

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 99.—Whole No. 2557.

Publishing Office:  
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 7

## COMPANIONSHIP.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox.

(Copyright, 1906, by American-Journal-Examiner.)

No more than God's vast Universe is shown

In bits of clouded glass, are all His works  
Reflected by the reasoning mind of man.  
Our boasted senses, finite in their scope,  
Miss the large outlines of Infinity.

Colors exist, too delicate of hue,  
For human eyes to see; for sullen red,  
Striking the vision like a sudden blow,  
They climb to tender violet, and swoon  
In seas of light about us. Sounds there are

Beyond discernment of the mortal ear:  
Fine notes of music, mounting scales too high

For the poor compass of our instruments.  
Then may not forms invisible to us  
People the spaces that we deem so void  
And move among us, speaking, all unheard.  
The strange sweet music of the distant stars?

There are no solitudes for those who feel  
The comradeship of Unseen Presences.

## The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"I feel the suns that have long since set,  
And the glory of summers that are not yet."

All life, all possibilities of achievement, are transfigured the moment one overcomes the traditional idea that the change we call death is a finality. The old (and totally ignorant) belief has been that this event is as a gulf separating two entirely different states of life. The atheist, of course, regards death as the end of all consciousness. The Christian belief has recognized immortality; has accepted the truth of the persistence of consciousness; but still this belief has always been vague. The existence of "the soul" was held as an inexplicable and incomprehensible truth; a truth that would, doubtless, be revealed in the next part of life, but was one impossible to understand now and here. And in this Christian belief has been all the various assumptions of the "resurrection of the body," the mere physical body, long since disintegrated and yet miraculously called up "at the last trumpet," and indeed (if it did not sound too irreverent and too regardless of what a majority of people hold sacred), one could almost characterize all this vague floundering about as being, in the light of modern science and of the larger revelations of divine reality, simply absurd.

For instance, one of the able and noted ethical authors and lecturers of the day recently remarked in the course of a private conversation, that the idea of a body after death was untenable. Now this man is a college professor holding a chair of ethics; he is more or less engaged in lecturing to the students of theological seminaries, and he is the author of ethical works; and yet his ideas, and the ideas he is constantly communicating through various important channels, bear less relation to actual spiritual truth than would the Ptolemaic conceptions of astronomy to the conceptions of Prof. Pickering and Dr. Huggins.

The simple truth is that man exists, now and today, in a spiritual body; that he is a spiritual being, in a spiritual body, clothed upon by a temporary physical covering which we call the physical body; that the change we call death is simply the process by which the spiritual (or ethereal) body disengages itself from the temporary physical covering and becomes, thereby, an inhabitant of the ethereal world which is as natural an environment as is the physical world.

Here is simply one of the facts in the data of life; a fact that every scientist, every ethical teacher, every priest of the church, every thinker, should, as a matter of course, understand just as inevitably as he should the principles of grammatical construction, or the multiplication table. This truth is embodied in all the teachings of Jesus; it is embodied in the wonderful words of St. Paul in Corinthians; it is attested by science, it is discerned by religion.

Within a few days an experiment performed by Dr. Elmer Gates of Washington has been pervading the daily press, and the best account yet given is as follows:

"Scientists in this city were astonished yesterday when they learned that a Washington professor of psycho-therapeutics

claims to have witnessed the departure of a shadow that might be called the 'soul' of a rat at the instant of its death.

"The phenomenon was brought about by the use of a light ray similar to the X-ray, the rat being placed in a hermetically sealed tube and held in the path of the rays in front of a sensitized screen. When the rat was killed, it became suddenly transparent, and a shadow of exactly the same size and shape as the rat was seen to pass out of and ascend from the tube, vanishing as it passed into the sensitized screen.

"No scientist could be found in this city yesterday who would discuss the discovery in the absence of a complete explanation of the experiment from Washington authority.

"There was much speculation, however, as to the result that would be accomplished if the same test were applied to a human being, and as to whether or not, by the aid of the light rays, the departure of the soul from the body could be detected.

"The light rays used in the Washington experiment were five octaves above violet.

"The Washington scientist some time ago astounded the world by his announcement that he could photograph thoughts in the human mind; that he had discovered a method, by the use of light rays, of cleansing the mind of a criminal and making a law-abiding citizen of him, and that his light rays had demonstrated the fact that microbes think."

Science tells us that "the heat and light which come to us from the sun, pass through 92,000,000 miles of space in which there is nothing that we through our senses would recognize as matter. It has long been known that this light and heat come to us with the velocity of 186,000 miles a second; and we also know that this light and heat are transmitted to us from the sun at this enormous velocity by very short electric waves in the universal medium known as the luminiferous ether. This ether not only fills the great otherwise void space between the heavenly bodies, but even fills the space between the atoms of what we ordinarily call matter much as air fills the space between drops of rain. When these electric waves which come to us from the sun are about one fifty thousandth of an inch in length they affect the retina of the eye and are recognized by us as light. When they are about one twenty-five thousandth of an inch in length, they affect certain nerve terminals on the skin of the body and are recognized as heat. And when they are about one hundredth of an inch in length they neither affect the eye as light nor do they produce the impression of heat; but they affect the photographic plate, and are known as 'ultra-violet light.'"

Now it was in this ultra-violet light that Dr. Gates tried his experiment with the result of rendering visible the process of the separation of the ethereal from the physical body of the animal. If the eye could register the vibrations of this ultra-violet ray, we should then see the ethereal world and our friends who inhabit it, who are in the ethereal body. The blind who live among us do not see either the physical world or the physical body of those among whom they dwell. But restore the sight, and all this realm is open to them. The analogy is a perfect one by which to comprehend what we should see were our eyes opened to the higher and finer degree of registering the more intense vibrations. The eye, could it perceive the ultra-violet light; the ear, could it catch those faint, far, high vibrations of language in the ethereal world, would register these as naturally as they now register ordinary sight and sound.

It may be accepted as a truth from which there is no appeal that the continuity of life is absolutely unbroken by death. As Robert Browning finely says:

"No work begun shall ever pause for death."

Experiences, initiated in this physical stage of life, shall be realized and perfected in the ethereal stage. It is all one life. It is just as absolutely and literally one life as is that of the individual in childhood, in youth, in maturity, in age, an evolutionary process of gradual change and development, but never for an instant losing the consciousness of individual identity. It is all one, all in one lifetime, the "suns that have long since set" and "the glory of summers that are not yet."

The past and the future are one and inseparable. All the charm and the loveliness and the beauty of the most precious and priceless experiences that have trans-

figured life here, will await their possessor, in full and complete fruition, in the ethereal world. It is just as practically true, just as much an actual fact, as that a friendship, or a great love, between two persons in this country, would hold itself instantly ready to resume the same exquisite conditions of companionship if one of the two went first to Paris, or Calcutta, or Australia, to be, soon after, rejoined by the other. The same sweet companionship would be taken up in a different environment, it is true; under different conditions; but by the same individuals, with the same identical feelings, natures, hopes, faiths and powers; the same mutual joy and rapture in sympathetic companionship.

The poet, with the poet's power to concentrate volumes in one line, has suggested all this vast and supreme truth of the oneness of life, of its absolute continuity through all evolutionary development, in the lines:

"I feel the suns that have long since set,  
And the glory of summers that are not yet."

The Brunswick, Boston.

## The Webs We Weave.

Mary K. Price.

PATIENCE.

All things are built up from small beginnings.

From the tiny seed the tree.

The palaces and temples of the world are reared by placing one stone upon another.

The highest mountain is scaled by one step at a time.

The granite rocks are formed of atoms; all vegetation, of one cell upon another.

Indeed, the earth itself, and we might say the whole universe, is but a vast aggregation of atoms and cells.

So in the formation of habits, the building of character, one thought or act after another, each tiny in itself, a single thread; but forming at last the heavy webs which bind us.

The futile rebellion against unalterable circumstances, the beating of our wings, like a bird in a cage, against obstacles which we cannot remove, the hasty jumping at conclusions and mad plunge for results, which should be of slow growth, all weaken the texture of the fabric we weave.

How necessary, then, in this weaving to exercise patience!

Patience—the bearing of afflictions, pain and provocation without complaint and with untroubled temper.

Patience—the long waiting with calmness and resignation for justice or expected good.

Patience—suffering with meekness and submission.

Patience—the constant doing, trying, persevering.

The tree does not reach its growth in a night, but fibre by fibre, day after day and year after year till it reaches maturity.

Blocks of stone cannot be thrown down on the ground in a confused mass and form a building.

No more can we by great bustle, haste and confusion achieve fame or renown, but by patient, systematic effort are the great things of earth accomplished.

When the farmer has properly sown his field, he can but wait the action of the sun and rain for its growth—uncovering it and peeping beneath the soil to see what progress is being made but retards, if it does not altogether ruin it.

The teacher, the minister, the parent, all who are working for the young know that they can but do their best and await results. Hurrying, trying to force the youthful mind but leads to disaster.

So in the construction of character. The webs we weave, earnest work with untiring perseverance toward the end in view, bearing patiently those things which must be borne; removing, little by little, those obstacles which can be removed, will enable us to reach the goal for which we strive.

How well it would be if in our weaving each thread were strong and beautiful. But as we look over the fabric we have woven, and see all the broken and soiled threads, the missed stitches, the dull colors, the grotesque pattern, we feel disheartened. Yet we need not be discouraged, but rather

take heart of grace, remembering that as habits are formed like the cable, a strand at a time, so with care and patience may they be torn down.

Stitch by stitch those webs which bind us may be woven anew and rebuilt more in accord with what constitutes perfect character.

Now—this hour—we can begin to weave with finer, more perfect thread; watching the loom and the shuttle, and what one thing is more requisite in doing this than patience?

Not the patience that sits with folded hands and waits—though this is sometimes best—but the patience that with busy, untiring fingers, weaves, thread upon thread, mesh upon mesh, picking up and tying the broken threads, finding the dropped stitches, rearranging the pattern with untiring resolve to make each day's work better than the last.

Patience is not an attribute of the narrow mind, but is an adjunct of the great. Indeed, it would seem that genius is nothing more than patience, faith and energy.

With these three qualities well developed, what may one not accomplish!

Too often we begin a work, but lacking patience, drop it before it is half finished.

We study one side of a subject, but lacking patience for due investigation, we hastily form opinions, which afterward we find, with pain and mortification, to be entirely wrong.

Patience weighs all the facts of a case, looking at it from all sides, and forms no hasty conclusions to bring embarrassment and chagrin.

Patience is the plane which hews and makes smooth the rough edges of life.

Patience cuts through the wall of misfortune and defeat, the road to success and triumph.

In the practice of this virtue, there are, however, times when one must simply bear his cross and wait.

Chafing and fretting will not remove affliction or disease, restore the sight, or make whole the maimed.

Beating against the bars of environment, we but bruise ourselves.

As we look at the field of grain in the breath of the wind, we see how gracefully it bends and sways before it, to rise again in beauty as it passes by.

So in the wind of adversity, man, by patience, may bend and wait its passing, gaining strength by the experience.

As drops of water form the ocean, so we are drops in the great sea of humanity, each dependent on the other. The whole world is kin; and everywhere there are struggling souls reaching out for light.

Everywhere there are human hearts weighed down with anguish, appealing mutely to us for patience. Not patience for ourselves alone, but for them. Patience to bear with their blunders, their faults, their misdeeds.

"Well will it be, if we remember,  
Woe if we forget."

## Have Animals Psychic Perceptions?

Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, narrates the following as told him by three friends who witnessed the occurrence:

In August, 1887, a gentleman with his wife and daughter were driving over a country road in France. Coming to a woody portion of the way where a priest was said to have been murdered, the horse stopped, snorted and refused to go, although whipped. Immediately from an impassable thicket at the left of the highway a horse and carriage emerged. The driver turned, looked at the narrator and then drove into a marsh at the other side of the road, which was also impossible for a horse and carriage.

This phantom experience was attested by letters from all the occupants of the carriage. Flammarion continues, commenting thus: (We translate from his account in *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*).

A triple hallucination, one might suppose; triple and even quadruple if one counts the horse.

Was it a mirage?

But of what kind?

I do not attempt an explanation; I tell the tale simply declaring it to be in the highest degree absurd.

Absurd? Yes. What does the dictionary say of absurd? It quotes Ptolemy. "I know nothing more absurd in the world than the extravagant hypothesis that the world moves!"

We live entirely in the unknown.

## Anent Pure Food.

H. H. Langdon, (Food Expert.)

In your esteemed issue of March 10th you have an able article on Pure Food.

In reply I will say it should be gratifying to the public at large that the Pure Food Bill has, after being pigeon-holed for 15 years, at last passed the Senate. I have made the Pure Food Question a study for years and I know the health of a nation depends upon the quality of the food, liquid and air that it consumes. We are considered a nation of dyspeptics.

Dyspepsia is caused by errors in diet. To rectify this distressing disease we must exercise care in selecting our foods and must pay more attention to mastication, and drink less liquid with our meals. Copious drinking during our meals so dilutes the digestive juices that it retards digestion.

By eating simple, nutritious foods, thorough mastication and less drinking with our meals, we can soon overcome the distressing results that arise from malassimilation of what we eat.

The Pure Food Bill will compel the labeling of all articles of preserved food. The labeling, however, will not remove the injurious effects of any deleterious substances, consequently the public should learn the value of Pure Foods.

An article that is adulterated with some inferior substance that depreciates the food value, would not contain more food value if labeled. When the public learns that there is not the food value in adulterated foods, and that there is no economy in purchasing them, the demand will cease.

