

ADVANCED THOUGHT AND DIVINE SCIENCE

Vol. II—No. 15.

VALHALLA, N. Y.

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MY SPIRITUAL VISIT TO PLANET MARS

My mother's favorite study was astronomy. And from a little child she would show me the stars. How pretty they looked! When I was quite small she lifted me in her arms and pointing to the stars, tried to get me to become interested in their beauty. I looked at her dress with its bright buttons and trimming, and said: "I dess wish I had some stars so I could trim my dress wis them!" In my childish mind, I had no idea of their magnitude.

As I became older mother told me it was believed that some of the planets are inhabited. We would often wonder, and make comments on how life on other planets might be.

One day, later on in life when I was quite grey, I remembered I had a basket of socks to mend. Well if there is anything that I always say it is "Deliver me!" when it is mending day. Seating myself with basket I proceeded to thread my needle when I was gone into a trance. I was standing on Mars and obtained one fleeting glance of my disappearing quaker guide. I looked backward and noticed I had just come across a river

and was standing on its banks. The water was the color of our rivers but it looked thick and clear. I looked at the ground and it looked like pounded red brick dust.

Glancing around I saw I was in a grove of trees that grew about twenty feet high, and then had leaves on them like our umbrella trees. There was no grass or underbrush of any kind or any sign of life on the river. No boats, no bridges, just still water; not even a little white cap. Just then two females appeared and told me to look back and see the earth, "the sorrowful star." I did. It looked like a blue star of ordinary size, only of a different shade of blue, and at that distance it seemed to be about one inch in diameter.

Then I looked around and saw there were quite a number of people among the trees all nicely dressed in some very thin material for it was very warm, and one could hardly live in the sunshine. A number of the

people had red material on. They were a slender race with dark skin and very refined features.

Wandering in the grove with my maritime guides I saw people talking and sitting just like we do on earth. To my surprise there were no traveling conveniences. No animals, automobiles or anything to travel with. My guides were pleased with my being very much interested and remarked after my long journey I might like some refreshment. They asked me to go with

them to the dining table which was in the open air. I saw no houses or buildings of any kind, but just a table made of plain boards and on it was fifty or sixty of what looked to me like candy pills. My guides were very much amused at my dazed condition and smilingly asked me if I would like what you call on earth, a glass of lemonade. I answered "yes," so they put a candy pill from this dish and then one from another until they had placed three or four candy pills in a glass. Then they poured cold water on it and it dissolved and they handed me a perfect glass of lemonade. Then they asked me if I would like a bowl

of soup and I said yes. They put a number of those candy pills in a bowl and poured boiling water on them, and I had a bowl of nice, clear, thick soup. To me their mode of living was such a surprise.

I could see they were still smiling and they commenced to explain to me that all maritimes were clairvoyants and could see the people on earth very plainly and at one time they ate like earth's children did, but they had so progressed and had found out that solid substances eaten made large distended bodies and a lot of useless flesh, so they discarded all useless material and condensed their food for the benefit of health and strength. I saw no large people. Then they asked me would I like to see my Green Soul.

"Green soul," I answered. "I most certainly would." We wandered on for awhile until we came to a fountain bubbling and sparkling in the air. It was not water

ETERNAL LOVE

The birds will sing once more,
On that evergreen shore,
And their song will be the song of
love;
In harmonious strain,
It will not be in vain,
But lovely like the song of the dove.

or electricity, but of a white thick air like substance that flowed like water. As we stood there out stepped our souls. Mine was a very slender Greek and looked like a youth of eighteen. All three of our Green Souls went to the fountain which my guide told me was called the "Fountain of Youth." They put forth their hands to the fountain and then they would throw the influence over their heads. They threw their hands over their head backwards. The maritime guides told me the fountain was composed of a spiritual substance that renewed youth, and when our Souls were ripe it would burst its shell or seed-pod and pass to eternal life, while the shell or seed-pod would be put away to make the world grow bigger. That is what earth children call death, but it is simply life of another nature, 'Life Eternal.'

When I looked again, it was at that pile of mending, and I was so tired that it was put by until another day.

Mrs. K. E. Morrell,
Litchfield, Ill.

DIVINE SCIENCE

A young man or woman who starts out in active life before the present-day people, is greatly admired, when he or she has a determination to build up *character* instead of accumulating worldly possessions.

This is what Miss Robinson decided to do. One result is the publication of this *magazine* called: *Advanced Thought and Divine Science*. Another mark of effort is her new book called: *Divine Science*.

This book is helping others, just as she was helped in developing her psychical ability to receive messages and writings from spirit-land.

DIVINE SCIENCE is a wonderful aid to all—even to mediums—who seek greater power and unfoldment.

(See advertisement in another column of this magazine.)

A VISION OF SPIRIT LAND

I dreamed a lovely dream last night,
Of a realm beautiful and bright,
And I wished that I might be there
In that radiant land so fair,
Where many happy spirits dwell,
Among them some I loved so well
While they were here upon the earth
And sat with me around the hearth.
Some that had gone on long before
Also stood on that beautiful shore
And all around them shone a light,
Beautiful purple, blue and white.
Fragrant flowers, beautiful to see
Wafted their sweet perfume to me,
As I viewed this wonderful throng
Which sang a melodious song.
Of all that throng not one was sad;
Every one seemed happy and glad.
From trials and troubles all were free;
Sorrow they never more shall see.
Their life is love and love their life
In that land where there is no strife.
Their ruler is the God of all,
Both here and there, and great and small.

Edwin Orval McDole.

ASTROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by C. P. Christensen

ASTROLOGY IS THE SCIENCE OF THE UNIVERSE

(A brief Horoscope will appear each month in this magazine for the benefit of its readers.) Cancer from June 21 to July 22. Leo from July 22 to August 22. Virgo from August 22 to September 23. Libra from September 23 to October 23. Scorpio from October 23 to November 22. Sagittarius from November 22 to December 21. Capricorn from December 21 to January 20. Aquarius from January 20 to February 19. Pisces from February 19 to March 21. Aries from March 21 to April 19.

