

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

MAY, 1920

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Features in This Number:

Spiritualism's Mother Church

Spirit Manifestations of Forty Years Ago

The Broken Reed . . . By Ollah Toph

The Bridge . . . By Betsey Hicks

The Wonderworld . By Mrs. Cecil M. Cook

Church of Divine Inspiration Commemorates

The Church of Antioch . By D. A. Reynolds

Your Thoughts---Today!



*TODAY, some speeding ray of light from out the stellar
depths of space,
Has reached our world one million years since
first its freedom gave it speed
And sent it on its way!*

*TODAY, each thought projects itself in all directions
from the place
Where its conception made it real, a SOME-
THING growing from a seed:
Each thought you think today!*

*A million—aye! a BILLION—years may pass, but
thoughts can never die,
Tomorrow's wings may carry far, but thought is
fleeter than mere time,
More durable than clay!*

*The FUTURE that you call your goal, the time as dis-
tant as the sky,
Will bring you to the things you thought—may
pause you in your upward climb—
So weigh your thoughts TODAY!*

—LLOYD KENYON JONES.

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Special=\$5.00 Until June 15

The Automatagraph Gets Directions for Its Operation

"Tell Charles he is too anxious to have writings. He must be more of an I-don't-care-what-I-hear—he must relax his fingers and not hold the pencil so very tight. He must do as we told him at the seance. He will soon get perfectly acquainted with the writer and get writings. He is too anxious. That is all for Charles, so good-bye."

This and the following Automatagraph messages we have copied from the original writings. This message was followed by another in an entirely different hand. The *wave-motion* had changed noticeably.

"This is mother. Tell Charles he is too anxious, must not be so expectant. He will soon be a fine writing medium and have better results than you, as he has a better knowledge of Spiritualism."

Again the character of the writing changed, and this message came through:
"Tell Charles to be more plentiful with the don't-care attitude, then he will get better results. I will be with him quite often. I like him and am going to guide him."

A fourth message admonished the recipient of these messages to tell her brother to find some playtime—to not take life too seriously—to relax occasionally from his labors.

Your Own Guides Instruct You!

We help you in your Automatagraph development until you get writings. You receive complete, illustrated instructions with your Automatagraph. Send in the sheets on which your earliest writing results are recorded and we will advise you. But—when you begin to get messages, *your own guides will instruct you.*

A Splendid Piece of Workmanship

"The Automatagraph received and I am very much pleased with it as to workmanship. It is going to be a great help in receiving writings from our spirit friends."—Charles M., Hartford, Conn.

The Automatagraph is made of steel, copper-plated, a rich statuary bronze finish, buffed, carefully assembled. Its weight is about 3½ pounds, accommodates itself to right or left hand. Guaranteed as to material and workmanship for one year. Carefully packed—sent parcel-post prepaid and insured.

Owing to mail congestion and the delay in the transmission of our printed matter, the Automatagraph will be sent prepaid for only \$5.00 until June 15, 1920

This is to co-operate with those who did not learn of the proposed advance in price in time to take advantage of the \$5.00 offer.

The Stead Center

533 Grant Place

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Chicago, Illinois

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

MAY, 1920

Volume I

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H. E. HALEY, Secretary

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FREE—These Educational Features—FREE

"Communication" has started the publication of two important educational features.

We realize that there is nothing else a tenth as convincing as manifestations in one's home. We have proved through extensive experience and observation and dealing with many thousands of persons that everybody is psychic to some degree. Consequently, it lies within the domain of the possibilities of nearly all persons, and of every person if the right conditions are observed, to secure manifestations of spirit origin. The types of mediumship are nearly as varied as the classes of character.

Beginning in the first number of "Communication," two important educational series started. One of these appears under the general title of "Searching for Your Open Door," and the other under the general title of "Trumpet Development Revealed."

Before explaining our special offer to you, we shall give you a brief description of the scope of these serials.

"Searching For Your Open Door"

This series of instructive articles explains different types of psychic gifts and gives the best methods for their development. Sitting for development for one type of manifestations does not necessarily guarantee the unfoldment of that form of mediumship, but it will bring indications that will point out the type of manifestations a person can secure.

This series of articles started with Clairvoyance, and continues through Crystal Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Psychometry, Telepathy, Inspiration, Impression, and other branches of psychic gifts.

These articles tell the why and the how. They explain what to do and how to do it. If either of these series was to be put in book form, each volume would be worth at least two dollars, which is the price of "Communication" for a whole year.

"Trumpet Development Revealed"

During the past year much greater attention has been devoted to the trumpet than has ever been given to this instrument of communication in the past. The trumpet can be used in such a variety of ways and in conjunction with so many different types of mediumistic development, the articles comprising these series will prove a revelation even to many mediums. We have been years in gathering the facts that are brought out in this series, and it makes no difference what type of manifestation you seek, because you will find that the trumpet can be used in conjunction with any other form of mediumistic unfoldment.

Both of these series are bringing forth many laudatory letters, and they are regarded as one of the most important contributions to the interesting and absorbing subject of psychic development.

You Get These Articles from the Beginning

We have had reproductions of these two series made from the beginning, so that when your subscription is received, we will make you a present of these instructive articles, and then you can begin with the first number of "Communication" that reaches you, and keep up with the series. We wish to have these two series complete. We are thinking of your interests in insuring this special service for you.

It will not be necessary to mention this premium in sending a subscription for "Communication," because you will receive the past installments of these articles as a gift. It makes no difference whether you send a direct subscription for "Communication"—with the premium, "Dreams"—or send a clubbing subscription, because in every case the past installments of "Searching for Your Open Door" and "Trumpet Development Revealed" will be mailed to you as a present from us.

Communication

981-991 Rand, McNally Bldg.

Chicago

Illinois

Everything Is Up to Us

AS CERTAINLY as there is a Law of Attraction, that surely is all of our success largely in our own hands. We never may be just what we hope to be, but we never shall be more than we try to be.

We like to be successful, and we have a right to be. You have certain aims, perhaps definite ideas of success. You are trying to "find yourself." If you are sure that you have found yourself, then you are trying to do better, to succeed more fully along the line of your talents.

If all our dreams came true, and particularly in a hurry, we would be crowding others out of their rightful places. If everything we attempted worked out just right, success would become tiresome.

There is pleasure in trying, but if we always are trying and never winning, the prolonged effort ceases to be pleasurable and becomes painful.

It is right to look to others to do their part. It is wrong to place all the burden on others, and especially if those others are doing something that co-operates with us.

If I sat back and waited for you to make "Communication" a tremendous success, I would attract no success. This being natural law, I find pleasure in working and planning. My plans reach far into the future, and already I see the fruit of cultivated effort — of effort well-formed, if that term expresses anything.

Several helpful, whole-souled workers have their shoulders to the wheel with me. I could not proceed were this not true. Some are helping financially and others through contributing articles and securing subscriptions for our magazine.

From far-off France comes a letter from a co-worker who was "one of the boys who went," a professional man who was associated closely with our work in Chicago. He plans on securing some of the most interesting material on spirit manifestations across the water.

Other splendid features are "in the making." As some of our present features are completed, others will take their place, and we shall make those others better — always better.

My thought is to bring to you the best I can secure; nothing can be too good for our subscribers. At the same time, we have many readers, and they do not all like precisely the same things. A magazine must be broad enough in its selections to appeal to many. I hope to make "Communication" so good that you will wish to read everything in it.

"Communication" is not essentially an illustrated magazine, and we cannot afford costly pictures. I believe that no reader expects the work of high-priced artists, but that every reader does like pictures that convey an idea of some sort.

Pictures come slowly. It takes digging to secure them.

It is my wish to make each number of "Communication" a glad surprise to you.

That is my honest aspiration. Unless I give you the best, I cannot ask your co-operation. Having made that my policy, I believe that your co-operation will come as a logical result. Of that I am confident.

Many of our readers are sending subscriptions. Many more will send them. If each subscriber made a special effort along this line, and kept it up, the results would be far-reaching. There are reasons why they should be.

Back of the editorial policy of "Communication" is a well-ordered plan. This plan includes acquainting interested persons with various psychic phenomena and the methods and conditions through which they are produced; the work of Spiritualists as religious bodies, and of mediums as instruments of the spirit-world, expressing in a variety of ways the manifestations and truths that come to mortals from the spirit-side of life; the achievements of Spiritualism in the past; the views and experiences of leaders and others; and the relationship of Spiritualism to the world's thought and progress.

To deal with these various elements, in their many divisions, is a task that calls for effort and for hearty co-operation. The labor of producing a magazine that will meet the several purposes for which it was brought into existence is work that knows no recession.

The large, successful fiction magazines buy and make "names." Their stock-in-trade is the popularity of their authors. In our work authors count for little, but facts and viewpoints count for much. We are ready to forget literary style for that which is instructive. We are glad to exchange big words for little words, involved reasoning for simple, direct statements.

This means that "Communication" cannot copy successfully any other publication. It must make its own way. It must map its own course.

The subscribers are looking for information, for something that will help them and assist the cause.

Scores of beautiful, encouraging letters have come to us, cheering us on our way. We thank our friends for these messages of encouragement. In the press of labor we cannot reply to all these letters, but I thank each one of you who has remembered our efforts in this manner. I thank every one of you who is sending subscriptions and helping in other ways. Each cheering letter, each subscription, is an inspiration to put forth still greater efforts.

Whatever you do for this work is up to me. I must attract your desire to help. And you, in turn, supply the courage and the inspiration through your co-operation. Each of us turns the wheel part way. Not one of us turns it all the way.

Inasmuch as our aim to learn more about the truth of Life is worthy and inspiring, we shall contribute equally to one another's success in attracting to ourselves the assistance that comes only because of the efforts we put forth.

We meet on common ground, and as we go our several ways we carry with us a portion of the new purpose and the new confidence which we have gained in company. By serving that which is right, that which has as its purpose something worthy, we are meriting more success ourselves. That is natural law, and to natural law there are no exceptions.

With this number of "Communication" we have progressed to the first quarter of our first year. The June number will have taken us a third of our first milestone. Time speeds. Today is important. As each of us makes the best of today, we have solved many of the riddles of tomorrow and the day after.

Our measure of success is up to us.

Very sincerely yours,

Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Editor

Chicago, Illinois

[Owing to the railway strike, it is likely that part of this issue will be printed on colored paper. Our white paper in "somewhere in America," but we know that our readers will forgive us for those undesired substitutions which are beyond our control.]

Tell the Story of Your Church of Your Medium

What Spiritualist church do you attend, regularly or occasionally?

Who is the Medium—or Speaker—or both?

Do you have platform messages, or numerous small circles after the service?

What is your Medium's type of mediumship—when did he or she begin to do public work—what remarkably interesting examples have you of messages coming through that medium?

Can you secure a photograph of the Church or the Medium or of others prominent locally in this work?

Tell the World All About Spiritualism in Your Town!

If you feel that you can not write the story well, do the best you can, and we will round it out for you.

Remember that "Communication" is going into the offices of prominent newspapers and magazines, and that you are aiding the Cause you love when you help spread the gospel of this Truth and its disciples!

Remember, too, that "Communication" has a syndicate service in operation and will have many stories in the newspapers of America—and will be glad always to represent Spiritualism from every angle of progressive vision.

Take this up with your Church and your Medium, and learn that "Communication" is open to all who are helping in this noble work.

See if You Can Be Among the
First to Get Your Church and
Your Medium Represented!

Mail All Manuscripts and Photographs to:

Communication

981-991 Rand, McNally Building

Chicago, Illinois

SNOWDROPS

Plucked by Snowdrop

THE SACRIFICE

*So young to go, you say? Perhaps.
So full of Life's fair hope and strong,
Facing each day with strength and faith,
As carefree as a thrush's song!*

*He heard the call of man-made war,
And answered, and in answering fell!
He did his part as brave men will —
He played his role and played it well.*

*You place his vacant chair each eve
Beside your board — and he is there,
As bright of face as when on earth,
As light of heart, as young, as fair!*

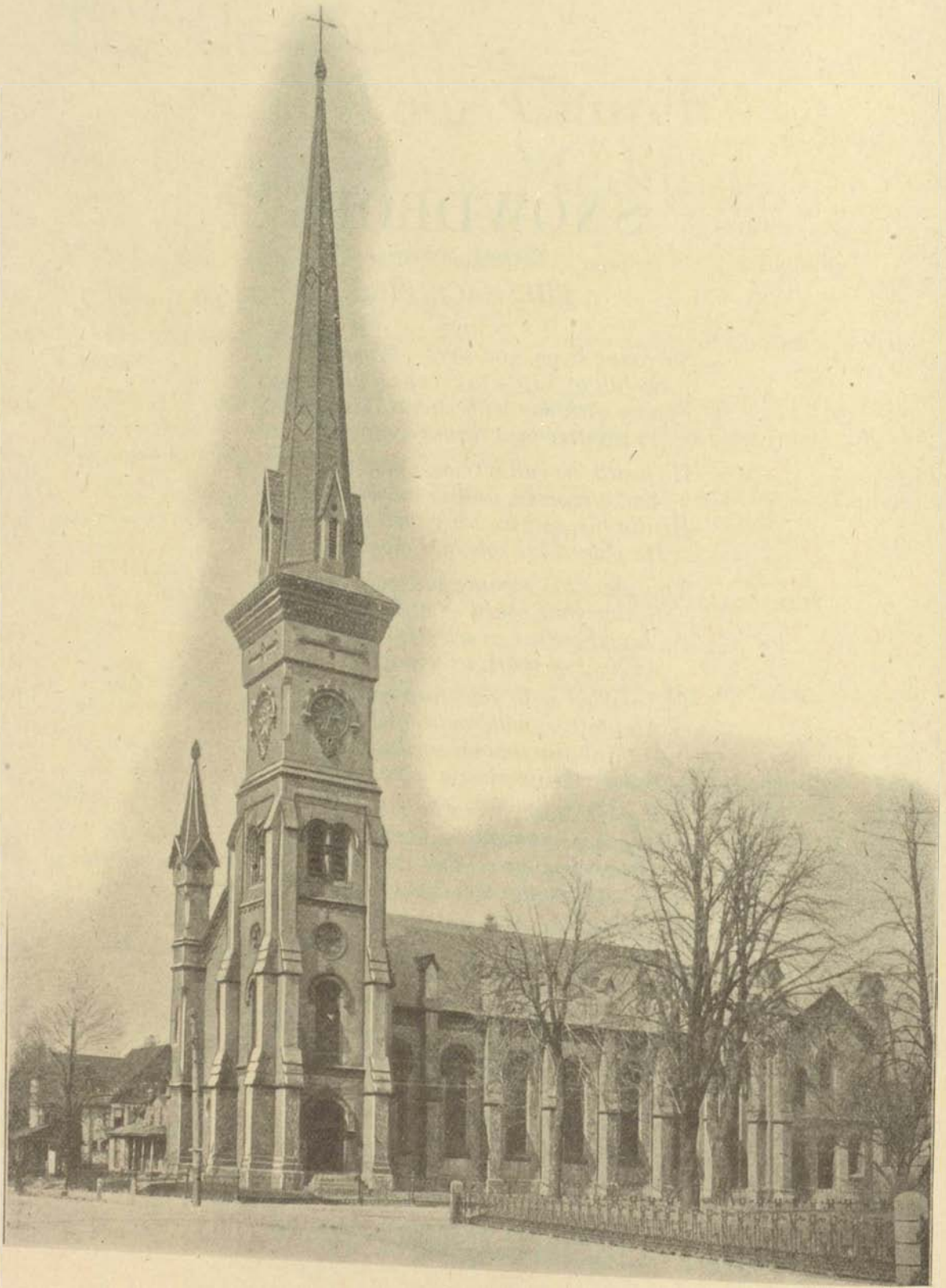
*Oh, mother, with your tear-dimmed eyes,
And father, with your quiet grief,
You think his stay on earth was short,
But earth-life always is so brief.*

*His golden locks, your hair tinged gray,
Are measurements of fleeting years —
He journeyed faster, that was all,
In passing through this vale of tears.*

*But think you well each eventide,
The while you pray to meet again,
That he knows loyalty to God
Who first learns loyalty to men;*

*His country was more dear than life,
You gave, he gave the all you had —
Be satisfied — be glad — content —
Be proud to know he IS your lad!*

— SNOWDROP



SPIRITUALISM'S MOTHER CHURCH
Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y.

Spiritualism's Mother Church

If any spiritualist church in America has a right to be known as the "Mother Church," then certainly Plymouth Spiritualist Church of Rochester, N. Y., is a high bidder for such honors. It is known throughout America; in fact, in most parts of the world.

This is a church with a history and that history reaches back to Hydesville and the manifestations of spirit communication received through the mediumship of the Fox sisters, for Hydesville and its birth of modern Spiritualism gave to this section of New York state the honor of bringing this truth to the world. Indeed, these famous sisters once lived within a few rods of this church location.

The interest that was given being in Rochester and vicinity, was an interest destined to spread around the world.

In introducing Plymouth Church to our readers, we place before them views of this beautiful church as it is seen from the street and as it is seen by a person seated in its auditorium.

Its architectural superiority has placed Plymouth Church among the seven most beautiful in the United States, as determined by a Government survey. Its steeple and its bell are known and loved by thousands.

Plymouth Church is located at the intersection of Plymouth avenue and Troup street, and was constructed in 1856 (sixty-four years ago) by the Congregationalists, from whom it was purchased in 1906, chiefly through the efforts of Olaf Oberg, George H. King, now in spirit, and its first pastor, Dr. Benjamin F. Austin, now a resident of Los Angeles, Calif. Through the contributions made by Mr. Oberg, the interior of the church was decorated and electric lights and a modern heating plant were added to its conveniences.

Plymouth Church cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In 1909 the final financial obligations were paid and this beautiful edifice was dedicated officially to the cause of Spiritualism. To insure its continued use for that purpose, Article II of the Constitution was adopted and recorded in the office of the County Clerk, in accordance with the New York statutes. This article is as follows:

"SECTION 1. This church corporation shall not, by its directors, trustees or by the officials, execute any bond or mortgage, nor any other instrument of any kind or description, whereby the real estate now belonging to this church corporation shall be pledged as security for debt, nor shall the trustees or directors of this church corporation voluntarily sell or transfer it unto any person whatsoever, at any time before the expiration of the life of one Charlotte Hahnel, of Rochester, N. Y., and of one Ralph Cushman, of Rochester.

"SECTION 2. Article II. Section 1 of these by-laws shall take effect and be binding upon this corporation, its officers and directors, immediately after due enactment, and it shall not be amended, repealed or changed until after the expiration of five years after notice by a member of this church in good standing, served upon the trustees and directors of this corporation, in which notice it shall be specified and set forth in exact language the proposed amendment to that section of said by-laws."

The officers of Plymouth Spiritualist Church are: William H. Burr, president of the board of trustees; Edward Evarts, vice-president; William Minder, treasurer; George G. Miller, financial secretary; Ella R. Bowdley, secretary.

The board of trustees includes these officers, as well as Samuel Stansfield, Thomas Redfern, Robert Hahnel and Grace Weaver, nine members in all.

The pastor of Plymouth Church is the Rev. Harry M. Wright, who recently came from the Universalist denomination, assisted by the Rev. Matilda V. Reynolds, who for many years has been identified with this great truth.

A Church Well Organized

Spiritualists, perhaps more than members of any other faith, often are careless in matters of organization. The living reality of spirit communication is so close to each one, so much a personal possession, the tendency is centrifugal, rather than centripetal in organization matters.

Plymouth Church is fortified by a solid organization, lacking none of the essential units, and having not only a strong, dependable legal entity, but a well-balanced plan; an equitable plan.

The Declaration of Belief (Section 2, Article III) and the Declaration of Principles of the National Spiritualists' Association (Section 4, Article III) form two clear-cut, unmistakable points of guidance in the unity of purpose assured by this church corporation in its relationship to its members and in their spiritual relationship to one another.

We publish these two sections as a study in correct constitutional construction:

"SECTION 2. *Declaration of Belief.* In this, my application for membership in the PLYMOUTH SPIRITUALIST CHURCH OF ROCHESTER, I do hereby solemnly declare and affirm: I believe in the infinite and over-ruling providence of God; I believe in the immortality of the soul; I believe that the spirits of the departed dead can, and do, communicate with the living; I believe in liberty of thought; freedom of honest speech; in the discovery and pursuit of truth and obedience thereto; I believe in the promotion of justice and love among all mankind, and in giving expression in all my conduct to the dictates of reason and my highest moral sense of right and truth.

"I do hereby declare my allegiance to, and support of, the foregoing principles, so long as I shall remain a member of The Plymouth Spiritualist Church of Rochester.

"SECTION 4. *Declaration of Principles of the National Spiritualists' Association.* We believe in Infinite Intelligence. We believe that the phenomena of Nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression and living in accordance therewith, constitute the true religion. We affirm that the personal identity and existence of the individual continue after the change called death. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact scientifically proven by the phenomena of spiritualism. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them.' We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual, and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys Nature's psychic laws. We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never against any human soul, here or hereafter."

The membership is divided into four classes: Juvenile, active, honorary and ascended members. The first class is for boys and girl under eighteen years of age. The honorary members must be so elected by a unanimous vote of the board of trustees.

The ascended members are those who have passed into spirit. The change called death does not deprive them of their membership.

The functions, duties and limitations of trustees and members are all defined accurately, and committees and meetings are prescribed properly.

No officer, trustee or member can ever say, "I did not understand."

Governed by these sound principles, any church may feel assured that its energies need not be diverted through misunderstanding of operating principles, but may be expended in constructive work.

The Propagation of Truth

Plymouth Church is doing its missionary work ably. As one example, we reproduce the following contents of a four-page circular by President Burr:

Its importance in the constructive work of the future.

Its foundation upon which all religious rest:—the door to eternal progress.

If you have no church affiliations, you should have some. Come! Our requirements are few, our privileges and possibilities many. If you have other affiliations, but are not satisfied—come. Whether Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, there is a place and a work for all in the greater and broader brotherhood of all mankind which must lie at the foundation of the great universal religion of the future wherein all men shall be united on earth as in heaven.

The truth, as revealed to those who investigate evidences of immortality, will open to you a new world, a new life, a new freedom of thought and a satisfying proof of immortality.

What has the spiritualist religion done for the past? What is it destined to do for the future religious welfare of mankind?

Spiritualism meets the world demand for knowledge of death and the after life. Before spiritualism came in, the church teaching of death and the after life was very discordant, very misty and indefinite, and whatever direct and explicit teachings were given on these subjects were full of fear and dread for men. Today, through our philosophy, the world has a rational concept of death as an event in life, and men are gradually growing into rational conception of the future life. This is due to modern spiritualism.

It has done for our age what Jesus accomplished for his age, in bringing life and immortality to light. Jesus did not argue or discourse much about immortality. He assumed that it was true and then, by His resurrection, gave the demonstration of it. We accept, with our Orthodox friends, the eleven different appearances of Jesus after his death, but these to us are spirit manifestations and prove an inherent power in every man to triumph over death. To our age and time, spiritualism is the risen Christ proving that life is ever lord of death.

Spiritualism has powerfully modified the thought of the age. It has compelled the clergy to think, converted a goodly number of them, and changed the tone of pulpit teaching vastly for the better. It has compelled the clergy to play the soft pedal on the doctrines of election, predestination, eternal damnation, and upon many foolish and fantastic notions formerly taught about heaven and hell. Spiritualism, by its optimism and its wider hope for humanity, has brightened and rendered less dreadful and fearsome the subject of religion in general, and almost entirely stopped the preaching of those awful dogmas of the devil and the Judgment Day. Every church attendant in the world is under obligation to spiritualism for the improvement in the religious teachings since the advent of our Movement.

Our critics declare that "Spiritualism has, with all its pretended messages, really given us nothing of value concerning the future life."

We affirm, in reply, that spiritualism has given us great basic and supremely important teachings about the spirit-world, which have entirely altered the world's concept of man's future. Let us summarize:

1. It asserts that the spirit-world is a natural world, governed by law, and not a realm ruled by a personal God.
2. Man has liberty of thought and action there as he has here. There is no shut-in heaven or prison hell.
3. It asserts that the life after death is a continuance of the life here, each man beginning there as he left off here, death making no change in character.
4. It asserts that rewards and punishments are natural and

not artificial; that forgiveness of sin does not void the penalty of sin.

5. It asserts that men are not saved by "blood" or "faith" or "vicarious atonement" or "election" or "sacraments" or "masses," but by knowledge and obedience to the truth. It preaches salvation by character.

6. It asserts the possibility and indulges the hope of the final salvation of all men, since the door of reformation is never closed in this world or the next. Some day, somehow and somewhere, every human soul shall come into knowledge of, and harmony with, truth and happiness and heaven.

7. It asserts that mortals and spirits alike are endowed with inherent powers by which, through natural laws, they may communicate with those at a distance, and that the door of communication is open between the two worlds to all who learn the truth and comply with the conditions.

8. Punishment in nature is natural, certain and remedial and never vindictive or arbitrary.

9. That departed souls do not lose memory of, and interest in, their earth, friends and human affairs, but often complete their unfinished earth work through the organism of sensitives on earth.

10. That mediumship is the channel of inspiration, communication and revelation in spirit spheres as it is here—a great and universal divine plan through all orders of being and through all planes of human evolution, by which the wiser and more advanced may instruct and inspire the younger members of God's family.

These are a few of the great fundamental teachings of spiritualism regarding the future life. They show that spiritualism is to the religions of the world what aeroplane service was to the allied armies—"the eyes of the army." It is the aerial service which looks forward and maps out the line of advance. Spiritualism is mapping out humanity's future and everyone knows that even the churches are accepting these great fundamental teachings of spiritualism concerning the future life.

Spiritualism comforts where all other sources of comforts fail. Sorrowing humanity today weeps at the tomb of millions of her dead. Bereaved humanity is not comforted by the record of miracles and resurrections two thousand years ago. Nor will it be satisfied with the promise of miracles and resurrections two thousand years in the future.

Nothing but knowledge and demonstration of the after life today, nothing but the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice stilled in death, will comfort earth's sorrowing ones today. Spiritualism alone gives this nectar of divine comfort to men.

No other philosophy or religion places so high an estimate upon human nature, or unfolds more clearly the laws of human growth and progress, or furnishes such strong motives for obedience to law and truth, or brings men so closely in touch with angelic helpers, as modern spiritualism.

It compasses in its philosophy this world and all worlds. It is eclectic, taking in all demonstrated truth, all nature teaching, all truths gained by human experience, all the inspired teachings of the ages and in addition giving us the instruction and help of the spirit-world today.

The mission of spiritualism is, therefore, to instruct, comfort, to unfold and develop, and inspire humanity, here and hereafter.

Plymouth Church has no creed; its declaration of belief best points the way to spiritual progress. These are its requirements:

"I do hereby solemnly declare and affirm: I believe in the infinite and over-ruling providence of God; I believe in the immortality of the soul; I believe that the spirits of the departed dead can and do communicate with the living; I believe in liberty of thought; freedom of honest speech; in the discovery and pursuit of truth and obedience thereto; I believe in the promotion of justice and love among all mankind, and

in giving expression in all my conduct to the dictates of reason and my highest moral sense of right and truth.

"I do hereby declare my allegiance to and support of the foregoing principles, so long as I shall remain a member of The Plymouth Spiritualist Church of Rochester.

"You are cordially invited to join with us in the great work, with its great mission for on-coming generations."

Mr. Burr, we may add, is the author of a most valuable volume, illustrated by engravings of the slates and the writing upon them, dealing with that interesting and important phase of spirit manifestations—*independent slate-writing*.

Historic Plymouth Bell

Far above the rushing torrents of historic Genesee,
Far above the street and city and the housetop and the tree,

Anthony and many others whose names are engraved upon the walls of fame, have spoken. Gray-haired men and women there are by the scores who remember and associate the notes of Plymouth Bell with the earliest associations of childhood. Such has been their love for it that, for many years, they, by neighborhood subscription, with permission of the church authorities, have employed an expert clock man to keep the old bell striking the hours without intermission.

Since Plymouth Bell began to ring, Rochester has grown from a small town to a city of first-class and more than two hundred and fifty thousand men and women have come to live and labor within the sound of its voice. The Atlantic cable has been laid, the war for the preservation of the Union has been fought and won, electric cars, electric lights have been invented, telephones, automobiles, aeroplanes and a thousand



INTERIOR OF BEAUTIFUL PLYMOUTH CHURCH

Like some angels long ascended, who in peace serenely dwell,
Like a sentinel above us, rings our dear old Plymouth Bell.

—William H. Burr.

Plymouth Bell for nearly seventy years has hung in the majestic church tower of Plymouth Church of Rochester. It is doubtful if anywhere, outside of New York City, a more lofty or beautiful tower may be found. It overlooks the one-time Fifth avenue of Rochester and the homes of men of influence and affairs who have made Rochester known from ocean to ocean. Scholars, statesmen, inventors, authors, reformers and men of millions have lived and died within the sound of its resonant tones. From the rostrum beneath it, Frederick Douglass, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert G. Ingersoll, Susan B.

other creations of the genius of men have come into general use. Seventeen states have been added to our Union, more than seventy-five millions of people have been added to our population and our nation has risen from a place of obscurity to the foremost government of the earth. Monarchs have lived and died and kingdoms have crumbled and fallen; all since Plymouth Bell began to ring.

Plymouth Church is of brick construction and, we repeat, its exterior and interior are both beautiful. It has a splendid pipe-organ and its seating capacity is twelve hundred.

Its membership is a unit in seeking to develop the higher conception of religious thought, combining the rational part of christian teachings with the demonstrated facts of spirit survival, return and communion.

Spirit Manifestations of Forty Years Ago

The facts and illustrations upon which this article is based are from *Gallery of Spirit Art*, November, 1883, published by C. R. Miller & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., and furnished by Mr. E. N. Beecher of Cleveland, Ohio.

Remarkable progress had been made in Spiritualism forty years ago, and there were many advanced thinkers in those days who apparently understood the subject much better than some of the authorities of today.

Not only did these thinkers know much about the various phenomena, but they understood the philosophy and many of the scientific facts. Indeed, in 1878, Sir Wm. Crookes had published his "Modern Spiritualism," detailing the exceptional physical manifestations of David D. Home, the American medium, and the materializations of "Katy King."

If Spiritualists in 1920 think that they are pioneers in Spiritualistic thought, how about these earlier advocates, upon whom many bitter persecutions were thrust?

We reproduce a number of illustrations made before half-tone engraving had come to relieve the severe black-and-white of the old wood-cut. These engravings were made from photographs which the lines accompanying these illustrations will explain.

In the group of three it will be noted that the medium, in a trance, is seated a short distance from the materialized spirits. The explanation of the conditions under which these, and many other, photographs were taken, is given by the *Banner of Light*, an old Spiritualist publication. The article was written by J. L. O'Sullivan, formerly United States Minister to Portugal.

While most of the photographs were taken in the dark, some were taken by magnesium light. This process was employed in photographing this group of three spirits, all wearing robes. Later we shall show that all residents of the spirit realms are not so clothed. Some prefer garments closely resembling those worn on earth.

These photographs (from which the cuts were made, faithful to detail but forfeiting much of the beauty of the originals) were taken by Count de Bullet, who spent thousands of francs in his research work. He is credited with employing about twenty-five thousand francs yearly in pursuit of these data. These experiments evidently were made in Paris.

The Count would purchase about a dozen plates at a time from the manufacturers, and with the exception of about the first half-dozen, which were developed by a photographer, Fontaine, in the presence of Count de Bullet and Mr. O'Sullivan, the Count attended to the developing himself. The plates were never out of his supervision. He inserted them in the camera and even went so far, for some time, as to place private marks on the plates as protection against fraud or error. This he discontinued finally as being superfluous, particularly as so many of the spirits photographed were recognized readily.

Sometimes there would appear flowers or other objects that had been brought to the seance-room for that purpose, as well as spirit forms and faces.

This photography had followed even more remarkable manifestations, namely, the molding of busts, in paraffine, by spirits.

Mr. O'Sullivan said of those pictures: "In regard to some of the pictures, experts in photography have declared them to be in themselves self-evidence of their abnormal (spiritual) origin, since they could not possibly have been produced by the

mortal photographer, with the fullest license and opportunity for the use of all the resources of his art in the preparation of fraudulent plates. So that even if any of the most bigoted enemies of spiritualism, unacquainted, personally or by reputation, with any of us, should choose (rather than believe in such photographs taken in the dark) to imagine the three gentlemen present and participating to have been a confederation of knaves and liars, and the Count such a fool as to spend about twenty-five thousand francs a year for mere self-deception in those psychological experiments and researches, there would still remain the insuperable absurdity, in the way of any theory of previous preparation of fraudulent plates by some photographer in the flesh, that the photographer's art knows no means of producing some of the effects apparent on the face of some of the plates."

These claims, founded on the limitations of photography, might carry little weight today. The unquestioned identification of photographs of persons in

spirit and who were unknown to the medium, is a most difficult point for even the most ardent critic to overcome. This is particularly true as we become enlightened as to the methods employed in securing the photographs.

We shall return to Mr. O'Sullivan's explanation:

"Our photographing of the spirits whom we had seen materialized hundreds of times, grew out of the molding of them in paraffine. We had been promised some half-dozen more busts, but the controlling spirit one day said that we would now suspend the molding in paraffine, and, since we took so much pleasure in having their portraits, that we should bring a photographic apparatus. Accordingly, the next day we had a small scenographic camera, supported on a tripod, with a dozen sensitive plates of the dry collodion, as used by travelers. We erected it at one end of the small oblong room, at its single window, opposite to the cabinet at the other end, the cabinet being formed simply by a curtain hung across the other end, behind which the medium sat asleep in trance, magnetized by the Count. We placed a plate in the camera, and seated ourselves by it, prepared to obey the directions to be given us by the voice of the controlling spirit.

"We were frequently surprised to hear his well-known voice



A GROUP OF SPIRITS

Photographed while in materialized form, in the presence of Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan and others, at Count De Bullet's, Paris.

directing us to close the window and darken the room. After this was done the voice called our attention to a little white light on the floor under the door, and told us to shut it off, which was done, and we sat in absolutely black darkness. Presently the voice said, to our amazement, 'Now, uncap it!' After a certain time of waiting we were told to recap the camera—that it was done. We obeyed, and then took out the plate, on which of course nothing was visible, the developing process being still wanting. We were directed to put in a second plate, and the same operations were repeated as before. I had expected to see a strong spirit light produced by which the photograph should be taken, but the whole was conducted in the blackest of darkness. We then carried the two plates, properly shielded from light, in a box covered with black cloth, to the photographer Fontaine, and accompanied his operator into the developing chamber, where we were delighted to see two photographs of John King himself come out under the developing process. The one was a front face, the other in profile. Both had on, hanging from the neck, two photographs (of the Count and Countess de Bullet) which had before been given to him at his request, with silk ribbons to hang them around his neck, and which were never seen again except thus on his person when materialized. The one in profile had, raised to his lips, a mariner's trumpet which used to hang in the cabinet, and which he employed in speaking, in lieu of the pasteboard tubes commonly present at materializing seances when spirits speak, which seems to be of service to them in collecting the voice. These photographs are now before me. (I have also photographs of two other spirits in the same way, wearing photographs we had given them, one of those spirits being my mother.) These two photographs of John King thus obtained by ourselves in the dark, are of cabinet size. This first success lead the Count to furnish the next morning a large camera, and then began the long series of our nine-by-seven inch pictures, all taken in the black dark.

"John King explained to us that there was nothing wonderful in their being taken in the dark.

"Do you not know," he said, "that the chemical light, which accompanies the luminous part but is distinct from it, is not visible but is dark?" We happened to know something about the actinic or chemical light the spectrum of which begins at the bottom of the solar spectrum (the violet color) and extends downward in what may be called black light; i. e., colorless. He told us, in answer to our questions, that he collected it from the atmosphere, but chiefly from the medium's brain, and cast it on the spirit form to be photographed. He said it was a troublesome and difficult operation, because he had to do two distinct things—first to construct the form and then to collect the light; and that unless the 'conditions' were favorable, the form had a great tendency to dissolve.

"Of course, none of these photographs thus taken in the dark could be focused, the operation indispensable to fine and sharp pictures. The camera being erected at one end of the small room, the spirits posed at the other end in what was the

dark to us, at about the proper distance. But some were afterwards taken (this was after I had left Paris) under a strong magnesium light. These the Count could and did focus, and the resulting picture, as a specimen of them, copied in the accompanying engraving, speaks for itself. It represents Angela, the mother of the Countess, and a sister of our American friend who had died in infancy. I have a number of pictures of this class, containing from one to four figures. They are all of extreme beauty."

Irrespective of what adverse opinions might be raised against these photographs, the fact remains that at least one figure in this group, the mother of Count de Bullet, was recognized on the basis of resembling her former earthly appearance.

These three figures were photographed in a strong magnesium light. They were fully materialized. They were in a group. Surely, these three persons, manifesting from spirit, could not have been "emanations of the medium's brain," as is charged by some critics of spirit manifestations.

Interesting as these photographic results admittedly are, let us inquire further into some of the other manifestations occurring about this time.

A Discussion of Materializations

Mr. W. J. Cushing of Brooklyn, N. Y., writing under date of March 28, 1883, says:

"To begin with, what do we really mean by materialization as the culminating phenomenon of modern spiritualism? It is the clothing of the spirit form in a material garment of sufficient density to make it tangible to objective vision. The base is already there. What we want to do is to attract such particles from the sitters as are needed, strain them, as it were, through the medium, and then use these fine material atoms to coat the form of the spirit or 'spiritual body,' as a chemist coats a simple pill with sugar.

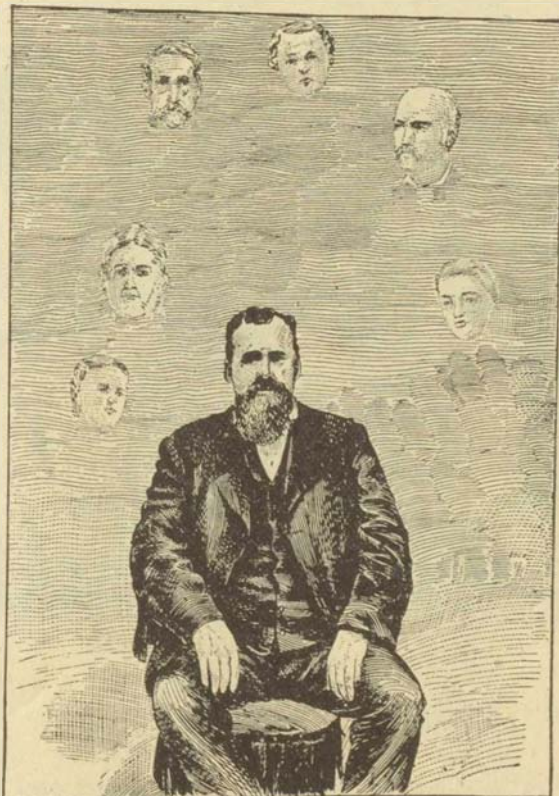
"Such materializations are so real, so life-like, that doubters are not to be blamed if they cry fraud; and the Eddy brothers today are doubted by some as much as they are believed by others.