One excellent feature of the Pure Food Bill is that it will prevent the use of preservatives in milk, sausages, cheese, or in any article of food that will absorb the preservative so that it cannot be washed off prior to consumption.

The Bill will allow the use of Borax and Boric Acid on meat, fish and fowl, as these preservatives do not penetrate and are readily removed by washing.

To allow the use of such mild preservatives will be of great value to the consumer, as they must be used when the article to be preserved is in a prime condition. Under no circumstances could they be used to restore tainted articles to a fresh condition.

The Bill will compel the labeling of food preserved with Borax or Boric Acid and information of how to wash the articles preserved must be printed on the label. The Bill has yet to pass the House, when no doubt more amendments will be offered, but they may not be accepted.

The Bill as it stands now, no doubt satisfies the general public. When the Bill becomes a law and is thoroughly enforced, the health of the nation should improve. We must not forget the idiosyncrasies of man, however. Each person must learn from experience what food best agrees with his individual system.

When we are ill there is a cause for such conditions; remove the cause and the effect is removed. Biliousness is caused by errors in the diet, but thousands of persons who are bilious periodically never learn the cause, consequently cannot remove it.

Eggs, milk, cornmeal and milk are very indigestible articles to many persons. The albumen in eggs and the casein in milk are very difficult for some stomachs to digest and they cause biliousness.

To maintain health we must live and learn what food best agrees with us. Drink water, between meals and on retiring; have plenty of fresh air in our sleeping apartments, and sleep eight hours; bathe freely, to keep our cuticle in a healthful condition; breathe deeply and exercise well; at least once a day exercise every muscle in the body. Gargle the throat with a mild antiseptic solution occasionally and wash out the nasal passages now and then. Masticate the food thoroughly, eat pure food and exercise daily, then nature will keep our systems in prime condition.



## One By One.

Cora L. F. Richmond.

(Inspired by Quina.)

(Written for the Banner of Light.)

## IN MEMORIAM.

As one by one they pass the "Great Divide"  
Vanished from human sense—but far  
more near—  
Could mortals but attune their ears to  
hear—  
We miss those who erstwhile were at our  
side.

The something palpable in time and sense,  
The garb of human-guise so manifest,  
In which spirit, accustomed, was ex-  
pressed,  
For which, oftentimes, there seems no recom-  
pense.

If those who mourn this one great human  
loss  
Could only know how very near they are,  
Nor seek to find them in some heaven  
afar,  
But just within, where Soul-shine gleams  
across  
The narrow portals of the house of clay,  
Then none would ever think them far  
away.

GEORGE A. BACON.

Dear, kindly face, and thoughtful eyes o'er-  
lit:  
Alternately with mirth and pensive shade  
Of deeper thought, by aspiration made,  
Philosophy and ready gleams of wit:

Facile of mind and pen; rare gift to trace  
In firm yet gentle clearness Truth's in-  
tent;

No shadow of unfairness e'er ingrat  
With the clear argument and worded grace.

We miss this champion of a cause Divine—  
Known through long years of Friendship  
tested well;  
From whom all knowing him received  
the spell  
Of such fidelity; the wondrous mine

Of knowledge opened to him day by day  
Through studious seeking; and from far  
within—  
Until the steps the mind would win  
Were oft revealed from out the inner way.

How many pages would thy absence fill!  
If we could measure by the void of thee  
In columns where thy words were wont  
to be;

Yet we must know thee thinking, working  
still;  
Scattering thy clear thoughts like the snow,  
Until the minds attuned to thee receive,  
Until the hearts that miss thee so per-  
ceive

And understand the new things thou dost  
know.

And one day, all the barriers removed,  
There shall be great reunion in that state  
Where Friendship doth eternal shrines  
create,

And each knows each by Love's own light  
approved.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

If a robin should mournfully sing,  
"Where is he?" "where is he?" "where  
is he?"

And the birds in each grove and tree  
Were to ask, "Why this void in the  
spring?"  
Mayhap the night-bird alone  
Would say: "He is gone, is gone."

Winds, whispering soft through the grove,  
And sighing: "We miss the deep thrill  
Of something responsive, now still."  
Aye! the winds miss the voice they love.  
Albeit, Orpheus whispers near:  
"He is here," "he is here."

If out of the nature he loved—  
Stream, sunset, and mountain and  
cloud—  
The early mist fashions a shroud,  
Missing him who near them hath moved,  
The glorious orb of day  
Must chase the mist away.

Sweeter the notes of the birds in the wood,  
Rarer the beauty in Nature's word,  
Greater the rapture of leaflets stirred  
By the voice within the solitude,  
Because he loved them all so well,  
And knew their wondrous spell.

Aye! many a heart-ache, balm-laden  
Because of his happy release,  
For the "pure in heart" find peace  
Within the rare poet's Aiden.

How sweet to know he is there,  
And here, and many a-where.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

As sprang Minerva from the brow of Jove,  
Didst thou from her swift-sandaled spirit  
come,

Crowned with the moveless purpose of thy  
life,  
Unshrinking, unafraid to dare and do;  
Not with the glittering sword and bur-  
nished shield

Of weaker warriors in their strife for gold;  
Nor yet of those who fight a nation's  
cause,

But for the daughters of all mothers here,  
For every sister of the human race,  
Aye! and for all that race; since Freedom's  
cause

Is one: no race, no sex, no futile flaws.  
Since Liberty has found her worshiper.

How well equipped wert thou, each spoken  
word,  
Each strong, true argument sent to its  
mark.

Half a century, and almost the goal  
Is won. A greater goal is here today,  
Since not a part, but all of human kind  
Have forward pressed. One thing denied  
(The ballot); all the other growth has  
come;

And that will follow. Bend thy thoughts  
to those  
Who reverently follow where they led—  
Thou and thy compeers—knowing well  
What glorious day comes for thy night of  
toll.

## Revival of the Torture-Chamber.

Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-Large, N. E. A.

The Chicago movement has counted  
largely on its demonstrative and experi-  
mental vivisection, but heretofore has con-  
fined investigations to domestic animals,  
guinea pigs, etc. The horror of it makes  
one shudder and, were it not known, it  
would be incredible, that such fiendish  
cruelty could be practiced by those claim-  
ing to be civilized and Christian.

Vivisection is the dissection of living  
animals. The helpless victim is strapped  
to a rack expressly designed to hold it im-  
movable. Its cries of pain are stifled by  
gagging, or cutting the vocal cords, and  
then one or more students, or professors,  
proceed to remove the skin, expose mus-  
cles, nerves, arteries and veins, as though  
the quivering form under their scalpels had  
no feeling! It was proposed in the legis-  
lature of at least one state to hand over  
criminals condemned to death to these pro-  
fessors for this purpose. It was argued  
that as animals were so different from man,  
only an uncertain knowledge could be  
gained, but if doctors were only allowed  
to operate on living men, there would be  
astonishing revelations and science and  
medicine advanced.

Now as they cannot have human beings,  
they are to take the next in the scale,  
monkeys! There is no law against the  
vivisection of monkeys. Is this possible?  
The following paragraph which has been  
widely published as a news item, not only  
tells the story, but is one of the most  
shocking which has appeared for many a  
season.

## MONKEYS WILL BE STUDIED.

Chicago, March 19.—The top floor of the  
physiology laboratory at the University of  
Chicago is beginning to look like the zoological  
section of a city park. Carpenters  
are building new cages and repairing  
old ones, so that the monkeys which will  
reach the university in a few days will have  
a commodious place in which to live.

These monkeys will not be used as an  
attraction for visitors but will be studied in  
the classroom by the students and in the  
private laboratories by the professors. For  
some time the medical authorities have  
been contemplating the use of monkeys for  
dissecting purposes.

Because of the extreme likeness of the  
anatomy of the monkey to that of man it  
is thought much more can be learned of  
the human organism.

It is probable several hundred animals  
will be used in the work during the next  
three months.

Several of the professors have suggested  
that while the animals are being used along  
medical lines it would be a good scheme  
to study their language.

Not long ago a monkey was brought to  
the dissecting rooms and laid upon the  
table. He did not like the looks of the  
white aprons and long knives nor the  
peculiar odor. The doctors tried to induce  
the little fellow to remain quiet, but to no  
avail. They finally decided the only thing  
to do was to go ahead with the operation.  
The monkey was washed and laid on the  
slab, but it expired of fright. It is argued  
that if the surgeons could have understood  
the chatter of their subject this tragic end  
would not have occurred.

It may be asked: "Why do you take  
cognizance of this as Editor-at-Large?  
Has Spiritualism anything to do with it?"  
Yes, emphatically, and a thousand times,  
yes. It has to do with cruelty, wrong and  
injustice wherever found, and silence in the  
presence of crime against humanity is a  
sanction, or confession of weakness.

Here is a school of the highest preten-  
sions, a Christian school, and as such its  
object should be to educate the thousands  
who attend, not only in knowledge, but in  
the more priceless moral qualities, refine-  
ment and loving mercy which removed man  
from the savage. What does it propose?  
What is it doing every day? Let this sub-  
ject be presented in plain speech, through  
the readers' pardon must be asked for tell-  
ing the horrible story.

Men are sent to tropical regions to cap-  
ture these monkeys, inoffensive, harmless  
animals of the wilds, and send them to the  
University of Chicago. There they are  
caged and kept in stock "several hundred  
of them," as living material for the dissect-  
ing table. "Because of the extreme like-  
ness of the anatomy of the monkey to that  
of man," the cat and dog are to be left in  
peace for the time.

These monkeys are supposed, even by  
these doctors, to have a language, and  
they think that if they had understood the  
poor victims which they strapped to the  
rack, they could have talked with him and  
thus prevented his dying of "fright." What  
could they have told him? That they in-  
tended to bind him so he could not move,  
close his mouth so he could not chatter,  
and then they would proceed to the highly  
pleasant work of taking the skin off his  
feet and limbs, and lifting up the muscles to  
show the nerves, and arteries? They  
would trace each muscle to its attachments,  
and cut away connective tissues. There  
might be a student cutting at each limb, or  
only a demonstrator, lecturing as he dis-  
sected. After class time, the victim would  
be left to enjoy rest, though still bound.  
Tomorrow, the class would again assemble.  
If death had not released him, they would  
proceed to dissect the thoracic cavity, or  
lay bare the brain and spinal cord, and see  
what effect turning on an electric current  
would have in contorting the muscles. Af-  
ter a time death would relieve from torture  
and fresh "material" would be brought  
from the cages! And this is to go on year  
in and year out. "Hundreds of monkeys  
kept as material, for the next three  
months!"

There is another branch of vivisection  
even more horrible if possible. Monkeys  
are ideal subjects for inoculation with  
"toxins, anti-toxins and disease germs."  
They can be subjected to all forms of dis-  
ease, and, if they survive, still be valuable  
for "material" for the dissecting table.

Previously dogs, cats, mice and guinea  
pigs have been used for this purpose.  
Monkeys being "nearer to man" or more  
satisfactory. The sufferings of these poor  
creatures, inoculated with tuberculosis,

diphtheria, cancer, tetanus, rabies, leprosy  
and the connected animal virus which the  
ingenuity of these professors can devise,  
no language can describe.

Can a true Spiritualist ask, "Why de-  
nounce it?"

Why? Because it seems that from no  
other source does it meet condemnation.  
The press which reports this action of the  
University has not a word of criticism. Of  
the 100,000 preachers in this country, not  
one has spoken a word in censure. In all  
the religious papers, not a line has appeared  
condemning this wickedness.

In all the pulpits of Chicago, not a gos-  
pel minister raises his voice against the in-  
human cruelty. The Humane Society has  
made no protest. It remains for Spiritual-  
ism to plead for the dumb creatures which  
cannot speak for themselves.

It is not silenced by the plea of these  
doctors and professors, that "it is in the in-  
terests of science, and human lives are to  
be saved by the knowledge thus gained."  
Oh, no! The great anatomists declare that  
the monkey is almost as different in anat-  
omy from man as the dog, and little more  
can be gained by its dissection. If like,  
why should the living animal be used?  
And why this continuous demonstration  
before classes?

With a dozen or score of directors, could  
not any principle, now uncertain, be veri-  
fied? Why continue with the hundreds?

It is not for the benefit of science; not  
to save human life, but to gratify the lust  
for cruelty, and gratification of vanity in  
the professors, and the attraction it has to  
a certain class of students. European uni-  
versities have these demonstrations,—none  
have gone so far as to use monkeys for  
material on the large scale. In this the  
Chicago school plays a trump card.

It is lust for cruelty, a delight to see the  
helpless beings writhe beneath the knife,  
to see the red blood flow. It is the domi-  
nancy of the brute.

What must be the effect of such object  
lessons on the minds of the students,—on  
the minds of the young women, who attend  
and dissect? Need it be asked?

Can the result be other than the destruc-  
tion of feeling, kindness, and sympathy, and  
the cultivation of the opposite of those  
qualities which, as Spiritualists, we abhor?

If there is no other voice to cry out  
against this revival of the torture chamber  
of the inquisitor, if no law can reach these  
professors, installed in their laboratories;  
if the Humane Society is powerless to pre-  
vent, there remains one force which is in  
absolute antagonism to wrong and injus-  
tice, whether man or animal be the sufferer.

That force is Spiritualism, and it holds up  
the perpetrators of such fiendish acts to  
the execution of all right thinking people.  
There is plenty of religion which is for the  
next life. Religion which crawls and  
creeps in servile meekness to power and  
policy.

Spiritualism is for this world as well as  
for the next, and a force militant to smite  
wrong as well as uphold the right. Is it  
not time that Spiritualists recognized this,  
and that something more is demanded of  
them than becoming "harmonious," by  
singing "Beulah Land" and "Sweet Bye  
and Bye?"

