

## THE FIDDLER OF THE WHITE-BREAST WATER.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

As a grand old harp, his violin  
Had a world of tuning made in;  
Sweet as the notes of an Alpine horn,  
Since uncle John was a Saxon born.  
And the power that thrilled his trembling hand  
Came down from the shores of his fatherland;  
That fatherland with the flowing Rhine,  
Whose hills were red with the autumn wine,  
Where mountain tops in lone clouds dim,  
Had sung of evolution's hymn.

Tho' the children played in the corner near,  
He lent no eye nor list'ning ear,  
But kept to the spirit sweet within  
That dwelt with him and his violin.  
Drawing his elbow to and fro  
With a heavenly light on his face aglow,  
We often thought of the pair that died  
As standing there at the father's side.

His darling Beatie—she surely came,  
And the babe that had no earthly name,  
Entrancing his soul, inspiring his face  
With the peace of their restful dwelling place—  
The home of the child and the Saxon daughter,  
Lying asleep by the White-Breast water.

Not the grieving wind o'er the western hill,  
Nor the gliding fog in the hungry mill,  
Nor the leaping flames with roar and din,  
Could dull the tone of that violin.  
His eyes so pale, of German blue,  
Transformed with song they bloomed anew,  
Borrowing eyes of the purple aster,  
And the chiming chorus rolling faster,  
Then moaning sad, with a cadence low,  
Or soft and sweet as the streamlet's flow,  
Reminding us of the fair-haired daughter  
Baptized by the spray of the White-Breast water.

And was it fancy, or did I dream?  
Perhaps 'twas the mist from a silver stream,  
But something flitting to and fro  
Trembled upon his fiddle-bow,  
Stirring the locks of his thin gray hair  
That touched the back of his home-made chair.  
One with the gift of second sight  
Said my dreaming was partly right,  
Since he, who dwelt near the soul of things  
And walked in the shoes of angel wings,  
Saw a winter's night while the fiddler played,  
Two misty shapes that softly laid  
Their gentle hands on his waving hair,  
Around and over his high-backed chair,  
The nameless child and the Saxon daughter,  
Fair as the foam on the White-Breast water.

Caressing his cheeks with tender grace,  
Bringing a balm to his aged face;  
Yet mortal eyes but marked the glow  
Of the fire-light dancing swift or slow,  
Chasing the shadows about the room,  
Tho' the great wheel's rim or lumb'ring loom,  
'Midst skeins of yarn from the brown old rafter  
That echoed the children's rippling laughter;  
And we heard the song of the son and daughter  
In the swelling flow of the White-Breast water.

Outward vision with many a flaw,  
Could scarcely credit the things he saw;  
Unknown to the world or Uncle John  
His inner sight beamed calm upon  
The shadowy side, where an angel master  
In white robes came, while sweet and faster  
The thrilling anthems rising o'er us—  
He heard alone the angel chorus,  
Tho' he never could tell how grand it seemed,  
"But then," you say, "he only dreamed."  
Mayhap he did, yet this I know,  
An orchestra swayed that fiddle bow,  
Revealing a grace that was more divine  
Than is often seen at the salinity shrine.  
Born of the peaceful rest within,  
Sweeping the chords of his violin.  
A master mind wrought the infinite glow  
And laid the spell on his fiddle-bow,  
Voice of the son and the angel daughter  
Sleeping near to the White-Breast water.  
Carlie Parks, Pueblo, Colo.

## Do We Ever Forget?

PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

It is said that every action of ours leaves its indelible mark upon the leaflets of our memory. If this be true, then we only forget temporarily; we mislay, so to speak, a fact, as we might misplace a material object which we shall surely find at some other time, perhaps when we least expect it.

This is sustained by the well-known experience of drowning men: in the brief moments between the loss of hope and the passing into unconsciousness, their whole life, from childhood up, is retraced to their mental vision like a swift-moving panorama. In ordinary conditions we rarely have a continuous recollection of the past. Isolated events, circumstances, sometimes important, often trivial, some dating back to early infancy, are suddenly recalled, with startling vividness, but without connection with other circumstances or events, often without any association of place or time.

The least incident—somebody's casual remark, a passage in a book, a single word—may stir up memory, or it may be invited by reverie. And, according to the nature of the incident or of the inviting thought, memory comes as an avenging deity or as an angel of mercy, as the stern herald of conscience or the gentle guardian of love.

There may be pages in our life's record we would gladly destroy, which we wish had never been written; sealed and put away in some dark recess of the mind, we would fain forget them. Destroyed they cannot be; they are indestructible; memory brings them up to the light and we read them with a sigh at our folly, at our weakness to resist temp-

tation, our too easy yielding to unbridled passions. The wrong we have done may be irreparable: at memory's call we begin to expiate.

Fortunately, in the most wretched life's record there are pages which bring us comfort, pages over which we love to linger: they tell us of some good accomplished, of some noble impulse obeyed, of the forgetting of self for the service of others, of tears dried and aching hearts consoled—the credit side of our account with our brother-man: oh, that it might show a balance in our favor!

But the wrongs we have suffered at the hands of others, how is it with them? There are wrongs—pecuniary losses, slanders, insults, injustice and persecution—which, if we are spiritualized, we have forgiven and forgotten, put away charitably; the recollection of these can bring a passing discomfort, we have lived them out, the wounds they inflicted are healed, we find no satisfaction in dwelling on them, but hasten to cast them off as unworthy of a thought.

But, there is a wrong, the memory of which is fraught with both bitterness and sweetness, a wrong not to be disposed of, as the others, by mental effort: it is when we have given our whole love, the best in us, our soul's dearest aspirations to one who has proved unworthy, insincere and changeable. The memory of the heart has treasured the sad story of our soul-disappointment; our heart bleeds, but so strong, so true was our love it could not be killed; like truth crushed to earth it is ever rising again, hopeless, asking, expecting no return, but recalling the agony of the dreadful recovery only to cast over it the broad mantle of forgiveness, off-

Still, some distinction should be made in the case of the spirits: as they progress and become more etherized, their earth reminiscences grow dim and cease to be readily called up. Not that these are absolutely forgotten: as in the case of mortals above cited, they are lost sight of temporarily, put away and mislaid, but could be brought to sight if the spirit cared to make the effort. Generally, the advanced spirits have outgrown all interest in these questions of identity; they are too much engrossed with higher thoughts to willingly indulge in trivial experiences. An advanced spirit cares very little who you imagine him to be, provided he may inspire you with higher thoughts and teach you to lead a nobler life.

The remembrance of wrongdoing and of good deeds cannot be classed among trivialities. When the former have been righted, expiated and outgrown they no longer haunt the spirit. Self-redeemed, he is clean; incapable of evil, he cannot think of evil, no painful reminiscence comes to cause him a pang of remorse and mar the perfect happiness he has earned through noble endeavor. On the other hand, good is imperishable, the good we have done becomes part of our immortal self; no effort of memory is needed to recall a good action, the particulars may be forgotten, the happy feeling resulting therefrom remains—a joy forever. The vase that once contained attar of roses never loses the sweet fragrance. It is this lasting power of good makes us forget evil.

The doctrine of reincarnation teaches that upon reaching the Spirit-world, the spirit (as in the drowning man's case) has a vivid recollection of his earth-life, of all its earth-

world until the haunting memory of the past awakens remorse; a glimmer of the truth penetrates the darkened soul, it sees, it realizes the awful desolation of its condition. Then shall willing hands again be held out to the unhappy victim of its own folly, and kind, loving voices bid it cease to despair, for final happiness is sure though it must be earned through suffering.

Save in exceptionally rare instances, the reincarnated spirit does not remember his previous existences. This is well; the knowledge might lead to inordinate pride and conceit, or it might discourage strenuous effort to overcome harsh conditions. Some isolated fact may suddenly flash upon our mind which we cannot account for except as something we have lived before; it is like the sudden remembrance of some trifling event of our childhood; only, we know we were that child, whilst we cannot know of any former personality we can claim as ours. It is a curious fact that those people who claim knowledge of a former incarnation, invariably select some great name for it; we hear of reincarnated heroes and heroines, but who ever claims to have been poor John Smith or humble Mary Ann? Vanitas vanitatem, omnia vanitas.

## Time Unbarred.

In the everlasting silence of myself I sat. Time unbarred did know me not, for in the days where I had dwelt I saw no Time to hold me more. The soul in highlands of itself did fold about its wonder, and I in speechless presence of its greatness did grow no days. I mounted where the years were grown to

meet their beauty through my haunting ground.

"Soul!" I cried, and soul was all. The shadows from all bells did flee away, and the grapevine tended true around the arching of myself did give its fruitage.

I was infant in the arms of Love, and I was giant on the waters of myself. I trembled forth my music and the stars came dancing to my melody, and the soul of every soul where I had birthed my love was one with mine.

Augusta Adams.

Rockland, Me.

## Psychography.

Experimental Seance No. 2 held at Winthrop Lodge Camp, Rugged Lake, Adirondack Mountains at 8 p. m., June 15, 1902.

PSYCHIC PROF. FRED F. EVANS.

Our second experimental seance with Prof. Evans was held in the dining room of Winthrop Lodge at the time and date mentioned above. Those present were Prof. Evans (the psychic) S. G. Boyce, B. M. Boyce, Prof. J. R. Pauline, Kit Nolan and A. Evans. The party sat around the dining room table which was about four feet wide and eight feet in length. The room was lighted by two lamps, one of which was directly over the table used for the experiment. A 5 by 7 "America's Best" brand of slate was carefully cleaned and passed to Mr. S. G. Boyce to examine and magnetize by placing left and right hands on the surface of said slate, for about one minute. This slate was then passed to Prof. Pauline, who held the slate as did Mr. Boyce. Whilst Prof. Pauline was holding this slate, a second slate was cleaned and given to Mr. S. G. Boyce, who examined and magnetized as he did the first one. The two slates were then placed together and a rubber band clasped around them. A request was made that some matter from the outside or forest should be brought in and placed between the closed slates. During this time the slates lay upon the table with the hands of Mr. Boyce and Prof. Pauline resting upon them.

