kilogrammes.
Madame Rothe	54.70	53.68
"Apports" Flowers and oranges }	1.00 Kilogramme.	

Notwithstanding this very significant fourth séance, we determined to continue the series, and in order not to

disturb Madame Rothe's peace of mind, to refrain from speaking of the unpleasant aspect which the phenomena presented.

The day following this exhibition—and surely it was of the saddest—I called upon Madame Rothe. She was out, but I was told she was very well. On Monday, April 29th, I called again, and found both Madame Rothe and Monsieur Jentsch at home, the former complaining of the cold, but otherwise quite well.

I told Monsieur Jentsch that séances with Madame Rothe lost their interest when a cabinet was used, and that we wished to continue the series as we had begun them, i.e., with Madame Rothe in the midst of the circle. 'As you object to the bag, we will simply ask Madame Rothe to wear one of my costumes,' I said. The costume I spoke of was made in one piece. The one opening was to be sewn up on Madame Rothe, and a running string to be drawn under the feet. Thus we should have had a better control than even that unfortunate bag, with its unhappy results.

To my request that Madame Rothe should wear this costume, Monsieur Jentsch replied: 'We will see: we will talk about it!'

The dress question laid aside by the 'We will see,' Monsieur Jentsch proceeded to question me about certain members of my circle, asking to be informed upon their professions, positions, names, &c. I begged him to trust the composition of my circle to my discretion, at which he became somewhat annoyed, remarking, 'We never give séances to people whom we do not know.' And yet I imagine that my person was quite unknown to Monsieur Jentsch when—from Chemnitz—he accepted my invitation to give séances to my circle, equally an unknown quantity as far as he was concerned.

I have omitted to say that every member of the circle was familiar with the phenomena of the séance-room. No sceptic has ever been present at these séances. No antagonistic thought has ever emanated from our circle. On our side all was done which lay in our power to ensure the success of our experiments, and to maintain harmony.

'And now,' continued Monsieur Jentsch, 'after having given five séances—we have only had four and but two weeks had as yet elapsed—without receiving any written document certifying to their success, we would be much obliged if Monsieur X. would sign a *procès verbal* of the séances already given.' I replied that on that point he must speak to Monsieur X. himself. Monsieur Jentsch continued, 'We came to Paris solely to give séances to Monsieur X., because of the great sacrifices he has made in the cause of Spiritualism.' I reminded Monsieur Jentsch that he came to Paris to give séances to my circle, of whose composition he was unaware until he called upon me with his medium on the morning after their arrival in Paris.

My visit ended, I believe I left Madame Rothe, as usual, kindly disposed towards me. At least her manner said so; and both these people expressed the hope of having a good séance the following night, Monsieur Jentsch remarking that 'Madame Rothe's controls are already working on her in preparation for to-morrow.'

During this interview, Monsieur Jentsch told me that on Friday evening, when bidding adieu to Monsieur B., near my concierge's door, Madame Rothe presented Monsieur B. with a bunch of flowers, 'wet and fresh as Nature could make them.' Were these the flowers which had disappeared at the last séance?

FIFTH SÉANCE.—TUESDAY, APRIL 30TH.

(WHICH NEVER OCCURRED.)

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

MADAME ROTHE BECOMES SUDDENLY TOO ILL TO GIVE SÉANCES.

On Tuesday afternoon at half-past six o'clock, I received a post-card from Monsieur Jentsch expressing the regret of himself and Madame Rothe that the latter was too ill to give a séance that evening: 'The last séance of Friday has so fatigued her that she is obliged to yield to the necessity of absolute repose before continuing the experiments.' Accompanying

* We had held a séance on the previous evening, with Mrs. Corner as medium, to which Madame Rothe had been invited.

† The mimosa is a flower in great abundance in Paris during the months of April and May.

this post-card was a bulky letter addressed to Monsieur X., which was found to be the *procès-verbal* of the preceding séances, with a request that the same be signed by Monsieur X. and the members of the circle, and returned immediately to Monsieur Jentsch.

This *procès-verbal* was not signed. And its great divergence from what really occurred at these séances, together with several errors which have been circulated in the Press and elsewhere, is my chief reason for writing a correct and 'fairly detailed account' of my intercourse with these people.

On this evening, April 30th, I questioned Monsieur B. concerning the flowers said by M. Jentsch to have been presented to him in the street after the last séance. Monsieur X. had also witnessed the 'phenomenon.' Messieurs B. and X. declared that the flowers were 'dry and of crushed appearance,' as those presented during the séance had been.

We are now obliged to ask ourselves, honestly and fearlessly, are we in the presence of a trickster?

The book incident is excusable; for, in a state of semi-trance, it is known that mediums are liable to yield to curious impulses. But if flowers have been presented to us by any but supernormal means, then Madame Rothe is not only reflecting discredit upon the rare gifts of mediumship, but is also dishonouring the bright cause of Spiritualism, and retarding the spread of the good news. If Madame Rothe, *of her own free will*, has entered our séance room with one solitary flower concealed on her person for the purpose of 'aiding the spirits,' we must suppose the existence of a cleverly contrived india rubber bag,—often concealed indecently, since she submits herself, at times, to examination and change of raiment. To believe this would be to believe that she is a criminal of the deepest dye, trafficking with the simple faith of the poor, committing the most unpardonable sacrilege towards the dead, a criminal greedily trading with sacred souvenirs.

But no! I speak now for myself, but I am sure the same sentiments will be found with those who assisted at these séances. Having seen Madame Rothe, I cannot believe her guilty of such deliberate trickery. I cannot believe that, of her own free will, she would give herself to systematic fraud, and impose on honest people who wish her no harm, who would, on the contrary, for *one well-contested phenomenon* become her devoted friends for life. Willingly would we sit for séance after séance, week after week, month after month, if finally we could receive one 'apport' under our own conditions. And the condition demanded of Madame Rothe is of the simplest, that she wear a gown I give her with its only opening sewn up on her, and a running tape drawn *under* her feet. All who are acquainted with Madame Rothe's phenomena must admit that no test is sufficient—not even dis-robing—which leaves her feet free.

I have read of séances with this medium where thirty people were present, and where it is stated that flowers materialised in the air away from the medium, and in full view of the sitters. A gathering of thirty people is incapable of arriving at a uniform opinion upon any subject whatever, least of all upon the phenomena observed at one spiritualistic séance. It is a circle of seven or nine persons only—a circle of sympathetic and patient investigators anxious for the truth at any price, *no matter what that truth may be*,—it is such a circle only which is capable of pronouncing, after many séances, upon the phenomena produced by what is called 'mediumship.' If such a startling and truly wonderful phenomenon as the materialisation of flowers and fruits in full light, in mid-air, three yards away from the medium, has 'repeatedly' occurred with Madame Rothe (indeed we were led to believe her phenomena were always produced in this fashion), why is it we have *never* seen the like, nor even an approach to it?

Monsieur Jentsch said, not once, but many times, on the Saturday following their arrival in Paris, at dinner on Sunday, and at our first séance, that the 'conditions were perfect, that his medium felt herself surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and love,' &c. He remarked during Sunday's dinner, 'Such good phenomena only occur when good conditions are provided.' Therefore I presume he considered the Sunday phenomena irreproachable, and on a par

with those produced at Berlin before a gathering of thirty people! Someone must surely be seeing double. Can it be that the reporters of that séance at Berlin saw what they wished to see, and not what was really there to be seen?

But observe. Monsieur Jentsch ceased to find these same 'harmonious conditions' with the first attempt to impose a test. And as the tests became more and more severe—from a ribbon tied under the knees to the bag—so the phenomena became rarer and more suspicious in kind, until the decidedly pitiable séance of April 26th took place.

The sequel does not lighten the tone. Madame Rothe's first engagement with my circle was to terminate on Friday, May 3rd; our last séance (the fiasco) took place on Friday, April 26th. There remained still a week.

I invited Monsieur Jentsch to visit me on Thursday evening, May 2nd. Another member of the circle was present at this interview. Very candidly we laid before Monsieur Jentsch the suspicious character of most of the phenomena: but because we did not wish to, and could not, believe Madame Rothe capable of fraud,—because prolonged intercourse with mediums will often show a shady side, which, on further investigation, proves sometimes to be but deeper sunlight,—for these reasons we offered to continue the experiments with Madame Rothe, at no matter what cost. But we insisted firmly that the medium, wearing the gown in question, tied under her feet, should sit in the circle.

