

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

JUNE, 1920

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Features in This Number:

Paul's Message of Life After Death

Harnessing Automatic Writings

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Mrs. Waite's Thirty Years of Service

The Broken Reed . . . By Ollah Toph

Spiritualism and the Church . C. P. Fleming

The "Ghosts" of Yesteryear

Living in Two Worlds

. . . By Mrs. Cecil M. Cook

One in Jesus Christ . . . By D. A. Reynolds

Understanding's Benediction

The sun of wisdom lights a warming dawn,
The mists of error dissipate, depart,
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 awakened 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

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The photograph we reproduce above is that of the seance-room of The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, of Chicago, Ill., showing the Pastor and Medium, Mrs. Cecil M. Cook. The trumpets used in the seance-room are like the trumpets that we offer. Being made of aluminum, these trumpets are rust-proof. The large end is reinforced by a wire ring over which the aluminum is rolled, giving the trumpet greater durability and beauty.

THE PRICE WILL BE ADVANCED SHORTLY

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Do You Wish to Find Out the *Kind* of Mediumship You Possess?

EACH person possesses some kind of psychic gift, even though that gift long may be concealed beneath a maze of material experiences and obstacles.

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Did You Ever Attend a Bee?

IF YOU have lived in the country, you need no introduction to the significance of a "bee." There are barn-raising bees and husking bees and other kinds of bees. This is the rural interpretation of the "community of interests" idea. A hundred persons can accomplish much more than one—and when everybody works together, there is a heap of fun in it.

The bee idea is a pretty good one—and without it life would be a rather dreary occupation. Let us take the old-fashioned "company" on Saturday night, when two or three families got together for the evening. The ladies went into the kitchen and "pitched in" and got the meal ready, and everybody enjoyed it, because the gathering breathed the spirit of co-operation. It was much better than sitting down in evening clothes, and glancing sideways at a mummy-faced individual in livery, who seems unduly sad to think that people have to eat.

An appetite that is whetted by contact with physical efforts and the out-door brand of oxygen, directs the hands to do full duty in piloting palatable, and ample provender up to the private entrance to the stomach—and under those conditions, even though eating might be less fashionable and much more crude, it is enjoyed more. This is true, because all participants are hungry, and no one is much concerned with the poor etiquette of his neighbor.

After the meal is over, the women-folks get back into the kitchen and "do the dishes," and chatter while they are thus employed, and the men load their corn-cob pipes and discourse wisely on Mr. President, the League of Nations and what-not—not particularly that they believe they understand these subjects, but for sociability's sake.

Friendships breed in such an atmosphere, and if one of those persons should be stricken with illness the others would feel companionable concern as to his safety.

They weep real tears at funerals and crack rude jokes at weddings—but with all their shortcomings, if they are shortcomings, they are genuine.

What we need in this life is more of the "bee" spirit. We need more get-together and pull-together. We are too blamed aloof, too afraid of breaking some rule of deportment! We are afraid that our friends will call us "hicks." We do not like to be ridiculed.

Compared with the average method of living in a city, a cold storage plant is a golden jubilee. It is a mad riot of fun and disorder.

We become so exclusive, so fearful of mingling and working together, it is a wonder that the undertaker does not beg the corpse's pardon before starting to prepare the body for burial! It would be so beautifully conventional if he did!

This utter lack of cordiality, this inborn fear that we shall intrude or be thought less of, makes us good pals of the Mummy of Ramases II—which never cracks a smile no matter what visitors say.

We are afraid, somehow, of being human—and still we expect to get along in spirit, where they have had millions of years of practice in being good mixers!

If a friend comes along and seeks a "touch," when God knows he needs it from his appetite to his landlord, we begin to make a mud-turtle appear as the next of kin in comparison.

If somebody faints in a crowd, we wait for a policeman to come and help the poor individual, because it might just be a trick to compromise us, or it might cost us real money.

This isn't slander. It is not even unkind. It is just plain fact, and you know it. And you, and all the rest of us, will aver in all sincerity, that the world has come to understand itself so much better these past few years!

That was one reason for the popularity of the saloon. Nobody dared get very uppish there. Even with their sinful fault of getting pickled until they saw multitudes where only a few had congregated, these companions of the bar felt the thrill of a great democracy. They longed for it, and were willing to put themselves in a condition of artificial optimism for the sake of enjoying it.

What our Truth needs is a "bee." We need more get-together, more pull-together, and until we finally see the wisdom of working on that basis, the world can do anything to us it wishes. If we haven't the courage to stand up for one another and help one another, we may as well quit Spiritualism, because no coward has any right to the Truth.

Don't save all your spirit of co-operation for Spiritualists. Beyond the fact of the bond of mutual understanding is that broader fact of the heritage of all mankind—starting with and radiating from the Fatherhood of God.

You might make a mistake now and then in being friendly and helpful and human, but it is better to make a hundred such mistakes than it is to withhold from one poor mortal that little human touch of sympathy when it is the only thing that can heal a deep hurt and sooth a biting pain.

In your conduct, you may be better than many with whom you brush elbows, but in the light of God's love you are no better and no worse than all the others.

Think of that now and then, when you are inclined to feel exclusive and haughty—and try to see where you can co-operate with others, so that this life may become one grand and glorious human "bee."

There's happiness in it—honestly there is—if you just put it to the test!

Very sincerely yours,

Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Editor.
Chicago, Illinois.

Lift Up Thine Eyes

By Mary E. Lewis

Art thou bereaved, and dost thou long for peace?

Let weeping cease.

Thy tears but dim the shining of the light,

Their mists but hide the vision from thy sight;

Look up, for there a glory waits for thee.

Couldst thou but see.

Hold not thyself from every joy apart,

With aching heart.

Make not thy song of life a mournful dirge,

Let not the waves of sorrow o'er thee surge;

Look up, and see the dawning of the day

On thy dark way.

Awake! For angel voices on the air

A message bear:

That Love still lives, and loves thee as before,

Keeps watch about thy pathway evermore;

Behold—upon the hills a glory lies—

Lift up thine eyes.



SNOWDROPS

Plucked by Snowdrop

THE HOMELAND

*Oh, mother of mine, I dreamed last night
of a wondrous Summerland,
A land where the dead all meet again,
Where women are pure and men are men,
And children play and babies croon
Through an endless afternoon!*

*And, mother, I dreamed that all were just
and no one did sin at all,
For each one feels near God up there,
So how could they help but be so fair?
No one worries, no one weeps,
And joy is theirs—for keeps!*

*They call it home, and I long to be
in the Homeland that I saw;
Why, no one ever dies, they say;
No death, no night—just life and day!
We'll go there, mother, and reside,
When you and I have died.*

*We won't be hungry or cold or ill
in the Summerland at all,
And fear will be just like the past,
Like lies and pain, it can not last.
So mother, let us try to smile,
This while, this little while!*

—SNOWDROP

Paul's Message of Life After Death

"Now, if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."

"And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

"Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not."

"For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised:"

"And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."

"Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished."

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

"But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."—1 Corinthians 15, 12 to 23 inclusive.

THESE are the words of Paul the Apostle in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. These are not secret words with hidden meanings. They are plain words, conveying a meaning that should be understood by any person who can read.

Paul said that "if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

This says what it means and means what it says. If Christ could rise from the dead, then all who have lived could rise from the dead.

"For since by man came death," it came not from spirit. And by man also comes the resurrection, for those in spirit do not need any resurrection. They do not need to rise from the dead.

Jesus Christ was born into the material-world as a babe. He had a material-body. When the time came that the material-body was crucified, the spirit left that body. Christ showed Himself after that on numerous occasions to prove that He lived again, and in showing Himself, He did precisely what is done in all materializations. He came back showing the characteristics of His earth-body and His bodily wounds.

Paul says that the fact that Christ could rise from the dead, that He could prove that He was immortal, proves that all who die will rise from the dead. Paul does not say that all who rise from the dead will go to the seventh heaven. He does not say that all will be glorified. But he and the other apostles do say that "those who believe on Christ," meaning those who have accepted and followed the teachings of the Master, will go to that sphere which is known as heaven, or likely to any one of several of the higher spheres, according to the development of the individual.

Paul tells us in plain language which any person capable of reading can understand, that the facts that Christ rose from the dead, that He had immortality superior to His physical state of existence, prove that all mortals will rise from the dead.

This definite statement can not be questioned.

If Christ proved that He lived in spirit almost immediately following His earth-death, it follows that the resurrection will be the same with all mortals—according to this message from Paul. He says that if all men can not live again, Christ could not live again. This means the common heritage of immortality. It means that if immortality is not a common heritage, it can not be a preferential heritage. And if the fact that Jesus Christ arose from the dead is proof, as Paul states, that all men can rise from the dead, then the immediate passing into spirit, the unbroken continuity of life and thought and personality, as demonstrated by Christ, must also be the common heritage of mortals.

Here we find that the Bible talks in plain language about

the subject of immortality. It resorts to no subterfuge. There is nothing equivocal about it. The statement is plain.

It is evident to every thinking person that God operates through natural law, and that law is not a rule. A rule may have exceptions and still be a rule—but if a law has one exception, it ceases to be a law.

Jesus Christ came to the world to teach mortals the Law of God, and made frequent reference to that law. He was not speaking in terms, He was not employing figures of speech, when He referred to that law. He was talking about that inflexible governing force that is unchanging throughout eternity.

Christ spoke about the Law of God long before man had discerned many of the orderly operations of natural law. In nature, we see only a reflection of God. If God is different from nature, then He is not the Creator or the Ruler. Once He is removed from that which we call nature, then nature becomes a thing apart.

Throughout the universe we find natural law operating continuously and unchangingly. Man has so far comprehended certain features of this great law that the movement of the planets can be forecast accurately. Even so vague a thing as a comet moves in accordance with this same law, and its reappearance decades hence can be foretold by astronomers to the hour and the minute, and almost to the second. Man's knowledge has grown to the point where it is possible to analyze the composition of suns so far distant from the earth that their light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, is thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, of years in reaching the earth. Man knows that the facts divulged by the spectroscope, pertaining to those rays of light, reveal the conditions existing in that sun at the time those particular rays of light started on their journey.

In all of nature, God has left His book of life—His book of law. The strata of the earth's crust are leaves in that great volume. They tell the story of material changes that have taken place in harmony with natural law. And these scientists have found evidence that men lived in this world at least 150,000 years ago. This evidence is inscribed in God's book of nature, and its language is unmistakable.

When chemists have learned the action of different chemicals in different combinations, they know that thousands and millions of years hence, the same chemicals will produce the same results. They know that this is natural law.

In his First Epistle to the Corinthians, Paul made clear that immortality is natural law. He said in plain language that if mankind could not survive death, it would be impossible for Christ to survive death. He said that the fact that Christ proved immortality, by that same token must prove the immortality of all men.

Paul was trying to reach the world through the facts of God's law. He was appealing to the judgment of mankind, and sought to make clear that if immortality could be demonstrated only once, it would become a part of natural law—not a rule, not an exception, but an established fact in life.

The crowning message that Christ left to the world was the message of immortality. He proved that Lazarus could be raised from the dead. He proved that Elias had reincarnated as St. John the Baptist. And He proved that many who were known to be dead still lived, by having them appear with Him. Therefore, Christ did not let His testimony of immortality rest upon His own resurrection. He left abundant evidence that others who had passed through the change called death continued to live.

These others were not known as the Sons of God. They were not known as Messiahs. Christ alone bore those titles.

But these others, to whom could not be attributed the position of Christ Himself, were found to live after the change called death.

Remove that fact of immortality from the Bible and no religion is left, because religion depends upon the future state of existence. If we had no future state to deal with, or if some men would stay dead and others would live again, then religion could not rest upon the solid foundation of God's immutable law.

Paul says in First Corinthians 15:42: "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption."

In the 44th verse he says: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

In the 47th verse he says: "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven."

In the 49th verse he says: "And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

And in the next, the 50th verse, he says: "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption."

And now let us read the 53rd to the 56th verse, inclusive:

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

"The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law."

Paul says that "the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law." If wrong-doing retains its hold upon us, and must be wiped out through proper compensation, that is because God's law places upon each of us certain obligations. We must pay "to the farthestmost farthing." If wrong-doing, which the Bible refers to frequently as sin, had no effect upon the after-life, then there would be no reason for trying to be moral. A code of ethics would be useless.

Paul tells us that "the strength of sin is the law." Its effects remain even after we have entered spirit. And entering spirit, it is quite possible that many do not go to heaven. They linger near the earth, waiting because of their own sin, facing the necessity of paying a debt.

Now let us turn back a few chapters, and in the 12th chapter, start with the 7th verse, continuing to the 31st verse, inclusive, which concludes the chapter:

"But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

"For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit;

"To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit;

"To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues;

"But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.

"For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.

"For the body is not one member, but many.

"If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

"And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

"If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

"But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.

"And if they were all one member, where were the body?

"But now are they many members, yet but one body.

"And the eye can not say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

"Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary:

"And those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness.

"For our comely parts have no need; but God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked:

"That there should be no chism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another.

"And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.

"Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

"And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.

"Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles?

"Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?

"But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way."

Paul is making very clear the fact that while we have a common source and a common heritage, we have a variety of gifts or talents.

Just as the body is not a hand or an eye or an ear alone, but all parts working in unison, so is every living creature simply an instrument of the One Great Source of Life. Every body is a temple through which "the Holy Ghost," or the Life-principle of God, gives evidence of its reality.

In the 11th verse of the 12th chapter Paul says: "But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." And in the next verse he says: "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ." In the 13th verse Paul says that without respect to nationality our bondage or our state of freedom "we have been all made to drink into one Spirit."

We exist because God exists. And if we see the truth of this statement, we can realize that it would not be possible to make one expression of God immortal and another mortal. It would be impossible to make one die literally and another be resurrected. We have different gifts; we have traits of character, marks of individuality.

This oneness with God is referred to many times in the Scriptures, and it harmonizes with the many other Scriptural references to God's law.

It is remarkable that many orthodox persons, who have been taught in their churches to believe in immortality, will refute the direct testimony of life everlasting as it comes from Spiritualists.

In Acts 7:53, the statement is made: "Who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it."

In Galatians 3:19 the statement is made: "Wherefore then serveth the law? It was added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made; and it was ordained by angels in the hand of a mediator."

These truths, pertaining to God's law and immortality, came to those who wrote the Bible as messages delivered by the messengers of God, meaning by those in spirit. And the lessons that have been coming for centuries, and that typify every part of the Scriptures, are lessons that pertain to God's law and to immortality.

Without respect to creed, every person professing religion, by that sign professes belief in life-everlasting.

In all other manifestations of God's law, we see the continued activity of life. We find that not an atom or an electron goes out of existence; that when the flame of the candle is extinguished, the energy represented by that flame is transmuted without loss into some other form of energy.

We can not set aside this evidence on the ground that it is of nature and not of God, because we can not believe in the

Omniscience and Omnipresence of God if we believe there is anything in existence outside of the control of the Creator.

Christ and His apostles preached the sermon of immortality, and said in clear and uncompromising language that only those who seek to merit the kingdom of heaven will partake of that kingdom. In other words, they must develop to the higher spheres before they belong in those spheres. They must lift themselves out of the carnal into the spiritual. This does not mean that they have stopped living if they have sinned, but it does mean that they have placed a burden upon themselves—have assumed an obligation that must be paid.

The teachings of immortality and of God's law that come from the spirit-side of life today do not differ in any particular from the teachings that came centuries ago. The Truth never changes.

Paul has told us that the very fact that Christ could live after He passed through the change called death, is proof conclusive that all of us must live after that same change has occurred. He showed us that one so highly developed as Jesus Christ, being born in the flesh, must pass through the transition of death, and therefore that each of us must travel the same road.

Upon these teachings of God's law and immortality, all religion is based. This is particularly true of the Christian faiths, and it is true also of those other creeds and doctrines which are not founded on the teachings of Jesus Christ. Not until His coming did the world receive the real philosophy of life.

Christ said many times "Believe on me." That was equivalent to saying, "Believe that I am telling you the truth." If mortals can not believe these teachings, they are not going to be elevated by them. We are not going to be nourished by the food we do not eat, and our thirst will not be quenched by the water which we do not drink. We shall have wisdom only when we accept the teachings of wisdom, and understanding only when we seek to understand.