## "My Affinity."

A REVERIE.

The day when I first saw her scudding  
past the corner of the market place I shall  
never forget it; how could I? Has any  
man ever forgotten the time and object of  
his first love? The impression made upon  
the mind was marvelous. The picture the  
most pleasant that has ever hung upon the  
walls of memory. As I look upon it again  
the freshness of youth clothes me; the  
spices of life come to me as if newly picked  
from the overhanging vines of brightest  
youth.

I can see again the folds of her white  
costume neat and trim; the chestnut hair  
loosely folded in a net; those large, dark  
eyes with long lashes as she turned to look.  
Was ever mortal made more fair? That  
presence has never wholly left me; through  
all the ups and downs of an eventful life I  
have turned ever and anon for refreshing  
and have never been disappointed. The  
pleasant emotions stirred by that first sight  
of one who I am bound to believe was then  
my true affinity, led me to make inquiry  
which resulted in our meeting at no very  
distant period.

How those meetings and partings bright-  
ened the latter part of my school life, no  
tongue can tell nor pen portray; our walks  
together in the groves near the sea, the  
ring of her laughter, the light that shone  
from those eyes as she turned them upon  
me has been shining on for nearly two  
score years, and can never grow less bright;  
the unspeakable joy that welled up in my  
soul when she on several occasions pre-  
sented me in a covey with some token of  
love. The aroma of memory that perfumes  
these presents has eternally embalmed  
them and placed them with the ever-endur-  
ing treasures of the immortal.

I would love to write her name, that it  
might thus written give tangibility to the  
thought which treasures it, were it not that  
it is too sacred to divulge. She may have  
passed to the spirit land; if so I know that  
my thought of her will continue to pass  
over the vibratory wave and carry the love  
that I was too modest to express in my  
school days and cause her to carry to me  
the help that angels bring when they come  
to visit the mortal. The joy there is in this  
thought for me is prized by me above  
rubies.

Others sought her affections, but so far  
as I know there was never another who  
had the first place; and I am persuaded  
none other could ever have loved her with  
a purer love—a love freer from the baser  
thoughts that tarnish—and yet a voice al-  
ways whispered in those distant days that  
there was to be no earth-union,—some  
strange yet ever present and powerful con-  
viction that "it was not to be."

Are there not heaven-born destinies  
bringing together and forming unions  
which are for this life only? And is not  
the real affinity a fresh surprise to make  
the cup overflow in a fairer clime?

The sterner material required may be

best propagated by those not so finely  
fitted for purer joys.

One of the greatest consolations that can  
come to the mortal is that in the unfold-  
ment of our high destiny there is a per-  
fectly unerring law that brings together the  
real affinities and there cannot possibly be  
a solitary soul to hunger for compani-  
onship when the grosser conditions of earth  
are put off.

Wm. Strong.

Hamilton, Canada.

## Spirits—Their Existence and Identification.

Joseph F. Snipes.

An address delivered at Berkeley Lyceum,  
New York City.

First, we have to assume what so many  
of us, and so many unlike us, are inclined  
to believe, with or without evidence, that  
there are intelligent invisible beings called  
spirits. Those who have sought and found  
sufficient evidence, whether in or out of the  
church, must certainly believe it, and the  
majority who have not found the truth wish  
the proof. Some encrusted exceptions  
seem to have no faith in it nor desire for  
it, because of their mental and tempera-  
mental constitution. A man born without  
veneration will never be a worshipper. An-  
other, inheriting or cultivating excessive de-  
votion may credulously accept too much.  
Others control their belief by reason. But  
to all classes of minds the best proof of the  
existence, personality and influence of spir-  
its is through the intermediation of medi-  
ums. In private and public circles we are  
apt to say, "The spirit of So-and-So is  
present." Is it not better to say, the man  
himself is present? The individual pos-  
sesses a spirit, and is intimately associated  
with it, but his spirit is not severed and pro-  
jected from his proper body, for recogni-  
tion. The existence of spirits, earthborn,  
is presupposed by all nations who have a  
history; but mediumship, second sight, pos-  
session, furnish the only testimony of a  
future existence for mankind. Mystic tra-  
dition and theologic speculations may sat-  
isfy most sceptics and religionists, or their  
devil-fearing subjects; but today we need  
and demand a living faith founded on pre-  
sent-day personal facts.

The identification of spirit visitors is most  
interesting and important. Unless identi-  
fied, we never could determine whether they  
are human, or a separate creation. If we  
cannot identify them as relatives or friends,  
we have no ground for belief that we shall  
live also. Identification, therefore, supplies  
the only fundamental basis for acceptance  
of the claims of Modern Spiritualism. In  
Bible times the independent voice of an  
ordinary spirit was often mistaken for the  
voice of God, whose instructions were  
wholly unworthy of Divine wisdom, purity  
and mercy.

Granting that invisible intelligence exists,  
and that all human intelligence is embodied,  
there are many ways by which to identify a  
spirit. Of course we must have known or  
heard of him in earth life to know him now.  
He must be recognized by his distinctive  
height, features, dress, address and personal  
allusions, as given through clairvoyance,  
clairaudience, trance, independent or auto-  
matic writing, etherization and material-  
ization, wholly or in part. It is natural and  
necessary, for recognition, that all spirits,  
in or out of the earth-form, should be lim-  
ited in knowledge and power, that no two  
individuals are exactly alike in form and  
intelligence. But any manifestation not  
given under reasonable test conditions, and  
which can be duplicated by ordinary means,  
is of dubious spiritual origin.

One difficulty in spirit identification is the  
effect of mind upon mind. If the sensitive  
simply reflects the positive thought of a  
sitter, or repeats only what is stored and  
restorable at the time, the telepathic trans-  
ference is not evidential of spiritual com-  
munication. It is now claimed that all emo-  
tions and experiences are registered and  
laid away on the shelves of the brain,  
against the day of self-judgment, and many  
responsive psychics are able to read the  
record without spirit prompting; and yet it  
is oftener the fact that a sympathetic spirit,  
cognizant of your life, and desirous of iden-  
tification and missionary work, refreshes  
your memory of past events, about which a  
stranger knows nothing.

Another obstacle in the way of identifica-  
tion lies in the generality of a message and  
the absence of personal tests. If the means  
employed represent a style inhappily  
identity is not established; nor when the  
manner and expression are superior to the  
known habits of the recent arisen. Spirit  
people, various as mortals, are equally  
prone at times to protean changes, and the  
medium gets the discredit for innate de-  
pravity.

With these and other impediments, and  
without an actual association with spirit  
people in their own place of residence, what  
is the most convincing evidence of spirit  
identity? The objection that mediums sel-  
dom tell us anything we do not already  
know is absurd; for how can we recognize  
anything about which we know nothing?  
Beyond all the foggy theories and deduc-  
tions of ancient spiritual dreamers, with  
large ideality and imagination, and the con-  
tradictory guesses of modern priests, the  
most tangible proof of spirit presence is  
furnished by the intelligence behind the  
independent movements of material objects  
and the numerous mental phases of me-  
diumship.

For one I have had very remarkable in-  
terviews with educated tables, slates and  
psychics in the last forty years. For in-  
stance, in the presence of a long-tried  
medium and a large company of sensible  
witnesses, my parlor organ has been audibly  
played in a bright light by invisible fingers.  
In the presence of the same medium and  
a room full of close observers, I have been  
one of six to sit on top of a piano which  
sustained its own and our united weight of  
1,185 pounds, and repeatedly lifted itself  
from the floor, moving up and down in cor-  
rect time to music, in a brilliant light, sus-  
pending the law of gravitation at will.

With another well known psychic, in a

large parlor, in bright daylight, I have wit-  
nessed a violent revolution of a centre-table  
with contents, the sudden ejection of books,  
etc., the pulling of myself and chair about  
the floor, without any mortal contact. At  
the same time a very large hand appeared  
and reappeared several times in front of my  
face, nervously sustaining itself in sight,  
seemingly of human flesh, but terminating  
at the wrist in—nothing! A pair of clean  
slates at once began to scratch on the table  
and independently recorded a very appro-  
priate reply to my casual remark, signed  
with the name of a dear departed friend.  
Then, at my request, the heavy table at  
which I sat slowly arose, ascended toward  
the high ceiling, turned over, deliberately  
settled upon my head, then returned to the  
ceiling, reversed itself, and slowly de-  
scended to the floor. A moment later I re-  
ceived several communications on clean  
double slates, heard in the act of writing,  
personal to myself, signed with recognized  
names unknown to the psychic.

Such audible and independent scripture  
on slates or paper, thus produced, in char-  
acteristic style of the writer, with expres-  
sions, names and statements appropriate  
only to the receiver, it seems to me proves  
identity; if anything does on the physical  
and mental plane.

On another occasion I purchased a pair  
of new double slates, asking a friend to visit  
with me another public psychic just arrived  
from Boston. At the last moment the  
friend was prevented by business. Entering  
the rooms the medium, although an entire  
stranger, straightway began to call the roll  
of my spirit relatives and friends, described  
them correctly, gave their full names as he  
listened, some of them very uncommon, like  
my own. He next requested me to retain  
my folded slates while he retired to the  
farther corner of the room, when immedi-  
ately I heard scratching inside the slates,  
and opening them found the inner surfaces  
covered with writing, in regular lines,  
dotted, crossed, underscored, addressed to  
me, expressing regret that our friend could  
not come with me, with other personal  
truthful mention, signed with the name of  
a friend who had promised to return after  
death. These and many other similar writ-  
ings I still preserve, valued more than the  
"tables of stone" of Moses. They are more  
personal, and repeatable before witnesses  
now living.

Hearing of the claims of spirit-photog-  
raphy, as published by prominent experi-  
menters, I induced a sceptical neighbor to  
make a trial. He did so and obtained a  
faithful likeness of his sister, as compared  
with a former photograph at home. The  
spirit-artist lived in Boston, and was a  
stranger. Then we visited a trance medium  
in private life, when, without a hint from  
us, said sister reported her presence by  
name and relationship, also the names of  
other members of his family, in the order  
of their death, and declared that the picture  
he received was indeed hers. We next at-  
tended a circle where the entire company,  
like ourselves, saw a ball of white light swell  
out into the form of a lady, and as it ap-  
proached the gentleman the medium, also a  
stranger, correctly informed him it was his  
wife, giving her name, and time and man-  
ner of death two months before. My own  
experiment for a picture, appointing an  
hour for a mental telegram, resulted in a  
second form which I did not recognize, but  
my spirit-father said it was my mother's  
dearest brother, of Virginia, many years  
gone, giving his full name. Visiting that  
state later, I submitted an album including  
this result to the daughter, who suddenly,  
with tears, exclaimed: "Why, that's father!"  
No picture of him remained in or out of  
the family. At another time I bought and  
carried my own tin plates to another  
"spirit-photographer," was allowed to exam-  
ine all the apparatus, accompanied the pro-  
cess all the way through, and after several  
failures, we discovered a likeness in front  
of me of a personal friend known only to  
me as a familiar attendant for years. In  
spite of unreasonable prejudice and suspi-  
cion, repeated experiments, under the very  
best conditions, including many singular  
predictions and fulfillment, compelled my  
confidence and acceptance of the facts, so  
that I could no longer "sit in the seat of  
the scornful."

These are but a small fraction of the  
different phenomena I have witnessed and  
recorded, and which would equal a dozen  
large volumes in small-print. But the best  
and amplest satisfaction is usually gotten in  
the privacy of home, and every recipient  
must be the best judge of the value of his  
evidences.

Now, granted that from personal experi-  
ence you are satisfied of the existence and  
identity of spirit people, you must also con-  
clude that, like ourselves, they are human,  
fallible and progressive, and that acceptance  
of their advice must be governed by the  
ordinary rules of reason and morals. We  
used to think that our eternal destiny is  
fixed at death, that morals belong only to  
the primary life on earth, but in the light  
of Modern Spiritualism we know that what-  
ever mental and spiritual worth we possess  
or lack continues with us after the second  
birth, and our tastes still find pleasure in  
opportunities as on earth for their exercise  
directly or inspirationally, and we must  
judge of the value of our conferences with  
certain spirit-folks just as we discriminate  
in our choice of companions and advisers in  
earth-life. Morality implies good principles  
and purposes in both spheres, whose inces-  
sive is the good effect that follows right  
thought and action and approving con-  
science. Yet conscience, the regulator of  
morality, is a matter of education and local-  
ity, more than of inborn instinct, is not a  
universal monitor. In our land and time  
conscientious reverence for obsolete ideals  
is buried. What once stung us morbidly  
we now tolerate boldly. What was once  
taught as essential to salvation (as if any  
soul worth making and saving could be  
lost) we now refer to human imagination  
and invention, and what was infallible in-  
spiration is now considered a matter of  
conspiracy; and in foreign countries pure  
conscience is impure murder. All varia-  
tions of belief persist after death, until  
higher aspirations and inspirations modify  
and reform. No radical change follows the  
severance of the man from his clothing.







**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE**  
No. 126 Barnum Street, Boston, Mass.  
Selling, Copying, etc., Boston, Mass.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,**  
**THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,**  
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

**THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,**  
41 Chambers Street, New York.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE**  
Per Year ..... \$2.00  
To Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, Ten Shillings and postage.  
Postage paid by publishers.

**Managing Editor.....IRVING F. SYMONDS**  
To whom all Literary Contributions, News Items, Reports and Announcements must be addressed.