MONSIEUR JENTSCH REFUSES TO FINISH THE SERIES.

Monsieur Jentsch not only would not consent to give another series of séances, but absolutely refused to finish the series already in progress. What are we to conclude from this refusal? Even Madame Rothe's best friend cannot but experience a pang of regret, and maybe a twinge of anxiety and doubt, when confronted with our loyalty and desire to believe, and Monsieur Jentsch's disloyalty and apparent fear of complying with the simplest of test conditions.

Monsieur Jentsch's reason for refusing to give more séances to our circle was that 'the medium was very fatigued after the last séance'—the bag—and was so thoroughly exhausted that all thought of further séance work had to be abandoned for the present.

Paris is a large city, but it is not so large as a stranger may imagine. When Monsieur Jentsch, on the evening of Thursday, May 2nd, assured us of Madame Rothe's temporary breakdown, he *knew* that they had arranged to give a séance on the following night, May 3rd, at the house of Monsieur F., a celebrated scientist.

On our side, from the beginning to the end of our intercourse with Madame Rothe and her manager, we have not, for one instant, failed to show her all possible marks of courtesy and kindness which lay in our power. And though, with each séance, the phenomena became more and more suspicious, we have never ceased to treat Madame Rothe as an equal, and as an honourable woman. We have been loyal to a fault. True disinterestedness looks for no reward, but may we not at least have hoped to find in Madame Rothe and Monsieur Jentsch a faithful observance of the conditions agreed to between Monsieur Jentsch and myself when he accepted my invitation to come to Paris?

Monsieur Jentsch, when accepting our offer, wrote that Madame Rothe was never able to give more than two séances a week. I have before me a published account of some of her séances given at Paris. Here are a few of the dates, and readers will judge if more than two séances a week were given during her visit:—

May 3rd,	a séance was given before	Monsieur F.
May 7th,	" "	Madame C.
May 8th,	" "	Monsieur H.
May 10th,	" "	Madame N.
May 12th,	" "	Monsieur B.
May 13th,	" "	Monsieur H.
May 14th,	Madame Rothe left Paris.	

Other séances were given between April 26th and May 7th, but I have not yet received the precise dates.

Monsieur Sellin, a gentleman whose name is known in the spiritualistic world, a teacher of languages in Hamburg, Germany, did me the honour of calling upon me on May 14th. He is a firm friend of, and believer in, Madame Rothe, and is

inclined to think that the latter has been hardly dealt with in Paris. But we, too, wish to believe in Madame Rothe, and if she be gifted to the marvellous extent that others—more fortunate than the painstaking members of my group—declare she is, then I feel towards her the warmest sympathy in that she is under such ill-advised management.

I have suggested to Monsieur Sellin that at some future date, he (Monsieur Sellin) should bring Madame Rothe to Paris, when, under his wise guidance, with a long series of experiments, we may hope—not to prove the existence of fraud—no! but to prove that transmutation of matter which, it is claimed, Madame Rothe's mediumship demonstrates. Monsieur Sellin may be sure that Madame Rothe will meet with none but the most courteous and kindly treatment.

One of Monsieur Jentsch's remarks was that he 'cared nothing for science' and that their 'mission lay with the poor.' Then why have come to Paris? But wherefore this disdain for science, the only religion of the future, if not already of the to-day? Surely she is worth doing a good turn to, surely she is worthy of her servants?

It is not by giving promiscuous séances first to this stranger, and then to that, and so on, that mediums honour their mediumship and benefit mankind. Is this not the custom of conjurers? Knowing well that they can safely defy detection for one, two, or three interviews, they grant these—on their own conditions—and then pass on to pastures new.

But a serious body of respectable members of society may have no desire to waste valuable time upon conjurers; and were therefore doing their duty towards themselves, and the outside world, and towards Spiritualism also, in endeavouring to raise Madame Rothe's phenomena out of the conjurer's realm, and by imposing the simple test of covering the feet (a test which, let us hope, no other medium would have hesitated to accept), protect themselves from the unenviable position of dupes.

'C'est plus honteux de se méfier de ses amis que d'en être trompé.' If the worst be true, the simple maxim will be our best consolation.

Paris.

L.I.F.

ORGANISATION.

BY MR. R. HARTE.

Every now and then the cry for organisation arises among Spiritualists, but, whether as a consequence of apathy or opposition, it soon dies away. Much has been said from time to time on both sides, and it is doubtful whether there remain any new arguments either for or against. Organisation leads to doctrine, dogma, and creed; and year by year Spiritualists find out new things which certainly do not tend to make them dogmatic. On the other hand, organisation is undoubtedly a source of strength, and without it no body of believers or of workers is more than a mob. It must be remembered that there are two kinds of organisation, the one is spontaneous, the other forced; the former is a natural growth, and forms an organism; the latter is an artificial thing, and makes a piece of mechanism. English colonisation illustrates the former kind of organisation, and French colonisation the latter; and the plan of 'dumping' a large number of people of all sorts down on a distant territory and letting them organise themselves, is productive of thriving communities; while the French plan of sending out so many carpenters, so many bakers, so many gardeners, doctors, and so on, and of putting the community together on the spot afterwards—like a machine which is transported in sections—has never turned out a success. An organism is necessary for the spread of opinions, or for the carrying on of a business, because it introduces responsibilities and duties, command and obedience. But it is not opinions that Spiritualists wish to spread, but knowledge—knowledge of facts; neither is Spiritualism a business that requires authority on the part of some, and obedience on the part of others. The thing which is really needed in Spiritualism is to increase the number of Spiritualists; and the true Spiritualist is the person who *knows from his own experiences* that the broad

basis on which Spiritualism stands is true—that after the death of the body the person who owned that body continues to live on, much the same in character, and in surroundings not so very different from those of earth-life. Now controversy does not give this knowledge, for arguments generally tend to harden both sides in their opinions; and attending the séances of recognised mediums is, as often as not, productive of doubt or disbelief in minds unprepared by some knowledge of Spiritualism; moreover, very few people have the opportunity to visit accredited mediums. So it comes to this: What is needed to make tens of thousands of persons all throughout the land Spiritualists, is a knowledge of the fact that communication with the apparently 'departed' is not only possible, but comparatively easy. And this knowledge can only come from personal experience; otherwise it is mere belief on hearsay evidence, and has no real life in it. This means that the home circle is that which will make Spiritualism a great power for good. It is probable that at least one out of every two home circles that sat regularly and perseveringly one or two evenings a week, would in a short time obtain intelligent communications by tilts or raps—little manifestations which, in a large number of cases, would quickly develop into far more wonderful phenomena. But even the tilts and raps would create an inextinguishable interest in Spiritualism in the family in whose circle they occurred. It is in that direction alone that it seems to me the organisation of Spiritualism is at present either desirable or possible; but in the shape of a pledge to investigate personally by holding family circles, organisation would be doing a splendid and very badly-needed work. At the present time there is no encouragement at all to form these circles. It is in human nature to like to feel that someone takes an interest in what one is doing, and a League of Investigators might very easily be organised which would create that feeling intensely. There is a gregariousness which is not that of propinquity, but of mental sympathy, and which is independent of distance. 'If you will, I will,' acts as well at a thousand miles as it does at twenty feet. The members of the league should pledge themselves to sit regularly at a certain hour on certain days in the week, and the consciousness that thousands all over England were doing the same would not only strengthen every one of them in their resolves to test the matter thoroughly, but would greatly add to the power actually called out, for all those apparently isolated circles would form one great circle psychically; and mediumship under those conditions is very quickly developed, as the experience of the National Developing Circle, in the United States some years ago, amply proved.

'GIVE OR BEQUEATH': WHICH?