In his epistle Paul told the Corinthians that while men made much of the scant knowledge that they called wisdom, and referred to these teachings as foolishness; yet God, in His foolishness, has greater wisdom than men in their self-assertive wisdom.

He proved that faith is more important than learning, because faith will lead more quickly to understanding. If we start out by accepting these teachings as being true, then our faith in them will lead us to an understanding of their meaning. If we start out by saying that we believe only what can be demonstrated, then we are trying to manufacture our own knowledge, and we are setting aside the wisdom God has placed at the disposal of those who will accept it. The fact that the wisdom of these teachings really exists can mean nothing to the person who refuses to accept them. They must become part of the life of the person who would profit by them.

Paul knew what he was talking about. He had a definite message to deliver, and he made clear that it made no difference what his name might be, or what the name of some other teacher might be. He did not want certain people to say that they were followers of Paul, and others to say that they

were followers of some other teacher, because that would be equivalent to confusing the source of the teachings with the instruments through which that philosophy was given.

Paul deprecated the facts that among those who claimed to believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ there was dissension and there were law-suits, and that many of those who should have worked together were taking their legal disputes to judges who ridiculed them. Paul tried to make very clear the fact that if human beings had the right conception, there could be no dissension. He stated that in his epistle to the Corinthians. Therefore, if there is dissension, that signifies that the creeds of the world have been able to extract part of the truth, but that none of them has come into a full understanding of the truth. If all persons professing religion really understood the teachings that were brought to them by Christ, and that were repeated by His apostles, there would be no variance in the faith of the multitude.

Paul came with his knowledge of the truth of immortality as a heritage of all mankind. He did not say that those who had died before the time of Christ had to remain dead. He said that immortality was an established fact. He did not say that Christ brought it into existence, but he did say that unless all men were sure of the resurrection, Christ could not be sure of it—and that the very fact that Jesus Christ arose from the dead proves that this is a heritage of all mankind in all ages and under all conditions.

If immortality were a gift only to those who had led righteous lives, and if those who sinned slept in oblivion, if souls themselves could die, then the iniquitous mortal could revel in his sin without fear of later contrition and punishment. It is immortality that makes the right living of this earth-life important. It is because we shall keep on living that we adopt a code of righteousness to govern us. We would have nothing to fear in oblivion—in absolute death.

We are concerned, therefore, with our future state of being, because it is a common heritage. We are concerned with preparing ourselves for progress in that eternal life, because immortality is a fact that pertains to everybody.

This is what Paul said, and if anybody was well informed on these subjects, that person was Paul the Apostle.

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He lived—and having lived, was crucified,
We live, and going hence, they'll say we died;
If each one lives, then death will come to all,
But living here means living there, says Paul.

Paul knew, because the Master taught him well;
We tarry here awhile, but there we dwell.
If Christ could live though taken from the cross,
All death is change, promotion, life—not loss.

Paul said these things and knew whereof he spake,
To die is but to live again—awake,
To stir from depth of sleep of mortal pain,
To find the Many Mansions once again.

Christ's life went on in spirit after death,
He breathed though they had robbed Him of His breath;
That fact, says Paul, is all we need to prove
That Immortality is one with Love.

Harnessing Automatic Writings

EVERY person is a telegraph instrument for the spirit-world, but the codes differ—and many never learn any of the many codes.

If each mortal were not an open-door for the spirit-world, how would guidance be possible? If there were not some connection between the earth-life and spirit, how great the shock would be upon entering the spirit-world! There is a connection, there is a relationship, there is some common ground on which truths of material and spirit meet and harmonize.

When you enter a seance-room, from you is drawn something that enters into the composition of "the forces." This something is most difficult to describe. We may call it ionic, for want of a better term. We may refer to it as something vibratory, because it is not easy to come nearer the facts.

But whatever this something is, it is real. It has its existence quite as forceful as electricity, and may belong in some mysterious way to the family of electric vibrations.

If you attend a materializing seance, the forces differ in some degree from the forces of the voice-seance, but in degree only. They may be the same forces used differently. In materializations, these forces form around the manifesting spirit, who takes on visibility. That spirit is clothed with material particles, blending and coordinating with the ethereal. The spirit-form is seen, is felt, has substance—seems to be as much flesh-and-blood as anyone in this world.

In the voice-seance, there still is something related to materializations. There must be a form of materialization even when the voices come in the light, and the mortals see nothing. The vibrations of spirit react upon the material, and upon that foundation is built the structure of materializations.

In healing, these same forces are used—perhaps in a new manner, but still without much change in the nature of the forces themselves. The vibrations of spirit—the healing vibrations—enter the material-body, and they heal. They correct physical disorders. The forces have been employed more as a conduit, through which have flown these healing forces of spirit.

So we shall find, as we scrutinize every form and phase of mediumship, that we have no mediumship of any type without these forces—and that the forces themselves are ready at all times to become active, kinetic, when the proper conditions are brought about.

And as in all other forms of spirit manifestations and communications, so also in the matter of ouija-board messages and automatic writings.

The Writing Forces

If you sit down at a table, with a pencil held in your fingers and a sheet or two of paper in front of you, and you begin to receive writings, certain things have taken place.

First of all, some loved one in spirit is trying to write through your hand. It matters not which hand you use. Over that hand is placed the hand of the dear one in spirit. But that is not sufficient. That may occur without one movement of the pencil. The forces may be absent, or weak, or scattered.

Before there can be writing, there must be the forces—in sufficient quantity and sufficiently strong.

These forces have come from you—from your body chiefly—from those in spirit, and perhaps from various objects; and maybe from other mortals near you or at distances from you.

If you had one kind of psychic sight, you would see those forces—perhaps as a mist above your hand and wrist—and maybe as emanations of light, that would shoot out in ribbons of various-colored flame, or would flare up and die down, much like the play of the Northern Lights.

You would see these forces—this intangible something that was becoming more and more tangible—enter your hand. And your hand and arm would lose much of their feeling. After a time—perhaps a few minutes—your hand would begin to move, starting with awkward scrawls, likely, because the forces were not under control; or maybe making very fine and irregular marks.

Maybe after many trials, you would begin to get words and sentences—and then messages would come through to you. But all the while you would watch what was written with a strange fascination, and there would be a great temptation to force some of your own thoughts into the written word.

If teachings came to you contrary to your belief, you might think, "Oh, that is wrong; it is not that way at all." Then you would injure your instrumentality, and you would get less and less that was dependable. You would be tearing down the forces that had been built up so carefully and slowly.

If you did not contradict what came through, and reserved your opinion about it until later, you would soon have no knowledge of the letters being formed, if you did not look at your hand, and you would receive many wonderful messages.

There is a tendency on the part of all mortals to interfere with anything they do not understand. They wish to thrust upon the results their own knowledge, their own opinions. And the more they do this, the less dependable are the messages that come to them. If people could understand the nature of these writing forces, and the conditions of writing, there would be more messages and fewer mistakes.

Censor Your Questions

It is difficult to try to "not think at all." It is not difficult to make your mind "neutral," so that you will have no positive or interfering thoughts. The neutral state of mind is the proper condition for writings. It is the less combative, and the more negative. It accepts what comes—and permits reason to do the analyzing afterwards.

One of the great mistakes of persons attempting automatic writings is asking questions that crowd upon one another, or which are irrelevant. The questions disclose one's state of mind, and the state of mind determines the nature and strength of the writing forces, as well as their duration.

No inconsequential or test question should be asked. Questions should not be heaped upon one another. They should not be selfish or material questions. Any of these things will break down the forces—and if writings come, they are tinged with the writer's own opinions or hopes or theories.

If communication in any of its varied forms ever is used for "fortune-telling" purposes, the results are injured. The purpose of communication has been forgotten. That which has been building up, will tear itself down. It can not stand up under such treatment. The forces are too delicate to be subjected to the inconsequential things. They must be nurtured, cared for, cultivated, and then they will grow and become strong and dependable at all times.

This does not mean that you never must ask advice. You must temper that advice with the truly important things in your life. You must confine questions pertaining to advice to some definite course of action. To jump from one question to another, with no relationship binding them, is to get nothing definite. The fault is yours. It must not be charged to the spirit-side.

You must never feel that you can call upon anyone in spirit and get immediate response. Often you will get no response at all. If you think that you can "page" those on

the other side to suit your desires, you have learned little about the truths of spirit communication.

When you are getting writings, start by being thankful for anything which comes—from anyone in spirit who wishes to communicate. Do not dictate. Do not feel that your writings are like the notes of a stenographer, written to record your thoughts and carry out your wishes.

When you have received writings for some weeks, and wish to ask advice, ask only about those things that concern you, and upon which you need help. Ask no gambling advice. Seek no market "tips" or you may be led into a sad experience. Selfishness will bring confusion, and out of confusion will come many wrong impressions and many errors in the messages.

Seek no revenge. Ask for no advice as to how to "get back" at some enemy, real or fancied. Do not interfere with natural law, because only through that law is it possible for you to get messages at all.

Make your questions coherent. Follow out a plan of questions when you are asking questions, and bring up no further question in your mind until the first is answered fully. Then proceed with your next question—and ask it mentally. Hold your mind on it until the answer is completed.

A Mechanical Aid

Hundreds of persons are using the Automatograph, made by the Stead Center—and many of them are finding that this remarkable device is bringing them development other than the writings. There is a reason for this. They are harnessing the forces. Those forces are not flying helter-skelter. They are not flowing off into space as rapidly as they are built up.

In the first place, the device itself is steel—and its legs are rubber-padded, making dependable insulation. It is copper-plated, and copper is even a better conductor than steel. Conductivity applies to these forces as much as it does to electricity. There is a close family relationship between electricity and the forces employed in any form of communication.

As these forces are built up, they flow steadily around the Automatograph—from right to left, or vice versa, depending upon which hand a person uses in writing. They flow over the carriages, and down along the bottom portion of the device—keeping up a circuit, and moving in wave-like motions. The length of the waves depends upon many conditions. The regularity of the wave-motion also depends upon conditions, and as a person begins to develop the writing gift, this wave-motion becomes stabilized. Then the writings begin to come—and in time these messages become much clearer and more definite.

The forces themselves do not escape. Therefore, there is less strength drawn from the sitter than though he or she attempted automatic writings without the device.

With the assistance of this device the writing may be done in the dark—and in the darkness a person is less aggressive, and more passive, mentally.

There is no danger that the pencil will wander off the pad. The carriages give even lines—properly spaced. From the thought of the sitter is removed much of the concern he or she might feel ordinarily, if attempting to secure writings in the dark without this device.

Later the writings may be done in the light, and even without the Automatograph, because system and order are back of the building up of the forces.

Other Development Encouraged

Every person can not succeed at automatic writings any more than every person could be an artist or an actor. But when we bear in mind that the forces in one kind of communication or spirit manifestation are so closely related to the

forces of all other forms of communication and manifestations, we can see that the harnessing of these forces may bring out other forms of psychic development. Let us illustrate:

One man who has an Automatograph said, "I never get so much as a scratch, but some remarkable things have happened. I have felt solid hands placed upon mine—and upon my arms—and I have seen well-formed lights around the room. I have heard rappings, and even footfalls, as though some one were walking near me."

A lady said, "I am afraid that I never shall be an automatic writing medium, but the device has done some remarkable things for me in another direction. I am beginning to see clairvoyantly. The first experience of this kind that came to me was one evening when I was at the writing device—in the dark. I saw two beautiful eyes looking straight at me, from a distance of not more than one foot from my face. The next time I saw a form, very light and ethereal, pass across the room. The third time after these manifestations began to come, I saw some beautiful roses, red and white, on the table."

"Now I often see faces and figures in the broad daylight. I have had no writings, but I can understand how it was possible for my loved ones in spirit to build up those particular forces by means of the Automatograph and develop other psychic powers which I must have had all along, only they were dormant."

Another lady said, "I had been sitting with the device for several weeks and was getting discouraged. My hand would move a little at times, but I thought maybe I was doing that myself—had become over-anxious, or something."

"Then one evening I heard a voice call my name—a voice I recognized as belonging to my mother. I decided that I would not sit with the Automatograph after that, but the voices did not come, and when I wrote to find out the reason, the Stead Center told me to keep on sitting with the device and explained how it acted as a battery for building up these basic forces."

"Sure enough, when I sat with the Automatograph the voice came again, stronger, and spoke a sentence. Since that time I have had many remarkable demonstrations and now have a trumpet which I keep on the table. I have had tappings on the trumpet, and twice it has moved. I can see that, in some way I do not understand, the device is a kind of laboratory, in which my own particular forces are being built up stronger and better and are being put under the definite control of those who have charge of my development."

Another lady said, in talking about her experiences with this device: "I have heard and seen—not much, but a little. But the most precious of all is the fact that I seem to be carrying wonderful healing forces with me wherever I go. If I enter a sick room it is not long before there is an improvement in the condition of the patient. At first I thought that this was coincidence, but later—when I went to many who were sick and found the same results—I decided that the Automatograph was developing me for healing mediumship."

Fundamentally, the forces of communication are one and the same thing. There are subtle differences, but the plan, the purpose, the nature of the forces, are not much different. In natural mediums (those who give evidence of their mediumship from childhood), the bodies of the mediums are batteries; they are generators, and they need no outside aid, excepting a trumpet or a crystal, or something through which the forces may operate, and do operate speedily.

In all persons this condition is not so strong. It is there, because unto each mortal must have been given some phase of mediumship, or that mortal could not be guided by dear ones in spirit. Such persons—with a less active force-condition—should be glad of the opportunity of having their forces developed more rapidly, through using a device that will help them bring those forces into a living reality.

THE POWER OF TRUTH

By Mary E. Page

IF THIS talk were to be a sermon, my text would be found in these words, "And the Truth shall make you free."

Lord Byron has said: "Truth is a gem that is found at a great depth," which is another way of saying that "Truth lies at the bottom of a well."

From these quotations we may infer that Truth must be sought even as a miner digs for hidden gold. It cannot be denied that the work of the truth-seeker is often misunderstood, that it is a life of striving after an ideal, sometimes to result in failure and disappointment. One cause for this result, we are told, is the fact that "every man is not fitted to become the champion of truth. Many, from an inconsiderate zeal, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain thereby as trophies to their enemies." The truth-seeker should be guided at all times by the light of reason.

Henry Ward Beecher was wont to assert that "Truth is the most beautiful attribute of God, just as the human body is His most beautiful creation, but each," he adds, "looks better when clothed." Hence, to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, may admit of reservations.

For example: A magistrate said to a policeman, "Describe the man whom you saw assaulting the complainant."

Policeman: "He was a little, insignificant looking man, about like yourself, your Honor."

Sometimes an honest desire to tell the truth may prove a questionable compliment.

A lady of uncertain age and of great plainness of feature, was the teacher of a class of boys gathered from the highways and byways of a small city. Meeting one of these boys on the street, the teacher said:

"John, are you still trying to be a good boy?"
"Yes'm," replied the youngster, fervently. "When I gets tempted I thinks of you, and I says, 'Git thee behind me, Satan.'"

Young America when asked to define a lie, said: "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble."

CERTAIN time-honored deviations from the truth are considered quite legitimate by the majority of people. Among these may be mentioned the Santa Claus myth and the alleged mission of the stork,

"That valuable bird
That inhabits the residence districts.
He doesn't sing tunes,
Nor yield any plumes,
But he helps out the vital statistics."

This seems to reverse Beecher's statement, for instead of dressing Truth in a garment of fiction, it clothes fiction in a garment of Truth, and so the question comes up, "Should we always speak the exact truth, and if we did so and our neighbor should do the same, what would be the result?"

We are placed in this earth-sphere to be a help and comfort to each other. Can we always be of comfort if we always speak truthfully? Serious results to a sick person, or even to one a little sick, may follow if a person comes in and exclaims, "How dreadful you look!"

Again, a busy housewife hears the door bell; immediately she throws off the working apron and dons a fresh, white one to answer the bell. This is in itself a departure from truth in its strictest sense, but is it a justifiable one?

WE ARE told upon better authority than that of Young America, that "Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord," but the poet has dared to say—

Here's to the lying lips we meet,
For truthful lips are bores,
But lying lips are very sweet,
When lying next to yours.

The reception of truth often depends upon the viewpoint of the person who is asked to believe it.

In Eastern literature is the fable of a frog who lived in a

well. One day a frog who lived in the sea came visiting.

"Who are you? Where do you live?" said the frog in the well.

"I am the frog who lives in the sea."