"In no one phase of spiritual manifestation is so much patient investigation necessary, so much charity due, so much careful judgment called for.

"This whole movement comes to man to educate him, to teach him to know himself and his relations to the hereafter.

"If everything were presented to his mind, that there could be no doubt as to the genuineness of the manifestations, it would provoke less thought upon the subject, agitate less, and so fall short of its object.

"For this have we cabinets and various styles of curtains, to make it possible to attribute all to the medium and so have a positive and a negative side to the question—a dual principle, a law which holds good throughout all nature, even reaching to divinity itself. Mediums have purposely been placed in a very unsatisfactory light before men, simply to carry out this idea in the divine plan of salvation—the making of man wise, considerate of his fellow man and a law unto himself in all things.



COL. MATT CLARY AND ATTENDANT SPIRITS
Taken by Mrs. L. Carter, Spirit Photographer.

"Sometimes the spirit form resembles the medium and a cry of fraud is raised among the sitters. If we look through a poor pane of glass at objects outside, they become distorted; if we look through a blue pane, they appear blue; so the particles coming from the medium to make 'this form of clay,' this 'phenomenon of matter,' as the editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle* once expressed it in the columns of that paper, may take on the appearance of the medium, and even lead men to go so far as to seize upon such a one, believing it an imposture.

"To understand that we really have a spirit form to clothe with this thin visible covering, one that resembles the form borne by the spirit in earth life—a recognizable one—allow me to present my views of body, spirit and soul in as simple

the nerves it electrifies the iron particles in the blood."

In this connection, let us not forget that, in seeking logical justification of an idea, men will build their own hypothesis, depending not only on their conceptions, but upon the theories of the day. We do not say that Mr. Cushing's statements are wrong. We do say that the fact of spirit manifestations is beyond dispute to thousands, without respect to the reasons why.

Man's knowledge is so limited, sometimes it appears to be a mistake to try to explain ethereal truths in material terms. Mr. Cushing's ideas are interesting, at least. We quote him further:

"This is the inner spirit or force; that which lives after



GROUP OF PLANETARY SPIRITS

As they presented themselves in Materialized Form (eight in number) at one of Mrs. Stewart's seances, Terre Haute, Ind.

and plain a manner as possible. Soul is individualized intelligence; it comes into earth life a spiritual unit out of the great ocean of an infinite intelligence to be incarnated in matter, and so, through the experience of daily life individualized. That it may become conscious of a separate existence, mind is necessary, in order that it may reflect upon itself. Now, what is mind?

"We have, as a part of the body, that wonderful organ we call the brain; physiologists wonder how it is that a simple mass of gray matter, formed in a series of convolutions, can produce such wonderful results. The truth is that it is simply designed to receive impressions through the external senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, together with those intuitive projections of thought from the realms of spirit life. These impressions are stored up according to the degree of attention given in the one case, and the amount of receptivity in the other—much as sound is stored up in the tin-foil phonograph of Edison, but not promiscuously; for the brain is divided into separate organs or faculties, each of which receives its own appropriate impressions, and it is the harmonious action of all these parts which makes the well-balanced mind. When Elihu rebukes Job, he says, 'There is a spirit in man, etc.' That this brain may act (for without power it is no more than an engine without steam) it must have a working power. This force is magnetism, and the action of it through the brain as a special organ of the body we call mind.

"The nerves are so many bridges or wires to connect mind and matter; electricity is generated chemically within us, and does not become magnetism until passing along

death is an outer one, and formed from the physical and spiritual emanations of the body—the finer distillations of the processes of life. The soul itself—the divine intelligence—is the will; and when we die this soul passes out from the earthly body into the spiritual one, and soars aloft by virtue of its own specific gravity—an immortalized, individualized entity. As we make our lives here below so build we this spiritual body; if we lead gross, sensual, selfish lives we make it of so heavy and earthly a nature that we are weighed down by our very sinfulness in the hereafter, even earth bound. As these emanations are part and parcel of our very being, they take on naturally our likeness; so that you see it is only necessary to clothe such a spiritual body with sufficient matter to make it become visible to mortal eyes, as in full form materialization.

"The spirit, being naturally magnetic, draws these necessary particles from the sitters, through the medium as an intervening magnet."

This explanation, while perhaps not harmonizing in all details with facts that have been secured or adduced by students in the past few years, at least paints a very clear picture of the fundamental truths of materialization. It is a noteworthy fact that the statements made by spirits manifesting through mediums in various parts of the world, are so much in accord. Mr. Cushing referred to the Eddy brothers, who gave many seances in New York City forty years ago, and our first subject dealt with materializing manifestations in France. Note the harmony between the explanations given.

Mr. Cushing's views relative to the voluntary stirring up of

dissensions over the genuineness of spirit phenomena by those in spirit, so as to help mortals think, is a view that commends itself to our serious thought today. To those in spirit, time is but a measurement of duty done. They are leisurely in aiding human evolution. They will not take away from us any essential experience. Thought is experience, quite as much as deeds. We appreciate those truths that have cost us considerable mental effort.

As Mr. Cushing stated nearly four decades ago, while materializations should be the most convincing of all spirit manifestations, they may be the ripest cause of doubt. Their pronounced reality suggests that they are not so! Referring to the group picture of the three ladies in spirit, who posed in a strong light, note that they are not in a room separate from the medium. He sits near them, entranced. These forms were as real as flesh-and-blood to Count de Bullet and the other mortals present. The Count focused the lenses of his camera so as to secure a sharp, clear likeness. This connects with Mr. Cushing's surmises that the cabinet may be a requirement of those in spirit that is founded purely on the psychological effect that will be produced on mortals who witness those phenomena. We present these diversified viewpoints simply to supply a basis for thought along this line. There are reasons for believing the cabinet to be a real necessity, and others that would indicate that its chief purpose is to stimulate debate and speculation among the witnesses. Perhaps both reasons enter into the use of the cabinet as prescribed by spirits.

Photographs of the Planetary Spirits

Earlier in this article we made the statement that robes are not the only form of clothing worn in spirit.

The garments worn by the eight "planetary spirits," in the reproduced illustration from the book from which we quote, seem to be in keeping with hats, trousers and modern "sport-shirts." We are told that clothing in spirit denotes rank and the kind of work that is being done; that a spirit, while teaching, would be garbed differently from his manner of dress when doing other labor. These figures, while indicating some differences as compared with mortals, are men nevertheless. All dependable testimony leads us to believe that man never changes his form or general appearance even in the highest realms.

These eight spirits were the immediate helpers of the medium in the earth-sphere. They were under a higher band of like number who passed their commands on to these immediate helpers. These particular eight, it seems, were interested in mineralogy and archaeology, and in the operation of natural law. While the spirits were believed to purpose bringing back lost arts through their medium, and assisting in chemical advancement through that medium, this may have been a wrong interpretation. More likely, they would operate through that medium's forces to reach and impress others whose studies and experience made them the logical persons to reach and help. If the medium were depended upon to give to the world many new and startling scientific discoveries that scarcely would suggest an incentive for those who work and study to specialize

in a single line. There are reasons to believe that a band of spirits would work through a medium for the purpose of getting closer to and impressing others (who might not be Spiritualists) and thereby fulfilling their mission.

Spirit photography apparently was as highly developed forty years ago as it is today. We publish with this article two prints taken from photographs through the mediumship of Mrs. L. Carter, spirit photographer of Kansas City, in 1883. One is of Col. Matt Clary and the other of Col. Isaac E. Eaton, with spirit faces appearing in the pictures. This form

of spirit photography is the most common. There are few examples of the spirit photography as brought out by Count de Bullet; that is, by photographing the materialized form.

Recently, there seems to be a revival of this type of mediumship. It is one of the most convincing, particularly where the faces are recognized beyond the shadow of doubt. Occasionally a photographer notices the appearance of spirit faces on negatives and perhaps retouches them out of the picture. Now and then a photographer pursues this mediumistic tendency and gives the world the benefit of his gift. But today, the same as forty years ago, there is so much doubt expressed that many persons who would be excellent mediums shrink from their gift, feeling unable to bear up under the bombardment of persecution and its endless train of insults.

In a subsequent number we plan to reproduce more pictures and give further facts relating to spirit manifestations in the past, because the progress of Spiritualism is related closely to these pioneer movements.



COL. ISAAC E. EATON AND ATTENDANT SPIRITS
By Mrs. L. Carter, Spirit Photographer.

False estimates of virtue inscribed on tombstones are not said,

by communicating spirits, to insure any special blessings on the other side.

To say that we know God will take care of us, but refuse to meet our simple duties, may be religion, but it looks a good deal more like moral torpor.

"It was good enough for Willie, and it's good enough for me," the evangelist sings. But maybe Willie wasn't a bellwether and, like many others, followed the leader.

"It is impossible," the scientific critic begins, and that is what he and his predecessors have been saying for a long, weary time—only God pays no attention to them.

A professor says that forgetfulness insures the only progress. What intellect! If we cannot make use of our hard-earned experience in this world, under what kind of system are we living?

The world has ever been cursed by its priesthoods—not only of men of the cloth, but politicians, physicians, teachers, who wish to perpetuate their calling without respect to how right or wrong it may be.



Illustrated
by
Mildred Lyon

"Once, back there, I found a stone that had the look of a jewel—shimmering, with lights playing in the grey where the sun struck it.....Sometimes mother cries over it.....It seems to make me nearer to her."

"THE BROKEN REED"

©CLA578869

The Broken Reed

By Ollah Toph

Copyright 1920, by Ollah Toph

Walter Scott Douglass, a young British soldier, who passed out in the great war, tells, through Mrs. Toph's mediumship, of his surprise at finding himself in spirit, of how he tried to make his sorrowing mother understand—and about the many other young men who were hurled into the Great Beyond. His philosophy is a repetition of what he is taught, and at times Patience Hopewell, with her quaint Scotch dialect, comes in to help him out. In mortal words, he seeks to carry the truth of spirit to mortal understanding.

V GHOSTS

January 29, 1919,
4 P. M.

Other things—cares, duties, illness—have come between me and the Voices. When I am very ill I do not hear them. And if clairaudience be hallucination, naturally it would be most pronounced in physical depletion.

When the Voices become silent for periods, I have a deserted feeling, as if my spirit fumbled life's door quite alone, as if my unseen friends who have learned the secret of the mountain-tops and of the Shining Staff had retreated to the glorious summit, leaving me with unanswered questions and perplexing doubts. Somewhere in life's immensity there is an answer to my questioning, but silence is a blind alley, a road that winds back upon itself. That, however, is the mortal whine of me—that feeling of desertion. The immortal me, walking by knowledge which is the staff of faith, knows that the Voices are stilled for good reason. The wise ones will not further deplete lowered physical strength with demands on it. I say this because so often the question is put to me: How does the exercise of this spiritual gift affect health? How does the power of the gift rise or fall with the rise or wane of physical power?

I have learned after long experimentation and intelligent observation that a part of me physical goes into psychic demonstration. As long as any human body is the medium for psychic expression, it will be so. The body is the partaker of the spirit. Perhaps some day of exalted understanding will have its revelation without the intermediary of human, uncertain personality. Spiritual consciousness of every man will grasp the messages harked from wiser and brighter realms. But until that day of fully awakened consciousness, the messages, personal or purely literary, must be tintured with the personalities of the media.

If we remembered that more surely, we should have clearer evidence concerning this truth we are trying to establish—that the dead—who have not died!—call back. If we remembered—both demonstrators and investigators—we should have fairer judgment, saner weighing of the evidence for continuing life and personal identity.

The body is the uninvited guest at the spiritual feast.

But—it is there.

Pure spirit speaks from a rare atmosphere. Sometimes the seventh sense, which is the spiritual sense, shows me the burst of a golden flame. But alas! It is only the flame of the Shining Sword to bar my way back into a lovely garden from which I fled ages ago. I have a fancy that in my lovely garden, as in another, there was a voice of one that "walked in the garden in the cool of the evening" and that it told me the things. So that the faint stir of remembrance is like the breath of a fluttered rose-petal.

But mostly I know things by remembrance of the dusty road which stretched out away from the lovely garden. Swirls of dm dust; wayside weeds heavy in the noontide; softened in the purple twilight. And always before me the wonder as to the end of the road.

So whatever I say of me or of my fellows—here or There—must be tinged with memories of the dusty road, which is the road that all men walk—sometimes a golden road, sometimes the Jericho road, leaving their tracks and bearing flecks of the dust away.

Maybe sometime, safely back in the lovely garden, I shall call to you as the Voices now are calling to me. But if you hear me, you who bend so eagerly to listen—you, who having loved me still love me—you, who fearing me, forget fear—you, who hoping, befog hope with wanhope—you, who believing, yet must thrust your hand in the wound in the side—I beg you not to forget that though the bloom of the lovely garden embroider my garments, yet must I come to you down the dust of the road which lies between, with dust and frayed weeds clinging to the hem of my robe.

If, hoping for the clear message of me, nevertheless, being fair-minded and honest with yourself, you hear a tone of your own voice blending with mine or jarring with mine, still hold high courage and unshaken faith.

Pure spirit is the unquenchable fire. But the breath of dying worlds must come between, oftentimes; and the mists of dream; and the shadows of men, always the shadows of men.

Be thankful if, through the smell of the dusty road and weighted weeds in the purple twilight, you catch a faint rose beneath from some beautiful Otherwhere.

Just say: "A gate blew open." And maybe in that instant the flame of the Shining Sword will glance and let you pass. And for all your after days you shall have courage and strength—yea, joy!—for that one moment only out of all time let you see life for just what it is—promise crowned by revelation.

"Oh, Madam, you will never guess what is to be my text! Ghosts! From something you said; something of an old memory, but mostly because the Wise Man says I am to speak of ghosts."

He "came in" eagerly. His voice has always the youthful, confident tone, the swing of enthusiasm. That voice fairly quivers with eagerness to be telling me things. It sometimes breaks on a cough.

Answering my willingness to listen and write, last night, he said, "No." I know what he is to say only as he says it, as I listen to you when you tell me something. Between you and me there is infrequently the flash of the thought before the word is spoken. You and I are rarely close enough in spirit to forward thought; we are the slaves of thought's apparel—speech. We have not mastered the language of the spirit, which is life's song without words.

Thus it is between him and me. Usually I do not get the thought of him except as he speaks it to me. Occasionally there is the flash, the spark across a dull atmosphere, and I am surcharged with the electrical vibration which conveys a message. Yesternight he reluctantly declined to speak further, saying he was told my strength was not equal to further writing, that the attempt would result in confusion or failure.

Today I listen. And I wonder about ghosts.

I have seen ghosts—etherealized forms—at night. Seeing persons clairvoyantly is altogether different. Clairvoyance thus far in my experience has three degrees or phases. Doubtless there are many other phases holden to my perception.

But a presence has wakened me out of sleep, not gradually,



Illustrated
by
Mildred Lyon

"Once, back there, I found a stone that had the look of a jewel—shimmering, with lights playing in the grey where the sun struck it.....Sometimes mother cries over it.....It seems to make me nearer to her."

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Pure spirit speaks from a rare atmosphere. Sometimes the seventh sense, which is the spiritual sense, shows me the burst of a golden flame. But alas! It is only the flame of the Shining Sword to bar my way back into a lovely garden from which I fled ages ago. I have a fancy that in my lovely garden, as in another, there was a voice of one that "walked in the garden in the cool of the evening" and that it told me things. So that the faint stir of remembrance is like the breath of a fluttered rose-petal.

But mostly I know things by remembrance of the dusty road which stretched out away from the lovely garden. Swirls of dun dust; wayside weeds heavy in the noontide; softened in the purple twilight. And always before me the wonder as to the end of the road.

So whatever I say of me or of my fellows—here or There—must be tinged with memories of the dusty road, which is the road that all men walk—sometimes a golden road, sometimes the Jericho road, leaving their tracks and bearing flecks of the dust away.

Maybe sometime, safely back in the lovely garden, I shall call to you as the Voices now are calling to me. But if you hear me, you who bend so eagerly to listen—you, who having loved me still love me—you, who fearing me, forget fear—you, who hoping, befog hope with wanhope—you, who believing, yet must thrust your hand in the wound in the side—I beg you not to forget that though the bloom of the lovely garden embroider my garments, yet must I come to you down the dust of the road which lies between, with dust and frayed weeds clinging to the hem of my robe.

If, hoping for the clear message of me, nevertheless, being fair-minded and honest with yourself, you hear a tone of your own voice blending with mine or jarring with mine, still hold high courage and unshaken faith.

Pure spirit is the unquenchable fire. But the breath of dying worlds must come between, oftentimes; and the mists of dream; and the shadows of men, always the shadows of men.

Be thankful if, through the smell of the dusty road and weighted weeds in the purple twilight, you catch a faint rose beneath from some beautiful Otherwhere.

Just say: "A gate blew open." And maybe in that instant the flame of the Shining Sword will glance and let you pass. And for all your after days you shall have courage and strength—yea, joy!—for that one moment only out of all time let you see life for just what it is—promise crowned by revelation.

"Oh, Madam, you will never guess what is to be my text! Ghosts! From something you said; something of an old memory, but mostly because the Wise Man says I am to speak of ghosts."

He "came in" eagerly. His voice has always the youthful, confident tone, the swing of enthusiasm. That voice fairly quivers with eagerness to be telling me things. It sometimes breaks on a cough.

Answering my willingness to listen and write, last night, he said, "No." I know what he is to say only as he says it, as I listen to you when you tell me something. Between you and me there is infrequently the flash of the thought before the word is spoken. You and I are rarely close enough in spirit to forward thought; we are the slaves of thought's apparel—speech. We have not mastered the language of the spirit, which is life's song without words.

Thus it is between him and me. Usually I do not get the thought of him except as he speaks it to me. Occasionally there is the flash, the spark across a dull atmosphere, and I am surebarged with the electrical vibration which conveys a message. Yesternight he reluctantly declined to speak further, saying he was told my strength was not equal to further writing, that the attempt would result in confusion or failure.

Today I listen. And I wonder about ghosts.

I have seen ghosts—etheralized forms—at night. Seeing persons clairvoyantly is altogether different. Clairvoyance thus far in my experience has three degrees or phases. Doubtless there are many other phases holden to my perception.

But a presence has wakened me out of sleep, not gradually,

as one feels the way back from the land of lotus and poppy, but suddenly, serenely.

Lifting my eyes thus not long ago, I saw a form beside my bed, cloaked and cowed in soft gray—a vaporous form. The man looked steadily, kindly at me a moment, then faded into the enshrouding gloom. And I was unafraid. The presence was—comforting.

—From my smallest days voices have called me in the night. From my smallest days concentration over a picture has entranced me to far places and strange peoples. Sometimes, borne on the wave to a far country, I have felt my throat choke and my eyes fill with tears in a strange, inexplicable homesickness, for a place I am seeking but do not quite reach.

Yet I am essentially home loving. My own four walls are my kingdom. That I am a channel of communication between two worlds—or two expressions of one world—does not blind me to the fact that my needed expression of life is still on the earth side. I am not enwrapped in mysticism. I do not glorify the life that is to be at expense of the life that is. I do not confuse the lifting of my soul's wings with the labor to my hands. Only, sometimes, lifted wings help a soul in the bearing of its burden, paradoxical though it may sound. Because I have a hidden harp, I do not forget pots and pans. So—

“Well, now, are you ready for me?” he breaks in. “May I go on? You see, Madam, it's like this: Some things I know for myself Here—I've an exploring turn. Dig into things. Analytical. That's it. But frequently some one else has to tell me what the analysis means, in the end. What I say about my impressions Here or of my own relation to things Here or back there, why, naturally, that is me.

“But bigger things, getting into the soul of life, well, that's different. I am told those things by others older; and wiser than I shall ever be.

“You understand, I've some sort of gift, say, something about me chimes in with something in you.” (“Attunement?” I suggest.) “Yes, yes. We're attuned. Well, now, there may be some one on this side with much greater knowledge of everything worth while, understands the law of all this, the workings—but he's not the sort to put it over. He can't stretch out. At least, not to reach you. He can't send his knowledge on. He has to have a wire. Well, see, I'm the wire. There's you to be reached at one end. There's the other at the other end. There's the wire between. Understand? I'm the wire. Sounds a simple proposition. But, Lord! when you get an ordinary message on earth shaken along over two or three lines of telling—relays—you're thankful to get the thought of it straight, aren't you, and not quibble if the t's are not crossed or the i's dotted? That way with you? You know you are lucky to get the thought even if there is a hitch in words. And often even the thought is garbled.

“Well, that way with this. We do our best. We fairly sweat! to get things through straight and then maybe somewhere along the line someone chips in or another wire crosses and—there you are. So I'm the wire and the other fellow's the brain—mostly. And you're the receiving operator. Sometimes you forget the code. Simple? Certain-ly.

“I want you to know that I'm not airing my own knowledge of all these things I tell you. Some I don't understand yet. Some I don't care anything about. And some—I'd like to slip this through without them knowing, but I can't—some I don't believe. I don't know much. I'm young. But it's a poser to me how a chap can be his own lamp and dye-works and make shadows all at once.

“Wager the rector will make things hum when he gets Here. Once, I remember, he said it was one of the greatest privileges in life to show another how to walk in the light.

“But the Wise Man says I'm to get down to business.

“He says that your ghost is the image of yourself done in paler stuff. You are your own weaver or spinner of the stuff. He says many of us ghost through life when we should stand out like men. And that on the other side, such will be nebulous, formless masses, the emanations of characterless beings.

“In countries where they see ghosts really, it's where conditions make for simplicity and naturalness. Tradition and romance, too, play their part, help to make the setting for the individual visualization. Call them properties.

“Simplicity—primitive instinct, that's it. A love of truth is elemental. A savage knows truth better than a civilized. He's closer to nature. He listens at the heart, not just with the ears. He's living in the very first day where a lie isn't needed. Nature doesn't lie to you. Animals and children know truth—if they're let alone. Men kick it out of animals till they learn to sham. Civilization, education, culture, veneer it, with children.

“You live in a world of ghosts, he says. They glide in and out of your houses, your lives. Things are imponderable to them. There's this difference: The ghost of a man who has come over Here sees clearer than when the man lived on earth.

“The silver cord is loosed. The golden bowl is broken. And out of the spilling of the golden bowl rises the cloud or vapour or mist—what you will—that takes the shape of the man. It is his essence, his finer expression. It is the gown of his soul.

“Not spirit. No, no! Spirit is pure. Spirit is of always. Spirit is universal. Soul is individual. Spirit is from a vast central source. There is only one spirit. Men are emanations of that spirit, the centralizing force which is the animus of all things. All life—mineral, vegetable, animal—is the breath of the one central force. There is no other. It is pure. We confuse terms or for convenience, make usage establish definition. But there is only one spirit.

“The ghost of a man partakes of the nature of the man as it is expressed while on earth. It is the storehouse of his memories. It is the plate on which is recorded the all of him—thoughts, deeds, relationships to his fellows, to life.

“It is the grey ghosts which people the Borderland of which your world talks. The Borderland is shadowy, dreamy, like the edge between sleeping and waking where you feel yourself falling off, yet hang on. Something like that.

“Ghosts remember. But spirit transcends memory. I don't mean that spirit, the essence of soul, forgets—not loves nor tenderness nor habitation—but—Oh, it's hard to say!—spirit lifts itself up, looks down on those remembrances of earth, glorifies them, shines them, sees them only as dream or vision.

“So, pure spirit will not have much to say of earth—how could it? Not of houses and lands, worldly goods, worldly place, worldly power. No. But spirit will speak of what those things stand for. The substance. Home and mutual help and betterment of humanity.

“When a spirit comes back—as I come back to you, Madam, to get a word through, it is the ghost which gives information of past days.

“It was my ghost which somehow found me the way home the first time, into that room with the low window giving to the west. My mother sitting there. But it was spirit yearning through that cloudy form of memory, which called out to my mother to listen . . . and they tell me the veil is thin. Oh, Madam, Madam, I find it thick, thick, some places!”

(I hear him sigh as you might sigh over repeated failure. But he is brave, having gone out on bravery. He is young. And, as he says, the “other side” has been newly made young with the opened door to the homing youth of the world.)

A moment he is stressed with memories, then he goes on:

“The ghost brings something of earth with it Here—home, friends, battlefield. It is only as the ghost recedes before the shining of pure spirit, like dew before the sun, that spirit begins to learn the real meaning of life and the utter bliss of heaven. That's what it means to progress Here—to push back

the ghost of self—the mist that shrouds earth memories—and live in the pure essence of love. As spirit more and more is in the ascendancy, the ghost of one who has lived and died on earth, goes back to that strange Borderland where life is like a waking dream. If spirit wills, it manifests. Otherwise, it lingers like the perfume of a flower. Or a faded leaf. Yet even a faded leaf—the scent of it—holds all the things that have been a part of it, or that it has been a part of, rather. Seasons. And winds and rains and sun. Voices in the trees. Lovers' voices beneath it.

"It is from the Borderland that help comes to the earth in material ways—suggestions, inspirations that lead to achievements; spirits expressing themselves, their knowledge, abilities, gifts, through their ghosts, the part of self that is like a veil between pure spirit and mortal. Immortals touching mortals.

"Spirit overshadows love. A soul is born, clothed with mortal. Spirit, soul, mortal—we call that trinity man.

"Spirit animates; soul directs, records; mortal works out. Returning to the first cause, mortal dies, the soul persists. But it is the stimulus of pure spirit which actuates the soul to continued expression."

("Are there any lost souls?" I ask.)

"He says not really lost. But many souls are like motes in the slant of a sunbeam. They are visible, manifest only in the light. Not until they find the light—spirit—can they manifest. They are in the shadow of the Borderland. It is cold there—not in the Borderland itself, but in the shadow or ghost of the Borderland. It is nearly lifeless. Nothing stirs. Vibrations nearly cease—nearly, but not quite. It is they who must find the light. Out of the shadow of the Borderland to the Borderland.

"He tells me this. He says nothing is ever lost. But, as a chemist blends odors until the lesser are compounded in the one dominant—new, distinctive, yet composed of all the others, so sometimes, many times, with souls.

"Life, the vitalizing force, is the chemist. Life compounds faint, ephemeral elements into one thing, permeating, enduring. Life crystallizes. The faint expressions are still there. They are the content of the abiding thing. So with souls.

"Again: He says many souls are lost to earth because of their transition to pure spirit. Coming to the rarefied atmosphere, they no longer desire earthly expression, and after having been long gone, they find it difficult to assume earth conditions, the Borderland vesture, say. And without assuming those conditions, manifestation is impossible.

"The ghost is the veil between, fine, impalpable, but still patterned by earth—memories, experiences. The stuff woven by the soul, but with the threads winding from earth. The veil is rent. Oh, yes. But there are many on this side who are glad of release, who never want to look back beyond the veil.

"A drop of water is—a drop of water. But there can't be a drop of water unless there's a reservoir back of it somewhere. You know that, don't you? Somewhere. Either in the clouds or in the sea or in the waters far under the ground; the rivers of delight that put joy to the mouths of thirsting men. Up, through layers of atmosphere or down, through men. Up, through layers of atmosphere or down, through layers of gravel or shale of rock. A fountain somewhere. So with a soul. A drop from the eternal fountain. But the drop holds all the potentialities of the fountain. Clarity, sweetness, light.

"The Wise Man says it is from the Borderland that inventions come; projects.

"Wars!

"Ambitious souls still so loving earth and the ways of earth that they will not rise to pure spirit. Sometimes it is the concerted effort of many on this side that fires one soul to action on your side.

"That is why a thing good for the earth should belong to all men and not to just one man. To all men, not to a group of men. To all men, not to the men of one country. That is the meaning of the Brotherhood—the sharing of gifts as well

as of goods. True communism is the sharing of the spirit.

"He says the Greatest Gift from spirit to the world was for all men. But that sometimes man forgets. And he would say who shall follow the Way of the Cross after the Greatest Gift; and how they shall walk it. If this one does not walk like this one, he must find another way.

"He says we are too busy counting our steps and watching our brothers' steps. That there are only two steps that count—the first and the last. The first, that starts us right. The last, that lays down the cross. Those two steps only are to our care. God counts the steps between. And if we watch our brothers' steps to see that they avoid the briars and the shards, that is well; but if we watch our brothers' steps censoriously, that is to make a stumbling to our own.

"We cannot fill our lamps from our brothers' oil, and we cannot trim our wicks and steady another flare at the same time.

"Back of good things for the earth—useful invention, exploration, geographical or scientific or philosophical, are the verities for which those things stand. The spirit shines it down. Through the media of ghosts, it reaches earth.

"The Borderland is nebulous, as I have said, yet is a storage house for electrical energy, magnetic force. The vibratory law which controls the tides, controls the forces there. Man draws upon the electrical and magnetic currents for sustenance of power, of life. When he can no longer draw on the subtle currents, he must pass into another finer form, for existence. He dies. Sudden death, as in the shock of battle, does not break the man's drawing power on the vital currents. But it does suspend the power.

"This way. You draw in your breath against an incoming wave. But breasting the wave, your breath goes out; and renews itself. So with life holding breath against the mortal, to breast the immortal.

"He says—the Wise Man—that cruel as it sounds, pure spirit—love!—has often been behind war. The immediate, actuating forces are the hates, the ambitions, the greeds, the tyrannies, the injustices of men, Here or back there. Those forces, being of earth or close to earth, Borderland emanations, build the cross of hate on which a world must hang. But the primal cause, many times—he says it, to my unbelief—is love that will not see the peoples die. Think of it! To me—and all the others from back there, out of that day of wasted youth and lost hopes. But he says it is true.

"Love!

"That will not see the peoples die. Love!

"He goes on to say, just like the rector, that it's the Way of the Cross. That men and the shadows of men built the cross. That we who came over helped to build it, with our little hates and spoiled days, our drained cups, our emptied fountains.

"He says that when The Comrade gave up the ghost on the Cross, He went straight to the realm of pure spirit. That, gathering strength, He returned to animate His ghost and prove to that Mary who loved Him and to His disciples, that spirit never dies. That He was the fulfillment of prophecy. He was, indeed, the Light of the World; and we torch us in the flame of His glory.

"And the Wise Man says: Does anyone think that Jesus, having so suffered and died, would forget the world? The pure spirit of which He was so closely a partaker, shines down across the ghost of Him who went a stony road and bore a weary load. And though spirit rises above memory, the emanations of that soul which remembered Galilee and Bethany and Gethsemane and Calvary—and Emmaus!—remembers now. In remembrance of one Mother are other mothers of sons remembered.

"The Wise Man says that redemptive love does not think of itself Here, as it does not back there; that in this Place that knows no shadow of death, the end of the earthly journey

(Continued on page 59)

THE BRIDGE

(A Span between Earth Life and Life Eternal) Written for Kendall Lincoln Achorn (in spirit)
By BETSEY B. HICKS

Kendall Lincoln Achorn, the communicating spirit from whom this narrative was received, graduated from Harvard in '03 and from the American School of Osteopathy in '05, studying in the Harvard Medical School for two years more. He practised his profession in Boston, passing into spirit in August, 1916, as the result of an automobile accident. Miss Hicks, a former classmate of the Doctor, had received messages for some time through the ouija, later through automatic writings and finally through the voice. Soon after the Doctor's passing, the writings came to Miss Hicks and some of these were sent to Dr. Achorn's mother, who replied that while she never had been interested in the subject of communication, these messages were "too direct and evidential to be disregarded." Test after test came through the writings. From spirit, Dr. Achorn expressed his regrets that he could not enlist in his country's cause, but, as "The Bridge" shows, he enlisted in another mighty, humanitarian army. A French soldier, who served the full period of the war, told Miss Hicks that on one occasion he felt a presence very close to him, during the thick of the battle. While he saw no one, he felt distinctly a strong current of air against his face, as though some one were fanning him. Many comrades had similar experiences. Now read this story of a spirit soldier.—The Editor.

A NEW life has begun on earth, now that the Great War has worn itself to a weary ending. To the pages of History, men shall turn again and again to refresh their memories and to keep themselves well advised of the events of this, the greatest of wars. There they will find diagrams of underground battlefields, records of great battles, and accounts of marvelous flights into the clouds of Heaven. They will find the pages illuminated by the deeds of great men, generals, engineers, sanitarians, physicians and surgeons together with heroic nurses, shieldless ones of Heaven, and the vast armies who gave their all and smiled in the darkness. So the Past shall ever live in the Future and shall keep sacred in men's hearts strength and determination to carry on.

It is not my purpose to record the advance of the enemy, nor to picture to you the purple days of warfare, but it is my desire to commemorate the smile that faded from the face of the wounded to give place to the smile of Heaven. As the smile of Heaven, curiously like the smile of earth, is seen to steal across the man's face, the entrance into another life is made. No great difficulty has been encountered; no passports, no papers sealed by the hand of a commander are needed; no hours are spent in travel; the destination is right at hand; and the journey is made almost instantaneously—so close is the one life to the other.

The pages I am writing, will not be found in the great volumes of History written by men of earth; but they will share with you an account of what a guardsman sent from Life Eternal to the Field of Honor found to do. I have no credentials to show you; I have no discharge papers to prove that I have been attached to a certain regiment; I only have the slender hand of my little friend, Miss Secretary, to write

down for me a number of curious happenings. Perhaps as you read, you may find an answer to the question: Does a man die or does he live on to greater and nobler years?

MYSTERIOUSLY as the sunbeam finds the heart of the rose and causes it to widen into full bloom, the mind of one unseen sought the mind of one seen that the records of the Army of the Fallen might be made. The Somme and the Marne failed to keep that army from advancing across the mystical interval between life and life.

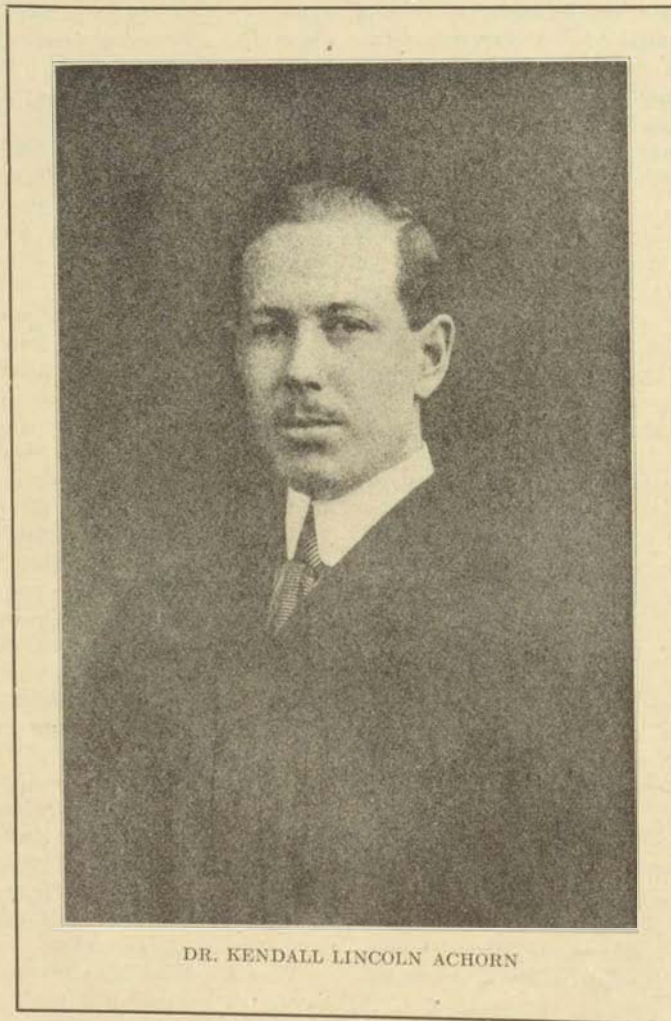
I, the one unseen, had made my crossing before the vast army of boys not yet grown to manhood and men of mature years began their march across; and I had learned the ways of the mysterious place called Heaven. As a well-established citizen, I was acquainted with the difficulties that a newcomer is likely to encounter. The soldiers on reaching the Life Eternal have been like strangers arriving in a foreign port at

a loss to find their way. To many, I have been of service in their moments of confusion and bewilderment. The comradeship of a common language has not always been ours, but the man whose heart was a little weary with the turmoil of battle and who was a little undone by the shock of wounds or by sickness, found the heart of the other to be a strength to him in his weakness and a friend in his hour of need.

As the Great War progressed and the soldiers became accustomed to Life Eternal and its privileges, they were detailed the duties I have just described. Then with many others, I was promoted and was sent to join my regiment on the Field of Honor. Has God no other promise to give me, I am satisfied that my life has been fulfilled. My commission has been a mystery to my friends of earth, but no soldier of the American Expeditionary Forces was ever sent farther to the front than I. The more advanced my position the greater was my opportunity for service. I have comforted and made many a man's last hour of earth a little easier, a little less fearful

because of my presence by his side.

The hour, which God in His mercy gives to His children just before the entrance into Life Eternal is made, may be one of confusion and mystery coupled with a sense of defeat. The body in the beauty and strength of youth clings to Earth Life, while the spirit weary and worn is eager to seek the Life Eternal. The struggle between the bodily forces and the spiritual forces that ensues is sometimes continued over a long period, now one force rising to supremacy and now the other. As the body sinks in defeat, the spirit freed from its earthly



DR. KENDALL LINCOLN ACHORN

confine finds its Somme or its Marne, it does not matter which, and crosses to the Life Eternal. Love makes pain a bit easier. So the friendly touch of my hand has given the sense of security one feels in another's presence and has helped to make the final hour of many, an hallowed one.

EARLY in the rose-colored dawn, a messenger appeared at my door and presented my summons to duty as a guardsman and to join my regiment near the historic and once beautiful city of Verdun. The Americans were in that sector in great numbers and many villages were still in the hands of the enemy. Sympathy is always keener between fellows of a common birth so I was assigned to serve my own countrymen.

The first position I occupied was at the rear of the army. As the men would advance farther towards the enemy's line, I would follow, looking well among the shadows of destruction to find the wounded and disabled men. Quickly onto the field, men, unshielded and unarmed, would come bringing comfort and strength. Quickly the ground would be cleared of its human sacrifice; and the many who would rise again would be hastened to Homes of Mercy. Broken in body but never in spirit, such were the men who met the foe on the Field of Honor. Should the unshielded and far-searching men fail to find a wounded or disabled man, by a sign I learned to use I could hasten one's steps and cause him to reach the soldier before his services should be of no avail. Often on the fields, I have seen the wounded struggle to rise and to join the men ahead. I have wondered at their strength until I would recognize a man like myself assisting them. When the last cross-marked man had left the fields and the start to the Home of Mercy had been made, I would again search the ruins and the abandoned trenches. I would look along the path of the advancing troops to assure myself that no man was left alone to struggle in his final hour. When such an one was found, I, unseen but strong, would pray by his side until the smile would come to his face. With my hand covering his hand, I would stay him until he was given peace of mind and heart. That cry, unlike any other sound of earth, would sometimes escape his lips and its echoes would be heard around the world, the cry of a man-child for his mother. Bravely had he met his foe, gladly had he surrendered all that life holds dear; but deep in his heart, there was a faintness that her devotion would have strengthened had she been near. Earth with its beauty and promise had been his schoolroom where early he had learned duty to principles of worth, now he was being sent onward to greater and higher opportunities of learning.