The will of the late Frederick Fickey, junr., of Baltimore, Md., America, involving some sixty thousand dollars, which Mr. Fickey bequeathed to the First Spiritualist Church of Baltimore, was contested by his sister, and, after lengthy legal proceedings, a compromise was arranged whereby the lady received seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. Commenting upon this case the 'Banner of Light' says:—

'In many States, the wills of Spiritualists have been sustained outright, while in others large estates have been lost to our cause through the religious prejudices of the judges and juries before whom they were tried. There is but one way to make sure that property designed for Spiritualism will ever be devoted to the purpose desired by those who have it, viz., to give it outright to some legally incorporated organisation of Spiritualists, while the donors are yet in the form. Wills are too uncertain to be trusted, as the law can be and frequently is twisted to suit the prejudices of the courts that are called upon to decide upon any question involving the rights of the Spiritualists. Dispose of your property while in the body, oh Spiritualists, if you really wish to benefit Spiritualism.'

The advice of the 'Banner of Light' will apply with equal force to Spiritualists in this country, and the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., being a legally constituted body, would be well able to utilise the donations of generous friends who desire to promote the spread of Spiritualism.

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FAITH AND FORM.

The lately published Lectures by Harnack (London: Williams and Norgate) incidentally suggest a distinction of fundamental importance, and a distinction especially interesting to those who are prepared to apply in every direction the vital principles of Spiritualism: for Spiritualism, comprehensively understood, is a lamp which can throw light upon all the great subjects of human interest.

Harnack, in asking and answering the question, 'What is Christianity?' comes to a parting of the ways where, very early in its history, it was 'detached from the mother-soil of Judaism, and placed upon the broad field of the Græco-Roman empire,' a detachment which involved the development of fresh agencies and modes of expression, and, we may say, of dangerous transformations. But Harnack is always inclined to be hopeful and broad in his conclusions as to the fate of Christian ideals. A spiritual view of Christianity,—a view of Christianity which is happily possible wherever a broad-minded Spiritualist ascends the mount, and sees how the spirit and the life transcend all forms, and exist through and beyond all transitory modes of expression,—is precisely the view which the reverential rationalist is led to take as he surveys the field of history, and sees the transient and permanent as separate powers. The mere stickler for ritual or creed fancies that the vital thing is the ritual or the creed: he does not see that these are but vehicles; passing modes of expression. The spiritual discerner, on the contrary, knows that the only valid field of religion is the spirit, and that the only true worship is the worship of the heart. He is indifferent as to place or form: he can adore in company or alone: he is not concerned about ceremonial but communion: he understands the Great Teacher's saying that God is to be worshiped in spirit and (therefore) in truth.

This is the view taken by Harnack in these brilliant and strongly-grasping modern Lectures. He bids us remember that, in tracing the course of the Christian religion through the centuries, we must proceed upon the understanding that none of its modes of expression can be regarded as essential or permanent. It developed its power when the Jewish religion was drifting as a wreck, and it manifests its power by existing under the most diverse conditions. 'As a Gospel,' says Harnack, 'it has only one aim—the finding of the living God, the finding of Him by every individual as *his* God, and as the source of strength and joy and peace.' That is what we mean by our spiritual

view of Christianity,—a view which both defines the religion itself and the attitude towards it of the believer. This is the immense service which our Spiritualism, rightly understood and broadly treated, can render to Christendom. While sects contend, and creedmakers clamour, and ritualists perform, the holder of the key can explain them to themselves, or even save them from themselves, by revealing the truth that neither sect, nor creed, nor ritual can have any religious value, as ending in itself, but that, as ladders, every earnest soul may use them, to mount up to the only realm of reality,—the offering of the mind and heart, for thought and love.

Harnack, from his point of view of reverential rationalism, sees all this clearly, and sees especially that modes of expression are of inferior interest, even to the historian. Referring to the 'one aim,' just described, he says: 'How this aim is progressively realised through the centuries—whether with the co-efficients of Hebraism or Hellenism, of the shunning of the world or of civilisation, of Gnosticism or Agnosticism, of ecclesiastical institution or of perfectly free union, or by whatever other kinds of bark the core may be protected, the sap allowed to rise—is a matter that is of secondary moment, that is exposed to change, that belongs to the centuries, that comes with them and with them perishes.'

It ought to be better known than it is that this perishing began very early in the history of the Christian Church. In fact, as early as the second century 'the greatest transformation which the new religion ever experienced' occurred. In that short space of time, the simple community of kindred spirits had become a complex corporation of believers and devotees. Harnack calls it 'a great ecclesiastical and political community,' with an orthodoxy, an excommunication, a priesthood, a ritual and a code of ordinances, all complete and all enforced, patronised by law-makers and worked by an army of zealous officials. But this apparent lapse from the primitive commission, and this real lapse from the primitive aim, had their uses, were even perhaps necessary for the preservation of the ideal. The ecclesiastical and political corporation which was responsible for, or which was the product of, this transformation, could say, 'I have reared a great building, a fortress with towers and bulwarks, where I guard my treasure and protect the weak.' But the danger was very real and very great; and, though Harnack, everywhere sympathetic and hopeful, accounts for the perilous transformation, and apparently justifies it, he gravely notes its serious drawbacks, and yet, at the same time, insists that the transformed Church delivered the same message, and that 'the Gospel' held its own.

This, as we have said, is a view which the well-informed Spiritualist can take as readily as any one, inasmuch as he easily sees how the spirit can abide within varying forms, and express itself in many ways; but we need to be discriminating as well as sympathetic, especially in those days when the evidence strongly suggests that the Christian Church needs to make almost a desperate effort to free itself from ecclesiastical and political survivals which at times threaten to stand as a fatal obstacle in the path of the simple spiritual religion of Christ and John and Paul. It is no part of our mission to be militant even against these obstructive survivals, but we shall do well to take advantage of our point of view in order to understand them. The mighty Institution which organised Christianity has bequeathed to us has brought down to us problems as well as benedictions,—perils as well as helps; and only a rationalism which blends spiritual insight and critical capacity can enable us to deal wisely with it. The mere devotee is a danger, as an obscurantist: the mere critic may easily be a mere destroyer. Here we supremely need 'The

golden mean': but that golden mean cannot be found by the priest who claims 'divine authority,' or the iconoclast who talks about 'treason to Christ.' The priest's 'divine authority' is purely a human product; the iconoclast's sweeping condemnation is unhistorical and unspiritual. In the main it is true that the Church, with all its errors and crimes, has always borne witness to the 'one aim—the finding of the living God, the finding of Him by every individual as *his* God, and as the source of strength and joy and peace': and it is just here, where the heart beats and the life blood proves itself, that the true Spiritualist can see the one reality beneath the varying modes—ay! even beneath the varying blunderings and sins.

A CONVINCING EXPERIENCE.

'The Referee' has been of service to us in giving hospitality to many who have narrated noteworthy experiences. A letter from Walter Blake, of 145, Jamaica-road, Bermondsey, has specially attracted us. 'Of course it is a bit of romancing' will be the comment of ninety-nine out of every hundred readers of 'The Referee': and, to tell the truth, it is useless to lay such a pearl before—uninstructed men. Even some Spiritualists might hesitate. Probably, the explanation is that the spirit, in passing away, enjoyed, as an intense dream, what his brother heard and saw; the effect being given to him by sympathy, suggestion, telepathy,—call it what we will. But here is the story:—

'Some years ago I had a brother, who resided in Edinburgh, where he was engaged in the profession of music. My brother was taken ill, and his illness was considered so serious that my mother and I went to Edinburgh to see him. We stayed a fortnight, and left when he was apparently mending. This was in September.

'From time to time we heard from our friends there that the invalid was steadily getting better, until we had letters written by himself stating he hoped very shortly to resume his professional duties. (He had for months been quite unable to use a pen himself.)

'On the night of January 30th following the September referred to I retired to rest at my usual hour, leaving a pair of large folding doors (which divided my bedroom from a large drawing-room) wide open—my usual practice.

'I had then, and have now, a very fine American organ, which was placed exactly in my line of sight if I was lying on my right side in bed.

'I fell asleep and appear to have slept about three hours, when I suddenly woke up, and looking across into the other room I saw my brother seated at the organ, a bright light shining upon his face and upon the keys.

'He commenced playing a few bars I knew well, and then sang the whole of a piece "Qui Sdegno" from Mozart's "Magic Flute," which was arranged to Latin words, "Redemptor Mundi Deus," for a church offertory piece.

'As he sang and played I, although perfectly conscious, and even seemingly reasoning with myself, was quite unable to move, but as the last sounds of the piece died away I said aloud, "What a fool you are! Jump up!" and jump up I did, but the light had disappeared and the vision gone. I sat up the rest of the night trying to read. The time was by my watch 3.15 a.m.