"The sea? What is that?"

"It is a large body of water not far away."

"How big is your sea? As big as this?" pointing to a stone, near.

"Oh, much bigger."

"As big as this board upon which we sit?"

"Oh, much bigger; my sea would make a million wells like yours."

"Oh, nonsense, you are a deceiver and a falsifier; I want nothing to do with frogs like you. Get out of my well!" There are many people who, like the frog in the well, refuse to look beyond their own narrow environment.

"The grand character of Truth is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion."

WHEN Christopher Columbus (true to his belief that another continent lay beyond the waters that washed the shores of Spain) set forth in his frail craft for the discovery of a new world, his theory was met with unbelief and derision, yet the truth prevailed though proven through danger, disappointment, imprisonment and loss.

The assertion of Robert Fulton that boats might be propelled by the power of steam was regarded as wild and untenable, but not long ago the one hundredth anniversary of Fulton's inauguration of steam navigation was celebrated upon the banks of the Hudson, and the little Claremont—Fulton's invention, the first boat propelled by steam—led a parade of river craft miles in length. Banners waved, the guns of the great warships boomed, and an enthusiastic, cheering multitude gave its homage to the great inventor who believed in himself and in the truth of his theory.

"Darius Green and his flying-machine" have long stood as a synonym of failure. Now, myriads of airships, sailing through space on bird-like wings, give striking proof that "Truth, tho' crushed to earth, shall rise again."

THERE are truth-seekers along other than material lines. These seek not the things which are of earth, but those things which are spiritual and eternal. Some there are who still on the earth-plane have been permitted a glimpse of the Borderland, have felt the gentle touch of spirit hands, and have listened to the voices of "those we've loved and lost a little while."

Many more like the men of old are seeking to fathom the depths of this great truth of spirit communication, whose white light has spread till thousands upon thousands have felt its power and are listening to its insistent voice.

That the truth of spirit return was evolved from a lowly beginning; that its exponents are sometimes the lowly ones of earth, does not detract from its value. "The greatest things," a recent writer has said, "have always come from the smallest seeds. The twitching leg of a frog suggested the whole development of electric science, and the rattling lid of a kettle was the father of the steam engine. It is the simple thing that catches the eye and holds the heart." "The wise investigator," continues the writer, "does not dwell too much upon the first suggestion, or the means through which a truth is made known, but passes on to consider what they have suggested and whither they have led."

Men like Dr. Hodgson, William James, Frederick W. Myers and Sir Oliver Lodge have turned the searchlight of intellect and broad-minded research upon the claims of the Spiritualists, and you know their conclusions.

IN A RECENT issue of *Light*, a journal of scientific research published in London, there appears an interesting article from Conan Doyle. Its title is, "Spiritualism and Religion."

He says: "In spite of occasional wild imaginings there remains a solid core in this whole spiritual movement which is infinitely nearer to positive proof than any other religious development with which I am acquainted. The days are passed when the considered opinions of such men as Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion, Lodge, Barret, Turner, W. T. Stead, Judge Edmonds, Vice-Admiral Osborne Moore and the late Archdeacon Wilberforce and such a cloud of other witnesses can be dismissed. The evidence upon which this system rests is so enormous that it would take a very considerable library to contain it, and the witnesses are not shadowy people, living in the dim past and inaccessible to our cross-examination, but are our own contemporaries, men of character and intellect whom all must respect. We have reached a point where further proof is superfluous and where the weight of disproof lies with those who deny."

Such statements as these show that "Spiritism" is coming to be an appeal to the reason as well as to the heart.

We are all aware that there are colors beyond the violet light of the spectrum which the eye cannot see. We know that there are sounds which we cannot hear, making an unseen and unheard material world close about us. In the same way, also, we believe that there is a spiritual world about and very near us, into whose realm a chosen few have been permitted to enter while yet upon the earth-plane, and toward which they are striving to guide other footsteps.

A wise investigator has said: "It is better to be illuminated by the thought of the presence or guidance of the spirits of the other world than that he rely entirely upon the bare, cold, cruel facts of our material existence. These shadows of the real are necessary for the development of our lives into harmonies. It is the soul's response to the spiritual in things that establishes the true values of life, and in every reality lies the invisible dream that leads us up and onward."

THE poet, Longfellow, recognizes the existence of an invisible spiritual world in his beautiful poem entitled "Haunted Houses," from which are the following extracts:

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the door-way, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table, than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of mist,
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this.

IN THIS, Nature's Amphitheatre of whispering pines, of green sentinel hills and moon-lit bluffs. In this valley of pleasant memories, the home of the seeker for spiritual truth, it is not necessary to multiply proofs of spirit return. The air we breathe, the sigh of the pines, the murmur of the night wind, are all, to the understanding heart, the bearers of messages from the spirit-world.

The dark'ning cloud, the fury of the storm, bring their messages from a long-vanished race who once roamed through these forests, drank of these waters and bent the knee in worship of the Great Spirit; yet, as the returning mariner greets with joy the beacon-lights of his home shore, so in the fast-growing tendency among thinking men, toward a full belief in spirit-return, we see the light which shall at no distant day make this truth acknowledged and universal. And we, who love to frequent this spot, gratefully, reverently, with hearts attuned to its harmonies, listen to and interpret its messages of love and comfort.

Firm in this belief, the bereaved one may again listen to the loved voice, or learn the spirit-message of remembrance. The mother may again clasp the hand of the departed child, and feel the glad assurance of its happiness and advancement.

What Are Immortality's Bounds?

Can One Form of Life Be Eternal While Other Forms of Life Perish?

PERHAPS because human beings use the flesh of some animals for food, they are disinclined to regard animal-life as everlasting. They prefer to think of animals as something that will grow much like turnips, and that in time will perish. They regard vegetable-life either with indifference or from the viewpoint of chemistry.

Every student must arrive at a point in his research where he will distinguish between the sentient and the insentient.

Wherever there is growth, there is the principle of life. Each growing thing depends upon the spirit-principle. And each living thing that feels, that has a sense of reality, depends not only upon this spirit-principle, but upon something far more important.

If the manifestations of Spiritualism had never disclosed the continued existence of animal-life, we might say that the theory of immortality of God's creatures which are less than men, would be unfounded. There is such an abundance of evidence that animals, like men, continue to live beyond death, that we can not set aside this evidence without also denying the immortality of human life.

In each thing that has sentient existence, the feeling of life, the sensation of living is the same. In all human beings the sense of personality is identical because it all emanates from God. It is a reflection of the One Great Life.

The word immortality means something more than continued existence, because everything in the universe has unending existence. Immortality means everlasting personality. It signifies that the individual never loses that sense of individuality.

The insentient things are everlasting, but they have no individuality. The rock oxidizes, it crumbles, it becomes part of the soil. Some of it goes into growing vegetation. There is endless change in the particles of the universe.

Before the acorn can germinate and begin to grow into an oak, it must be supported by some ethereal principle of life, and this ethereal principle aids and determines the growth of the tree. When the tree dies, the principle itself does not die.

A seed of any kind must be planted properly or the seed will die without germinating. If the conditions are right, germination will follow, because then the ethereal or spirit-principle aids and directs that growth.

But this is different from personality and individuality. It is different from thought. It is a necessary process in the operation of natural law.

The ethereal governs the material. And without the finer ethereal, the material would lack direction.

If the Darwinian theory were correct, and if man were only a product of evolution—ascending from the apes and extending back to the jellyfish—there would be no particular purpose in the plan of life.

There is a reason why the seed of a carrot should grow into the form of a carrot. There is a reason why the bulb of a certain flower should germinate in accordance with its ethereal principle; why it should be a flower.

When we go out of the class of vegetation, and we leave the flora and consider the fauna, we are departing from a principle of life without understanding, to a principle of life with some degree of understanding, with a sense of being.

We could not expect the housefly to have the judgment that belongs to human beings, but it is very evident that the housefly has a sense of existence. It is individual life, but it is life concerned with the earth-world. Its utility—even though no such utility ever has been discovered—belongs to the material-plane. Animal-life is an expression of life that clings close to the earth. Its purposes concern the material.

The Animal Plane

While the principle of sentient life carries with it the principle of individuality, there are inherent differences between lower life and the life of men.

The Scriptures tell us that man was given dominion over all the creatures of the earth. Compared with all of these other creatures, the superiority of man requires no argument. Human beings have faculties that extend far beyond the fundamental sense of being that is felt by all living creatures.

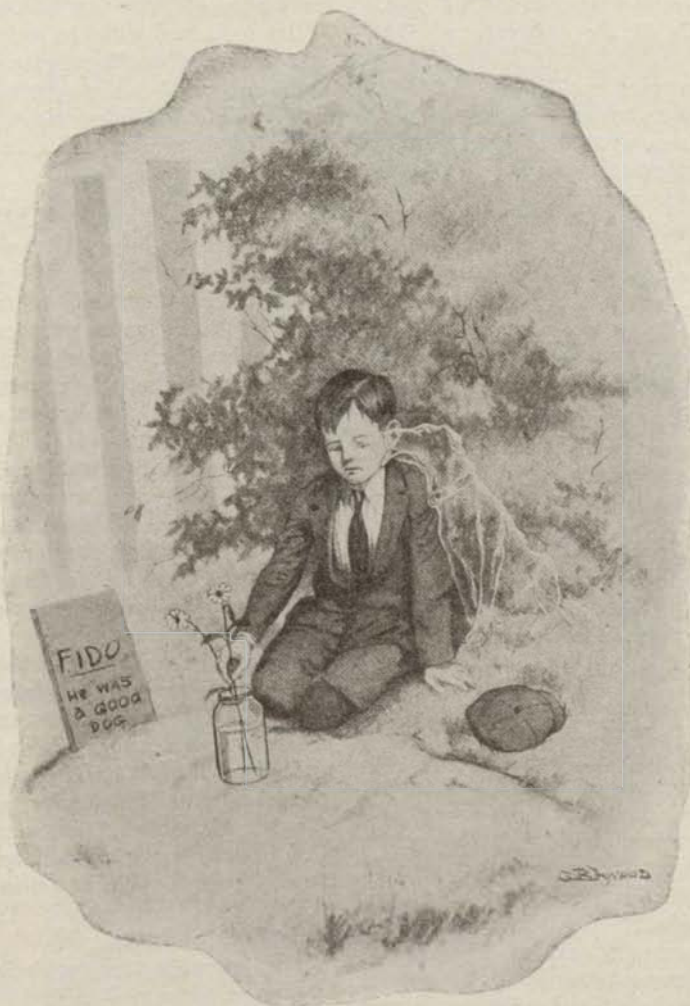
The heritage of human beings is a heritage of progress. Man has a principle

of his soul, a scope of comprehension of which the animal is incapable.

The plane of animal-life in the eternal plan must remain as a lower plane.

The necessary experience of animal-life has nothing in common with the necessary experience of human life. The old conception that man would be born again in animal form carried with it no purpose, no progress, no object. How the experience of an animal could be of any value in the upward progress of man, never has been made clear.

Man brings into the flesh a reflection of those faculties which are his by right. He is still a spirit, with spirit powers dimmed temporarily by the obstacles of the flesh. The lower animals bring into this material-world none of these higher powers.



'A COMMUNICATION'

—From "Life"

That some animals think, that they have a limited scope of reason, is evident. Mostly those processes which we attribute to their reasoning power are instinctive—they are automatic. They belong to the natures of those animals.

Horses, dogs, elephants, seals, and a few other animals, show remarkable evidence of having a form of reason. Compared with the reasoning power of human beings, animals are separated from the higher order of beings by a gulf so wide and so deep, it is difficult to realize their relationship. And there is a reason why the bodily appearance and functions of man should be as they are. That reason is the spirit-pattern.

The Book of Genesis tells us that God made everything in accordance with His plan, or that plan's image. In other words, God decided what the form and nature of each species should be. And the earliest geological records of man's existence carry also the records of the existence of these lower forms.

Without animal-life in this material world, man's handicap would be tremendous. These lower forms of life, each with their natural destroyers, have been proved necessary in the progress of vegetation. Each contributes its share.

Whenever men have sought to exterminate some species of pest, the time usually has come when they have found that some other pest, that is more troublesome, puts in its appearance. Different forms of lower life apparently balance one another and are necessary in the economies of vegetable growth, and perhaps in other ways that have not been discerned.

The mobile things can perform certain duties that could not be carried out by the stationary things. Some forms of pollenization seem to depend to a considerable degree upon the action of birds, insects and infusoria.

The lower forms of life are the helpers of man. Man is the lord and master.

The functions and purposes of the lower forms of life are interwoven with the material. But man visits the material only for a necessary part of his schooling. He requires no everlasting association with it. When he is done with his earth-body, he has no further need of direct material co-operation.

The Divine Purpose in Man

Human beings possess certain properties and spiritual functions that go entirely out of the zone of animal perception.

There never has been any evidence that any animal, no matter how intelligent, has concerned itself with the nature of the stars. The dog that barks at the moon is not worried about the nature or distance or the properties of the moon. He is disturbed by its baleful light.

Man finds a lure in the things that are universal. His aspirations lift him above the mere necessities of material existence and cause him to contemplate his possible source and destiny. He ponders the nature of his Creator. He aspires to better conditions. He has the power to comprehend a form of existence outside the flesh.

Unquestionably many animals have clairvoyant sight. Many times an animal can see that which is hidden from human vision. When man sees these things of the ethereal, immediately he begins to study their nature and their possible cause. The animal would accept such a vision as a cause of fear or as an incident. Man looks upon a vision as something that challenges his intellect. He proceeds to study the nature and the purpose of that which he has seen or heard.

Some of the lower forms of life may be said to invent. The tarantula builds a hinged door for his plastered nest; the lower part is smooth and the upper part resembles the surface of the earth. This is invention and it is ingenuity. Also it is something that pertains only to the creature-comforts of the spider.

Man goes outside of his physical comforts in his inventive power. He brings into existence aids and facilities that

hitherto have been unknown to mortals.

A colony of ants, or a swarm of bees, will have a system of equitable government. But there has never been any evidence that any of the lower forms of life observe spirituality. Their ingenuity goes no further than the demands upon their physical existence. Their intelligence, whatever it may be, and their perception, whatever it may consist of, both terminate when the needs of physical comfort have been supplied.

These lower creatures show no evidence of an intellectual life. Some of them evidently have marriage laws, or rules, or usages, and are faithful to them. Some of them may have a conception of a form of life outside the flesh. We must not deny them that which is theirs. We must not say that they are restricted before our observations have reached the limitations of their capabilities.

But compared with the intelligent efforts of all of the lower creatures, the works of man reach a plane so vastly higher and superior that these points of comparison are few. The lower phases of life have their own cycles and their own purposes, but man continues to progress both as a mortal and as a spirit.

The Status of Pets

Many human beings become attached to animals and birds, and some even to reptiles. There are horses and dogs and other animals that seem to find more happiness in the company of their human masters than they do in the company of one another. There is a tie of affection between many human beings and their pets. But this affection never has been, and never can be, as strong as that which exists between human beings.

There is abundant evidence coming from the spirit-side of life that pets may be retained in spirit for an indefinite period. But this evidence also shows that the time must come when those animals must return to the earth.

Whatever God's Plan may be, it surely provides for the ultimate purpose of these lower forms of life. They exist, and life is everlasting.

But the mental heights that can be attained by the mortal can not be reached by animal-life. An animal can profit nothing by having thrust upon it a state of progress for which it was not adapted by Divine Law.

Human beings have powers of spirit, sometimes called mental powers, that make possible endless progress. Soon the mortal, after having entered immortal spirit, begins to find new realms of understanding and development that are beyond both the comprehension and purpose of animals. The animal life is left behind. And still it is everlasting, because it is life.

Perhaps when this particular planet has served its purpose and achieved its end, so that life upon it would be impractical, and even impossible, the Divine Plan will supply some other planet to take its place. If this is the case, very likely all the animal-life belonging to this world would gravitate to the new one.

It is reasonable to believe that the lowest spirit-sphere is so much like the material that animals belonging to the material could easily belong to that lower spirit-sphere.

There are many who will find pleasure in scouting this idea. But when we see the principle of life, we should be slow to say that it is only a passing expression that some day will be terminated, because if the life-principle itself could be stamped out from one form of creature, why can it not be terminated in a higher form?

Many persons who pretend to be students, would say, "Human beings have souls. Animals do not have souls."