Shadows of evening and cool damp winds cross the deserted field. The skies are brilliant with bursting shells and the flames of a burning village mount into the Heavens. The moon, clear and distant, is my only companion. I pace my patrol. I shave the deep shadows. I look beneath the broken artillery and daybreak finds me still searching.

I have performed many strange duties. Perhaps the strangest came my way one night about midnight. It was very dark and cold, and the men cuddled up in their blankets were sleeping like little children after a hard day's struggle. Our change in position during the day had been made with astonishing rapidity. The men had no place to sleep except on the ground. There were no dugouts to protect them from a chance shell or a bomb from overhead.

As my patrol was quiet and no one was in need of my services, I slipped across "No Man's Land." In the opposite line I found a child, white faced and weary, resting upon a gunstock. I was strangely affected at finding one so very youthful in the war zone and I lingered near to see what he was about. To my surprise, I found that he, like myself, was on guard; he, patrolling among the living and I, patrolling among the souls of men at the hour of their departure from earth to Heaven. When daylight came the boy was still leaning against his gunstock but asleep. As hoarse shouts rang

out, the youth awoke; but save him I could not, the saber cut into his body and the end came quickly. I led him gently away, hardly daring to speak, and found a friend to leave with him. Brown-haired and blue-eyed with a flesh as sweet and fair as a little child's, the boy had shared the horror and the stakes of war. A ghostly sort you say I am, yet my blood seemed to rise and I could have killed as easily as the fiercest Hun who shouted wildly as he reached his enemy's side.

My command often called me into the midst of battle. Once I stood by a youth who became demented. I caught him in my arms, quieted him, and gave the sign that quickly brought a man with a mark upon his sleeve to his assistance. Another time, I stooped and raised a young boy's head and let him drink from my flask a drink that stimulated his vital powers and saved his soul from defeat. The mark of the cross was everywhere seen and I praise the men who wear it as I praise the highest angels.

Mustard gas is cruel in its hurt. When one is made to inhale its fumes, they scald the delicate tissue over which they pass and cut the throat like fire. Throwing the fumes of such burning and destructive gases is a hideous crime, and no man can hope to find forgiveness shown for such a deed. Once, I was stationed on the field in the blackness and soil that follows a battle, and I heard a wailing cry like the cry of a hurt animal. I was guided by the sound to the place where I found a man whose mouth, throat and deeper passages for air were scarred and burnt by the cruel inhalation of the suffocating gas. I was the only rescuer for all the others had followed on the heels of the advancing troops. I made the man as quiet as I could. I lessened the agony of his mind and soul. I touched his heart and together we prayed, for his departure was at hand and he needed a requiem. Finally the struggle between the bodily forces and the spiritual forces ended and the freed spirit was safely brought across to our life.

My duty has been the same as hundreds from over the shadowy border that is said to divide men from men unseen. My honor is the honor shared by thousands who, unarmed and unknown, silently answered the Call and shared the world's great battles.

WHEN the sector west of the city of Verdun was at rest, I was ordered to leave my regiment and join one fighting farther to the west in the region of Soissons. I left with regret as I wished I might still serve these men. Sharing every thought with some had made me more than attached to my regiment, it had made me a brother to the men.

I reached my new position to find that a heavy barrage was on and I was hastened to the front line. Each hour saw hundreds of men fall. Should one struggle to continue Earth Life all the strength at my command was given to his purpose. Bronzed faces and clear eyes have for me sacredness that I shall ever cherish in my memory's hidden chambers, for they are the promise of an honorable and distinctive manhood.

Chill as the Autumn days had grown, the forces were looking forward to a steady advance upon the enemy's position. As the sunset wears away into twilight and twilight fades into the darkness of midnight, the promise of victory had waned for the enemy. The triumphant armies of an early period of war were now being defeated on every battle front. Hour by hour the French, British, Belgians and Italians, with the Americans brought from their far-away country to add their strength to their brothers, were fighting a victorious fight. The hand that had guided the Hun in days of hideous warfare was seen to tremble. The man who had framed the destruction of peaceful homes and splendid cities was broken in power and hissed by his people. His soldiers were the shame of the world; his sailors were in revolt; and his throne was stripped of its vain-glorious power. Darkness and destruc-

tion faced him and he found their faces most unkind. Hour by hour his enemies were winning a place in History that will ever be held sacred.

Then he begged for the promise that war should cease. The hour was at hand for its fulfillment, but shot for shot was exchanged until the command for silence was given and peace and quiet came to the battle-fields of France. Broken and defeated, the man forsook his people and turned to find for himself a hiding place. The prayers of men and the cries of women found an answer in his fate.

AS THE final shots rang out and the chorus of a million men's voices rose to Heaven, a new life began on earth; brother, friend and neighbor shall each man be to the other. No sovereign shall deny a man freedom to express the life of God within. Many hard days follow, days of desolation and turmoil; but the force of Good is ever working and as the days pass, each twilight sees an advance of that force upon the force of Evil. But what of the fallen? Are they not to share in the progression made possible by their sacrifice? Are they to be silenced by the requiem? Follow me across my mystical bridge; enter my world as I enter yours; and I will explain to you the plan of the Life Eternal.

One morning in the early dawn, a young soldier reached the Life Eternal carrying on his back his old kit bag filled with the deeds of a sweet and pleasant life. His crossing had been made quickly after the enemy's gun had laid low his strong young body and he hardly realized a change had come to him.

I hastened to welcome him and invited him into my home. You understand I do not mean a house. That would suggest a building with a stone foundation and a substantial structure raised upon it, while home suggests comfort with happiness and cheer as its essentials. Mine is not a mansion famous for its splendour; for a little girl is here to share it with me, and no child could romp and play and scatter flowers over curious and beautiful settings. So my home is simple and unadorned save by a few good books, a plant in full bloom, and pictures that are radiant with the spirit of beauty.

As the young soldier had been in service many months, he was glad to reach our home and rest. Whatever had been his part in battle, whatever had tested his valiant soul had glorified his spirit. His boyish heart was deeply scarred where hideous scenes were carved upon it; he smiled to hide his cruel pain.

Mary, my little companion, stood by the visitor and offered him her hand filled with flowers gathered from the far away fields. As she turned to run away and play, I surprised the soldier by telling him that when I found her, she was a newcomer such as he, and weary and lonely as many are when they cross from Earth Life to Life Eternal.

Rather too soon to seem hospitable, I advised the soldier to start on his way. Rather too soon to seem kind and brotherly, I explained to him the plan of progression, how deeds unworthy of a man stand against him and for each one of an ungracious nature a gracious deed must be done. The soldier's old kit bag was not as heavy a burden as some have when they come, for his hands were clean; he had honored all women; he had loved little children; he had been courteous to the aged; and no man had turned away from him without his friendly smile.

A shadow fell across my doorway as he left to go along his way. He raised his hand and saluted me, and I returned the salute for we both had served our flag.

ACROSS the bridge which spans the Somme or the Marne, it does not matter which, there has marched an army so vast in numbers that men with difficulty comprehend its proportions. Into an unknown country, it has proceeded; and into the homes of earth, there has come a sorrow that the years in their passing will see fade, for the mighty army will turn again across the Somme or the Marne, it is no

matter which, and shall lighten the heavy burdens and shall give to earth's people a heart to sing the old familiar songs.

As the army entered the unknown country, each man brought with him a pack filled with his share of earthly wrongs and misdemeanors, all of which must be made right before he can be promoted. Every soldier is given the opportunity to empty the mistakes of his early manhood from his old kit bag and to lighten his pack. Sweet and honorable deeds are not heavy; they do not add to a man's load. Each must work unaided until his task is finished; for each carried into the unknown country a pack unlike his comrade's.

When the old kit bag has passed final inspection, its owner will then be sent to a great school. Much to his surprise, the young man shall find his book open to the page he was studying when he heard the Call to Honor and responded. One by one, the shadows which covered the light of the printed page shall fade and a wonderful illumination shall shine out and reflect its brilliancy into his mind. Other men as they enter the school room, shall find their tools on the benches just as they let them fall when the Call was sounded. They shall pick them up and carry on their unfinished tasks to completion; for the promise of fulfillment is made to all men whether citizens of earth or of Heaven.

When the lessons have been learned and the unfinished tasks completed, the men shall again hear the Call of Honor and the forces shall again mobilize. Back across the bridge over the Somme or the Marne, it is no matter which, the mighty army shall turn into the old familiar country bringing with it a force and a power unlike any the world has ever known.

Greater days than the days at hand are to come; brighter lights than the ones now seen are to shine; for all men shall work in congenial spirit with those who fought and fell on the Fields of France. The present development in the great world of industry is only the beginning of what the future shall see achieved for the tremendous force of the returning army will be utilized for good upon earth.

Arts, sciences and mechanics shall greatly surpass those of the present hour when men, seen and unseen, work in harmony. Hands shall guide as once they formed the object desired. Hearts shall sing as the busy day goes forward, for men shall be strangely uplifted. Their bodies shall not be destroyed by weary toil.

New songs shall be sung at twilight, songs reflecting the souls of those unseen; and in their melody, the laughter of little children and the voices of flowers shall mingle with the humming of birds. New books shall be written to breathe a benediction at the close of day and to share with men of one plane the ideals and thoughts of men of a more advanced one.

Great hours are at hand, for brother to brother shall the seen and the unseen stand. The work of the world shall be lightened; and progression into higher and happier ways than those now known, shall be made. The deep shadows which covered the earth as the boys in uniform crossed the bridge into the unknown country, shall be lifted as they retrace their steps across the Marne.

This is the vision I have caught in the Life Eternal. I place my hand over Miss Secretary's smaller one and write to show you that the clearing of the battle marked the dawning of a better day.

IN THE days long past, there was set burning a Light as a beacon to guide men on their way through worlds both seen and unseen; and the Light has never burned low. When the pathway is darkly shadowed, the Light may be hard to see; but it is still burning and finds a reflection in all hearts that are sweet and true. A flame from a curious star lighted the Light. Down the centuries' pathway it has sent its rays that all might follow and never lose their way in the darkness. There are men who smile at the story, I have just recalled to mind, and say it is all a tradition and the Light is a reflection from men's own souls. There are few women who call the story a tradition and those, who carefully keep the

path, are the millions who staid men in battle and smiled when worlds, seen and unseen, were covered by the shadows of impending defeat.

Brave-hearted men fought and fell on the Field of Honor to keep the Light burning. Brave-hearted women stood by the firing lines and made true the promise of God that together men and women shall inherit the earth and together shall strive for its betterment.

God set a high standard when He bade men be partners to women. When a man fails, a woman's heart is worn and tried but never defeated. Always she sees the Light and never loses her pathway although her partner has stumbled and fallen at her side, because his sight has been dimmed by other lights and he has failed to keep the beacon as his guide.

Across No Man's Land have gone the finest and best men that centuries of honorable parentage have made possible. The Light has shone out before them and no conquering force was strong enough to extinguish it.

WHEN the first soldier stepped upon the bridge which spans the interval between the homeland and the country little known, a strange vibration shook the earth. As each soldier took his position in the vast army which crossed during the Great War, the vibration grew stronger and men have learned to know that it has a marvelous significance. It has the vibratory character of the sweetest music, for it carries to the human heart the hidden promise of life beyond the bridge and the hope of return to the homeland.

In the quiet hour of twilight, I found a man sitting alone and questioning the great silence and the whereabouts of his boy. I do not know the name of the country where the man lived. You can find him very near you, for the sorrow of destruction has been shared the world over by age and by youth, by plain and by prosperous people, by simple and by highly educated men. Common sorrow and united purpose have made all men brothers. No man now sees himself unlike another man.

The silence of evening was unbroken. No answer came from the great beyond. It was as though no one had heard the question. A soft breeze stirred and bore to the anxious listener a sacred sound. It was the sound of the steady tread upon the bridge; and in it, he heard the renewal of the promise that a child must become a man and grow from strength to strength until his destiny is accomplished. If his stay is short in the homeland, he shall go forward in the great unknown country from youth to manhood's highest estate. To him, as to his brother of earth, is given the opportunity to make his life a fulfillment of good.

Shadows of evening grew and lengthened into the darkness of night. The man, I do not know where he lives, sat as I first saw him, listening and thanking the Father of us all for the sweetness of that hour.

WHEN the ponderous volume of History is opened to the records of the Great War, the smile of the American soldier shall illuminate the printed page.

In the same volume, there will be found a record of an honorable band of men and women who left their homes, crossed the then unknown path of the Atlantic, and established in the vast forests of the new world a little colony because freedom of soul has been denied them in their homeland. The spirit of these people has ever been held sacred in the hearts of succeeding generations of Americans. As each boy grows to manhood, he is reminded of the early days, of the principles of the men and the high estate of the women. He is taught that all men are God's children and that their souls are the reflection of the great mind of the Father. He learns that when a man is free to work and stand as a man ought before the world, he is showing forth the hidden spirit within. He is led to see that each man is the accountant of his own life, and must keep the record clean if his showing is acceptable to his fellows. From his higher consciousness, he learns

that the principles and purpose of sweet living are God's wish that all men live honorably.

When the Call of Honor was sounded, an army of smiling men responded. As they learned the unknown step of warfare, they smiled and joked. As they waved farewell to the familiar shores, they smiled and cheered. When they met their comrades across the Atlantic, they smiled and greeted them as brothers.

Force to force was added by the coming of the American soldiers into the battle. Heart to heart, men and boys soon learn to honor one another. They shared mess and the coat of one was found to fit another. They loved the sunshine of France and they smiled when the storms cut their faces. Side by side with their new found brothers, they fought and helped change the world's ways from darkness to light.

Have you no memories such as these? If you have not forgotten the days just past, look straight ahead and see the vision of the brotherhood of man. The old familiar country is still the homeland, but across the deep Atlantic live friends and brothers.

When our forefathers gave to our nation the principles of freedom and happiness, they planted the tiny plant of Liberty in the national garden. During the years, it has been carefully tended. It has grown and blossomed; and as the petals fell from the flower, the seed pod was exposed. The sun shone upon it; it dried but did not wither. The frosty winds touched it; it spread wide open. A breeze that chanced to blow, caught the seeds and carried them to far distant lands and gave them to other men to plant. If tiny plants are to develop from the seeds and push their way from darkness towards the light, they must have tender care or they will not grow as our own national flower has done.

AS THE final shot rang out and passed the last shot from the enemy's gun, I stood with my regiment in Flanders. I heard the chorus of a million men's voices as they rose to Heaven and I caught the echoes as men and women, the world over, prayed to the God of their nation a prayer of thanksgiving that war had ceased. As the hoarse-throated guns were silenced, the smoke that long had darkened the skies of France began to clear; and I saw in the brightening skies the harbinger of Peace.

Out of the confusion of battle come hope and purpose unlike any the world has ever known. Day by day, hour by hour a change shall constantly be working like the leaven of old in the loaf. No one may say the exact time that it began nor the exact time that it will be finished, but when finished, the world will no longer be as it now is. The miracle of the first Christmas shall be repeated and a new day, bringing with it new life for men of earth, shall dawn.

As men emerge from the chaos of battle, they bring with them purification of heart and soul that shines out and finally shall be shared with men the world over. The boy with his blighted body shall be the saviour of his fellowmen and the sightless shall be the prophets of a new and better day. The fallen shall rise and share with men of earth the purpose and power learned in the life across the Marne, and shall add strength of a yet unknown character to carry on reconstruction of mind and heart. The future shines out like the sunshine after a heavy storm, and the days to come are the days of peace.

Men of great learning and splendid strength determine the value of what has been destroyed and decide the price of Peace in coins, beautiful territory and vast mines of coal and iron. But only as the Light of the Centuries and the hearts of men and boys who crossed the Somme or the Marne or who pressed across No Man's Land to victory, shine out and illuminate the souls of men, shall Peace, which passes your understanding and my own, be known on earth.

(Continued on page 36)

“Our Alice”

The Story of Brooklyn's Remarkable Child Medium
Given by Her Controls to Mrs. J. Blanche Teaters

Alice Moriarty, Brooklyn's child medium, is eighteen and one-half years old. She was born in New York City Oct. 12, 1901 of an English mother and an American father, and has been a medium for nearly five years. This means that Alice gave her first seance (which was on New Year's day, 1917), when she was three months more than fifteen years of age.

This first seance was at the home of Mr. Frank Montsko, the widely known New York voice medium, and Pastor of the First Church of that city, when he made his home at 107 West Twenty-eighth street, Manhattan. Mr. Montsko now lives in Brooklyn, and Alice and her mother make their home at the Montsko's. Alice's father is in spirit.

For some time, Alice had been a member of the Thursday evening developing class, at which Mr. Montsko's dearly loved circle guides, Turtle and Dr. Newton, helped many to bring out their psychic powers. It was at their invitation that Alice became a member of the class, and Alice enjoyed the privilege.

While the child had no special aspirations to be a medium, she knew more than most grown folk; she opened her heart and her mind to the spirit-world. She

gave them a hearty welcome. To her, their word was law. She saw them only through the eyes of love, and it was not long before Raindrop, an Indian maiden in spirit, and Luna, another little Indian girl on the brighter side, began to slip in and claim Alice as their own. She was controlled by them.

Luna was a higher guide, more experienced in the law of spirit, and took precedence over Raindrop. Both of these little controls began to make many friends, and they predicted great things for their child medium.

When Easter came, a new control made her appearance—Cessile, an English girl of royal lineage. Victoria then came through the little medium. Victoria was a German woman of royalty.

A fifth control also came—a man of the English nobility, but he was known then, and still is known, just as “Pal.”

The sixth control to appear was Elizabeth, who was a Russian countess—who for fifteen years had held close to the

earthsphere, and who was seeking the light of understanding, and came more as a student, seeking knowledge of the law of life. For many years, she had carried with her a rather false conception of life—an aloofness, a disdain for the common things, which had to depart from her before she could progress.

To the novice in Spiritualism, this may seem far-fetched,

but there is abundant evidence that points to that fact that there are many on the spirit-side who persist in their petty earthly views, and who must start as little children and learn the rudiments before they can find the higher and brighter places. Sometimes direct contact with the material brings the necessary assistance. Perhaps it is a blessing for such spirits to find a child through whom to manifest—a simple, trusting child in whose mind no great questions are raised.

The seventh control was little Freddie, who had passed into spirit at the age of three.

Public Work at Seventeen

Each time these controls came through, the conditions were better. The little medium was developing rapidly. The voices of the men were men's voices; of the

women, women's voices, and of the children, the prattling voices of childhood.

Three days after her seventeenth birthday, or on Oct. 15, 1918, Alice did her first public work, in conjunction with the Children's Lyceum.

During the meeting, Victoria would control Alice, and play most beautiful music. While Alice can play the piano, it is necessary always for her to have her notes before her, and in no manner can her own musical ability be compared with that of Victoria. Elizabeth would control Alice and sing wonderfully in a high soprano voice, and immediately afterwards, “Pal” would come in and sing in a rich baritone.

While the seven controls named were the ones who usually came in, other spirits would manifest through Alice, and I have heard my brother in spirit (Huston), speaking in a voice identical with the earthvoice I had known so many years.

Often, in the Lyceum, when the earth-teachers had done



ALICE MORIARTY, THE CHILD MEDIUM

their best to explain some scriptural passage to the children, one of the controls would come through Alice and give the spiritual interpretation, in such plain, clear words that everybody could understand just what was meant. The children in the Lyceum loved Alice. Through her own childlike simplicity, they were better able to gain an understanding of the spirit-world.

Each Saturday evening, Alice holds a class at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., a short distance outside of New York City, and during these classes there are many remarkable manifestations of spirit control. One evening, Elizabeth, who was a favorite court lady of Russia, put a dance record on the Victrola, and did a Russian dance, perfectly; steps which Alice likely had never seen.

Often "Pal" will lecture through Alice, giving wonderful teachings and helpful messages. Elizabeth and Victoria also give messages—many of them wonderful tests.

"Pal," when asked why they could make use of one so young, and produce results that often could not be secured through older mediums, replied, "The child is young, and clean and good all the way through. She thinks only noble thoughts. Her mind never turns toward the material. She presents a crystal-clear channel that is inviting and helpful to us. She brings the best possible conditions."

Alice is full of fun. Life to her is not a burden. She loves her work and she loves her friends. She likes the company of other girls, and they are happy in her company.

Freddie Recites a Poem

Recently—in fact, when Alice's guides were giving me the facts for this story—Freddie, the little boy, came through and recited this piece:

"Some days may be happy,
Some days may be sad,
But everywhere, any day,
Some dear soul is glad."

While the guides talk through Alice, they are able to give other manifestations, also. When the other controls were working, Freddie visited with our dog, Mutt, who is a natural alarmist, and would have been a good police dog had she been trained early enough. While the seance was progressing, Mutt's hair was seen to rise; but not in fright. A tuft came up on her back, straight and with certainty, as though some strong little fingers had given the hair a pull, and Mutt set up a violent protest. We learned later that Freddie was "demonstrating" at poor Mutt's expense! The next time, Mutt's ear was pulled; not theoretically, but actually.

Freddie we claim as our little boy, especially as he has elected us to be his earthly "Mom" and "Pop." If we are not present, Freddie never puts in an appearance.

The evening Alice visited us especially to help me get the facts for this story—with the direct help of the controls—Elizabeth offered up this benediction, being so kind as to repeat it slowly so that I could copy it:

"I pray the prayer that the Easterners do,
May the blessings of Allah rest with you;
Wherever you stray, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;
Through days of labor and nights of rest,
May the love of good Allah keep you blest;
So I touch my heart as the Easterners do,
May the blessings of Allah rest on you."

The father of Elizabeth, a Russian count, came through and blessed us for helping bring his daughter to the light of spiritual understanding and assisting her on her road to eternal progress.

A Complete Trance Medium

The controls of Alice are complete controls. She is what many would call a "dead trance" medium, meaning that she, as a spirit, departs from her body while the others have control. To her, the happenings of the seance are a blank. Unless she is told what has occurred, she has no conception of the meeting.

We do not know what further manifestation will come through this child medium. She may develop the voices, or she may get materializations. She had an early start, and it is the history of such mediums, I understand, to develop many phases of mediumship. It is a case of the growth of the tree according to the inclination of the twig.

Alice was fortunate in being brought into the family of so gifted a medium as Mr. Montsko. That gave her own guides greater opportunities to develop the child—and now that she is well along in the fifth year of her mediumship, her friends predict most marvelous powers for her when she has grown up. Alice has grown up, in one sense, now. She is a tall girl—just "longing out," as they say. And smiles refuse to leave her face. They ripple around and play tag with one another—and to Alice, the world holds no vexing problems. She accepts life

as she finds it, and looks upon the world and humanity as good. She knows that she is under the guardianship of her guides, and to her that is sufficient.

Alice Moriarty is not "stuck up" about her mediumship, either. She would never take the trouble to tell anyone about her gift, even if that person was known to her to be an ardent Spiritualist. She is glad to attend meetings and witness the mediumistic powers of others. She is unassuming, and has built no gaudy castles in the air. Whatever comes is all right with Alice.

It has been a privilege to many of us to watch this little girl develop. We have seen her progress, and it has been remarkably rapid. We wonder what her mediumship will be when she is twenty-five; what it will be when she is thirty! Surrounded by spiritual conditions, living in a real spiritual home, and having as her companions and friends Spiritualists both young and old, Alice is being developed in the proper spiritual atmosphere.

The majority of mediums have been obliged to develop under adverse conditions. Perhaps that has made them stronger and better, but I believe that it was their faith in the spirit-world that helped them most of all. Alice has unbounded faith in her guides, and she loves the work. She looks upon it as her work, and is happy to be privileged to do it.

If Alice can serve, she does not have to be coaxed. She loves to bring messages to others, and to know that she has been instrumental in helping them.

Alice, "Our Alice," Brooklyn's child medium, has won many to her heart—and before her is a waiting world, a world that is hungry for knowledge of the truths that come from the other side; a world that is more receptive to these truths than it has ever been in the earth's history. And we believe that Alice is going to do a big share of the big work that lies ahead of Spiritualists and Spiritualism. We feel that she is well qualified to do that work and to give a most excellent account of herself always.

POEMS GIVEN BY THE CONTROLS OF THE CHILD MEDIUM

Spirit Greetings

Mortals, we have come to greet you,
From our realms of light and love;
Come, our message to repeat you,
Come, our constancy to prove.
Ever near you, we will cheer you,
Over life's uneven way,
Turning midnight into daylight,
Turning darkness into day.

The Spirit's Message

On music's wings, uplifted, fair mortal, fly
hither with me,
Where golden sands are drifted to rest in a
pearl-set sea,
Where gardens of crimson glisten, beneath
the moon's full light,
And lotus blossoms listen,
While sister spirits fleet by.
Where thirsting bees their nectar sip and,
humming, fly away,
And dainty butterflies go by or flit midst
flowers gay,
Where sunshine gladdens every hour and all
our world is gay.

The Wonderworld

By Mrs. Cecil M. Cook,
Pastor and Medium of the Stead Center

If we but knew how thin the veil is between this material life and the more beautiful life of spirit, and how very near that brighter realm is to us, I am sure that we would pluck up courage, when everything seems to go wrong, and say to ourselves, "It will be but a little while longer. I have too short a time to do my work well here."

The difference between this expression of life and the next expression, is the difference between dull reality and bright reality. It is the difference between anticipation and realization.

So many men and women ask, "Just what is the next life like? What is the next world like?" And I wish I could tell them and make them understand. I wish I could help them see that they must determine what the next life is like, and what the next world is like. As we meet our duties well here, we shall find greater beauty there. We determine the degree of beauty and the degree of happiness.

This Wonderworld of spirit may be likened to the atmosphere. It is outdoors, and also it is in our homes. It is not two atmospheres, but two conditions of atmosphere. When you walk out of your home, you are still in the same air, breathing the same air, that you were in and breathed in your home. So, when you go into spirit, you do not go into wholly strange conditions, but from the confinement and limitations of the flesh, into the freedom and greater facilities of spirit. You realize that these are only comparisons. Sometimes people take comparisons for literal statements. But none of us can say what is literal and what is figurative, because we make things literal that may be figurative for others.

I might liken the nearness of spirit to the material as the two sides of a window. We look through this window and see what is on the other side, without actually being there. To the invalid, the sight of the blue sky and the green grass and

trees is very beautiful. It is not just like being out where they are and associating with them, but it is better than knowing nothing of their existence. The invalid feels that sometime she will be out on the grass and near the trees and under the great blue dome of the sky.

Mortals are much like invalids, who must content themselves by looking through the window and seeing that which is just a short distance from them, and which awaits them when they are prepared to go to it; but there are other mortals who do not have the view at all, and who must be satisfied for awhile in looking at pictures of that which, some day, they may see.

I have talked to many spirits who argued that they had passed through no change, the transition was so natural. But they were spirits who had not absorbed much of God's great truth, and some of them had doubted immortality. They stayed right near the earth-world until they learned how to look for something more beautiful. They were still looking through the window, although in reality they were on the other side. They preferred to come back inside material con-

ditions, and look out toward the things of spirit, as though they were still distant.

There are folk in the flesh who have found the Wonderworld. While they are in their material bodies, they are near enough to the beauties of spirit to live more in spirit than in the flesh. These persons see greater beauty in nature, and find greater happiness in life than the average mortal, because they are looking more through eyes of spirit than the material window-panes of sight which we call eyes.

Here, if a man is very strong physically, we call him an athlete, but his strength comes from the Wonderworld. Spirit is strong always. Materialized spirits are much stronger than



MRS. CECIL M. COOK

mortals, and yet they bring but a fraction of their strength for material manifestations. It is the spirit that brings strength to the physical body; and, if strength, then health, as well.

The child, whose every expression is filled with unalloyed glee, and who puts animation into every word and movement, is living more in spirit than in the flesh; is feeling the strength and happiness of spirit, in spite of the flesh. The strength is there all the while, only we mortals have not learned how to call upon it.

Sickness is a human mistake. If we knew how to avoid the errors that culminate in illness, we would know nothing but health. And such health as we have, comes from the Wonderworld. We tap its source often without realizing how or why. If we knew how and why, we could call upon that unfailing source of health and strength at all times. We would know no indisposition and only a natural bodily fatigue. We would get complete rest out of our slumbers, and meet each new day with all the vim that we could ever hope to have. Not knowing, we come as near as we can, but after a time, mortals will come much nearer to this unfailing source.

If we are well and "in good spirits," music sounds very beautiful to us. It seems to enter our bodies, get into our spirits and make us sing all the way through. If we are not feeling well, or are fatigued or are dissatisfied, then the music may jar upon our nerves. In spirit, music will be part of us. We shall take it into us and thrill with it.

Thus, in the Wonderworld, our capacity to enjoy becomes greater; and if we have a larger capacity for enjoyment, we must have greater capacity for understanding. If we can absorb happiness, we can absorb wisdom. We open ourselves to it, and that makes its impression greater.

In the Wonderworld, while our ability to enjoy will increase, that does not signify that we also must open ourselves to keener feelings of suffering. We are learning even here how to search for the harmonious vibrations. There we shall have no time or sympathy for that which is inharmonious, and as truly as we shall enjoy and learn more, we shall develop so that we suffer less. It is the law of harmony that makes greater happiness possible, and that law reduces the possibility of unhappiness.

These greater privileges of spirit will come to us in proportion as we have prepared ourselves for them on earth. We can not enjoy to the fullest all at once, if for years we have been shutting ourselves off from enjoyment. So we know that some persons who have suffered much in the flesh, enter spirit to find a condition of peace, rather than great happiness. They find a lulling freedom from pain and worry. That comes as a step that some day will carry them to real enjoyment—to spiritual enjoyment and happiness.

The more we prepare ourselves here, the easier it will be to progress there.

But this happiness in the Wonderworld, this capacity both of enjoyment and learning, can not come as a reward for indolence and indifference. Refusing to be worried over duties here, is not spiritual advancement. Meeting duties and bearing pain and reverses, will help us develop. We prepare ourselves not alone by clean, uplifting thoughts, but by our sense of duty. In the Wonderworld there are many disappointed persons who believed, on earth, that all they had to do was to trust and care nothing for obligations. That, they mistook for Christ's admonition to live "just for today." That is not what Jesus meant. He meant that this day we should make our fullest and most dutiful day. That was what He said, only some persons take that as an excuse for indolence and indifference and other disagreeable shortcomings.

No one in the Wonderworld is going to pull us into its light and glory. We must earn our way. If this were not true, how unjust this earth world would be, making some labor like slaves and giving others nothing much but good times. If we could

enjoy that which we had not earned, what would be the sense of progress?

The person who takes the attitude that, "I can't help living in another world any more than I could help living here," is not paving the way for better times. We would not like to live always in a condition of panic, and we should not hope to live always in a condition of indifference. We can not help living our lives somehow, and if anyone should care about how we cultivate our lives, we should be the principal ones to be concerned. If we expect somebody else to always solve our problems, we are going to find some day that we were mistaken.

Your position and mine, in the Wonderworld, will be decided largely by ourselves. It will be what we have made it. And if we do not start to make it worth while now, we shall have to begin after we are there. We can select any path we like, and do whatever we like, but we do all the paying, also. We can make the Wonderworld a most beautiful place when we reach it, or just an ordinary place. We can arise above these troubled earthly conditions, or remain close to them. Those are questions of our own choice.

There are men and women here on earth who are living more in the Wonderworld than they are in this world. They are in and surrounded by and sensitive to the beautiful conditions of spirit, because that is what they wish. They seek the better things, and until we do the seeking, we never shall find.

We are told that those who have the most experience here, are the most privileged. If we seem to have many woes, we are being given the opportunity of gaining much strength. If this life were all sunshine, we would go into spirit only partly developed and unfit to learn the lessons of spirit.

It may seem a long while from now until you are in the Wonderworld, and you may become impatient to reach it, but remember that each day is one day nearer. What account have you given of the day just passed? What account will you give of the day immediately ahead of you? Think of these dutiful things, and the years will go spinning by. No one should ever wish to go into life's next expression unprepared. No one can be prepared who is negligent of duties here. If we do not reach out for heaven, we are not going to find heaven. If we do not try to progress, no one will make us progress. Those are things of our own selection.

Do not think of the Wonderworld as a long ways off. It is as near to you as the air that brushes your face. It is inside of you as well as around and about you. The Wonderworld is here any time any of us chooses to try to earn the right to see it and, in a measure, to understand it.

The few years that we live here in the flesh, are nothing compared with eternity, but what we do during these few years, determines much of our progress throughout eternity. If we could only look at the truth in that light, then we would understand what a blessed privilege it is to live here, no matter what the conditions may be, and through that tenancy, prepare the way for better times and a more beautiful life.

The Wonderworld is a world of duty, the same as this world. We must enter it prepared to meet that duty. When we have done that, we shall find all the glory, all the happiness, all the understanding that we have hoped to find. We make the key, and the key we make unlocks some door. Just where that door will lead, depends upon what we do and think, right here and now.

Forgiveness is not setting aside natural law; it is giving every one another chance. What more could an honest soul ask?

The fellow who is bitterest against Spiritualism is usually the one who has the least to look forward to—and the most to fear.

POTLATCH

By Lloyd Kenyon Jones

IN THE late 'seventies, up in the north woods, one bright morning in Spring, my mother was interrupted in her kitchen song, as she kneaded the dough for the mid-week batch of bread, by an ominous shadow that cast itself athwart the doorway. Glancing up, she beheld six-feet-three of Potawatami chief, with a tin pail in one hand, and a six-gun in the other.

The folk of the north country were accustomed in those days to have curious deer help themselves to garden-truck at night, and to have black bears drink out of the rain-barrels, so nothing should have startled any of them. My mother had been reared in England, where Indians are only pictures in books, and she found her knees quaking and her speech gone dry. The chief perceived her perturbation and made known his errand.

"Me want flour," he volunteered, holding forth the bucket, and adding, as he proffered the revolver, "me leave this till me bring back flour next Fall."

He got the flour, but mother insisted that his word was as good as his bond, and preferred that he retreat with his artillery.

The Summer passed, and except for a rather doubtful interpretation of shadows the size of Potawatamie chiefs, mother had forgotten her visitor.

Finally the nippy days of early Autumn appeared, with their war-paint for the leaves and their incense of woodsmoke in the air. And with the Fall came the chief, with two tin pails, one filled with flour, and the other with blue-berries, as interest.

"Me say heap thankum," he said briefly, as mother emptied the buckets and bid him farewell.

That was the typical Indian, when he was used "on the square." Infrequently, he was used that way. The white men had stolen a continent from the red men, and had stolen other things, and had seldom so much as said, "Heap thankum." Then, when the red men rather resented the intrusion, the trespass, the highway robbery, and sought a few scalps to prove their displeasure, the white men called the red men brutes.

Once, in the early days of my newspaper work, also up in the north woods, I was deputized to hold a drunken Indian while the town copper found reinforcements. I accomplished my mission by grabbing the brave's coattails and setting him on the sidewalk every time he headed toward the reservation. Being successful and having kept his progress down to a single block, I was ready, willing, and also anxious to turn the red man over to his legal detainer. The treatment had so enraged the Indian that seven men were required to effect the arrest. One, a German cobbler, whose coat had been clutched in the frenzied grasp of the brave, had to be freed by parting with that portion of his coat which was in limbo. The chief, being somewhat dazed about his vision because of libations of fire-water, had not remembered me, and I never looked him up to tell him the part I had played.

Had I not procured a copy of Buffalo Bill's story of his life, and also seen numerous lava-blooded cow-punchers shoot up a town in Dakota territory while buffalo skeletons still adorned the plains, I could easily have loved the red men. As it was, I regretted that I had not been born thirty years sooner so that I could have ridden alongside Wild Bill Hickock and helped shoot up the virgin tribes.

Gradually, as the tag-end of the Indian wars had passed and front pages were devoted to the style of trousers worn

by the Prince of Wales, I lost thought of the Indian braves—and took them as a matter of history.

Then came a time, in Denver, when I went to a voice medium, a Mrs. Buck, whose home was on Tremont street across from the court-house. Mrs. Buck was a stolid, quiet woman, who said nothing and thought much. She was a keeper of the gate, and let her visitors learn Spiritualism as best they could.

The first time I was there, in private, a blast came through a trumpet, depending from and near the ceiling, that nearly took me out of my chair.

"Huh! Chiefie!" the voice said, in stentorian tones, "Me Many Feathers. Me with you since you a babie. Me with you up in the Winconse and out in the Dakote when we pick up agates and buffalo horns. Me with you when you make 'em sleep and do spirit-read." And from there on, Many Feathers proceeded to tell me all about myself—including many things that had not been in my mind for years.

Finding that I had an Indian looking after part of my destiny, I revamped my ideas of the red men, and took them back in my heart and no longer cherished designs against the many tribes.

I asked Many Feathers his tribal relations, and he told me that he was a Sioux. "Me pass to spirit," said he, "in battle of Little Big Horn. Me help to bustum up Custer! Huh!"

This I forgot as the years passed, but soon after I became acquainted with the Stead Center in Chicago, Many Feathers again appeared—and when I asked him his tribal classification, he repeated what he had told me in Denver; and I recalled these facts only after his repetition.

The warm spot in my heart began to glow again, and I felt that I would have liked to be born a century before, so that I might have championed the cause of the suffering red men! I wanted the scalps of the "pale faces" this time.

And now, I come to the second division of my talk:

SOME weeks ago, while four of us were having a table-sitting, the table began to rock violently, and then to tremble. It went through innumerable gyrations—quite unlike anything human hands could have produced.

Many Feathers was our manipulator. Asked to explain the strange actions of the table, he replied—by tipping as I went through the alphabet, "Eruptions in Mexico."

These, we learned subsequently from newspaper reports, tallied with the eruptions that were in progress that night, and undoubtedly we had not only the exact time, but the duration and relative violence of the volcanic outbursts and quakes.

These manifestations extended over a period of more than one hour, and it was useless to attempt to secure any information outside these manifestations.

Finally, the table went through its last convulsions and the forces were open for other matters.

I said to Many Feathers, "What do you think of our new magazine? What is your real opinion of it?"

And the reply came back, "Potlatch!"

That—and only that—was his opinion, and we were uncertain whether it was an attempt to spell the name of the disturbed volcano or the beginning of some message.

Potlatch it was, and Potlatch it remained—and as time passed, I became curious to know what the meaning might be.

That meaning contains a sermon—and this third step is part of the sermon:

AMONG some of the tribes of the Northwest coast, there was a custom known as "Potlatch." It was conducted in this manner:

Upon invitation, usually extending to neighboring friendly tribes, there was a great gathering of Indians, attired in festal raiment and paints. There was feasting and there was dancing, and finally the center of the event would bring about the grand climax of the day.

Usually the Indian who made the Potlatch was old; he had been a lifetime in accumulating his ponies, blankets and other riches. He had more than his needs demanded. To him, all these riches were tokens of idle wealth.

In a great burst of generosity, this brave would distribute most of his belongings to the others; to one a pony; to another a blanket, and so on, until the giving had all been done.