ALL PERSONS BORN BETWEEN JUNE 21 TO JULY 22 ARE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF CANCER (THE CRAB)

Luna the moon is the ruling and governing sign for these people. It is rather fickle and doubtful sign, very hard to understand and seeming to partake of change, as its governing planet is the moon.

When the Sun reaches the sign of Cancer and on its journey through the Zodiac, it starts back on its course until it reaches the Fall like the Crab whose progress forward seems to result from a backward motion.

Cancer is the most Feminine of any of the twelve signs. It has all the strength that resides in the heart of an ideal mother. At this very time of the year the atmosphere broods with tenderness over the earth.

Cancer people as a rule are the most attractive ones in personal appearance. Generally of medium stature inclined to full chest and bust development. The upper part of their body is usually larger in proportion to the lower, broad shoulders, hands and feet. Their constitutions are not always as strong as they appear to be. Although they have great endurance. As a rule they are very daring and brave and endure many hardships in life. Generally the man of Cancer sign are more agreeable than the women. They are kind hearted, very sensitive to physical and mental conditions, very quiet, love comfort and ease and they like haste in all things. They love domestic comforts and are rather inclined to be musical and dramatic. Many times the Cancer people are gifted and talented to be a genius.

In their views of Politics and religion they are inclined to be very set, and very seldom change in anything that they do.

OCCUPATION

Cancer people are marked for their mechanical abilities, very inventive and devote a great deal of their time working out new ideas, although they should guard themselves so as not to go to extremes. They are also gifted with executive ability and suitable to be at the head of affairs. The Cancer people belong mainly to the manufacturing world, very shrewd in all business matters.

They have great ability in Artistic designs and Artists and professional people come out of this sign. As a rule they make splendid Judges, Lawyers, Physicians, and make very forcible magnetic, inspirational lecturers. They also excel as Stenographers, Merchants and Salesmen.

MARRIAGES AND PARTNERSHIP

Very strange but many of the inspirational horoscopes I have cast and written for various people in my time. It has been found in a great many cases that marriage to the Cancer people is the most important step and it is necessary for them to wait until away along in life.

I hardly care to mention it but there are but a few really harmonious marriages in this time, especially the first marriage. They will find that their best partner in life for marriage are those born in "Pisces," also "Scorpio," "Capricorn" "Gemini" and "Libra." These are all very good. As business partner "Capricorn," "Aquarius" and "Gemini" should be a financial success.

Cancer and Leo would also cooperate as far as business is concerned. It should always be remembered that some of these signs which I have mentioned would harmonize with business by that I mean men partners but the same signs would not always harmonize with man and woman partnership or with women partnership in business. As mentioned before it is one of the most difficult signs to discriminate.

DISEASES

The stomach is the weakest part of the Cancer people and they should all eat heating and fattening food. Wholesome well cooked food should be eaten. Fresh air especially by the seashore should be indulged. In-toxicating liquors and drugs of all kinds should be avoided which would destroy the digestive organs. Cancer people should always keep their mind clear, try to avoid as much worry as possible. Otherwise they would they be inclined to affect their mentality. They are inclined to suffer with the following ailments, Rheumatism, Billiousness, Hemorrhages, Melancholy and Morbid tendencies frequently result in mental weakness.

WOMAN

Women born under the sign of Cancer have great talent for music and Drama and into these arts they would throw all the natural pathos of their nature. They have a very charming personality, passionate and emotional nature. They are gay and happy, talkative, brilliant in conversation, delight in all kinds of amusements, but generally at the expense of others.

They are very fickle minded in love affairs although the maternal elements in their nature are usually so highly developed that they make good honest, devoted wives and mothers and very excellent housekeepers.

They are very sensitive and extremely jealous but yet very truthful. With their pride they will never accept an offer of pity and sympathy. They are not very good in keeping secrets it would not be safe as a rule to confide to a woman born under this sign.

CHILDREN

Children born under this sign are so organized that their rearing and training require the highest degree of judgment and discrimination. They are very difficult to manage and should be handled with care. Kindness will go a great deal further than hard treatments. Cancer children are fond of fancy dresses. It would not be advisable to gratify their desire while they are young because in later years they will be inclined to be extravagant. In the younger life they should have as much sleep as possible with plenty of fresh air. They should be taught executiveness, to please, and to put their toys, books and clothing in their proper places.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE—Anonymous

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she so often kissed in an excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one—but the thought of it pains my heart, and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought. My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I believed she would always be spared to me; but they told me she would die.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said: "And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly and left the room. After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night; but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said: "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I couldn't sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask for forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell anyone what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more—never smiled upon me again—and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I might die and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine

to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I can not call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder!

SILENT THOUGHTS

I cannot understand my Father's leading,
Yet I know it is not hard and cruel fate,
And with my soul I am ever pleading
Just be still and only wait.

Be still my soul and murmur not,
Although we cannot understand
Bright angels know our hardest lot,
They will conduct us to a better land.

Hear, Father God,
I know Thy ways are right,
With me Thou hath trod
Through many a weary night.

Help me dear Father to understand
The leading of Thy loving hand,
Though days are dark and clouds hang low
I would learn to follow where ere Thou go.

I would learn to follow,
And not complain,
Where ere Thou leadest me,
In sunshine or in rain.

As the flowers unfold
From day to day,
So may my soul
In the same glad way.

Oh may I learn as I know I must
To look to Thee in love and trust.
To look to Thee what ere betide
And know Thy angels are at my side.

For I have read
Where David said,
Thy angels shall encompass round
About him who in Thy love abound.