'In the morning I mentioned my vision—or dream, if you like—at breakfast, and promised my mother, who resided with me, to wire to Edinburgh as soon as I got to the City. Having business in the neighbourhood of Lewisham that morning (I lived at Blackheath), I sent my son, then a boy of fifteen, to my office to bring me the morning's post and meet me at the corner of Lewisham-road. I met him as arranged, and I saw him some little distance away with a bundle of letters in one hand and a telegram in the other.

'Now the receipt of a telegram was nothing unusual to me, but in spite of that I exclaimed "Alf's dead!"—and he was, the telegram merely saying that he died at 3.15 that morning.

'What do you think of this short story? I cannot explain it to my satisfaction, especially as we had heard nothing but good news from my brother for some weeks.

'I will not comment upon it, but leave you with the naked facts as they occurred. What you think of it I am decidedly anxious to know.'

THE FOXWELL MYSTERY.

CONTINUED REPORT OF PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION.

Since the appearance of my article in 'LIGHT,' February 16th, such general interest has been aroused in what was undoubtedly accomplished by those engaged upon the psychic investigation of the mystery surrounding the fate of the then missing Mr. Foxwell, that it is practically improbable that the memory can ever be entirely obliterated.

I had hoped long ere this to complete my narrative, but at the end of February I became so seriously ill that it necessitated my being laid up in bed for nearly three months, and although now still an invalid I am endeavouring to redeem my promise.

The publication of my article, taken in conjunction with what was already known to the general public, produced an outburst of sympathetic interest and sceptical criticism that words are quite inadequate to depict. The article has been translated into many foreign languages, one of the results being that I have received frequent letters from most unexpected places abroad respecting its contents. It has been copied into many British papers and commented upon in numberless others, and the demand for it continued so great after the whole edition was sold out that it was reprinted in 'LIGHT' of April 6th, 1901.

It has started spiritualistic controversies in non-spiritualistic papers, and I have been continuously receiving letters from strangers, full of inquiries for further points to be explained to them, whilst to psychical researchers our experiences must ever remain as most valuable evidence of spirit identity, return, and communion, where neither telepathy nor sub-consciousness serve as the basis of a working hypothesis; and hence its unique and intrinsic value to the spiritualistic cause.

Before continuing my report, I wish to take this opportunity of saying that it has recently been brought to my notice from many independent and reliable sources, that a well-known medium in London is claiming to have been also engaged in this research, and moreover that to him are due certain successful results. Now I know absolutely for a fact that the medium in question had no interview with Mrs. Foxwell, nor was he in any way connected with the subsequent research which I narrated in 'LIGHT' of February 16th. It is therefore my intention to refute such fallacious statements whenever the occasion demands it in the interest of truth, and I reiterate that the people alluded to in my article represent *in its entirety* the little circle of friends whose investigations were followed up with such astounding developments and success, which are now so universally known.

Some weeks ago a correspondent in 'LIGHT' was anxious to obtain some further information regarding Mr. Foxwell's missing hat and umbrella, and to enter into this it is necessary to discuss some experiences I have not hitherto touched upon, not because I do not consider them equally valuable and interesting, but purely upon the ground that I deemed it advisable in my previous article to adhere closely to that part of our investigations which was subsequently verified on the discovery of Mr. Foxwell's body, thereby establishing its *previous* accuracy, but which was at all our sittings inseparable from much that has not yet been corroborated by subsequent events.

Now the assistance and information we obtained from the various spirit friends proved in many ways so remarkably reliable that I consider I am thereby fully justified in suggesting that it would be inexpedient to renounce, or denounce too readily, that portion not yet confirmed; this mental attitude in itself neither enhances nor detracts from its immediate value, and there remains for me but to truthfully record that which is necessary for the completion of the narrative of our experiences.

In a certain and somewhat unexpected direction we have encountered from the disembodied Mr. Foxwell himself a serious obstacle, for although manifesting the most touching anxiety to have his body found, and aiding us by accurately written directions, and guiding us in spirit form to the place close to where his body was discovered next day, he persistently preserved the utmost reticence respecting the woman

whom, through automatic writing, he stated kept saying: 'Hush! sh—, sh—, sh—,' on the night upon which he alleges he was attacked on leaving Thames Ditton Station.

In this connection the psychic vision of what did occur on the fateful night of Thursday, December 20th, 1900, presents itself to our spirit friends and the clairvoyants in this fashion:—

The hour was late when Mr. Foxwell arrived at Thames Ditton Station that evening, and the rain, pouring in torrents as it pitilessly swept the country-side with tempestuous hurricanes of wind, would make all compelled to be exposed to the fury of the elements hasten with all speed to their destination. At the foot of the pathway leading from the station platform, beside the wicket gate, was seen clairvoyantly the form of a woman intently watching, and as Mr. Foxwell hurriedly approached he apparently recognised her, and they entered into conversation for a few brief moments. The woman seemed anxious to persuade Mr. Foxwell to agree to something which he vehemently refused, and as he angrily turned to go under the archway in the direction of his house, two men, hitherto concealed in the dark shadows of its angles, stepped hastily forward and intercepted his progress. One of these men was tall and slight, and wore what appeared to be a cloth cap with lapels to protect the ears, and the features seemed to be veiled or partially disguised, whereas the other man was considerably shorter in stature. The tall man struck Mr. Foxwell on the head with something heavy, but soft, and the blow partially stunned him. Whilst in this semi-dazed condition his mouth was covered with what appeared to be a handkerchief, and with a man supporting him on each side, he apparently was walked about for some considerable time before his body was thrown into the water.

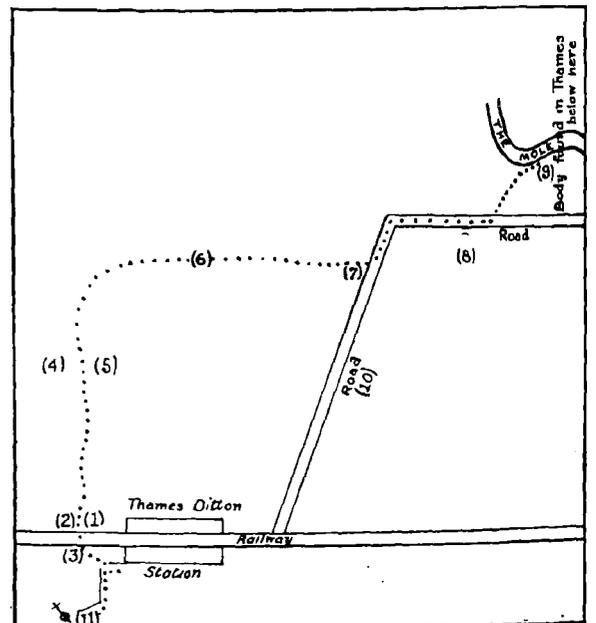
As we pursued our search for his then missing body on Wednesday, January 30th, the influence of these people came up strongly all along that terrible trail which we followed step by step, guided by the spirit form of Mr. Foxwell walking just ahead of the mediums. We were then distinctly given the impression that their original intention was to drown him in that large pond in the centre of the field where we found the tavern, as indicated previously by Mr. Foxwell, when writing automatically through Mr. von Bourg; but, discovering this to be unexpectedly dry, their plan was frustrated, and the psychic link went across and beyond it. When between the two stiles the poor victim was overcome with exhaustion and sank swooning and groaning to the ground, and at this spot (by Mr. Foxwell partially controlling Mr. von Bourg) the pitiful scene was enacted before Mr. Knowles and myself, as I have already described. From this point he was alternately dragged and carried, the woman always ahead, and intently listening to avoid possible disturbance. When the main road was entered the advisability was considered of placing Mr. Foxwell in the pond on the right hand of the footpath, near some buildings, but either because of the proximity to the public road, or the shallowness of the water (which we gauged), this was abandoned, and the two men bore him across the road to the left, and crossing the fence, entered the meadow, which soon brought them to the waters of the Mole. What occurred there subsequently I will leave for the moment, as I prefer to give it in connection with another sitting we had the day after the finding of the body on January 31st, to which I did not allude in my previous article.