No human being has ever seen the soul belonging to himself or any other person. He can base his opinion only upon the fact of sentient existence. And when he finds a

(Continued on page 19)

Mrs. Waite's Thirty Years of Service

MRS. MARGARET M. WAITE, known affectionately to thousands of friends as Maggie Waite, has served the spirit-world and has ministered to searching thousands of men and women for a period of three decades. The story of Mrs. Waite's mediumship is rich in incidents of the greatest importance in the establishment of the undeniable truth of spirit communication and prophecy.

Margaret Young was born in New York City, and with her parents went to San Francisco when she was four years of age. Margaret's parents were Catholics and she was placed in St. Gertrude's Academy.

There had been no indication of this young girl's mediumistic tendencies until there occurred an incident that caused consternation in the school.

It was the custom in St. Gertrude's Academy to have the girls march into the dining room a few minutes before twelve each noon. At either end of the long dining table a seat was provided for a sister, and the girls would remain standing until these two sisters came in and took their places at the table's ends. As soon as they were seated, the pupils would take their seats and the meal would be served. Precisely at twelve o'clock the bell rang. There was discipline, and therefore punctuality, in all of these observances in the academy.

Margaret was nine years of age, and there had never been any indication—either from extraneous sources or from within herself—that she would ever depart from the Church of Rome.

On this particular day, which may be called the dawn of her mediumship, this young girl felt a strange dizziness and a nausea that struck at her solar plexus. Then her head seemed to sway, and she has a sensation of floating. It was her belief that she had floated to the ceiling with much violence and that her head had struck the ceiling. What really had occurred was that she had fallen over, her head striking a desk. She became almost cataleptic, remaining in this unconscious condition for some minutes.

The sisters in the schoolroom hastened to summon the Sister Superior and Mrs. Young, Margaret's mother.

Shortly after they had entered the room, and while they were working over the child, her lips began to move and she started to speak in a strange voice and a strange tongue.

In the school there was a sister who was a linguist, and she was brought in. She said, in amazement, "Why, the child is speaking Spanish!"

Then came this clear message:

"Tomorrow, when the twelve o'clock bells are ringing, one who is now in the physical-body and apparently in the best of health, will be called home. Fear not, for those who love her will be there to care for her. Sister Baptiste will be there to greet her."

This was the end of the prophetic message.

Margaret shuddered, rolled her eyes and looked around the room, knowing nothing of the strange occurrence and wondering at the whitened appearance of the faces of those who had gathered about her.

Sister Baptiste, it may be mentioned, had passed out about a year previously, and the body was buried in the churchyard, nearby.

Pressed by the Sister Superior and by her mother, Margaret was unable to shed any light upon her remarkable utterances or upon the fact that she had spoken a language which she had never learned, and in a voice that was not at all like hers.

The day passed, and a new day came. The morning hours wore along, and undoubtedly there were thoughts in the minds of many of the sisters as to the meaning of the prophecy that pertained to the coming noon.

Within a few minutes of twelve, in harmony with the established custom, the children were marched into the dining room, standing in their places until the two sisters entered and took their stations at the ends of the table. The sisters were seated, and just as the children sat down the twelve o'clock bells began to ring. And at that moment there rushed into the room the Reverend Mother, who said: "Now, children, proceed with your meal, but as soon as you are through, come up to the

chapel and pray for the soul of Sister Aloysius, who has just dropped dead in the schoolroom."

The prophecy had been fulfilled!

The children and the nuns gazed at Margaret in amazement, mingled with horror. What manner of child was this that had come into their midst? How was it possible for her to address them in Spanish and foretell to the moment the coming of this tragedy?

Margaret felt like an outcast. All she knew of the prophecy was that which her schoolmates had told her. And yet she was like something apart, to be shunned and feared. She prayed to God, to her Saviour and to Mary, for light. And as time passed and no further manifestations came through, Margaret was beginning to regain her position of confidence and affection.



MRS. MARGARET M. WAITE

Three months had come and gone, and then another day arrived when an unusual demonstration was to occur.

Margaret was at her home, which was near the church. She was in the garden with her mother and two other ladies. This time there was no nausea, no dizziness, no suggestion of unconsciousness. But something which was not Margaret took possession of her tongue. The child could not stop the flow of strange words. This time the language was English, and yet there was an accent to it. But the voice was the same as that which had spoken in the schoolroom, predicting the passing of one of the good teachers.

This is what the voice said:

"Mama, there is a man coming down the road. He is in a buggy, driving a horse. He is alone. He will arrive here within an hour. He will drive up to the church and tie his horse to the post. Then he will go to Mr. Thompson's home, walk up the steps and knock. Mr. Thompson will answer the summons. He will come to the door, and, without a word, this man will draw a revolver. I hear two shots. I see Mr. Thompson fall. There is a black mark here (pointing to the position of the heart). There will be a hole in his chest right at this place."

Mrs. Young took hold of Margaret and shook her.

"What do you mean?" said the mother. "Why do you speak in such a weird way? What is the idea of such silly expressions?"

Margaret could throw no light at all upon her utterances. She was chagrined, ashamed, crushed to think that she had said such unusual and such uncalled for things.

Trying to dismiss the incident from their minds, the women continued to talk in the garden, from which there was a clear view of the road.

Perhaps forty-five minutes passed, and then one of the ladies noticed that a man was coming along in a buggy, urging his horse to great speed. The man drove up to the church, got out and tied his horse. Then he turned toward Mr. Thompson's residence, ran up the steps, and, taking the knocker, he sounded it impatiently. The door opened. Mr. Thompson stood there in his shirtsleeves. Without a word, the stranger drew a revolver, leveling it at Mr. Thompson. He fired twice, and Mr. Thompson sank to the steps without a word. The man turned and fled.

Shrieking, the women rushed to Mr. Thompson's assistance, and Mrs. Thompson came hurrying from the house. The man was dead. And as they rolled him over, there in his chest, in the vicinity of his heart, was a round black mark from which the blood already was beginning to flow.

The murderer was arrested. This man Thompson, he said, had ruined his sister. He had learned Thompson's identity and residence, but he did not know the man was married.

But the story of Margaret's remarkable prediction naturally reached the police. She was summoned to appear at the coroner's inquest. How had she known what was going to occur? Did this not appear as though the crime was premeditated? Was it not possible that Margaret had heard some plot that she was not supposed to hear?

In all of their sage deductions, these police officials and the coroner apparently did not stop to reason that, even if Margaret had heard the plotters talking over the details of the contemplated murder, it would have been impossible to know that Mr. Thompson would be at home at that hour, or just how this murderer would approach the house. It would be beyond reason for any plot to foretell that this tragedy would be enacted without one word uttered, that there should be just two shots fired, and that the fatal shot would penetrate the heart. Reason does not go this far. The crime had been committed, and one hour before its commission it had been predicted by a child nine years of age.

The murderer was indicted. And Margaret had to be a witness.

The learned prosecuting attorney hounded her unmercifully, trying to make her confess something that she could not confess, something which she did not know or understand even remotely. And when the police officials and the district attorney were not making life a living hell for the girl, the good priest was painting pictures of perdition, of lost souls, of yawning chasms filled with molten lava, of a host of devils and imps with barbed tails and sharpened prongs on their spears, with red-tinted horns and the crimson, darting tongues of serpents.

Says Mrs. Waite: "If I asked the good Father to take me home once during those weeks of ordeal, I asked him a hundred times. Why was such punishment to be visited on me? Why were grown men and women, who should have possessed a high degree of intelligence, permitted to heap their abuse and their torture upon me, a girl of nine?"

This was the beginning of Margaret Young's mediumship.

According to the best orthodox advices, she was possessed of the devil. As a child, on two distinct occasions, before several witnesses, she had made a prediction. And in both cases the prophecy was fulfilled. Surely, argued the superstitious, this was proof conclusive that Margaret had a through trunk-line, on the other end of which sat his Satanic majesty!

Margaret was an instrument of vindictiveness. Her play-time was over. Her girl friends feared her. And every stone and brick in the church that had seemed so friendly to her appeared to frown at her and condemn her.

It will be interesting now to know something of the identity of this spirit who controlled Margaret.

Today, if you should go to Mrs. Waite for a reading, you would find the same control who will bring you a message. This control is Inez, a Spanish girl. And for thirty years she has been the spirit guide and companion of Mrs. Waite. She has talked to thousands, including many of the country's great, many of the merchant princes, who have come to Mrs. Waite's seance-room stealthily, incognito, as though they were guilty of some great crime.

A month before Colonel John Jacob Astor was lost on the Titanic, he sat in Mrs. Waite's seance-room, as he had done many times before, without revealing his identity, and the information that Inez brought to him on that day caused him to weep.

Inez numbers among her acquaintances some of the foremost men and women in America. And it is the same Inez who prophesied the passing of the good sister in St. Gertrude's Academy, and who, three months later, foretold the tragedy of Mr. Thompson's murder.

Then after these two earlier manifestations, the communications ceased. At times Inez would come through with a message, but there seemed to be no regularity or no plan to her visitations.

Margaret grew out of childhood and became a young girl. And, as is the custom of young ladies, she began to have boy friends. She grew up, and one of these boy friends became dearer and closer than the rest. And so, as in all good stories, there came the chime of wedding bells, and Margaret Young became Margaret Waite. In due course, a daughter arrived to bless the home.

Early one morning Mrs. Waite was awakened suddenly. She saw a man—tall, slender and very good-looking, with dark hair and a small, brown mustache and an imperial. There was a dimple in his chin—also there is a dimple in Mrs. Waite's chin. This man was bending over the cradle, smiling at the baby. Then he came straight over to the bed, looking down at Mrs. Waite and smiling at her. He put out his hand, and with his index finger he touched the dimple in her chin. It was a flesh-and-blood hand, as solid and as real as her own. And then he touched the dimple in his own chin, and smiled.

When Mrs. Waite's father had passed out, she was very young, and her memory of him had faded.

As she watched, this figure, the visitor at her bedside this early morning, dissolved out of her view. She wondered who it could be, because truly she had always pictured her father as a blonde man, as heavy and of an entirely different type.

And so that morning she told her mother about this strange visitor, and her mother screamed and cried: "My God, Margaret, that was your father!" And Mrs. Young fainted.

More time passed, and a son was born, and Mrs. Waite felt that the happiness of her dreams was coming true. She had asked nothing of life except her home and the love and cheerfulness of her own little family.

Busy with her housework, Mrs. Waite was in her kitchen one day, when right above her head a voice said clearly: "Now you may prepare yourself for your work. You belong to us and you will travel. The continent you will traverse many times, and you will reach the hearts of many who are waiting for your message. You will never be wealthy, but you never will want."

What could this message mean, coming in tones as clear as any human voice, and coming during these working hours in her kitchen?

Mrs. Waite told her husband, and both marveled at the manifestation.

It was not long after this when they decided to attend a Spiritualist meeting. On the platform there was a test medium, to whom had been given many sealed letters containing questions. And no sooner would this man touch one of these letters than he would give the name and deliver the message.

Mrs. Waite says: "I thought this was the most marvelous thing in the world. As I sat there watching this medium and listened to the messages he gave, and hearing the people one after another acknowledging those messages, I thought that here was the greatest gift that could come to mortals."

And then what occurred?

Mrs. Waite's eyes closed, she rose from her chair and walked to the platform. And there she gave message after message just as wonderful as the tests that had come from the professional medium!

For months Mrs. Waite did this public work. And then she was called to the pulpit of the First Progressive Society of San Francisco, which had watched her for a year. Up to this time this society had rested its case with the philosophy. It had employed no mediums and had permitted no mediumistic demonstration. But for the next year, at their meetings, the hall was crowded by those who sought the messages of this remarkable medium, Mrs. Maggie Waite.

And then at the close of the first year came Christmas Day, which was on Sunday, and the meeting was held as usual. At the end of her work of delivering messages, once more Mrs. Waite's vocal chords were controlled, and she said things that she felt were the last word in inanity. This was what her voice said:

"Dear friends, this is my last Sunday with you. I thank the society, I thank all those who have attended our meetings, and the many who have been so kind and generous to me. But on next Sunday I shall be many miles from here, and I shall look down upon a sea of faces. Not one familiar face will greet me. Send your best thoughts to me, for I shall be among strangers and I shall need your strength."

The audience was astonished. The officers of the society were dumfounded. They came rushing up to her, when the meeting had closed, and asked: "Why, Mrs. Waite, where are you going?"

She answered, "I am going nowhere."

And then several of them asked: "Why did you make such a statement?"

Mrs. Waite replied, "I don't know."

She and Mr. Waite went home and talked it over.

Monday came and brought no indication of a change. Tuesday arrived and still there was no indication that she would

leave San Francisco. Wednesday morning came with the same results. But there also came, shortly after the day had started, a telegram from a Spiritualist society in New Orleans making Mrs. Waite a very inviting offer, and urging upon her immediate acceptance so that she could be there by Sunday.

She and Mr. Waite took the day to think it over, and that night, at midnight, Mrs. Waite was on a train. She arrived in New Orleans on the following Sunday at about three in the afternoon, and at seven that evening she was on the platform, looking down upon thousands of faces, not one of which did she recognize.

The predictions of the voice she had heard in the kitchen were coming to pass.

Mrs. Waite left San Francisco to be gone a month. But the years rolled by, and with their passing, Maggie Waite has appeared in the different States of the union, in different parts of Canada, in nearly every one of the moderate-sized cities in all of the States.

After her service in New Orleans she went to Cincinnati, Ohio, and then to Grand Rapids, Mich. She went to Washington, D. C., and to many other places, and later was taken ill. A trip that was to last one month had endured for sixteen years!

And now we must relate an incident that Mrs. Waite typifies as her only experience in miraculous healing. This occurred in the city of Grand Rapids, Mich., twenty-five years ago.

As was customary, she appeared each Sunday on the rostrum of a Spiritualist church as message-bearer. When the time came for her to go upon the platform this particular evening, she walked down the aisle. And at one of the end seats there sat an old soldier whose name was Alvin McKay, whose one side had been paralyzed and insensible even to touch for several years. As Mrs. Waite passed him, her skirt brushed his arm, and he cried out: "I feel an electric shock." She proceeded to the platform and gave her messages.

Mr. McKay asked permission to come to her the next day for a reading. And, as is her custom in reading, she took hold of his hands, and he felt shock after shock, as though he had grasped an electric battery.

Then on Wednesday she invited some members of the society to her home, because she was inspired with the idea that there was to be a most remarkable case of healing.

With these many witnesses present, Mrs. Waite took hold of Mr. McKay's hands. No sooner had she done so than she dropped off into a semi-conscious condition. Dimly, as though from a great distance and through a fog, she heard a voice saying, "My God, she should let go of him. The man is dying!"

Those who witnessed what occurred say that the veins on Mr. McKay's forehead stood out like whipcords, as though they were about to burst. And down his withered left side, starting at the temple, came a great knot that traveled down his face and down his neck. The perspiration was streaming from him. He was suffocating. His eyes were bulged and glazed. The man was gasping like one in his last moments. And then, pulling one hand away, he tore open his shirt, fighting for air. The knot continued to pass down his left side, and then it seemed to circle his heart like a great ridge. The perspiration was streaming from every pore of the man's body. And then the knot continued down his left side, and a few moments later all of the distress passed. The veins no longer stood out. The flow of perspiration was stayed. And Alvin McKay cried out in thankfulness and fervor: "Thank Almighty God, I am cured!"

That was on Wednesday, and on Thursday night Alvin McKay danced the Virginia Reel with Mrs. Waite, in the presence of several hundred persons.

And then the news spread. The papers published articles. A pilgrimage was in force. They came alone, in pairs, in crowds. And Mrs. Waite ran out of the back door of her

home and hid in the woodshed. She was afraid. The door had been opened for miraculous healing—but the penalty of going through these tortures seemed too great.

Mrs. Waite says that this was the only time in her thirty years of experience that she had intimate contact with a real healing miracle.

Many sufferers may wonder why this good woman did not follow the healing art. Perhaps if they were to sit in their homes and see a long procession of the halt, the blind, the dumb, the deaf, the crippled, coming toward them, and would realize that it was beyond their power to reach all these poor people—that no matter how much strength would be given, it would never be a millionth part sufficient—they would have some conception of the healer's lot.