*Una Thomison,
34 W. 5th St.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.*

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

Bread cast upon the waters
Will return after many days,
Whether it be good or ill.
Our life is what we make it,
One of God's most wonderful ways,
Good always follows God's Will.
All ills that man is heir to
Are generated by the self,
Whether one believes it or no.
Have the will to make the effort,
Raise the self by the Self,
For nothing really matters save we grow.

Wegie Hiatt Laceyfield.

THE BONDMAN AND THE FREEMAN

By A. Kershaw, Hamilton, Canada

The Bondman is shackled to the fetters of greed, some to gold, some to power, others to the various things of earth, according to temperament, all of which when used unreasonably and abused cause suffering, all the good things of earth were meant to bring happiness and joy, and do so when the divine laws are understood. To take earth's treasures and shut them away from the people; they would benefit, is wicked and not as intended by the creator, and will surely bring into operation the law of retribution.

No man can do these things and escape punishment, it comes surely and in ways he does not expect, what value can heaped up riches have in comparison with health and love? When the hour for the great change approaches of what use are they? When you are face to face with death, your memory quickens, and you remember not the wealth, but the ways in which you have gathered it, and woe be unto you, if you have caused suffering and want for others in the process. Oh, keep your hands and hearts clean that you may go out into the sunshine and rest, accompanied by love, remembered by those you leave behind for your goodness and sympathy.

The Freeman is one who has found the way, who accepts all the wonderful things in life, from the creator, with a glad and thankful heart, he is never weary of the wonders of nature. Springtime fills him with awe and wonder, at the beauty of the new life springing up around him, the lovely blossoms, the glorious trees, with their delicate unfolding buds, giving promise of the glorious fulfilment to come, how he admires those sturdy trees, with their roots planted firmly in mother earth, what lessons they teach to the open inquiring mind, to the soul in harmony with nature comes a clearer understanding of divine laws, and a lifting of the evil from the mystery of life on earth, teaching endless progression for all, with the love of God and humanity in your heart and your soul attuned to Spiritual aspirations. There is no fear of death, but certain Knowledge of Life Everlasting.

PASSING YEARS

Ida E. Richardson

How few of us heed the passing years,
With their sunshine and shadows and bitter tears;
But if we look happy, give smiles and cheer,
We surely would think we had heaven here.
Just think of the wasted years that are lost
When there are many days we can say they have passed,
With no one made happy, if with only a smile,
Just try it and see if you don't think it worth while.
It makes no difference how blue one may be,
If you meet with a friend and he smiles you will see
How quickly your blues will surely take wings,
And you will think only of sunshine and spring.
Now stop friend and think just how you stand,
Have you smiles and kind words and a shake of the hand
For the brother or sister whose life has gone wrong,
Whose heart is so lonely, just help them along.
Don't you know such a word will help you along;
Just give a glad hand and sing them a song
Of gladness and happiness all the day long,
And you will soon know just where you belong.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN

God's garden is full of little Rosebuds, the very essence of love, distilled and sweet, pray for the little white Souls of the children, that they be not smirched by evil. Oh help them to feel that they are surrounded by love, they starve without much love, it is the sunshine of their lives. Be kind to them when they transgress the laws, they know not sin. They are love, and need much love in return, God's wonderful little messengers, sent from the spheres of Purity to the children of earth, to teach many truths, that purity, goodness and love are real, and to draw you nearer to God. "Through the lips of a little child," "For a little child shall lead you."

Hear the songsters raise their voices in paeons of praise for the pure joy of life, how much more should mankind with all their knowledge and blessings, praise and glorify the Almighty Father, why be so slow to praise and give thanks for all the gifts of the Creator? Allow your Spirit freedom, do not let your body numb your Spirit powers. The plants, the trees, and the flowers give of their best in their limited environment, "Go ye and do likewise."

*Through—A. Kershaw,
Hamilton, Canada.*

CREMATION

By Freeman W. Smith

Spiritualists as a rule train in the front ranks of reformers. To be sure, it is hard to discard old and erroneous ideas that were stamped upon the mind in early life. Progressive Spiritualists seek and accept truth wherever found. They are willing to drop any ideas when convinced they are wrong.

A former companion of mine decided years ago, in favor of cremation. Since passing to spirit life four years ago, she informs me that cremation is beautiful; it being the most sensible and reasonable method of disposing of the human remains. Eventually it will become practically universal. She says the spirit immediately after separation looks upon the remains and takes upon itself all the unhappy experiences clustered around it, which hinders the progress of the spirit. Cremation takes away those unhappy conditions and leaves the newly arrived spirit entirely free to go on to newer, higher and more glorious experiences.

Yes the truth of cremation is being revealed,

Ancient customs opposed are now being unsealed,
Let us hail the glad day when this method is shown
And its glorious truth to the world is made known.

A VANISHED HAND

There is a child of earth hungering for a touch of a hand that has vanished from the sight of mortal eye—and the hand reaches down as if from on high trying to give comfort to mortals nigh. O, child of doubt, if you could but know how very close we draw to thee and strive in vain to pierce the slender veil between great comfort to your heart! But alas it is not ordered so to be, and we are not to question. It would seem that we are to bide our time and perchance it is for man himself to penetrate the mystery as he has with other elements lately dealt—and yet the longing still remains to clasp the hand of one who has gone forth, and the soul can-

not but feel a shuddering as the time draws near for a long leave taking, of things grown dear.

O, dear one, turn those thoughts afar from perishable objects! There is an unthinkable life ahead for all yet. A life for every living thing that is and has been created.

Life is continued and that fact is opened to us who have preceded you from earth. We comprehend the longing and the natural dread of death. But O, dear heart, it is just another and a far more beautiful birth!