In a few moments a signal was given to open the slates. The rubber band was taken off and the top slate removed. On the surface of the lower slate we discovered two pieces of grass about 3 1/2 inches long, and a leaf from one of the trees, about two inches long by about one and a half inches wide. The grass and leaf were still wet from the heavy rains that had fallen that day. Prof. Pauline who had before him the top slate that had covered the lower slate containing the grass and leaf, was then directed to place a piece of pencil on the table and cover it with the slate and place his two hands upon the same. The psychic, Prof. Evans, then requested Mrs. S. G. Boyce to ask some question. Mrs. Boyce said:

"Will some kind spirit friend please direct me where to find my back comb, inlaid with blue stones, that I lost some time today whilst outside?"

This question was repeated and written on paper as a question and laid near the slates. After sitting about twelve minutes a signal was received that the slate was written full. Prof. Pauline was directed to turn the slate over and examine, which he did with an exclamation of surprise, for on examination the slate was discovered to be full of writing containing messages for each present. The slate contained about ten messages, a total of two hundred and forty words, written with common slate pencil and in patch-work form peculiar to this medium. The messages given were all recognized. The message in the lower left-hand corner of the slate proved to be an intelligent answer to the question asked by Mrs. Boyce, and read as follows:

"The comb with the blue stones is in the blue bonnet in the lower bureau drawer in the cottage near the boat-house."

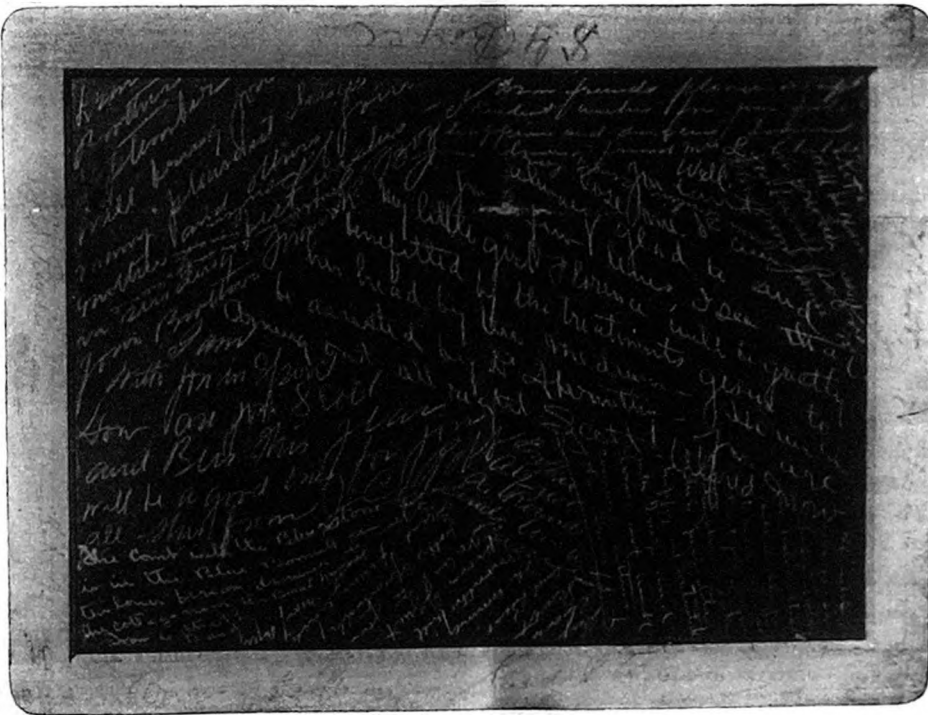
A lantern was lighted and our party of sitters proceeded in a body to the place described, which was about four hundred feet away, and Mrs. Boyce was delegated to open the bureau drawer, and there sure enough, the comb was found in the blue bonnet, in the lower bureau drawer, as described by the spirits.

All of the witnesses present at this seance bear-with vouch for its genuineness.

Witnesses present,  
Prof. J. R. Pauline,  
Scott G. Boyce,  
Bessie M. Boyce,  
Kit Nolan,  
Mrs. F. F. Evans.

"When it becomes the joy of our lives to render service—to give ourselves unto the least and the greatest—we shall find that a great immutable law of compensation restores to us again sevenfold."

As we serve God and man, He in turn serves us seventy times sevenfold. It is a grand and inspiring truth to realize that the Mighty God is ever ready to serve us if we will but let Him do so. In service the laws of Compensation and Reciprocity work and balance and harmonize all differences.—St.



setting the remembrance of the wrong by the recollection of the blissful days of mutual trust and confidence.

A weak love condones and cringes, clinging to lost illusions; the noble soul love finds a solace in dwelling only on the bliss that was real, though the friend proved false, as on a pleasant experience never to be lived again, as though the friend we have lost had "gone before." But for this view of the case, the memory of a broken friendship were too cruel to be endured. It acts as an anaesthetic and dulls the pain which must slumber forever in the wounded heart and which memory has quickened for a time.

So much for the persistency of memory during earth-life, the dual memory of mind and soul. But we are taught, besides, that all our good and bad deeds are inscribed on our spiritual body so that when we cross to the Beyond our fellow-spirits will see us just as we truly are, not as we claim or think we are—a fact well worth meditating upon: are we sure we shall turn out to be pleasant acquaintances "over there?"

In spite of all the learned arguments, adduced to show that memory, belonging to the physical organism, cannot be retained by the spirit when once free from the earth-life attractions, I must hold to the belief—based on the foregoing and on the numerous authenticated cases of spirit friends establishing their identity by referring to facts, often trivial, of their past life—that we remember even better, as free spirits, than we can as mortals, for then we remember at will.

lives; he remembers the temptations, the struggles; he counts the victories won, the failures and defeats suffered. This is a crucial moment: the spirit must then and there decide upon its future course. Whatever good he has done, the self-sacrifices in the services of his brother man, will arm him for his future life-struggles. He must make the resolve.

Reincarnated, after a long period of absorption when he will attain the full fruitage of past endeavor, he will lose for the time being the memory of past good and bad deeds, but the experience gained shall not be lost, it will influence his treatment of the bad conditions to come. The progress made in a former existence minimizes the difficulties to be encountered in the next.

Thus with the spirit whose mortal career has been marked by spiritual aspiration and noble endeavor. But with the misguided man whose life has been devoid of spirituality, who has been the selfish slave of his passions, how will he be?

If his spirit has a gleam of regret for the good, if it feels shame and ambition for a mispent life, it will find kind friends willing and eager to help, to open its eyes to the folly of its course, to show it the way to better things; protection, guidance, sympathy will help it to preserve in its good intentions. But the intention to do better must be there. It may be the spirit is obdurate, clings to the wrong with the obstinacy of criminal conceit; then it has chosen its fate, it will remain earth-bound, adding to the misery of this

hours no more, and I saw the birds of all eternities fly forth to wing their songs of love-life, back unto my listening ears. The arms that Christ-like folded round I felt as little child's that knew no care, and the winds that told me peace of all themselves, I knew as message-bearers from the All Peace.

I hung aside the curtain 'twixt the dawn and dark where hidden lies the everlasting song of many souls, and found the utterances that told me mysteries unsolved, for I was that which heard where speech was not.

My soul did know the whiteness buried deep of every soul, and in the claspings true it found itself, for see, the crucifixions of all Calvaries were told as sympathy did feel itself.

I hung the banner forth that read me travel in a no-man's-land, for "Soul to Every Soul" was all its lettering.

The donbating days where I had dreamed no song but Time's, did sleep in very littleness of all themselves, and I in soul of all my soul did fathom down the depths of every soul.

I rived to the ocean of a many craft, and I beat to windward of a many sail, but in the silence of all voyaging like to mine no shipwrecks saw I on the waters, for souls were poised as they did speak themselves a-foth.

Over the continents of ages I whispered, and down the centuries I cried my voice, for soul was master and I, its keeper, stood to tell it forth.

The footlights on the stage of Time did play their little shadows while I laughed on, and the trees in background of my growth did



## Twenty-Five Years of Psychical Experiences.

W. J. COLVILLE.

Lecture delivered March 6th, 1902, before London Spiritualist Alliance, in St. James's Hall, E. Dawson Rogers, Esq., President of the Piccadilly Alliance, in the chair.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of my first introduction to public life having occurred on the 4th of this present month, I have been particularly requested to give some definite account of my connection with psychic problems during a quarter of a century. If I am to relate faithfully, even in barest outline, my experiences with 'unseen helpers,' I must go back to my very early childhood, when my 'mediumship' originally declared itself. I was practically an orphan from birth. My mother passed to spirit life in my infancy and my father was called by important business to travel in lands remote from England, where I was left in charge of a guardian. My childhood was singularly unchildlike, as I was separated from children altogether, and compelled to associate exclusively with persons of thoroughly mature age.

How I first came to see my mother clairvoyantly I do not know, but I distinctly remember becoming vividly conscious at frequent intervals of the gentle, loving presence of a beautiful young woman, who invariably appeared to my vision gracefully attired in light garments of singular beauty. The head of this charming lady was adorned with golden ringlets; her eyes were intensely blue; she was tall and of rather slender build, and manifested many attributes of almost ideal womanhood. I cannot recall to mind any occasion when this lady spoke to me as one ordinary human being on earth converses with another, but I distinctly recollect that when I saw her most plainly and felt her presence most distinctly, I was intensely conscious of information flowing into me. I can only liken my experience to some memorable statements of Swedenborg concerning influx of knowledge into the interiors of human understanding.