Now the foregoing portion of this clairvoyant vision, I wish it clearly understood, always presented itself in the most definite manner possible, not as a *separate* vision but as *part of the whole*, and the various spirit friends (who took, if possible, a keener interest in the unravelling of the mystery, and searching for the missing body, than even we ourselves) sturdily maintained, and do so still, that Mr. Foxwell did not meet his death by accident, and that these people were in the death surroundings. They are also of the opinion that this attack had been planned for some time, and that he had been shadowed until an opportune moment presented itself. As a rule he was in the habit of returning earlier, and was frequently in the company of a friend, but on that fatal night the lateness of the hour, and surrounding loneliness owing to the tempest which was raging, rendered him practically at his assailants' mercy.

We have already proved (on the recovery of Mr. Foxwell's body) the truth of our spirit friends' assertion that the object of the attack was not robbery, as his watch and chain, ring, money, &c., were still upon his dead body. The motive they think was spite, and that the woman was the instigator to avenge some real or imaginary wrong, and it appears clairvoyantly that she took away with her the missing hat and umbrella.

Now one suspicious circumstance consists in the fact that Mr. Foxwell's body was found in the *contrary* direction to his house, and the subjoined little plan may roughly serve to demonstrate my meaning. It will be remembered that all trace of him was lost in London, when he sent off that telegram to his wife in Finsbury Park, late in the afternoon, after visiting his sick mother; therefore the most obvious conclusion would be that in London was the place to search for him, there not being the slightest trace of him from that moment.

Ever remembering this fact, it is doubly worthy of careful observation that at our first sitting in his house on Monday, January 28th, not only did the Maori controlling Mr. Knowles accurately describe Mr. Foxwell, giving other details, of whom and which Mr. Knowles knew absolutely nothing, but Mr. Foxwell, through Mr. von Bourg, by automatic writing told us that at that moment his body was lying in the water about a mile from the house, and indicated the direction, which was proved subsequently to be perfectly correct.



Dotted line indicates our route.

(1) Pathway. (2) Wicket gate. (3) Archway where attacked. (4) Dry pond. (5) Tavern. (6) First stile. (7) Second stile. (8) Pond. (9) Spot where body is supposed to have been thrown into water. (10) Road which the men and woman are supposed to have taken in returning. (11) Mr. Foxwell's house.

Upon Friday, February 1st (the day following the finding of Mr. Foxwell's body floating in the Thames just below where we indicated that the search should be made), Mrs. P., Dr. —, Mr. von Bourg, Mr. Knowles, and I, went down to Thames Ditton in the afternoon, to inquire for Mrs. Foxwell and ascertain further details connected with what had been done since our search on the previous Wednesday.

As may be well imagined, we found poor Mrs. Foxwell well-nigh distraught with the shock she had received, and she told us that on the previous day (Thursday, 31st) she had gone herself to indicate the place in the Mole which we suggested searching, and that after the men employed had been using their poles some little time, the dead body of Mr. Foxwell was seen floating on the water of the Thames just below the spot we indicated, and that it had been identified by the watch upon which his name had been engraved when presented to him by Mr. Ferguson. It will be remembered that the Maori, when controlling Mr. Knowles, had described Mr. Foxwell accurately, and this watch with the name upon it, and also some peculiar charms, regarding all of which Mr. Knowles, normally, was

absolutely ignorant, and which Mrs. Foxwell, expressing much surprise, acknowledged was correct.

Between the Wednesday of our search and the Friday of which I am speaking, the Maori was continually talking clairaudiently to his medium (Mr. Knowles) about the woman, and describing her through him to me. On Friday, at Mrs. Foxwell's house, I asked her brother-in-law (who obviously had no sympathy with our psychic methods of investigation) to write down the description of the woman who came up so clearly in the clairvoyant visions. This he consented to do, and when alone with Mr. Knowles and myself certain details were noted respecting height, dress, approximate age, expression, and certain peculiarities, and when I asked him if the description seemed at all familiar, he admitted that Mr. Foxwell had known someone whom the description certainly resembled. Now if this is coincidence, pure and simple, it is an interesting one, and much as we should have liked to pursue this aspect of the tragedy, circumstances tended in the opposite direction, as the wish of the family (now that the fate of Mr. Foxwell was known) was that all further investigation should cease, and Mr. Foxwell himself during our sittings always displayed marked reticence as soon as we began to question him on this point.

The description having been duly recorded, Mr. Knowles and I rejoined the others, and after having some tea, Dr.—— went to the mortuary to see the body, and subsequently gave his evidence at the inquest.

During his absence Mr. von Bourg suggested a sitting with his two crystals, and described scene upon scene as the various visions were formed up in them.

He witnessed again Mr. Foxwell's arrival at Thames Ditton Station, the conversation taking place and subsequent attack, the terrible midnight walking where we ourselves had been, and the arrival at the banks of the Mole; and at this point I take up my previous narrative.

Here Mr. von Bourg saw plainly in the crystal the prostrate body of the almost unconscious Mr. Foxwell lying on the ground. He described the pouring rain, the sodden grass, the glimmering dawn of daylight, and the suggestive stillness of that recumbent form. By its side stood the two men, making preparations to put the dying man in those silent waters. The woman stood there also, with Mr. Foxwell's umbrella open over her head, and she held his hat in her hand, and afterwards took it away with her. Now comes a most surprising corroboration of the description of the woman given separately by the Maori, who saw her in the surroundings of Mr. Foxwell at the first sitting.

This second delineation given by Mr. von Bourg tallied exactly with the details which presented themselves independently to Mr. Knowles and the Maori, and I know that there had been previously no collusion of any kind, except the possibility of an unconscious telepathic impression exchanged, to which all mediums or sensitives are susceptible.

Then followed a most remarkable crystal reading in connection with that umbrella. Mr. von Bourg rapidly described the circumstances which had decided Mrs. Foxwell to give it to her husband; the dress she wore when she went to London to buy it; the way she went; the building she went to; the appearance of the young man who served her at the Stores; the precise kind of umbrella it was; and, finally, the exact sum which she paid for it! And this umbrella which he described so accurately, he said he could see plainly in the crystal, being held open by this woman as she stood beside Mr. Foxwell's prostrate form, as she callously watched the two men preparing to throw him in the water, which done they came away from the spot, returning by the road to the station, through which they passed, and finally fading away in more crowded surroundings; and there the crystal vision ended.

I should also like to record another interesting prevision we received through the mediumship of Mrs. P., on the previous Wednesday, after our search and before leaving Mrs. Foxwell's house.

Mrs. P. said she could see clairvoyantly the form of a clergyman reading a funeral service, and she described his appearance to Mrs. Foxwell, who said it certainly corresponded with that of a local clergyman who, if the body of her husband were found, would, in all probability, conduct the funeral ceremony. Mrs. P. was of the

opinion that this vision indicated that the body would be discovered, and have the burial service read over it, and strangely enough, after the inquest Mr. Foxwell's remains were brought to the house, and the funeral service was read over the coffin by a clergyman entirely resembling the one she had described.

As we were returning home in the train on Friday, after the crystal séance, we were all greatly actuated by a desire to follow up the mystery of the alleged attack, and Mr. von Bourg most kindly invited us to come to his rooms one evening for a further sitting, for which he would get from Mrs. Foxwell something which was taken off the dead man's body.

Mrs. Foxwell allowed us to have one of the gloves which was removed from the corpse as it lay in the mortuary, and on Friday evening, February 15th, Dr.——, Mr. Knowles and I met at Mr. von Bourg's as arranged, the other members of the original circle being unavoidably absent.

Unfortunately on that occasion everything seemed to make the conditions for success as unfavourable as possible. The evening was bitterly cold, and the atmosphere most inclement. Dr.—— and Mr. von Bourg were suffering from acute colds, and Mr. Knowles was very unwell and quite physically unfit to sit, and I was commencing to feel the acute symptoms of my rapidly approaching illness; but having assembled we placed the stiffened, misshapen glove in the centre of a small table and commenced the séance. The spirit friends were enabled to bring Mr. Foxwell to the circle, and he was plainly seen clairvoyantly, standing between Mr. von Bourg and Dr.——. He partially controlled the former, making distressingly gurgling and choking efforts to speak, which he was unable to do. Mr. von Bourg was taken away from his body to the spot where the mediums were so clearly impressed Mr. Foxwell was thrown into the water, but we did not obtain anything of fresh interest. Mr. Foxwell appeared too dazed to realise very much beyond the fact that his body had been found and buried, so that his chief anxiety was over. The same reluctance to discuss his assailants was noticeable, although he did not repudiate his previous statements concerning them, and shortly afterwards he left us saying 'he would try and tell us more next time,' and up to the present no further information of any definite value has been imparted, although I believe I am correct in saying a further sitting during my illness was held in the house of Dr.——, with practically similar results.