There was more dancing, more feasting, and then the guests would depart, laden with their new-found wealth.

Back of this seeming philanthropy was a deeper plan. It was the forerunner of annuity insurance. It was bound by honor—sealed by trust.

Each recipient of gifts was in duty bound to return them, or their equivalent, should the donor ever feel their need, two-fold. His investment, therefore, was on a basis of one hundred per cent. interest, plus principal—one of the earliest get-rich-quick schemes on record!

The goods, livestock, chattels, went into active use, and became of real value to many. The old Indian was deprived of nothing, excepting the actual presence of his belongings, and he had annexed a host of friends, who were stockholders of his corporation; or, more properly, borrowers at his bank.

Should the Great Spirit see fit to gather this chief to his fathers in the Happy Hunting Ground, that closed the books. There was no heredity of predatory wealth. Socialism was in full swing without the soviet. The original "Reds" needed no revolution to balance accounts and keep currency in circulation. It was a wholesome, workable plan.

I wonder how many of us go through life on the Potlatch basis! How many of us need no bond—no security—nothing to prove that we are going to be true to our trust!

Some weeks ago, on a train, I met a man who had spent many years in the Canadian Northwest, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. He told me about the honor that still obtains among the tribes in the far northland, where the company's trading posts are located.

The doors of the great store are open all night for the visiting Indians, who are welcome to sleep on the floor, and there is no record that any Indian has gone bad and appropriated so much as a nickel's worth of the company's goods.

Honor was born with the human kind. It came long before any of the frills which we term civilization. It was the coin current of the peoples of the earth. To do right was natural. To do wrong was unnatural. There was no premium on doing right, and ostracism for doing wrong.

Sometimes we think of such conditions as relating only to heaven, but they have existed in this grey old world, and some day again will prevail.

There is nothing complicated about honor. It is simple. It is in harmony with natural law. It works out, because it accords with law. Only lack of honor brings pain. That is because it runs contrariwise to natural law—and does not "click" in the innate knowledge which is of the spirit.

And now I arrive at the fourth step of my talk, which is the status of Potlatch as it will be:

IN THESE troubled days, when no one can say what the morrow will bring forth, when we wonder oftentimes just what keeps the storm-swept governments of Europe together sufficiently to hold the hearts in people, we know that we must be moving along the channel of Destiny.

No man or body of men can bring seeming order out of this chaotic condition. What will the end be? When will the end of these distressing times come? Who knows?

Somebody knows. God knows. The plan is neither idle nor haphazard. Events are moving swiftly because many causes are focusing in some grand result, and through the early stages of this result we now are passing. We are moving into something—and all we can do is to wonder about its nature, the time of its arrival, and the conditions that will be after that change has come.

To hazard a prophecy may be rash. To say that we know may be folly. But as sure'y as we have faith in the God that made us, that truly must we recognize in this changing order something exceptional—something momentous—something reflecting the Drama of the Universe—the Tragedy of Eternity.

Today, in reckless abandon, men and women are wallowing in a false prosperity. They are throwing money into the fleshpots. They are mad with success.

Today, the few remaining thrones are swaying, and the pomp and power of yesterday are vanishing in the mists of swift-moving events. Labor, long down-trodden, is having its fling. The mighty are no longer powerful.

When are they going to learn that the proper thing to do is to worship God, and study God's Way, and try to harmonize with that way?

The world has grown weary of looking upon mortals as all-powerful, as possessing the right to rule despotically. Kings and kingdoms are like pages of a volume no longer needed—pages torn from their bindings. And the bindings themselves are old and ragged, and stained with the blood of agonized generations that have been, have tried, have died and gone.

The world is moving surely, unerringly, toward a new Potlatch, when the honor of duty will count for much, and the world will be given its right to use the things of the world, always with a definite obligation attached.

The Potlatch did not give something for nothing. It did not hoard. It found a happy medium, and distributed wealth on a basis of due regard for its value.

Also, the world needs a different kind of Potlatch: a better understanding of things as they are.

While millions are lavishing luxuries on their bodies—their bodies which must mold in the graves—what are they doing for their souls? Here they will be for a few fleeting years. In spirit, they will be for time-unending. The rich food, the costly gowns, the pleasure of today, may be as millstones about their necks in a few years to come.

Since time began, we have a right to believe that we are living in the most remarkable period thus far in world history. We have reached an apex of material gain—the pinnacle of material worship. We can go no farther. Like tired children, we have wearied of our toys of gold and diamonds, of rich fabrics and costly baubles.

We are traveling toward a new Potlatch, and in it each of us must participate. We must acknowledge the duty, the honor that attaches to each gift from God. Some day, He will ask for an accounting of our talents. What shall we have brought in return? Shall we be able to pay back the principal, plus interest equal to that principal?

When each of us came into this world, we made a Potlatch with God—or He made a Potlatch with us.

We came with gifts newly given by our Creator. Some had one gift, and some had other gifts. Some had many gifts. And as each had a gift, that gift he was beholden to use properly, so that he might return it at least two-fold when the accounting should come.

Whether we remember it or not, we participated in God's Potlatch. We came away rejoicing—and then we forgot the obligation that went with the gifts!

If a Potlatch in the Northwest tribes was honor-seasoned, how about a Potlatch with the Giver of all things?

Spiritualized Senses

Sounds that no human ear can hear, sometimes are heard by mortals; not sounds wafting from life's spirit side, but sounds that come within the classification of material vibration.

Odors sometimes are detected at remarkable distances, and sight at times projects beyond the earth's curvature and from beyond the ordinary focus of mortal vision.

"I hear bells tolling, mother," a little girl said one morning. "Oh, they toll so slowly and mournfully, and they don't sound like our church-bells."

It developed later that a very dear friend of the family, residing hundreds of miles distant, had passed through the transition and at that time her funeral was taking place, and the bells were tolling.

A wife distinctly heard a pistol-shot fifty miles from the place where her husband was wounded accidentally. Who can say that she did not hear the pistol's sinister bark?

Another wife heard the heavy fall of a tree—at the time a tree fell in a distant lumber camp and killed her son.

A commercial traveler, at will, and without respect to the distance he was from home, could smell the odors of the family meal. These odors, he explained, were as distinct as though he had been in the kitchen at home.

Sight, also, plays its part. The wife of a bank clerk, while on a visit hundreds of miles from home, saw the bank's interior, saw a stealthy figure enter the bank, walk to the cashier's desk and level a revolver at the cashier's head. She saw something that had occurred, and precisely when it happened.

To most mortals, such experiences are remarkable, or incredible. To psychics, they are ordinary. There are innumerable records of even more forceful illustrations than those we have given. Thousands of persons have similar experiences at times; perhaps only once or twice. Others experience these phenomena of spiritualized senses frequently. With mediums, they are common.

The reasons assigned range from telepathy to astral journeys. But the purpose of this article is not to ferret out the reason. It is to seek the possibilities. If mankind can experience anything unusual, and it is interesting, but of no practical value, its purpose is no greater than that of a moving picture, or a good novel. If these spiritualized senses can serve some good, useful purpose, they are worth developing.

Let us inquire into some of the practical possibilities:

At the Colorado School of Mines, located at Golden—a short distance from Denver—there was a professor who could give an accurate assay of ore by feeling and looking at it. Any person, who has been at all familiar with mining, knows that nature has mixed many strange specimens in her great crucible. Adjoining mining properties, may present much different problems in geology, minerology and metallurgy. What great differences must there be between ore samples from all parts of the world! Ore might run an ounce of gold to the ton and yet carry no visible indication of this auriferous value. It might contain a trace of silver, a small percentage of copper, and lead and zinc, without any evidence of the relationship of these various metallic contents.

How did this professor know? He could not explain. He was "impressed." That was all he could say. He had innate knowledge. His accuracy put the matter far outside the pale of guesswork.

An accountant, in the employ of one of the large packing companies in Chicago, could find any error in the books. His method was this: He would leave the offices and take a walk. Upon his return, he would go to the ledger, open it and place his finger on the error. How did he do it? He could not explain.

A man who worked in the Kansas City stockyards, could place his hands on the sides of a critter, and tell within two or three pounds how much it weighed.

In these three instances, we have not taken the prodigies—the freaks. These men, to whom we have referred, exercised their peculiar inner perception in wholly practicable ways. They made everyday use of their strange talents.

Many "timber cruisers" have displayed this same psychic sense. A "cruiser" is a man who visits any wooded tract to make an estimate of the value and quantity of the growing timber. Some of these men have made countless estimates that varied scarcely at all from the actual cuttings from these tracts.

We find the same peculiar sense in prospecting for minerals—metals or petroleum. Often the most skilled engineers condemn a piece of property that later proves valuable, and some of the greatest "finds" have been made by "tenderfeet."

Here again we find practical uses of the spiritualized sense. It is not something that belongs alone to the stage or the seance-room. It "works out" in everyday life.

The Detection of Crime

Where so-called logicians fail utterly and miserably, the psychic sleuth solves the most baffling mysteries.

Every criminal has a feeling that sometime "it" will get him. "It" is a vague sort of fear that foreshadows eventual detection.

There are police officials who seem anything but psychic, who have weird "hunches" that lead them in the right direction. They feel that they should follow certain clues or be at a certain place at a definite time. Logic would say them nay.

Some reporters, who develop a "nose for news," also have this sense. Their fellows call them lucky, and say that these successful reporters happen to stumble into the big "scoops." The stumbling apparently is habitual.

We know a man, a successful manufacturer, who can not lose at dice. Most reluctantly will he shake dice for cigars. Invariably he wins. Invariably he has won for years. He has never paid for the treats. As soon as his fingers touch the dice-box, he knows that he will win.

But let us return to the detection of crime: whereas the Doyle character, Sherlock Holmes, "reconstructed the crime" from the meager evidence and wholly through the power of reason, there are detectives who are much like homing pigeons that fly toward the point of least resistance. Like a bit of steel that is attracted to a magnet, these detectives are attracted toward the criminals. They sense the crime. They sense its motive. They are the personifications of retributive justice.

There may be no finger-prints and no forgotten details. So far as ingenuity is concerned, the criminal has covered all of his tracks. There are some tracks he can not cover. Some vibrations he has left behind. They lead up to him.

Again, often there is a strange impulse that draws criminals back to the scene of their crimes. There is a beckoning which they can not resist. They gravitate toward their own vibration. They make their own traps and walk into them.

If detectives would cultivate this spiritual sense instead of blunting it, if they would heed these impressions and not disturb them with the mental turmoil that too often is known as reason, they would become adepts. They would be more successful.

The pooh-poohs of their fellows may shame them out of a gift that is invaluable to their callings. They are afraid of failing. They reel that which they should attract. There are a few detectives who do cultivate this talent and who succeed accordingly.

If crime of any description is a breach of man's law, surely it is a breaking of Divine Law, and certainly it sets up its own disturbed vibrations that a mind, sensitized to perceiving that type of vibration, can feel and understand. Perhaps the understanding is different from the accepted definition of that word. It is a quiet, easy-flowing knowledge. It is safe so long as it comes naturally and is not disturbed by adverse questioning.

Usually, it is not difficult to confuse a person who is given to intense concentration. His mind returns to the hum-drum with a shock. The thread of that which he feels is lost or broken. As time passes and this inner sense is developed, there is less likelihood of disturbance. The great sculptor could mold his clay in a boiler-shop or out on a busy street. He forgets about curious onlookers. There is no disturbance to him. He is absorbed by his art. He is lost in his talent.

The Finer Inner Sense

The most delicate measuring instrument known in practical mechanics, is the micrometer. It will measure to about one-twenty-thousandth of an inch.

There is still a finer measurement than that. It is the sense of touch. When the micrometer has gone as far as it can go toward accuracy, the sense of touch can go farther. How or why, no skilled mechanic knows. When a person knows, that knowledge requires no proof. It asks for no reasons. It is sufficient unto itself.

The final finish that is given to piano panels, is put on by the hands, dampened—just enough—and dipped into the finest "rotten stone." If the hands are too moist or too dry, the fine effect is lost. The men who do this work develop a degree of accuracy that is beyond explanation. They know when the moisture on their hands is just right, but they can not explain how they know.

Newspapers follow definite "make-up" rules. Their headlines are set in type of a certain style and size. In a column's width, there is just room for so many letters and spaces. Also the M takes more space than the I and the L requires more space than the comma. These heads must fit; they must be so many lines long and have a definite and harmonious appearance.

The writers of heads must adhere to these rules and tell the gist of the story in a headline. They have specimen heads on their desks, for guidance. Many of these head-writers develop this inner sense to such a degree that they strike upon the proper measurement automatically; not now and then, but constantly. The times they fail are the times they stop to "think it over."

You spell correctly, perhaps until you pause to think about it. Many a person who could write columns without making one mistake in spelling, would fail completely in a "spelling bee." This innate sense seems to be dulled when one attempts to analyze or prove it. The doubt acts as a disturbing factor.

The Housewife's Sensitized Ability

In the home, we may find the workings of this spiritualized sense. There are many housewives who are most excellent cooks, who can not teach another how to be as successful with bread or pastry, roasts or stews.

They seem to sense not only the proportion of ingredients used, but the proper degree of stirring or basting. They know, better than any thermometer could reveal, when the oven is "just right." They know when the food is cooked "to a turn." These things they know intuitively. And this same sense perception they apply to other work about the house, to the selection of foods, fabrics and furnishings. They know how to place themselves in the proper mental attitude to secure results, but could not teach any other person how it is done.

Mothers know how to look after the physical and moral welfare of their children in much the same manner. They become marvels at discovering things that have gone or are about to go wrong, when there is no visible evidence.

The pianist develops a "technique" quite beyond the power of analysis to explain. In every trade and profession we find that there is an inner skill that is guided in a manner that cannot be explained by any of the rules of logic.

A Michigan surgeon never failed to make an incision properly, no matter how displaced the diseased organs might be. Many a physician has written into his prescriptions drugs that were foreign to his thoughts, to find later that they were precisely the drugs needed.

What No Machine Can Do

So far as mechanical accuracy goes, there are machines vastly more dependable for their part of the work than the workmen themselves. The machines have limitations. They can repeat their operations without tiring. Their adjustment depends upon that keen inner sense of skilled operatives.

Watch the difference between the results of motorists. One senses the nature, the possibilities and the limitations of the mechanism of his car. Another has no ear for sensitive motor sounds, and uses his automobile as a crude machine that was built chiefly for the purpose of misusing and wearing out. No manufacturer can insure uniformity of results, because there is no uniformity of driving ability.

When labor-saving machinery made its appearance, workmen were incensed against such a diabolical attempt to pauperize them. As time passed, they discovered that machinery was bringing forth a new opportunity for labor. The more highly developed the machines, the more highly developed the operatives became. Skill that had never been in evidence before was unfolded. The machines were only instruments that helped make artists out of artisans.

These examples of the inner sense perceptions are but variations of the first illustrations we gave relative to the highly sensitized senses of hearing, smelling and seeing. The second class, practicable to the last word, exists because the first class is in evidence at times.

Spiritually we have powers that are far beyond any human conception of such gifts. Our work brings out some of this soul ability. It is there all the time, like a seed, waiting for the proper conditions to bring about its germination.

The more we concentrate on our work, and the more we put our hearts into it, the more surely we shall develop these inner sense perceptions that far transcend the theories upon which mankind so long has depended.

It takes all kinds of people to make the world, and we have all of them.

The persons who ridicule Spiritualism are moving steadily nearer the grave, and still pretend that it makes no difference what happens afterward.

So many folk are talking about the end of the world, it would seem that a few of them are afraid it will not happen—before their bills become due.

If we can discharge our duties to God and the world by a few forms, all we shall need to get into heaven will be the countersign—and not a reward well earned.

The season has arrived when hens are laying cryptic messages on eggs, predicting the end of the world. The trouble is that these messages disagree, and probably the chickens that laid the eggs were piping the wrong lay.

The critics of Spiritualism who say that, were spirit return and communication a fact, the spirit-world would make itself manifest to every one, are usually the last ones to wish that this were true. They usually are afraid of old shadows of bad records that might pop out of the darkness of things they prefer to forget.

The Life of James "Farmer" Riley

Incidents in the Life and Mediumship of the Great Materializing and Slate-writing Medium

ARTICLE III

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING ARTICLES

On May 20, 1919, there passed into spirit at Marcellus, Michigan, at the age of 76 years, James "Farmer" Riley, without dispute one of the greatest mediums who ever lived.

While Riley had been very psychic as a boy, his father had discouraged him and forbidden him to exercise his psychic powers. Time came when Jim Riley was thoroughly agnostic—almost an infidel. Then he was induced to visit a Spiritualist camp meeting, which he regarded as the height of rot and idiocy. However, he and his wife decided to sit at a large dining table each evening, and after six months, the table moved. Riley was 42 at this time. Later the table spelled out messages by tipping, and then a message was written on a slate. Other messages followed, and John Benton arrived, announcing himself as Riley's chief control. After a few months, the spirit of John Benton asked Riley to sit for materializations, which the medium did not wish to do. Finally acquiescing, he got his first materialization—a hand.

In Jim Riley's seances, many different types of manifestations took place. While the materialized forms came out of the cabinet, those who sat in the room facing the cabinet often would feel hands touching them. At times the forces would seem to permeate the room, and again the forces would extend but a short distance outside of the cabinet, depending a great deal upon the conditions of the seance. These conditions were due partly to the medium's physical state and partly to the attitude of the members of the circle. Skeptics will injure the conditions and sometimes prevent manifestations of any nature.

Sometimes the circles were in the dark. During such periods, a slate placed on the table in the room would be written upon. Very often the handwriting would be recognized quickly by some person present, when the lights were turned on and the slate examined.

In the light seances, after Mr. Riley had entered the cabinet, and the curtains arranged so as to exclude all light, the flame in the lamp was turned low. This light was always sufficient to make all objects in the room easily discernible. In fact, after sitting in this half-light for a few minutes, it was not difficult to recognize the features of every one present. Usually a hymn or two would be sung, and if the conditions were good, there would be a noticeable waving of the curtains. Generally the singing would continue, and then a figure would appear between the curtains. Sometimes this was John Benton, Mr. Riley's main control. Very often this form would dematerialize before the assembled guests, and this dematerializing generally took the form of sinking through the floor. As a matter of fact, this dropping off of the material particles permits them to fall through the force of gravity, and as they reach the floor they merge with material in general. It is much like liberating liquid air or liquid gas. It seems to

flow away in a stream and disappears rapidly, having assumed its former state of vibration. So will the material particles of a materialized form apparently fall away. Their vibration is changed and they return to their source. This source consists of the body of the medium and the bodies of the others present, and even material objects.

The messages received in the Riley materializing seances usually were written on slates. Sometimes when Mrs. Riley would pull the cabinet curtains aside, a materialized form could be seen standing near the medium, who was entranced, and the form would be writing on the slate. The sound of the moving pencil could be heard distinctly. Sometimes these forms could be recognized.

Dematerialization and Rematerialization

An old visitor at the Riley seances told an interesting story of his experience with John Benton, the medium's principal control.

John Benton, a stately man, six feet tall, had come out of the cabinet one evening, fully materialized, and after addressing the company, had turned to re-enter the cabinet, when this old gentleman, who was present, asked Mr. Benton if he would not shake hands with him. John Benton readily assented, and walking over to the old man, who had arisen from his chair, grasped him firmly by the hand; and still holding him by hand, led him into the cabinet. There sat the medium in a trance, perfectly oblivious to



THE RILEY HOME—SCENE OF THESE MANIFESTATIONS

what was going on around and about him. Still holding the old gentleman's hand, the materialized form of John Benton began to sink through the floor, and he pulled the old gentleman right down with him until he was doubled up, with his head touching the floor. Then the dematerialization was complete. The old man got up and decided it was time to leave the cabinet. No sooner had he walked out into the seance-room when John Benton stood beside him again, fully materialized! In a space of just a few seconds, this spirit form had dematerialized and rematerialized.

If the particles that sink to the floor, and seemingly through it, are only the released material particles, we may ask how it was possible for this dematerializing form to keep such a solid hold on the old gentleman and actually bend his body over until his head touched the floor. We can only assume that in dematerializing, John Benton actually did bend down in spirit, still keeping his arm and hand fully materialized until the last. We believe that no other explanation could account for this rather unusual phenomenon.

Many of the forms dematerialized before the spectators. And there were times when the curtains would be thrown back and forms could be seen to dematerialize in the cabinet.

The Seance in the Woods

There were a number of men who lived in or near Marcellus who rather questioned the genuineness of Jim Riley's materializations. They believed that back of these manifestations somewhere, there was some mighty clever trickery. If they could get Jim alone, away from his own bailiwick, where there was no opportunity of the assistance of possible confederates, they calculated that they would secure dependable manifestations or nothing at all.

Consequently they invited Riley to spend a few days up in the woods, where they had constructed a cabin. They told him that the rest would do him good, and that there would be absolutely no talk about seances while he was there. After they had induced the medium to accompany them—presumably on a hunting trip—they broke the news to him that they had arranged a cabinet at one end of the room, and that they would all be highly pleased to witness some of his materializations. To make assurance doubly sure, certain members of the party had brought in armfuls of dry leaves and spread them on the floor of the cabinet, so that should Jim Riley find it necessary to get up and walk around, there would be audible evidence of his activities.

This occurred in the Autumn of 1893. There were about a dozen men in the party. Their shanty or cabin was several miles from the nearest house. Riley's seat in the cabinet was on a pile of hay—and hay also has a few noise-making properties of its own. It took considerable coaxing to get Riley into the cabinet. He knew what the object was. Perhaps he resented this lack of faith in the spirit-world. He may have resented the inference that he was dishonest. Some of those present say that it was with considerable doubt that Jim Riley consented to sit for his friends.

One of the members of the party attended to the lamp, and the others seated themselves on the floor in front of the cabinet. Riley told them that they would have to sing in order to produce harmonious conditions, but these men were not familiar with vocal efforts, and the results were rather discordant. Then Riley suggested that the next thing would be to count in unison.

They had counted up to about fifty when a form appeared at the cabinet curtain. One of the men present recognized it as his father. Then one after another these forms came. Some of the men who had been lying on the floor, resting on their elbows, sat up and began to take unusual interest in the proceedings. Finally the wife of one of the men appeared. The man in charge of the lamp turned up the blaze as far as it would go. It was so light in that little room that every detail of the woman's features could be seen.

There were many converts made that night. There was no question in the mind of any one of the men in that party as to the source of these manifestations. Jim Riley had no confederates with him. He was giving a seance under severe test conditions. Had he so much moved a foot, the rustling of the dry leaves and hay would have been heard distinctly. Those present knew every member of the party, and they knew that every member was accounted for. Jim Riley had been asked to give a seance along toward evening. This deprived him of any opportunity of getting in touch with any mortal. And yet these men had seen forms that appeared to be as much flesh-and-blood as they were—forms which they recognized, the life-like, solid forms of loved ones who had departed this life in years gone by.

A Seance During Riley's Illness

A few months after this seance in the woods, Jim Riley was confined to his room with a bad case of inflammatory rheumatism. He could not move an arm or a leg.

One evening, the attending physician brought his wife with him and asked Riley if it would be possible to get any manifestations, sick as he was. Riley said that he was willing to try. They took him and wrapped him in blankets, and set him in a chair in his bedroom, and hung blankets in the doorway for curtains. Form after form came out of the cabinet that night. They were recognized by both the physician and his wife.

We might wonder how it would be possible for a medium in this state of health to produce materializations. We do not know how it is possible. We know that it was done, and that the forms were numerous and fully materialized. Undoubtedly, during this seance, there were many on the spirit-side who were bringing healing help to Jim Riley. There is no question that he was being treated. Whatever it was that was drawn from his body, certainly did not injure him or cause him pain.

These are but a few of the many instances of Jim Riley's remarkable materializations. No medium has ever given manifestations under worse conditions than those often imposed upon Jim Riley. Perhaps that is why he made so many converts to Spiritualism.

It is the habit of mortals to question and doubt. Unfortunately, while many mortals wish to have things their way, they are not always sure just what their way amounts to. There are no manifestations that could convince one who refuses to be argued out of his set theory. If we are to accept the verdict of our senses—if we can swear to the truth that we recognize our friends in the flesh—what else have we to depend upon in the matter of recognizing those who come to us from the other side of life, fully materialized?

While Jim Riley was forty-two years old before he received his first manifestation with the moving of a table, it is doubtful that any other medium has ever produced more materialized forms than those who came out of Mr. Riley's cabinet during his numberless seances. Those seances were held not only in his home, but in the homes of friends and in the homes of strangers.

(To be continued)

Making a mistake is not unpardonable. Refusing to profit by that mistake is unwise.

One may affirm something that is not in harmony with law, and the affirmation is only a waste of energy.

While it is fine to say "I can and I will," that state of mind will not bring success unless the success is earned.

The Day of Judgment is with us always—for God's Law takes no recess, and as we sow, we shall be sure to reap.

Geologists calculate that there is coal enough in sight to last for a million years—and God's economy was never known to be wasteful.

Somewhere, in the journey of our earthly days, we shall transfer. Is it wrong to ask for news about the place where we are going?

Stop looking for short-cuts. They exist only in stories. No matter how long or how short the way, achievements must be along the lines of honest winning.

Most lies are told because the habit of lying seems to eliminate the necessity of long explanations, but the time comes when the explanation will be due with compound interest.

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education
LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Romans 8:18.

THE MAIL CONGESTION

Never before in the history of the Post Office, we understand, has mail met with greater handicaps of delivery. This seems to be particularly true of the Post Office situation in Chicago, where lack of space (Chicago needed a much larger central Post Office years ago), lack of help, the express strike (which placed additional burdens on the parcel-post), the railway strikes, and an unusually heavy increase in the volume of matter sent through the mails, have combined in delaying all outgoing and incoming mail.

This situation, varied somewhat in different localities, explains the mail congestion throughout the United States.

We, in common with the balance of the public, must suffer these inconveniences. We can not change the situation, and if copies of "Communication" or other matter which we mail should be late or fail to reach their destinations, patience must be shown. A condition involving many factors should not be charged to our negligence or indifference.

On different occasions, carriers have been taken off their routes for portions of a day to help distribute matter in the Post Office, and its different branches, and especially to help handle parcel-post matter.

The Dearborn street side of the main Chicago Post Office (meaning the sidewalk) often has been piled high with mail-sacks that could find no space inside the building, much of which is occupied by Federal departments other than those devoted to the handling of mail. These piles of filled sacks extend sometimes from Jackson to Adams streets and to a height of several feet. At the different Chicago railway terminal stations, nearly all available space often has been required for unsorted, unrouted parcel-post packages. Whenever any class of mail is congested, all classes are delayed.

We know that, in many instances, copies of the first number of "Communication" failed to reach their points of address more than two weeks after they were delivered to the main Post Office in Chicago. Two copies were delivered in Chicago twenty-three days after the mailing was completed. Indeed, in some instances, copies of this first number of this magazine have failed to reach addresses.

We offer these facts not as criticism against the Post Office. We believe that the Government is doing all in its

power to relieve this congestion. We offer these facts as extenuating circumstances for ourselves, and plead the right to be held free from all of the blame of delays.

We suggest that you send your letters and remittances as promptly as possible, because of the slow movement of the mail. Some first-class matter, and even some printed matter, may travel on record time. This does not apply generally by any means. In periods of mail congestion, we are all common sufferers and should be patient with one another, and with the Post Office Department as well.

ABOUT OUR CLUBBING OFFERS

In our advertising matter, as well as in advertisements carried in "Communication," we offer various clubbing prices of "Communication" and other magazines.

Each day we turn over the subscriptions and the money required, so that there will be as little delay as possible in getting these other periodicals to our subscribers.

Many of these publications are battling with the problems of help shortage, and their circulation departments are weeks behind. In some instances, several weeks may elapse before these various periodicals reach our clubbing subscribers, but their subscriptions will date from the first number of each magazine which they receive.

Every line of business is confronted with these same problems of delay. Impatience can bring us nothing but high-strung nerves, and may cause us to be unjust in our opinions. Congested business goes with high prices. They are inseparable conditions. When there is greater production than demand, when manufacturing begins to make goods in anticipation of future deliveries, prices will come down, and so will wages.

None of us can change conditions that exist. We would have to reach into too many channels. This state of affairs is world-wide. It must evolve to its own solution. Making the best of things is the happiest way out of our difficulties.

THE VIRTUE OF LOYALTY

If any mortal is to be loyal to God, that person must learn how to be loyal to the co-operating influences nearest at hand; to one's country, one's family, one's friends, to oneself!

Spiritualists should be loyal to Spiritualism in general, and to their churches and organizations in particular.

Because there are numerous independent associations of Spiritualists is no sign that they should condemn or embarrass or otherwise stand in the way of the N. S. A. Give credit to whom credit is due. Be thankful for the good that has been and is being done, instead of complaining about that which, you believe, could have been done better or was left undone.

"Communication" is not affiliated with the N. S. A. or any of the independents, but we shall regret, as our loyal duty to Spiritualism, any effort to belittle any of the associations. It is wrong in principle, and right can not come out of a wrong thing.

We do not know that the time has arrived for centralizing the different organizations of Spiritualists. We feel that a definite independence of action is required for the well-being of our faith, largely because Spiritualism is a belief based principally on personal convictions; more so, we think, than any other religion.

If politics—that is, factional fighting—arises in Spiritualism, that is to be regretted. We are sorry for it, but

we doubt that there has been much figurative bloodshed thus far. There are differences of opinion, and so long as the human race exists, we assume that there will be such differences. They are due to different experiences. That is the purpose of this material world, or at least one of its purposes.

If members of any association wish to sever their connections with that organization, that is their right; only they should do so without rancor. There are outside enemies and critics who will supply all the attacks that the best fighter could hope to have directed at him and his truth.

Be loyal to your church, and, in heaven's name, hold your tongues if they incline to wag in gossip or criticism. If you have a complaint to make, go to the object of your criticism with your doubts, and not to others. Try to be above the gossip-disturbed level of orthodox trivialities. It can be done, difficult as the task may seem.

Be loyal to your organization, but always with respect for all other Spiritualists and organizations.

This should not be very difficult, but surely it is necessary if Spiritualism is to grow.

We are happy in doing our part, and at all times the columns of "Communication" will be open to all Spiritualistic churches and organizations, provided they do not attempt to criticize one another. That alone will be barred.

Be loyal and know the happiness of doing your own very best to live right, and in amity with others who are of your belief. Loyalty is a basic lesson, and no one progresses who fails to learn it and live it.

"WHAT I BELIEVE"

Your own religious leanings are things peculiar to yourself. Each of us believes according to our individual experiences and development. No two persons agree on all details; at least not in this school-world, where we are trying to learn much-needed lessons.

Despite our claims, none of us has a true conception of God, Christ or spirit. We entertain concepts and at times these change.

The most precarious calling on earth is to preach or otherwise disseminate or discuss any religious doctrine, for the reason that most persons are certain that they are right, and they become intolerant with the other fellow's views. Perhaps this has been a common error of the propagation of creeds. Teachers have sought to set down hard and fast rules, which they insist must be accepted. Religion is made up of different ingredients, and belief revolts at denominational autocracy.

Religion is a personal thing and each of us accepts his faith in a personal way. Fortunately, our ideas can not alter God's Plan, or most of us would wreck the universe. We move ever forward toward the Truth, but never reach it in its entirety. Our creed changes as our minds unfold. If our minds refuse to unfold, we remain creed-bound.

Religion, politics and family affairs constitute dangerous ground for dissensions. They are tender spots—often bleeding spots—in the personalities of individuals.

Once we become dogmatic and dictatorial in our religious convictions, we blind ourselves to truth and estop our own spiritual progress. Every profession of faith, every creed has its foundation in an interpretation of fact. The interpretation may be faulty, but so is all other human interpretation. We aim at, but never hit, the fact itself.

The person who regards the various creeds in an even-tempered manner will be delighted to find that they have many points of resemblance. Generically, they are similar, if not identical. Allah is one interpretation of God. Jehovah is another. The Spiritualists' first sphere and the Roman Catholic hell, the Spiritualists' second sphere and the Catholic purgatory, are analogous, if not identical.

Religion need not be conducted on prize-fighting lines. No one is going to convert all others to his way of thinking. If all persons on earth were of one faith, progression would cease or decidedly slow up, so far as the present status of earth development is concerned. If Protestants can say, "Thank God for Luther," the time may come when the world will cry, "Thank God for the Vatican." One antidotes the other. Bitter as adherents of one faith may be toward the other, it is good for the moral, spiritual, intellectual and economic balance of the world that these contending creeds are all in working order.

Nothing else so makes for tolerance and breadth of character as a variety of religions. Nothing else so assists human experience, which is essential if there is to be progress.

THE FUNERAL FETISH

The Irish idea of funerals was not half bad. Professional mourners were employed to furnish an abundance of lamentations. Judging by the tear-spilling proclivities of movie stars, most of those professional mourners have deserted the undertakers for the film studios.

To feel bad, to be broken up, when a loved one passes through the portals, is humanly natural. To say that the funeral is "the last thing we can do" for a departed one is neither complimentary to God nor helpful to the recently translated spirit. It is not evidence of belief in God's goodness and His assurance of Immortality.

Funerals are essential dark spots, and there is no good to be gained by adding to the sombre tints of the affair. If faith ever is to be tested, that test comes with the passing out of a loved one.

The funeral fetish often becomes a daring display, a sort of advertisement of the family wealth or affection, or both.

We know of one family that has nothing floral but potted plants at its funerals, wears light colors and does everything to simulate light and life. That family is about seven thousand years ahead of most mortals.

If we have faith, let us exercise it when the test comes. Let us try to believe sufficiently in God to seek the light and shun the darkness and the needless display.

There are doctors of law, and doctors of philosophy, and various other doctors, but the world needs more doctors of truth.

No matter how predestined we may be, the fact remains that we have certain definite obligations, and predestination is not a good alibi.

Constancy and consistency may not be human virtues, but persistency will help bring the other two necessary elements of a well-balanced character.

Were we not obliged to earn our progress, then progress would have no value. No matter what price we may pay for material things, we pay the greatest price of all for progress.

Revelation

By Florence Belle Anderson

You have finished your task, and I thank you dear,
 Now, leave me alone with my dead;
 I must commune with a presence here,
 That hovers over that flower-decked bier,
 E're that presence from earth has sped.

You look so placid, Oh, Dead most dear,
 As I stand here by your side,
 But you do not respond to one burning tear,
 And you do not reply to the words you hear,
 Though part of *me too* has died.

I look on your face, Dear Dead of Mine,
 And I fondle the lifeless clay,
 But, a Magic Sculptor has changed its line,
 And an hour ago seems eons of time,
 And thousands of miles away.

Oh, what is this wonderful mystery?
 What is this thing called "Death"?
 But an hour ago you spoke to me,
 Dear Dead of Mine, but it cannot be,
 That your love has gone with your breath.

And *then*, such a *revelation* came,
 To the innermost Soul of me,
 I saw no thing, and I heard no name;
 'Twas a Holy hour. Ah, you will not blame
 If I keep the mystery.

As OUR SAVIOUR prayed in the long ago,
 E'er He died on Calvary,
 The Angels came, for they loved Him so,
 But what they said we shall never know
 In that sad Gethsemane.

It is something hidden from mortal view,
 But perhaps in *your* hour of need
 This wonderful thing will come to you,
 And your innermost soul will feel it too,
 And your heart will rejoice indeed.

I stepped from the room, and I closed the door,
 And I fell on my knees to pray.
 I can never doubt as I did before,
 And I'll never fear as in days of yore,
 For a Peace has come to *stay*.

This much I can say from the lesson learned,
 At the bier of One who died,—
 Whatever way his feet were turned,
 No matter how much his heart had yearned,
 He was fully *satisfied*.

The Evidence of an Old Spiritualist

By John Francis Myers

I commenced to converse with spirits of my departed friends in the year A. D. 1852 in my father's residence and other places in the vicinity of Bloomington, Illinois, and since that time I have attended the spiritual camp at Lake Hellen, Florida, two winters and the spiritual camp at Lily Dale, New York, two summers, where I met the best and most noted mediums in the U. S. A. and where frauds are readily detected, boycotted, and turned down, and I have communicated with hundreds of spirits in all the most popular phases by mediumship.

What is known as Modern Spiritualism originated with the three Fox sisters at Hydesville, N. Y., in A. D. 1848, and E. V. Wilson was one of the early pioneers in spiritualism. He was unexcelled as a psychometrist and test medium. I have photographs of those four individuals in my home. The magnetism of the three sisters made a very strong battery for the spirits, as they claim that they get the power to do physical things through human magnetism, consequently a sensitive, negative, magnetic person who is in mental sympathy with the spirits can be used by the spirits as a medium for communication with the living; and a positive person who is a disbeliever in spirit phenomena repels the spirits and they cannot get near them or use them for mediums. I asked the spirit of a lady friend if she is with her husband much. She said, "No, I cannot get near him." I said, "How is that?" She replied, "You know how he is; he is a disbeliever." I said, "Is it his mind that repels you?" and she said that it is.

I am well acquainted with her husband and he is a nice gentleman, but set in his way; hard to change in his manner of thinking, although he may be in the wrong.

I have sat in seances where there was a very positive disbeliever in the circle and we could get nothing from the spirits until that person was removed. It is the positive unbeliever who thinks he knows it is a fraud, that repels the spirits, but one who is an honest seeker after truth, and willing to believe where he or she gets the evidence, such persons do not weaken the power of the spirit.

Spirit phenomena are as old as the Jewish nation, which I can show by the Bible, and when President Lincoln was our President they held spiritual seances in the White House, and the spirits advised the President to issue the emancipation proclamation, and after the battle of Bull Run the Northern Army was discouraged, and the spirits advised President Lincoln to visit our army and talk with the men and encourage them, which he did; and after that they were victorious in an encouraging degree and finally won a grand success.

As proof of spirit phenomena in the Bible, I here give the case of King Saul, the King of the Jewish nation, who was at war with the Phillistines, and they expected a battle. Saul went to a woman of Endor who had "familiar spirits." (She was a medium.) He asked her to call the spirit of Samuel, which she did. Samuel came in a materialized body and talked with Saul. Please read the first book of Samuel, Chapter 28, and get the whole story. Also first Corinthians, 12th chapter, showing different ones have different spiritual gifts, the same as our present mediums do. Some are trumpet mediums, some are healing, some materialization, some clairvoyant, some clear-audiant, some trance, some impressional, or inspirational, some writing mediums, and some speaking mediums.

Next I will mention the wonderful materialization of spirits in the family of Martin Luther, obtained from the spirit of his daughter through the mediumship of Henry Upsell at Watska, Illinois. A detailed account of the materialization fills a book of 166 pages 7 by 9 inches, illustrated with spirit portraits and other spirit works.