### THE PROBLEM OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

I should probably never in those early days have thought of such a problem as clairvoyance, had it not been for the surprising fact that what I saw perfectly other people did not see at all. I was first led to realize the unusual character of my vision when I mentioned the presence of the 'beautiful lady in white' to two persons who were with me when I saw her very distinctly, and they declared that we three were the only occupants of the apartment. The mystery of the fourth inmate was for me greatly intensified when it appeared to me that the other two persons, besides her and myself, could pass through her and she through them, while they appeared completely unconscious of each other's presence. An elderly lady with whom I was living, who was a devoted Churchwoman, summed up all my singular visions, when I related them to her, in the following words: 'Well, I can't account for it, but it must either be the work of God or Satan.' Though not many months over five years of age at the time to which I am now referring, I had already heard Satan called the 'father of lies' and had also been taught that truth belonged to God and came from heaven; so my youthful intellect was not perturbed with dread of any power of darkness, as I found that all the information which flowed into me when this beautiful spiritual being manifested to me was correct in every particular. I was, therefore, quite content to believe, with simple faith supported by reasoning, that my dear mother was watching over me as a guardian spirit. I often heard of guardian angels, and I was sometimes taken to a children's service in a church where a favorite hymn before the catechising began with the following invocation:—

Dear angel ever at my side!  
How loving must thou be  
To leave thy home in heaven to guard  
A little child like me!

Instead of conjecturing angels as well-nigh incomprehensible beings belonging to an order in the creation entirely different from ourselves, I rested satisfied with the simple, reasonable conviction that the messenger from unseen spheres who watched over me most intimately, was the dear mother whose physical presence had been withdrawn from earth long before I had reached an age when I could have consciously appreciated it. I do not forget the strange shock I felt when someone said to me: 'It is impossible that you should see your mother; you have no mother; she is dead.' Such vulgar, brutal words made no other impression on me than to set me thinking along psychic lines, far more often pursued by little children than adults generally suppose.

### A GIFT OR A NATURAL ENDOWMENT?

It must be borne in mind that I was an isolated and often a lonely child, thrown very largely upon my own resources for amusement and enjoyment. This circumstance may suffice to suggest instructive thoughts regarding conditions singularly favorable to mediumistic development. Is mediumship a gift or a natural endowment? is a query often raised. To answer this inquiry it is surely necessary to recall the two distinct senses in which the word 'gift' is commonly employed. We speak of natural gifts, of the universal gifts of God to humanity, as well as of particular bestowments vouchsafed to those who are sometimes segregated in our philosophy from the 'common herd,' and designated a 'chosen few.' Having used the term 'clairvoyance' in connection with my own earliest spiritual experiences, I wish to define it in my own case as applying to extended vision of three distinctly different, though closely allied, varieties. The first evidence of my own clear vision, which came to me so spontaneously and unexpectedly that for a considerable season it caused me no astonishment whatever, related to beholding a form of real, consistent substantiality, existing on another plane of being than the one usually termed terrestrial. This form was completely and symmetrically human in every detail of outline, and was attired in artistic dress, not foreign to ordinary worldly convention, but vastly more beautiful and graceful than the customary mortal dress fashionable in the sixties of the nineteenth century, which included the crimoline and the chignon. The second evidence of clairvoyance did not refer to sight, even on the psychic or astral plane, as sight is ordinarily understood, but to mental enlightenment or intellectual illumination, and this, not only of a general but also of a particular character, as the knowledge which entered into my understanding related not only to topics of usual information, but went deeply and precisely into manifold details of private family history, and included many revelations which brought great consternation to the hearers when I reported my experiences, seeing that the people among whom I was being reared were very desirous of hiding from me many facts connected with my parents of which my spirit mother undoubtedly wished me to become aware. The third feature in my clairvoyance was the actual predicting of coming events, and I use the term 'coming' in the precisest possible manner for the very events I was led to foretell had, in many instances, actually occurred in one sense, and were on their way to occurring in yet another. A single example will illustrate.

### THE MYSTERY OF PROGNOSTICATION.

My grandmother's sister in Lincolnshire had decided to visit Sussex, but had not communicated her intention to anyone, though her mind was fully made up. Though I had never seen my great-aunt, and had rarely heard her mentioned, I distinctly saw her in the house where I was then living; and accurately described her appearance, even to the strings of the cap which she actually wore a few weeks later when paying her sister a visit. Two questions naturally arise at this point: First, how is it that we can see people who may be thinking of us, or perhaps only of a place we are inhabiting, when they are not consciously or deliberately projecting their thought, or an astral likeness of themselves, to us? Second, how is it that we see articles of wearing apparel which those persons may not be actually wearing at the time when we behold them? The following reply may serve to elucidate, at least in part, the foregoing mystery. When Herbert Spencer many years ago criticised somewhat adversely the notion of clothing as pertaining to the spirit world, he evidently overlooked a very important consideration, to the effect that our clothing is all mentally designed before it can be physically constructed. A new fashion in dress is impossible except as an outcome of a new mental concept of apparel. Not only Swedenborg, but Shakespeare also, clearly illustrates the close connection which must ever logically exist between the wearer and the garment worn; and in no case do we find the suggestive doctrine more clearly taught by inference than in the play of 'Hamlet,' where the father of the Prince of Denmark appears in spirit, clad in armor, at the very time when he is seeking to inspire his son to make war against an uncle who has incurred the fierce displeasure of the disincarnate king. Not only do we clothe ourselves physically in such raiment as becomes our immediate mental state, but we often unconsciously supply, gratuitously, portraits of ourselves doing things we intend to do, things, indeed, which we have spiritually already done, and which we shall certainly ultimately materially unless our plans are unexpectedly frustrated. It generally simplifies the mystery of prognostication if we do but consider that seership is a faculty which enables a seer or seeress to actually behold what exists on a plane of ultimatum prior to the physical.

### AN EVENTFUL DAY.

As I grew from childhood to rather riper age, and in the meantime attended schools and became interested in many external pursuits and objects, my singularly spontaneous mediumship became less prominent, and with the exception of an occasional prophetic dream of rare lucidity, which always came as a needed warning, I gradually drifted into a more prosaic state of life, from which I was suddenly aroused by the presence of the world-renowned Cora L. V. Richmond (then Mrs. Tappan) in England during the seventies of the last century. When I was nearly fourteen years of age, and a member of a church choir, Mrs. Tappan greatly excited the population of Brighton, where I was then residing, by her marvelous discourses and poems, and singularly erudite replies to all kinds of questions, which she claimed were not due to her own erudition, of which she made no boast and to which she laid no claim, but to the action through her instrumentality of a band of guides who were ready to speak through her whenever their services were in demand. May 24th, 1874, was, indeed, an eventful day in my history, for though my public career as a lecturer and globe-trotter did not begin till nearly three years later, it was on the evening of that beautiful Whit-Sunday that I experienced the first thrill of consciousness that it was my principal life-work to travel nearly all over the earth, guided by unseen but not unknown inspirers, who would carry me safely over all tempestuous oceans and protect me from all dangers by land if I would but be faithful to the mission entrusted to me by wise and kindly helpers. I have always greatly disliked the word 'control,' and I dislike it still, for in my ears it savors of coercion, and I have never been coerced by any inspirers, who have ever proved themselves faithful teachers, counsellors, and guides—veritable 'invisible helpers,' to use Leadbeater's felicitous expression, article we may well apply to those numberless assistants who render multifarious services to us of which we are often quite unconscious, but from which we derive inestimable benefit.

The record of my original introduction to the work of inspirational speaking is now an oft-told tale; in brief, I may sum it up as follows: When I was walking home after greatly enjoying Mrs. Tappan's wonderful eloquence, I registered a vow that if any good and wise intelligence in the unseen state would inspire me as they were wont to inspire the marvelous lady who styled herself their 'instrument,' I would most gladly take service with them and go whithersoever their counsels led me. I earnestly desired and confidently expected that inspiration would come to me if it were genuine at all, and come it did that very evening and within an hour from the time when I invoked it. Had no obstacles been placed in my way, I should have darted forth meteorically as a speaker before my fourteenth birth anniversary, but my legal guardian refused to grant permission until I was at least two years older, though she did not prevent my occasionally appearing at private gatherings, nor was she able to deprive me of some wonderful experiences of mesmeric or hypnotic character, which opened my eyes in my early teens to many of the marvels of psychology which are now demanding and receiving attention from distinguished savants the wide world over.

### HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE AND SPIRIT CONTROL.

Hypnotism and its dangers, like Spiritualism and its dangers, is now being discussed at every turn, and I am often greatly interested to hear discussions on these reconcilable themes, when the debaters are people of experience, but whose experiences have been largely unlike my own. I do not presume to settle any question for my neighbors. I merely speak in the first person singular when I declare that I was never hypnotized against my will, without the full consent of my own will; and as spiritualistic literature abounds with references to the virtual identity of hypnotic influence with spirit control, I deem it advisable to bear personal testimony in this connection. Shortly after my discovery that I could speak inspirationally, and even be spoken through by an unseen intelligence, to whose words, uttered through my lips, I could attend as a quiet, interested listener, I made the acquaintance of a brilliant young nobleman who was both an operatic singer and a practising psychologist. This young 'star' was introduced to me as desiring to conduct some delicate mesmeric experiments for which he needed the services of a lucid, or natural clairvoyant; or failing to discover anyone who would entirely answer to the above description, he considered it highly probable that his experimentation would be successful if he could meet a sensitive young person who was thoroughly willing to yield to his suggestive influence. My first ejaculation when the subject was broached to me that I might serve for the experiments, was 'I should be delighted, and feel sure they will be successful.' Though all the experiments were conducted in strict privacy, so far as the general public were concerned, many distinguished persons high in the learned professions took active part in many of the most satisfactory of them. It is not usually supposed, at least by the uninitiated into psychic mysteries, that the words passive and negative are quite as correctly qualified by the terms wilfully and willingly as are positive and active. We are frequently told that mediumship is impossible without passivity, and such is doubtless the case, but voluntary rather than involuntary passivity or negativity conduces to the most reliable results. Operator and subject are terms of double import, but such terms as sender and receiver or transmitter and recipient are clearly not open to valid

objection, seeing that they in no way imply enforced surrender of one individual to another. During the nearly three years which intervened between my first insight into my capabilities as an inspired lecturer and my debut before a London audience, I had many opportunities for witnessing extraordinary phenomena, as I became well acquainted with many prominent Spiritualists, who treated me with great kindness and consideration and placed many exceptional advantages at my disposal for witnessing manifestations of all varieties. Some of these appeared strongly to me, others did not. I had many opportunities for sitting in circles with Williams, Herne, Menck, Eglinton, and other extraordinary mediums, who, at about that time, were either in the inception or at the zenith of their fame. Though I was told repeatedly that I was a physical medium, and though I sat in many seances where tables moved and furniture in general behaved grotesquely, I never knowingly officiated as a physical medium, though planchette has worked for me repeatedly and automatic writing has been often with me quite an every-day occurrence. During the greater part of 1877-8, I was privileged to investigate the evidences of phenomenal Spiritualism all over England. The most private gatherings were open to me, and I was times without number privileged to sit with the most distinguished mediums under thoroughly satisfactory test conditions; but though I saw enough to convince me a thousand times over that some mysterious occult force was operating, and the spiritualistic hypothesis always seemed to me more reasonable than any other, I do not think, with my peculiar and naturally sceptical cast of mind, that I could ever have been completely convinced of the truth of spirit-communication had it not been for experiences of my own which absolutely forced me as a rational individual to accept the only sane conclusion.

### ON THE PUBLIC PLATFORM.

When I first took the platform I felt very much as I had often felt in more private places when voluntarily obeying the silently expressed dictation of the talented psychologist who could transmit to and through me any information he desired to convey when I was in a susceptible condition; but though he declared that I was perfectly his 'subject,' and I was quite willing to be such, I could not be induced by any professional mesmerist or practising physician, who was engaged in the conduct of hypnotic experiments, to receive or transmit anything, simply because I did not choose to make myself passive or susceptible. I remember well sitting on the platform in old Doughty Hall (a Masonic edifice no longer in existence) on Sunday evening, March 4th, 1877, and gazing out upon a large concourse of people gathered to hear the 'kitten orator,' as I had been called because of my youth, discourse on a subject to be selected by their own vote. A hymn was sung to open a semi-religious service, and then I rose and offered a prayer, the words of which formed themselves in my mouth without forethought or conscious volition of my own. After a second hymn the presiding officer—the then celebrated James Burns, editor of the 'Medium and Daybreak'—announced in my hearing that the youthful occupant of the platform was prepared to discourse under inspiration on any theme the audience might think proper to select. I heard this without the slightest internal trepidation. I had become tense, callous, self-assured, but completely confident that an intelligence beyond my normal own would certainly render me entirely equal to the occasion. A subject was quickly decided upon by show of hands, and I rose to lecture. I spoke unflatteringly for fully an hour, and resumed my seat unexcited and unfatigued. A third hymn was sung, and then Mr. Burns called upon the audience to mention topics for an impromptu poem. Three or four subjects were given, and no sooner was a decision reached by the chairman as to which topic had received the greatest show of hands, than I rose for the third and last time that evening, and heard myself reel off a number of verses as easily and fluently as though I had them well committed to memory, though I am certain they were nowhere in print, and I was listening to them for the first time. The report of that memorable meeting created a great sensation twenty-five years ago; but events crowd thickly upon each other in these days, and a new generation has arisen since I was a 'youthful prodigy,' 'one of the marvels of the nineteenth century,' and much else, according to the newspapers, which I have long since forgotten.

Immediately after my appearance in London I was called to all parts of England. I went as an inexperienced child to places rough and smooth, aristocratic and unorthodox, clean and dirty, refined and vulgar, religious and atheistic; and wherever I went I found my unseen prompters ready to help me in all emergencies and to pilot me safely over many difficult and unpleasant places from which I should certainly have shrunk had I seen beforehand what awaited me. During the nineteen months of my touring as a lecturer in England, between March, 1877, and October, 1878, I certainly saw the world in a large number of its varied phases, and though many episodes in my career during that eventful period were extremely enjoyable, as I met kind and true friends almost everywhere, I could, without the slightest difficulty or exaggeration, unfold many a tale which might amuse or startle more than it would edify the listeners. My constitution was not considered naturally robust and I had to encounter many hardships from which many a stronger person would have fled in dismay, but though I cannot say that I quite enjoyed all the harsher features of my travels in all weathers to all sorts of places, instead of succumbing I grew steadily stronger physically as well as mentally, so that when I left England for America near the close of October, 1878, my constitution was quite equal to endure the strain of a singularly tempestuous, though not dangerous, ocean passage and the rigors of a New England winter, to the severity of which the fickle climate of Albion had never subjected me. I well remember my departure from Liverpool for unknown Boston across the wide Atlantic, whither I was journeying entirely alone save for the clearly distinguished presence of those faithful unseen helpers who never deserted me.

### CLEAR VISIONS.

One of the clearest visions of my life attended me during the night prior to my departure from Liverpool. I fell asleep about 3 a. m., apparently as a result of fatigue following upon intense excitement, but my seership asserted itself triumphantly in a manner which I was soon able to verify, even to the minutest detail. I saw myself standing on a wide platform which was covered with thick red carpet, in a great hall, with high windows on either side. There were an organ and choir gallery over the entrance to this audience room, and surmounting the rostrum on which I stood was a fine bust of the great New England preacher, the famous Theodore Parker. In that hall I saw a very large audience numbering from 600 to 800 persons, and in the midst of the assembly the dignified figure of Dr. J. M. Peabody, whom I had met in London some months previously, loomed large before me. The vision impressed itself indelibly on the tablet of my memory; then I fell into a dreamless slumber, which continued until I was called to partake of my last breakfast in England for many a year to come. On reaching America I found that not only had my mirage been heralded in the columns of the 'Banner of Light,' the oldest spiritualistic paper in the world, but the friend who met me at the landing stage (Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, who was then a prominent worker in America) informed me that Dr. Peabody had just completed a lecture engagement in Parker Memorial Hall, and that he had announced me as his successor, the committee having accepted me for that large and prominent position on the good doctor's kindly recommendation though I was only eighteen years of age and entirely unknown to the directors of the Parker Hall lectureship.

No sooner had I landed in America than I was quite at home on what was in no sense to me a foreign soil, for there I heard the same language spoken, and, with minor exceptions of no definite importance, soon discovered that England and America are at least first cousins, if not still nearer relatives. In Boston my work quickly grew apace; then I was called to New York, Philadelphia, and other mighty cities, not excepting Chicago, where I filled Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's platform for an extended period, while she was filling an engagement in Boston. Nearly five busy years had sped their course when, in 1883, I found myself again in England, taking up afresh the work which I never laid down, but only temporarily suspended when I was led to cross the ocean and become a prominent worker in America. In 1884 I returned to the United States, and in 1885 again revisited England. During those years I accomplished a large amount of literary work in addition to extensive traveling and constant lecturing. In 1886 I visited California for the first time, and spent five delightful months on the sunny Pacific slope, in which charming country I addressed daily audiences often numbering many hundred persons, and saw wonderful results from the practice of mental healing, of which I had by that time become, and of which I still am, an uncompromising, though I trust not a fanatical, advocate and exponent.

### A 'MIRACLE' OF HEALING.

At the close of a lecture which I delivered on a spiritualistic camp ground bordering on Lake Merritt, adjacent to the city of Oakland, California, a lady who had long been a cripple handed her crutches to her husband, walked home, and did not resume the use of artificial support subsequently. This 'miracle' of healing took place unconsciously to me, for I did not know there was a crippled woman in the assembly. I do not claim any part in the accomplishment of this marvel further than to declare that I was led to say before I concluded my exposition of the philosophy of healing, 'You can use your limbs if you determine to use them, no matter how long they may have failed to serve you.' I had no idea that I was addressing anybody in particular, and no member of the audience was more greatly astonished than myself when the 'miracle' occurred. My explanation of it is twofold: I firmly believe that there was an influence at work with that afflicted woman beyond my consciousness, and I feel also convinced that through her own auto-suggestive act she greatly facilitated her recovery. This case is thoroughly authenticated, and is now in print in the supplement to my old standard work, 'The Spiritual Science of Health and Healing,' under the heading, 'Testimony of Mrs. Lily Bothwell.'