**Treasurer and General Manager**  
**IRVING F. SYMONDS**  
To whom all Business Communications must be directed

**Representative-at-Large,**  
**Dr. GEORGE A. FULLER**

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
Full particulars furnished upon application.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to reach for its readership the many who are not yet converted, and who are in a state of spiritual darkness. It is our duty to those who are already converted, to give them the light of the Gospel, and to those who are not yet converted, to give them the light of the Gospel.

Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all the varied views of opinion to which correspondents may give expression.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return enclosed articles.

Whoever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it then sent or the change cannot be made.

## Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

Spiritualists enthusiastically loyal to the Natal Day!

If we may judge by the field reports, interest in spirit communion does not wane with the years nor fear of spirit "control" even, grow with the years.

Full meetings, harmonious action, zeal for service mark the Anniversary occasion all along the line.

Reports of Anniversary Exercises held at Conneaut, Ohio, where our dear fellow workers, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates, officiated; of the First Spiritualist Society of Fitchburg; of the Independent Spiritual Society of Pawtucket, R. I., were received too late for this issue of the "Banner," but will appear next week.

The Spiritual and Ethical Society of New York City, Helen Temple Brigham, pastor, has a most inviting program for Anniversary observance to be held morning and evening, Sunday, April 8, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. at the "Builders' League," 74 126th Street. The program was received too late to print, but it is a very promising one.

It has seemed to us for some time that the lamentations of the clergy over the increasing frequency of divorces could well be exchanged for effort to forestall such unhealthy experiences by greater care on their part in uniting in these holy bonds the careless and inexperienced.

We are glad to note that at a meeting of clergymen held recently in Portland, a set of rules, which they propose to urge upon the attention of the ministers throughout the State of Maine, provides:

1.—To use great care before solemnizing any marriage lest the parties seek to enter that relation inadvisedly or lightly, and so to lessen the probable number of divorces.

2.—To refuse to solemnize marriage when both parties are strangers to the minister without satisfactory introduction.

3.—To refuse to remarry any divorced person unless the certificate of divorce is produced.

A personal letter from our English cousin, Mr. William Stansfield, whose coming we noted last week, informs us of the safe arrival of himself and family. His present address is 161 Winter Avenue, New-castle, Lawrence Co., Pa.

Mr. Stansfield already has caught the spirit attributed to the Yankee and has his coat off ready to work, which will please "Uncle Sam," whose "loyal citizen" he writes that he hopes to become.

Welcome, and again welcome, dear Brother.

Sir Oliver Lodge, last fall, at Hertford College, London, uttered the following prophecy, which is of especial interest:

"The immediate future will be an epoch in religion, a religion free from superstition and allied to knowledge obtained by means of the progress of science; a religion which is now the consolation of a small number of human beings, but which will become at once recognized as a power by almost the whole of humanity, of which it will become one of the factors of life."

This prophecy he based upon the increasing interest, now everywhere betrayed, in the study of matters psychic. Has he not accurately described the dawn of the future of the religion of Spiritualism?

### The Anniversary Occasion.

Another Anniversary has gone into the past. We have witnessed some of the gatherings and with enjoyment. The talk was on lines of gratitude and cheer. The messages were unusually clear and inspiring. At the social gatherings good fellowship, kindness and geniality marked the occasion. In Boston we had some memorable addresses, notably Mrs. N. J. Willis on Saturday afternoon at the V. S. U. exercises, and Dr. B. F. Austin Saturday evening on the topic, "Spiritualism and the World's Needs," and a sane, thoughtful presentation of the topic, "Spiritualism and the Old and New Bible," in an address before the Gospel of Spirit Return Society, in a special service held in the First Spiritual Temple Sunday evening.

At the latter service many not affiliated with Spiritualism as an organization were evidently in the audience and from their attention during the address and their expressions of gratitude at the close of the service, we felt here no mistake had been made in so arranging the programs as to give proper time to work out a logical presentation of the themes.

We would like to see a union effort to observe the Anniversary week, and believe we would grow by such a movement. The few paltry dollars gathered in by the different organizations at such a time seem hardly sufficient reason for separate services.

And now we start off for another year of service. Would that we might make it a glorious one! Would that no least of workers could suffer and we not be in pain until he should find relief! Would that no endeavor to forward the work of Spiritualism, by press or preacher, or special message bearer, or by the more prosaic, but not less useful, service in the business problems, would that no effort could find us careless of the work; then, and not till then, can we go forward like a mighty army, conquering and to conquer, and commanding by the very union of our forces the fruits that the ripe harvest fields wait to give the skillful husbandman.

### Compulsory Sabbatarianism.

Under the above caption our esteemed Herald editor has so completely covered the ground, by our measurement, that we reproduce.

"The bill passed by the House to restrict and regulate the diversions of the people on Sunday adds a deeper dye to the 'blueness' of the laws intended to render compulsory a certain observance of the Sabbath. It not only forbids any work on that day, 'except of necessity or charity,' which has always been the law, but prohibits 'any sport, game, play or public diversion of any description, except a lecture or a concert of classical music.'"

"These exceptions are likely to excite the laughter of the unregenerate. 'Lectures' and 'concerts of classical music' are two Boston notions or institutions that even the 'solons on the hill' would hardly dare to put under the ban. There is, to be sure, no exception in their favor in the fourth commandment, and it is certain that the 'Puritan fathers' would not have sanctioned such innovations on the sacredness of the day as they regarded it. That there should be so much concession to the spirit of the times and the customs of the people as to permit the giving and hearing of lectures and classical music on Sunday is something of a gain. But it suggests some rather troublesome questions. What constitutes 'classical' music, as distinguished from sacred or merely popular music? Who is to decide whether the music is or is not classical? This is quite a responsibility to put upon the mayor or selectmen of a town or the board of aldermen in a city.

"When this knotty point shall be decided, other questions will arise. What authority is there for attributing a moral quality to music, and saying that certain compositions are suitable to be performed on the Lord's day because they are called 'classical,' and that all music which is not classical is profane? Coming down to hard practicalities, is it any less 'work' to perform music called classical than to render other music that has not earned that distinction? The popular belief is that it is more difficult, and therefore might be classed as 'unnecessary' work, inasmuch as music that is not so difficult gives equal or more pleasure to a large number of people.

"Going still deeper into the matter, and considering the question of individual liberty and the right of the state to discrim-

inate in favor of a small minority of the people in a matter of taste, how can the proposed law be defended on grounds of justice and equity? Shall the relatively few persons who still have the lecture habit be permitted to give or to hear a long talk on any subject under the sun, while the far greater number, who prefer innocent diversion or entertainment, be forbidden to follow their conscience, under pains and penalties? Or shall the minority, who like—or more often pretend to like—music commonly called 'classical,' be allowed to perform or to listen to their hearts' content on Sunday, while the majority are forbidden to make or to enjoy the music that pleases them?

"These are not fanciful questions. They are serious inquiries, touching very closely the personal liberty of citizens, the freedom of conscience and of religion guaranteed by the constitution and the right of the state to pass unequal and discriminating laws.

"The question of the policy and the effect of such a law is likewise important. If there are places of public resort open on Sunday that are disorderly or evil, in their influence, the authorities have ample power to suppress or restrain them, and it is their duty to do so. But upon a difference in religious belief, or a difference of taste in regard to music, is it either right or politic to shut up decent and orderly places of entertainment? The people who work hard all the week and who have little time and no money for high-priced entertainments, must go somewhere on Sunday night. Do the lawmakers think they can drive these people to church or huddle them all in their poor homes? If they forbid the light concerts and vaudeville shows which they license for six days in the week, what substitute do they offer these people? The rich can provide their own entertainment for Sunday night or go to the concert of 'classical music.' Where shall the poor go? Is Massachusetts going boldly into class legislation? Do the legislators of either party think this is a propitious time for such a departure? Enforced Sabbatarianism that goes beyond the very proper and necessary line of securing a peaceful and orderly day of rest and worship for those who desire and are entitled to this right and privilege, draws dangerously near to that 'establishment of religion' which the genius of our institutions forbids and which our constitution prohibits."

### Peculiar Experiences in Skowhegan, Me.

A valued correspondent assures us of the accuracy of the following account of strange experiences now taking place in the family of a farmer named John Kenny, who with his wife and a girl fourteen years old, named Cora Parker, make up the household. Miss Parker does not seem to be a relative of the Kennys, but lives with them for the purpose of attending school in the neighborhood. Nothing unusual seems to have marked the household in any way until the twelfth of March.

On that date the family noticed that some unopened kernels that were left in a pop corn dish which had been used the night previous had all been removed.

Mr. Kenny, having occasion to go to the pantry, heard the kernels of corn striking around his head as if thrown by some one; the kernels striking the wall and ceiling and dropping to the floor. Next, large chunks of boiled rice were thrown upon the walls with great force and seemed to be taken from a dish of the same that sat upon one of the pantry shelves. Then an empty tomato can was hurled to the floor and Mr. Kenny picking it up weighted it with an iron wedge that was handy, whereupon another can that was near the spot where the first was located turned a somersault on the pantry floor. The tea-kettle leaped into the middle of the floor throwing off its cover and dumping its contents on the kitchen floor. A little later as Miss Parker was preparing her lunch (which she was to take with her to the school house) she spread a biscuit cut in halves and suddenly the two pieces flew apart to separate corners of the room. This was followed by the tea-kettle which Mr. Kenny had returned to the stove, jumping again into the air. A smoking set that was located on a shelf near by, was thrown from the shelf to the floor. Knives, plates, and various articles located on the pantry shelves scattered themselves in fragments on the floor.

On Wednesday following, Mrs. Kenny asked permission of an acquaintance, a Mrs. C. R. Sawyer, to receive the comfort of Mrs. Sawyer's home for herself and Miss Parker. This permission was granted and almost immediately when Mrs. Kenny and Miss Parker entered the Sawyer household, similar experiences characterized the Sawyer home. Mr. Sawyer was summoned by telephone and almost immediately when he entered his kitchen, a hair brush sprung from the kitchen table to the floor. A toy flat iron which laid on the floor, jumped about six feet and hit the stove; a moment later a plaster of Paris cow started in a similar direction and fell to the floor. Chairs were tipped over and thrown under the table; rocking chairs swayed back and

forth as if occupied; a box of talcum powder was thrown nearly eight feet and the contents spilled upon Miss Parker's dress.

Mrs. Kenny and Miss Parker left the Sawyers' and immediately they did so, things resumed their normal state at the Sawyers'; but that night at the Kennys' while Miss Parker was washing the supper dishes, two teacups half filled with water leaped to the floor and stove covers were tossed about the room.

A. M. Sanford, a mail carrier on one of the rural routes, with his wife called at the Kennys' Thursday night and he testifies that while there he saw a doll start from where it was standing on the mantel and strike the floor; a piece of quartz flew across the room finally coming to rest on the window-sill. Various other articles in the room were thrown about the room with no visible contact of those present.

The next day Miss Parker went to Mr. Sanford's home, trying to escape from the scene of these uncomfortable demonstrations, and nothing out of the ordinary was noticed either at the Kennys' farm, where Mrs. Kelly remained, or at the Sanfords', where Miss Parker had gone. So long as Mrs. Kenny and Miss Parker were separated nothing unusual appeared in the presence of either one. But when Mrs. Kenny went over to the Sanfords' after the girl, immediately she entered the house, articles began to jump about the room.

It should be noted that none of the parties to whom reference has been made is a Spiritualist.

Mrs. Kenny and Miss Parker seem as much in the dark as anyone as to the cause of these strange goings on and are greatly annoyed by them.

Of course, there is the usual attempt to account for them and the rural mind seems to cling to the theory that it is a "warning."

The experiences are so very like those which occurred in this same month, eight and fifty years ago, when the world took practical note and from it discovered the possibility of communication with those they had reckoned dead, that they become very interesting.

If we were to make a suggestion, we would advise that the neighbors who are familiar with psychic experiences, especially the true Spiritualists in the community, try to interest these afflicted ones in forming "circles." We believe that suppression is a dangerous expedient in such cases. Mediumistic development under the conditions of a pure purpose, guided by a spirit band of an experienced medium, will, we believe, furnish the natural avenue for release.

We understand perfectly well the criticism that will come from certain quarters by the methods recommended, but we are not speaking as mere theorists, but with no little experience. Fear should never be permitted in such work. Patience, love, a faith founded in a confidence that we cannot reach any point in experience where pure purposes will not lead us out, will furnish a ready solution to these difficulties and undoubtedly open up new opportunities for a useful life.

### Petition for Commutation of Charles L. Tucker's Death Sentence.

To the people of Massachusetts:—

The Constitution vests in the Governor of the Commonwealth by and with the advice of the Executive Council the sole right to commute the sentence of persons convicted of crime, the punishment for which is death. The exercise of such great and merciful power has never been construed as a reflection upon judicial proceedings, nor as an expression by the executive branch of the government that the orderly processes of the law should not be treated with the utmost consideration. The taking of human life is the extreme penalty of the law, and in the performance of such a solemn duty certain rights have been reserved to the people which they have long jealously guarded. The declaration of the right we have to life and liberty, and to the freedom of thought and speech, states only in another way the sacred duty imposed upon us all to protect the lives and liberty of others, accused and in distress. In such an emergency the voice of the people can, and should, manifest itself. No proper criticism can be made of such manifestation; the fullest expression of popular opinion safeguards our dearest rights; the exercise of time-honored usage is the result of obedience to the law, and not a desire to subvert it; the final responsibility rests with the Chief Executive. He cannot be made aware of the facts unless they are presented to him in the forms prescribed by law and custom.