It was Mrs. Waite who brought Spiritualism to Toronto, Ontario, twenty-seven years ago. She went there for a few days, and at her first meeting there were thirty persons present. At each meeting the number increased, and at the end of a month it was found necessary to rent the Toronto Opera House. And once a week for five months Mrs. Waite gave her demonstrations to an audience of three thousand persons. It was necessary to close the doors at 7:15, because thousands tried to gain admittance.

The press and the pulpit were aligned almost solidly against Mrs. Waite. They called upon every superstition and upon every interpretation of the criminal code to denounce her. The more they denounced, the greater the numbers that insisted upon hearing her.

Mr. Austin, a noted Spiritualist leader, asked Mrs. Waite to come to Winnipeg, and then to Montreal, and, as he said, "We will make Spiritualists of all Canadians."

All preparations had been made, when Mr. Waite was injured and Mrs. Waite was obliged to give up the trip.

A few years after Mrs. Waite had located in Chicago there came to visit her one day an old man, very sprightly and very grizzled with age. As he came into the apartment he stood and looked with reverence at Mrs. Waite, and he said, "My God, it is the same face and the same woman!"

She did not recognize the man. She thought perhaps he was some poor fellow who was demented and who had attended one of her meetings.

As he continued to look at her he said: "Mrs. Waite, you do not remember me, do you?"

She admitted that she did not.

And then he said, "I am Alvin McKay of Grand Rapids. You cured me miraculously of paralysis seven years ago, and I have been sound as an oak ever since."

It has been stated before in this recital of facts pertaining to Mrs. Waite and her mediumship that many people come for sittings as though they were doing something criminal.

There had been coming to Mrs. Waite for a number of years a well-known business man. One day, after a sitting, he said: "Mrs. Waite, there is just one thing that mars my happiness."

She asked him what it was, and he replied: "I do not dare mention this to my wife. I would be the happiest man in the world if she could believe this beautiful truth."

It was not many days afterward when a lady, who had been coming to her for a number of years, said: "Mrs. Waite, if I could only tell my husband about this, I would be happy beyond belief. But if he knew it, I am sure that he would take the children from me and disown me. I never have even dared suggest it to him."

And this is the fear of faith!

Not one well-known person out of a hundred who believes in Spiritualism has the moral courage to proclaim his belief in the bosom of his or her family, to say nothing of business associates or friends.

A few weeks later, just as this same lady had completed her sitting, the bell rang and Mrs. Waite's next appointment

had arrived. This lady stepped into a rear room. As the gentleman came up the stairs, he greeted Mrs. Waite heartily, and he was shown into the parlor. Mrs. Waite excused herself and went back to bid her lady friend goodby.

She was astonished to find this woman waving her arms, and staring with wide eyes, and to hear her say, "Why, Mrs. Waite, that is my husband!"

Mrs. Waite laughed and replied: "That can not be. Why, this man has been coming to me for years, the same as you have."

"I don't care," the woman replied, "I know my husband's voice, and that is he."

And she walked into the parlor, and they both stood there gazing at one another in bewilderment, each thinking that the meeting could be nothing but a trap.

The wife said, "Why, John, I have been coming here for years and did not dare tell you."

And he replied, "Why, Mary, I have been coming here for years and never found the courage to tell you."

And then they embraced and laughed like children until they wept.

This, alas, is the way of most Spiritualists.

A business man comes for his readings, and upon the advice that he is given he depends for his guidance in business achievements. Now, what does he say? "Why, Mrs. Waite, if I were to let my business associates know I did this, they would lose all confidence in me." And during the passing of the week each one of his important business associates has the same thing to say in the same seance-room!

There are men who would look in wonder at the courage or foolhardiness of a little insignificant terrier that will try to pick a fight with an English bulldog. If these same human beings had a fiftieth part of that courage, and would be willing to come out and acknowledge their convictions before the world, Spiritualism would be placed on a level where it belongs rightfully.

But perhaps, as Mrs. Waite suggests in her charity toward all people, it is good that these folk come anyway, because really the truth must reach each heart. It can not be poured out like a flood over the mass of people. It is something that belongs to each and every one in its own good time and its own good way.

The day will come when there will be a freer exchange of confidences. Men and women will tell their friends about that which they have experienced. They will make the discovery that they are not alone, but that they are "holding out" on those who are experiencing the same thing.

Really, there is humor to many of these situations.

Into Mrs. Waite's seance-room have come some of the foremost merchants, lawyers, physicians and other business and professional people. But there has been scarcely an exception to the rule of secrecy.

Besides Inez, Mrs. Waite has another control—William C. Ralston—the man who built the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Mr. Ralston is Mrs. Waite's platform guide. He has spoken through her in every State in the union.

Shortly after Mrs. Waite began to receive the manifestations in San Francisco, Mr. Ralston was found drowned, and rumor stated that he had committed suicide because the building of the Palace Hotel had nearly ruined him financially.

Naturally, it was not long before the word was passed throughout the city that a young medium by the name of Maggie Waite was claiming the famous Mr. Ralston as her guide and chief control. Mrs. Ralston, the widow, decided that it was time to put a stop to these rumors, and so she made an appointment under an assumed name. She came garbed as a housemaid. And as she was admitted to the room, before she had even crossed the threshold, William C. Ralston controlled his medium, called his wife by name and said to her: "Now, dear, you have labored under the impression that I

committed suicide. This is absolutely wrong. I went down to North Beach, as was my custom, to take my morning swim. I was in the water only a few minutes when I was seized with cramps. I cried for help, but nobody heard me, and I sank the third and last time and perished physically."

He then went into many intimate details of their lives. And Mrs. Ralston became Mrs. Waite's best friend and supporter.

For thirty years Mrs. Waite has been a close personal friend of Dr. C. A. Burgess, Lily of the West Temple, Chicago, and President of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association; Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Editor of *The Progressive Thinker*, and Mr. John Slater, the noted test medium and missionary of the National Spiritualists' Association. Mr. Slater, Dr. Burgess and Mrs. Waite were all acquainted in the early days in California.

Mrs. Waite has served all the State conventions in the Union, and for years was the message medium of the N. S. A.

She has seen mediums come and go. And she says, "It really seems too bad that we have so few physical mediums today compared with those we had in the past. Not over thirty years ago there were nearly fifty good materializing mediums in the city of Chicago alone, and now there are very few good materializing and trumpet mediums in the country. And there are no good mediums in England compared with those in America. Perhaps the time has passed when these remarkable physical manifestations are required. There are very few positive mediums, meaning those who can come out on a platform and deliver messages to a mixed crowd under the most adverse conditions."

Mrs. Waite was prepared to accompany Mr. Stead back to England when the fate of the Titanic spoiled the arrangement and put a period to the co-operation that had been planned. The invitation to her had come through Dr. Warne, and she had also received many invitations direct from the *Review of Reviews*. She was to work in conjunction with the famous C. J. Moss, for Julia's Bureau in London.

While Mrs. Waite's messages are delivered principally through her controls, she also has the gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience, seeing those in spirit as clearly as she sees mortals, and hearing them as distinctly as she hears mortals. During the past few years her platform speaking has been inspirational; that is, she does not have to depend upon the direct speaking of Mr. Ralston through her.

Mrs. Waite is controlled only by these two guides, with the exception of another control who comes in about once a year—a very witty Irish lady. The spirits manifesting through her send their messages. She is not controlled by a miscellany of those in spirit—only by her own controls who are the message-bearers.

Mrs. Maggie Waite is Pastor of The Metropolitan Spiritualist Church, Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, State and Randolph streets, Chicago.

During the summer months these meetings are discontinued, because Mrs. Waite is at Lily Dale Camp, New York, throughout July and August of each year, where we hope many of our readers may become acquainted with her.

Mrs. Waite resides at 1339 West Adams Street, Chicago, and in addition to her church work and readings, she gives messages by mail.

Recently there was celebrated at her church in Corinthian Hall her thirtieth anniversary of public work. Dr. C. A. Burgess, who was present at her first public demonstration in San Francisco, presided at the celebration of her thirtieth anniversary.

Considering the long years of her service, Mrs. Waite naturally is one of the best known mediums in the world, and all of the older mediums throughout the United States are well acquainted with her. She has done a great deal to help develop others. She is devoted to her work. She loves to serve the spirit-world.

WHAT ARE IMMORTALITY'S BOUNDS?

(Continued from page 14)

similar sentient existence in other creatures, he should be slow to say that there is no relationship between the life-principle of one creature and the life-principle of another. That life-principle may be called the soul. But whatever it is named, it is evident that God gave it certain qualifications, outside the zone of which it can not move.

The eternal life-principle of a gopher is not necessarily like the eternal life-principle of a man. But each is true to its nature, but in the nature of man's sentient existence there is that which partakes of the Divine, that which is capable of comprehending and understanding, of searching for and gaining knowledge.

The Everlastingness of Things

Whatever is in existence will endure always. This does not mean that the material and ethereal particles will never change their state or their shape. It does mean that not one electron can be taken out of the universe, because if one electron could be destroyed, the universe itself could crumble.

The source and supply of energy, which is little understood, is always the same. New suns and new solar systems may be formed, but their formation is only a change in the state of that which exists. A tree will not remain throughout eternity as a tree. But the principle that made it a tree in the beginning will continue its existence—not necessarily as a thinking entity, not essentially as a tree in the ethereal, but as a principle that will direct the gathering together of particles that will be known as a tree.

We say that human beings have concepts. They must conceive before they can construct. There must be the conception of a house before there can be a house. And that conception is one of the properties of the soul. This does not imply that first of all there must be the same kind of house constructed in spirit. It is the spirit in man which conceives the house, and then the mortal-confined spirit of man builds according to the spirit conception.

Back of everything that exists, of every form, of every condition, is God's Will, which is the one Master Conception of creation. If we say that we believe in the One Great Creator, then we must believe that everything in God's nature, and everything which we describe as the mental powers of man or the instincts of animals, have come into being through the highest mandate. We have no right to say that this mandate has its restrictions, but we do have a right to say that it is governed by unchanging law.

The law governing the lives of men may be the same in principle as the law governing the lives of all other creatures. There is evidence that shows that the law that decides the nature and progress of human beings, extends beyond the expressions of the law prescribing the limitations of animal-life.

Belief in immortality includes the conviction that whatever is in existence will continue in existence—that forms may change, but that the supply of material and energy does not change.

We can not presume to say that the universe will never be any larger—but whatever makes up the universe as it is today will remain a fixed quantity. We can not say that God is through with creation, because we do not know. We can say that whatever God creates is governed by His law, because the evidence that has come to man proves that this law is fixed and unvarying.

Today there may be an analysis through the spectroscope of light that has been traveling one million years from a distant star. That light proves that natural law one million years ago was the same as it is today. But life, which is the greatest thing in creation, must continue as life in accordance with its nature, or the plan of eternity would be altered.



Illustrated by Mildred Lyon

"If she suddenly stopped . . . in the molding of a loaf, her hands all white and floury, with a smudge right in the dimple of her elbow like I've seen it—might stop from her work and listen."

"THE BROKEN REED"

The Broken Reed

By Ollah Toph

(Copyright, 1920, by Ollah Toph)

SYNOPSIS.—Walter Douglass, a young English soldier killed in battle, tells of the philosophy he is learning in spirit.

VII THE REED

February 1, 1919,
10 P. M.

TODAY we had started to write to a subject announced by him; I listening, he speaking.

But for some reason the attempt failed. Sustained effort in this work is only possible for a limited time. I am conscious of the waning of the power. It is like the wind dying out of a reed organ—gasps and broken tones between. The Voice will flutter as on words spoken between the opening and closing of a door. The words waver; the thought is lost; the line is broken: To persist is to obtrude normality on supernormality; to fail.

Today the wire of communication was either too taut or too lax. It would not hold. He gave it up.

Now tonight I listen again. I am renewed.

The "conditions" surely make for the peace and concentration so essential to a seance.

The fireplace glow is like a rose. Twinkles of stars drip among the ashes. Dancing amber flames sandal the embers. Pure sapphire flames hood the rose in the fire bed. One large green-gold star pins itself on the breast of a half-black ember. The winds are still. The chimney throat has only the singing of the little flames.

There is the distant whistle of a train.

From my smallest days the long whistle of a train at night has held me for a moment in the pain of the inexplicable homesickness which frets me to be going to some far Otherwhere.

Someday I shall find the meaning. After the last whistle has blown.

• • •

"Whoo-oo!" I hear cheerily called. (Oh, the fresh youth in the voice like spring winds in the budding trees!)—"Back on the job. I was never one to back out of a game but it's well to change hands when your load is too heavy. Eh?"

(He is evidently commenting on our previous failure at communication.)

"I've been thinking of the broken reed again. Wondering if the reed that was me had stayed—whole and in its place, if the piping would have been clearer.

"Some one says not. Some one says this is the acute anguish of bereavement—the never-ending, never-answered questions: Would it have been better with him if he had stayed, gone on longer, lived out? Would the world have been better because he stayed, or wiser or happier? Oh, over and over—Didn't the world need him a little longer?

"Some one says, No! No! to all this. And some one says that's not from religious conviction, either, not that heaven needed the little light of a little life set Here. Not that God blinked a candle on earth to make the glory brighter Here.

"But some one says it's in obedience to natural law that we come over. No chance that two brothers stand side by side facing the flames of hate and one goes down and one goes on.

"As a leaf has its time to wither and fall, so a man's soul.

"Only, he says, the idea's inverted. The leaf sinks to decay; the soul does not fall—not even in that tranced moment between the last sleep and the Great Awakening—but it rises

to a new spring. He says, however, the inversion is only apparent. The leaf too, the essence of the leaf, the heart of it, holding all that the tree holds of beauty, of growth, rises to new spring. The smallest leaf, the thinnest blade of grass, the humblest weed, is a partaker of the great central animating force of life—pure spirit. As surely a partaker as is the soul of a poet or warrior or statesman or king.

"The nearer anything rises to the central force of life—pure spirit—the more does it manifest the Great Intelligence. That's the difference between man and oyster. Both manifestants of pure spirit, but in different degrees."

("My word! Some of them seem brothers?" he comments aside, in his irrepressible love of nonsense.)

"Some one says the reed's piping was done on this side—the earth side. That that is one thing the mothers of boys must be shown. Not that God wanted to add to His glory—how could that be done? Not that God wanted to punish or chastise or break, just for the fun of mending. No!

"But it was that the law of the reed governed. Its hour was come. Back there on the bank of a river long ago, I couldn't understand. Long ago. I don't understand now, I'm saying what I'm told to say. I'd like to have lived longer on earth. I had plans. But, funny! Some one says I'm to have a chance at my plans Here. How, I wonder? Oh, . . . well.

"The reed's hour was come. The mothers must be shown that there is the only comfort. It's a good thing to live out one's days, to round out life with all earth experiences. But rounding out so often means squaring up or lopping off and fitting loose ends. And polishing rough surfaces.

"In the end the polishing we might have to do on this side might not pay for the length of days.

"Here has everything of good a chap could have back there. Everything. Education. Getting on. Companionship. Love. The feel of being wanted. You don't always have that there. Sometimes you're in the way. Why, back there was a fellow that looked like apologizing for getting in the way of a bullet. Just couldn't find his place. Misfit. And miserable. Didn't seem to fit there and Lord knows how he'd fit Here. Probably scrooch around so's not to take up too much room. But if he's Here, he's learning better. He's finding himself.

"The Wise Man says it's only by losing yourself that you find yourself. That when you've found yourself you've found the whole world—all of it that concerns you. For when you really find yourself, you find others—their needs, you learn the interdependence of life.

"He says the lost years in the life of Jesus that no man has yet found record of, were the retreat of Jesus into Himself. That withdrawing day by day and year by year, into the great central source of all life—pure spirit—He first came to know Himself. And knowing Himself, He found Himself brother of the world. He learned the holy kinship before He could lead as the Elder Brother.

"The Wise Man says Jesus saw fatherhood in Himself was why He blessed the little children. He says Paul could not have taken the little children to his knee. Jesus had the simplicity of the child. Paul had wisdom but not simplicity. Paul knew the law of the prophets better than he knew the law of nature. He was for custom, convention. He made spiritual deduction from worldly knowledge.

"Jesus knew the natural law which is the spiritual law. Reading Himself, He read all men.

"John could not have taken the little children to his knee. He could have carried them in his heart. He could have painted them with the nimbus of their recent angelhood above them. Through them he could have seen the cherubim and seraphim. Through them he could have seen the walls and the streets of The City. And have made a song about them.