I have that wonderful book now before me and to make those facts plain I will here give a certified statement from Henry Upsell, the medium through whose mediumship those facts were obtained, as follows:

"If a man die shall he live again? has been the great problem of life since man first thought and the answer has been given and proven to the earnest searchers after truth in all ages. The searcher along lines of the occult is the only one who comes to that knowledge while in the flesh, and he never misses his goal. He does not think, guess or believe; he knows, and that Martin Luther and his co-worker, Philip Melanethon, in the later years of their lives found the truth of the continuity of individualized life, is certain. They both wrote out their own experience. Why those writings were suppressed by the churchmen who followed them is easily guessed, for in that early day the church believed the soul sleeps until the resurrection, and the pages of this book give facts verbatim as they came from the pencil of Florence, Martin Luther's favorite daughter.

"The most of these pages were written on clean linen paper placed between slates, in the broad light of day, held in my own hands. All the illustrations were received from the spirits under strict conditions making it impossible for other than the occult forces to in any way meddle with them and being through different concentrating forces is proof positive. They were given through the mentality of Florence Luther for the purpose desired and when man, whether in the flesh or not, begins to search for these laws, he comes to a world of knowledge that he recognizes as infinite, and Florence Luther and many like her who have laid off the garment of flesh have found the law that allows her to write as freely now as when, over three hundred years ago, her fleshly hand obeyed the same living mental self. Every word is from her own pencil and I have many proofs from her and others that the work is from her own mentality.

"HENRY UPSSELL."

Materializations in Luther's Family

Materialization was given in the family of Martin Luther by Florence Luther, who had agreed with her mother that whichever died first would, if possible, come back and communicate with the one yet living. And the following is Florence's preface to what was written:

"My father was the illustrious and true man, Martin Luther, the reformer, who, seceding from the church of Rome, wrote books so convincing and true that many were converted to the truth. After leaving the church, he married Catherine Van Bora. She was the daughter of a noble Saxon family, highly educated, polished and refined. They married about the year 1524. I was their second daughter, and dearly beloved by both of my parents, and every advantage that could be given me was mine. I studied Latin, Greek and Phoenician, and took great delight in translating Sanerit. In those days education belonged only to the higher classes."

Here are excerpts from spirit phenomena which occurred in the family of Martin Luther as given by Florence Luther:

"One beautiful moonlight night in May I had been sitting by mother's grave reading. When lifting my eyes from the book I saw a thin white mist, when I heard my mother's voice sweet and low beside me saying, 'Florence, my child, I am here, do not be afraid, for I am going to show myself to you. I am a living spirit that can take on the body at will. Remember, dear child, I am your mother, one who loves you, and would not harm you for the world! All this time I could only see the cloud of white, but as she talked assuring me of her

presence and desire to let me see her face and realize that it was none other than herself, my confidence returned and my fears vanished. As the white cloud resolved itself into the human form first, I saw my mother's hand and on the third finger a ring containing a setting of garnet. I recognized it at once as my mother's hand, and I reached forward to place my own upon it, when she softly said, 'Not yet, Florence; I will show you my face before you can touch me,' and as I lifted my eyes I saw her as clear and beautiful as I had seen her in health, the full blue eyes, her golden brown hair, were as real and as natural as ever when in the flesh. She said, 'As you are governed in the flesh by natural law, so we are governed by spiritual law. The time will come, my child, when spirit communion will be an every-day occurrence.'

"Watching mother's form it slowly descended, seeming to sink into the ground at my feet."

She came again to the family and told Florence that she must have her father and others understand the truth in regard to the continuation of life. He must be brought to realize that the spirit embodied and the spirit disembodied are one and the same. After which, by agreement with her, they had a seance each week, when she would materialize a body and talk to them, and she brought with her other spirits of their friends, teaching them until Martin Luther and his co-worker, Philip Melancthon, and many others who believed the soul sleeps until the resurrection morn, became convinced of spirit return.

THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 21)

THE Great War ended in the silencing of guns, and the boys then began to turn homeward across the Atlantic. There were thousands and thousands who came smiling and cheering, but there are thousands of others who are not as they were when they left the shores of America. The strength of their early manhood has been given that the homes of other men may be happy and that little children may play and shout and not be endangered by a foe. A friend from across the bridge stands by all such men. Day and night the boy is guarded. If strength is needed to make a gain in health, the spiritual uplift is given and bodily improvement is made.

I have stood guard in great hospitals; I have heard the priest praise God that a boy is improving; and I have heard a mother offer thanks for the returning health of her son. I have waited and watched during the darkness to find a smile on my comrade's face at sunrise. I have heard men call cheerily to one another, and I have yet to hear a man reproach the fate that laid low his fine young body.

So a revelation must be made of how the wonderful strength of heart was given to these men. As the sunshine floods the world in early springtime and causes the germinal power in the seed to stir to life and begin its marvelous transformation into a flowering plant or sturdy vegetable, so the Light of the Centuries has gained entrance into the deeply hidden chambers of wounded and disabled men's souls. In that place which only the Light can enter, there lies a power which stirs to great and wonderful activity as the Light falls upon it. Like the seed, it slowly and mysteriously develops and gradually pushes forward until the mind and the heart of the man are sacredly revealed to his comrades. No man could inspire such power in another man's heart. No sunlight could cause it to stir and develop. No wonder is like it, for it is the work of God—the unfolding of the hidden within a man's soul.

God has been victorious. As His forces conquered the forces of Evil, the Light of the Centuries burned brilliantly, burned low but never burned to extinction. God led the victorious armies, and only in His army has there been Victory over Evil.

If the world had been honest at all times, there would have been no downtrodden—no soviet, and no red peril.

When a little boy asked his mother, "What is a dog, ma?" his father replied, "Most of them are Spitz."

Reports would indicate that, in spirit, there are many colored people a heap sight more white than their white brethren in this world.

If the Law of Compensation were taught in schools, it might accomplish more good than some of the studies included in the average course.

If death is a natural passport, how about suicide? Is it not possible that one may hasten hence before one's home is ready, and one's place is prepared?

Add to your store of mental treasures. They stay with you. They are your "belongings," and the only ones you will have when you take the long journey.

No man was ever so clever that he put anything over without at least one unseen witness watching him—and the place beyond death is the place where secrets will be revealed.

So long as humanity permits sex and murder films, that excite and degrade childhood, the world has no right to make idle boasts about its achievements.

The theatre, literature and the pictures paint a halo around crime, under the pretense of purifying the public mind. What happens is the temporary enrichment of a few private purses.

Fortune-telling consists not only of reading palms and cards, but it embodies also such fiat statements as, "You will go to heaven," or, "You will go to hell," without any sustaining evidence.

The Socialist looks for equalizing of all rights in this world, but this expression of life is but an interval in the great life—and the justice that men expect here may be delayed until they are "yonder."

One of the police officials in Chicago said that the "dope" plays brought to the theatres showing those films every drug addict in Chicago—and yet the purpose of these plays was supposed to be a moral uplift.

Just because there are pent-up forces in the universe sufficient to destroy it, is no sign that God will use them in that manner—and the individual who uses any force for dishonest ends is running contrary to the Law of Justice.

Numerically, people who believe in spirit survival and communication are strong enough to protect their rights, but they regard their religious convictions as secret sins, much after the fashion of a segregated district—and then wonder why they are not respected.

We read occasionally about "the spirits of the upper air," and if this means anything, we should like to have it explained. To attempt to offset the claims of Spiritualists who say that life in spirit is perfectly normal, by this thin-air talk, is a weird conceit.

For a time, the dishonest man may seem to succeed, but usually when he is least prepared to stand a loss, he is punished. This generally catches him when he is snuggling down to enjoy the comfort of ill-gotten gains—which, by their very nature, would bring no one comfort.

A Little Chat With Little Ones

By Pink Rose

This month, I am going to talk to you about habits. Do you know what a habit really is? Well, I will tell you.

Just take a sheet of paper—a small sheet will do. Get one that is smooth, without a wrinkle in it. Now, fold it over, gently. Do not crease it. Just fold it so that it will stay folded. Then open it up. There is a little crease where you folded that paper. Try to take that crease out. Try hard as you wish, but it stays right there.

Now, fold it again, and this time crease it hard. Then open it up again. That paper will simply not lay flat like it was before. Even if you try to fold it back the other way, still there is a crease there, and if you try to fan yourself with that paper, it will flap around. It hasn't the strength it had in the first place.

Those creases are like habits. Little habits are like the mild folding of the paper, and evil habits are like the tight crease you put into the paper. If you keep on folding that paper in different places, you would have many creases, and you could not write as clearly on it as you could when it was new and flat.

If you say a naughty word, that is like putting a little crease into your character. If you say that naughty word a few times, that crease becomes worse, and it seems so easy to say the same word again. If you say more than one naughty word, that is like more creases, until pretty soon you take away much of the beauty of your character.

You may want to know just what character is. I shall try to tell you. Let us take a beautiful rose that is growing in a garden. If the wind comes up and blows dust over that rose, it does not look so beautiful as it did before. If the rose-bush is not watered, the rose loses some more of its beauty, and it hangs its head. It droops, and pretty soon its petals fall off, and there is very little left to show you that there was once a beautiful rose on that bush.

But if the rose-bush is protected, and the dust is washed off it, and the soil around it is kept moist, it keeps its beauty. But a rose will fade in time anyway, and boys and girls can have characters that keep right on growing more beautiful.

If you disobey your parents, because you think that you are smarter than they, you put more bad creases in your character. This smartness begins to show to other people. They call it impudence and laziness, and they don't think so much of you as they did before. They say that you are getting bad habits. Your character is not as clean and fine as it was before.

If you do not try to learn your lessons in school, you put more creases in your character. You get after a while so that it takes a good deal of effort to learn anything useful.

So, you see, your character is made up of the things you do and think. It is not a matter of the kind of features you have, or how tall you are, or how strong. Those things are not character, but character helps makes boys stronger and girls prettier and sweeter, because the things they think and the honesty in them, show through their skins. They can never hide what they really are, and they always are what they do and think.

If you started to imitate some boy or girl who stutters, it would not be long before you stuttered, too. If you do any wicked or senseless thing, that gets to be a habit. And

a habit is something that is not natural. It is the same to your character as a hurt on your hand. If you bruise your hand and make it bleed, that hand hurts. You want to get it healed and well so that you can use it again. If you get wicked thoughts in your mind, your mind hurts, too. You never have as much fun as though you were honest clear through.

Sometimes you see another boy or girl acting smart, and you think it is cute, and you try to imitate that child. Older people do not like children who act smart and impudent. They do not think much of children who copy the bad things that others do. They say that such a child does not have a strong mind, or he or she would not have to copy bad things.

We can now add something to what we mean by character. If you are so weak as to have to imitate bad things, you lack in character. If you keep on being weak as you grow up, you will find that clean, honest people do not wish to associate with you, so that will throw you among companions who are as weak as you. What chance can you have in the world if your companions are evil people? Every man who goes to jail, was once a little boy who had the chance to think and do only the honest things. He started out by acting smart. He creased a lot of habits into his character. After a few years, he found that it was not easy to forget those habits. Like the creases in the paper, they made themselves known. There was always a feeling that it was easier to fold up, like the creased paper, than to stand straight.

Think of all the fine men and women there are today. Think of those who have businesses of their own, and who are looked up to by their friends and even by strangers. They are the men and women who started right as boys and girls, and who refused to do the wrong things, and become slaves of habit. Instead of keeping their minds all tied up with the kinks of useless thoughts and desires, they kept their minds free and clear for the good, helpful thoughts.

If you only knew just what thought does to you, I am sure that you would be careful always of the way you think. I know that you would be careful about the things you say and do. You would not wish to be tied to a post for years and years. You would not wish to be put in jail so that you could not be out-doors and free like other people, and be happy in your honest work. Habits are like being tied to posts and being in jail.

Every habit has a beginning. Each time you give in to a habit, it becomes that much harder to free yourself from it. Each time you are strong enough to not be tempted by a wrong act or a wrong thought, you become that much more independent. You have added to your strength of character. Oh, there are so many failures and so many sick men and women, who made their great mistake in giving in to these childish habits. Those habits clung to them as they grew up, and their characters and health were weakened by these habits. Little bad habits led to big ones.

Try each day and each hour to think honest thoughts and do clean, honest things, and to not give in to any temptation, to not do anything that will harm others or yourself. Then you will not be bound down by habits. You will have character. You will grow up to success and happiness and the respect of others.

While millions look forward to meeting loved ones on the other side, there are some more millions who hold some future meetings in anything but pleasurable contemplation.

Wanted—A Wife

By D. A. REYNOLDS

I'm past the sixty mark, I know — I turned that
milestone long ago —
My hair is white, a little bald, my step is getting
rather slow;
Yet forty of the years I've known, I've led a joyous,
happy life,
With one who in my youth I chose to be my faithful,
loving wife.
And now that she has left me here, to tread life's
dreary path alone,
The way is dark, my heart is sad, for with her went
the light of home —
So now I seek another bride, whom I may cherish
and adore,
And I'll be satisfied if she is like the one now gone
before.

I could not love her quite the same as her who in
our early days
Was always joyous, kind and true, and held my
heart with girlish ways;
And when the cares and sorrows came, was always
there to do her part,
The braver of us two, I think, for she had given
God her heart;
And when the future seemed o'ercast with clouds as
dark as blackest night,
She saw beneath their threatening forms their silver
linings, fair and bright.
Oh, no; I could not love again, just like the one I
loved before,
For Love, once sealed by Sorrow's hand, will last
'till Time shall be no more.

I sit and think of anxious hours when we, expectant
parents, stood,
And watched the changes, day by day, that led to
sacred motherhood;
And when the day at last arrived, and she was
spared my joy to share,
I bowed my head beside her couch and bathed my
feverish soul in prayer.
We felt that to our lives was given the solace of this
gift divine,
For God had placed a soul within this body that
was hers and mine.
Oh, no; another ne'er could fill the void within my
aching breast,
Or heal the wound inflicted there when last we laid
her down to rest.

I stroll about the empty home — 'tis empty now
that she's not there —
I place the footstool on the rug that lies before her
easy chair;
I fondly fold her fancy work — her fingers fashioned
every flower —
And think of how I watched them weave, through
many a happy, happy hour;
I gaze upon the setting sun — we often watched it,
side by side —
And wondered what our lives would be when we had
crossed life's fitful tide.
Oh, no; another could not know, and fill the void
these scenes impart;
She could but soothe declining years — a solace to
an aching heart.

Her pictures hang upon the wall — 'twas her dear
hands that placed them there;
The draperies hang just as they were — they show
her grace and gentle care;
Her music lays with up-turned page, no hand has
waked the silent chord;
Her Bible rests upon the stand — 'twas her com-
munion with her Lord.
The shades are drawn, the mellow light invites her
spirit to return,
That I may feel her presence there, for which my
soul doth fondly yearn;
It is the Sanctum we, alone, have hallowed with our
evening prayer,
And though I'm lonely, sad, forlorn, I could not
greet another there.

And that most sacred place of all — our children
call it "Mother's Room" —
'Tis where I feel her presence most — 'tis where her
cherished flowers bloom;
'Tis where our babies came to us — 'tis where her
spirit took its flight
To join the spirit friends we knew in that great realm
of purest light;
'Tis where we found our greatest joys — 'tis where
our sorrows we could share;
'Tis where no strife could ever come, for Love
supreme was ever there;
'Tis where our souls in unison partook of Love's
enduring flame,
And though I tread life's paths alone, it cannot,
shall not be profaned.

'Tis there, at night, when all is still, the lights are out, and I alone,
Recline upon my lonely bed and breathe a prayer that she may come,
I feel a gentle zephyr float, a phosphorescent light I see;
And then I know my prayer is heard, for she, with love, returns to me.
And in my joy God's plan I praise; it robs us of our doubts and fears,
For Love has rent the veil between the mortal and immortal spheres;
So I will journey on alone, while she awaits at Heaven's gate —
Another might our joys impair — for I've not many years to wait.

FRONSTROM

FRONSTROM

Synopsis of Manuscripts I and II

"Fronstrom," whose identity is unknown, and who leaves no clue that will lead to it, was born in a Far Country, in idle wealth, wearied of it and went to a foreign land, hiring out to a farmer on the frontier. While riding in search of his herds one day, "Fronstrom" came on a strange company, celebrating with happiness the funeral rites of a child. The services were conducted by Immortelles, a materialized spirit. "Fronstrom" joined the community, and returned with them to their strange tent-city and attended school, learning much about natural law. He had come from a birth service, where all weep, and met the Patriarch and a band going to look after some strange "harvest."

MANUSCRIPT III

We rode under the white light of a full moon, and for miles none of the band said anything. Finally he came to the crest of a hill that overlooked a valley. Beyond, many miles distant, we could see the snow-clad range of mountains, the other side of which was mystery that few men knew, and none perfectly.

Dismounting, we walked to the brow of this hill, and found that it was precipitous—with a sheer drop of a hundred feet or more. For some time, as I gazed into the haze of the moonlight, I could make out no details, and then points of light became visible. They were moving.

"What may they be?" I asked the Patriarch, in surprise.

He smiled as he responded, "The workers."

I continued to let my gaze rest on these moving points of light, which now seemed to me more like tongues of flame—lambent flame, sometimes brilliant as phosphorus, and at other times an orange tint, shaded with red.

These flames at first seemed to be on the surface of the earth, but I noted that many of them arose above the earth, and some went higher even than the crest of the hill on which we stood.

"You said they are workers?" I queried in perplexity.

"Aye," the Patriarch replied, "workers—but not of the flesh. Watch closely, Fronstrom."

I followed these lights with my eyes, but lights they remained. I could make out no forms—only these flames, some larger than others, and varying in degrees of brilliancy. But as I watched, something else came before my notice—a soft, beautiful light that seemed to rise out of the valley itself, instead of falling into the valley.

Within a space of fifteen or twenty minutes, I could see the floor of the valley before me, bathed in a peculiar azure glow—a light different from any I had

ever seen, but which I since have seen in a limited way, in the works of man.

The valley was narrow—seemed to be shut in by walls on all sides. I fancy that it was not over two miles long, and half as wide. Its bed was rocky, and through its center was what I thought must have been the bed of some former stream.

At either end, the valley narrowed to a space of only a few feet, and continued north and south as a winding, treacherous canyon.

As I studied the scene beneath me, I was aware that another light was forming, this time golden in color, and arising seemingly out of a point two-thirds way across the valley, and almost opposite our position.

This light began to grow in intensity and size, until it spread over an area of several acres.

"There!" the Patriarch exclaimed, "that is the exact spot. Mark it well, Fronstrom. Put some marking here where we stand, so that you may recognize the position when you return."

I searched for something that would serve as a marker, and found a rock, weighing perhaps forty pounds, having strangely symmetrical ribs of dark and light—almost black and white. I carried it back to where the Patriarch stood, and placed it at his feet.

"Will this do?" I asked him, but he was looking straight ahead and I permitted my eyes to follow the direction of his gaze.

The flames were gone, and the golden glow had died. Only the white light of the moon remained. To my great surprise, I saw no valley at all—merely an undulation in the landscape. There was no precipice beneath us—and no canyon.

Gasping at my discovery, I felt the strong right hand of the Patriarch on my shoulder.

"Silence, lad!" he cautioned. And I stood at his side, while from afar off I could hear the clatter of many hoofs. I thought the notes of a bugle sounded.

"They are coming!" he said, motioning us to our horses. "They have been on their way for long. They are soldiers invading our peaceful land, and we must hurry back to camp lest they discover us here!"

"But what about our camp?" I asked in apprehension. "Surely, these soldiers will attack us there."

We were on our horses now, and the Patriarch motioned to us to proceed. He and I remained in the rear and the beasts, without urging or directing, started on a gentle trot toward home.

At times the Patriarch would arise in his saddle and push back his turban to bare his ears. And then we would urge our horses on again.

We had ridden so far to the mythical valley that it was evident that we would not return to camp before daybreak, and the Patriarch told us that we would hasten to a wood that lay to our right, and there seek shelter until the soldiers had passed on their way.

"But the camp?" I asked in apprehension, for I had learned to love the folk of the Homeland Community.

"They will be guided away from the camp," the Patriarch responded. "Right now we are in a dangerous zone, and unless we exercise all caution, I fear that we shall be dealt with harshly. The sun is near to its rising point, and we must not be in view when the horsemen are enabled to see this plain before them.

As we turned sharply toward the right (the south), with a full two miles of riding ahead of us before we could hope to make the cover of the thicket, there brushed alongside us a milk-white charger and on its back was Immortelles.

"No, no!" she cried, "not that way. The soldiers themselves will make the wood their hiding place by day. It is toward it they are riding now. Come, swing clearly to the north, and in ten minutes you will find a gully, with many overhanging ledges of rock. You will be safe from sight and free from the danger of being betrayed by sound, because this gully is nearly sound-proof, owing to its peculiar construction."

As we turned our steeds, she rode ahead and cautioned the others, and soon our band was riding straight north, while the soldiers, not two miles west of us, were speeding in our direction.

But as the waning light of the moon was giving way to the coming rays of the dawn, a bank of clouds gathered in the east, and the landscape was shrouded in the blackness of night.

Save for the paling stars overhead, we would not have known that it was an hour past midnight.

The sound of the hoofs of the cavalry, as I took the soldiers to be, became a great clatter, quite drowning out the hoofbeats of our own horses, few in number. Ahead of us, visible through the sudden gloom, we could discern the white charger on which Immortelles rode, and after a few minutes of fast riding we saw the white horse swerve suddenly to the west, and then begin to climb easily down a steep declivity. We followed.

The trail led through many winding ways, to a gully that was perhaps a hun-

dred or more feet below the surface of the plain, and this gully had many deep recesses made by the shelving of rock that projected from the rugged walls.

The white charger went into one of the deepest of these recesses and we followed. We were hidden completely from view, not less than a hundred yards from the floor of the gully itself. There was ample room for ten times the horses and men comprising our party, and no sound carried in or out of this secret chamber.

There was a small, cold stream flowing down one side of this cave, and we had ample water for our horses and ourselves. But when we had dismounted, and I looked around to see what had become of Immortelles and her beautiful steed, neither was in sight. But at that moment her voice spoke near to me. She said softly, "Fronstrom, watch the Patriarch well. He is old and he has overdone. For the time, farewell."

I turned to thank her, but instead of seeing this beautiful and most glorified spirit, I beheld the Patriarch, dimly visible in the half-light. He had fallen to his side, and was struggling to arise. Taking the blanket from my horse, I placed it on the ground and laid him gently on it.

Then I rushed to get some cold water to bathe his brow, and hastened back to his side. He was very quiet now, and breathing with difficulty.

All that morning I nursed the old gentleman, fearing every moment would be his last. But toward afternoon he rallied and was given some nourishment by members of the band.

"Fronstrom," he said, motioning me to his side, "my day is nearly done. I thought that I would be able to ride out whenever I willed, but I can see that henceforth my place is in the camp. You have marked the spot, Fronstrom, and know what you saw. In riding over that place, it is possible that the horsemen may have displaced your rock. But keep in your mind that which you saw, and the way you saw it. I am fearful, Fronstrom," and he lapsed into unconsciousness. For a full hour he scarcely breathed.

When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he motioned to me to bend low my head, and when I had complied, he whispered into my ear words that frightened me, and then thrilled me. Then he kissed my brow, and I returned my salute of affection. Lying quietly for some moments, he raised himself slowly and painfully, while I supported him, and he took from his shoulders the mantle of his rank and authority and placed it over my shoulders. The others saw and saluted me.

The Patriarch sank back upon his blanket, and with a gasp his spirit had departed. Kneeling beside him, I wept with fear and hopelessness, forgetting the lessons of the Community. And I

wept, also, over the knowledge that had come to me, for I realized that with such knowledge not only was there a full measure of sweetness that I had never known before, but there was no small measure of bitterness that goes with great responsibility.

The words which the Patriarch spoke to me, and which I am forbidden to repeat to any man, touch upon the salvation of the world, and presage a turning point in the affairs of men that will be momentous beyond belief.

While I knelt in mingled fear and reverence, Immortelles touched me lightly on the shoulder, and, looking up, I saw her with the Patriarch by her side. No longer was he bent with years, but tall and powerful and youthful. He smiled at me and waved his hands, and in a thrice he and the protecting angel were vanished, and I drew my feet beneath my body and sat contemplating deeply the strange revelations that had come to me.

Recovering after about an hour, and realizing that I was now in command, I who had so much to learn, I despatched one of the men to the brow of the gully to report whatever he could see. He returned shortly, and told me that the plain was filled with scouts, who were searching diligently to find where the hoofprints of our steeds led, and I was gravely concerned. So our presence, in a manner, was known? Suppose that they would find us, but I recalled the secret which the Patriarch had imparted to me, and smiled. I knew that we were safe.

When night had come, and we were contemplating our flight, once more the white charger appeared, but this time it was the Patriarch himself astride the beautiful steed. He led us out of the gully to the east, and thence through an undergrowth toward the camp. His body we had placed upon one of the largest horses, and tenderly we kept vigil over it as we rode cautiously through the night.

At length the moon arose, but it was screened by many fleecy clouds, and we did not attempt to go at any rapid pace, except at times when the white charger urged us forward.

Before midnight we were back again in camp, but a great celebration already was in progress, because spirit friends had informed the Community of what had occurred. I was greeted as the new leader, and the body of the Patriarch was placed on a flower-bedecked wagon, to await the coming of the morrow, when the burial was to take place.

We did not see or hear about the soldiers. True to the guidance that shielded us, they were led away by a different route, but it was their work that spread a great conflagration that moved to other lands, and brought upon the world much hardship.

It was not so much the war which they

carried on as the ideas they promulgated: ideas that were destined to plunge the world into an era of the rankest materialism—and with it the keenest suffering.

I shall not describe the burial of the Patriarch. Long before the funeral festivities (for such events in the Community always were sources of happiness) I saw before me the path of duty. My mind was now weighted down by responsibilities that I had never dreamed would come to me, and I remained apart from the others a great deal and prayed earnestly, straight from the heart, that I would have strength, courage and foresight sufficient unto the ends for which I was beholden.

(To be continued)

"Yes," said the little boy returning from his first visit to Sunday School, "I have been Pastorized."

Mother Goose wrote lots better stuff than most of the current criticism that is directed against Spiritualism.

No matter what you may think of "Communication," leastwise it is not being filled or edited by means of the scissors.

We don't hate any of these enemies with whom we essay bouts. The only thing we hate, is to miss the opportunity of taking up the argument with them.

Every time any mortal helps to "frame" on another, that deluded human is framing on himself. The Law of Compensation works not just now and then, but always—without end.

Technically, these quips are called "fillers," which is true—because not only do they fill odd spaces in the magazine, but they are intended to fill your mind with suggestions that merit contemplation.

If you ever expect that the time may come when you will ask God to be merciful, why not practise mercy now? If you feel that, sometime and somewhere, you may ask to be given another chance, begin by giving others a chance here and now.

Many mortals delight in believing that they are subtle, but their subtleties are mostly of their own imagination. If mortals could put as much logic into as few words as those on the spirit-side prove they can do, this would be a much more subtle and clever world than it is today.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST

By C. Wright Davison

A Synopsis of Previous Articles

After starting as a poor boy, and meeting many handicaps and newly married, Mr. Davison had lost his savings in an ill-starred religious publication; had made another start and nearly lost everything again in a type-setting machine, and after acquiring a fortune had lost it in various ventures, to invent an article of glass that would have brought him another fortune had he not listened to the false advice of a misinformed, egotistical friend.

When Job was sorely distressed, and his camels and other animals, his property and his family had been taken from him, still he refused to doubt God. If he doubted God, there was nothing left in which to place his faith.

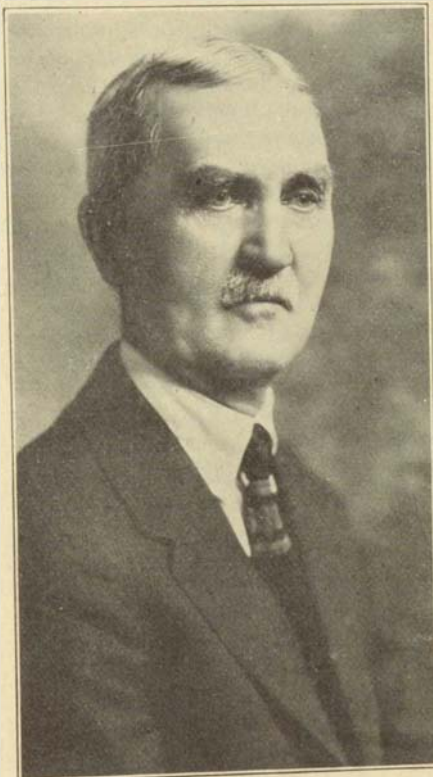
I have always felt great compassion for Job, and especially since many of my own heart-breaking experiences. I had failed in my European trip, had listened to a false friend just when I was on the eve of victory, and had returned to America sadder, and I hope wiser. I reached my home-town with twenty-five dollars in my purse. My beautiful home was gone. I was placed where I must start all over. To add to my woes, I was handed a telegram informing me that my son was very ill in Montana. But still, I was glad that I had returned in time. That, at least, was a blessing. My experience had taught me something, I was healthy, and my friends were kind. I had much to be thankful for, and I think none of us knows how to value friendship until we are placed in position where we need friends, and find them not wanting when they are weighed in the measure of our sorrow.

I went back to the business I had learned years before, the publishing of directories. I was learning how to take a new view of life.

An old business friend of mine took me out to his cottage at Lake Minnetonka, and the view was beautiful and restful. After we had eaten he asked me to take a walk with him, and inspect an acre-lot that lay near his house. He asked me how I liked it, and I was filled with fervor in my praise of its beautiful location.

"This lot," he said, "is for you. Get some tools and start in. Your back is not broken yet, and this work will straighten it up, and put more strength in it."

Half the time I worked on my lot, clearing it, and the other half of the time I worked in Minneapolis. Gradually I cleared the lot, and with scarcely any help, I constructed an eight-room house.



C. WRIGHT DAVISON.

It was beautiful. At least, it always seemed that way to me. It was so well constructed that I could keep it warm in the severest weather with just one stove. I had a fine orchard that some years produced in excess of a hundred bushels of fruit, and an excellent vegetable garden. I had built stone walks all around the house, and had installed sanitary sewage. My heart was in this home. It meant hope and peace to me.

Again the manufacturing field beckoned to me. This time, I became interested in a button-hole making device, and had a contract for five thousand, on condition that the first five hundred proved successful. I secured control of a machine-shop, and proceeded, as I thought, carefully. My partners, believing that I had unlimited money, made up the entire five thousand, and the result was a dead loss to our firm of thirty thousand dollars. It was apparent that I was not done with trying experiences.

Up to this time, my troubles had been financial. Now they were different, for I found that my sight was failing, and no glasses would aid me. I tried pair after pair, but my need was an oculist and not an optician.

But even the oculist could not assist me. Each visit was costing me money—money which I did not have; and one after another, these specialists held out no hope for me. I was having hypodermic injections of arsenic sufficient each day to kill three men. I was weak physically—had to guess about even signing my name. The light of the world was going out, and for the first time in my life, I was wicked enough to wish for the end. I was ashamed to return home, ashamed to face my friends, bankrupt and going blind.

I think that all the hurts of my existence were accumulating and throwing themselves upon me. The future was black, and the sunshine was a dull gray. This was in 1912, and I was now a man past my sixtieth year.

How many times in my life I had showered money upon others, and in this, my age of distress, what did I receive in return? Only the thanks that come from those upon whom luxury has been forced. They told me that I was a fool!

Near the holidays of 1912, I was obliged to be in Minneapolis, and my step-son said, in talking to me about my failing sight, "I should think you would see our old friend, the oculist, Dr. B. F. Graham. He is considered one of the great oculists of the day." I do not know why I had not thought of Dr. Graham before, and I decided to see him.

"Hello, old sport!" was his greeting as I came into his office. He listened to my story and then gave me a careful examination.

"Davison," he said, "your eyes are bad. The nerves are paralyzed. You smoke too much."

"How can that be?" I replied. "Do not our cells renew frequently?"

He looked at me thoughtfully and then said, "I have cared for your family and children for years, and never once sent a bill. Do you think I would lie to you?"

I admitted gladly that I knew he would not.

He told me that he wished me to put myself under his treatment for a few weeks, and that I must remember that my time for being able to find my way around was limited.

I explained that it was impossible for me to follow his advice, except regarding the smoking, but that I would be back in a short time. But that time was never to come, for the next month, the good doctor joined the hosts of spirit. I felt

disconsolate. I felt that my best and truest friend was gone.

I tried Christian Science. It did not seem to help me. I believed that nothing would help me. I was getting old, was in debt, and was nearly blind. What prospect had I to "come back?"

Through divinely blessed guidance, I was thrown into the company of a man who was interested in Spiritualism.

This man, a Dr. Quitman, was living at the same hotel in Chicago at which I was staying. We had become acquainted casually and he had asked me my business. I told him.

He said, "I suppose you think that you invented this device yourself."

"No," I replied, "I did not invent it. I bought it, but I have invented several devices."

He laughed heartily. "Why, man," he responded, "no mortal ever invents or originates anything. He is just the instrument of higher forces; that and nothing beyond."

I told him that I could not question what he said, that all of my inventions excepting one had come to me in dreams, and that one I saw—as tangible as material—in the broad daylight. The vision of it had stayed before me until a draftsman had made his drawings from my description.

"Would you like to become better acquainted with Spiritualism?" he asked.

I told him that I would.

"Would you be afraid to meet and talk with your mother?" he asked.

"Would I be afraid to meet and talk with an angel?" I responded, for to me my mother had always been an angel, even while she was here on earth.

"Would you be afraid to meet and sit in the darkness for these communications?" he questioned me.

I replied that I would not, but wished to know why it was necessary to sit in the dark.

"All life comes out of darkness," he said, "the seed must be planted in the dark to bring forth life, and the soul that is eternal must be brought from darkness to light. In the light, mortals are too positive. In the darkness, they are passive and they seek."

Giving me instructions, he took me one evening to the Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, of which Mrs. Cecil M. Cook is Pastor and Medium. He cautioned me not to give my name. He was looking for more fests for himself.

I was agreeably surprised to find that the eighteen or twenty persons present were as intelligent as I, and some I think more intelligent than I. Therefore, I felt that it was my duty to say what was on my mind.

"Dr. Quitman tells me," I said just before the seance started, "that a skeptic may spoil results. I confess that I am skeptical, but I shall try to be open-

minded. If you think it best for me to not stay, I will leave."

I was told that I might stay.

The medium took her chair about two feet in front of me, and then the lights were turned out. I had noticed two tin, or aluminum, trumpets or megaphones standing near a pan of water at the medium's side, and no sooner was the room darkened than these trumpets began to move around, tapping Dr. Quitman and myself on the knees. Then the doctor said, to his daughter in spirit, "Take this music-box, Ruby, take it."

The box he referred to was a small music-box, and it was carried around the room several times as it played its tunes. This to me was contrary to the law of gravity and I leaned over to feel if the medium was not manipulating the box. Quick as a flash, one of the trumpets tapped me on the head, and a voice said, "This is Ruby, Mr. Davison. Sit up straight." I did so hurriedly.

When the music had ceased, a beautiful voice sang two verses of an old familiar song, and I said, "That song was a favorite of mother's, and that is the way she used to sing it, too."

Then, in front of me, I heard a voice, my mother's voice, and she said, "Yes, my boy, I have been with you all these years and I got you down to the hotel (which was just a few blocks distant), but I could not get you here." Then, turning to Dr. Quitman, she said, "I thank you, doctor, for bringing me my boy. Now, I have got him."

I started to speak to her, but she interrupted me, saying, "Wait, my boy. Do you remember those long, long years when, as a boy, you remained away from home?" I answered, "Yes, mother, six long years, and you and father had grown so old and the children had grown up so, I felt as though I had lost you all."

"I do not care for that," she responded, "but I tried hard to learn from you about that old orthodox religion I had taught you, and I found that I had to pick it out of you little by little. I had found that you were changed so in your belief, that I told you that you were an awful boy. And you said, 'Mother, if God's religion is of love along the lines I tell you, in the place of one of fear that you taught me, would you be any happier in living it?' And I told you, 'Yes, my boy, much happier.' And you were nearer right than I was, my boy, and that old orthodox religion I taught you was no religion at all."

And, happy beyond description, I spoke up and said, "That is my proof beyond all doubt. Word for word, that is a conversation that took place between mother and me nearly forty years ago."

I had found something at the rainbow's end; not a pot of material gold, but something infinitely more precious. I knew that the mother who had given me birth,

who had reared me and nursed me, and been tender and loving to me, lived now as much as she had lived then. I felt that a great burden had been taken from my shoulders and from my heart.

I listened to every word that was said in the seance that night. I had been transported to another kind of world. A new kind of hope had come into my life.

I asked about father, but mother told me that he was not familiar with the forces as yet, but would talk to me the next time I came.

At my next seance, a voice directly in front of me called, "Wright!" I asked who it was, and the voice replied, "Father." I had said, "I am glad to greet you, father," and had intended to continue when he said:

"Wait, son; I want you to forgive me for the unmerciful floggings I gave you in your childhood. You did not need them, and I did not understand you. I shall never forget the time that you went fishing on Sunday and caught that beautiful string of fish, and how I flogged you until you were marked from shoulder to hip. That memory hurts most of all."

I answered, "Father, I think it did me good, for ever since I have refrained from doing on Sunday what I could do as well on Monday."

"That is not what I asked you," he replied. "I want you to forgive me."

"You know I do," I responded, and there was a note of triumph in his voice when he said, "Now I am free!"

And perhaps the time may come when each of us will crave some human forgiveness, and will find that there is no progress, no forward march in the great progression of eternity, so long as one wrong remains unrighted.

It is not possible for me to tell you what this reunion with loved ones meant to me. In all my trouble, I now knew that there was a bright ray of hope shining, and that hope and that knowledge of life immortal, comprised the sweetest thing that had ever come into my life. I was compensated for the pain and hardship I had suffered, and I wanted to continue to live in the flesh, until I could regain the position I once had occupied!

(To be continued)

The certainties of yesterday, are the uncertainties of today, and the stand-pat views of today will be dissipated tomorrow as vague theories that refused to stand the test.

In order to have the benefit of every article or instructive series, running in installments in "Communication," send your subscription surely—now—and be certain of every number of this magazine, and its broadening, deepening interest for you.

Press Comments and Criticisms

We invite readers of "Communication" to send us clippings from newspapers and magazines relating to Spiritualism. We especially invite criticisms, and ask our readers to please note somewhere on the margin of the clipping the name of the paper as well as the date on which the article appeared. We can not answer all of these criticisms. Our readers will find that in this department we have selected typical criticisms that answer others in the same class.—The Editor.

AIDED BY PATTI

Now and then newspapers publish items purporting to favor Spiritualism. But the following is very much like "Svengelli." If this young lady had musical talent to begin with, the results could be as portrayed.

The following is from *The Boston Post* of March 15, the dispatch being from New York:

A miracle has happened in the life of Miss Belle Philrose of 821 Crescent Street, Astoria, L. I., in the belief of Miss Philrose and the family with whom she has made her home for many years. Adeline Patti, they say, has appeared to the young woman on innumerable occasions since the latter part of last October, commanding her to play and sing, guiding her in these exercises and even teaching her how to pronounce the Italian words accompanying a song.