The prisoner's counsel have discharged to the utmost of their power the serious responsibility imposed upon them by the Court nearly two years ago. They would hesitate now to assume the most grave and solemn responsibility yet set upon them, were it not for the fact that the defendant is without friends and means, and his parents in broken health and destitute circumstances. Thousands of people in this Commonwealth, of every walk in life, in person and by letter, have made known to the prisoner, his parents and counsel, that they wish in a formal way to petition the Governor and Council to commute the sentence of the young man doomed to death, to imprisonment for life. It has, therefore, seemed proper to his counsel that they should take such measures as are necessary to give the people the fullest opportunity of expressing their views. There is no de-

sire to change the venue from the courts to popular opinion. Our judicial system is not on trial; it has finished its work in this case; legal resources are exhausted; if evidence were now discovered conclusively establishing the defendant's innocence, the courts would be powerless to act; only executive clemency can save the prisoner from the dread sentence of the law. He, therefore, avails himself of his last-known hope, the mercy of the Executive. Neither he nor his counsel will engage in any attempt to create or foster public sentiment for this purpose; they desire only that the sentiment already existing may be given expression. We, therefore, invite the co-operation of all who wish to bring about a commutation of the sentence of Charles L. Tucker to imprisonment for life by signing petitions to the Governor and Council and in any other way that seems proper.

We will furnish blank forms of petitions upon request to any one desiring them.

Vahey, Innes & Mansfield,  
18 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., March 28, 1906.

### Southern Cassadaga, Lake Helen, Florida.

The last week of the Southern Cassadaga Camp, the only winter Spiritualist Camp in the world, has been a "red letter" week. Sunday, the 18th, the closing day, was enjoyed by a large number of people. Mr. Wright, Mr. Peck and the writer were the speakers for the closing week, and the audiences did not diminish in number to any extent. The interest in Mr. Wright's classes warranted him in continuing them a week after the Camp. Mr. Walter O. Packard of Brockton, Mass., for the last few weeks has occasionally sung in Mr. Wright's classes, helped in the entertainments, and rendered beautiful solos upon the platform, which were much appreciated by everybody. Mr. Packard is a professional and sings with great expression; he is willing to help in all ways, even to being auctioneer for the Ladies' Auxiliary's closing sale. Mrs. Anna Duncan of Tampa, Fla., has been the musician for services at the auditorium and for entertainments. At the Camp dance she and Miss Hedrich furnished the music. She has been willing to assist in all ways and left her class in Tampa in other hands that she might be present here. Mrs. Allwygner, of Oak Hill, last Saturday treated the friends assembled at the Indian Village with an oyster and clam roast. The large Camp fire was used for the purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Baker introduced the thought and built up the little village three years ago; they have the thanks of the Campers, for many have been blessed and strengthened. George Thatcher, of Jamestown, N. Y., has near completion one of the largest and finest houses on the ground. Miss Ethie Thatcher has returned home, but her parents will remain a while longer. Mr. A. Norman will soon have a cottage upon the grounds. He intends to push it to completion before going north in May. The Bond "Lumber Mill" has been completed and it will solve the question of lumber. Friday, the 16th, the Ladies' Auxiliary had its election of officers. The report of the secretary, Mrs. M. E. Clark, of Elmira, N. Y., showed the receipts from all sources amounted to \$756.49, and the amount placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the Main Association was \$600. The ladies thank all their patrons and all who have contributed gifts of work or money to make this splendid result. Our secretary, Mrs. Clark, and our treasurer, Mrs. Macgarvey, have been untiring in their efforts to bring about the result named and our vice presidents have done all they could to aid in all ways. The ladies own everything necessary to set tables for 120 people; a bazaar room well furnished; a cloak and sewing room combined; two sewing machines; a kitchen with a stove, cupboards and all that is necessary in getting up suppers and, best of all, willing workers in every department. The result of the election was: President, Mrs. Twing; vice presidents, Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Boston, Mrs. Alice Spencer of Lake Helen and Mrs. Nell Whittaker of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. Clark, secretary; Mrs. Mary Macgarvey, treasurer. Mrs. Pratt, our new officer, has for years been president, or one of the Board of Trustees of Societies in Providence, R. I., and later in Boston, Mass., and is a very efficient worker in any department.

The Southern Cassadaga Election was Saturday, Sept. 17. The report of the president and secretary showed a gain over last year, the amount taken in being over \$2,400. Trustees elected, Dr. G. N. Hilligoss, Ohio; E. W. Bond, Florida; T. E. Bond, Florida; H. S. Twing, New York; H. S. Kellogg, Ohio; Will Whittaker, New York; Mrs. Mary Macgarvey, Hamilton, Can.

At a "Board Meeting" that followed the election, Dr. Hilligoss was made president, E. W. Bond, vice president, H. S. Twing, secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Mary Macgarvey, corresponding secretary.

Mrs. Palmer, who has worked so long and faithfully as corresponding secretary, declined to have her name used again, as also did A. A. Butler of Ohio and M. H. Clark of New Hampshire. A great deal of hard work has been done by these retiring members and they deserve the thanks of the Southern Cassadaga. One of the new Trustees is a young man, Mr. Will Whittaker. We are glad to introduce young blood into the life of the association.

Mrs. Macgarvey has made such a record from her work in the Woman's Auxiliary that we feel she will fit into the work of our Parent Association very naturally.

There are so many things your scribe would like to chronicle, but it would be too much to ask for more space, but will say she knows the thanks of the Southern Cassadaga are extended to you for a place in your columns to give a little glimpse of a Winter Camp in the Sunny South.

Carrie E. S. Twing.

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, But only to discover and to do, With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.







## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

## THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

Emma Rood Tuttle.

("Are you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there," was the reply.)

O, land, so full of breaking hearts,  
O'erhung with shadows blinding,  
Where half the world the other half  
In sheet and shroud are winding.  
We stretch our eyes away—away  
Past this domain of sorrow,  
And catch the tinnings on the clouds  
Of an auroral morrow.

Each year we see the brightest leaves;  
In Autumn's hands the searest;  
Each year the bird-notes die away,  
Which rang for us the clearest:  
Each day the cruel mouth of Death  
The lie to life is giving—  
And yet, we call this faded land  
The region of the living!

Oh, aged man, whose silver hair  
Is like the ring of glory,  
God bless you for that precious truth—  
Our hearts repeat the story:  
And while we sit in vacant homes,  
Heaven's golden bells are pealing  
Along the darkness of the night,  
Making the same revealing!

## A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

NO FOUNTAIN SO SMALL BUT  
THAT HEAVEN MAY BE IMAGED  
IN ITS BOSOM.—Hawthorne.

The glad songs of the Anniversary days  
of Spiritualism are ringing out over the  
land; happy hearts and smiling faces, brave  
words and sweet messages, merry greetings  
and hearty handclaps all speak of joyous  
recollections and hopeful prophecies.

The precious jewel of spirit-communion,  
which flashes in the crown of Truth excites  
our admiration and our love as now it  
glows with the warm fires of devotion and  
anon glimmers with the dazzling whiteness of  
the Alpine snows.

Its infinite beauty is in its infinite variety  
of color and shade; perplexing, fascinating,  
tantalizing and audacious.

The shadow of a violet brings amethystine  
hues, a whitewinged dove, soft, pearly  
gleams of gray; a burst of passionate ardor,  
the red fires of a ruby, the dew of a  
baby's breath, the heart-beats of an opal,  
each a facet of the diamond, the pure white  
light of which the varied colors have  
created.

It is the exquisite beauty of the jewel  
when the full and unshaded sunlight of the  
heavens falls upon it, which fills our souls  
with delight and our hearts with harmonies.

Now and then we catch glimpses of it  
but only to the dweller on the heights is the  
perpetual vision of unrestricted splendor  
granted.

But these fleeting glimpses are enough to  
fill our hearts with courage and trust, and  
at no time are we so near to the under-  
standing of how the varied and seemingly  
inharmonious colors of our mediumistic  
jewels blend into perfect and beautiful ac-  
complishment as when with songs of joy  
and prayers of thanksgiving they are placed  
upon our altars at the Anniversary season.

The optimistic song is not a slumberous  
melody which lulls men to sleep and forget-  
fulness of the evils in the world, but is the  
strong note of courage which awakens the  
spirit to the knowledge of opportunity and  
opens the eyes to the beauties that only  
wait the sunshine of hope to fill the shadowy  
paths of life with heavenly radiance.

Spiritualism is the optimistic voice in the  
world today and it is singing a song so  
true and sweet that the drowsy old world  
is rubbing its eyes in wonder and will by  
and by awaken to the gladness of the hour  
and march with steady feet and unwavering  
courage to its duties.

Soft it sings and low to the mother's ach-  
ing heart till soothed and healed she sobs  
no more but follows the gleam that leads  
to life and service; loud and clear it rings  
above the din and clamor of the battle and  
the fray, and recalls men to themselves till  
they remember the lofty themes of youth-  
time and the aspirations of days ago, and  
they become hopeful and brave and kind  
once more. Cheerily it sounds through the  
wailing woe of the disheartened and the  
weary till faith is renewed and sorrow is  
no more.

Because its voice must reach all human-  
ity, because the whole chromatic scale of  
life must be touched by some responsive, vi-  
brant spirit ere it awakes to the conscious-  
ness of its power, because it has to do with  
living, breathing, growing individualized  
personalities it must now and always find  
expression through people, men and women  
whose varied phases of mediumistic expres-  
sion will adapt itself to the needs of the  
world.

Never can the work of Spiritualism be  
done by one particular kind of mediumship  
and never can the cry of one heart be  
hushed to rest and peace by the song that  
has brought quiet and sweet rest to another,  
unless that song has power to sweep  
through the silent corridors of that heart  
and find responsive echo there.

All, all are needed and all, all contribute  
to the glory and the brightness of this  
jewel among the religions of the world just  
so far as the true individuality speaks in  
sweet and unerring tones and allows no  
desire for a borrowed color to dim the  
luster of its own. M. M. S.

## Farthest South.

Capt. Robert F. Scott, who commanded  
the expedition that penetrated beyond 82  
degrees S. at the end of December, 1902,  
nearer the pole than human foot had trod  
before, writes an intensely interesting story  
of the adventures of his party in "The Voy-  
age of the 'Discovery,'" a story that fills  
two fat volumes.

Early on the morning of the 24th of De-  
cember, 1901, the good ship Discovery,

with her small party of explorers and ad-  
venturers, steamed out of Port Chalmers in  
New Zealand, and with her prow set toward  
the South, and for the lines that Drake and  
Tasman and Cook and Ross had ploughed  
with their curious keels, made her insistent  
way down the tortuous channel that leads to  
the sea.

By noon, she was clear of the harbor bar,  
with a good offing; and with loosened sails,  
away they went, briskly bowling under  
steam and canvas. The last glimpse of civ-  
ilization, the last sight of fields and trees  
and flowers, had come and gone, on Christ-  
mas Eve, 1901; and as the night fell, the  
blue outline of New Zealand was lost to us  
in the Northern twilight.

Christmas Day, 1901, found the Discovery  
on the open expanse of the Southern Ocean;  
but with the remembrance of their recent  
parting, there was small room in the ex-  
plorers' hearts for the festivities of the  
season. A fog, thick and ominous, clung  
to them, and even the pleasant companions  
of their sea-faring, the birds, disappeared,  
leaving them with a curious sense of for-  
sakenness as they pierced into the un-  
broken grey, wondering how soon some  
monster iceberg would loom up on the  
horizon, and indeed, on the 2d when the  
weather cleared, they sighted their first  
berg, and that evening they counted seven-  
teen. Next day, they crossed the Circle  
and entered the Antarctic regions; before  
them lay the scene of their appointed labors:  
here was the belt of pack-ice, and here the  
"ice blink"—that white reflection  
thrown on the clouds by the snowy surface  
of the pack.

The pack is no desert; life abounds in  
many forms. As they receded from the  
open sea, the albatrosses, and various oceanic  
petrels vanished, but the southern fulmar  
and the Antarctic petrel took their  
places—the giant petrel too, that unwhole-  
some scavenger, ready to gorge himself on  
such carrion as might catch his eye. Now  
and then a skua gull flapped past, pausing  
perhaps to compel some gentler bird to  
disgorge his hard-earned meal; and every-  
where in the pack-ice, the charming little  
snow-petrel, with dainty, spotless plumage.

The squawk of the penguin was heard on  
all sides—merry little companions leaping  
into the sea, and skurrying from floe to  
floe, as if to discover what it all meant.

Seals were plentiful, spending long hours  
asleep, stretched on the floes; and here and  
there the sea-leopard, ranging wide and  
preying on the penguins. "It is curious to  
observe," Captain Scott remarks, "that  
both seals and penguins seem to feel safe  
when out of the water; they have known no  
enemy there, and look for none. The seal  
raises his head only on your near ap-  
proach; and it is difficult to drive the pen-  
guin into the flood."

Later, when the people of the Discovery  
would have pushed their way into the open  
sea once more, they encountered a curious  
adventure that set them wondering and  
guessing.

They had found strange wounds on the  
bodies of some seals, and it had been sug-  
gested that a land mammal might exist in  
those regions, a creature not hitherto en-  
countered by man. Few of the company  
were inclined to entertain this theory; but,  
one night, they came upon a floe covered  
with soft snow, which showed the impress  
of footprints, wide apart, and seemingly  
made by a large land-animal. Great was  
the excitement: observers with cameras  
breathlessly examined the strange trail.  
"Web-foot," some one cried. Only the  
print of a giant petrel, made when the bird,  
half-flying, half-walking, had been lazily  
rising on the wing. No polar bear, no  
strange, new quadruped!