"But Jesus, who because in the lost years having found Himself, found all men, was sage and child and poet and dreamer; law giver and him that walked in the law. His was the heart of the child. So he could take the children into His heart as well as to His knee. And could cleanse their dirty hands and faces on the hem of His garment.

"The Wise Man says going it alone may be all right—if we don't learn the meaning of interdependence—all right till the end of the road and then it's the loneliest way imaginable. He says every chap's a brother to himself, or ought to be.

"Funny, that sounds.

"But he's quite serious. He says that taking a thought of how you would do a certain thing to a brother, sometimes stops your doing it to yourself. A sort of reading the Golden Rule backward.

"He says—getting back to the broken reed—that if you came over Here it was because you had to come. No other way. The law. Like holding on to your job. You were needed in this particular spot at this particular time. If you hadn't come it would be like weaving or working or twisting a piece of tapestry—however it is they do tapestry—and leaving part of the pattern out. That way.

"Tell that to the mothers who are saying: 'If only—if only—?' Say there are no ifs. It had to be. And that this side has everything a chap needs—everything. Say it over and over.

"You see, I'm not saying anything about the loneliness back there, the emptiness, the family that sits with eyes on their plates, that's afraid to speak out a name for a choke in the throat and yet not wanting to cry. God! don't we know? Don't we know? We're not thinking of us in this.

"We're lonesome, too, sometimes, for the old way of coming in and speaking out so's you'd understand. Whoo-oo! Like that. But you see, over Here we begin to find out things for ourselves, maybe the way Jesus found them in the lost years. And we see into our mothers' and fathers' hearts, their dreams for us from the littlest time up, their plans for us, their hopes for us, that somehow got twisted about dreams and plans and hopes for themselves against the grey twilight when they would sit with folded hands, liking to be taken care of. That way.

"And we see into the hearts this way. That for all the emptiness to them that they'd be full to overflowing if they could really know—really—that we are satisfied, happy, well off, getting on. After all, that's all that matters greatly to them. To know—know, not just hope—that we are safe, that we're contented, that we—don't—long—to—come—back.

"Well, say, not me! Not in the old way.

"So be sure to say over and over—Loud! Hard!—that it's quite all right.

"Oh, sometimes this Big Idea about working back and stirring a family muss with: 'Oh, look. Here's Johnny back again'—well, yes, that jogs the works a bit. But we're told even that is going to show up big.

"When the old come, many times that's the end of earth with them. They've worked out. They've turned in all their days. All they know or cared for like as not are Here. There is no call to go back.

"But with the young it's different. We've got the idea, right or wrong, that we had some days coming to us back there.

"And we are going to find out.

"We're so healthfully young, over Here. Thousands, millions of us poured out like water from a big flask. We're

going to pour back. Maybe if only a few came at a time it would be different. But when many unite on a Big Idea it pushes through.

"We're not far away. If you'd just say that, Madam.

"Now, once on the field, right under fire, I somehow got to my mother. Just was with her for a minute, that's all. No, I didn't see her. What! With that blaze of hell around? I didn't hear her, not with my ears. You couldn't have heard the blast of doom.

"I felt her. I felt her all over, all through every sense—sight, hearing, all. The smell of her clean hair and fresh gown, the flower in her belt. The low tones of her voice that has a little halting sound between words, sometimes, like the fall of waters breaking over stones, like a girl's voice when the girl is glad. I saw her—inside of her. The soul part of her. Understand? The part of her that was close to me, even hundreds of miles off, that nothing could ever—ever!—break or destroy. The part of her and of me that was pure spirit, the kinship of love.

"All that in one moment of living where men were falling dead about me. Chap on my right crumpled up. Men going on or dropping. Me plugging away at orders—signals. A lifetime of knowing things, swallowed up in a moment of forgetting, for others. Me standing there, yet far away. Me standing there, wondering somehow foolishly where stars go when they fall; if their dust is the Milky Way; if Mother had got the check; silly, disconnected things like that—incoherencies.

"And you'll never make me believe but that in some mysterious way it was just as I say—I was with my mother—the real me that hadn't got anything to do with war or hurt or flames of hate or scorch of hell. I did live all that—sensation—no, sensation was dead—emotion.

"She and I out of all the world, away from the door of red hell, safe together. She and I in the cool of the first morning when our souls found each other, when I lay under her heart.

"It wasn't my hour. It wasn't the break of the reed yet. I'd like to know if my mother knew, too. If she felt me. If she suddenly stopped, say, in the scrubbing of a pan or the folding of a cake or the molding of a loaf, her hands all white and floury, with a smudge right in the dimple of her elbow like I've seen it—she's such capable hands!—if she stopped to give me room.

"Well, now, that way it is sometimes when we've got to this side. We come on moments like that, with them unaware. Life fades—things outside, rather—between you and me, say, whoever you are that love me. Play I'm a boy to his mother or a brother to his sister or a son to his father—life fades for an instant like life faded to me on the field and we are together. Closer than you think.

"The Wise Man says, Have you ever stopped to think that love is the only unbreakable thing in the world, the only indestructible? Oh, yes, he says, you say what about gigantic rocks? Give time, he says. Eating, corroding, wearing tides. Eruptions, quakes. Yes, he says, of things ponderable or imponderable, love is the only unbreakable. And—this is strange. Death but makes it stronger. From this side love pours out its vial to sweeten the way for those who come after.

"And this is my say. If you mothers could see the larking of these chaps you'd dry your tears and begin to get ready for company from Everyman's Land. That's what it is, the Wise Man says—Everyman's Land—sooner or later; and no one barred out. Neither color nor creed. And the gate swinging both ways. Get that? Both ways.

"It's partly the sense of being in your own place that eats into your homesickness over Here. You begin to settle down. Get adjusted, that's it. Only, you don't get away from this: You want them to know.

"It's like being on an interesting journey and wanting to tell all about it. You want a chance to make them glad, to do something for them. Oh, well, maybe it's a bit of a swagger, too, wanting to show them how you can handle new stuff. Crumpling up in France couldn't turn young chaps into wise men, could it? Some one says you feel youth but you live wisdom.

"Whee-ee! Me for the feel.

"The Wise Man says be sure to say we have homes. Jesus loved home, the walls and the roof, and the thing shining and splendid, that four walls stand for. Is why he loved the house at Bethany; and the trees, olives and sheltering palms. And the well where they came to fill their pitchers. The long spread table in the Upper Room. All things of home.

"The wind in the shavings about his bench and the woody smell. He loved the work He did for other men's homes: cleats to keep out the weather; gates to keep the cattle in; roofs to make the sheep fold secure.

"And because He had a vision of a great love building homes for others, He saw that love must not take time to build for itself. So He was a wanderer, footsore and weary. If He hadn't had the vision of homes on earth, for every son of man, He would not have dreamed of the mansions in the sky. Many mansions. He says our Father's house has many rooms. That love is not roofless.

"We are not airy, detached atoms over Here. Say not! We're people, men, women, children. There is cohesion. There is—Oh, for words!—there is a certain community of interest and yet individualistic expression. For instance, you ought to see them crowding in on this. Curious, speculating. Wondering when their chance will come. Lord! they're young!

"Some one says it's going to be like it was in the young of the world. Marvels, seeming miracles. The purification that's going to sweep rot and fetidness away in a mighty wave of spiritual awakening. Natural law waiting unchanged, but unnatural conditions, hindrances, obscurations, torn aside.

"He says love is the supreme natural law; the law of reproduction, having its source in the great central source of all life—pure spirit. That even though reproduction be stamped with brutality, nevertheless, the vivifying power is pure spirit. And that is the fount of love.

"It is in accordance with natural law that the gate swings both in and out. We stand at the gate waving our hands to you. Some of you will get the halloo.

"We've got the things we need. First off the bat I wanted to know could a chap go to sleep, and where? It had been chilly blanketing back there. I was dazed, drowsy. Felt like the world held me on its little finger and blew my peepers shut.

"Well, some one led me—or maybe carried me—to a couch—real, soft, restful. I fell for that. When I woke I thought had my body changed to a feather?

"And was the rector holding silent prayer? Ever feel that way?

"We have everything we had back there—plus.

"We are different; our wants are not the same; we function differently.

"But we are more intensely alive than in the liveliest moment we had back there. Me is still me. Only I'm waked up. Eternity jolts you into your real self. Some have to be kicked, you know.

"Sometimes it seems we wear our ghost wrong side out. Never suspected that, did you? Hobnobbing with a ghost while the real fellow grins behind, wondering now what's up?

"The Wise Man says some things are forgiven to youth. He smiles. I wonder.

"But, Oh, Madam, Madam, tonight I feel like kicking the shins of old age that let me go by and say out loud so the whole world can hear: It's great to be alive.

"I feel like making a song about it: Alive! Alive! Alive! And perhaps the echo of it might knock at an English door.

"And some one over there, with a dimple in her elbow, might stop from her work and listen."

The fire is withered. The room grows cold. A long whistle in the distance winds faintly. There is the whirr of wheels through the night; a rising wind.

VIII SAVIOURS

February 6, 1919, 2 P. M.

"I've got a queer subject today. Something I don't know anything about. But he told me. Oh, dear! This is going to be hard to hug. It's something about—about—"

He falters, then in an awed tone: "Oh—oh—saviours!"

"The Wise Man says, Oh, I'm getting the hang; he says we stick to abstract ideas because it's safe—and easy. We're afraid to unfold the napkin that's got the precious thing wrapped up in it. We might find something we don't want to see. We like the idea of hidden, wrapped value. We put it away. Shelf it. But we don't like the responsibility of having it opened up.

"Well, that way with the saviour idea. We napkin it. Like to feel it's around. Like to know it's safe—if we need it. But we don't spread it out. 'Fraid we might see the mysterious prints on the linen, like has been known before—oh, what's the word?—stigmata—and that might bring us nearer than we like to the realization that it's our napkin.

"He says that though Jesus walked alone in the years of His ministry, He walked for all the world to see. Nothing wrapped up; nothing hidden; His purpose crystal-clear. Only—men's eyes got clouds over them. And they thought the cloud was in the crystal. That way with us and our brothers. We see a flaw in the crystal. And all the time it's God shining through the other chap's soul. And our eyes too dull to see.

"Even when Jesus prayed in the Garden—"

"The sleepers might have risen with Him on prayer. They might have reached the gates of the Holy City with Him; they might have seen the road of the palms so close at hand and have drawn closer to Him for His comforting. But they stuffed their souls with sleep, bodies and souls filled up on drowsiness. Their mouths dripping words of friendship, their souls—yes, even their souls—for a few easy hours, crouching under the shadow of Judas. While He sweat drops of blood.

"They carried their napkins wrapped up.

"He says we've got to get to the job of being our own saviours—well, no, not exactly those words—before we can appreciate how hard it was for Him. That the world has just had its Gethsemane but that the many Calvaries are in the sore and bleeding hearts of men—and women. And that the hour of the Transfiguration is coming, when the world shall lift its wondering, surprised—glad!—eyes to Dead who yet have never died; knowing that the shadow of the cross builded of little hates and big hates, of arrogance, of power and pride, of place and lust, of greed, must fall back in the ashes of the fire that hate feeds. He says the skies have darkened and the graves have yawned and given up their dead—to live again!

"There is light in the east and light in the west and light in the hearts of men. For the gate of Vision is opening wider—wider!—and the heart of man beholds the Arisen, not with hope alone, not with faith alone, but with the knowledge of a Resurrection Morn.

"The Wise Man says again that we must learn to be our own saviours. That it's the only way. The manly way. The sure way. Using the Cross as He used it, as Shining Staff for the spirit, the while we go the way of our earthly cross. The Shining Staff. Not bearing it, but leaning on it, feeling our way with it, comforted with it, walking in its light. The only way.

"All the faith in the world won't light a fire in your soul unless you lay the sticks yourself.

"The Reformation was the laying of the sticks.

"For many years men saw only the black smoke; then the thin blue-purple smoke; then the ember heart that nothing could put the fire out of—neither winds of persecution nor rains of despair.

"He says Luther was a torch-bearer, a fire-the-fagot. But the carriers of the fire were them that were blown on the winds that swept over the ember-heart afterward; the runners from summit to summit, laying new fires. He says it's that way now with the world.

"A new name is to be born. An epoch. The Great Reformation, growing out of upheavals of nations, of nature, east and west, seeming stupendous causes fading into nothingness. Incipient flames bursting, spreading, blazing the skies red. Men and distortions of governments swallowed in the flames.

"A thin red line runs from Europe to your country. The sea is stained with it. The souls of men are marked with it. The laws of governments are threaded with it. The thin red line. That has the smell of men about it. Dead men and living men. Broken faiths and broken bodies. Spilled hopes as well as spilled blood. Wounds that can not be mended. The thin red line.

"The Wise Man says there are other things before the Great Reformation—plagues, devastations, sporadic revolutions, social and political. An arm of might and an arm of brawn; the clenched fists set against each other. Esau come to life again . . . but in the utter end Lazarus at the table with Dives.

"The Great Desert will be open to traffic; it will be negotiable. A city will rise in its midst. There is some one working on something this side—a suction system, ingenious, more powerful than anything over known. Hydraulics. They have studied the suction in the quicksands. The principle will be used in the desert sands—inverted. Within a decade the world will see this marvelous invention which will grow out of the genius of a man in the west of this country—will see it suck up the sands of the desert. The Sahara—the desert in this country first. Will utilize the sand in building. Will sweep the floor clean. Will lay a new carpet, patterned with flowers, watered not from the counts of cases but from a great hidden reservoir of water. And from the desert city commerce shall gain a new impetus.

"Too, he says, in the west of this country there will be a chain—a chain—of earthquakes that will lay waste a big city and two smaller. And that between the ruins of the big city and the two smaller ones will be a new site for building.

"He says that within the next ten years the west of this—your—country, will leap over the east in shipping, in prosperity. People from the east, but merchandise from the west.

"There will be a second great exodus for minerals to the northwest, to an unexplored field. Men will endure. Many will go out, perish.

"And he says that before the full of the Great Reformation the gates of your west will be bolted and barred; afterward opened; that a sinister writhe even now is in the waters, under the waters. And he says, concerning this, that a nation, like an individual, **MUST BE ITS OWN SAVIOUR.**

"Within the next decade there will rise a new school of religious thought, fathered not by men who accept the living Christ, but by men materialistic. It will be not a school of philosophy only, but a school of religion. It will flourish for awhile, watered from over the seas. And then, because it does not lay hold on the Shining Staff, it will fall, to rise no more.

"The movement to Zion will stay a dream. But in partial fulfillment of prophecy, Palestine will gather some of her lost sons again to her bosom.

"He tells me to say all this, who couldn't even predict weather.

"Strange.

"Rather interests me, if I do only stand and peep over.

"He says that all things work according to natural law.

The only law. Revolution is just the fester that's got to break and run out the corruption before there can be healing.

"Vibration rules. If a tide flows and beats against a shore it's got to swing back. If the dyke isn't strong enough, tight enough, it swings farther in each time, wearing in, pushing, working its way. He says that the tide of hate can not beat a strong dyke down; or the rocks of love. That a country should dyke its shores for love of humanity, for progress, for spiritual growth as well as for commercial, national prosperity.

"Then will hate roll back and swallow them that sent out the floods.

"The Great Reformation is in the making, but in a decade it will begin to be history. The Great Reformation that grew out of the Great Devastation.

"He says that the Luther spirit will be not one man but a group of men. That the torch-bearer who has already set the flame, the ablest of them, has come to this, the unseen side

IX THE ANSWER

February 6, 1919, 11 P. M.

At a seance recently where there were painful references to earthly affairs, relating to the auditors (the spirit speaking to them concerning matters of which I knew nothing), Prudence Hopewell begged a chance to speak a "suete verd" (sweet word) before the trance was lifted. She said that to leave on the speaking of sad or unhappy things would leave a sad or unhappy stamp on me, normal. I had not thought of that; but I do know that coming precipitately from trance, following a tragic or impressive message, rather than gradually and serenely, as is the perfectly controlled way, I am weak and shaken. For a few moments only, however, for normality is quickly resumed. My hand which shakes in the holding of a glass of water which some one brings me is soon steady. And the feeling of having been far away, drowsed somewhere, yet listening as one listens on the edge of sleep, to another speaking, drifts away.