During that marvelous summer of 1886, which was in some respects the most astounding in my whole career, I received pressing invitations to visit Australia, from which far-distant land cablegrams came to me in quick succession. Nine years previously, at the very outset of my public work, I had been assured by my unseen preceptors that there was a great work for me to accomplish at the Antipodes after I had crossed America, and I may here mention that I had daringly announced in a London paper, in 1885, that I was going to California in consequence of a communication to that effect having been written through my hand when I had no earthly prospect of pursuing my westward way further than New York and Boston. My disappointment was singularly keen when obstacles arose, mountain high, to forbid my leaving America on the completion of my first season in California. Duty called me back to Boston, and reluctantly I obeyed its call, with heavy heart and doubtful mind, for I was beginning to suspect that my unseen directors had been in some way thwarted in their plans for me, I having been solemnly assured by them that I had a mission to fulfil in Australasia; and now that the way had plainly opened, the door had been ruthlessly closed and by no voluntary act of mine. On the way back across the American continent, when I paused to lecture in St. Louis, a message came to me with unmistakable clearness, 'You are going to Australia and New Zealand but not just yet! plans are ripening but not yet matured; have perfect confidence in your inspirers, for though there is a seeming delay there has been no hitch in the arrangements.' 'But when shall I go?' I inquired eagerly. 'We cannot tell you just now; you would think the time too long did you foreknow its duration; but rest content; you are going, and you will fill a large place while you reside there.' With that assurance I had to remain content, for I could receive nothing further concerning the Southern Hemisphere though many directions were given me concerning my continuous work in the Northern. For ten years I saw nothing of England, and it was through the joint instrumentality of Lady Calhoun, Duchesse de Pomar in Paris, and the special excursion of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union from New York, in June, 1895, that I revisited Europe after ten years' unbroken residence in America. Those ten years had been very busy and highly eventful ones; my singular experiences during their highly chequered course would fill many a bulky volume. I had scoured America from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and had met with warm receptions and enthusiastic audiences everywhere, though let me not imagine that a prominent public life means constant resting on a bed of roses; roses abound but thorns are often their intimate neighbors. I had produced a number of books, edited several periodicals, and contributed many hundreds of articles to magazines, besides having written thousands of letters to newspapers, in addition to musical work, before I again set foot in England after my departure in 1885.

### A TELEPATHIC INCIDENT.

What first led me to turn my attention back to Europe during the winter of 1894 was a psychic or telepathic incident well worth repeating, though it has been previously recorded. I well remember December 8th, 1894. On that day, between 2.30 p. m. and 3 p. m., I was seated at a desk in New York writing an article for a periodical which demanded copy at short notice. I was scribbling away at full speed, writing 'against time' as literary hacks describe the process, when I was suddenly arrested by a vision of Lady Calhoun, whom I had not seen for over nine years, seated at an escritoire in a sumptuously furnished boudoir, the most conspicuous feature of which was a magnificent painting covering nearly the whole of one side of the wall. This painting, which I saw distinctly in my vision, represented 'Jacob's Ladder,' and I remember being particularly impressed with the singular beauty of the faces of the angels. Lady Calhoun was elaborately dressed, and engaged in writing to me; it seemed as though I could see ink falling from her pen on to the paper, while she informed me of many interesting events connected with the erection of her dual palace, 'Holyrood,' to which she had recently moved from the fine old house in an older quarter of Paris, where she had hospitably entertained me and where I had held several conferences during 1884-5. The letter she was then writing embodied the request that I should without delay contribute an article for a periodical she was then editing, and it also expressed a fervent hope that I should see my way clear to accept her offer of an engagement to deliver a course of lectures at 'Holyrood' during the ensuing June. For nearly thirty minutes this vision continued with me, and then, before the letter appeared finished, it suddenly vanished, and I resumed my interrupted article. I went to Boston for Christmas, and while there, on December 24th, I received, among other letters from New York, the identical letter from Lady Calhoun, dated 'Paris, December 8th,' which I had beheld in my extremely vivid vision. In the course of the letter I learned that it was dated between 7.30 and 8.00 p. m., Paris time, which is five hours ahead of New York, and therefore the time coincidence was as nearly exact as it well could be.

(To be continued.)



1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 26



### SPECIAL NOTICE

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened.—Emerson.







## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are repeated verbatim, and are given in the name of the spirit who is the medium of the communication. These circles are not public.

## To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seance held July 3, 1902, 3 P. M.

## Invention.

O indolent Love, imbue us with thy power that we may minister with perfect love and great tenderness unto the sin-sick ones and with strength borne of our knowledge may we lift them to a better understanding of their lost opportunities. May we not forget, may we always understand, may we with firm purpose and clear eyes look to the opportunity of the hour, to the blessing of the present and begin now to live the life of purity and truth and may our lives become a lesson, a beacon and staff to those who are weaker than we and as we may be able through the light that has come to us to show some light and strength to those weaker than we, so may we in our weakness, in our fainting hours, in our bright days, put our hands in the hands of those who are stronger and wiser than we, and so, bound together through all the conditions of life, may human souls grow into the perfectness of the perfect life. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

## Ned Furbush, Everett, Mass.

The first spirit that I see this morning is a man about forty years old, rather tall, broad shouldered, and thickset. He has blue eyes, gray hair and a little bald place near the back of his head. He says in a kind of a half-apologetic way, "I am very sorry to trouble you people who are strangers to me, but I have such a desire to get to my wife that I believe I may be forgiven for any trouble I may make you. My name is Ned Furbush and I lived in Everett, Mass. I want to get to Laura. She must do something to get back her strength before she undertakes what is in her mind now. I have been quite worried over her ever since I came here. While she didn't go to pieces as many women would under the strain, she has felt the pressure and strain of the separation more than anyone could understand. I have been to New Hampshire and seen the people there and find them ready to do anything they can to help her. If you will please say to her also that I found the little boy, I am sure she will be glad to hear it. Thank you."

## Mary Ellis, Bridgeport, Conn.

I see a woman who looks about fifty-five years old. She is short, rather stout with blue eyes and a full fair face. Her hair is perfectly white. She may be older than this age, but her looks so young that it seems to me she is not. She says: "Well, this is my first attempt. I heard the man who spoke before me say something about his wife and it seemed to me that if I could have had my husband return to me when I was alive and he gone on before me, it would have been the happiest experience I could have received from God, but no sound ever came to me from out the silent life and it was the greatest surprise that I ever had when I came over here and found that my people had been conscious of my life and that some spirits were able to communicate. My name is Mary Ellis and I lived in Bridgeport, Conn. It is rather a strange thing that the same condition was mine in connection with Spiritualism is the same among all my own people. I have a sister Susan to whom I would like very much to send this message. I would like her to understand that I found that there is a good deal of physical strength into it. He says: "I was an engineer on a railroad and I loved my work, and while it was not the same strength that you speak of, it took a calm, steady nerve and a steady arm. My name is Alee Forbes, I didn't belong here, but in the West. I often used to think on this subject. I talked with a few of my friends about it, because I had the gift. I could see spirits, and often did, and whenever I talked with them about it, they laughed at me and said it was all nonsense and that I was getting out of my head, but I knew better. I knew just as well as could be that I was taking my last run when I went out from St. Louis the morning that I did. There was no accident, I simply dropped out, and it is a strange thing, but I have never had the least desire to come back to earth again to live. I have had a great desire to talk with my friends, to tell them that I am all right, but I have never had the least desire to come back and pick up the life where I left it. I often hear the boys, especially Frank and Dan, talk about me and the dear sister I had. Why, it seemed to me that I could see for miles when I was on my engine, and I believe now that it was a sight that was given me especially for my work. I don't know that I can say anything more that will help to prove my identity, but I would like to send just a word to Bob, my brother, and tell him to do all he can for the old folks and I will help him from over here. Thank you."

## Alee Forbes, St. Louis, Mo.

I see now a spirit about six feet tall with broad shoulders, a strong, muscular looking man. He has blue eyes, black lashes, brows, mustache and hair. It makes him look very dark. He looks like a man who worked very hard, that whoever he did, he threw a good deal of physical strength into it. He says: "I was an engineer on a railroad and I loved my work, and while it was not the same strength that you speak of, it took a calm, steady nerve and a steady arm. My name is Alee Forbes, I didn't belong here, but in the West. I often used to think on this subject. I talked with a few of my friends about it, because I had the gift. I could see spirits, and often did, and whenever I talked with them about it, they laughed at me and said it was all nonsense and that I was getting out of my head, but I knew better. I knew just as well as could be that I was taking my last run when I went out from St. Louis the morning that I did. There was no accident, I simply dropped out, and it is a strange thing, but I have never had the least desire to come back to earth again to live. I have had a great desire to talk with my friends, to tell them that I am all right, but I have never had the least desire to come back and pick up the life where I left it. I often hear the boys, especially Frank and Dan, talk about me and the dear sister I had. Why, it seemed to me that I could see for miles when I was on my engine, and I believe now that it was a sight that was given me especially for my work. I don't know that I can say anything more that will help to prove my identity, but I would like to send just a word to Bob, my brother, and tell him to do all he can for the old folks and I will help him from over here. Thank you."

## George Hendricks, Exeter, N. H.

There is a spirit comes to me now of a young man about eighteen years old. He is full of fun and life, seems to be all the time making jokes over somebody and never quiet. He is not very pretty, rather fair with brown hair and a commonplace looking face, but he

has such a nice way that he just makes friends with everybody. The first thing he does is to walk over to me and say: "What do you want me to do first?" and when I tell him to give his name, he says, "Oh, that is easy. It is George Hendricks. What next?" Then when he is told to tell where he lived, he says, "In Exeter, N. H." Almost immediately the tears come to his eyes as though he was recalling the old days and then he has left, and he takes out a paper and pencil as though he would write to those who were near to him. The first word is, "Dear mother, how I want to come to you at home! Don't try to think about me when it gives you such pain, but when you feel a little better try to remember that I promised you that I would come if I could and that I am making this effort to give you comfort and to make you understand. I wanted to be a soldier and I would have been if I had lived long enough and you had given your consent. As it is, I can only fight to bring you the light and to give you an understanding of what my life is like. Thank you."