Now, I have here no desire to theorise or advance any biassed opinion as to the so far unconfirmed clairvoyant visions I have just described, but which are necessary to complete a truthful record of our psychic investigations connected with the Foxwell mystery; and thus these things remain in abeyance for the time being.

Who can fathom the subtle portent of these so far unverified psychic visions? Or who is justified in limiting the significance of these two men and this woman being so prominent to independent clairvoyants and our spirit helpers throughout the varied scenes of this inscrutable tragedy? So much has already been subsequently verified that it seems surely only prudent, unless facts to the contrary are forthcoming, that the remaining portion of our experiences still awaiting confirmation should not for this cause alone be too hastily condemned as visionary and valueless.

Who can tell what revelation the future may hold? Do not bygone ages and modern history teem with mystery and hidden crime brought to light in most unlooked-for ways? If in this particular case a foul crime has been committed, sooner or later the guilty ones will suffer, for all true Spiritualists realise that even should dark and evil deeds be compassed without discovery upon the earth plane, retribution, in the relentless and infallible form of Karma, fulfilling the immutable law of cause and effect, will by its purely reflex action bring upon the evil-doer and evil-thinker sooner or later a punishment meet for the crime; and should this be deferred until beyond the grave, the Ego retains the capacity for still enduring mental anguish far more poignant and overwhelming than is possible as an incarnate entity, functioning in physical conditions, and necessarily limited by such environment.

The immortal Ego who carries with it across the border-

land which separates the seen from the unseen (as restricted by our normal vision) the burden of secret sins, and memory sullied with foul thoughts, and aspirations turbid with impurities, creates for itself a veritable hell, in which existence has to be supported for a practically indefinite period in the most degraded spiritual conditions in the lowest levels of the astral plane, known to Spiritualists as 'the dark spheres'; and not until that tortured, sin-laden soul realises to the uttermost the evil wrought on the earth plane, and strenuously strives to rise from its appalling misery, then, and not till then, can the earth-bound spirit make the first step in its spiritual progression.

But with the awakening consciousness that we, *and we ourselves only*, shape our destiny, the yearning cry of the poor struggling spirit is not uttered in vain—the very projection of nobler thoughts and aspirations enables higher spiritual entities and influences to approach, and thus the impenetrable darkness fades into the refulgent glory of celestial light, and the Ego, by the knowledge gained, by the experience accumulated, by the gradual elimination of material desires, by an absolute abnegation of self and self-aggrandisement, steadily continues its upward progress throughout the innumerable stages of its immortal and spiritual existence, by which only it can aspire to the attainment of a completed and perfected evolution.

Hurstborne Lodge,
Ashchurch Park-villas,
Shepherd's Bush.

EFFIE BATHE.

'OLD-TIME EXPERIENCES.'

I was in America about the same time as 'Chronos,' who writes in 'LIGHT' of June 22nd concerning some remarkable experiments with a piano. As what is stated is so extraordinary and unique it occurred to me that it would be well for me to give testimony corroborative of the facts. Let me say, then, that I knew the medium, Mrs. Youngs, very well, and witnessed the phenomena that occurred through her mediumship on several occasions. It was a heavy, square piano that was used when I saw her. When I sat down to play, the instrument commenced to rise and beat time with its front legs. I was told to go to one end and lift it. I did so, but it was as much as I could do, for the instrument was said to weigh eight cwt., but on the medium placing her hand on one of mine it went up as light as a feather. I also saw the piano rise up at the word of command, the medium holding her hands about a foot above it, when it would go down gently or loudly, as 'Chronos' describes. Mrs. Youngs told me that President Lincoln took a great deal of interest in the phenomenon, and would lie at length on the piano and 'get the spirits to rock him.' I was also informed that a young girl lived with Mrs. Youngs at the time, and through her the President received 'messages' about the war, and from her lips received the Edict of Emancipation which was issued. The medium was at that time fifteen years of age. She is now Mrs. Nettie Maynard, and has published a book, 'Was Lincoln a Spiritualist?' I engaged Mrs. Youngs to exhibit her powers one Sunday afternoon at the 'Paine Memorial Hall,' where the materialists assemble, and where the 'Investigator,' the organ of the party, is published.

In a former article 'Chronos' referred to Mrs. Thayer, a wonderful flower medium, whom I also knew, and can testify to the wonderful phenomena he reports, except that I never knew of any live subjects being brought except birds, such as pigeons and canaries. When Mr. Morse and I arrived in Boston this lady offered to give us a séance, on which occasion we each found ourselves the possessor of a handsome pigeon. I calculate that in the course of the six years I spent in Boston I attended a hundred of her séances, for she used to let me know when anything was coming off in case there should be anything special to report. I also spent two weeks at the home of the Eddys, and witnessed the same kind of phenomena as 'Chronos' reports. I gave an account some years ago in 'LIGHT' of what I saw. 'Chronos' alludes to a box experiment with Mrs. Thayer similar to one I had with her at the suggestion of Professor Denton. I provided the box, locked it, and sealed it

in the presence of a dozen witnesses, who were all satisfied that it was perfectly empty, and while we sat round the table with the box in the centre, a cold wind was felt (it was a hot summer's afternoon), and then a heavy blow seemed to fall on the box; it was found on examination to contain several beautiful fresh-gathered flowers, a copy of the 'Banner of Light,' 'The Voice of Angels,' and a photograph of Mr. Colby, and was followed by a shower of roses, fifty in number.

ROBERT COOPER.

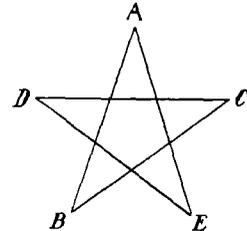
Bath House, Eastbourne.

THE PENTEGRAM, A SYMBOL OF DEEP TRUTH.

In reading 'Faust' one must have sometimes speculated on the meaning of the idea Goethe had in making it impossible for Mephistopheles to quit Faust's chamber on account of the pentagram drawn on the floor, and it being only possible for him to do so by getting a rat to nibble at one of the angles, thereby opening it, before he could make his escape. We know that the pentagram was a symbol used by the Rosicrucians, the Illuminati, the Masons of the Middle Ages; that they were the recipients and the handers-on of the esoteric wisdom of the old religions; and that they hid this inner knowledge from the Church, for it contradicted their dogmas and they were thereby exposed to fierce hatred and persecution unto death if found out. We see, then, in this, the use of symbols intelligible only to the Initiate, and remembering the incident in 'Faust' one may, I think, make out the possible meaning arrayed in this mystic sign, if we give it a little careful consideration.

If it is a symbol of the Inner Wisdom it must suggest a deep truth, probably about the human soul and its relation to God.

Let us now see what we can make of it. From the name pentagram it means a figure with five points or angles, as I here draw it.



And now for the possible interpretation:—

A is the great Spirit, God.

A to B the descent of spirit into matter, into its lowest form.

B to C the ascent of matter into its highest form, the brain of man.

C to D man's development in intellect and progress in material civilisation, *the point of danger*, from which all nations have hitherto fallen into moral corruption, signified by the line D to E. But the soul being derived from the source of Good cannot remain at this point E, but must struggle upward, so the line E to A is the long, difficult upward path to join the source from which it issued. Let us imagine this figure drawn on the floor of Faust's chamber with the angle A pointing inwards from the door. Mephistopheles could not enter by that angle as it signified the soul joined to God, where no evil could enter, so he had to get the rat to open the point and so let him escape. Whether this is the meaning the Illuminati gave it, I do not know, and I have never seen any interpretation of it, but there seems to me a certain coherence and meaning in the above interpretation that may at least indicate what it may possibly have been.