Recently there was a friend at a seance whose name is Lella (Lel, abbreviated). On the car coming home, Prudence said: "Leele a verd (word) to my time bute vram (from) a order contry. Bute lely a verd to my time."

And so I found lelle (lel) referred me to "leal," of Old French origin. Lely is an old dialectic form of "lily."

How is it with those who go out in sleep? This is her answer:

"One that came so to this side (in sleep) speaks me the word of it. There came a smell like the smell of a rose. And her soul slept to that. A feeling of rising over the earth, as if just lifted up on that sweet bed. Then, after while, out of the heart of a rose—her mother's face. She reached out her arms, with 'Mother! Mother!' and found herself in her new home.

"Blown through the gate of death on the breath of a bloom."

And this as a further thought:

"You see, friends, life is like a spent pearl. You know if your pearl be spent, wears a cloud over its little face, as if a rain of tears mists it from its beauty the while, you take it down to the deep water and lay it within.

"Then, after while, the shine comes back. Its beauty smiles again, peradventure.

"Well, a soul is just a pearl to the hand of God. He puts it down in the troubled waters, the dark sea you call death. Then He reaches down and holds it to this other Land—the Land of all holy jewels.

"And you see its shine all brought back. The glisten of new beauty. Fresh life to it. A shine that shall never more depart.

"You are God's pearls—every one of you—and He strings them to make a necklace for the eternal years."

(To be concluded)

To Thee I Will Return

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By H. D. Mildeberger

When eyes are closed and heart is still,
And those about my bed
Shall say he's passed from earth away
And gone to join the "Dead";
That never more shall he be seen,
Ne'er more on earth sojourn—
Hear then my answer: Do not grieve,
To thee I will return.

When danger lurks to do thee harm,
Or sickness seeks thy life;
When sorrow heavy makes thy heart
Thro earthly cares and strife;
When absence strives to quench the fire
That burns in memory's urn;
Know that to comfort and protect,
To thee I will return.

When thou shall sense of thy earth life
The end is drawing near;
And what the future holds in store
May tempt thy heart to fear;
Cast from thee every anxious doubt,
And know what thou shouldst learn,
To guide thee into Deathless Land
To thee I will return.

Spiritualism and The Church

By C. P. Fleming

THERE was a time when the Protestant Church attributed thunder, lightning and earthquake, everything in fact which was but little understood by the masses, to the devil. Her orthodox exhorters to this day attribute the same to Spiritualism, excepting the ones who attribute the phenomena of Spiritualism to fraud. The Catholic Church admits the phenomena, but diabolical unless confined to her own authority. The church knows this to be untrue but has its own reasons for not giving the truth to the world.

For centuries, Spiritualism has been banned by the church and thrust out of sight as an unclean thing. The church, which encourages the state in upholding laws which are totally opposed to the teachings of its professed Master—Christ. The church which solemnizes many marriages which are nothing less than prostitution, which permits capital punishment, actions of law reeking with injustice, and allots enormous revenues to its bishops and archbishops while the poor starve. This same church forbids communication with spirits, who are the first to denounce these corrupt practices.

In all the three hundred and odd different religions, we are given what? Vague hopes, threatening fears, promise of reward and dread of punishment, but not a particle of proof that, having passed from this world, we shall exist to enjoy the one or endure the other.

The old cold faiths have melted away under the Sun of Progress; we can no longer be made to believe like little children in a shadowy, indefinite heaven where the saints sit on damp clouds with harps, accompanying a ceaseless paean of songs of praise to a personal God—a heaven to none—a hell to most people.

Death, from which most of us recoil in terror, should in reality be heralded with joy—the greatest event of our lives.

It is as natural as birth. Death is not an enemy, but a friend.

This unnatural dread of the change is one of the best proofs we have of the little good that has been effected by the religious of the world—how little real influence they have exerted on the comprehension of mankind, for if there had been a realization of these teachings, the glories of the depicted heaven would have surmounted the fear of death and the terrors of hell the vices of humanity. But neither one effect nor the other has resulted in nearly two thousand years of preaching and praying. The history of the churches shows from the beginning that humanity has ever been exhorted to place its trust and judgment and conscience in the hands of the ministry, and it is not only the Roman Church that has arrogated to herself infallibility, for each in its way has done the same.

The church teaches hope, trust and faith—Spiritualism teaches knowledge. The fear of death is so ingrained that many have a horror of even discussing it. The very ones who disclaim all possibility of spirit return and communication are afraid to enter the room where the body of the dear one of yesterday, that was attended with loving devotion, lies. That which was clung to, and wept over, they fear to look at or touch—the thought he might return and speak turns them cold with horror. Why afraid of an impossibility?

Of all persons in the world, the parsons and priests are the ones who need instruction in Spiritualism. They are truly the blind leading the blind.

Spiritualism is the most stupendous truth that ever dawned on a sin-sick world—and how comparatively few comprehend it. There are millions of self-styled Spiritualists in the world, yet how many of these have a true understanding of what Spiritualism really is?

Spiritualism is the cure for the worst ills we have brought upon ourselves. God has ordained that the dock-leaf Spiritualism shall grow beside the stinging-nettle death—the leaf which we can pluck even in this life, and lay best against our bleeding hearts the balm which will heal the aching wound, and teach us patience and resignation under our temporal loss, with a certainty of a reunion in the world beyond.

The torn and bereaved heart wants truth, irrefragable proof, that those who have gone before still live, and are not entirely beyond the limits of our sight and love and remembrance—that the deepest feelings of our hearts have not been wasted, but still bear fruit.

If Spiritualism served no higher purpose than to do away with this foolish fear of death, and what comes after it, it accomplishes what nothing else has ever done.

Spiritualism proves that death is as natural as birth and life, being but a progression of nature's law—there is no death, only a second birth to another sphere of activity. It shows that you fear too much because you know too little; the light of Spiritualism will make life easier and death more welcome.

I do not deprecate the agony attendant on losing a loved one by the passing to the next world—that is different from dreading it on our own account. It is the greatest grief in this vale of tears, but even this is alleviated by the knowledge that the veil between is very thin and that it may be lifted.

The yearning for the "touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still"—to hear one word, to have one glimpse, what would one not give?

Poor mourner!

TWO GARDENS

By Florence Belle Anderson

☞ Springtime was just merging into Summer and a majestic, silvery moon was watching over a lovely garden filled with many kinds of beautiful flowers: So still it was that one could have heard a fairy's footfall, and yet, there was great activity: There in that stillness was the greatest of all forces—Life.

☞ Each lovely flower was preparing to give its beauty to the world: There were many kinds of roses; red, yellow, white, pink and variegated, and each rose knew just what it needed to make its own kind of beauty: There were stately hollyhocks, fragrant lilies (God's own flower), winsome pansies with queer little faces, each little pansy-face different and each knowing just what kind of pansy personality it was: Pensive lilacs, daffodils and mignonette, and all working in perfect harmony: Each flower was drawing from the great life-force just what it needed and never once conflicting with any other flower: If one were very, very still, one could feel the rhythm, and if one listened with one's Soul, one could hear—Harmony.

☞ I saw another garden, so vast that no human mind could comprehend it, so varied that only God could understand it: The world was the garden and its flowers were people: There was no stillness there. There was the same Great Force, but God's human flowers did not understand how to draw it as did the flowers in the lovely, quiet garden. Each human flower did not understand that there was an unlimited supply, but God meant each to draw his own: There was confusion. There was noise. There was—Discord.

☞ And then, the Dear Master of the Garden came and spoke to the hearts of some who could understand and said:

☞ "Long ago I said unto you, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet, I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

☞ "Go to the lilies again and learn a new lesson: All is yours. Draw your own: Hush—be still, for in the stillness alone am I found—I am thy God."

The minister talks of heaven governed by laws, subject to conditions of which he did not know. A misty idea of a city paved with gold, somewhere above the clouds, a place where innocent babies, unless sprinkled by so-called holy-water by the hand of man, may not enter, but where hoary-headed, lecherous, adulterous old sinners and murderers, who cry with their last frightened breath, "I believe!"—are welcomed.

People will discuss dress, dinner, their own and their friends' private affairs, but the world-to-come, which we must all inevitably enter, is taboo, in too bad taste, too gruesome for polite society. Even the ordained exponents of the destiny of the soul are no exception, they preach God's love, vicarious atonement, God's anger and jealousy at one and the same time; shake their heads gloomily at the passing of one of their flock, and urge a trust in God, as His ways are past finding out. Death should not be a "stalking terror" to anyone, but the open gate that leads to a newer, higher, better existence in the light of God's divine love.

The TRUTH is the great want of the world, what religion has never given, and never will give while the church arrogates to herself all the phenomena that are constantly taking place.

All very well, perhaps, you say, but give me proof—proof that is beyond question of this truth. *An abundance of love will bring an ABUNDANCE OF PROOF.* Each one of us is surrounded by the influences we gather and attract of our own free will: the loving and noble-hearted by loving and noble-hearted spirits; the selfish and ignoble by their like, and as we consider how the latter predominate in this world, why not to be expected in the next? Spirits are not exalted and holy angels, but human entities who have taken with them memory, reason, love, habit, hate and wrath.

Many imagine as soon as a spirit is freed from its earthly body it immediately becomes a species of little god, endowed with supernatural powers of prophecy and foresight, able to advise in all mundane matters, and able, at once, to perform miracles—in fact, spirits are not exalted and holy angels until they have followed the road of progress sufficiently to become so.

Murderers, thieves, the licentious, the cruel and liars—all have the same facilities to communicate as the pure-minded. But because there is evil are we to reject the good?

Disabuse your minds of the idea of the supernatural. There is no such thing as super-nature. The life in the spirit spheres is but a continuation of life on earth. Our spirits are like birds confined in cages. For the disembodied, the cage doors have been opened, ours still closed, but we hold communication through the bars.

The next life is a life of progression. As soon as we have sloughed off the flesh, our eyes are spiritually opened, and we see the sins we have committed, both of commission and omission, not as we see them here and disregard their import, but in all their breadth, depth, height, and length. We shall see ourselves as we are, we shall realize the enormity of our evil acts, the sorrow they have caused others, the evil effects resulting from them, until we will loathe ourselves, and long to be purged—and with the sincere desire to improve we shall commence to rise, on and on, until happiness is attained. No vicarious atonement, no placing the burden of our sins on the shoulders of another, but each individual soul will be his or her own judge and saviour.

Lord Byron said, "He is a fool who denies that which he cannot disprove," yet how many are there that do this very thing? The skeptic, generally speaking, is so bigoted, hard-headed and narrow-minded that he is carried away with the conceit of his powers of judgment and discrimination, and he cannot comprehend how he possibly could be mistaken, but his emphatic protestations are so overdone he becomes harmless. Such a one will deny the evidence of his own senses sooner than admit he might have been mistaken. Instead of believing in God's love, and God's power, and the resources of

nature, he will limit all things to the small compass of his own brain.

Ignorant, hypocritical, deceitful people go to a seance not to learn the truth of Spiritualism, but to detect fraud and to satisfy curiosity, and are tricked by the very influences that attend them, and thus men and women of honor and truth are declared charlatans and tricksters, and those who believe in them set down for fools, and blind.

Frauds exist in Spiritualism most surely, as frauds exist in all walks of life among clergy and laity, but because one so-called medium proves fraudulent it does not by any means signify that all mediums are frauds, any more than all clergymen, or bankers.

Many people say money and Spiritualism should have nothing in common. Directly the question of money enters into it, there must be fraud. Is there necessarily fraud in the church because pew rents are high, subscriptions ceaseless and collections constant? Are ministers frauds because they draw their quarterly stipend, and gladly rush from a poor parish to a rich one, because it pays better? Why should mediums who expend far more strength than any of the clergy be grudged their due?

I would have the casual investigator understand that mediums can not command spirits, nor summon, control or order them. They come of their own volition to teach us, not to be treated as servants or errand boys to gratify idle curiosity. They are the higher powers, we the lower. They the teachers, we the pupils.

If you ever hear a person talk of receiving evil communications through Spiritualism, or hearing evil actions spoken of lightly by spirits, you may be sure that man's or woman's nature is evil, coarse and sensual, and attracts its like.

Many say, even admitting the truth of communication, that it is wrong. Wrong to speak to those whom God gave you for your own? Wrong for the husband to speak to the wife who was one flesh with him? Wrong for the mother to speak to the child she brought into the world? Say that you don't want to meet your dead again, that the idea frightens you, that you have ceased weeping for them, that their places are filled by others, that there are thoughts and intentions in your heart you would not care to submit to their investigation, but don't say you consider it wrong. If Spiritualism is wrong, God is wrong, and Christ is wrong. It is men and women that are wrong, their passions, proclivities, hearts and inclinations are wrong—they leave the world wrong—and they come back wrong.

The oracles of Delphos, the virgins of the Buddhist temples, the vestals who handled the divining tables of the Egyptians, the medicine-men of the tribes of Indians, were all carefully guarded from contamination of strange influences, and kept sacred within the protection of their temples and tribes. The ancients knew that their spiritual gifts were of so delicate a nature, to be kept pure and reliable, they must be protected from the outer world.

Remember the word "medium" means a "channel" through which the spiritual waters are conveyed to your lips. While we allow our mediums to go on working for their daily bread while they exercise their spiritual gifts, we never shall enjoy them in perfection.

A good medium should be so placed that naught but harmony could enter into her daily life, no anxiety over finance, no worries of any kind—but how little is that comprehended! A good medium should, metaphorically speaking, be packed in cotton, wool and lavender.

"Souls cannot die. They leave a former home,
And in new bodies dwell. Nothing can perish;
Spirits may come and go. Death hath no power
The immortal soul to slay. It seeks a new home."

—Ovid.

The "Ghosts" of Yesteryear

Light on the Universal Belief in Immortality

The following is taken from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, of April, 1853, No. XXXV, Vol. VI, page 699, under the editorial caption, "Editor's Table."

This interesting discussion is furnished through the patience and courtesy of Homer P. Adams, Springfield, Mo.

While this editorial apparently starts out to be done with the table-rappings and tippings that had their inception with the Fox Sisters, in Hydesville, N. Y., but five years prior to the date of this article, the editor seems to have changed his view as he has delved deeper into the subject, and the result is a most absorbing revelation of the instinctive belief of all peoples, of all types and in all times, in the subject of immortality.

This article was written and published sixty-seven years ago, but it presents to Spiritualists many important facts which they may use forcefully in discussing the subject of Spiritualism with their doubting friends. This article merits the most careful reading and thought. It is published in its entirety, because it is as deep as the soul of man, and appropriate without respect to time. It is one of the few truly generic discussions on the subject.—The Editor.

GHOST STORIES—or Tales of **GHOSTLY** Apparitions—have ever been regarded as forming a legitimate part of our more serious, as well as our lighter, literature. A portion of the pages of this magazine has been frequently devoted to it, and, we think, for the benefit as well as for the pleasure of our readers. Severe critics might condemn some particular tales, and still more serious critics might, perhaps, be disposed to rule out the whole department of ghostly narrative, whether given as true or fictitious, on the ground of evil tendency, yet we can only say that while we might gratefully assent to the candid strictures of the one class, we could never yield to the sweeping demands of the other.

The writings of this kind that have been given to the public in the pages of this magazine have been of three different classes. They have consisted, in the first place, of narrations of ghostly appearances, either supposed to be true or to have a sufficiency of evidence demanding, at least, a philosophical investigation; or, secondly, they have been **FICTIONS**, known as such, yet designed to present the subject in its more serious aspects, or they have been, in the third place, tales of lighter character, intending by their sportive denouement to bring into merited contempt not the absolute truth of ghostly apparitions, but the absurd and trifling evidence on which such appearances are sometimes credited.

In all these ways the cause of truth, and even of religion, instead of being injured may be actually promoted, if care is taken not to give too much prominence to a Sadducean skepticism, on the one hand, or to revolting forms of alleged ghostly experiences on the other. On the question how far, in the selections or original tales furnished for this magazine, either extreme has been shunned, the conductors would cheerfully submit themselves to all fair and candid criticism. Errors may doubtless be pointed out, but to have ignored this whole field could not have been justly demanded, either on the ground of a pure literature or a sound morality.