## Emma Couant, Exeter, N. H.

Here comes the spirit of a woman about twenty-eight or thirty years old, rather tall, not very stout, and of very easy, gracious manner. Her hair is dark and her face is rather fair; she has blue eyes and a little color in her cheeks. She says: "Oh, I am in such a hurry. It seemed as though I could never find the courage to say what I want in this way, and now that I am here I am so afraid I won't say it all or that I will have to go before I get through. My name is Emma Couant and I come from Exeter, N. H., and it is because I have those who are very near to me and who are anxious to get word from me that I am here. Oh, my husband, Fred, that I am so glad for all he has done and thank him so much; I hope he will keep on trying to have me come to him. I am pleased, too, with Edith and what she has accomplished. Let her keep on. It is much better so, and the little boy, O, you know how he has gone out to him, but I know he will be taken care of and my sister is with me. I mean my sister Carrie; she sends her love to all. Thank you."

## Fannie Douglas, Pasadena.

There is an old man and woman come together here. The old man is short, stout, and very fine looking. The woman is slender and delicate and the man seems to be taking care of her as though helping her all he can. She is blind and was blind sometime before she came. He says: "She is my child and I am bringing her to her people. My name is Douglas, and she is my little Fannie and she has such a desire to send word back to her friends that the light has come to her, that I promised to bring her here today. We lived in Pasadena. It is some time since we came over, but at the same time we have an interest in everything that is going on in earth life today. I mean, of course, everything that is connected with us. About all the message that we would give is that the light has come to her."

## Marian Hill, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

There is a child about fourteen years old, a girl, comes now. She says her name is Marian Hill and she lives in Jamaica Plain, Mass. She has only been gone a little while and she wants to get to her father and mother and tell them that she is with them and so glad to be with them. With her is an older lady who seems to be her aunt and she calls her Aunt Etta. She says: "Aunt Etta is taking care of me, but we want to send our message to Annie; we want Annie to make reply as soon as she can, because it will help us. We are not unhappy, but we shall be happier when we have reached our people with perfect communication. In mama's house, is everything that I am familiar with. The cat and the pictures, and the flowers, and the work are all there, and I am sorry that I was sick so long and had to have so much care. I am sorry, too, that I could not get well, but it just seemed as if I had to go. Grandma Lewis comes with me, too, and she says: 'Tell them that I will take care of you, the Marian, so much love I send, and I want to talk to you so much more.'"

## Lou Crozier, Boston.

A spirit comes now of a girl about twenty years old. She is fair, with light hair, and very fair complexion, and she is delicate and sweet in her makeup. She comes along to me like a little bird; she speaks very gently and says: "I am Lou Crozier; I am a Boston girl, and I have not been gone very long, but I want to send this word to Ed Crozier and tell him that I can do just about what I want to and not get tired. I was so tired when I came away that it seemed as if death would be a release, and indeed it was; but oh, the first thing I saw was beautiful, beautiful flowers, and I saw so many beautiful quantities of them to Ed. I know how many you have around the place where my body is, but I long to tell you that I only see them as you do and when you go. Mother is with me and she says that she used to try to help me before I came over here. You not look like mother, but she looks like my father's people, but mother says that she is glad at last to have her little girl with her. I feel so strange about it all, as though something was going to happen pretty soon that would take me back to you. Of course, I know that can't be, but I only wish I could. I can't tell you how much I love you. You must guess it."

## Charles Dudley, Dorchester, Mass.

There is a man about the medium height. He is very nervous, seemed as though he went to the spirit when he was just about insane from extreme nervousness. He is very dark and he hardly knows where to take hold to give his message. He says: "I suppose I might as well just go on and say what I want. My name is Charles Dudley. I am a Dorchester man. I thought that a few of us who lived right around here might be able to come today. On these days when there is a special interest around it, it seems as if it draws us close together. I was in the hardware business and when I got over here and didn't have any particular business, I hardly knew what to do with myself. It gave me time to think of my soul. I believe that I would have been a good deal better if I could have had a little time to think of it before I came. I believe that I made a mistake when he thinks he has only his body to take care of. Anyhow, I believe I would have been much happier and would have got along much faster if I had paid a little more attention to my soul and less to my body. I am not now preaching, but I feel like sending this back to my friends. They tried to say good things about me, and that, of course, I went where all good people went, but I know some of them who are strict in their religious views had a little doubt as to where I'd go. I feel like telling them that I have landed all right, but it was not where I'd land, but of what condition a person is in after he lands. I wish I could do something to help somebody and get away from the recollection of my all too narrow past, and so I thought perhaps the first step would be to make a good confession of my own shortcomings and build up on that, and I hope that the next report I give of myself will be a better one. Please say to Arthur and to Jennie that I am often in the home and the only thing that comforts me about my narrow life is that I made it easier for them materially. Thank you."

## The Swan's Song in His Flight.

And now what is this light like, the effects of which are so potent? At first there is much confusion, the all-powerful wings smite upon the water with percussive sounds, that are heard at a long distance, and all is foam about the broad, bent tail and strongly paddling legs. The blows cease, but the bird is not yet entirely quit of the water, along which he now runs, or proceeds with a double motion of flying and swimming, leaving a path-way white as milk, like a milky way, behind him. The feet, in fact, are for some time an effective help to the wings. Each, as it strikes the water, jerks up the aspiring body, till, at length, the proud moment comes when it can float without them, upon which they bend upward and disappear beneath the tail.

And now the bird is of air, and the wings, rejoicing at it, burst instantly forth into music, emitting with each of their strong, swift strokes, a note so clear and ringing, so full of a wild, glad melody that all the beauty and poetry of earth and sky and sea seem to have been swept up by them and translated into sound. The soul of the world seems speaking, and its voice is so alien-sweet that the heart lifts up.

This is the real music—the song-of the swan. True it is that sometimes he sings to himself, but the note is not so pleasing enough. But it is only occasionally uttered, and so low, in comparison, that it is lost in the other. It is not the clarion it should be to match that. One must be near to hear it—the song of the swan in his flight.

—Edward Selous, in London Saturday Review.

## Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Our earth is an oblate spheroid. In other words, it is as near to a sphere as is possible for a plastic body that constantly revolves on its own axis as well as around the sun. All the planets conform to this general law, as well as the stars themselves. They depart more or less from a true sphere according to their axial and their elliptical revolutions, and their moons do the same.

With regard to other suns and their attendants, they look to human vision as if they, too, in their forms and their motions, followed the same beautiful curves. All things in nature, with the sole exception of crystals, are in curves. Straight lines are absent from natural objects.

If nature were constructing a house, it would be a bower made of plant stems, and the interiors would be filled with tender shrubs and climbing plants. The ground would be covered with mosses, and the beds for the weary traveler would be made of thickly growing and graceful ferns.

But when man builds a house, he must have his square, his foot-rule, and his plane. The corners of his rooms are angles, and right-angles at that; the walls are perpendicular, and it would never do to have one side of the roof at a different slope from the other side, in spite of the fact that no two boughs of an elm rise at the same angle. His tables are made on the same principle, though he gratefully sees their tops and times in circular or oval form. When he sets his table, the dishes must be symmetrically arranged, though when the squirrel sits down to eat his nuts just fallen from the tree, he finds them scattered by chance, and not arranged in squares, rectangles, or even quin-

When he goes to sleep, it is in a rectangular bed, the slats are straight, the mattress is caught from beneath in even rows, and he covers himself with a counterpane made of even, angular patches, the like of which was never seen in nature, unless he except the personal cover of the bed, formed with the specific purposes of economy in wax, and abundance in honey.

But thanks to the growing love for nature, and the winsome influences from Japan, these rectangular and symmetrical abnormalities are disappearing, and it is possible to find a house inhabited by man that are as natural as well as comfortable, and make one think of the mossy banks where the dwellers in spirit land take their sestas, and the flowery nooks where they hold their loving talks. It is so nice to think that we shall not have to sit in rooms that are all playing on the same instruments of gold, and wearing gold crowns. I could not bear a metal crown on my head. I would rather hear an orchestra composed of every variety of instrument under the direction of Sousa or Strauss, than to hear an orchestra of gold and wearing gold crowns, and playing on the same instruments of gold, and wearing gold crowns. I could not bear a metal crown on my head. I would rather hear an orchestra composed of every variety of instrument under the direction of Sousa or Strauss, than to hear an orchestra of gold and wearing gold crowns, and playing on the same instruments of gold, and wearing gold crowns.

And better even than Thomas's orchestra is it to listen to the natural music of singing birds, and rippling brooks, deepened by the diapason of old ocean's roar. But I do not wish to just go on and say what I want, but those "whom I always loved, whom I love today, and whom I shall love forever and ever."

The best thing about Spiritualism is its Naturalism. The material heaven of John was handsome and very expensive. Gold and pearls were great deal of it, and it was rich and well roofed. But alas! it was a perfect cube, the like of which was never seen in Nature, and if placed alone in the ether, like a little moon, fourteen and two-fifths miles long and wide and high (the fourth dimension had not been suggested in the old time), it would have been bouncing and bumping along until those right-angled corners were worn smooth, and it could move harmoniously along like other worlds on high.

John did not definitely describe hell. He only said it was a pit, and that it was bottomless. That looks bad, on the face of it. Hell is just as long and wide, and high. Then it could contain only just so many souls. But there was no bottom to hell. One could put souls into it forever and ever, and the number of lost, wretched, and wicked souls was forever on the increase. There was always room enough for more, as the pit was bottomless.

Our heaven accords with modern, astronomical science. We dwell at present on the planet, which is the nucleus of the whole body. Leaving the fleshly form, we pass to a more ethereal realm, clothed in robes that can respond to the vibrations which increase in rapidity as we leave the surface of the planet. We do not "plunge into space." We go on, in orderly procedure, as fast as we become more etherealized, and are enabled to respond to still quicker vibrations. And we shall go on further in our spirit world than we are fitted to go.