*M. R. Wilcox,
3801 Garfield Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.*

INDIGNATION AND IMPATIENCE

A will that is resigned to the inevitable, does not mean that all initiative is lost. No, for one can use will-power, as before, and can maintain a high standard of thought, which will be the means of helping him through difficult places and past inharmonious conditions. And character will be forfeited, thereby. For, by experience with difficulties, and surmounted, one learns the true value of the meaning of tolerance, justice, mercy and kindness toward others who may be less fortunate than oneself.

So, with the pitying glance at the mistakes or shortcomings of others, we decline to censure them and we pray for their progress.

This much done, we look inward and try to correct any faults that we may possess, and we too, press on with a desire to make progress in life.

We find that all fault does not lie in others, but that we ourselves, have been nursing conditions which will yield to improvement when we earnestly and prayerfully seek to better those conditions. So, understanding matters clearly, we become prepared to further developing our mental, moral and spiritual capabilities.

WHAT IS MOST ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS?

If this question—"What would you most desire?" were asked of each individual there would be as many different answers. Therefore if I were to give an answer that would correspond to my idea of happiness, it no doubt would be far from expressing your views. But there are essential rules for us all to live up to that brings peace and happiness to every human being. The law of kindness, the effort we put forth to make others happy not only brings happiness to ourselves but opens the door for greater developments in the future. Did you ever show your appreciation of another's effort by a hand clasp—or you did fine—or that was a noble act—Note the happiness it brings to the one that has done their best—These acknowledgements cost little and brings happiness to the doer and a pleasure to one's self—What we are able to do to uplift and benefit humanity is of untold worth to ourselves as well as the recipient. If by self-gratification we try to absorb all the pleasures of life without giving out a certain amount to others, we would soon experience a leanness in ourselves, caused by selfishness. I am of the opinion that our existence in this life is to lay the foundation for a brighter and better life in the future. A stepping stone as it were in the great law of progress, or evolution. And I believe a great mistake was made in the teachings that was handed out to us in our early life and brought unhappiness.

ADVANCED THOUGHT

AND DIVINE SCIENCE
ROBINSON PUBLISHING CO.,
VALHALLA, N. Y.

Subscription—One Dollar per year

OUR MAGAZINE

Copies of this magazine are now being used by students of *advanced* psychology—which is Spiritualism. First, they learn to be quiet and receptive, sitting twice a week *in the silence* at home, so as to attract spirit relatives and friends. Students read and *study* the articles of each magazine, during spare time.

The articles in this magazine are chiefly *inspired* writings, which means that enlightened and righteous *spirits* really are the authors of the articles. Knowledge and wisdom are therefore sent to readers *from the spirit side of life*.

Mediums who hold *classes* and *meetings* now find it a good plan to sell copies of *Advanced Thought and Divine Science* magazines at each meeting. Wholesale price is only five cents per copy—retail price ten cents. How many copies shall we send *you*?

SPIRIT WRITINGS

This magazine belongs to its readers. *Inspired original writings will be gladly received from every reader of this magazine.*

The editor is aware of the fact that there are many private mediums—those who have never done work in public—who have received writings from the spirit side of life. Some of these spirit writings are lying in the bottom of trunks, some filed away and some are nicely typewritten and ready for the printer.

Now, FRIENDS, GET OUT YOUR WRITINGS and mail them to us, to be *printed in this magazine!*

Do not keep your manuscript hidden, but bring it forth, and let it radiate its wisdom, love and truth to others who are less fortunate.

Some writers, who have received their dictation from eminent spirits, have enough to fill a book. Yet they have never given their writings a chance.

Send your writings to us. No longer shall you "hide your light under a bushel!"

ADVANCED THINKERS ARE READING IT

POWER FOR EVERY NEED, your happiness assured, your success accomplished, your health restored. You can demonstrate your life's desires. Man need no longer feel the pangs of poverty, he need no longer lag behind in business, professional or social life; and man's higher aspirations are realized by assimilating the wisdom found in the **AQUARIAN PSYCHIC MAGAZINE.**

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THIS SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE

Multum In Parvo—Much in Little

Every subscriber to this *Advanced Thought and Divine Science Magazine* is entitled to a *daily healing treatment* through the Healing Centre—by spirits, with divine power.

* * *

This magazine teaches a religious interpretation of religion; a philosophic interpretation of philosophy; a scientific interpretation of science; a divine healing, through spirits, and mediums; a common-sense interpretation of everything which makes life livable here and hereafter.

Nothing like it anywhere.

Not better—not worse—but *different.*

* * *

This magazine is non-sectarian, interfering with no one's religious affiliations, and we minister to all the children of men, regardless of color, race or creed. Fundamentally we believe that "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

* * *

Last but not least

Our increasing subscription list, the testimonials, and the words of praise and appreciation all bear witness to the fact that this magazine is filling a great need.

Please mail copies of this magazine to your friends. now!

TO ACTIVE WORKERS

May the messenger of love reach every heart! May they tell the glad tidings to others! I know that we really do live after the mortal body is laid away into Mother Earth. Let us help each other by spreading the news. This magazine is the one for you to circulate, by ordering a number for your society, church, developing class or for friends. Write for terms in bundle lots.

HOW TO UNFOLD YOUR PSYCHIC ABILITY

Many people have a wish a study Spiritualism and to discover its truth. Others want to *see* spirits, and desire to talk with their spirit relatives and friends. Some long to become spirit mediums, for public work or for *mediumship in the home.*

All students should give prayerful and earnest attention to their spiritual development, through concentration.

Great help for students is to be found in the new book called "DIVINE SCIENCE," BY MISS A. M. ROBINSON.

At the end of this valuable book of spiritualist writings is to be found a number of **LESSONS FOR STUDENTS.** Each lesson should be studied earnestly, in sincere concentration, for a month before taking up the next lesson.

Spirit mediums everywhere are using this book in order to develop *psychic ability* and mediumship in their classes of students. With this book, through prayer and concentration, **RAPID RESULTS** are obtained by students of spirit phenomena.

See advertisement of this book called **DIVINE SCIENCE**, in the advertising columns of this magazine.