Then the time came to bid goodbye to  
the Sun. On April 20th, it was very near  
its departure. "For a few minutes it bathed  
the top of Observation Hill in a soft pink  
light, then vanished beneath a blood-red  
horizon; and this was the last they saw of  
it till it returned four months later." The  
season was now upon them; for good or ill,  
they were a fixture, destined to spend the  
winter nearly 500 miles beyond the point at  
which any other human beings had ever  
wintered. Before them lay a weary stretch  
of darkness; but they came to it in eager  
health and high hopes, taking comfort and  
patience in pastimes, such as wood-carv-  
ing, netting, mat-making and reading;  
whist, draughts, and chess, were popular.  
"Laughter and good cheer attend upon  
warmth and comfort, in the crew space as  
well as aft in the wardroom, and a brighter  
and more contented company it would be  
difficult to imagine."

There was reading on the mess deck:  
Arctic books of travel, simple and popular  
histories, such tales as "Fights for the  
Flag," "Deeds that Won," and stories of  
the sea. Novels were not in request—ex-  
cepting always Dickens and Marryat. Occa-  
sionally a man was found "improving his  
mind." One was deep in "Origin of Species,"  
and another studied navigation.

And finally, to "diversify the monotony,"  
and impart color and melody to the long,  
grim night, they had "The Royal Terror  
Theatre," with much screaming farce, and  
the "Discover Minstrels," who delivered  
"Marching Through Georgia" and "Su-  
wanee River" to raptures of applause; and  
they published the "South Polar Times," a  
meteorological and eccentric monthly.

Dr. Wilson, the Zoologist of the Expedi-  
tion, tells us of the land-animals within the  
Antarctic Circle, that "there are none,"—  
no South Polar bears, no Antarctic foxes,  
no large beasts of any kind, except whales,  
which live wholly in the water, and seals,  
that spend more than half their time there.

There is the killer whale, which scours  
the seas and the pack-ice, to the terror of  
seals and penguins—a powerful piebald  
whale, some fifteen feet long. It hunts in  
packs of a score, sometimes many scores  
and the scars they leave on the seals testify  
of their vicious habits; even the sea-leopard,  
the most formidable seal of the pack-ice,  
has been found with cruel lacerations  
inflicted by the Killer.

The Weddell seal, the handsomest of them  
all, is quite devoid of fear. As often on its  
back as on its belly, it will wake to glance  
at the strange intruder, and then go to  
sleep again. Sometimes it rolls over, the  
better to observe the disturber of its com-  
fort, blinking and blowing, perplexed by the  
unusual outlook.

The Weddell is a rival of the Ross in its  
vocal faculty. "It was a continued source  
of amusement to us to stir up an old bull  
Weddell, and make him sing." He would  
emit a string of grunts and gurgles, fol-  
lowed by plaintive, piping notes, which  
ended exactly on the call-note of a bull-  
finch; and then a long, shrill whistle.

As for the penguins, they were very  
funny. When annoyed in any way, the  
cock bird ranged up in front of his wife,  
his feathers erect in a ruffle round his head,  
and his language unfit for publication. But  
his ecstatic attitude in making love was be-  
yond all praise; though not a sound escaped  
him, he seemed to hear seductive melodies,  
as he slowly waved his flippers to and fro;  
and gazed upward in a rapture. "Smart,  
comical, confiding little beasts! the most  
delectable company in such a desolate re-  
gion—they are like anything in the world  
but birds." Selected.

## Mr. Gladstone, When a Boy.

It is not always safe to follow the exam-  
ple of good and great men, even when ad-  
vised to do so. The following personal  
incident once related by the famous English  
statesman, Gladstone, to a small visitor, is  
a case in point. He said:

"When I was a little chap, just leaving  
off my kilts, my father sent me to dine with  
Beaconsfield, who, having taken a fancy to  
me while visiting in Norfolkshire, wanted  
to have me as his guest.

"My good father, as he parted with me  
on my way to his Lordship's, said, 'Now,  
William, when at his Lordship's board be  
sure you do exactly as he does.' Well, I  
went to the good man's house, and sat  
down at the table and anxiously watched  
my host while he served the guests, bent  
of course on following my father's orders  
to do exactly as his Lordship. When the  
guests had been served, his Lordship looked  
up from his plate and soon sneezed several  
times. I watched him, and soon I sneezed  
the same number of times I had noted he  
had done. Nothing was said, the meal con-  
tinued without interruption for a few more  
minutes, then his Lordship exclaimed:

"A beastly draught," and wheeling  
around in his chair, called to his valet to  
close a door that had been left open near  
his Lordship's seat.

"Again I watched him; then, repeating  
the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled  
around in my chair and gave a similar com-  
mand to the valet.

"There was silence; his Lordship's brow  
knitted, his lips closed, and he gave me  
such a hard and inquiring look that I trem-  
bled from head to foot.

"At last he spoke; his voice not harsh,  
but determined.

"See here, William, are you imitating  
me?" he asked.

"Oh, no, your Lordship," I stammered  
out.

"Well, what does this mean?"

"Only, your Lordship, that I am doing  
what father told me. He said I was to  
watch you at the table and do exactly as  
you did."

"His Lordship laughed merrily, then  
turning to his guests, said:

"I am taught a lesson. I must not do  
that which I would not have others do."

Then, closing the story with his little  
visitor, Mr. Gladstone said:

"Little man, always be careful; never do  
anything because other people do it unless  
you are certain it is good and pleasing unto  
God."—Exchange.

## The Two Countries.

I.

## IN THE VALLEY OF DILLY-DALLY.

In the Valley of Dilly-Dally,  
Little Goingsomebody,  
And little Somethertime  
Were there in the Valley of Dilly-Dally  
From seven till after nine.

"It's here with the bees to do as you  
please,"

Said little Somethertime.

"While here we stay,  
We play and play—  
What else is half so fine?"

And then they went off to the By-and-by-  
tree

Where the big cockatoo  
And the little cuckoo  
Were calling with noisy-ado;

"We dine sometime; some time we dine  
But oh, we are hungry as we can be!"

Our little boys said, "And who can see  
A sign when dinner will ready be?"

Then the cockatoo winked at the little  
cuckoo;

"Some time, some time we'll wait on you,  
This, boys, is the land of We'regoingto;  
It's a long way off from Nowrightaway,  
Where even the cooks are on time, they  
say.

But this is the place for lads like you:  
You may take all day to button your shoe;  
You may take a year for nothing to do!  
What time is it, eh? Next time, at your  
ease—

Some time, any time, save now, if you  
please.

Our clocks never strike; they drawl but  
one chime;

Some other day! Some other time!"

II.

## IN THE LAND OF NOWRIGHTAWAY.

Now the sun is low in the West you see;  
And the dark creeps up to the By-and-by  
tree,

Speed away, good swallow, on swiftest  
wing,

And above that cockatoo's screeching sing;  
"Come home, little laggards, come home  
and stay

In your own fair land of Nowrightaway,  
Where the clocks strike true, and faces  
shine

When the school-bells ring out 'Ninel nine!  
nine!"

The road is straight that brings you here,  
And after this we'll call you, dear Yesright-  
away,

Dear Justintime,

And forget the day you ran away  
To the dreary valley of Dilly-Dally,  
Poor little Goingsomebody day,  
And little Somethertime!"

Jane Marsh Parker.

## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM-

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

## In Explanation.

The following communications are given  
by Mrs. Soule while under the control of  
her own guides for the good of the individual  
spirits seeking to reach their friends on  
earth. The messages are reported steno-  
graphically by a representative of the "Ban-  
ner of Light" and are given in the presence  
of other members of the "Banner" staff.

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 in these columns. This is  
not so much for the benefit of the "Banner  
of Light" as it is for the good of the reading  
public. Truth is truth and will bear its own  
burdens wherever it is made known to the  
world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist  
us to find those whom you believe may  
verify them. Many of them are not Spirit-  
ualists or subscribers to the "Banner of  
Light," so may we ask each of you to be-  
come a missionary for your particular lo-  
cality?

## INVOCATION.

O Spirit of Life and Love and Beauty,  
we come to thee asking that something of  
the real life, something of the beautiful  
life, something of the love life may be made  
manifest in our own lives. We feel the  
misery and the pain and the woe of the  
world; like the waves of the sea it rushes  
against us and we are pained and struggle  
to be free. But today we would be so filled  
with the actual life of joy and beauty and  
strength and love that, standing even in the  
deep seas of distress with turmoil and sor-  
row everywhere manifest, we may still radi-  
ate something of the life within us and  
make lighter the life of burdens. With this  
thought uppermost in our minds, we come  
today to offer all that we have, to help  
those who suffer, who sorrow, who mourn,  
to give something that shall make their  
hearts lighter to those who watch and wait  
for the precious signal of their existence.  
No thought of fear, no doubt, no misunder-  
standing shall keep us from the fullest and  
freest expression of all that is best in us  
and may these dear hearts who come with  
faith and confidence to us, casting them-  
selves upon us like little children who are  
asking the way, may they be helped by our  
confidence. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

David Bowen, Canton, O.

The first spirit who comes to me this  
afternoon is a man named David Bowen.  
He is quite tall, has very dark side whis-  
kers, dark hair and blue eyes with black  
lashes. He is very determined and strong  
in his way of speaking and he says,  
"Please don't keep me too long talking  
about how I look, but just take my mes-  
sage and send it along to my friends and  
I will be grateful forever. I lived in Can-  
ton, Ohio. My wife's name is Elizabeth;  
she is married again and I have often tried  
to communicate with her through her own  
sensitive organism. She was very medium-  
istic and we often talked about these things,  
but she had no desire to understand fully  
what the things meant and after I left her  
she was afraid to investigate the subject.  
This may seem strange to you people who  
have no idea of the normal life, without the  
companionship of spirits. But to one who  
has never looked on the matter except as a  
strange and uncanny experience it takes  
a different color. I didn't have very much  
warning of what was ahead of me for I  
walked out one day and never went back  
again. I have sometimes been glad it was  
so for there was no opportunity for griev-  
ing and fretting over what had to come,  
but now and then it comes over me that  
if I could have made some arrangement  
whereby I could have communicated under-  
standingly it might have helped all of us,  
but arrangements that are made before you  
have located in a new and strange country  
don't always carry. That is why so many  
spirits make effort to carry out arrange-  
ments and are misunderstood when they do  
anything different because they haven't any  
idea what tools they will have to work with  
or just what condition exists over here.  
My sister, Mary Ann, has helped me more  
than all the rest by simply standing still  
when she didn't know what to do and it is  
through her influence today that I am able  
to come here and tell Lizzie what I want to  
do. I would like Fred to go on with his  
studies; and I would like Edith to be more  
careful of herself and her friends; and I  
would like John to make some effort to get  
at the inside of the matter that has been  
a subject of conjecture for so many years.  
It is possible and it is only because he fears  
to undertake the task that it lies in the un-  
settled state it now is. That is about all.  
These things are of the most moment to  
me. I am not unhappy, I am not very  
much disturbed except now and then, but I  
thought I would feel more as if I had done  
my duty when I let the family know some  
of the things that would make them hap-  
pier. Thank you."

Ida Stimson, Fremont, Mont.

Here is the spirit of a woman who seems  
as lovely and as easy as one could wish to  
have for a visitor. She is slender, not very  
tall, brown hair, blue eyes, and a very deli-  
cate, pretty face. She says, "My name is  
Ida Stimson. I have been over here only a  
little while and all my interests are cen-  
tered in the life that you are living. It  
seems to me that the most of my friends  
are still in the body, too, and while the  
people I meet are kind and agreeable and  
do all they can to make me feel at ease, I  
still have an old irresistible longing to  
mingle with my friends. I can see them,  
I can hear them, I am often in their pres-  
ence and hear myself discussed and it seems

so strange to be unable to take a part in  
the conversation, to be unrecognized when  
I try to make a sound and to be ignored  
when I make my appearance. At first it  
was very hard for me, for I felt that every-  
body had suddenly grown so strange and  
cold and I couldn't make it seem like a real  
life at all, but one doesn't go on, that is,  
one of my disposition, without making in-  
quiries. And so after my inquiries, I knew  
that I had left the old conditions as far as  
my friends were concerned and must wait  
for them to make it possible for me to  
speak to them. My younger sister went  
upstairs a little while ago and saw me sit-  
ting in her room and she was so startled  
that it troubled me very much and I made  
up my mind then if I could send a definite  
message to her I would, and this is it:  
"Sadie, dear, don't be frightened when I  
try to come near you for I only do it to  
help you and because I love you. I want  
so much to be a part of your life and want  
you to know that I am, and I am glad that  
you have so many of my things about you;  
it doesn't trouble me to see them used, but  
makes me feel better and I don't want any  
foolish sentiment about the thing. I only  
want you to feel that whatever I had, I am  
glad to have you have. I am sorry father  
has been sick and it wasn't because I was  
worried about him, only just to have you  
feel that I was near and I knew that you in  
time would grow to understand that if I  
came I would only come because I loved  
you; that is all, dear. I wish I could talk a  
little while with you just as we used to,  
but I must wait until you are ready for it."  
I lived in Fremont, Mont."