J. A.

MARRIAGE.—'The Blackpool Times,' of June 19th, reported the marriage of Mr. Jas. Veary, a widower, of Leicester, and Mrs. Mary Jane Place, also of Leicester, in the Blackpool Spiritualist Church, the ceremony being conducted by Mrs. S. Butterworth, of Blackpool. Mrs. M. J. Place is a clairvoyant medium who has rendered very acceptable services upon the public platform of many of the spiritualist societies in the North of England. The breakfast was served at the residence of Councillor S. Butterworth and the happy couple received the good wishes of a large number of friends.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

The Society for Psychical Research.

SIR,—As many Members and Associates of the Society for Psychical Research are regular subscribers to 'LIGHT,' and as that paper is my only chance of a public protest against a glaring injustice, I must appeal to your courtesy to allow me to speak through your columns.

I have been a loyal Associate of the Society for Psychical Research for nearly fourteen years, but never during that period have I been present at such a meeting as the one which took place at Westminster Town Hall, on Friday afternoon, the 14th inst.

Not content with what I had hoped was an *unconsciously unfair* attack four weeks ago upon Dr. Wallace's very suggestive paper on the Foxwell case, Mr. Podmore's evil genius prompted him to call to his assistance a chairman whose comments upon Dr. Hodgson's paper would have disgraced a Board school child of twelve years old. Mr. Podmore is too diffident in mistrusting his own damnatory capacity as a Psychic Researcher! There was no need to call in any outside assistance, least of all from one who adds conspicuous and unscientific unfairness of methods to the obvious prejudices of the 'man with a brief.'

Dr. Hodgson's careful investigations of the case under review were treated by the chairman as beneath contempt—details were glossed over, suggestions foreign to common-sense were raised to the point of assertion, and a most deplorable and unscientific exhibition was the lamentable result.

Fortunately Dr. Hodgson's reputation as an able and honest investigator is too well-known to be damaged by such methods. Those of us who have the pleasure and honour of his acquaintance, or friendship, know that he combines the 'faire' of a first-class detective with the balance of an acutely intelligent and entirely honest man.

Dr. Hodgson and Dr. Wallace are strong enough to bear even the heavy weight of Mr. Podmore's methods, combined with Dr. Walter Leaf's peculiar ideas of criticism; but I doubt very much whether the society itself, in its present form, will be equally robust.

We have spent nearly twenty years and I believe more than £20,000 in endeavouring to solve some of these *various problems without prejudice or prepossession of any kind, and in the same spirit of exact and unimpassioned inquiry which has enabled science to solve so many problems, once not less obscure nor less hotly debated.* I quote from the society's own admirable words as describing its aims, and devoutly wish that its practice of late had been more in accordance with this much to be applauded standard. Also, I wish for all our sakes that Dr. Walter Leaf had committed this sentence to memory before taking the chair.

After a long and exhaustive research and mountains of accumulated evidence, Mr. Myers and Dr. Hodgson (both men of conspicuous ability) have arrived where continuity of consciousness, surviving the physical change called death, appeared to them as a *possible tentative working hypothesis*; similar in aim to that which is considered necessary, and accepted as such, by every other branch of science.

It has been a long and weary road to traverse, and to many the result seems scarcely commensurate with the talent, and patience, and money that have been absorbed. Others, more truly, perhaps, look upon such an achievement as heroic, upon the lines laid down. Anyway, it is Mr. Frederic Myers' legacy to us—this working hypothesis—and, thank God! Dr. Hodgson is still with us to help us to realise our inheritance. And now, in this hard-earned crisis of our lives as Psychical Researchers, the 'poor' who are 'always with us' (poor in perception though rich in prejudice), seize upon our goods and practically tell us that the whole weary process must be repeated *ab initio*. Well! for those who are willing to roll up their Sisyphus ball once more at the tyrant's suggestion, well and good. By all means let them pay their two guineas a year punctually on January 1st, and make handsome donations as well.

For those whose highest ideal is to seek without finding, to ask without receiving, and to knock without hope of or even desire for entrance, I can conceive no society so eminently suited to satisfy every need as the Society for Psychical Research under its present practical conditions. It may amuse and flatter a heterogeneous mass of subscribers with the idea of deep and philosophical research on easy terms, but we do not want merely big names, nor even numerous subscribers; combined with a small clique of obstinate and determined obstructionists; to steer the ship. The society needs for its salvation a moderate and ever-increasing number of open-minded, intelligent, scientific workers.

Several Associates who attended the meeting on the 14th with the resolution of becoming Members, in answer to the appeal for more money, went away wiser and sadder, and also richer by at least a guinea a year—possibly two. Others, who came intending to become Members straightway, heard Dr. Walter Leaf's 'criticism' and had no wish for any nearer connection with a society that could elect such a chairman.

These are *facts* and show after all that good may come out of evil. The prophet who came to curse, remained to bless; for surely it is a blessing to have such complete assurance as the last two meetings have afforded us of the way in which the proceedings of the society will be conducted in future? 'Better a tooth out than aye wagging,' as the old Scotch proverb says; and if we are to be left high and dry, deprived of all means of *intelligent* scientific research, it is much better for us to face our position at once. We may thus be the sooner enabled to find some means of relief, and at least we shall not be any longer deluded by the will-o'-the-wisp of a society which professes to explore but does not intend to discover (or, at any rate, to utilise its discoveries), lest its *raison d'être* should disappear. I have heard this reason given for continuing to 'sit on the fence' and refusing to allow even a working hypothesis of the kind suggested. It has been given by responsible members of the society, and I think a worse reason could hardly be found.

To begin with, it is not true. Even from Mr. Myers' tentative standpoint, any amount of work remains to be done which is not being done at present in any combined and definite manner on the same scale as the Society for Psychical Research could work. Experimental psychology over a vast field of inquiry—winnowing out the true from the false—learning something more of present obscure conditions; all this is still in great measure *terra incognita*, and calls for all the recruits we can muster as explorers. But even were it not so, what then? Surely we are in this world to find out the *truth* of things, so far as in us lies; not to provide a *raison d'être* for the Society for Psychical Research, nor for any other society?

Thanking you for your courtesy to one who is not a member of your own society,—I am, yours faithfully,

E. KATHARINE BATES.

Palmistry.

SIR,—I would like to say a few words regarding the prosecution of palmists. Mr. A. Lovell, in his letter in last week's 'LIGHT,' says: 'If palmists are to be classed as rogues and vagabonds merely for professing to tell the character and to a certain extent the future by the lines on the hand, &c., then all clairvoyants, psychometrists, &c., ought to be proceeded against in a like manner!' Well, as a matter of fact, clairvoyants and psychometrists can be proceeded against the same as the palmists. The police are on the watch every day for cases against the mediums, and sooner or later they will suffer the same penalty for dealing with the future—that is, mediums who charge a fee.

But palmistry has lately become such a fashionable craze that there is an open field for any sharp or unprincipled person to lay claim to the name of palmist. This prosecution by the police is really the best thing that could happen for the really genuine palmist; it will clear out, as it is already doing, all these usurpers and give the qualified palmist a chance. But until there is some examination or recognised test to be gone through for persons wishing to practise, I fear it will be a hard task to get rid of these frauds.

As things are now, the police must do something in the interests of the public, and there is nothing else for it but to prosecute everyone where there is a weak spot, and that is, *dealing with the future.*

I say that until every palmist is put through an examination and duly registered, the same as any phrenologist, there will always be the same trouble with the police; and they, as I say, are not to blame.

Liverpool.

W. J. McDONALD.

For Love of the Children.

SIR,—May I claim a space in your valuable paper to plead the cause of the poor little children who compose our Lyceum and Band of Hope? They are reminding us that the time has arrived for the established summer outing, and we are anxious to give them one. The spirit is more than willing but the funds are more than weak. May I ask for the sympathetic and generous support of those friends who are able to contribute towards a day's real happiness for the little ones?

Receipts will be duly acknowledged in the columns of 'LIGHT.' Thanking you in anticipation, yours in the cause of humanity,

ANNIE BODDINGTON,
President Battersea Spiritualists' Society.
99, Bridge-road, Battersea, S.W.

Floating or Levitation during Sleep.

SIR,—The communication on 'floating or levitation during sleep' by 'W., Ilfracombe,' in 'LIGHT' of June 15th, is of much interest to anyone who, like myself, has had similar experiences.