TO SPIRITUALIST CO-WORKERS

By Irwin Montgomery, Flanagan, Ill.

Why are we, as Spiritualists, not more progressive? Why cannot we make our place of gathering, a place to be proud of? We can meet, and gather from the other side all that is good and true.

My idea is as follows: We scatter discord, much faster than we build spiritually; we are jealous of each other; we build a wall of doubt around us that cannot be penetrated by truth. We who have developed to some small degree, are often found following the advice of persons gathered around us. We follow this advice because it will meet our own desires the most fully, and I honestly believe a good bit of this advice is given just to please the material man.

Can we expect to gather knowledge from the other side, before we have fully prepared ourselves to receive it and use it? If so we should do away with all other education, and start from the top.

This advice could not come from any other source than from a force in spirit, fitted mentally and spiritually, to interest us in the same degree.

But with the honest desire to acquire knowledge, as we grow will lead those from spirit to see also, and the little we learn gradually will be practiced and found, good or bad and by doing and living will prove itself.

We condemn another worker, why—just because we do not see thru their eyes—but should we—the best we could do would be to reason and find if their views would progress humanity as a whole, not us as individuals—if their views would help all—we should drop our little ideas, and push for all.

so many public workers cause so much of this discord by having their fixed views, and not being open to more progressive ones, they will swear by their experiences, and honestly believe that all must be as they experienced.

If we would get out of this rut and look for some good in every thing, we would find it. You will hear a spiritualist say none are forever lost, as all have a redeeming spark in life; but they will in the next breath class the Methodist believer in a hell condition by his not believing as they do; such ones should stop and think of what that man's belief is doing for him, if he is a good man, treats his fellow men as brothers, is honest with himself, his belief is doing all that could be asked, for in his honesty to himself, he is a living tribute to the God or life he represents.

I have been present in seances, where public workers would promise the grandest phases of mediumship to all present, while to most that was their first step in seeking—is this right—while to others the promise of riches were given—what could you expect them to think—they believed it not because it was given in this way—but because it tickled their pride—after they fail to be made rich, or a wonder of man—they advertise you and spiritualism in the most filthy way possible—who was at fault—both—but mostly the medium.

Each man or woman can develop these powers in some phase to different extents; we should realize this first, we also may at the same time fill the natural places in life that we were intended to fill in our creation, we have a duty as a material man or woman, to fill in occupation—if not, why are we here—but we can also develop the gifts from God given—and demonstrate them thru life by doing our material tasks, and in those tasks we

will find all the conditions that man must meet in the building of his spiritual home eternal in the heavens.

A busy man or woman is contented, a man who charges enough for a few hours work, so that he may sit idle the rest, most always tries to run his neighbor's business, that is our greatest fault, we want to develop for gain, we try to progress by "knocking" the other fellow—let each of us find something useful to do and do it, our ideal will then be realized, thru honesty of purpose.

NOW

We each have a task; let's do it,
We each want a home; let's find it,
It is somewhere on earth; maybe distant,
But with honest efforts LET'S BUILD IT.

The first must be a house of clay,
We must have material; let's gather it,
By the tasks we do our dreams will come true,
So let's get together AND DO IT.

Our second home will not be of clay,
We will step out, away and from it,
We should build, Oh so strong, for the day will come
When we will look for it; LET'S FIND IT.

NEITHER DEAD NOR SLEEPING.

When this earth life is o'er
And my heart has ceased to beat
And the spirit has departed
Upon wings or fleeting feet—

Then Oh; lay my head beneath the roses
And the asters cool and sweet,
And may it rest there forever,
In that blessed, sweet, sweet peace.

Though all may soon forget me,
Before my body of clay grows cold
But in memory's dreams they'll wander
To the grave beneath the asters and the rose.

But do not think that I am sleeping
In that grave so dark and dreary
For my spirit has wandered onward
Far into the heavenly sphere.

But there's no language to describe
The beauties I now behold
For I found it far more lovely
Than any yet have ever told.

Then why call us dead
We who live same as of old
For we have only gone beyond
Into the Land of richest gold.

Then speak not of death or dead
Forget that we ever part
For this you know we live again
And talk with you heart to heart.

*Josie Osborn,
Indianapolis, Ind.*

SPIRIT MESSAGES

From (Spirit) President Chester A. Arthur, (through the mediumship of Mrs. Kaiser).

Contributed by G. B. Moore,

25 W. 28th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Man was created in God's own image, not the outward man but the inward man, the soul, the ego; and it is capable of cultivation. The higher the purer the thoughts and aim of life the more will the soul grow; but neglect it and give the thoughts over to sensualities and things pertaining to the physical life and the soul will shrivel as the kernel in the nut dried and weakened, but unlike the dead kernel the life in it still remains and as the resurrection plant, when watered will spread its tendons and take on new life, and bloom in purity and sweetness, so the soul will grow when watered by divine love and longings. How necessary that man should understand these things and give more time and thought to things that are of so much more value to life than the mere striving for gain and worldly honors, which in this world, unless rightfully earned, diminish in effect like onto one looking through the large end of a telescope. The laurel wreaths are here granted to those that have overcome the dragon of self indulgence, passion, appetite and the struggle for supremacy, not to those glorious in battle array calling for his men to follow him in mad frenzy to take the life of God's creatures because they dare to differ from them in their beliefs, and doom them to pass their lives in caves and dungeons, instead of in the pure air and sunshine that was granted free to all.

Fanaticism does not stand for Christianity and the shedding of blood in the name of the Lord is just as unholy, just as criminal as that of taking life for personal spite. There is no monopoly to God's love, his creatures from the lowliest to the highest are of his Dominion and no man can say to another I am your leader, follow me, but we were created brothers and should strive to follow in those paths marked out for us by the teachings of the gentlest of mankind, Jesus of Nazareth, who found none so lowly that he might not stoop to comfort, and none so high that he would not censure, thereby proving that in God's sight all men are created equal and that he is no respecter of person.