Although Miss Philrose says that previous to the appearance of Patti last October she had never attempted either to sing or play the piano and that she does not know one note from the other, she is able to sing songs she has never heard when the written music is before her and to accompany herself on the piano. Dr. Walter F. Prince, investigating officer of the Psychical Research Society, who saw Miss Philrose at her home yesterday, said that as far as present appearances are concerned he regards the case as the most remarkable example of musical control that he has ever known.

"And present appearances are perfectly genuine," added Dr. Prince. "I am profoundly impressed with this case and shall make a thorough study of it."

There have been instances of a similar nature, but life in this world is based on experience, and success should not only come as a reward of effort, but as a development of inherent talent.

A PRIEST-MAGICIAN'S CLAIMS

From *The Boston Post* of March 8 we take the following:

Eight hundred men and women, guests of the Philomatheia Club, were actually led into a "seance" yesterday afternoon by the Rev. Charles De Heredia, S. J., of

Holy Cross College, who in exposing spiritism demonstrated to his audience some of the trickeries and magic arts of mediums and promoters of spiritism.

"Anyone who is trained can do the very things I can do," he declared, "and I was trained by a real Mexican trickster when I was a boy in Mexico. The things I am going to do will baffle you and you will really be in a 'trance,' but were you trained in the same way I am you could do it also."

And then, in a long single file, he led his 800 men and women into darkness and a "seance."

All lights were put out, and as the audience sat spellbound, they saw a table covered with a white cloth move about, although no one was near the table; they heard the "medium" call to the spirits to answer him and they heard as plain as could be the ghostly little knocks in reply.

Then the lights were put on and they saw a rag doll taken out of a reporter's hat, although the reporter had the hat on his head a minute before.

Lights were out again and they saw the "medium" sitting on a chair with his hands and arms bound so tight with cord that it caused him physical suffering. Yet they saw a hat taken off the *Post* reporter's head, although the "medium's" hands were still bound to the chair.

Father De Heredia performed his most clever trick when he passed a paper around the audience for signatures and then put it in a little box and the box suddenly disappeared. He told three men, whom he picked at random, to go to the rector's office in the college, "wherever that is, and you will find the box."

The men went to the rector's office, which was in the next building, and later returned with the little box holding the signatures of the men and women in the audience.

Trick after trick with cards and with a ouija board were played by Father De Heredia, all the time he baffled his audience as any magician ever did. He said he might later explain how he performed the stunts but declined explanation yesterday.

The Rev. De Heredia was clever at trickery, no doubt, but why did he not produce messages, and give facts and other unquestioned evidence of communicating intelligences?

For some inexplicable reason these folk who "expose" mediumship content themselves with tricks. They do not bring any evidence of personality. They do not show full form materializations that are

recognized by those present, forms which materialize before the audience.

Not one of these critics, who bases his exposition on trickery, has ever or can ever produce the phenomena or the valid communications of a genuine seance. The uninformed public may think that these "exposes" are unanswerable, but to the experienced Spiritualist they bear no similarity to the manifestations of Spiritualism.

GOING BACK ON HIS CREED

The following was taken from a recent issue of a Boston paper:

"The crowning triumph for the exponents of spiritism would be to uphold the scientific proof given by Sir Oliver Lodge and others of prestige and position, yet, in every case I know of, absolutely no scientific proof was given. Whether it is Basil King or Margaret Deland they all start to prove that a soul which has died has come back to life to talk, but they always end up by giving an interesting account of table-tilting," the Rev. Gerald C. Treacy, S. J., told the members of the Philomatheia Club yesterday afternoon.

"It is a patent fact to one who follows spiritism that its twin sister is propaganda," he went on. "Every magazine in America is dwelling on this great new question, giving articles on communicating with the dead. The cruel things about propaganda is that it plays upon the most sacred human emotions. It guarantees to the bereaved that their beloved dead are not dead."

So Father Treacy thinks it is abhorrent that Spiritualists should attempt to guarantee to the bereaved that their beloved ones are not dead?

Tut! Why does the Roman Catholic church continue to do such a flourishing business praying souls out of purgatory? If they die, with the body, why the masses?

For ages religions have existed on the basis of claiming immortality. Now, when we agree with them and offer the proof, they call us liars!

"MR. CARADOC'S REVELATION"

The book reviewer of *The Sun and Herald*, New York, offers the following concerning "Fear Not the Crossing," by Gail Williams. Either the book is a fearful mixture, as the critic says, or the critic's mind is a fearful mixture. We have not read the book, but we wonder if it really can be as bad a nightmare as the criticism dealing with it! Here is the criticism:

The Theosophists tell us that when we quit Here and go Over There we leave behind us "habit-shells." They are constructed of ether and gas. They retain, as semi-lifeless automata, our gestures, both mental and physical. They lack spontaneity and will. They are whirled hither and thither like cloudrack in the wills and the vibrations of the living. They loaf around the places for awhile, before dissolving utterly, where they "died," and sometimes appear as phosphorized entities which we call "ghosts."

They are only smoke-shapes out of the ashes of the pipe bowl of life. They merely burlesque the soul and satirize the mystery of the quick. They cluster around "mediums," ouija boards and neurotics.

Most living beings are only higher developments of these habit-shells. We all live, spiritually, mentally and physically, automatic lives. We are a cluster of habits, prejudices, dogmas. Rare geniuses break these moulds completely and burst their habit-shells. Our lives are a continual obedience and obeisance to the dead. We are ghost piled on ghost. It is with these handicaps that we tackle the "New Revelation." Our work-a-day habits, our cock-sure materialism, our religious, moral and torized mental structures condense into a cynical attitude before the great mass of spiritistic messages that pour out of the presses of the publishing houses.

Bosh! Tush! Bunk! we cry automatically, all our million or so stratified habit-shells chorusing, "We second the motion!" But the Spirit of Curiosity—eternal and blessed spark, as fearless as Lucifer and as religious as doubt—has to be reckoned with. It is anti-Tory, anti-habit-shell, an eternal Columbus standing in the rigging of the Santa Marias of human evolution waiting to shout joyfully, "Another mystery on the horizon! Let's find out what it is even if the old Caravel of Certainties sinks under us!" So let us be honest and open, and even curious, in the face of dishonesty, mediumistic toryism and ouija-board cock-sureness.

In spite of its vagueness, its commonplace religiosity, its Emersonian cant and its rapt Chautauqua periods, there is something that struck us as uncomfortably convincing about *Fear Not the Crossing*, written by Gail Williams. We felt some of our habit-shells of "enlightened materialism" peeling off as we read on in these "messages" received through a table from a "Mr. Caradoc" killed in Northern France while in the air service. Gail Williams herself suspends judgment on the whole thing. She received these "messages" while experimenting as a tyro in the ancient game, and gives them to the world for what they are worth. That they are all the subconscious thoughts of Gail Williams herself typed out on a table by the habit-shell of "Mr. Caradoc" we have no doubt—that is, we would have no doubt if we did not sometimes doubt our

doubts, which is an awful fix for an independent investigator. The next station is Pyrrhonism, and the last stop on that route is Nirvana, the Bronx Park of the Illuminati.

These "messages" from "Mr. Caradoc" were received in the winter and spring of 1918. He says that the great war on earth has engendered kindred vibrations of love and hate in the spirit world. Things were upset completely over there by the vast hordes of new spirits that arrived every week or so. Dying so quickly on the battlefields, they carried their terrors and visions and hates with them. Thousands battled on, he hints. But the cause of the Allies is just, and he warns against a hasty or inconclusive peace. All this is not really as foolish as it reads, as this "spirit" insists over and over that "death" is not a breaking off, but a continuation; that earth-life and spirit-life are really one life; that they interact at each minute and that whatever happens here affects life over there.

The physical body disappears, and "Mr. Caradoc" utters a curious thank-God-for-that! "Since modern plumbing, with its wealth of attractions in white enamel, came into the world as a *sine qua non*, consider the sums required to be spent in keeping up one's surface. Then the ubiquitous interiors of men and their incessant demands!" This is all done away with in the realm Caradocian. No showers, no bathtubs, no military brushes, no eating, no interior organs, no germs, no doctors, no Copelands or Hoovers. This is the best written ad. we have yet seen advertising the merits of life in the ether. Some day a Tody Hamilton of Spiritland will arise and billboard the earth with pleasures to be derived by dying. Think of a realm where the toothbrush is unknown and the humble castor bean is no longer hoarded!

"Mr. Caradoc" advises strongly against suicide. It sometimes kills the psyche. If it doesn't it lands you in a kind of sub-etheric purgatory, where you stand as a wraith watching your natural days on earth go past with all the fun you might have got out of them. Elias Lieberman could make a great poem out of this. Grant Allen once said that suicide was such an obvious way out of our troubles that there must be some trick about it. Suicide, as a matter of fact, is a great life-gesture. It is a desire for sleep and a forgetting, and, according to some opinions, a regenerative waking up where our wills will always throw three sixes. But "Mr. Caradoc" is vague about suicides, as he is about everything else. We are convinced of his ignorance.

The best parts of the book are "Mr. Caradoc's" admonitions about living Over Here. He is a mental scientist, and here our ghost is on solid ground. But the book tells us nothing that Mrs. Eddy, Ralph Waldo Trine and every fifth-rate "prac-

itioner" has not told us over and over. Flat unconscious steals from the Hindus and Spinoza and the simple application of Shakespeare's remark that "Nothing is good or evil, but thinking makes it so." Add to this "relaxation," "outswimming" and the art of "spiritual listening," and all power is yours. It needs no ghost to come out of the ether to tell us this, Mr. Caradoc.

The "revelation" is perfectly convincing because we all knew it before. To believe it and practice it—ah, that's another thing!

That is the criticism. Now, the thing we should like to know about book reviews is this: Do the writings of these critics represent literature, is it really in language, or is it the art of the futurist reduced to words?

"EPIDEMICS OF THE OCCULT"

From *The New York Times* of recent date we copy the following, by Eva Madden, author of "Two Royal Toes," and other books:

A member of the faculty of the University of Michigan has pronounced the ouija board craze of today a national menace. Sir Oliver Lodge, in retort, has declared that the use of it is fraught with no danger to strong minds.

Meanwhile Maeterlinck comes to us with his message concerning things heretofore considered beyond our ken; the discussion of the wax-doll cult revives in our papers; Mrs. Bennett, arrested, drags in, justly or unjustly, her "spirit control divine"; Sir Oliver Lodge lectures on "The Reality of the Unseen"; Conan Doyle says he has talked with one from that bourne from which we have been told none return; and students in colleges, families in homes bend over ouija boards, scan palms, and gather around spirit-summoning tables.

The ouija, in return, obligingly writes books, dictates poems, advises the troubled, comforts the bereaved, and gives advice.

It is a curious phenomenon that a flare-up of this interest in the occult seems to have taken place nearly always at the period of great wars. To read the history of the occult in these epochs is to unearth a veritable Arabian Nights entertainment of intrigue, enchantment, love, crime. Passing over Saul in Jewish wartime seeking the Witch of Endor, Shakespeare's introduction of the occult in his great war plays, the stories of necromancers and magic in many lands, we find that interest in the occult seems to have reached a fervor equal to the heat of our day in the period of the great religious war struggle of the Reformation. It was then that the whole court of James I of England gave itself up in aristocratic abandonment to this cult for knowing and controlling the unseen.

"Voices" spoke to occultly opened ears;

"psychic controls," called in that day "fathers," presided over groups of adoring women. The fashionable took to astrology, crystal gazing. The King, on his part, wrote a book on demonology.

In the Days of James I

It all started with a fashionable interest in astrology and crystal gazing. It quickly became the mode for the great to retain in their employ, later in their homes, a star gazer or crystal reader. These men, always on ample salaries (for the occult seldom gives itself for nothing), had for duties a daily report on the heavens and crystal in relation to the affairs and destinies of the employer and his family. Hated by the populace, who scented apparently their coming influence, they were popularly called "devils." Every great man kept his own particular "devil." Percy having a cult for magi, or wise men; Rochester paying large sums to the greatest of the sorcerers; Simon Forman, Buckingham, supporting the redoubtable astrologer, Dr. Lamb.

As their hold on their "sons and daughters" grew, the psychics were established in luxurious quarters. Dr. Lamb resided in York House, where Bacon had but recently written his "Novum Organum." Simon Forman, for some reason of his own, kept a diary in which he recorded the name of every client who came to him and the sums of money paid for advice. From the records it will be seen that immense sums were steadily given for casting of horoscopes, communications from the unseen, wax dolls by which to be rid of enemies or troublesome husbands or wives, love philters, charms and, finally, for poisons in secret forms.

The noble ladies, on their part, kept as a rule to their own sex for consultations, supporting not devils but witches. These women seem always to have lived in their own establishments and to have plied their trade with more secrecy than the men. All the great ladies of the day went to them, for fortune-telling, horoscopes, crystal reading, but more often for love charms and philters, for wax dolls, white crosses and bits of human skin.

Among them came the fair but frail young Countess of Essex, the Lady Macbeth of the great drama of Sir Thomas Overbury. Her desire was to be rid of her husband and later of Overbury, that she might wed the friend of the latter, handsome Robert Carr, the Earl of Rochester, and she was willing to pay any amount to be told how to do it.

The most famous of the witches were Mary Wood and Ann Turner, the first a "miracle worker," much sought after because of her specialty of her own kind of wax puppet or doll. The second, a young woman of great beauty and of a bearing almost aristocratic, is known in history as the "white witch." Her chief patroness was the Countess of Essex.

"Mischievous Imps"

This Ann Turner seems to have been something of an Emma Goldman, for she, too, announced that she was here to be about "the business of Satan," and called herself "a priestess of the spontaneous." It was said of her that she had brought her understanding of the female heart to the certainty of a science. Her wax dolls, however, do not seem to have rid the Countess of Essex of her husband, for we find that lady seeking the more certain ones of Mary Wood, who took her one day for further advice to a lonely house in Lambeth Fields. There, his eyes on the stars, lived Simon Forman. His influence over the young Countess was instantaneous. She became his "adopted daughter," called him father, and sat humbly at his feet. In return he gave her a list of the imps of hell, and told her how to summon them, that they might do her bidding.

The writer remembers hearing Mrs. Annie Besant, in a talk at Lady Paget's Florence villa, declare that in her belief the individuals who conversed with mediums, wrote on slates and so on were but mischievous and impish spirits who desired to have some amusement out of man, or perhaps do him evil—evidently these same old imps of Simon Forman.

The Countess of Essex, burning to be rid of Overbury, who was doing his best by writing "The Wife" to save Rochester from her toils, went also to Dr. Lamb, the "psychic control divine" or "devil" of Buckingham. Of all the devils he is the most famous. His life—a drama in itself.

We first hear of him in the nursery of Lady Compton, that scullery maid who married three noblemen of England and who, by the first of these husbands, became the mother of George Villiers, afterward the renowned Duke of Buckingham. Whether or not he was there as doctor we do not know, only hearing of how he gave the children a strange decoction to be drunk with mystic rites as a road to coming good fortune.

Lady Compton, whose marvelous rise in the world had been foretold in her kitchen days by a fortune teller, was a firm believer in the occult, and when her son, George, came home from his studies she introduced him to Dr. Lamb. He was a charming boy then, too good, people declared, to succeed at Court. He began his play with the occult probably in much the same spirit of the Ann Arbor ouija board players. It amused him to learn to read the stars and cast horoscopes, and it was fun to tell fortunes by a puff of smoke.

Buckingham and the Soothsayer

Dr. Lamb, however, was in earnest, and one day uttered the words that made him ever after the ruler of George Villiers.

"Our two destinies," he told him, "are

written together in the heavens. If I live, you live; if I die, you follow."

From that moment his psychic control was complete. As George Villiers prospered, the soothsayer prospered, and, living off the fat of the land in York House, became supreme.

"Who rules the King?" demanded a placard on London city gates. "The Duke" was its answer. "Who rules the Duke?" it went on, meaning of course Buckingham. "The devil," was the answer, meaning Dr. Lamb.

In the course of time Dr. Lamb came into possession of nearly all of the secrets of England, and had so perfected himself in occultism that it was declared that he could raise the dead and set the heavens ablaze. Lady Perbeck became his adopted "daughter." Thrown into the Marshalsea on the charge of casting a spell over Lord Windsor, he informed the King that unless he went free, the secrets of his favorites and a goodly amount more would become public property. James in terror at once had him liberated. When sent again to the Tower on the charge of a father whose daughter had been influenced psychically to her undoing, he announced that he could unveil the whole secret history of the gunpowder plot, and he was liberated even more quickly than before.

Dr. Lamb's great demonstration of power came during the famous Arundel debate in Parliament. At the moment when the party of the Duke of Buckingham was getting the worst of it, so the story goes, a strange and terrifying sound came from the river. Rushing to the windows the peers beheld a marvelous sight. Over the Thames hung a mist. The waves were boiling furiously, as if in a cauldron, and out of their commotion was rising a circular mass of storm. It beat and raged against the stairs, walls, bulwarks of York House, then rose as smoke from a fire and, unable to overturn Buckingham's residence—symbolic of his power—floated off into nothing in the heavens, leaving a smiling and sunny river on whose calm waves rode Dr. Lamb in a boat.

It is a historic fact that Lamb and George Villiers, one in life, because of the horoscope, in their death were divided but by a breath of time. Dr. Lamb met his end at the hands of a mob of youths who chased him in and out of houses until he fell from exhaustion and died soon after. Buckingham, passing through a narrow and badly lighted corridor not long after, was set upon and stabbed by a man named Felton, whose only justification was that he had been commanded to do it by what he called "The Voice."

The Countess of Essex and the "white witch" fared hardly better. The one went to the Tower, the other to the unseen into which she was given to peering, for complicity in the death of Sir Thomas

Overbury. Confronted by a bundle of her wax dolls, the "white witch" made a clean breast of it, startling all England with the revelation that what had seemed but the poisoning of one man was a far-reaching political and criminal plot whose greatest victim had been the beloved "Prince Henry," who had, swore the "white witch" been put out of the way by a poisoned bunch of grapes.

In the Napoleonic Era

Witches in the Napoleonic era seem to have turned themselves into clairvoyants, devils into Herr Pastors. Strange new religions rose and the great ladies sat at the feet again of men calling themselves "Pastors," who claimed power to heal the sick, feed the hungry, and counsel the female seeker after the latest religious fad. There were many of these men, some teaching the doctrines of Swedenborg, others varieties of occult faiths. The best known of them was Herr Pastor Fontaine, a German of French descent. To him, one day, came a beautiful woman, famous throughout European fashionable circles for her famous shawl dance, her beauty, position, charm, in literary circles for her much-read novels. She was very rich, being the only child of a merchant prince and nobleman of Riga, widow of an Ambassador. Burning with zeal as a result of her recent conversion by a Moravian shoemaker of Riga, and a woman ever up to date, she had gone first to hear of Swedenborg's teaching from Pastor Jung Stilling and by his advice to Herr Pastor Obelin, so-called seer, but a man who never let the occult interfere with his high sense of duty and rectitude.

The enthusiastic Baroness, however, found these men too tame. She desired something more startling, more mystic. Fontaine was a miracle worker, talked of everywhere, and so she went to him, taking up her abode for better study under his roof. In the employ of this Herr Pastor was one Maria Krummin, a sonnambulist. Apparently, she was as much the queen of the clairvoyants as Ann Turner had been of the witches. She went into trances daily, the Baroness no doubt paying much of her ample salary. In one of these trances she told the Baroness that she had come into the world to perform marvels for the kingdom of heaven and that Fontaine was to become her apostle.

This pupil and patron, Baroness and mystic, was the originator of the famous "Christian Alliance," or League of Austria, Prussia and Russia to enforce government on Christian principles. She was the famous Mme. Julie Barbara de Krüdener.

Fontaine later was unveiled as an impostor or worse, but Mme. de Krüdener died in great holiness, the only challenge of her sincerity being her words to her daughter that for success in life, this

world being what it is, charlatanism is always necessary, simple goodness not sufficing.

In the war for independence in Italy clairvoyants passed out of fashion and mediums came in. Among the converts was Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to the distress of her husband, who has expressed his ideas of this latest fad in two of his books. References to the craze may be found in many of his poems also.

The occult has always held strong sway in Italy. At the time of the wars ending in the "League of Cambrai," the belief grew that the old gods were back again, oracles came in as the mode, magic was practiced and astrologers began star-gazing. Even so intelligent a woman as Isabella d'Este made use of the horoscope before a political move. In the Risorgimento Period there occurred a strange revival of the "Satanism," which we are told today is rife in Haiti under the name of "Voodooism."

Today the Ouija board and the "psychic control divine" are the mode, and the revival of occultism, instead of concerning itself with politics, as in James's day, or with religion, as in the Napoleonic era, has actually made company with cold science itself, which might make us almost believe in Simon Forman's list of imps or Mrs. Besant's mischievous spirits!

One or two points are the same in every revival of the occult. One is that those who deal in it, strong minded or weak, seem to journey toward trying ends; and that, devil, Herr Pastor, psychic control, witch, clairvoyant, medium, palmist, fortune teller, or ouija manipulator, a goodly income seems always sure from it.

* * *

One of the sources of great pain for the author of the above, seems to be that mediums are paid for their services.

If Miss Madden is an advocate of giving away talent, are we to assume that she presents her articles to newspapers and her books to publishers?

The present "wave" of Spiritualism, as Miss Madden characterizes this new interest, is not essentially coincident with the great war. Modern Spiritualism had its birth in 1848, which was not a period when the country was torn by war losses. This interest has been increasing ever since. Perhaps its share in newspaper space has never approached the attention given to it today, but the interest has been present, and for seventy-two years, unbrokenly, Spiritualism has been gaining in strength.

To stand back of the results of the ouija-boards and all other purported messages, would be folly. We do not pretend to do anything of the sort. We can not stand sponsor for everything claiming to come from spirit. Mediums are as distinct in their talents as any other gifted men

and women, and we should scrutinize the seances of the developed mediums, as constituting the court of last resort in psychic phenomena. To base judgment on the intermittent and largely erroneous "messages" received by those who become mediums over-night, is unfair to Spiritualism. Perhaps it is a penalty that Spiritualism must pay in its forward march. Likely it belongs to the increasing interest, to the desire of others to do whatever has been done, and to do it right away. Like the man who starts in a gymnasium and wishes to get strong and reduce his weight that afternoon, rather than over a long period of systematic exercise, there are many folk who decide that it is time for them to be psychic, and following this decision, come a long train of bad guesses which are offered as spirit messages, and as unquestioned proof of the verity of the claims of Spiritualism. What connection is there, or can there be, between such trifling experiments and the manifestations of the best mediums?

Miss Madden, like many writers, displays great knowledge of history, and to prove her contentions, she brings in astrologers and heaven knows what not, and shakes them all up in one bag, and says in substance, "Behold, this is your Spiritualism." Spiritualism is not astrology and it is not legerdemain, and it is not many of the other things named in this historic narrative.

Writing is an occupation. A writer may know how to put words together, without having knowledge of the subject to be treated. A writer is assigned a subject, which may chance to be Spiritualism, and either through native antagonism or assignment, proceeds to "make a case against" the subject. In a week or two, this writer prepares a mass of what is called evidence, but which in no wise touches upon the limitless evidence in the hands of Spiritualists who have been students of the subject for years.

To the Spiritualist of experience, the above article shows woeful lack of familiarity with even the rudiments of the subject. The name, "Eva Madden," is regarded as a good name for newspapers, we shall say, and is supposed to carry with it authority, be it used for discussing Spiritualism, geology, the interchurch world movement, crops or finance. We do not believe that specialists are produced in this way. If this were true, then why have Edison when there are so many electricians, or any of the other great inventors when the world has more capable mechanics than it has capable writers? If what happened in the dark ages may be accepted as a case against Spiritualism, then it may be accepted as a case against government, or medicine or anything else. The blunders in medicine and science in those days were as numerous and as pronounced as the blunders

in Spiritualism. "The world do move," even though this writer does not believe it!

What of it if, in the days of Shakespeare, occult fetishes were indulged in? What did they do in those days about medicine, surgery, dentistry? If their actions relative to Spiritualism must be taken as a criterion for what is known today, then let us set back the clock three centuries, and say that—inasmuch as the world had not advanced very far then—it can not have advanced any farther in this present day and age.

After her long dissertation on the past, this writer, in a few words, winds up by saying that, if the mistakes of long ago that were made relative to psychic phenomena were nearly unpardonable, those same errors persist today—that the world is precisely where it was centuries past.

This is the species of knowledge presented by the average modern writer; not only against Spiritualism, but in favor of it. And each writer, assuming a sort of superiority that is only assumed, attempts to write the word "finis" to his opinion.

"Nelly Bly," writing for the Hearst papers, stated recently that this sort of thing (Spiritualism) should be stopped, that its advocates should be jailed, or something to that effect.

What a splendid time the world would have if the magnificent brain of "Nelly Bly" were in full control! If the estimates of some of these writers are dependable, God will have much more time to Himself when they pass into spirit, because they will be able to relieve Him of much of his work—and, beyond doubt, improve upon it!

SOME "MORNING MEDITATIONS"

The Allentown (Pa.) Morning Call, under its editorial head, "Morning Meditations," by Charles W. Weiser, published recently the following illustrious attack on Spiritualism:

Dear Sir:—Your article on the spiritualistic craze is timely and I want to congratulate you for the courageous stand you have taken.

After every war the craze for spiritualism spreads. This was true of our Civil War, and for a score of years after the war fortune tellers, necromancers, astrologers and plain, every-day "hexa" doctors reaped a golden harvest from mothers and sisters of men who had fought and died for the Union. I recall well how this unrighteous traffic was carried on by these fakirs, who robbed women by pretending to give them messages from the spirit land. At that time the "Ouija" board was used, though it was somewhat different from the one that is used at the present time. A pencil was fastened to

the little table which wrote messages and did not spell them, as does the later-day "Ouija."

History is again repeating itself. Soothsayers are preparing for another "killing," just as the mountebanks did after the Civil War. We find the propaganda in the form of the Ella Wheeler Wilcox stories which tell how the poetess through the medium of the "Ouija" board received messages from her husband. You have shown how it was possible for the gifted authoress to deceive herself; how she convinced herself that the messages were genuine.

If Ella Wheeler Wilcox was made happy because she believed that she had received messages from her husband after having deceived herself into believing in the "power" of the "Ouija" no one, as you suggest will begrudge her the happiness. It is wrong morally, however, to use her "experience" at this time when millions of hearts are yearning for communication with the heroic dead. Those who pretend to practice witchcraft and magic find it easy to practice their disreputable profession. The Ella Wheeler Wilcox stories are making things easy for the charlatans and many a woman who yearns to have a word from a departed son or brother will carry her money to those who pretend to be able to get in communication with the spirit world. Oh, the heartlessness, the brutality of it all!

It is time for Jewish rabbi, Catholic priest and Protestant clergyman to unite and fight this irreligious movement, for, as a writer recently put it, "it is an awful reflection on the fallen state of human nature that men (or women) could imagine themselves fed or helped by such contemptible banalities, such unspeakable drivel and rubbish as the ghosts bring forth."

Our correspondent's point is well taken. The clergymen of Allentown have a duty to perform, and we believe that they are courageous enough to do it. They must realize that the spreading of the spiritualistic propaganda is bound to help to lower the moral standard of the community and will enable charlatans to rob simple souls of their hard-earned money, a thing that was done after the Civil War and which is liable to be done again. A noted Catholic priest of Philadelphia recently warned his parishioners against this propaganda saying that it is unscriptural to seek revelation through the dead and declaring that after seventy years of spiritualism not one benefit has been conferred upon mankind. Is it not time for the local Federation of Churches to take a hand in the matter? If they do not the charlatans are liable to reap a rich harvest. The Ella Wheeler Wilcox drivel is paving the way for them.

There is one well-known "spook" story that seems to the writer to be convincing proof that spiritualism is a fake. The

readers will recall that William T. Stead, the noted English journalist, was a believer in spiritualism. One day he told some of his friends that after death if permitted to do so, he would return to them. In due course of time Mr. Stead died. There can be no doubt as to that. The physician testified to that. He was buried. Then his friends recalled his promise. They talked about it, and dreamed of it until finally one of them claims he saw Mr. Stead. Remember what we said the other day about a man thinking of pink monkeys with yellow eyes? If you constantly think of them you'll see them—in your dreams. This friend of the late lamented Mr. Stead says he saw the dead journalist. He had been thinking of him so persistently that he imagined he saw him. How do we know? Why by his own testimony. The friend said that Mr. Stead was attired in the suit he usually wore! If that does not explode the ghost theory we do not know what will disprove it. It is only reasonable to assume that after Mr. Stead died the funeral director furnished a nice new suit, such as befitted the solemn occasion. Now isn't it also reasonable to assume that if Mr. Stead came back to his friend that he would come back in the suit he wore when the clergyman pronounced the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust?" Or did Mr. Stead first go home, look through the wardrobe for his old suit and put it on before appearing in the presence of his friend? The fact that Mr. Stead wore his usual clothes is, to our mind, conclusive proof that the friend had been thinking of Mr. Stead so persistently that he really imagined he saw him, and naturally, he saw him in the suit of clothing that he usually wore on earth. Another thing, we cannot accept the theory that Mr. Stead came back without accepting the theory that his old clothes died with him and accompanied him to the spirit land. This story concerning the great English journalist brought conviction to our mind that spiritualism is a false doctrine, for we can not accept it without accepting the theory that ghosts either take their clothes with them or else they hunt up their own clothes, a theory that is as believable as that which tells us the moon is made of green cheese or that of Brother Jasper that "de sun do move."

A scientific discovery proves its truth by its value, it is said. A few women in England, with a shrewdness that is rare in women, have put the "Ouija" board to the test, and up to date "Ouija" hasn't made good. These women have asked Conan Doyle, who believes in the "Ouija" to identify and bring to justice some of the many murderers in England who have remained undiscovered. "Ouija" has "fallen down on the job." It continues to send common place messages such as "I am happy," "You'll find my blue silk socks in the lower bureau

drawer," etc., but never a word that would give us an idea of the realm of the spirits. It is time for the clergy of the city to protest against the spread of this vicious propaganda which benefits only charlatans.

The correspondent who sent in the letter, comprising the first part of this attack, calls the clergy to arms! Well, it is time the clergy was called to arms, in view of empty pews and coffers!

When a writer starts out by thinking that Spiritualism is a terribly wicked thing, that merits punishment, that writer forgets Magna Charta and its guarantee of some sort of personal freedom, although God knows personal freedom is largely a term. Such writers, in the venom of their narrowness, forget that religious persecution in Europe, was responsible for the population of America by white people. They came here not to perpetuate this frenzy of religious bigotry, but to escape it.

But now comes the amusing part. Editor Weiser, in his comments, says: "In due course of time, Mr. Stead died. There can be no doubt as to that. The physician testified to that. He was buried!"

And this man is an editor. For his benefit, we shall state that Wm. T. Stead went down with the Titanic, in the early morning of April 15, 1912, that no one since has seen his body, that it was not buried and no physician was called in to attend Mr. Stead or the others who perished on the same ill-fated ship.

This is a type of the "case against Spiritualism." The critics do not even inform themselves as to the common facts. If this be editorship, then heaven have mercy on the mental, moral and social status of "The Morning Call!" If it was called, it was called too late!

No wonder Mr. Weiser (who may be neither wise nor wiser) thinks that the spirit of Mr. Stead should have been naked!

AN ALARMIST'S VIEW

Editorially, *The Brooklyn Daily Times* recently published an article relative to Spiritualism, which we reprint herewith:

Science's Shadow Zone

Possibly there is no "science" more obscure than the "science" of the psychist.

Hitherto the belief in immortality has rested upon religious foundations.

It has been the result of some consciousness of man in every age, and in every part of the world.

The details of the hereafter, however, are hidden in mystery.

They have been described in terms of mortal thought, but beyond those terms it has been said that "the eye hath not seen nor the mind of man conceived" the glories of everlasting life.

Sir Oliver Lodge is a scientist, but his reputation as a scientist is not builded

upon what he has ascertained in the lore of spiritism.

As a matter of fact, he has ascertained nothing. He has, it is true, received certain information through a medium, which he believed to have been solely in the possession of his son. He has also received in the phrases of the medium and not of the son himself, certain communications describing life in the hereafter, rather stiffly and colorless.

This is his evidence. It stands for what it is worth. Undoubtedly, Sir Oliver Lodge is sincere in his belief, but that does not mean that he has proved his case. He is scientist enough to know that he has not proved his case, but has merely satisfied himself that he gained communication with his son.

Until there is something definite to go upon, it is better to let these mysteries alone. Generally such revelations become fashionable in the world in periods of considerable excitement of the emotions. Desires become opinions, and certain circumstances assume the color of evidence supporting those opinions.

There has always been a rush of such manifestations in periods approaching this in general excitement. Just preceding the French Revolution there was the same confusion as to what was science and what was mere charlatanry in which the charlatans themselves and their victims actually believed.

Our own spiritualism began just after the Civil War. It was followed by phrenology.

Today psychologists have their explanation of such phenomenon and psychiatrists have their explanation.

It is better for the people at large not to pay too much attention to any of them. They are all in mystical fields of science, where there are deep places and shallow guides. It takes men of great mental poise to consider the subjects calmly and dispassionately.

When the scientists are seriously talking of communicating with Mars, and of shooting rockets at the moon, of measuring the universe and other marvels, it is well to wait until the Martians have given some proof that they exist and understand our signals, the moon shows a sign of having been hit by the rocket, and the measuring rods of science have touched the ends of the universe, before determining at what point true knowledge ends, and the tricky imagination of men deceives them.

It is better to rely in spirit matters on the truths of religion, also, before giving trust to the powers of mystics which, while often extraordinary, have not yet, in any instance of which we are aware, added actually to the sum of human knowledge.

Sir Oliver Lodge himself is authority for the statement that while many of the forces of nature are measurable, the orbit

of a common house fly could not be calculated with any certainty. Life hides from man her deepest mysteries.

"Until there is something better to go upon," the above editorials states, "it is better to let these mysteries alone."

Here we have the age-old warning of the stand-stiller. He lived in the cave days, and he has been with us ever since. When anaesthetics were introduced, he pronounced them as works of the devil. He advocated the use of the old stage-coach, and looked with disdain on the new heresy of steam. He saw in electricity the workings of the damned. The airplane was the outgrowth of a disordered mind. The alarmist, the stand-stiller, told us that none of these miracles could be worked.

He said that he knew how men could navigate the air, but it surely was not according to the theories of the Wright brothers. The stand-stiller ridiculed Cyrus Field and made years of that genius' life miserable. And against everything which has not been proved, he pits himself to-day with the same old venom.

"It is better to rely in spirit matters on the truths of religion," says this editorial writer. Certainly! Whence came these truths of religion? Men talked to "angels of God," because men never could have gained the slightest inkling into the greater facts of life on their own initiative.

Why do these critics of Spiritualism refuse to inquire into the nature, the scope, the sanity of the philosophy that has been given to the world through communication? They far transcend anything that mortal mind is capable of putting together. They make for equity and justice, for the love of God as opposed to a pish fear and hatred of Him.

Hoarsely, the voice of the wild ass comes braying out of the desert, and we are warned—as our forebears were—to let these mysteries alone. Tell us wherein mankind has progressed one inch by this policy of stand-stilling!

Sir Oliver Lodge, trained to separate fact from fancy, says that the evidence coming to him through mediums, is sufficiently good to have a place in scientific acknowledgment. Sir Oliver Lodge has earned his right to say what is true and what is false, and it does not lie in the province of any inferior mind to call the man a fool.

When mortals have reached that point in their progress, where they will take the evidence that comes, and see that the best of that evidence is weighed, and not determine beforehand just what is acceptable and what must be rejected, they will arrive at something definite. This is what the Spiritualists have done. Not all of them, perhaps. Some are like the members of orthodox churches who—to the final member—take all their belief on faith without one iota of proof.

But the Spiritualists who have studied for years, who have put together the fragments of the knowledge brought to them, and who have found the golden thread of truth running through those facts continuously, have done much more toward arriving at conclusions than these hasty editorial writers who take snap judgment, and whose views are pitifully alike—woefully cramped, and impregnated with prejudice.

And yet, out of this maze of animosity, there must come to every clear-thinking mind a challenge to look deeper. It is this subject so disturbs those who would preserve institutions merely because they are old—who would safeguard political religion—there must be something back of the belief that arouses such vitriolic ire!

ANOTHER LEARNED PROFESSOR

Here are the views of Prof. Leuba of Bryn Mawr, according to *The New York Sun*:

The claims of Sir Oliver Lodge to knowledge gained through mediums of a life hereafter, an experience on which he bases much of his writing on immortality, are without reasonable foundation, in the opinion of James H. Leuba, professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr College. Prof. Leuba is the man who a few years ago caused much comment by the publication of a book on immortality, in which he showed that college professors in increasing numbers are doubting the existence of a future life.

After criticising Sir Oliver Lodge's deductions from his psychic experiences Prof. Leuba was led to inquire if it were not possible that in older age the critical faculties are not weakened so that a man may retain his technical ability but be deficient in critical analysis.

"None of the communications, so called, from the other world has ever risen to a dignity that should characterize the sayings of the men the medium pretends to interpret," said Prof. Leuba. "I can refer you to something which I have prepared for the Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, which I think casts some doubt on the value of these spiritual 'revelations.' I said in that:

"Real and unusual phenomena, readily explicable through spirits while the belief in their existence was unshaken, grows mysterious in the extreme as soon as that simple form of explanation becomes open to suspicion. Scepticism regarding the existence of spirits led, in 1882, to the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research. (Of which Sir Oliver Lodge is president.)

"The outcome of the work of the society with regard to the physical phenomena may be conservatively summed up as the establishment of the improbability of

there being anything in them but conscious or unconscious fraud—unconscious when the medium performs while in a trance. The greatest achievement of the psychical researchers is the well nigh unquestionable demonstration of occasional communication between two persons without any known intermediary.

"There is another class of phenomena—the alleged 'spirit messages,' which are not so easily detached from the spiritualistic hypothesis. As long as we can affirm with Podmore that 'the trance personalities have never told us anything which was not possibly, scarcely anything which was not probably, within the knowledge of some living person,' telepathy will appear the more plausible and less revolutionary hypothesis. But who will venture to formulate the test which will mark particularly messages as not within the possibly known to some one living anywhere on the globe?

"The telepathic hypothesis of spirit messages receives support from the unexpected meaninglessness of the 'revelations' made by the alleged spirits regarding their state and the circumstances of their existence. They have been fairly loquacious; yet none of them, not even those from whom much could have been expected, have revealed anything at all. More significant than the insignificance of their remarks concerning the other life is the pertinacious effort of these alleged spirits to avoid answering the many and pointed questions addressed to them on that subject.

"From Richard Hodgson, the late secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, nothing enlightening has been learned, despite his haste in giving sign of his existence. Of trifling incidents which may be useful in establishing his identity he has talked abundantly; but, when questioned concerning the circumstances of his existence, he either dived or excused himself clumsily and departed. Frederick Myers and William James have been equally disappointing.