Willie Mason, Chelsea, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me is a  
boy about ten or twelve years old, just as  
bright as a bit of sunshine and he says that  
his name is Willie Mason and he says more  
than that, "I lived in Chelsea, Mass. Of  
course I didn't know much about Heaven  
and I didn't know anything about where  
people went when they died, but I couldn't  
bear it when I saw my mother and father  
crying as if the end of the world had come  
when I died. I knew all about it. I told  
my mother I was going to die, but I wasn't  
afraid and then she cried all the harder and  
told me I must not talk that way. My  
grandmother and aunt Nannie have got a  
beautiful home over here. I think it is  
beautiful, because they have a lot of flow-  
ers. They have a lot of boys and girls  
coming to see them all the time and they  
never fuss over the hard work and never  
cry and I don't think I would want to go  
back to live in the old place. I would a  
good deal rather have my mother and  
father and the rest come to me. I learn  
ever so much faster over here than I did,  
and oh, the music is so lovely! You just  
hear it over and over again and the first  
thing you know you can do it yourself.  
No one tells you that you have 'got to,' but  
you like it so much that you want to and  
then you do it. I wish I could make mother  
understand how good it is over here for I  
think she would feel ever so much better  
than she does now. I want to send her my  
love, tell her that I am all right and that I  
am sure the first place she will want to  
come to is where I am and she won't feel  
a bit bad about my dying after she gets  
here and finds what a good place it is. I  
thank you very much for helping me. I  
have wanted to come for a good while."

Julia Dinsmore, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Here is the spirit of a woman who says  
her name is Julia Dinsmore and she  
says, "Please say right here that I come  
from Plattsburg, N. Y. A friend of mine  
has been here to your circle and I was so  
much interested that I thought I would  
come. I wasn't interested simply because it  
was curious and unusual, but because I felt  
if it were possible for one spirit to send a  
message to a friend it ought to be possible  
for me to send some to some of my friends.  
I want to send a message to Harry. He is  
my husband. He is awfully good and he  
always tries to be charitable toward other  
people's strange ideas, but he is so con-  
servative and so set in his ideas of what  
life is like that I am afraid he will think  
it rather strange that I didn't find some  
other way to get to him. He hates noto-  
riety, but I have tried every way to attract  
his attention or to make him understand  
that I was alive and near him and have  
never been able to make him take the least  
notice of me, so now I have come to tell  
him that I am here, that I have the baby,  
and my own mother who went away from  
me when I was so young that I never knew  
her and that it is so good to have a moth-  
er's love and care. I have seen his father,  
too, and he has told me all about his death  
which we often wondered about and it is a  
long, long story. Please say that I send  
my love to Agnes and Paul. Thank you."

## Spiritualism.

Albin Valabregue.

(Translated by Mime Inness from La Revue

Spirite.)

Spiritualism does not bring us from the  
beyond Hope but Certainty. It is not  
Faith. It is not dogma. It is Evidence.

Do you ask what will happen to the soul  
of the poor and to the soul of the rich on  
the day that it shall hear that death is no  
more and that, if we here below make our-  
selves a soul of beauty we shall go into a  
world where all our aspirations will be sat-  
isfied, while, on the other hand, if we have  
a debased soul, we shall, until it has be-  
come purified, defer the arrival of happi-  
ness.

Here is what Spiritualism will prove to  
all: that the rich will voluntarily become  
poor; that the poor will endure their un-  
welcome task with courage and proudly.

Spiritualism throws over the unhappy, as  
it were, a mantle of purple and gold.

Its pallet becomes a throne. It knows  
that after its service here below, immor-  
tality awaits it. Pain endures only during  
a short life. The reward will be eternal.

Do you think that because you have  
tried once and failed you cannot succeed?  
There is no condition that you cannot over-  
come.—Margaret Stowe.







## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

## Society News.

Correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Editor, and must reach this office by the first mail delivery on Monday morning, to ensure insertion the same week. We wish to assist all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

## Topic for the Progressive Lyceum.

Sunday, April 8, 1906.—True Liberty.

## Gem of Thought:—

Let me claim for self no liberty  
I would not to others yield;  
In the hopes of others may I see  
Fairest flow'rs in human field.

Living thus with common rights to all,  
Each will seek to do his best;  
Good will rise where lack of good may fall  
And on each sweet peace will rest.

J. W. R.

For information concerning The Progressive Lyceum authorized Lesson Paper, for the National Spiritualist Association, address John W. Ring, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

## Boston and Vicinity.

The Cambridge Spiritual Industrial Society held its regular meeting March 28. Mrs. Mamie Helyett was the speaker and gave great satisfaction to the audience which (considering that it was Anniversary week) was large. She will be at the next meeting, Wednesday, April 11.

The Ladies' Lyceum Union celebrated the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Red Men's Hall, March 28, afternoon and evening. In response to invitations many friends and workers were present. Monday the friends and coworkers of Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes sent to her home in New Jersey a box of flowers that by their silent ministry they might prove that the friends in Boston and Stoneham remembered her oft-repeated words, "Send flowers while they can be appreciated by the living." In response the characteristic message, "Loving token received. Greatly appreciated by your old comrade. My greeting to all." In a letter she expressed her interest in the work and said, "I shall be with you in thought. Tell my friends, although unable to be among them as in former years, I have the Cause at heart and trust the meetings will be a success. I shall miss meeting with my many friends as I have always enjoyed the Anniversary meetings and I have always worked for the highest and best in Spiritualism." Some of the well known speakers and mediums who gave words of cheer and encouragement, message of poem, were: Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. Ruth Swift, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. Irving Symonds, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. Alice Whall, Mrs. Annie Chapman, Mrs. Clara Fagan, Mrs. Dix, Madam Bruce, Mrs. Belcher. Music for the afternoon was Miss Lottie Weston at the piano, congregational singing, and Mrs. Stoven in beautiful songs. The evening was opened by selections by an orchestra of Lyceum young people, led by Miss Lillian White. The several selections were heartily appreciated. Misses Lottie Wand, Clara Weston, a song; Mrs. Sharp, a solo; Mrs. Stoven, a solo; Mrs. Kate R. Stiles and Mrs. Dix contributed poems appropriate to the occasion. The meeting closed by singing "The Star Spangled Banner" by the audience, with Mrs. Butler waving a large flag. The supper under the management of Mrs. Carrie Turner was a success and the tables were filled and refilled, showing the popularity.

The Brighton Psychic Society, 14 Kendrick Street, D. H. Hall, president, Wednesday evening, March 28, Mrs. Fannie Mariner of Roxbury was the message bearer for this society, everyone present receiving a message from a loved one in spirit. Verbal and mental questions were also answered to the satisfaction of all. Wednesday evening, April 11, Mrs. Ida M. Pye and Mr. C. Dearborn of Wakefield will speak and give messages. Mrs. H. E. Hall, musical selections.

L. S. I. S., Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, Mrs. Belcher, president, March 29, there was a good attendance at the business meeting and at the supper tables, considering there were so many other societies holding entertainments on that evening. The evening was devoted to a Whist Party, which was well patronized and some very handsome prizes were taken away by the winners. Thursday, April 5, Mrs. Lizzie Butler is to occupy the platform and it is expected will give messages, for which she has such a wonderful gift. Mrs. Hall will sing. April 12th, Mrs. Morgan will occupy the platform in her able manner.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor, Commercial Hall, 604 Washington Street. Morning, Test Circle. Many beautiful and comforting messages given through the mediumship of Prof. Clark Smith, Mrs. Bell Robertson, Mr. James Newhall, Mrs. Nutter, Mrs. Blanchard, Nellie Carleton-Grover. Afternoon, Free Thought Mass Meeting. Subject, "How Can Our Sympathy for Charles L. Tucker be of Assistance to Him?" Florence Spooner, opening speaker, followed by Hon. Herbert L. Baker, Mr. Louis Ransom, Prof. Matook, Mrs. Nettie Merrow, Sir Ram Swami, Mr. Brewer, F. L. Dean, Mrs. Cunningham. Evening, after song service led by Prof. Peak, prayer offered by Prof. Clark Smith, remarks and a poem by Mrs. M. A. Carbee. Mrs. Ida Pye gave some fine spirit messages. Readings by Mrs. Fremont, Mrs. Merrow, Mrs. Cunningham; poem, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs.

Stienan, Dr. Blackden, Prof. Mahomet also gave messages. Solo by Mrs. Lou Rockwell.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, held Anniversary Exercises in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont Street, April 1, 1906, at 11.30 a. m. The lesson of the day was from Mr. Danforth's card (Anniversary). Mr. Berry, the conductor, read the poem on the card. After the march the conductor introduced the speakers, who all voiced the same sentiment, that is, that speakers in general do not talk Lyceum enough before the public. Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Mrs. Conant Henderson, Mrs. Belcher, Dr. Sturtevant, Mr. F. Harding, Mrs. H. C. Berry, Mr. C. Hatch and Mrs. Waterhouse. The children taking part were: Baby Vinto, Olive Sharp, Pauline Pfeiffer, Laura Heggelant, readings; Queenie Knowles, Pauline Wagner, Caroline Cousins and Charlotte Turner, songs. Mr. Elmer Packard read an essay. There were quite a number of other speakers in the hall, but the time was too short to call on them.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, assisted by the president, Walter I. Mason and Carrie D. Chapman. "Spiritualism, Our Religion, Not a Science," was the subject of the morning conference, participated in by the president, Mr. Mackie, Miss Jennie Rhind, Thomas Jackson, Mr. Lindsay, and Mr. Chase. It was a delightful morning hour and was filled with spirit power. Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Bolton all gave many messages. In the afternoon, "Equality" was the subject of the president; the pastor also spoke with clearness of spirit. Mr. Rabet presented petition. Mr. Chase, Mr. Lindsay and Mrs. Moore all spoke. All enjoyed the classes under the leadership of various mediums. "Forgiveness" was the topic of the evening. After the president had spoken, the pastor gave helpful words. After a solo by Miss Bell, Mr. Jackson gave many messages. A solo by Mrs. Morgan. Messages by Mrs. F. Stienen. Solo, with harp, by Mrs. Lewis. Messages by Mrs. Peake-Johnson. Inspirational verse and messages by Mr. Tuttle.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. Louise Hall, Thursday, March 29, the society observed the Fifty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in a most entertaining manner. The hall was filled to the doors. There was a musical program rendered by the members of the society and the afternoon speakers were Mrs. N. J. Willis, Rev. F. A. Wiggins, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler, Oliver Thomas Newcomb, all of Boston, Mrs. Sarah Belcher, Marlboro, and Mrs. Annie Chapman of Brighton. At five o'clock a reception was held, after which one hundred and thirty marched to the strains of beautiful music to the banquet hall, where the committee, Mrs. J. F. Crocker and aids had prepared a sumptuous repast. The evening speakers were Dr. George A. Fuller, Onset; J. B. Hatch, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Boston; Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill, Miss Margaret Vaughan, Malden; Mrs. E. B. Smith, Lawrence; Mrs. Maude Litch, Lynn, and James S. Scarlett of Cambridge. The exercises throughout did much credit to all who contributed to the grand success. Sunday, April 1, the Lyceum opened at 2.15 with singing. The general subject, "How Does Spiritualism Bear Toward Evil?" was discussed in an instructive way. Lyceum closed at 3.15 with singing and benediction. At the afternoon circle, Mrs. Alice M. Whall presided with Mrs. Andrews at the piano. The circle opened with a praise service, Mr. Patch offering the invocation. Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Whall, Mrs. Eaton gave many beautiful messages. The evening meeting was presided over by Mrs. Whall and opened with a praise service. Mrs. N. J. Willis of Boston was introduced and spoke on the theme, "The New Religion Which Teaches the Continuity of Life." The speaker was earnest and eloquent. After her beautiful address the president gave many messages. Closed at 9.30 with singing and benediction.

American Psychological Research Society, Inc., Harvey Redding, president. Meeting opened as usual with song service, Mrs. Grace Reeder at the piano, followed by an invocation by Mrs. Abbie Burnham. Mrs. Emma Wells read a beautiful poem, entitled, "Watch and Pray." "Cyrus the Persian" gave an address in the English tongue which held the closest attention. Subject, "God's Opportunities." After a selection on the piano by Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood F. Stiles gave many messages which gave proof of spirit return. Mrs. Burnham gave an address on "Activity," which was very much appreciated. Mr. Redding gave delineations, all recognized. Meeting closed with hymn and benediction. The mid-week meeting was held at the home of the president, 202 Main Street, Everett. First half-hour was devoted to healing. Many convincing messages were given by mediums present, including Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. M. E. Dean. Mr. Redding gave delineations. Mrs. Wells read an inspirational poem. Mrs. M. E. Dean answered mental questions. Mrs. Wells gave selections on the piano. Next social the last Friday in April.