What is man that he should judge his brother because he has made a worldly success, perhaps by dishonest means; should he be set above his plodding brother that is striving to help his neighbor and has the welfare of all in his heart? Man is too prone to judge by the outer appearance and neglecting to seek for the jewel that is implanted in each nature, but some times hid by an uncouth covering and are neglected on earth only to shine more brilliant and with radiant colors where man is judged by what he really is and not as people think he is.

What more natural than that one who is striving after the higher part should see the beauty in every nature and realizing that naught is created but is good and all will be well in the end; that there is one that is over all, and through all, and we are his children being trained for future usefulness in our home he has prepared for our occupancy when our time on earth shall be no more. He considers it a privilege and not a disagreeable duty to do the work that is allotted to him and takes up the

burdens of life cheerfully and uncomplaining knowing that a cheerful heart lightens the burden and that when bravely facing danger it fades as does the mists before the sun. One can not help but admire the man or woman who stands undaunted amid the storm and stress of life, never wavering in the duty, in the storm but not of it, calm and serene. The waves dash high but their feet are planted firmly on the rock of ages, and they have no fear for they have the consciousness of well doing. A cowardly conscience is the most demoralizing factor in the human make-up, it may be likened to a weather cock that turns with every change of the wind and no dependency can be put in one so afflicted. Better have one idea and stand firm in that one, than to have one idea today on a subject, and then tomorrow another, and so on until you become a human chameleon. Let people know just where you stand after you have thoroughly made up your mind on a subject and be not turned by every argument you hear.

Stability is an attribute to be desired, you can not but respect a man that stands firm in his convictions although he may differ from you. It is not given that all should see alike and perhaps he is seeing things correct in the light that is given him, therefore condemn him not, but rather cover him with the mantle of charity, remembering that the human mind is apt to err and that none are perfect.

When it is given to you to see the vastness of the universe and then to know that God has given his finest work to the human being you will then have more regard for his children. How marvelous the working of the human mind, when it is cultivated to the highest plane, it can be the direct reflection of the Divine, but just so too, can the unholy be reflected. Then how careful you should be that no unholy thoughts should be allowed to linger and take root and grow and bear fruit in your life, for thought is the father of the deed and its offspring will bear a very close resemblance to its parent, so by good thinking you will be doing something to help the world along for one can not think unless he act and bring into actual existence the thought; so that all who runs may read the trend of his thinking.

Our thoughts control our lives they are written in bold character's upon our features. See the thief, how sneaking, his eyes fearing to meet your gaze for fear his guilty looks will betray him, to the one who makes a study of character he can almost always tell a person's occupation by the little things that he unconsciously does. See the look of grim determination and endurance in the gambler's face, no look of his betrays the beating of his heart as he anxiously awaits his partner's call, and if everything he has on earth is lost he never moves a muscle, but takes it as a man resigned to his fate.

Back of the giggling school girl there is as yet a shallow mind but perhaps when time has sobered her it may shine forth and astonish the world. And so on through life as you go you will see truth verified and repeating itself over and over. You will find some so ignorant on this subject that should you endeavor to enlighten them they would laugh you to scorn and point to their heads as though you were light in the upper story. So it has been through all time, the reformer, and thinker, has been scoffed at and jeered until their lives have been unbearable, and instead of sympathy, sneers have met them at every turn and not until death had relieved them and some one else had reaped the reward of their labors. Did

the world give a tardy recognition of their worth, when if their lives had been made more peaceful while living, their usefulness might have increased ten fold and the world been the gainer thereof.

If you were working for the material world alone, you might well be discouraged, but you are only laying the foundation of the structure that will be completed in this world beyond the skies where disappointments never come. Be very careful of the material which you choose, for a poor foundation weakens the whole structure and if you wish it to stand the test of time it must be mortared, joined and every crevice filled with good thoughts, good deeds, good actions, then you will have a foundation not made by hands eternal in the heavens.

And now my friends I will say this has been a very pleasant time to me, to be able to commune with the earth sphere is not one of the least of our pleasant occupations, you may be sure; it is a great satisfaction to us to know that we can still have influence in running the affairs of the old world, and benefiting man in a marked degree.

I thank you for this opportunity of reaching them through the material plane, and for the good you have done to me and mine.

Yours truly,

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary L. Kaiser.

Notwithstanding our efforts to keep peace and harmony within our borders, dissention will creep in and then untold harmony is restored there will be no advancing. Riot and disorder is death to spiritualism but when there is love, there will be progression. If you could in life, forget the faults and only look for the good things in each life, how much suffering could be avoided, if the flowers piled high on the coffin lid of your dead could be distributed through their lives while living with you, how light would be that heavy heart, the tears would be replaced by the sparkle of light and happiness. Could smiles take the place of frowns on our brows and gentle words rather than the angry retort, how many rough places would be made smooth and the path of life would wind through vales of flowers, instead of tears. If we would only stop to consider that all cannot see alike and what would be my redemption would be your everlasting undoing, then would we be more charitable; human nature has many phases and conditions arise therefrom that cannot be pleasing to all and so some must give in, as well you as any one; "Every dog has his day" is a homely, but trite saying and if you have yours, be generous enough to allow your neighbor like opportunity. Greed and selfishness fits no man for the higher calling in life and remember when I say life, I mean, not the few short years of earthly existence, but that LIFE that reaches throughout the vast eternity. Hoping I may be of some help to your cause, I remain

Yours truly,

(Spirit) ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Indian Springs, Ind.

May 10th, 1921.

Editor of Advanced Thought, find enclosed \$1.00 for year's subscription and list of names. Your letter of some

time back received asking me to send articles to you for publication. I intend to give you articles from time to time.