"It has been urged that the spirits may find it difficult to work the muscular mechanism of the medium; a disincarnate soul may be inefficient in the matter of bodily control; he may also be for a time not fully conscious and muddled. The fact is, however, that spirits do communicate many things; it takes volumes to record their utterances! The difficulties are apparently of such peculiar nature that nothing concerning the other life, and only things that have taken place on this earth, transpire.

"Why are the things picked out always trifling, meaningless, or ridiculous? To this pertinent question no satisfactory answer has ever been given. The limitation of knowledge of the alleged spirits to earthly facts points to an earthly origin of the medium's information.

"And to those who regard the results

of the Society for Psychical Research as proving survival, they must admit that no amount of optimism and ingenuity in explanation can hide the repulsiveness of such glimpses of the future life as they think they have caught, and its lack of the essential features of the Christian conception. In any case then, the belief in the Christian hereafter, elaborated by humanity under the pressure of exalted desires, remains entirely unsubstantiated."

Prof. Leuba has made numerous mistatements, if he is quoted properly. He says that no information has ever come through about the nature of the world next-door. This is either purposeful guile, or ignorance, and both are inexcusable.

The records of ethereal existence, which have come through countless mediums, in all parts of the world, tally more nearly than the descriptions men would write of this world, or any of its states or cities.

The telepathic hypothesis never has answered and never can answer the truth of prophecy, which surely is unknown to any person living in this world—and the claim of coincidence by no means explains away these facts of prophecy, of which many authentic records exist.

Prof. Leuba argues without even fundamental knowledge of his subject. But such is the status of our men of learning. In spite of them, some college graduates have grown up and succeeded, but never by following the academic and woefully lamentable theories of the average professor.

Until these college heads can display sufficient fairness to consider the mass of testimony that has been gathered by men as capable as they, we must refuse to accept their views as reflecting anything but bias—and we must assume that most of these views are inspired by religious prejudice.

The statements accredited to the Bryn Mawr professor, are records of his own lack of actual inquiry into the subject. And yet, the bedrock idea back of colleges and universities, is intellectual progress. What most of them need, and all could profit by, is an intercollege world movement! Economically and industrially—and philosophically as well—the world has outgrown its Oxfords, Cambridges and Princetons.

ANOTHER "EVIL SPIRIT" PROMOTER

The following dispatch from Portland, Oregon, is taken from *The Indianapolis News*:

Mysterious messages, which have been recorded for the last year or more by wireless stations and which are thought by some persons to be from another planet such as Mars, were explained to an audience here last night by Benjamin H.

Boyd, of New York city, speaking under the auspices of the International Bible Students.

Boyd said these mysterious messages were none other than the meddling of evil spirits, floundering in the atmosphere above the continent. He said he would not be surprised to hear soon that these spirits would communicate messages that could be understood and would purport to be from Mars explaining how much in advance the planet of Mars is.

These evil spirits, Boyd contended, were none other than the unholy angels who were cast out of heaven by God 6,000 years ago. He said there was no hell as people think of it—burning with fires thousands of times hotter than this earth, but that hell was the place in the atmosphere where these evil spirits held sway and where God had restrained them. He said there was a great wave of interest in Spiritualism going over the country and that people were becoming unbalanced over ouija boards and other spirit communicating implements. He advised people to leave them alone.

In conclusion, he said the end of the world was near at hand, and reviewed the Bible prophecies, saying that they had been fulfilled. He said the earth would not be destroyed by fire, but that the age would be that the present arrangements of things on the earth would be wiped out, and a new order of things set up by God.

The day the devil is blown up as a Biblical allegory, will see many of these devil-peddlers out of work. They survive not by grace of God. Him we are to fear and, fearing, hate. Their stock-in-trade is the devil. They need him. But the world is getting weary of "ending" and of having these frenzied evangelists shout, "Boo!"

A NEW MINISTERIAL VIEW

After columns of attacks upon us, it is refreshing to end the month's consideration of our shortcomings with this new-found hope. *The Detroit Free Press* published the following on March 14:

Rev. Chester B. Emerson, recipient of many critical letters from parishioners and others deploring his series of sermons on spiritism, served notice from the pulpit of the North Woodward Congregational church Sunday night that out of curiosity he intended to visit a medium and that he firmly intended to keep "all the doors and windows" of his mind open to any subject that interests any large mass of persons.

The pastor charged that too much bigotry had grown up in science as well as in church circles, and that church pulpits held too many men "who have not revised the note-books they took 40 years ago in the seminaries."

"No Interest in Denial"

"The Christian faith," he asserted, "surely has no interest in denying the

spirit communication, but should rather welcome messages, if they are authenticated. They were a long time in discovering the depth-bomb, and when science learns what is behind mental telepathy it will be a bomb which will smash to smithereens today's material philosophy."

Dr. Emerson admitted that the world had a more sure word of prophecy as regards the eternity of the human spirit in the teachings and testimonies of scripture, sealed by the character and affirmation and resurrection of Christ, but he said he challenged any one to say that more light may not yet break "to illumine and confirm the great hope of mankind."

"I have had no personal experiences of spirit communications," he said, "and I am not convinced of their reality, but I see no ground on which to close the door against them. We know only a part, an infinitesimal part, and the little circle of our light impinges on a vast rim of out-living darkness.

Undeveloped Powers Possible

"We may well believe that we yet have undeveloped powers which in the future may lead to discoveries as marvelous to us now, could they be revealed, as our present wonders would have been to our ancient ancestors could they have foreseen them. Wireless communication alone should make us cautious in setting bounds to our powers, whether physical or spiritual.

"Our faith in immortality does not rest on the foundations of these alleged inter-world communications. Leslie Stephen said that he would rather 'trust the majestic doubt of our natural hope of immortality than those ghostly voices,' and not a few would sympathize with him in this sentiment. But when I see an iron ship full of holes and still riding on, I contend there must be wood in it and I must know how much wood there is."

Dr. Emerson set against the spiritualist's blue-prints of the next world his own idea of what the "City of God" was like. Based on his scriptural readings he said he believed "the life there" would be along these lines:

Emerson's "City of God"

"1. Our bodies will be recognizable. Our present bodies are transparent at only five points. There they will be as clear as crystal. In the evolution of life the body keeps pace with the development and needs of the soul; therefore, the heavenly body will correspond with the glorified soul.

"2. Our processes of thought will go on under improved conditions.

"3. Our affectional nature will deepen and spiritualize.

"4. Our esthetic nature will have full scope.

"5. Moral and religious natures will reach their highest development and employment.

"6. All our faculties will have their employments.

"7. There will be progress and growth through effort. Struggle will not cease with death."

"Christ's Promise Sufficient"

The pastor said he could say nothing of the geography of the world to come. It was enough for him, he said, that Christ had promised that he, Chester Emerson, and all mankind would join in "His Father's mansions, where He went to prepare a place."

"Notwithstanding their urgent disinclination to meddle with or be meddled by the problems of spiritism, the men of science have a natural interest in the inquiries of the few true observers who are dredging in that turbid sea," said Dr. Emerson. "Trusting to the evident scientific faithfulness of these hardy explorers, it appears they have brought up from the deep sea certain facts which though shadowed by doubt, indicate persistence of the individual consciousness after death.

"There is certainly a world beyond our normal consciousness from which neither space nor time divides us, but only the barrier of our sense perceptions. This barrier constitutes what has been well termed 'the threshold of sensibility,' and limits the area of our consciousness.

Threshold May Be Shifted

"In the progress of evolution from lower to higher forms of life, this threshold has been successively shifted, with a corresponding exaltation of consciousness. The organism of an oyster, for instance, constitutes a threshold which shuts it out from the greater part of our sensible world; in like manner, the physical organism of man forms a threshold which separates him from the larger and transcendental world of which he forms a part.

"This threshold is not immovable. Occasionally in rapture, in dreams or in hypnotic trance it is shifted and the human spirit temporarily moves in 'worlds not realized' by sense. In the clairvoyance of deep hypnotic sleep and in somnambulism the threshold is still further shifted and a higher intelligence emerges, with a clearness and power proportional to the more complete cessation of the functions and consciousness of our ordinary waking life.

"When we are freed from 'this muddy vesture of decay,' and the soul enters on its larger life, these faculties will no longer be trammelled as they are now.

"As, one by one, the avenues of sense close forever, the threshold of sensibility is not suddenly removed, and so, as our loved ones pass from us, it is probable that in most cases the 'dawn behind all dawns' creeps gently, slowly awakening them to the wider and profounder consciousness that, for good or ill, awaits us all."

EDUCATIONAL

Searching for Your Open Door

This is the third instructive article of a series dealing with psychic powers and their unfoldment. The first was on clairvoyance and the second dealt with crystal-clairvoyance. The entire series will comprise a course of instruction in various important phases of psychic development.

III—Clairaudience

Just as clairvoyance is the open door of spiritual sight, so is clairaudience the open door of spiritual hearing. If one attends a voice seance, all the persons present hear the voices. What one hears, the others usually hear. But if one hears a spirit voice which is not heard by others present, that hearing is due to the gift of clairaudience, or "clear-hearing."

Sometimes in a voice seance, one or two will hear things that are not heard by the others. To illustrate, a young lady attending a voice seance could hear the distinct hum of an airplane. None of the others present heard this sound, but it was for the purpose of identification. A friend of hers, who had been in the flying corps, had been killed in France. He brought her the clairaudient sound before he spoke to her. When he spoke, the others present heard his voice the same as she did.

The question naturally would arise, "In clairaudience, is the sound heard an actual sound produced in spirit, or is it but an impression of a sound that affects the sense of hearing?" The answer, possibly with exceptions, is that the cause is some actual sound in spirit.

That there are sound vibrations beyond our sense perceptions, is reasonable to believe. That there may be vibrations that produce sound in the ether and not in the air, also is believable. That there are sounds in spirit, is unquestioned. Many mortals have heard those sounds, have heard music—not only vocal music, but instrumental music as well.

Just as the eye is only a physical organ of sight and not the source of sight itself, so is the ear only the physical organ of hearing. It is the spirit that possesses the senses, that has all thought-power a person knows, and all perception a person can boast. Indeed, the spirit operates at a disadvantage through the material—and the material sense-organs, therefore, are crude and catch only the coarser sounds; the material sound-vibrations.

Clairaudience and clairvoyance often go together. The person who sees those in spirit, usually hears them; if not in the beginning, then after a time. The hearing may come first. Either clairaudience or clairvoyance may be developed independently of the other. There is no

law. There is a rule, which we have named; clairaudience and clairvoyance generally go together.

Often, when a person is sitting for one type of psychic development, another form appears. One may aspire to being a materializing medium, but may become clairaudient. It is always best to develop the gift that appears. That is similar to one's talent. The talent one has, is worth more than the many talents one has not. Whatever God gave to us is for our good, and we must start out by being grateful for that which we have been privileged to possess. Whenever any psychic gift proves its existence, we must develop it if we are to hold it.

Various Gifts or Talents

There are psychic talents the same as there are other kinds of talents. A person may be an artist—or some particular kind of artist; a good painter of landscapes in oil, we will say. That is a talent, and it must be cultivated, both through regularity and the observance of rules. Unless it is cultivated, it does not grow. If it is persisted in without effort to systematize it, that talent becomes imperfect—and it degenerates.

In like manner, a psychic gift must be cultivated through regular sittings, if it is to grow. If one who begins to hear voices, does not sit for that kind of development, pretty soon either that gift will fall into disuse, or it will deteriorate. Calling upon a talent often is not development. If a person with artistic leanings never made any attempt to learn the rules, and follow them, there would be no growth, no matter how many hours a day that person might paint.

Here is a young person with a splendid voice. If that voice "grows wild," and is never cultivated, it never becomes a trained voice, and it does not become a permanent voice. So it is even with muscles. If a boy is strong, but is never shown how to employ his strength, he may be an easy victim of a trained athletic adversary, who perhaps has less physical strength.

If a person will study and practise for years to cultivate the voice, why should a person not be willing to study and practise just as long to cultivate a psychic gift? Why place the entire burden on the guides? They will do all they can, but think of what they can do when the right conditions are supplied.

Nothing supplies right conditions for psychic unfoldment more than a desire to be developed; the kind of desire that makes the evenings for sittings a sacred

privilege. It is this seeking that unlocks the door, and that attracts the right kind of guides. But if there is no effort, or if the psychic person resents or questions too much, that repels the helpful guides, and often opens the door for undeveloped spirits to come in and say shocking things.

Where clairaudience begins to manifest, and there is no effort made to develop this gift, the result is a good deal like a poor telephone connection. The messages come through imperfectly. They are not heard plainly. Those who speak the messages, coming into the insufficiently formed forces of the clairaudient person, do not have the proper forces to use, and cannot get through with their messages as they plan.

We must never overlook the fact that these forces exist in any form of mediumship. This is precisely as true where no one but the mediumistic person knows what the message is (as in clairvoyance and clairaudience), as it is in materializations, control or voice-mediumship.

There must be abundance to these forces, and there should be another element, which is lacking too often in mediums. We shall explain this other feature, and its relationship to the quantity or volume of the forces.

Naturalness of Forces

As we come to the spirit-world in a natural manner, the manifestations come through naturally. The dear ones in spirit are able to say that which they plan on saying. Naturalness in mediumship or in participating in the fruits of mediumship, is a most essential thing.

Therefore, in any type of development, the psychic person should avoid affectation, unnecessary little shivers and the habit of claiming mediumship that does not exist, or is just beginning to bud. If these habits, these pretensions, that have as their object the awing of spectators, are persisted in, they will retard the unfoldment of any psychic gift. The world loves the natural singers, the natural painters, the natural actors. It is naturalness that gives art its fullest powers—and it is naturalness that brings to mediumship the finest, highest quality of forces, and the greatest abundance of them.

If we go to our loved ones in spirit in the knowledge that they are persons—pals, helpers—we have opened the door very wide. They can bring about our development much more rapidly and thoroughly. They can come through with the messages they wish to bring to us—and we shall understand those messages.

When a person with psychic tendencies

begins to pretend or become affected, or assume some nervous peculiarity, that person is banging the door tight shut in the face of his or her loved ones in spirit. Naturalness, then, must become one of the principal points in development.

In the development of any psychic gift, there must be patience, because in the beginning there are rigid limitations placed on the quantity of the available forces. It is as though one wished to have a one-hundred-horse-power engine, but was obliged to start with a five-horse-power and do the best possible with that, and later get one a little larger, and so on, until the engine of the right power could be secured. It may be likened to the clearing of land. First, there is an acre to plant. Next year, three acres; the year after ten, and in a few years, eighty acres.

The forces of any type of mediumship will bud and blossom as they are nurtured, but they will not become hardy plants all at once. One should not become over-anxious in getting clairaudient messages. For a time, maybe only now and then, a name or a word will be heard. Then the voice will fade away. It may not be a natural voice at first—or it may be. But as time passes, the strength of the voice seems to grow, because the inner hearing is opening up; and in time there will be greater duration and clearness to the messages spoken.

Clairaudience, like clairvoyance, may come at any time. That is, one may hear words spoken without thinking about a message. Or, the best results may be secured in a seance-room; that is, during development. There is no rule that is hard and fast, but as a general thing, the clairaudient voices are heard whenever the dear ones have anything to say, or when conditions are right. Just as one may be cut in on a telephone conversation while trying to get a number, and hear something one was not supposed to hear, so may a clairaudient person hear things said that were not intended for his or her ears. Through some cause, the connection was established. Perhaps when those on the other side note that the medium is hearing, they will "close the key," and the message breaks off abruptly.

If the psychic person understands that such manifestations occur, then there is nothing to worry about. But if one does not know that such things occur, one may worry a good deal, and through that worry actually harm the development that is beginning to take place.

In any form of mediumship, intermittent results in the beginning, and for some time, may be expected. This broken line may be the rule so long as regularity is not observed in development.

Sitting for Development

In sitting for clairaudient development, the rules are similar as those applying to

any development: That is, quiet surroundings, sitting in the darkness or semi-darkness to induce passivity, and opening one's mind to the help that may come from the other side.

There is this difference: One has heard the voices, let us say; has heard them unmistakably, either while sitting with a circle for development, or alone; or perhaps in a regular seance. There is every reason to believe that there is a clairaudient gift, if it is to be unfolded.

Just as opening the mind to the sense of sight will help develop clairvoyance, so will opening the mind to the sense of hearing develop clairaudience.

Be thankful for whatever you receive. Thank your loved ones mentally at least. Do not sit in a strained position, or become over-anxious to hear. If you concentrate intently on your sense of hearing, you will likely shut off the current. If you leave your hearing open—as one would who knows that a word or two may be spoken by some one nearby, unexpectedly, then you will have put yourself in the right mental attitude.

But in clairaudient development, remember that you may get results not only while you are sitting, but at different times during the day. Pay attention to that which you hear in a psychic manner. Be grateful for it. But do not boast about it. For months you may get clairaudient messages, and still not be developed sufficiently to get clear messages for others.

Sometimes you hear things that run contrary to your own opinions. If you say, even mentally, "Oh, no, that can't be so," you are shutting off the current—breaking the forces.

If we could hear nothing from spirit that we did not know, then communication would be merely a source of satisfaction and nothing else. As a psychic develops, he or she will learn things that have been unknown—and will profit exceedingly by this advice. But this advice will be profitable only as one seeks it for honest purposes. If the motive is material and selfish, then the highest forces are dulled, and the attraction is no longer for those beings who are highly developed. The invitation has been sent out for the undeveloped spirits. Doubt does the same thing.

There are clairaudients who hear voices sharply from the first. Usually the voices come unexpectedly, as a single word or a broken sentence. There must be a beginning to all things, and heaven knows what patience one's loved ones in spirit may have exercised in getting through just one little word. If this one word can come through, others can be received—but only as one opens the way through sitting regularly and sending out the best thoughts. These thoughts determine the kind, degree and quantity of the forces.

As clairaudience develops, it may lead to the voices; meaning the voices through the trumpet and independently—voices that others can hear. Most trumpet mediums started with clairaudience. The voices came later. There is much to look forward to when one receives even a slight degree of evidence that one is psychic. If you hear voices that others do not hear, the time may come when others will hear the voices, too. For that reason, it is a good idea to have the trumpet near you when you sit for development, or even to hold the small end of the trumpet to your ear while sitting—or for part of the time. In this manner, the clairaudience may easily become the direct voice type of mediumship. (Next Installment: Psychic Impressions.)

TRUMPET DEVELOPMENT REVEALED

This is the third and last of a series of articles on the use of the trumpet, not only in the development of voice mediumship, but in employing the trumpet as an aid to other types of psychic unfoldment.

III—The Trumpet as an Indicator

Sometimes the trumpet proves that manifestations other than the voices will be received. The trumpet may point the way to materializations. It may produce its own type of messages without the voices. It may do many things that are unlooked for.

Movement of the trumpet—that is, the movement that keeps up time after time, when the circle meets or one sits alone for development—may and often does mean that the type of mediumship being developed is a form that will produce some kind of material or physical manifestations.

The most pronounced kind of physical manifestation, is that type known as materializations. In any voice seance, there is a form of materializations. The manifesting spirits are in the vibration of the material. They can, and often do, lift heavy objects. They prove that they have come into the vibrations of the physical world.

Perhaps these physical manifestations will follow the independent movements of the trumpet. Articles of furniture may be moved. Those present may feel hands—at first indistinctly, but later with more pronounced strength.

If such manifestations occur, it is indicative that there should be an effort to secure materializations, but one person should not sit alone for that form of development. In materializations, with remarkably few exceptions, the medium is in a trance.

Sitting alone, the medium would have no evidence that materialized forms had appeared, not even if articles of furniture were found in different positions after the trance was ended, for under control, the control might walk out of the cab-

inet (that is, in the medium's body) and move those articles.

Where there are independent trumpet movements in a circle, and these manifestations keep up, it is well to ask the friends in spirit if there is a probability of getting materializations. They likely would answer by three raps, for yes. They might rap once, meaning that they are not sure. If they answer in the affirmative, then ask which one is the medium—to tap that one with the trumpet.

This should not be asked as soon as the trumpet moves independently, but when it has shown those movements for some time. And it is well to remember that, when the independent trumpet movements start, no outsider should be invited to join the circle. The forces are just being built up. They are weak. It is easy to disrupt them.

Messages Through Tapping

The trumpet may convey messages by tapping, and this may be conducted in various ways. First, some one selected by the circle as spokesman, may go through the letters of the alphabet, and as the correct letter is reached, the trumpet will tap. Then start again at A and go through until the trumpet taps again, and so on, until the word is spelled. It is well to have one of the members of the circle take down the letters with a pencil on a notebook, or pad, and it may be necessary later to separate these letters into words.

The trumpet may do its own tapping, striking a chair or table once for each letter. Usually some member of the circle will develop the gift of following these letters rapidly, so that the words are spelled quickly. The tapping for each letter as one of the circle goes through the alphabet, is the more likely result in the beginning.

Where messages are received in either of these manners, the loved ones will give their own instructions about how to proceed. In these articles, we deal with rudiments. We can not prescribe the precise method to be pursued by any individual. When you get messages, you will be told what to do, and the information then is coming from those who know precisely what should be done. If their instructions seem to be contrary to these, follow their instructions, because these are the fundamentals only. They have as their object leading you up to the point where you can get messages.

Once you start getting messages, you will be told when to hold your circles, whom to invite to them, how long to sit, what to sing or play, and how to conduct your seances in all particulars. Up to that time, follow these instructions, and have as your aim the securing of your own messages.

For some time after you begin to

receive messages, they may be purely of a personal character. Your guides may not be ready to give you specific instructions. They may tell you that you are getting along all right. It may be weeks or months before your guides (or some of them at least), reveal their identities. These identities may surprise you. Do not doubt them. Take the spirit-world at par, and you will be treated at par in return. Be willing to learn, and do not object to the instructions you receive, even though they may not be what you wish. The things that mortals wish, and the things they should have, often are different. What we should wish, is what we ought to have, and our spirit loved ones know that better than we!

Other Channels of Development

Independent writings often are a natural result of the first independent trumpet movements. These may be slate-writings, or writings on paper. They may be other kinds of writings. Usually, special instructions come after you begin to get messages. These instructions inform you as to just what to do, and how to do it—and you may find that you have to sit a long while, that is for many evenings, before you start to receive the first indications of the new type of development.

While all psychic manifestations depend upon forces, these forces differ for different kinds of manifestations. One force may be built up until it is strong, and then the next step may seem to be starting at the beginning again. It is not starting all over, because the development that has taken place, is assurance that there will be other manifestations.

It is unwise to change your type of development, to sit for something different, of your own accord. This may break the forces completely. For example, in a circle, there may be a number who wish materializations, and some who would like independent slate-writings, and others who would prefer the voices. If any of these members are to upset whatever type of manifestations are coming through, to satisfy their own desires, they may put the entire circle out of tune. Make a rule—a hard and fast rule—that when you begin to get any manifestations, you will continue the same kind of circles, until you can get messages, and through those messages the specific instructions which you require. By following this rule, by making it a law in your development, you will progress faster, and along the lines selected by your loved ones in spirit.

The first trumpet movements may lead to still other forms of development. Some member, or even more than one member, of the circle may be entranced. The thing then to do is to encourage the controlling spirit as much as possible,

supply the best possible conditions, and help that spirit to get through. Then you will be told what to do.

Control mediumship will open for you an avenue for direct spirit messages. The conditions may not be right at first, and it takes time for any medium to be developed. You must not expect to start right in with the teachings. You must remember that the spirits manifesting are doing so under adverse conditions, and that they can not get through with the exact messages they had in mind when they entered the body of the medium.

Very often, before there are direct voices, there first is control, or trance, mediumship. There may be this form before there are independent trumpet movements, or the movements of the trumpet may precede the trance manifestations.

Instead of any of the types of mediumship that have been named, there may be clairvoyance and clairaudience. The circles may develop one or two psychics along lines not anticipated. And their development, in turn, may be but the forerunner of still further manifestations. If a circle can be kept up unbrokenly for months, or even for years, there will be much better manifestations and much clearer messages. When the members of the circle get over the idea (which they are likely to entertain in the beginning) that they can coax, force or otherwise hasten results, they will find that they get along much faster and better.

In all these circles, there should be occasional singing, and occasional talking on psychic subjects.

Where Voices Are Received

Whether in the beginning, or later, voices begin to come through the trumpet, or independently, the sittings should continue for voice mediumship. This mediumship may be possessed by one or more. The voices will tell, as a usual thing, who the medium is, although for some time they may not do so, wishing to keep the circle intact, and the medium from becoming too self-centered.

Usually no voices are received until some member of the circle has been under control. This, also, is only a rule and not a law. It is a rule that has its exceptions. Generally there is control before there are voices. In control mediumship, the spirit manifesting, takes possession of the medium's body, and talks through the medium's vocal chords. In voice mediumship, the voices come through the trumpet, or independently; that is, without the necessity of the spirit's picking up the trumpet. Both forms are known as the direct voice. But in the direct voice messages, there may be voices through the trumpet, and voices speaking independently; without the use of the trumpet.

Where the voices are received, or where there is control mediumship, there will be the necessary direct instructions.

The points to keep in mind are those relating to the earlier period of the development. When messages come through, we repeat that instructions come with them. But to expect messages of any type very early in your sittings, is wrong. It is wrong for the harmful effect it has on the forces which are being built up, and it is wrong because you may jump at conclusions, and believe that you are impressed when you are imagining.

While regularity is always desirable in sitting for development, there must be something besides regularity. Sometimes general conditions are not good. Very stormy weather, or very hot or extremely cold weather, tends to have a depressing effect upon mortals. The forces drawn from them are stunted. They become nervous and ill at ease. It is better to break the regularity of your sittings than to sit under such conditions.

We do not say that it is a good idea to suspend your sittings during the Summer. Do not meet as often as you would during the cooler seasons.

There are certain rules that are well to repeat: Do not eat heavily the evening you have your circle. Loaded stomachs are harmful to the conditions; they retard the forces. Sitting for development sometimes produces an unusual appetite. If you feel hungry, do not get into the habit of eating heavily before you retire. Impaired digestion will harm the forces. Try to keep in good health.

Sit for Healing

You should ask the loved ones in spirit, each time you sit, to draw upon you to help sufferers; the sick whom you know and the others whom you do not know. If you sit twice a week, try to make Friday evenings one of your circle nights, and have that for your healing class. It is the night when the healing class at the Stead Center meets, and there are thousands of persons who observe these Friday evening hours.

You may feel, and likely will feel, the heavy drawing upon you. Whatever is taken from you will be given back to you, and often this spirit of unselfish giving, will assist in bringing about your own development. As you seek to help others, you are attracting assistance yourself. As you are drawn upon to heal others, your own forces likely will be built up.

The more you sit (that is, as time passes and you are regular with your circles, with the exceptions we have named—the adverse climatic conditions), you get into harmony with others who are sitting for development; others in distant places. The vibration becomes stronger. You may be drawing upon many, just as they are drawing upon you. This is as though you belonged to some mighty

brotherhood, the members of which were unknown, for the most part, to one another, but whose aims were similar, if not identical.

Mediumship of any kind is a privilege and a sacred trust. It indicates that the spirit-world takes you into confidence, and is willing to use you as an instrument to bring help and wisdom to mortals. You never know, when your little circle starts, how many will be helped and what great force for good will be set in motion, to accumulate as time speeds on.

The rules we have given you for trumpet development should be followed faithfully until you get your own messages. We shall be pleased to hear from any of our readers who have formed circles. We believe that all of them, with patience and regularity, will get some results. We believe that these instructions will lead to the development of many mediums—and in everything we have stated, we have aimed to be accurate and clear.

Refer frequently to this series. Preserve these instructions. It is well to read them—in part at least—before your circle meets each time, and to discuss them at some length, as a preliminary to your sitting. If you sit alone, it is a good idea to read part of this series and think about what has been told to you. As you make an effort to develop in the right

way, you will be helped. We have been pleased to assist you by starting you out in the right direction. We believe that the trumpet will help you, no matter what form of unfoldment you seek.

At some future time, we shall publish specific instructions relative to development in the light.

(The End)

If the murderer knew that some one—perhaps many—in spirit was witnessing his foul act, he would think it over—and then commit no murder at all.

Spirits do not spy on us. They are near us to help save us from our own folly, and they can save us if we do not become so strong-tempered that we refuse assistance.

When we come to the realization that everything we do, say and think, is witnessed by many in spirit, we shall begin to feel that it is a good idea to be careful of our conduct.

The corners of your mouth were made to curl upward to greet God's sunbeams—and not downward to flirt with the shadows. Smile—and the smile will work into your heart in time!

Chicago's Winter Soot Has Created These "Table-Top" Bargains

A dozen broken packages of "Table-top" volumes subjected the contents of the packages to slight soot discoloration. Binding and print uninjured. We will sell these volumes, up to the quantities indicated, at the special prices named:

- 150 volumes, "Development of Mediumship," at 30c each;
- 135 volumes, "Healing Forces," at 30c each;
- 125 volumes, "Memory Keys," at 30c each;
- 110 volumes, "Natural Law of Success," at 30c each;
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The Stead Center

533 Grant Place

Chicago, Illinois

Psychic Experiences

What have been your psychic experiences, in seance rooms, or outside of them? Tell us your most interesting experience, and if you do not wish your name used, we will print only the initials.

Addressed by an Indian Spirit

Some time ago I was hauling lumber to finish a house and on this particular evening I had a late start. In fact, it was dark before I got started at all, and the night was about as black as a night could be. The road lay along a lake, and through the woods. The horses knew the road well, and if they had not known it I am sure that I could not have made the haul that night.

At intervals, I would stop the team so that they could rest, because the road was getting soft and the pulling was hard. I had just lighted my pipe during one of these rest intervals, and was thinking about the next day's duties. My thoughts had not inclined in the least toward psychic matters, although I had experienced many things that could be answered in no other manner.

In fact, about sixteen months ago, I lost my younger daughter—a young woman scarcely past twenty. She had left two children—a baby and one child about two years old. We had missed this daughter very much, but evidence had come to us that proved she was trying to reach us. A man in this vicinity, who has been a Spiritualist for years, receives automatic writings occasionally, and had brought us a note written in our daughter's handwriting, as natural as ever, and the information in the writing was such that this man could not have known the truth of the situation.

Our eldest daughter had been in Grand Rapids and had attended a materializing seance with this man, and our younger daughter had come out of the cabinet, looking the same as she had in this life, and had called her sister by name. A while later, an elderly man came out and asked the girl to accompany him into the cabinet, as he had much to say and the forces would not permit of a long conversation outside the cabinet. The young woman was frightened, and refused to go. A few minutes later her sister came out again, fully materialized, and said: "Bee, you should be ashamed of yourself. That was grandfather—mother's father—and he wished to tell you about some property that you have a right to, near Syracuse, New York."

Now, the description sent to us by our daughter proved that the old gentleman was her grandfather, who had owned con-

siderable property at one time not far from Syracuse.

I mention these facts to show that the subject is not strange to me, but none of these thoughts was in my mind that night. I was thinking solely of my work.

What was my surprise when I was addressed in a loud, deep voice, coming from the road alongside the wagon! The language evidently was some Indian tongue. I did not understand it. The horses became uneasy and undoubtedly sensed the stranger.

Recovering from the shock of being addressed in this way in a lonely wood on a black night, I came to the conclusion that this voice was not from one of flesh-and-blood, and so I replied, "Well, chief, you surely got a rise out of me that time!" He laughed a deep, guttural laugh.

"If you are going my way," I added, "hop up and ride with me."

I did not hear him get up and I did not see him, but in some manner that I cannot explain, I knew that he was there beside me and rode beside me during the balance of the trip, which ended at the farm-house of a friend.

As my friend came out with his lantern his dog came with him, and the dog sat up a terrific barking, running around the wagon, looking up and woof-woofing as though he had treed a bear.

The horses looked back repeatedly, and my friend asked me what all the disturbance was about. I told him, and he tried to get the dog to take up the trail, but try as he might that hound never found a scent. The traveler that night left no trail!

It is my belief that this Indian was one of my guides, and found conditions right for manifesting for me.

B. B. J., Luther, Mich.

Such experiences usually come either in moments of intense concentration, or during extreme meditation. It is rarely that they come in the middle course of thought.

Many business men will have experiences at their desks, and many persons who are sitting quietly during the evening, either letting their minds drift idly or pondering some subject vital to their souls, will have these experiences.

An Astral Experience

I have been sitting for development three evenings a week, and the other night, as usual, I started my sitting at nine o'clock, sitting in a perfectly dark room.

I had been in the room but a few minutes when everything became as light

as day, but I was surprised to find that I could not recognize any of the objects I saw. There was nothing familiar about them.

While I was studying my surroundings and trying to figure out how I could have come from my room so swiftly, my own dear mother approached me. She has been in spirit for sixteen years.

She took me by the hand and she talked to me, and I know that she took me through the most wonderfully beautiful places I have ever seen. Time seemed to fly, and while I thought about my room at moments and wondered if my body really was where I had sat down, I was so interested in what I saw I did not have much concern about earthly affairs.

Then we seemed to come back to the place from which we had started and she kissed me and said, "You must go back now. I will show you some more of these beautiful scenes again before long."

I had no more than said good-bye to her than I realized that I was back in my room. It was dark. "I must have been away fifteen or twenty minutes," I said to myself, and got up and turned on the light. The hands of the clock pointed to midnight! I had been gone for three hours, and I was weary as though I had done much traveling.

Mrs. M. P. P., Norfolk, Va.

The critics of Spiritualism would say, "Oh, well, this lady was asleep. She had these thoughts on her mind. She was tired, and naturally she dreamed about the things that concerned her."

This may or may not be an explanation, but we believe that when a person sits down and sees the room become suddenly light and has a clear impression of what takes place, and feels no break at all from the moment of entering the room until leaving it three hours later, sleep does not answer the question.

The light one sees in sleep, usually is a half-light. The light of visions and astral travels generally is a bright light.

Some Editorial Experiences

I realize that many persons are inclined to say nothing of their psychic experiences, especially in a public way, for the reason that they may be regarded either as liars or lunatics.

If the chef recommends the cooking, let us see him eat some of it himself. If the editor of COMMUNICATION says that it is a good idea to tell about psychic experiences, why not have him tell a few? On the basis of setting the example, I shall tell you a few of my own. They do

not come continuously. I am not like a medium, who lives in two worlds at once. There are so many things to be done in living in this one, I regard it as more than a job; more in the nature of a contract, and not for myself alone, but for others.

Many mediums are frightened when they see materializations. It is said that "Farmer" Riley always asked that he be under control before the materializing started. One night, as he walked into his cabinet, there stood a full materialization, and Jim Riley nearly fainted.

I have heard of other mediums, also, who would run lickety-split out of a room if they chanced to encounter materialized forms, or even clairvoyant visions. This decidedly human fear of the unseen often is amusing. But mediums, of course, are wrought up, keyed up, on the ragged edge of nerve strain most of the time. They should be forgiven. Others have less right to claim forgiveness, as, for example, myself.

Most of my writing I do at home. I have a workroom fitted up with my type-writing machines, a desk, files and so on. It is quiet that way, and I don't have to be burdened with heavy clothing. I like to work late—anywhere from sunset to sunrise. Those are the hours when our friends on the other side seem to become most curious about us and can impress us best, particularly after midnight.

One Thursday evening, about two years ago, as I went into the bedroom where Mrs. Jones lay sleeping, with the light coming in from the hallway with sufficient strength to see objects clearly, what was my surprise, and consternation, to see the full-sized figure of a man standing through the bed and through Mrs. Jones, with his hands outstretched over her head. He was as solid as you and I, and obscured her as thoroughly as any flesh-and-blood person would do.

The unusual sight may have caused an extraordinary amount of fascination on my part. At any rate, I continued to walk directly toward the bed, and this man turned and looked at me. As I continued to approach the bed, his form faded out like a figure on a motion picture screen.

When he had faded out sufficiently, my hair was back flat on my head, where it had been before this experience, but I was mystified. The next morning Mrs. Jones was very ill, and that night, which is healing-class night at the Stead Center, the first one to come in was Dr. Senn, now in spirit, and for years a prominent Chicago physician.

He came right over to me and said, "That was I whom you saw last night, Mr. Jones. I could see that Mrs. Jones was becoming ill and I was treating her. You will find her better when you get up home."

He was right. She was better. Her recovery was remarkable.

That was one instance. Here is another:

In my estimation, God never made too much drinking water. No beverage has ever tasted a tenth as good to me. I drink it whenever I think about it, and think about it often.

Each night a thermos bottle of cold water stands on a small table near the head of my bed. In order to avoid spilling the water over the bedding, I usually sit on the edge of the bed when I take a drink.

This night—along in the wee sma' hours, after I had smacked my lips over a cooling drink, my attention was drawn to an unusually dark shadow near the radiator. It did not seem to be regular. It was out of place. There was sufficient light coming through the windows to make the radiator and articles of furniture visible. As I studied this strange shadow, it stepped out from the wall, silently but swiftly, and stood about eighteen inches from me, looking down at me. This was the figure of a man—although in the darkness of the room I could not distinguish his features. I knew this figure was a spirit. He made no noise in walking. The floor did not creak.

Knowing that I had no earthly intruder to worry about, and finding that the room was more chilly than I had fancied before this incident, I mumbled a more or less grateful "Thank you," and got into bed. The covers seemed to offer some sort of insulation, or something. The man stepped right bang up to the side of the bed, and you may ask why I did not reach out and touch him. I had no such inclination. I was satisfied to take it all out through the sense of sight. No invitation had been sent to me for any such manner of party, and I was a trifle unprepared for it. Those things usually come at such moments!

After some minutes—three or four minutes, I believe—the form stepped back quickly and silently to the wall and vanished. The next sitting I had, a minister of the gospel, whom I had known for years and loved as a friend, came and told me that it was he whom I had seen. I thanked him for the compliment, but he added:

"You didn't seem to be particularly delighted to see me."

Now, in reciting these two instances, I make free confession that the chills played po'lo up and down my spine. Not being a medium, maybe this was not wholly according to the ethics of psychic experiences. If they happened every day or two, that would be different—maybe. It is not with mediums.

My father was psychic. He has been in spirit these twenty-eight years, and

does not refer much to his former psychic experiences, but I recall some of them.

He was born in Wales—lived about four miles out of Oswestry. His profession was civil engineering, and his hours were long and uncertain. Also, my father was a very athletic man—convenient with his fists in an argument. I never knew him to dodge anything that appeared like physical danger.

This particular moonlight night he was walking home. The moon was up in all its glory, and the hour being advanced, there were no travelers on the road. Along the side of the road were the customary rows of hedges. I mention this because the hedge played a part in this drama of the night.

As he was walking and thinking, he heard a heavy, measured and rapidly approaching thud on the road behind him. Looking around, he beheld a Turk, with oriental dress, turban and all, not far back of him. What a Turk should be doing at that time of night in a quiet Welsh countryside, was a riddle. In fact, it looked suspicious. My father expected combat. He was sure that he was to be waylaid.