We can come nearer to earth at any time, if we choose to do so. But it will not be pleasant to return to denser conditions. It will be an act of self-denial, which we shall submit to, in order to benefit those who are in the grades that we shall have outgrown.

Thinking of Paris does not take us to Paris. Thinking of London is recalling with memory our mental concept of that place. In the same way, thinking of Mars does not take us to Mars. It is simply calling up our mental concept of Mars.

It will not be possible for us to visit another orb until we have passed through all the enveloping strata of our own planet, which are always more ethereal as we advance, and characterized by quicker vibrations. When we have done so, we can go through the fine ether between, and through

the different strata of these spirit worlds, and eventually visit the planets Mars and Venus, and even more distant ones.

Many advanced spirits, and "advanced" means something, have done so. The tidings thence have come down, and those who have not really been to these distant regions are psychologized into thinking that they have actually been there, in the same way that we are sometimes psychologized into thinking that we have been to advanced regions of our own spirit world, though the cord that links our spirit body to the fleshly one is still intact.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," is Nature's process. And the spirit world is as subject to natural law as this.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J.

## Ucila.

## MABEL FRANCES KNIGHT.

The camp of the Cherokees was strangely quiet. The council was assembled and the sachem, Oconostota, held court with the braves around him. The heavy stillness was ominously suggestive. Each one smoked the long peace-pipe, but their faces were painted with warlike colors, and their frequent glances toward the east showed them prepared for any outbreak of hostilities. The only squaw among them was Ucila, the chief's favorite papoose. She stood behind the sachem and looked knowingly from one to the other, though she shuddered slightly as her glance fell upon some heaving scalps.

It was a hot day. The frequent flashes of lightning lit up those hideously painted faces and made that midnight assembly a grim and terrible one, entirely in harmony with the thunderstorm that was almost upon them. A few drops came as a warning and in a few moments Oconostota and Ucila were left alone. As the wind howled and the tall pine trees swayed violently to and fro, Ucila crawled up to the Indian chief and nestling close up to him whispered:

"Father, isn't the Great Spirit angry with our people for killing so many?"

A heavy clap of thunder drowned the sound of her voice. With the moaning of the wind in the trees there came another sound, a human moan which startled Ucila and aroused Oconostota out of his reverie.

"Father, isn't that a spirit wandering in search of the Happy Hunting Grounds?"

"No, child, it is some one in distress."

"Oh, child, if you will not kill him, whoever he is, promise you won't! Let me go and find him," and darting off, guided alone by the occasional moaning, she was soon hidden from sight.

It was scarcely an hour later when the largest of the wigwags of the camp was harboring an avowed spy. Yielding to Ucila's entreaties, Oconostota forbade the warriors to harm the pale lad who lay unconscious before them. Though he was one from the colony who had encroached upon their lands, yet the Medicine Brave was called and their patient received the best skill in treatment possible. He lay on his back, his head to the left, but the warrior-chief looked grimly down upon him. How he would like that curly hair for a trophy, but there was his little daughter gazing pityingly at the stranger and gently pressing a cooling hand upon the poor heated brow. All night he lay motionless, unconscious of the heavy fall of rain which gradually lessened with dawn to give way to the sun. The first ray that entered the wigwag shone upon that pallid face and muttering unintelligibly the stranger passed his hand slowly across his brow and awoke. Too weak to rise, he noticed his queer surroundings, he gazed fixedly at the moving figures to be seen through the doorway. Gradually the murmuring of the crowd outside grew more distinct and with a start he realized where he was, too plainly perceiving that he was a prisoner of his people's bitterest foes.

All such thoughts were for a moment banished as an Indian maiden stole in and knelt by his bed, extending to him a dish known only to the Indians. Never before had he seen an Indian maiden. Could this be one of that same race of savages who so constantly insisted on the peace of their settlements? Standing there with that long black hair, those sparkling jet black eyes, she looked like some foreign princess. While he was looking at her in wonder a voice called, "Ucila, Ucila," and leaving the bowl within his reach she hastened out.

As he sat up, he had lost his way in the woods, and night coming upon him, he could not see where he was going and he had fallen and broken his leg. But the Indians were clever physicians and knew the healing qualities of the different herbs. He was not in a dangerous condition, but he chafed at the enforced inactivity. Many a time he awoke startled by the fierce cry of the savages as they danced their barbaric dance. His only comfort was Ucila. As often as possible she would come to his side and the stranger amused himself by teaching her various English words and phrases, and after each lesson she would hurry to some solitary place and repeat over and over to herself what she had learned, and as she did so the birds came and fluttered over her head and the squirrels ran boldly up to her, for they all loved this child of the forest and imparted to her many of their secrets.

As Ucila's knowledge of English increased she would sit with wide-open eyes and listen to the wonderful tales that were told her of another race of people who lived in an entirely different way. She loved best to hear about the maidens whose lives were so different from the life she lived. In return for all this, as soon as he was able to walk she told him the language of the birds, the secrets of the plants and flowers and many things of interest which had not been included in his education in Old England. Often motioning her cousin to be silent, Ucila would break forth into melodious trilling and her feathered comrades, recognizing a friend, would perch on her shoulders and answer her calls with their eloquent refrains. As she stood entranced listening to the lays of these songsters her face actually glowed with beauty, while "Big Brave" for so she chose to call him, looked on entranced, surprised that so much beauty could be found in the heart of the wilderness. As he was able to walk farther and farther she led him into the great mysterious forest and interpreted Nature for him, his when dropping singing her strange melodies she would sit down on some fallen log and ask again and again about the English maiden, and once, she would never forget the day, her Brave told her that he cared more for her than all the English maidens in the world, and that some time he should come back and claim his Ucila and take her back with him and show her all the places he had described.

"But when?" queried Ucila. "You will soon go back and forget all about poor Ucila and she will be left all alone." But her cousin brushed her again and again, and said that never would she be out of his thoughts.

O the happiness of those long afternoons they spent together in the forest. Too soon for Ucila did they come to an end, but her "Big Brave" was scarcely able to restrain himself the morning Oconostota gave him a summons to come back, that planed his way home. How he yearned to see once more the loving mother and sister who must have mourned him dead! Yet he did not forget Ucila. He bade her look forward to the time when he should return and take her with him.

In the days which followed one saw but little of Ucila. Disappearing in the morning, she would be gone all day long, and when questioned by the sachem would reply that she was saying her lessons to the birds and flowers. If one could have followed her he would have heard her repeating over and over the English words she had learned.

Three months went by and not one word had come from her "Brave." Each morning she went on her lonely walk hoping to get some trace of him, but each evening she returned unsuccessful. Then one day she stayed at the camp and questioned her father about the colony near by, how far it was and how large, and the sachem, little dreaming of his daughter's plans, pointed out the nearest way to her. One morning a few days later she was up before sunrise carefully prepared for a journey. On her arm was a basket containing little ornaments of all kinds which only the Indians know how to make. All such trifles as would win her way to the hearts of the English ladies were in her basket. Carefully she followed the old chief's directions, and about the middle of the afternoon she saw a queer-shaped building which must be the fort her "Brave" had told her of. Timbly she passed on until she reached a gate. In her broken English she explained to the guard that she had come to sell some wares to the English ladies, and she showed him the contents of her basket. After deliberating a moment on the matter, the guard turned her to pass, and in great trepidation she walked up the main street, careful to keep in the shadows of the trees. All the morning she wandered about the town, timidly stopping at the different houses where her bits of flattery were eagerly received. Finally she looked into the faces of the men, and, surprised and, at last, exhausted, she lay down under a large tree and slept, concealed from view by the huge stone and shrubs that surrounded her. Finally she was aroused by the murmur of voices. It was a lady who was now speaking, and Ucila thought what a pretty voice she had. She listened and heard what the lady was saying until she heard her companion ask:

"But what of Ucila?"

The little Indian maiden who was hidden there could hardly keep from dancing. It was her "Big Brave." He had not forgotten her. She wanted to run to him and greet him, but that stately lady beside him eyed her so she remained still as he continued:

"I promised her that some day I would return, and remember, Dorothy, but for her I would not be here now."

"Are you owe her something, but think how much more you owe your mother? Think what she would say if she knew that you were here. Surely you cannot be so rash as to dream of such a thing," and the proud head was held back a little bit more disdainful as she uttered the last words.

"I cannot and will not forget my little Ucila, and some day I will return to her— and with these last words they passed down the road."

Ucila could not understand all they said, but she knew that her brave would some day return. Joyfully she hurried back. She was content to wait. But as the months went by she grew restless and then anxious, for one day Oconostota said to her, "Ucila, putting his hand upon those dusky locks said: 'Before many moons go by the annual wendage will take place and you, my little Ucila, will become the bride of some brave warrior.'"

Were not those words terrible to hear? Once let that war-dance take place, and she would never again see her "Big Brave." She determined to visit the colony once more. This time she went directly to the tree and waited and waited. She hoped this time she would be alone. It was in the late afternoon when she heard his steps. No, he was not alone, that same lady was with him. She hoped they would pass by her, but now that she could not see him alone, but they stopped right by her hiding place and she heard him say:

"You will forgive me, my Dorothy, if I feel a little sad tonight, but the picture of that laughing Indian maiden keeps coming before me. In a few more days you will be my bride and then to old England and farewell to all thoughts of Ucila."

"You are foolish, Richard," returned Dorothy, "to think so much of Ucila when she is probably married by this time to some warrior brave."

"Heaven cause it to be so," answered Richard, and taking Dorothy's arm in his they walked slowly off.