First I will give you an address by the spirit of John Jacob Astor at Camp Chester Field, and I wish you to publish it. Later I will give you some messages given to me from the spirit side of life. Some are of a strange nature, but I think the Astor address a great help to our cause, although reading it we fail to get or see the beauty in full, like hearing him speak it independent of trumpet. The following was taken down by myself in Mr. and Mrs. Gomias seance room, at Camp Chester Field, and I hope dear readers, you will study well this address and bear in mind, dear friends, I did not imagine this. There were 14 of us in a circle and all wide awake. His address follows:

August 12, 1920. A trumpet seance. Mrs. Lidia Gomia, medium.

"Good evening dear friends, I am John Jacob Astor, who went down on the Titanic. I don't believe there is any one here I ever knew in earth life."

(A lady spoke up, "Mr. Astor, you may not know me or remember me, but I once saw you on horseback in Central Park, New York. I was only a child, but I remember you.")

"No, my friend, I never knew you. Friends, remember this, no matter how much of this world's goods you accumulate here; remember when the waters of this life close over you, as they did over me on that ill-fated ship, it is then, dear friends, you realize that money and all your accumulations of this world's goods won't buy life in the spirit world. It must all be left here; you can only take the spiritual things with you. Pay close attention, dear friends, to what I say. Remember if the Almighty Godly power piles up material worldly goods for you, try to know and realize it is done that you may give it for the uplifting and bettering of the spiritual welfare of humanity. Give it freely, friends. Live spiritually; grow in spirit; love the spiritual things; learn to give out spiritual thoughts, vibrating to those around you. Learn to receive the spiritual vibrations from this side."

(The same lady spoke to him again. "Mr Astor, you were brave and heroic to the last.")

"Yes, I knew some one had to go, so after I had gotten in the life boat, for the love of others, that they could be rescued from the darkening waters, I stepped back on that ill-fated ship to make room for someone else to go. That was the crowning act in my life. It is nothing friends, after the first little strangle, as the waters closed over me, for then it was, dear friends, that I began to see beautiful visions on this side, and heard the most beautiful music of heaven and bands of the most beautiful spirits met me. And friends, I have never regretted the act I did, and I have no desire to ever be back there again, for it is so beautiful here, and I only come here this evening, dear friends, through the magnetic vibrating forces you sitters have built up. There are many of you here that are so earnestly craving and seeking spiritual knowledge. I come to help you dear ones, to strengthen you in your thought vibrations. There are many beautiful spirit forms standing among you now in this room that are here to help you, and you that are clairvoyant see them now as I do.

Now dear friends, remember what I have said, as to gathering worldly goods. It buys you nothing on this side unless you use it there in a spiritual way for the

uplifting of humanity. Progression in a spiritual way and love for your fellow being and the pure vibrating loving thoughts you send to this side, those are the things you build your home here on this side with, and I now give praise to the all powerful forces that at least some of the wealth we accumulated there, is being used for the bettering and uplifting of humanity there. God is all love and now friends, I thank you for your kind attention Think pure, live pure, act pure and spiritual in all things. I thank you, and may God bless you. Good-bye."

Now dear readers, I do not ask you to take my word for this. There were 14 of us and they were all awake. I would rather be called a liar than for you to say my senses deceive me.

W. E. McBride,
Indian Springs, Ind.

My dear boy, I am glad to be able to say something in a way to help you this morning. I can well say, be of good cheer, your reward is coming. I have helped you through many a difficulty, I know you have a hard time in making yourself understood, but I can understand your position. I like you was misjudged and hounded but I held my own with them, I believe in doing right for right's sake, no dogmas, no creeds, each one for himself laying a foundation of good works on which to rear an edifice for future usefulness.

Remember the just get their rewards, the punishment of the unjust is meted out without fear or favor.

I am not a very good preacher, but I would like to help in this way, I think I can make you understand me better after I have had a little more practice in this work.

Tell Sarah I am glad she is interested in this work, that mother and I await her coming.

Your Grandfather

MYRES.

(Sarah, my mother joined them shortly after.

G. B. MOORE).

I have told you of my work here but I have never told you how I came to know that soldier boy. Well one day I was looking around for someone to help, when my attention was attracted by a boy in blue, looking dazed as though he wondered where he was. I of course in my usual way (you know I had the reputation for nosing around and that is why I am on the smelling committee now), asked what I could do to help him and then he told me what he has told you, only of course did not mention you, until I told him of my people on earth and your little circle, then he remembered you, and that it what led to that communication. I tell you he is well satisfied now, and if I could only tell you all my experience here I could fill volumes; but my calling is to work and not to write, but I will find new material for you and you may be sure I do enjoy the meetings they are a great help to us on this side as well as a benefit to yourselves.

Your father and friend,

(Spirit) Wm. Sturm.

(Mrs. Kaiser's father)

Circumstantial evidence should never be taken as a standard by which one should be judged. I have known instances in my own life where the outside world would condemn, but they who knew the real issue of the ques-

tion knew how innocent I was of wrong doing. So my dear people never pass judgment on one until you know all the circumstances surrounding the case, and then be charitable; I do not mean to be censorious, but I overheard a conversation this morning that has set me agoing and I do not want you to fall into the error of misjudging your fellow man, and to set up your standard as arbitrary and leave no loop hole for a few stray thoughts to enter. No one man knows all the truth, and every one knows some truth, so gather them in by the wayside or wherever they may be found and cherish them, no matter from where they came, and after a while your garden will be blooming with truths gathered from every clime and nation. I am sorry to see nations still fighting and killing each other just for a little foot-hold of earth, when they ought to be helping each other to rise out of their poverty and spiritual degradation to that higher ideal of brotherhood and fellowship that can rejoice in another's victory. The rise of one nation always seems to be the fall of another, and while one is being inflated with victory, another is in the throes of agony, and so the poor old world goes on with its years of peace and carnage and one does not learn the lesson of peace until he is in the midst of strife again.