The Turk passed him with a long, easy swing, and as he went by looked straight at my father and smiled broadly, and then ran down from the road and vanished in a hedge. This complicated matters and preferring to have the argument out as speedily as possible, my father hurried after him and jumped into the exact part of the hedge where Mr. Turk had disappeared. But there was no Turk there, nor in the field beyond nor anywhere about. Nor did he make himself manifest again! The Turk had come out of the astral and had gone back into the astral; a guide, no doubt.

Then there was another of his experiences. The surveying crew had come into a country inn—a little crossroads hotel—about eight o'clock one evening, after a day in the mud and rain. The storm had abated and the sky had cleared and the moon was beaming brightly. My father and his companions sat in a back room eating their evening meal, when they heard the pounding of many running horses that came down to the side of the inn and, in wheeling, kicked so hard everybody in the tavern heard the noise, and they all ran out to see what had happened—how so many horses had broken away at that hour of the night. But in the moonlight no animal was visible, and in the soft mud of the field no hoofprint could be seen. Yet everybody had heard the same thing, at the same time and in the same way.

These experiences, I believe, are ordinary. I have heard many that were better. I have had some better ones myself, but I wish to draw you out of your shell of reticence and help you come into

print and tell some of yours.—Lloyd Kenyon Jones.

A Spirit-carried Message

I am interested in a manufacturing plant in the South, and a few weeks ago was called away from Chicago suddenly; so suddenly, in fact, I had but little time to pack my grip and no time to call up any friends.

When I reached the South I soon found that I would be obliged to remain there several days, and that the evening of that very day was my regular evening at the Stead Center for a private sitting. What was I to do? It was a long distance to the telegraph office, and there were no phone connections at this new factory building.

Last summer a young lady passed into spirit who was a very dear friend of mine, and as I contemplated my dilemma, I felt that she was near, so I said, "Elsie, I wish you would tell Mrs. Cook that I cannot be there tonight, that I am here in the South." I dismissed the matter with that request and plunged into my work. I saw nothing and heard nothing, but felt confident that my message would be delivered.

The next week I was back in Chicago and called up for an appointment. I did not talk to Mrs. Cook and said nothing at all about my absence the week before. But when I went up for my sitting, and started to apologize for not having been on hand or letting Mrs. Cook know, she said: "I knew all about it. Elsie came in last week, told me where you were and said that you wished me to know you could not get back in time."

I then told Mrs. Cook about my request to my friend in spirit, and felt that henceforth there would be more certainty in my mind that I could get messages, or at least impressions, through if I only had the good sense to ask my loved ones on the other side to help me out.—F. J. Root, Chicago.

An Accusing Conscience

In my youthful days I lived in the Province of Ontario and several of the young people had taken deep interest in spirit phenomena. It was proposed that we try table-tippings, and we met once a week, first at the home of one and then at the home of another.

The table went through many strange antics, and in one of the homes its favorite performance was to walk across the room, as our finger-tips touched it lightly, moving on two legs, and walking as much like a man as a table can walk, and then bringing the two front legs down on a sofa and raising the two rear legs to the level of the sofa and pushing itself over.

I had questioned the cause of this manifestation a good deal, and wondered if it might not be due to over-enthusiasm on our part, or perhaps to the trickery of some of the members of the circle.

Therefore, I was determined to put the table to a most severe test.

The next time that we were at this particular home, when the table walked across to the sofa and had planted its two forward legs securely on the lounge, I waited for the moment when the two rear legs would begin to elevate. That was where my test was to come in.

The rear legs began to raise, and when they were almost level with the sofa, I—who was stationed conveniently according to my own arrangements at the rear side of the table—put my entire weight on the table. It lifted me clear of the floor, and with me still clinging to it and my feet held free of the floor, the table moved easily to its accustomed place!

Sometime after this I was victimized. Several members of the family were opposed to this "tom-foolery," and decided to show us up, in the vernacular. They went to the local cemetery and from the tombstones copied the names of different towns-people who had been gone many years, getting the dates accurately.

Then they proposed a table-sitting, and it was not long until the table began to tip, and spelled out the names and dates to our amazement. Some days after, when we were very enthusiastic over this information, one of my relations (an aunt) told me what had been done. For over a year I never spoke to her. I felt that she had stooped to a very low trick.

The years sped, and in the meantime I had forgotten nearly all about the old table-tippings. Then I began to be interested again in Spiritualism, but rather mildly and cautiously. I attended a seance, and the first one in spirit to greet me was this aunt, and the first thing she said was, "I hope you forgive me for that unpardonable thing I did about those table-tippings."

I am sure that this incident did more toward convincing me than nearly anything else could have done. I venture that for twenty years or more the memory of those table-tippings had never claimed any place in my mind.—D. E. C.

Many Types of Experience

Many experiences pertain to what is seen, or heard, or felt, or to warnings of impending danger or disaster, or to healing. The types of experiences are limitless, and surely you have had some experience that would help others to think about the truth of spirit manifestations.

These experiences usually come during moments of meditation or of extreme concentration. Seldom do they come in the middle course. You open the door when you least suspect that you have done so and when the door is open, any one of countless types of psychic experiences may come to you.

In seance-rooms, there are also many unusual experiences, and you are serving the cause when you tell yours.

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THE STEAD CENTER

533 Grant Place

Chicago, Illinois

Church of Divine Inspiration Commemorates Spiritualism's Birthday

Before five thousand unusually interested men and women, representing the highest intelligence of the Metropolis, the Church of Divine Inspiration of New York City celebrated two important anniversaries on March 28 in the large auditorium of Carnegie hall.

The seventy-second birthday of Modern Spiritualism and the sixty-eighth anniversary of the First Spiritual Alliance, of which the Church of Divine Inspiration is the constitution, were commemorated most fittingly and beautifully.

It is a rule imposed upon every organization that rents this large auditorium to charge an admission fee, and the fact that this great hall was not large enough to accommodate the throngs, is evidence of the interest being evinced in spiritualism, and particularly when represented by a program such as that provided by this old, stanch church society.

Following the organ prelude, fifty members of the ladies' auxiliary entered, dressed becomingly in white, and the congregation joined the splendid choir in singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." This song was followed by the Lord's Prayer and the reading of the principles of Spiritualism by Mrs. Kane, the secretary. Mrs. Hand, the moderator, followed with timely remarks, and an inspirational lecture then was delivered most ably through the instrumentality of Mrs. F. Hibner.

The vocal and instrumental music was sublime and the floral offerings beautiful.

A duet and silent prayer followed the inspirational lecture, and then Dr. Teasdale Randolph spoke on "The Message of Spiritualism to Christianity."

The great feature of the evening's program was Olga, the peerless inspirational speaker, who gives addresses on topics suggested by the audience. She spoke on fourteen different subjects, taking in a remarkable range of topics that have claimed a place in the thought of the day. These included Enthusiasm, the League of Nations, Profiteering, the Brotherhood of Man, Causes of War, Retribution, Gravitation, Inspiration, Congress, Democracy, Divine Inspiration, Truth and the Bible.

After a song offering, Olga gave messages, demonstrating the truth of spirit return and communication to the assembled thousands, and reaching intellects and hearts as only Olga appears to be capable of reaching them.

Messages were also delivered most ably by Mrs. A. Gabriel, Mrs. Beulah Thompson and Mrs. Vivian Clark.

The Church of the Divine Inspiration prepared and carried out a program that merits special commendation, and that

should be taken as an example by other Spiritualist churches, many of which have overlooked the necessity of variety and smooth, coherent action, all of which are essential to hold and interest an audience. The large numbers who attended this meeting were cared for properly; their comfort was regarded as important, and they were sent home, after the Doxology, with a feeling that Spiritualism truly had found itself, had come into its own law and order, and was capable of organized effort and the conduct of services in keeping with this new message to mankind.

The leadership that has been taken by the Church of Divine Inspiration in New York City is in harmony with its sixty-eight years of patient pioneering. When Spiritualism was a babe in swaddling clothes, and humanity was a most impatient and ill-tempered nurse, the Church of Divine Inspiration was glad to do its share toward fostering this infant of glorious thought, this offering of Divine Love. And during these three-score-years-and-eight, this society has been patient and loving in its ministrations to this Child of God—this new Son born to man, to bring to heartsick humanity new strength and new and better purpose.

Really, it is so easy these days to step in with the ranks and organize and proclaim one's belief—and it is good that this new courage has come. But whence did it spring? Why has this moral strength come to Spiritualists? Only from and through the unwavering faith of those who dared brave the ridicule, the condemnation, the persecution of the world in general!

The larger and more populous the community, the more isolated mortals become. They move in narrow circles, and have to keep chiefly to their own thoughts. They rub elbows with the many of other faiths. They are bubbles in the boiling pot of evolution. Soul-hunger does not have its abiding place merely in the quiet reaches, where there is little to disturb tranquillity. It is a starvation that belongs to the congested cities—and by rule of ratio, the soul-hunger of New York should be the greatest in this country—the greatest on earth.

The material call, harking from the canyon of Wall Street, and echoed in countless cafes and clubs, is losing much of its glittering lure. There is something down deep in hearts that yearns for that which is revealed only to those who search.

The truth needs these beacon-lights—these brightly illuminated harbors, where the soul-weary may come and find rest and peace, and the dawn of a better understanding.

In the heart of the mighty material Metropolis, it is good to have a haven of refuge, and to know that there are workers who are willing and anxious to bring the wonderful message to mankind.

The Church of Divine Inspiration merits the best thought and the most sincere assistance that Spiritualists can give to it. This church merits the moral and material support of those whose belief is such that they feel inspired to assist.

COMMUNICATION invites the Church of Divine Inspiration to make use of its pages whenever it has a message to give to the world, and trusts that, in an early number, we may tell the story of Olga, who is doing so much toward driving this bright, welcome truth straight into the hearts of men and women.

As the world is ready, as it has turned upon its moral axis sufficiently to have evolved to the need of a better understanding, God provides the soul incarnate to act as message-bearer, and to bring personal, direct demonstration of this mightiest of all truths to the children of the world.

A very considerable part of this sacred mission has been bequeathed to the Church of Divine Inspiration, and to Olga and the other helpers—and we shall hope to learn that this church organization purposes to appeal to the public frequently as it appealed so ably and commendably on the evening of Sunday, the twenty-eighth of March. And we trust, and believe, that every man and woman who has faith in Spiritualism will think often and lovingly of this church and ask that it may have great strength for its noble mission.

The person who says, "My life has been all wrong," is more wrong that his life has been. Look ahead—and the past will be stored-up energy, at your command, ready to speed you along your way to greater development.

"The simple little things count most," observed the absent-minded husband, as his diminutive wife was adding up a column of household expenses for the tenth time, and she took exceptions to his remark. Which goes to show that thought should be looked over carefully before it is permitted to trot out of the stable of the brain.

Learn to say, with all your heart, "Teach me, God. Show me how I may be a better person." If that is your prayer, and you heed the inspiration that comes to you, there will be small need of your worrying about the world. You will have done your own little, but all-important, part in making the world a better habitation for God's spirits incarnate.

THE BROKEN REED

(Continued from page 17)

is forgotten or put aside from remembrance—deliberately, and the pleasant, sunny spots along the road remembered. Thus Jesus, having put off the mortal, still would have with Him the living, abiding thing for which Bethany and the little home there stood—love! and the indwelling of the holy spirit.

"In this Place that knows no tears Jesus would set aside the memory of Gethsemane to remember the joy of the woman who touched but the hem of His garment, in her sweet faith; and the smile dawning in the eyes of the maid of whom He said, 'She but sleepeth,' and who awoke from her sleep.

"In this Place that knows no pain—Oh, say it loud—no pain!—Jesus would remember His Calvary, not for His bruised flesh and weariness, but for the unborn centuries and their Calvarys.

"The Wise Man says that Jesus having so loved the world that He died for it, has not enwrapped Himself in glory and forgotten the Cause for which He died. He stands with the toilers, in memory of the bench at which he worked.

"He kneels with the sorrowing, because once there was a Garden.

"He walks with the mothers of men because of that Mother who stood at the foot of the Cross. Because of the women who stood afar off.

"His work on earth is done.

"But His work for earth goes on.

"There is the Sign of Him among the battlefields. The Sign of Him in mothers' hearts.

"And the Wise Man says . . . this . . . this! . . . that the misty emanation of Him who walked the earth two thousand years ago, because of earth's need—and faith's sore straits—and men's dying eyes—did come down the shadowy ways and walk among the blood stains of the battlefields, our Comrade of the Mist.

"He says that men hold Christ near and dear, yet put Him far away. Paradoxical. But that pure spirit of an olden day, yielding itself for assurance of love and redemption of a fallen world, has not drawn itself into the fine point of a distant star.

"Its light is not pale, diffused. It is radiant, searching.

"In that light, the Wise Man says, many coming away from the flame of battle to the Haven of the Shadows, did see our Comrade of the Mist smile the Brotherhood.

"Love!

"That will not see the peoples die."

VI

PRECIOUS STONES

January 31, 1919.

11 P. M.

I wait.

I hear them laughing down the way together, just as any other joyous human creatures laugh, out of sheer exuberance of spirit and gay content with life. The humanness of them is the compelling force of these personalities, laughing or philosophizing or sermonizing or pleasantly gossiping from behind the veil.

I had never dreamed mere voice could so adequately, so revealingly, express personality. Yet it is not voice, alone, which is the mystic compulsion on attention, of these friends.

They make themselves felt. As a compelling personality does here. Such an one entering a room, dwarfs others. Never the egotist, though he harangue to the exclusion of all others. He is but as a jangling string. It is the smallness of the egotist which makes him. The dominant personality sees things bigger than itself.

These friends constantly emphasize their humanness, their persisting identity. A man in the valley is the same man when he comes to the mountain-top; but he may be a man of wider vision.

Thus tonight laughing youth blows litherward. There come Prudence Hopewell and the boy. Both voices are unrestrainedly happy. She tells me she has been forgotten of the world for nearly three hundred years. He is of Yesterday. And both are of that youth of which even heaven must be glad. Hushing laughter, he announces, "It's of precious stones, this time."

"The hairt aff a stane," she comments, in an assured tone, "been liken to the hairt off a vif. Athin the hairt off the stane bee the glow. Bute shinen oot onli vone the licht strikit it oot. Athin the hairt aff a vomman the glow. Bute shinen oot onli whon lif strikit the licht."

(The heart of a stone is like to the heart of a woman. Within the heart of the stone, the glow. But shines out only when the light strikes it out. Within the heart of a woman, the glow. But shines out only when life strikes it out.)

Then, in a matter of fact way, she adds: "Weel, mee to oder verk. Ye biden wi' heem."

(Well, me to other work. You abide with him.)

"Bute effir mee ye sud [should] hae sma' nede to ony oder," she calls saucily, as if over her shoulder.

He begins on his interrupted word:

"The alabaster box with the ointment—that was precious, too. But mostly we

think just of the ointment. He says it's love pouring itself out of a soul. That's the preciousness. Not the alabaster box. Not the ointment. But the use of them. He says there's a balm for every hurt, body and soul. Ointment for blistered, tired feet, from alabaster boxes or from rubbing, soothing hands. Balm for tired souls. And back of the need physical or spiritual, the same balm. Love! He says it. Love, that prompts giving or withholding, no matter what. It is the spirit back of the application that brings relief or works cure.

"Because some one recognized the relation of spirit to matter, came tradition, superstition, gypsy faith. Romance or cupidty builded on the initial thought that spirit is the all-accomplishing, until it became obscured.

"So with stones.

"There is the binding of the jewel on the brow to cure madness. There is the wearing of this or that for luck. There is the binding of the wonder-stone to wounds.

"The Wise Man says if a priest or devotee were to hold up a common stone—a little common gray stone, one side smooth and one maybe showing its cleavage from remote ancestry—and should proclaim its healing virtue; and if crowds should gather under the spell or charm of his personality and believe; crowds added to them; multitudes; the seeming miracle would be wrought. As is wrought at shrines, from the kaaba at Mecca to the altar where knee-worn pilgrims pray.

"There is this of truth about the little common grey stone: A multitude thinking as one mind and concentrating its will on the stone, exercising its will through the priest's mind to the stone, would endow it with the healing property that lay within themselves, in their belief, their faith. Multiplied belief does not create truth, but it does bring truth to the surface.

"Once, back there, I found a stone that had the look of a jewel—shimmering, with lights playing in the grey where the sun struck it. First, I thought it might be precious. There is such a valuable stone that is rarely found in gravel, I've been told. But a lapidary said no, of my stone.

"Then I got to wondering what really determines the preciousness of a thing—rarity, money worth, what? I asked the rector. He said he thought the use we make of a thing determines its preciousness; but that we estimate value by extrinsic rather than by intrinsic worth. Others' opinions as to what is of value to us, rather than self determination of that. The intrinsic worth of a thing is stable, unshifting. It is spiritual. Spiritual values are unchanging. A thing might be of great worth to him, he said, and yet be worthless to me. Its worthlessness to me would not change its value.

"The alabaster box was worthless to Jesus; he had no need for it. But that for which it stood was *worthful*. Love! And love's giving.

"The rector said that love in itself is the most precious thing in the world, but that we use it so poorly sometimes, we make it seem worthless. Yet nothing changes the value of love, because it is of pure spirit, the one unchanging source of all the good and lovely. He said common things are really the most precious things. As we'd find out if we tried to get along without them. Air, light, water.

"He said we let others say what is precious to us, when we ought to see for ourselves. That for him, he had all the precious stones he wanted—diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, opals. That they were where thieves could not break through and steal. I hadn't guessed it. His ways were plain.

"Then he laughed. Like a boy. Oh, yes, he said; in the garden, in an early summer morning. Necklaces on the roses; rings on the grasses; crowns on the leaves. And in the crystal cup of a winter morning, held to the rising sun. Columns of precious stones like in the walls of the temple; breastplates of jewels on the bosom of the morning, like the breastplate of a high priest. A lovely garden blooming with jewels as if they were a wonderful new sort of flower transplanted from a fairyland garden. Bars of jewels leaning along the east in the very early morning of either summer or winter. Sheets of gold spread like shimmering carpets along the floor line of the west.

"Queer fancies.

"So I kept the little stone. It's back there somewhere with other things I had. My mother may know. In a box where the broken bowl of the pipe is; and the crystal I had when I was a little lad. Mother will know. Sometimes she cries over that box, and other things that used to be mine. It seems to make me nearer to her. Queer, that a little stone can say something to her that I can't make her hear now.

"And after all, it was a precious stone, for with the help of the rector, I saw things through it. Pictures, poems, visions. He'd a way with him!

"The Wise Man says precious stones are really symbols, if we only knew it. That it is a way-nature has of giving form to a spiritual radiance that cannot otherwise be expressed.

"He says we admit the value of a stone is in the skill of the lapidary. Then, is not the preciousness in the skill, not in the stone itself? He says, too, that each has to be his own lapidary; cut and polish his own stone; beat and burnish the brass of his own lamp; himself determine the worth of them.

"He says there are strata on strata of wonderful minerals and stones lying deep

in the earth, that have not yet been found. Mostly where water runs. And deep down, like a shelf or roof to an underworld. That the stuff lies in huge flakes, like shale, say. That the glints of sky and water are in it, that is, ready to be struck out of it when it is brought under the sky; and to the tempering of earth.

"And that if it should be brought to the surface where the sun might fall on it, kingdoms might be bought with a flake of its beauty. Only, he stops to say, when that happens, kingdoms will be so far in the past, men will wonder at the meaning of the word kingdom.

"Doesn't sound inviting to prospectors, does it?

"He says it is mostly in the country of the dark peoples, sometimes in the Mediterranean region and far under the silt of the Nile. The artificers of old days put men to death who knew but would not locate the veins, they passing the secret from father to son and swearing their honour against revelation.

"He says there is a spiritual gift, a form of divination, which can locate ores and minerals, as many know. He says there is a certain stone that men hold for ore indication, like they hold the waterwand for wells. He doesn't say the name of the stone or if it has a name or where it's found. But he does say it's like the healing stones, the wonder-stones or wonder-sticks. The marvel is not in the stone itself, but in the spirit back of it, the gift, the divination of the spirit.

"He says if one having the gift in its fullest strength could be brought over the place, he could tell the miners where to dig.

"But, he says, many times the value of a gift is in God's withholding of the gift. Sounds strange to me. Eh? That if this most precious thing were found tomorrow, it would be with the world as it always has been—a few blessed; many cursed—and cursing.

"He says that the stone of the Brotherhood is like the stone in the breastplate of the High Priest. Only the elect may wear it. And that not until the elect of the Brotherhood means every living soul, can the stone be found and polished.

"In the heart of this mass, deep down, near the shores of the Mediterranean and along the Nile, is a substance brighter than any that has ever been found. So much more powerful than uranium that it is as a moon to a pale star. He says too, there are curative properties in it, not invested by man—for man has not seen it—at least, not modern man—but inherent.

"He says I am to say this: In the temple of Jerusalem there was a fragment from the hidden wonder, an uncut stone. That a recreant priest stole it. And paid the price with the curse on him of the holy spot he had violated.

"For thousands of years it has passed from hand to hand, sometimes lost, sometimes unrecognized. The initiate know. In it is the well of truth and the star of hope and the flame of a new day.

"A slave tried to slip it to Pontius Pilate when the Nazarene stood before him. But he would have none of it. And had the slave put to death because of his temerity. But if Pilate had taken the stone and looked into it he would have seen down to the utter last day. But that because it was ordered otherwise, the Stone of Destiny went its way.

"I can not tell all he means by this. It seems to me fact buried in parable. He looks inscrutable. I can't make it out. But then, I'm young. And the Wise Man must be *very* old.

"He says that John on Patmos had the vision of a poet and that fancy studded the walls of The City—of his own building—with jewels and precious stones. The walls and the gates thereof.

"That John or James or Peter or Paul on the fields of France, had the vision of Jesus when they saw their little lives go down, that other lives might go up and on. And in its last hour Youth saw its little world perish in the flames of hate, that a new world, of ageless love, might rise.

"It is written.

"It was the fancy—the idealism—of John or James or Peter or Paul—standing for brave and perished Youth—which studded the walls about the new world—and the gates thereof—with jewels and stones which men down to the end of time shall name Precious.

"The preciousness is not in the thing itself, but in the use we make of it.

"Stones.

"Or the Living Rock.

"Or love.

"Or life.

"Or death, the jewel that pins the veil between."

(To be continued.)

Every time any mortal helps to "frame" on another, that deluded human is framing on himself. The Law of Compensation works not just now and then, but always—without end.

If you ever expect that the time may come when you will ask God to be merciful, why not practice mercy now? If you feel that, sometime and somewhere, you may ask to be given another chance, begin by giving others a chance here and now.

Technically, these quips are called "fillers," which is true—because not only do they fill odd spaces in the magazine, but they are intended to fill your mind with suggestions that merit contemplation.

The Church of Antioch

By D. A. Reynolds

This is Mr. Reynolds' second able article on the Inter-Church Movement. The first, appearing in the April Number, dealt with the church survey.

"And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. And in these days came prophets from Jerusalem unto Antioch; and there stood up one of them named Agabus, and signified by the Spirit that there should be great dearth throughout all the world; which came to pass in the days of Claudius Caesar. Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea."

Thus was founded, 1,885 years ago, a small business—the business of systematic charity dominated by the Christian Spirit—that has grown into gigantic proportions, and which today is being organized into a Benevolent Trust.

For the Interchurch World Movement today is nothing short of a "trust," in which the component parts have agreed to combine their forces for the systematic achievement of those great reformations for which the reincarnate Spirit of Divinity entered this mundane sphere. They have agreed to supplant church rivalry with brotherly love, sectarianism with cooperation, and the creed of selfishness with a broader interpretation of the Divine Plan. It is a syndicate agreement on the part of thirty-one of the leading church organizations that they will return to the fundamental graces of Faith, Hope and Charity, and build, henceforth, upon the pure and unadulterated teachings of Christ Jesus.

And of what does such a trust consist? What is its potentiality? What are its dimensions, its limitations and its organization as revealed in a searching analysis before the Court of Public Approval?

Dr. S. Earl Taylor, formerly Executive Secretary of the Methodist Centenary Campaign, under whose inspiration the Interchurch movement has taken on its present form, has given to *The New York World*, through one of its staff correspondents—Marguerite Mooers Marshall—a fairly complete program, from which we may glean a fair conception of the magnitude of this world movement—this consolidation of church fellowship—in which the Church of Antioch is reorganized and modernized to meet the demands of twentieth century civilization.

The financial program calls for the expenditure of a billion three hundred and thirty million dollars—\$1,330,000,000—within the next five years, three hundred and thirty million—\$330,000,000—of which it proposes to raise during the latter part of April.

Its executive offices will occupy twelve acres of floor space under a ten-year lease of an entire building extending from 18th to 19th Streets on Sixth Avenue, one of the busy thoroughfares of New

York, for which it assumes a rental of \$3,500,000.

Of the expenses to be incurred, the Baptist and Presbyterian church organizations have each pledged themselves to the extent of \$1,000,000, while the Methodists have underwritten \$750,000 of the expenses. Twenty-eight other church organizations have already joined the Interchurch movement, and will contribute not only to the funds required, but to the general evangelistic work.

It is claimed that 75 per cent of the 26,000,000 Protestants of this country have already joined the movement, or substantially 19,500,000 upon which the organization can depend for active support. It is also believed that the philanthropic work undertaken will strongly appeal to the 58,000,000 Americans without any definite church affiliations, and bring them more or less closely in touch with the Christianizing influence of the movement. As an expression of hope, Dr. Taylor exclaimed:

"We are facing a world crises, and believe that the world problems—the struggles between labor and capital, the prevalence of graft and selfishness and dishonesty in Government, the disgraceful excesses of the hour—never can be solved with any degree of success until we put religion into the hearts of man. We also feel that the Protestant churches, like the Allies, can win victory only by working together under a generalissimo, a supreme command."

As the direction of an organization of such magnitude calls for the trained minds of recognized executive ability, we are not surprised to find the name of Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State, as Chairman of the General Committee, with John R. Mott as Chairman of the Executive Committee. Others of national reputation who will be closely associated in the directing of the movement are John D. Rockefeller, Jr., W. J. Bryan, Secretary Daniels, George Wharton Pepper, Raymond Robins, and men of that calibre, with Dr. Taylor as Executive Secretary.

Of the work undertaken, Dr. Taylor summarizes as follows:

"At this moment the most engrossing task of the Interchurch World Movement is nothing less than a national religious survey of the United States, conducted by counties and by cities, which will determine, among other things, exactly what church YOU attend, or prefer, if you are a backslider. If you are a neutral, benevolent or otherwise, toward all churches, the Interchurch World Movement will have you listed to that effect.

... It will have the religious record of each member of the family, the church of which he is a member, the church he attends, the church he prefers, the Sunday school he attends. By the time the religious census taker is through, he possesses a fairly complete dossier of each citizen."

As an illustration how this information can be employed, Dr. Taylor cites the city of Perth Amboy as an example:

"Twenty blocks in Perth Amboy, N. J., indicate the data given to church and pastor after the mapping and tabulating of the survey. Accurate lists of the names of the people, addresses, church membership or preference, birthplace, language of mother, length of residence in the United States, trade union membership, war service and whether officers of the church, are furnished. With these facts in hand, pastoral visitation is simplified. The survey also gives the pastor an opportunity to mobilize his entire congregation for community service."

To show the necessity for such systematic work, Dr. Taylor takes a "human centre" of 100 city blocks in central New York in which there are 45 theatres, 10 motion picture houses with an approximate weekly attendance of 1,000,000 men, women and children. To religiously serve this constituency, there are 2 Jewish synagogues, 4 Roman Catholic and 13 Protestant churches, with an active membership of 16,500, while the attendance, even on a Sunday evening service, falls to 1,817 people by actual count. Continuing, Dr. Taylor says:

"The opportunities in New York for both study and practice for those who aim to be directors of community work, religious education, social and recreational work are unparalleled. Why not sign the Emancipation Proclamation of the church for its larger life and inspiring task in New York?"

This work of tabulation will be carried out in all municipalities of 5,000 or over, while the country will be tabulated by counties. The country survey began in 1919, and 186 counties were covered, while it is expected to cover 1,800 counties in 1920. With these data in hand, the General Committee will be in a position to formulate plans to meet the religious or non-religious conditions that confront the movement, and carry into execution such philanthropic purposes as the organization may wish to undertake.

What these purposes are, or what form they may take, will depend largely upon the religious fervor of the Governing Board. Should that Board be dominated

by a desire to extend the simple teachings of the beloved Nazarine, its power for good will be almost without limit; but should it permit itself to become engrossed in church aggrandizement to the exclusion of the spiritual element, they will merely have pointed a way to a more perfect understanding of the Christ Life, to be lost again in the wilderness of church arrogance and bigoted superstition.

The inherent weakness of such a movement arises from its gigantic strength. It possesses all the allurements of domination. It draws to itself the parasites of propaganda to prey upon the credulity of its victims and fasten themselves upon the organization for the sake of the per diem or commission their insincerity may command. In their "drive" for funds, they employ the mantle of piety to cover their sinister cravings for contributions. Theirs is a "profession" which infects labor, church, charitable and legislative movements, with no more regard for the cause they represent than the professional panhandler and lobbyist.

Yet funds are necessary for organization, and organization is a prerequisite of power. Entrusted with that power, will the Interechurch movement confine its efforts to evangelistic work, or seek to dominate the lives and habits of our citizenship by legislative morality? Will it seek to bend legislative enactments to its will and through the sinister employment of its great power, nullify our constitutional guarantees of the right to worship according to the dictates of our own conscience?

In the broad analysis of such a movement, we must consider the human family in its past, present and future intellectual development. Many today, who are living in the radiance of the "eleventh commandment," can remember when it was thought necessary to picture from the pulpit all the torments of the damned, in a region seething with the fumes of burning sulphur, dominated by a legion of vindictive demons, craving for the souls of men. Happily, we are rising above those conditions, and it is no longer thought necessary to drive mankind into heaven through the fear of hell.

Yet we must recognize that not all men are constituted to resist evil for righteousness. Not all men have been brought within the influence of the spiritual forces that shield them from the baser temptations. They need a sustaining hand which the churches have extended to a commendable degree, and while there have been hypocrites who would don the cloak of righteousness to hide the infamy of deceit, the trend has been upward and onward.

Many have been led to walk upright, and with a craving for something higher, purer and nobler, have brought themselves within the astral influences and felt the soul-strengthening power that has held them from a downward course. The church has been a teacher in the kinder-

Sixty-Eight Years of Editorial Standpatness

Like mountain-ranges, the procession of morn and night, and the little brook of poetical fame, editors do not change. In sixty-eight years, they have never considered as worthy of notice the suggestion that they do not preside over human destinies, and they feel today, as they have felt since periodicals came into vogue, that they put the official periods to all things which they taboo.

Witness the following from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, No. xxxi, Vol. vi, December, 1852. In reading this, do not miss the subtle, double-action, anti-suffrage compliment to the ladies.

Now that there are many male mediums, we may feel safe in conversing with spirits. At least, the quotation closing the arguments of Harper's editor would so indicate.

The editorial, from page 129, under the caption of "Editor's Easy Chair," follows:

The spirit-rappings are again engrossing a lion's share of the talk; and the electro-biologists and mental alchemists are again upon their winter's beat. As faithful chroniclers of the times, we cannot let them go by unnoticed. The biologists are comparatively vulgar, and do not extend their operations beyond making a man smell brandy out of a cup of pure water, or fancy that a red nose is unmistakably green. Their province is comparatively limited, and does not as yet extend into the spirit world.

Not so, however, of the rappers and table-movers. The media are, we understand, multiplying day by day to such an extent that presently no live man will be sure of his side-board, and no dead man will be sure of his soul.

We do not mean to speak too flippantly of what the very respectable media will tell us we do not comprehend; and we only object to the matter that it takes off so much from the dignity of the spirit-life; and if heaven grants us the gift of ubiquity, when once this dull mortality is shaken off, we do humbly hope and pray, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray, that we shall not come down to such scurvay occupation as rapping upon an old lady's table, or guessing at a dead man's age!

We have, with all modesty, laid out for ourselves what seems to us better employ-

garten of soul development, and has gradually inspired a desire for a closer communion with the spiritual, causing a less regard for church dogmas and the fetters of church discipline.

If the confederated churches can lay aside the fetters that have held them bound in isolation, one from the other, and join forces in the Interechurch movement, they have demonstrated the domination of Christianity.

ment, and if worse comes to worst, we would hope rather for no business at all, and no ubiquity, rather than to stand the catechizing of inquisitive mortals. There can be no doubt at all that most extraordinary answers have been returned to many querists, sufficient almost to shake our common sense, and there is still less doubt, that tables have moved or seemed to move, without the application of any apparent force. This last may depend on some truths of animal magnetism, or electric influences, which are not yet fairly understood. It is certainly somewhat easier to believe this than to believe that either good or bad spirits are at the bottom of the matter; and being easier, we slip into it without any harm to our consciences.

As for the spirit communications, we had rather count them strange than to count them spiritual; our faith is taxed enough in the grappling of weightier matters—matters which belong to Death and the Deity, and until it appear that a new faith, in these new-come spirits, will make us either healthier, or heartier, or happier, we shall not cultivate faithfulness in them.

We happened the other day upon an old dissertation, by Increase Mather, upon angelical apparitions. The old gentleman, it will be remembered, wrote and lived at a day not far removed from the devilry of witchcraft; and as he was himself a quasi believer in both good and bad spirits, we shall bolster up our friends of the rappings with a few pertinent quotations:

"No good angel ever told a lie. Hence that spirit which shall be once found in a lie, comes not from heaven. Or, if it does persuade to any dishonest thing, it is an evil spirit. By this it was manifest that the spirits which Dr. Dee and Killet were so familiar with, supposing them to be good angels, were unclean Devils; for, although those spirits did, for a long time, pretend to great sanctity, they, at last, advise to filthy things. Or, if the seeming angels shall endeavor to establish any notions in religion not grounded in the Scripture, they are not from heaven.

"Or, if they shall speak anything which is not grave or weighty, it is easy to judge what spirits they are. It is beneath the majesty of an angel to speak or do anything which is trivial, mean, or little.

"If the apparitions are frequent, and the spirits that come use familiar converse, it is much to be feared that they are not from heaven, but from hell. If these spirits appear to females only, who are the weaker sex and more easy to be imposed on, that renders the case yet more suspicious. It was part of the devil's subtlety in the first temptation, which he assaulted mankind with, that he began with the woman; and he hath found such success as to hold on in the same course. How many women have been famous in

some former dark ages, on account of pretended angelical revelations and apparitions? There was St. Hildegardis, with whose revelations as wise a man as Bernard was deceived. There was Lutgardis, whose many revelations are recorded by Surius. There was St. Bridget, Elizabetha, Liduina, Catherina, Agnes, Politiana, and I know not how many more such, of whose converse with spirits Sandenus Delrio and other such authors have published strange things. If ever an age for angelical apparitions shall come, no question but men, and not women only, will be honored with their visits, of which I hear little or nothing at present."

He further tells this strange story—not without its pertinency to the present fever—of a certain Christina Ponitovia, the pious daughter of a pious minister, who was of a noble family in Prussia.

"This, her father, was a learned and judicious divine, and a great opposer of revelations and visions, who, when he understood that his daughter pretended to them, he did, with great solemnity and severity, lay obtestations on her, that she should not regard them. Nevertheless, he himself did at the last think that they were spiritual and divine. Those super-eminent divines, Vedelius and Diodat, and other learned men in Germany had a favorable opinion of them. Commenius, who was her tutor and spiritual father, has related such things of her as are marvelous and unaccountable. Once, when an aged minister came to visit and comfort her, being sick, as soon as he was gone she said to her tutor: "That good old man little thinks that he must be the first of all the pastors that shall go into the Eternal City."

"Her tutor asked her how she knew that, to whom she replied: 'I was with the Lord, and I saw the pastors that live here coming one after the other, of whom he was the first.' She likewise told him that she saw Stadius, who was a young and a strong healthy man, come after him. And that because she did not see Commenius, she asked the reason. It was told her that God had work for him to do on earth, and therefore he must not go to heaven as yet.

"These things happened accordingly. That pastor died first, and then the rest; and Stadius when he was but in the fortieth year of his age. But Commenius lived above forty years after.

"An angel appeared to her, and told her she should speedily die of an apoplexy; she was that night smitten with that disease. She made her will, and took her leave of all her friends; was for some time thought to be really dead; there was no breath perceived in her, but she was grown quite cold, her hands and feet were become stiff, like a dead person's. All persons went out of the room, leaving only two nurses to lay her out. But on a sudden she rose up in bed and called for

her clothes, and was in such perfect health as before she had not been in, her lame hand and foot being whole and perfect, to the astonishment of all about her.

"The account which she herself giveth of this matter is that on the day before there was a knocking or striking on the table—first, one stroke, and after that five; whence she concluded that the next day she should die at five o'clock in the afternoon; that she heard a voice saying, 'Come! Come! Come!' When that evening came, her sight and speech failed, and (she says) 'I felt myself go forth with my spirit, and be carried into heaven, where, surrounded with a great shining, I saw a huge company clothed in white; and the Lord stepping forth took me in his embrace.' She addeth that the Lord told her she should return again, and behold his goodness in the land of the living; that her disease should leave her. Whereupon she worshiped him, and was restored to life, and to full vigor, health and strength in that very moment.

"This, surely, is a strange relation, yet reported as creditable by as grave and learned a man as Commenius. Now, I must confess I am not easy to believe that Christina's death, on her ascension into heaven, was real, but that they were both fantastical."

Mr. Mather's opinion jogs rather severely upon that of the German pastor; the story, however, goes to show, if nothing more, that the spirits of old time were not unused to rappings upon tables, and that the devils—if devils they are—have always had a gift of the knuckles.

(NOTE: The following is from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1853, No. xxxiv, Vol. vi, under the heading "Editor's Drawer.")

Spiritual intercourse (so-called) has become a fashionable amusement in uptown circles. It has got to be quite the rage to invite a select party of friends to witness the supernatural dancing of chairs and tables. These pretended phenomena are not paraded before the public credulity for the first time. Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI, in a letter written in June, 1788, to her friend Madame de Raigeourt, stated that for some time previous the most unaccountable phenomena had been taking place in the palace of Versailles. "The doors open and close by themselves; the pictures move without any human agency; the queen, who is by no means superstitious or timorous, was very much frightened a week or two ago while she was alone in her chamber—all the various articles of furniture in the room began to move about. The same thing happened at the same hour in the king's apartments. I confess that all these singular events sadden and alarm me. Does not heaven forewarn us by these miracles that something dreadful is about to happen to the kingdom of France and the house of Bourbon?"

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Despairing man looks up in hope, new-found,
And breathes, "Thou art!"

Intolerance retreats before the light,
Autocracy no longer weaves its spell,
And man, aglow with newly wakened faith,
Says, "It is well!"

Oppression tries its waning strength in vain,
And feels the lash it fashioned long ago;
Man, sensing right was always at his side,
Says, "Be it so!"

The things that were can never be again,
The longest race eventually is won;
And man is learning how to pray in truth:
"Thy will be done!"

The things that are, the things that are to be,
Hold promise of a golden era when
World-weary man will find that God is good,
And *feel* "Amen!"

— Lloyd Kenyon Jones