In my case they have usually occurred when I have been alone in the evening, between ten and eleven, while reading. The first sign is generally a loud and almost painful sensation like blowing through both the ears at the same time, which continues until I become partially unconscious but in a condition distinct from sleep. After this blowing has ceased an apparent rigidity in my whole frame prevents me from moving any muscles.

In this way I have had the following experiences:—

1. Being lifted, according to my feelings, until I was near the ceiling of the room, and at the time I have been conscious of the unusual appearance of objects when viewed in this position.

2. A sensation of being carried away out of the room through the window, into the open air, of seeing the moon and the tops of houses, indistinctly; then, very distinctly, of finding myself in a large and lofty octagonal room, with distempered walls (like a hospital). I floated round this room and felt the cornice and saw the large fire in the grate. The room was empty except for a kind of long, low side-board on which there was a boy's toy yacht and some glasses. Then I floated through the folding doors out of the gas-lighted room on to a dark staircase, with iron railings and stone steps. As, still floating, I descended the stone stairs, I saw before me a tall man whom I had never seen before; he was going slowly, heavily and carefully down the stairs. As I floated towards him, I touched him on the shoulder; he started suddenly and almost shouted in a frightened way, 'My daughter!' As his voice was loud and strange I felt decidedly frightened, and awoke to find myself still rigidly sitting in my chair, feeling stiff, with no sense of having slept, but having a distinct recollection of every detail of the experience strongly imprinted on my memory. This occurred about two years ago.

3. On another occasion I floated, as it seemed, out of my chair by the front door to another house, where I also entered by the front door, floated through a dark passage into a kitchen, where I saw a strange, rough, weather-beaten little old man packing loot from the house into a coarse canvas bag. As I floated through the door he put out a candle that stood on the table. Then, for the first time, I became conscious of being accompanied by a presence which cast about me a brilliant light. I was told to stretch out my hand towards the man; as I did so, he looked up, pale and frightened, his face illuminated by the brilliant light that accompanied me. He left the bag and fled out of the room by a back door. Immediately, with a kind of jerk, I found myself in my arm chair wide awake. Experience No. 1 has been repeated several times, Nos. 2 and 3 have not been repeated.

Floating as a sensation in dreams has been a common experience with me since I was about fifteen years of age.

Have others had similar experiences, and how are they to be explained?

A.K.C.

SOCIETY WORK.

CAMBERWELL.—GROVE-LANE PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 36, VICARAGE-ROAD.—On Sunday last Mr. Adams gave an instructive address on 'Spiritualism,' which was much appreciated. Mrs. Holgate sang a solo; Miss Pierpont gave a short reading and a brief and comforting address. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Holgate.—S. OSBURN.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY, 73, BECKLOW-ROAD, W.—On Sunday last Mr. Drake opened the meeting, by speaking on 'The Necessity for Accuracy.' Mrs. H. Boddington followed, her subject being 'Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good.' Miss MacCreadie received a splendid test from a clairvoyant, the Christian and surname of a friend in spirit life, and a message being given to her, which she fully recognised. Miss MacCreadie also gave a short address. Large after-circle. On Sunday next, Mrs. Whimp will give clairvoyance.—C.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, SURREY MASONIC HALL, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—A record in numbers was established at our morning public circle last Sunday. The continuance of the series of addresses upon 'Jesus—After Death,' has aroused much interest and inquiry, which is distinctly shown by the increased attendances both at the morning and evening services. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., the usual public circle will be held, when strangers—who are heartily invited—will have every opportunity of putting any question pertaining to the teachings and practices of our church; at 3 p.m., children's school; at 6.30 p.m., Mr. W. E. Long will continue the series of addresses upon 'Jesus—After Death.'—J. C.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. E. W. Wallis will deliver trance addresses in the Oddfellows' Hall, Morley-street, Plymouth, on Sunday, July 7th, at 11 a.m., subject 'The Basis and Aims of Spiritualism'; at 6.30 p.m., subject, 'The Meaning of Spirit Manifestations.'

HACKNEY SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, MANOR ROOMS, KENMURE-ROAD, MARE-STREET, N.E.—On Sunday evening last, Mr. D. J. Davis spoke upon 'The Secret of Christ's Power,' showing very clearly that it was due to the realisation of his absolute oneness with God, and the outcome of his recognition of the powers within himself, and his practice of drawing aside from the multitude for seasons of communion with the Father. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Ronald Brailey will speak. 'LIGHT' on sale.—H.B.

CAVENDISH ROOMS, 51, MORTIMER-STREET, W.—On Sunday last, Mr. A. Peters delivered a short address concerning Spiritualism, at the conclusion of which twenty-three spirit friends were described, all of which were recognised before the meeting dispersed. The conditions were of a very harmonious character and the numerous friends assembled again and again testified their appreciation of the medium's success. Mr. J. Edwards presided and made a few encouraging and helpful remarks. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. M. H. Wallis will deliver an inspirational address on 'The Compelling Power of Spiritualism.'—S. J. WATTS, Hon. Secretary, 2c, Hyde Park-mansions, W.

BATTERSEA SPIRITUALIST CHURCH, HENLEY-STREET, S.W.—On Sunday last, a splendid address was given by Mr. Cole on 'Spiritual Culture,' preceded by a short reading from Sarah Grand's book, entitled, 'The Religion of the Future.' Mr. Cole impressed upon his hearers the fact that life should be lived on the basis of the recognition that man is a spirit entity now, and that the spiritual well-being of man should be paramount. Mr. Boddington presided. On Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 3.30 p.m., meetings in Battersea Park and on Clapham Common. At 7 p.m., Mrs. Boddington. On Tuesday, at 6.30 p.m., Band of Hope. On Thursday, at 8.30 p.m., public séance.—YULE.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESSIVE CHURCH, BLANCHE HALL, 99, WIESBADEN-ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON.—On Sunday last Mr. J. J. Morse gave an eloquent and uplifting address on 'The Two Heavens—Here and Hereafter.' The substance of the message was that the only 'Heaven' attainable by man was gained by creating a like condition while here in the body and thus preparing for the life beyond. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. J. A. White will give clairvoyance. A members' meeting will be held on Wednesday, July 3rd, at 8 p.m. At The Public Hall, Forster-road, Tottenham, Mrs. Wallis gave a very eloquent and interesting address on 'Spirit Spheres and Spirit People,' which was highly appreciated by the audience. On Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis will give a trance address on 'Spiritualism Good for Both Worlds.' On Sunday, July 7th, Madame Florence Montague will answer written questions, and will afterwards 'name' the child of one of the members.—A. CLEGG, Secretary, 18, Fleetwood-road, Stoke Newington, N.

RECEPTION OF MRS. MELLON AT NEWCASTLE.

The Heaton and Byker (Newcastle) Spiritual Investigation Society held a 'welcome home' reception to Mrs. Mellon, on Sunday evening last, in their hall, Bridge End, which was attended by all the well-known Spiritualists and speakers of Tyneside and district. The Lyceum session in the afternoon was attended by Mrs. Mellon and her three daughters and other friends. Tea was provided for the visitors, after which the evening service was held. Mr. Robinson (chairman), was supported by Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke, Mr. Walker (of North Shields), Mr. Stevenson (of Gateshead), Messrs. B. and W. Westgarth, Mrs. and the Misses Mellon, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Elliott, &c., &c. The Chairman said it was love for Mrs. Mellon that had brought together so many old workers and friends to do her honour, not only for her personality, but on account of her noble work for Spiritualism. He said it was thirty years since Mrs. Mellon first sat for the Newcastle Society. She had been put to very severe tests, but had passed through all ordeals without a stain. Messrs. Stevenson, Lashbrooke, Walker, Elliott, and Westgarth spoke at length regarding what they had witnessed through Mrs. Mellon's mediumship, and expressed their pleasure in being able to welcome her back to 'Canny Tyneside'—the birthplace of her mediumship. Mr. Howes (of Blackpool) also spoke. Mr. Hetherington and Miss Sewell and the choir rendered solos and anthems during the evening. The Chairman said he had been asked by Mrs. Mellon to tender to her many friends her deep sense of appreciation of the kind sympathy with which she had been received. Mrs. Mellon intends to become a resident in Heaton amongst her friends. She has had invitations from various parts of the country to attend receptions, which will take place in due course, but she will not readily forget the warm welcome of her friends in Newcastle.—G. S. DAWSON.