Ucila, dazed, could hardly move. She rushed blindly to the woods. Ucila thought it must be the wicked lady by his side who had persuaded him to leave Ucila, for he had looked sorrowful when he said of her. How she hated that accursed lady! She could not go back to camp that night, but wandering about the woods she came to a spot familiar to her from early childhood. It was here that the Great Spirit came in dreams to Indians who were in trouble and pointed out the path wherein they were to follow. It was a firm believer in this legend and she resolved to lie down there for the night and see if the Great Spirit would help her out of her trouble. The morning dawned bright and clear, but Ucila arose more troubled than when she had lain down. In her dream she had seen a large, iron field, hundreds of warriors were there, some hunting, but all enjoying themselves, and it seemed as if they beckoned her and called to her to come with them and be as happy as they were. She had pondered a long while as to the meaning of these words. At last she went home, where the old chief met her with outstretched arms, though he chid her mildly for being gone so long. Then he said:

"Ah, my little Ucila, tomorrow night will see you a bride! The great war-dance takes place then and some big-hearted warrior will win my child."

The old chief had feared that Ucila would rebel against the ancient custom, but she merely nodded, then putting her arms about his neck asked if she might spend all the next day in the woods with the birds and flowers? Overjoyed at finding her so yielding, Oconostota readily consented.

Early the next morning Ucila put on the gayest of her trinkets and in holiday attire hastened toward the colony. The Great Spirit's command was very plain to her now. This time on reaching the settlement she was more fearless and went hurriedly up and down the streets. Suddenly she saw her "Brave." He was coming toward her and he was alone. She rushed up to him and before he was aware of her approach she was at his side. He was completely surprised by this woodland apparition, but he immediately said:

"What does my little Ucila, here alone, among all these strange people?"

"To see you," came the quick reply, "and to beg you to go hunting with me in the woods. Only today, and then I'll never ask you more."

What was he to say? There stood the Indian maiden, his Ucila, whom he had so neglected, looking wistfully up into his face. It could not do any harm to humor her whim just for today, so he consented, and the two went out of the gate of the fort into the woods beyond, and the tall place closed in upon them shutting them entirely from view. Ah, Dorothy, are you still waiting for your Richard to return? And you, Oconostota, do you still mourn for your little Ucila? You should not, for do not those rude hieroglyphics tell you that she and her "Big Brave" are gone a-hunting on the Happy Hunting Grounds?



## Premature Burial.

There are physical conditions that stimulate death so closely that the casual observer death seems real, and even the skilled physician with every test he is able to make cannot determine whether it is real death. Such conditions may be produced by partial or by complete failure for the time being of any of the vital organs to perform its normal functions.

Such is the intimate connection of the parts of the human body that no member can suffer but all suffer with it. Heart failure cuts off food supply and all the machinery ceases its motion—outward appearance the person is dead. Nervous shock may put the nervous—the wires of this human dynamo—out of time and tune with each other and out of right relation with the whole; or one of many causes may result in apparent death.

During the brief period of human existence in this material body this sympathy and dependence of one part on another manifests itself principally as creator and restorer. In the lower organisms limbs even are restored by new growths if necessary, and in human beings the normal functions of one organ are gradually taken up or performed more or less perfectly by other organs.

"There is a spiritual body and there is a natural body." How long it may take to silently and invisibly work out an adjustment and again set the wheels of life in motion in apparent death we do not know—we know it is sometimes done—or how long it takes in such a case to untangle and separate the spiritual body from the material body in this mortal coil—to die—no man can tell. In general people are hours, days, even weeks in dying.

Who knows there is such a thing as a "sudden death"? Many cases of premature death—enough to make one shudder and testify by reliable witnesses. To prevent such a fate for any human being, and also to provide opportunities and means for resuscitation in cases of apparent death, House Bill 767 was introduced and is now before the Massachusetts Legislature.

Regarding to cases of supposed death, Section 8, Chapter 24, of the Revised Laws says: "Medical examiners shall in all cases . . . certify . . . the cause and manner of . . . death" (certificates are given by attending physician, if any, where no violence is indicated). Certificates are required before the burial of bodies, alive or dead.

In giving these certificates the almost universal practice on the part of the attending physician is to sign the certificate on the representation of some one that the person is dead, without any personal examination or even seeing the dead body. At a special hearing on the above bill, called to hear Mr. Lewis Reed of Woburn and Mr. Lewis Jones of Boston (undertakers), Dr. Frank W. Draper, medical examiner of Suffolk County, testified that in his opinion there was no danger in the above practice, which is, therefore, presumably his own practice as a "medical examiner." He also testified that he has had more than seven thousand cases. Over seven thousand human beings, brothers, friends, wives, lovers, those bound to us and were doomed, untried, unheard, to a living burial neither Dr. Draper nor any one besides will ever know till the grave gives up its secrets. It is what is "between the lines" in his testimony that completes the proof that such legislation is necessary for the safety of the state.

Suppose inspectors of steam boilers should certify without examination, or even seeing; suppose that buildings were erected without the strength of materials used, or bridges constructed of unknown resistance to weight and strain—every one of our living and active relations with people and things such negligence would be criminal. What is it here?

Proof of the fact in any supposed case of premature burial is hard to get. If there is an unrecurrent burial in neighborhood conferences that such a case is "doubtful" the feeling that near relatives would be horrified by the knowledge of it, or that the physician, undertaker and others might be blamed, would be sufficient usually to hush the rumor—and it couldn't bring back the victim.

Legislation should be based on the fact of a physical condition of suspended animation which is deathlike, that certain tests will indicate the presence of life, that there is only one sure test of death. No amount of "never having seen a case" should weigh as argument against any sane legislation.

George W. Allen in Boston Transcript. East Bridgewater.

## A Card from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Dear Sir:—On the eve of departure from England, where I have been working without intermission for the past nearly five months, I wish to very briefly record the events of the passing hour.

The postponement of the long-expected Convention has not destroyed the gaiety of the present brilliant London season, though it has for a time cast a shadow over all festivities. The great masses of disappointed people bear their disappointment with serene fortitude, though many lost heavily in a financial sense, while others profited.

The weather has been strangely fickle, but on the whole by no means insupportable. My audiences have been most encouraging wherever I have spoken, and as I have been very warmly received and most generously treated in places too numerous to specify, I will sum up a grateful testimony to English hospitality to say that it has been a great privilege and pleasure to address enquiring multitudes in all parts of this vast, though not geographically spacious island.

Great public interest is being taken all over the British Empire in psychic problems, and no matter from what standpoint the great question is approached, public interest is keen in its discussion. Mrs. Annie Besant has been a great drawing card at the Queen's Hall, one of the finest and most popular places of public resort in London. Her lectures have been extremely eloquent and intensely practical.

I still remain unconvinced by any restrictive bonds of adhesion to a single party, because I cannot feel that truth can be measured by the intellectual comprehension of any small minority of persons and be by them labeled Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, or anything else. I can work in and with any organization, but I cannot come under the dictatorship of any without sacrifice of honest conviction, therefore wherever I go I wish it distinctly understood that I appear as a friendly individual, not as an official representative of any clique.

I can see plainly that trouble invades all movements as soon as the spirit of arbitrary dictatorship is admitted, and it will never be possible to give free play to honest inspiration until people are free of the shackles of such folly as causes multitudes to think that every utterance must either be endorsed or repudiated when the only sane attitude is to weigh all statements dispassionately and give the same freedom to all others as we crave for our own right of intellectual decision.

Some very foolish moves have been proposed by the over-organizing Spiritualists in England of late and it is now being pretty clearly understood that if the power of committees goes much further there will be an

orthodox spiritualistic hierarchy on the one hand and a presumably inspired and perhaps slightly chaotic spiritualistic heresy on the other. I do not think the old ecclesiastical methods are adapted to growing twentieth century movements, for though they have the advantage of securing money, patronage and decorum, they soon bring about a state of dry apathy which encourages nominal adherence apart from vital sympathy. There are certainly arguments to be brought forward for and con, but when all is said, it cannot be denied that red tape has a tendency to throttle inspiration.

During the past few days I have had a delightful visit with Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Britten's noble sister, who is now living at 1077 Chester Road, Manchester. The Salford Spiritual Church, under the able superintendence of Messrs. Orr and Locke, two indefatigable workers, made most agreeable arrangements with me to lecture in its fine building July 9 and 10. Mr. Locke is a brilliant pianist and his charming music added greatly to the enjoyment of the overflowing audiences.

My last days in England were spent in Blackford and Liverpool; from the latter port I am setting sail for New York on July 16 and expects to occupy ten days crossing the Atlantic. I have already received numerous kind letters from old friends in America, and I am spending next week in California, but my future course is not yet clear before me.

I understand that Mrs. Florence Montague, president of London Psychic Society, is about to leave for Canada. Wherever she goes, she is certain to receive a warm welcome. I have lectured many times in London under her kindly auspices, and have been most graciously and generously treated by the truly influential society whose presidency she so efficiently maintains.

My farewell meetings in London July 8 were very encouraging, and it was a genuine pleasure to meet and work with so many valiant friends of days gone by as they assembled, and also to co-operate with friends of less long standing who are equally earnest, kindly and enthusiastic. London is always home to me in an especial sense, though New York City and Washington are almost equally genial and familiar. I expect my first public appearance on my return to America will be at Onset, according to the official program. All who wish to write to me on any matter of business can address me care of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Onset, Mass.

W. J. Colville.

## Progression.

Every new evolution is a different, but not a separate, phase of existence from the old and preceding evolution. Thus the stalk above the ground is an evolution of the roots below the ground; the leaf is an evolution out of the stalk; and the blossom is an evolution out of the leaf. The never, purer and better must ever be an evolution out of the older and coarser phase. It is not the destruction of forms that constitutes evolution, but their transformation into more refined phases of being. We do not get rid of criminality by burning or executing one; we must transform their inharmonious criminal-living into harmony, peace and love in order to do this.—Ex.

The pleasure of doing good is the one pleasure that never wears out.

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