The Fifty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the Massachusetts State Association in Berkeley Hall, Tuesday, March 27. The platform was prettily decorated with flags, cut flowers and plants; the day was stormy, yet at the opening of the meeting, 10.30, a goodly number had arrived. The meeting opened with congregational singing and an invocation by Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, after which Pres. Geo. A. Fuller welcomed all to the meeting. He then presented Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, who said in part: "I am glad the State Association has taken the lead in celebrating this year, and I trust that it will have its hand sustained, so that it may lead in all directions." Mrs. Nellie Abbott of Lawrence told of the work in her city, which was very encouraging. She then gave messages. Mr. James S. Scarlett said: "The advent of Modern Spiritualism came to the world as an absolute necessity, and the spirit world through its demonstrations proclaimed there is no death; we still

live and love you." Mrs. Maude Litch spoke briefly and gave messages. The meeting closed with benediction. The afternoon meeting opened with J. B. Hatch, vice president, in the chair. Session opened with singing of "America," after which Mrs. N. J. Willis spoke eloquently of the sacred time, the Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Mrs. B. W. Belcher then spoke and gave messages. Rev. F. A. Wiggins was the next speaker. He said we had today the grandest religion in the world. Mr. A. P. Blinn spoke of "Religion and its Meaning." The chairman spoke of one who was missed upon the platform, one who had always graced it by her presence and asked that all assembled who would like to send greetings to Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, the dearly beloved pioneer worker, would rise. The response was unanimous and a telegram of love was sent her from the Massachusetts State Association assembled. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles read an Anniversary poem, which was warmly received. Mr. Fred Taylor then gave a vocal selection, after which Mrs. Alice M. Whall gave messages. Mr. James S. Scarlett spoke and Mrs. Maude Litch gave messages, after which Mrs. Carrie F. Loring gave the benediction. The evening meeting opened at 7.45 with President G. A. Fuller in the chair. Mrs. Haydee Hall sang, "Only a Thin Veil, My Darling," after which Dr. Fuller gave an opening address. Another selection by Mrs. Hall, after which Mrs. Minnie M. Soule gave many messages. Miss Susie C. Clark then gave a short address upon "Spiritualism as an Educator." This was a very able talk and was much appreciated. Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding spoke briefly and gave many messages. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring spoke of the occasion as a time of good cheer and rejoicing. Mrs. Hall sang another selection which was warmly received, after which Mrs. Izzetta Sears-Hill spoke briefly and gave messages. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke in a masterly manner. Mrs. Alexander Caird spoke briefly. Miss Clark gave the benediction. The M. S. A. thanks all speakers, mediums, and musicians for their courtesies extended for the day, also to all kind friends who donated flowers and to all who in any way assisted to make the meeting a success. Mrs. Mary F. Lovering was the pianist of the day.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society held its Anniversary Exercises, Friday, March 30, in Appleton Hall, which was very prettily decorated with flowers and flags. The morning exercises opened with greetings from the president, Mrs. Albee; solo by Mrs. Haidee Hall; remarks from Mrs. Waterhouse, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Whitlock, 2.30 p. m., Mr. Wiggins spoke of the Spiritual Unfoldment. Miss Marietta Willis read an original poem, that was well received. Mrs. H. Hall gave several vocal selections during the afternoon. Mrs. Nellie Abbott, of Lawrence, gave many messages. Mr. Frank Woodbury of Greenfield, brought the greetings of the Greenfield Society to the Ladies' Aid and read a brief memorial to Mrs. Abbie Ward. Little Miss Bernice Abbott gave a very fine whistling solo, accompanied by her sister, Miss Elizabeth Abbott. Mrs. Mary F. Lovering read an original poem from our arisen brother, J. Frank Baxter. Mrs. N. J. Willis was the next speaker. She spoke eloquently, and paid the Ladies' Aid a royal tribute for the work they had done. Mrs. Carrie Loring spoke and closed with messages. Mrs. Moore read a paper, Mrs. B. W. Belcher and Mrs. Minnie M. Soule gave messages, which were well received. Evening meeting opened with singing by Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Hall. Greetings from Hatch Bros. were read. Mrs. M. Pettengill spoke briefly and urged the friends to read and learn in regard to Spiritualism. Miss Bernice Abbott gave a whistling solo after she gave a recitation. Mrs. Alice Whall gave many messages. Mrs. Hall, a vocal selection; Mrs. Kate Stiles spoke eloquently of Immortality and of Spiritualism in its modern aspect. Mrs. Nettie Harding spoke of the Anniversary rejoicing and then gave messages. Mrs. Cunningham brought greetings from the Springfield Society and gave messages. Mrs. Maggie J. Butler spoke of the work the mediums do. Mrs. Maude Litch spoke and closed with messages. Mrs. Annie Chapman spoke briefly and gave messages. Mrs. Lizzie Butler gave messages. Mr. J. B. Hatch gave greetings to the friends; Mrs. Conant Henderson spoke; Mrs. Moore closed the meeting with benediction. The society extends thanks to all speakers, mediums, musicians, and all who in any way helped to make the meeting a success.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association celebrated the Fifty-eighth Anniversary in Cadet Hall on Sunday, March 25th. A very fine program was presented. Short addresses were made by Honorary President Dr. Alex. Caird, Vice President Mrs. M. C. Chase, Mrs. Hattie E. Lewis, Mr. J. S. Scarlett, Mr. J. F. Litchman, Mrs. M. M. Randlett, Prof. R. A. Macurda, Mrs. Daniel Hall; messages were given by Mrs. Dr. Caird, Prof. Macurda, Mrs. Carrie Hare, Mrs. Florence Page, Mrs. Lydia Ward, W. A. Estes and A. E. Cochran. Dramatic readings were given by Prof. A. E. Meader and vocal solos by William Boomhove and M. A. Robbins. Supper was served. Large audiences were present during the day. The exercises were under the direction of President H. C. Chase, assisted by Vice President Mrs. M. C. Chase.

## Announcements, Special.

The Massachusetts State Association will hold a Mass Meeting in Amesbury, Mass., on Thursday, April 12. Among those expected to be present are President George A. Fuller, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Mr. Jas. S. Scarlett, Mrs. Kate Ham, Mrs. M. Pettengill, Mr. S. S. Ham, Mrs. N. S. Abbott. Excellent music is secured. If the friends in surrounding towns and cities will please take notice and come to this meeting they will, we know, receive much benefit from it spiritually and will help by their presence to encourage those who wish to establish a meeting. The train that the Boston friends will use leaves the North Station at 12.30 p. m. The meeting will be held in Knights of Pythias Hall, 75 Elm Street.

## WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 24, Copyrighted, 1904, by G. H. Walker.)

## Side Lights on Wonder Wheel Science.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

In various magazines and almanacs, Astrologic Birthday Influences are given, but they are general, the same for all the world. This table is individual, and applicable to

Birth No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
March 22-24	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B
35-36	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K
37-38-39	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K
40-41	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E
Apr. 1-2-3	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E
4-5	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M
6-7	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G	-	M
8-9	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G
10-11	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F	-	G
12-13	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F
14-15	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B	-	F
16-17-18	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B
19-20	-	F	-	G	-	M	-	E	-	K	-	B

the different people, according to their Birth Number. A day may be very good for a husband and very bad for his wife, or vice versa. The table should be followed continually for greatest good, and not now and then.

## Chats on Wonder Wheel Science.

(Continued.)

"The Venus hour, in your case, was on the wane, signifying that a Mercurial tendency was in the matter. Venus implies mother and Mercury, son. The Horoscope at the time the letter was sent and the time received, although two days' difference, would be approximately the same, with Leo on the ascendant. Without attempt at exactness, the latitudinal correction, etc., would throw the ascendant into the last degrees of Cancer. This makes the Figure doubtful, of what is termed, a question that is 'not radical,' therefore unsafe to judge. Nevertheless, I look further, and I find the cusp of the 6th house afflicted by a square of Venus, in Pisces. The Moon close to the cusp of Libra, in trine to Jupiter, applying to the opposition of Mercury and to the square of Uranus and square of Neptune, and separating from opposition of Venus. Some of these conditions make the question less radical, with the other testimonies mixed.

"On horoscopic laws the whole matter is a dubious one for judgment. It shows that something is wrong or mixed in the proposing of the questions. I apply to the letter to see the cause, and find several requirements in what had appeared but a simple question, as follows:—

- "1.—A change sure, at least from house to house, with or without a business change of the son.
- "2.—A doubt relative to a business change, which must be considered.
- "3.—Will there be such a change?
- "4.—If a change, will son leave the city?
- "5.—If he leaves the city, how soon?
- "6.—And if so, in which direction will he go?"

Now, some people have such absurd ideas of astrology, and by the many astounding claims that are so brazenly made, they think that an astrologer has only to look at a cart wheel drawn on paper and at once say: "Here is a woman that has a son who is thinking that he may make a change, and I see that he will make the change and will go north by northwest, bending around east by southeast for business purposes, regardless of traveling expenses or health, and will start on the 20 minutes past 9 o'clock train, on the 4th of July." This paragraph was not in my answer to this lady, because it does not apply to this lady. I could not help putting it in here, because it is a good place to speak of ridiculous ideas that are abroad concerning astrology.

"7.—The last but not least difficulty in the requirements of your letter is to answer a question propounded by a mother in relation to the movements of her son.

"It is a round about way of getting at the condition of the son through the planetary workings upon, or through, the mind of the mother. Astrology is the law of cause and effect in the influences of the stellar forces upon the human mind, at the precise moment when such forces are in operation, and again, through the forces that the question calls into play when the question reaches the mind of the astrologer. In this case, then, the son becomes a factor three times removed from the radical forces, and by the laws of astrology have to be taken from a different part of the heavens, and each of the matters, in the son's affairs, have to be again resolved from different parts of the heavens, by houses relative to the son. Even were the figure a purely radical figure, the case would be somewhat mixed. Furthermore, it is not reasonable to suppose that one particular position of the earth would at the same time answer questions concerning intermediate matters of life, in which not only events but time of the events are involved. Were the figure a radical one I should, of course, attempt to solve the questions by whatever rules were required, but even my own sublime faith in the wonders of astrology would not permit me to believe that they could all be true. I should have told you so. My experience in Horary Astrology is to the effect, that it is not safe to ask more than one question at the same time. In that asking the time should be most accurately noted. Some

The ruling people of the world during the term of this table are those born under No. 1. In this term of ruling, a large amount of Independence will be displayed. It is the Resurrectional Spirit of the world after having been in the grave of winter. Home bodies will be anxious about what the spring condition of the Homes will be. Lordly people will begin to plan for their summer enjoyments, and Proud and Opinionated people will begin to consider their next early winter glories. Business and Professional people will be annoyed over the changes from winter to summer occupations and supplies. Mutual Relations will be disturbed by the changes, or will join as one in harmonious efforts for the changes which the new life of the year brings into play. Such is the Real World. The artificial world will "strain at gnats to swallow a camel."

Address all matters relative to these Tables to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. Instructions in every kind of Occultism. Astrologic readings given by correspondence. All of Prof. Henry's published works are for sale at Banner office.

people haggle over a question several minutes, in personal interviews, even stating the question before they finally say, "Well I guess you may tell me." They are not to blame, for they are not educated up to the requirements. They deal with the heavenly laws about as they do with worldly laws. It is all right enough for them to consider the matter pro and con in their own mind by themselves alone, but, to the astrologer, they should be very careful and not make the question known until they are prepared to have him note the exact time that the question first comes to his mind. He has to calculate the heavens from a given point, harmonious with the mind of his client, and the point for him to calculate from is when the question first reaches the most inconsiderable attention of his mind, because the earth spins around at the rate of about 20 miles a minute. We are never under the same zenith for two consecutive minutes.

"These points which I have made concerning the radical conditions of a figure for judgment, are most emphatically stated in all works on horary astrology, and I am sorry to say they are often most sadly neglected by both client and astrologer. With such neglect and a lot of absurd thumb rules, it is any wonder that a lot of work which is put upon the people under the name of 'Horoscopy' shoots far from the mark?

"I furthermore contend, that no person can receive a satisfactory answer from the heavens unless it is for them to receive it. Hence, when a figure is not radical, it is because it is not for the enquirer to be informed truthfully, therefore it is not honest for an astrologer to attempt to solve an unradical figure as if it were all right. But astrologers are human and their palm itches for money, like the palms of other people, because they have to eat.

"Lilly was a conscientious astrologer. He tried to be so exact that he would cast a horoscope to find a lost thimble. Some astrologers there are who will cast a new figure for each question if no more than five minutes apart. This might be very necessary, especially at the solstices. At the equinoctial period the cusps of houses do not change so rapidly.

"It is not Horary Astrology, nor Genethical horoscope that I so strenuously oppose, but the very common disregard of the exact data to start with. On such data the entire virtue of the horoscope depends, and such data requires the most exact mathematical problems to arrive at the truths from the heavens. As spoken of in Genesis, "Flaming swords turning every way to keep the way of life." The planets are the swords. The earth is a planet and her angels are the angels that wield the swords. These angels obey the planetary lords of the heavens. When we read our 'title clear to mansions in the skies' get a better understanding of the Bible than has been inherited by us from the confused interpretations put upon it in the dark ages of the Christian dispensation from the time of Constantine to Galileo. The Christian world was then as full of pretentious astrologers, working only for graft, as the world is now full of grafters.

"I have known cases of twins and of other events, in which no more than five minutes of difference in time made marked differences in horoscopic events, and, again, when twenty-four hours would make no difference whatever in the cusps of houses.

"A total disregard of these facts both by astrologers and the opponents of astrology, is what has made astrology a butt and a football to the detriment of humanity's enlightenment on the problems of life and health. A proper consideration of these facts will show that astrology is such a positively Divine Science that it will not admit of carelessness nor of guesswork, nor of intuitional judgment on horoscopic matters without the very finest of mathematical attention. Horoscopes, however, do not deal with the vital matters of life, except as to the life of the body, just as we might say of a house, if it is not mathematically plumb, or built on a good foundation, selected by spiritual or mental judgment, it is more or less weak.

(To be continued.)

## "Little Dorrit" Still Alive.

It is interesting to learn that the original of the character of "Little Dorrit" is still alive and has resided for more than half a century at Southgate.

While the crypt of the interesting old church of St. George the Martyr, in Southwick, is to be rented and may become a storage place for beer and wine, "Little Dorrit," while a white haired little woman of ninety years, is in full possession of her faculties and in excellent health and vigor.

Amesbury. Admission free. Come and join our party.—Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

Unity Camp Benefit.—Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, the noted test medium, will give a benefit test seance for the fund to be used in paying for the new auditorium now being erected at Unity Camp, in Freedom Hall, 28 Market Street, Lynn, on Friday evening, April 13th. Come get a message from your spirit friends and help pay for the new building.