Must it ever be thus? will men never awaken from their dreaming and come into the full consciousness of what they are doing? They seem so phlegmatic and unconcerned; while the time is being wasted and thousands going to their death, with no one to cry "halt;" on their destruction.

Ruthlessly they are condemned to die without one thought of their salvation. If all the money that was being spent for firearms and ammunition, was spent on the poor and helpless, in giving employment and carrying on the gentler trades, that will turn the swords into plow shares; it would make the old world a paradise, instead of a slaughter pen. The stench of their impurities reaches up to heaven and there will have to be another deluge to purify the earth, not a deluge of water nor of fire and brimstone; but the spiritual awakening that will come to all mankind whenever they will heed the call that is being made. They seem lifeless now and unconcerned, but the spiritual side will eventually come uppermost. There has been a reign of the material things, gold and gain has been the God, but man will find that nothing but a spiritual God can satisfy the innermost craving of the human soul. And they will part with their wealth that they can have that peace that passeth all understanding, and will be willing to arbitrate and to give in rather than fight, for their seeming liberty, but in reality their slavery to ambition. Crime is gendered into the being before it is brought into the world, the mother looking out into the world sees man's inhumanity to man and in her outraged feeling, she unconsciously leaves the mark on her child that will break out in its life and she ignorant of the laws of nature will wonder and say, why did I ever give birth to such a child? where did he get this inhuman trait? for neither I nor his father ever exhibited such traits; and so she says "he must have inherited it from some of his ancestors, for the sins of the fathers shall be handed down even unto the third and fourth generation." Oh, mothers be careful, you little know how you influence that little mite that is given you, commence before the child is born to train it into the useful paths of life look closely into your own life, weed out all unholy thoughts and any thing that would tend to drag down, then will

you be given children fit to inherit the kingdom of Heaven, and not brutes in man form.

Now my dear friends I will leave you for awhile, I thank you that through you I can come into communication with mankind again, and once more sound the clarion note of warning to men and women and to bring them into the full realization of what life is and what it is meant to be. Thanking you again for services rendered I remain,

Yours truly,

(Spirit) *Henry George.*

(After sitting in the dark for awhile, we received the following):

Once in my life I tried the very thing that you have been trying and my brother knowing of my intention, thought he would convince me of the truth of materialization, so wrapping a sheet around him he proceeded to give me full form materialization, and I in my eagerness to grasp the truth, believed I had really seen a ghost, but it was too good for him to keep, so he told my mother and she of course told me and that settled the ghost question with me. But we will not allow no such practical joke to be played on you, but your sitting brought it all back to me and now I enjoy his boyish prank more than I did then.

We will endeavor to give you more of such things, but the time and place must be arranged beforehand and then we will do our part. Jonah did not comply with God's commands so he was swallowed by the whale. Don't you be a Jonah! Well I will quit for tonight, and will give you more in the future, for I am going to help you all I can, so my friends, "Good night!"

Yours in the Love of Human Fellowship and Spiritual Affinity.

(Spirit) *Henry W. Longfellow.*

JOYS

There is joy in every brooklet that ripples over pebbly strand,

And in tiny flowerets that beautifies the land.

If only we can see and feel these signs on every hand,

For the earth is fairly teeming with joys for favored man.

So forget all trifling worries and gaze beyond the walls surrounding;

Remember, God is love, bestowing blessings all abounding,

That please the eye, and when the summer zephyrs are ablowing

To sooth the drooping lilies—'twill set all hearts aglowing.

O children of the earth apart—steer clear of trouble borrowing;

You are more blessed than you know, there is little need of sorrowing.

Look over and beyond the tares where many buds are blossoming,

With gifts of perfume, like soul of things—the mystic breeze seems carrying.

*M. R. Wilcox,
3801 Garfield Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.*

SPIRIT MESSAGE

"There is no death—

The stars go down to shine upon a fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine forever more."

Life Eternal. Can one conceive of what that means? Can you realize that death is but the open portal through which you are entering into that mysterious realm, where for ages past the secrets of the Universe have been whispered, and where you will be able to hear and understand them. What a vast store house of learning. Why there is so much to learn that, that in itself ought to prove immortality. What were all these mysteries created for if no one was to fathom them? It could not be learned in one short span of life, and so we are privileged to go on and on, from sphere to sphere, ever broadening our understanding. New life, new joy, and new hopes, are presented to us. We then begin to realize what eternity means and we have a thirst for knowledge that cannot be quenched. We have broader conceptions, the trivial things have passed from our view and all is pure and holy. The passions of life are seared, and fallen from us as the trees shed their leaves in Autumn, and from their grave Virtue rises, watered by kindness it flourishes and blooms and brings forth abundant harvest. Here there are no drones, for only those imbued with the desire for progress reach this elevation, hence all its activity. And the willingness with which our spirit friends help is a never ending source of inspiration to go forward. So we in time wish to help those below us to reach this height, and realizing what a benefit it is to mortals to know the truth, we come in close communion with you, we feel that you can sense our presence and a magnetic cord seems to draw us toward you. There is a fellowship that is not of earth, but of the spirit and we have that fellowship.

I thank you for your kind words of me and hope I have many more such friends on earth, that is if we have never met in the mortal, our spirits may yet hold sweet communion, and that is after all, the only thing that outlasts time.

Your friend and well wisher,

(Spirit) *Henry Ward Beecher.*

Received through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary L. Kaiser, Ft. Scott, Kans.

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Thomas Carlyle, the eminent author, supposed to be "dead" by many, is really alive. As proof of his continued existence in the life beyond, Thomas Carlyle has just written one more book. This marvelous *evidence of immortal life*, was dictated, word-by-word, to the impressionable brain of Dr. Wm. J. Bryan of New York City, and the book is just published by the Alberta Publishing Company, 333 East 17th Street, New York City. It is called:

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