Such tales, it is often said, are injurious to the young, and they should, above all things, be carefully kept from the minds of children. Doubtless the excessive, the revolting, the terrifying, the deeply exciting in this department of literature may disturb the healthy balance of the soul and produce, in other respects, some of the most incurable mental disorders. And yet there is a counter evil which is equally, and in some ages, we think, even more to be dreaded. We mean the Sadducean feeling which **MUST** grow up, when from the cradle a hard, dry naturalism is ever being drilled into the young soul, and the ineffaceable impression produced that nothing is true, nothing real, nothing rational, that can not be felt, or grasped, or handled, or reduced to the conditions of the most ordinary experience in time and space, and measurable materiality.

In the instruction of children all should be real. A most important truth indeed! But what is reality? Have our sober rationalists settled the bounds of this wide field, and truly determined that among the realities of the soul, and the soul's destiny, the vivid exercises of the imagination have no place and no office for which they are to be carefully and religiously trained? Even at the risk of excessive and morbid emotion, this department of the soul needs cultivation as well as the other spiritual faculties; and woe to the age in which it is **WHOLLY** neglected, for the sake of an arid scientific tangibility, or a hardening of the understanding which calls itself rational, when it has shut out from the mind's contemplation whatever gives that rationality its highest value. Especially may this be said of that exercise of the imagination which connects our thoughts with the other world, and the belief in present surrounding spiritual existences.

Mischievous as may sometimes be a morbid fondness for the ghostly and the supernatural, we may well doubt whether all the stories of haunted castles, and all the tales of demonology and witchcraft that ever came from the most weird imagination could possibly breed so monstrous a lie in the human soul as those books which are ever canting about "physical laws," and that system of instruction which boasts of explaining everything on "scientific principles," to the entire exclusion of the imaginative, the romantic, the mysterious, or, in other words, of every immaterial power and entity that can be brought within its dynamical formulas. It may well be doubted, we say, whether all the horrors of the worst novels of Mrs. Radcliffe or Maturin could ever exert so baleful an influence upon the mind as such an exclusive training.

If compelled to choose between the two poisons, we do not hesitate to avow it—we would much prefer *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, or the *Romance of the Pyrenees*, as reading books for schools, to Spurzheim's *Phrenology*, or Combe's *Constitution of Man*.

The old ghostly legend, too, as it has been presented in all ages of the world, is so very different a thing from that naturalizing spiritualism which now prevails under the name of "spiritual rappings," that we can not help regarding the former as one of the best antidotes against many of the absurdities and fooleries that are connected with the latter. Any one who will carefully study the alleged modern phenomena must see that it is all sheer naturalism, under an assumed spiritual form. It is rank Sadduceism, that impudently pretends to be converted to a belief in spirits and devils of its own raising.

Its warmest defenders make a merit of it, that the whole affair is strictly physical, and as far as it is so we have no wish to deny its facts or its proofs. As involving certain alleged questions of science, let it have the most thorough investigation. But aside from this, instead of cultivating the imagination, or enhancing its religious awe, which was always more or less the effect of the old ghostly tales, the whole tendency of this new form of demonology, or, as we might better call it, naturalizing devilism, is to harden, dry up, unspiritualize or to employ a term which we have borrowed and used before, to de-religionize to an incurable degree the human soul.

In the ghostly legend, on the other hand, that has sprung from real ghostly appearances, or has had its fictitious birth in the mortal, in distinction from the mere naturalizing imagination, there has ever been an element of religion, and of religious accountability.

Amid all its gross superstitions the MORAL, in some form, was ever predominant over the PHYSICAL. The old ghosts preached retribution, they divulged crimes, they warned men of a judgment to come; the modern spirit-rappers gabble about "electricity," and "progress," and "physical laws," and a "new light" that is ever about to break, and yet never dawns upon the world. The former school of ghostly vision may often, in its ignorance, have spiritualized nature; to the latter has been reserved the awful blasphemy of naturalizing spirit.

It is not, however, the actual truth, or the measure of actual truth, in particular ghostly legends, that constitutes their chief value for the philosophic mind. It is rather their inseparable connection with the solemn dogma of a future life, or the soul's independent existence after death, in a separate spirit-world as truly real as this world of flesh-and-blood; and it is in the aspect, mainly, that we would devote a few remarks to a topic of so much literary as well as philosophic and religious interest.

Ghosts and ghost-seeing have belonged to all ages, to all nations, to all conditions of mankind. If of anything it may be said that it has been held ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE, and by ALL, it might surely be affirmed of this inseparable characteristic of humanity. Instead of the inquiry, When and where, and under what circumstances has it been the most prevalent, the proper questions would rather be, When has the human race been without it? In what part of the world, in what period of human history, has there ever existed a race who did not believe in a ghostly life? What language is there whose texture would not be most seriously marred, if not wholly broken up, should there be taken from it every term in which there is directly expressed, or indirectly implied, the reality of such a dogma?

This idea of a ghostly life—whence came it? Philosophy did not invent it; neither can she prove it. Instead of making more clear, she has rather shed darkness over what lies distinctly in the human thought and the human conscience. Science has not discovered it by any process of experiment or induction. Sense is opposed to it. Scripture does not reveal it; but everywhere assumes the belief and the reality it represents as inseparable from all serious thinking, and implied in the lowest elements of anything that may be called spiritual religion. Whence came it then?

There can be but one answer to the question. It is coeval with the origin of our humanity. It has been in the world ever since man was born into it. It came to him with the Divine breath through which he first became a "living soul," or it was imparted by primitive outward revelation, in that fresh mornning of the race, when all our humanity was yet bound up in "one bundle of life" and the voice of the Lord, sounding through all the chambers of the soul, produced that vivid thought of immortality which no subsequent individualization, or degeneracy of the individual man, could ever wholly destroy; or, as we might say in other words, it was so stamped upon our most inward generic being, as ever afterward to leave the human family, or any portion of them, however far they might wander, however low they might sink, however wild and absurd the conceptions which they might in the course of time connect with the original communication.

We go not to philosophy, then, for our belief in a future state, or a separate ghostly life. The clear traces of it, as may be found among the rudest savages, furnish a far stronger argument than ever she has devised—an argument that derives strength from the very fact that so far from being the product of any abstract reasoning, it is even directly opposed to sense.

Why does the poor, dark Esquimaux cling so undoubtingly to his traditional dogma of a spiritual existence? He can not define a single term that he employs respecting it. Press him for their meaning, he runs down at once to crude material conceptions; and yet with what an unloosening grasp does he hold on to the unknown spirituality they represent! Logie,

argument, reason, are not for him. He walks by sense, and sense, should he follow it here, would teach him that when he SEES the breath depart from the poor wasted body, and all that LOOKED like life dissolve into the surrounding air, there was an end of the man. When he has burned it upon the pyre, or buried it in the snow, or frozen earth, it disappears from all human view. It is no longer SEEN, nor HEARD, nor FELT. "The place thereof knoweth it no more."

And yet, without any remembered revelation, written or verbal, that he can trace—without reason—in the utter darkness of sense, and even in opposition to what dim light it may afford—in the face of all he can denominate experience, he still follows the outgoing spirit with a belief in its continued separate existence, all the stronger from its being one which he would find it utterly impossible for him to explain to himself or others. In all psychology there is not another fact so wonderful.

He finds, too, in his rude language, a name for soul, as distinct, as independent, as much denoting an original acknowledged entity, as the word for body. Whence it came he knows not. Of any remote period, or distinct land, in which his forefathers may have first employed it, he has no conception. He only feels that there is somehow in his nature as deep a need for such an utterance as for aught that falls within the world of sense. It is generally one of the most euphonic words in his harsh and barren dialect, as though it had come wafted from some primeval fount of harmony, or the very thought associated with it had an influence in tuning it to a higher and sweeter melodiousness. And so we may say of every tongue, whether barbarous or refined. We could almost affirm, A PRIORI, that there is no language under heaven in which the word for soul is not both grand and musical. However varied its radical etymology, it is ever clear, and distinct, and sonorous, as though the very sound were to be symbolical of the primitive clearness, and distinctness, and universality of the belief which it represents. It is liquid and clear, like the English SOUL, or the German SEELE; it is round and full and startling, like the Saxon GHOST; it has the musical softness of the Latin ANIMA, or the Greek PSYCHE or PNEUMA; it has the euphonic grandeur of the Hebrew RUAH or NESHAMAH; or it is some grave, sweet word of soothing, yet mournful, melody like the Choctaw SHILOMBISH.

By a psychological necessity which underlies all language, such term presents primarily a material conception; but it is ever of the most ethereal kind. Be it air, be it fire, be it the supposed fifth essence of the ancient, or the electricity of the modern mind, it ever comes as near as it can to the thought of absolute immateriality, thus showing what, for the want of a better term, we may call the instinct of the undeveloped reason, or the strong grasp the mind has upon the spiritual IDEA, or idea of spirit, of which every CONCEPTION of the sense is found to be more or less inadequate representative. But whether CONCEIVED of as material or not, it is still something supposed to be separate from the bodily organization which is decomposed at death. It is something that GOES FORTH, and not only goes forth like the breath, but CONTINUES a separate and distinct entity. There is the yielding of the spirit, the "giving up of the ghost," the same expression that is to be found so frequently in our Bible, and which, or something equivalent to it, is perhaps to be traced in every language spoken by men.

Everywhere are there the same metaphors connected with the phenomena of dissolution, and significant, in a similar manner, of a surviving reality. Death is an ANALYSIS, or the separation of two things that have been long and intimately allied. It is an "unclothing," a laying aside of the "garment of the flesh," a departure from "the house of clay." It is a going home, a being "gathered to the fathers," a journey to Hades—that world UNSEEN, though ever BELIEVED in spite of sense, and in opposition to all its phenomena.

Every tongue has its terms expressive of the strongly imagined contrast between the abandoned earthly tenement and the winged spiritual inhabitant that has taken its flight to the skies above, or to some far distant "isles of the blessed"—

"Whose fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green."

Such figures are not the invention of the poet—we might almost say that they are innate in human speech. In the use of them, Pindar and Homer, and the rude bard of the Hurons, are no more original than Watts and Wesley. The very materiality of the conceptions, we repeat it—and the truth is so important it will bear to be repeated—shows the strength of the great idea. They are so at war with all that is visible in the phenomena of dissolution that they must have been forced upon the human imagination by something higher and stronger than ever came either from sense or reasoning.

A similar and most striking proof of the same position may be derived from the readiness and facility with which children not only believe, but find a place in their minds for all that is told them about the soul. They might easily propose questions—and they sometimes do propose questions—which we are sadly puzzled to answer, but still no abstract difficulty stands in the way of their readily taking the notion we wish to convey. So quickly, indeed, do they seize it, it would really seem as though we had been only unlocking the chambers of their own soul, and letting out one of its own slumbering innate ideas.

It is also a fact to be noted that as far as we can trace it in human speech, death is seldom, if ever, characterized by a term etymologically signifying an extinction or CESSATION of existence. Even such as might seem the nearest to it, like the Latin *INTERITUS* (intereo or pereo) denote a *PASSING THROUGH* or *OVER*, or out of one state into another, rather than an absolute end of being. And so everywhere. It is a *CHANGE*, a *DEPARTURE*, a *TRANSIT*, an *EXODUS* or *EXIT*, a *TRANSFORMATION*. That pearly and beautiful fable of *Psyche* or the *Butterfly*, has left its traces everywhere upon the language as well as the mythologies of mankind.

The phraseology, too, which is employed of the body undergoes a remarkable change after the period of dissolution. The material part is immediately addressed, or spoken of, by the impersonal pronoun. It is no longer *HE* or *SHE*, but *IT*. The personal epithets cease to be applicable. They belong to the soul, and have gone off with it. In a well-known passage, Socrates is represented as gently reproving his friend and cautioning him not to speak of burying *HIM* (Socrates), but of burying his body, as being that alone of which such language could be used. The rudest savage has the same thought; and it is the same spiritual instinct, if we may so call it, which has led to like modification, or change of terms, in his own barbarous, yet soul-developed, dialect.

In view of facts and considerations like these, what else can we say but that such belief in a ghostly life, and ghostly appearances is a part of our very humanity? Whether ghost-seeing in this world be ever an objective reality, or, in every case, a subjective affection of the supposed percipient, does not affect its important bearing upon the great doctrine of a separate spiritual existence. Be it imagination, yet such an uniformity in the imaginations, and imaginings of men, of all men, of all classes of men, of all ages, must have proceeded from something so strongly implanted as to be inseparable from the human mind; in other words, belonging to its very constitution or nature itself. And then, this proved or admitted, the argument is irresistible.

An interest so universal, so unfailing, so ever rising up and sustaining itself against the counter-influences of a world of sense and matter, must have somewhere an outward objective reality in the end—must render certain in some way a destined

future existence of the race possessing it. To conclude otherwise would be to violate the first law of the naturalist himself—it would be in opposition to all that reasoning from fitness and adaptedness, which scientific men are so fond of presenting, and so ingenious in carrying out in every other department. The prophet suggests to us the argument in its simplest yet most convincing form, although he applies it to another purpose. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming."

Where is the man of science who, from the bare knowledge of such facts in natural history, would not decide with a confidence admitting of no peradventure, that there must be for the possessors of these instincts a warmer clime, a more sunny residence, in which they have their satisfaction and development? How much stronger the argument, from the universal human instinct, for that "other land," that more "genial home" of the soul's migration, without which human life is a problem, an enigma, more dark than any that science has ever undertaken to solve. Nature never errs, says the naturalist; her lowest types have a significance for which science may seek with the fullest confidence of reward. With what power of meaning, then, should come home to our souls the appeal of the Psalmist: "Lord, hast thou indeed made man in vain?"

The outward forms of human life have varied endlessly, but the drapery with which the imagination, if it be the imagination, invests the ghostly state, has ever possessed a wondrous uniformity. We are apt to think that ghost-seers, and ghost stories, are mainly modern. No doubt the sombre mediaeval period, with its strange mixture of a semi-pagan, semi-Christian mythology, had a peculiar tendency to multiply them.

Certain views of the church during the same period (views of which we can not now say whether we have gained or lost in wholly rejecting them) contributed greatly to the same effect. But still nothing was introduced which was essentially new. It may be admitted, too, that ghost-seeing was not so much a peculiarity of the Greek as of the Roman, or the Christian period, and yet the same features are to be traced in all accounts of the kind. In ancient times as well as modern, ghosts ever appeared by night; they ever vanish mysteriously at the first symptoms of the dawn; they ever "fade at the crowing of the cock."

"This warning heard,
The wandering spirit ever starts and hies
To his confine."

There is ever the same flitting, unearthly motion, the same mysterious voice, on the utterance of which no organs are perceived to move. There is the same pale remnant, the same fear-inspiring aspect, the same undefined and vanishing form. Most remarkable, too, is the harmony in some of the accompanying superstitions. In the poems of Homer and of Hesiod there is noted the same strange recognition of ghosts by the animal creation which we find in the German and Scottish legends. Through some mysterious instinct the ghostly presence is known to the dog or the horse before it becomes objective to the human organs. The custom of burying, instead of burning, may have so affected the imagination as to have produced some variety in the associations connected with modern apparitions; and yet we learn from the highest authority that even among the Greeks, who consumed the body to ashes, there prevailed the same belief of ghosts hovering around the cemeteries of the dead.

Plato uses it in his argument as a well-established fact which no one would call in question. Some spirits, he says, are so earthly, through long sensuality they have so much of the flesh cleaving to the very soul, that they can not rise and get away to the more ethereal regions. They still hanker after this world. Through the fear of Hades, or the invisible, they

are drawn back again to the visible, the material, the sensual, and of these, as is usually said, are the spirits that still haunt the sepulchres and monuments of the dead. The fact is so far settled that it has in modern times furnished one of the problems of science. The acute Reichenbach attempts to account for it on natural principles, but with a want of success which shows, we think, that the question belongs to a higher sphere than the philosophy of odic forces.

In respect to the general fact of ghostly apparitions in the ancient world—and it is this class we now mainly have in view—we may find the most abundant evidence in the poets, who are far to be preferred to the philosophers as interpreters of the common mind. We might refer the reader to Homer's wondrously graphic account of the appearance of the ghost of Patroclus to the mourning Achilles, or to Virgil's affecting picture of the interview between Aeneas and the shade of Creusa, or the still more vivid account of the visit of the departed Anchises to his desponding son.

In reading, too, the terrific representation which Aeschylus gives to the ghost of Clytemnestra urging on the swart fury-hounds to pursue with vengeance her matricidal murderer, we might almost fancy that we have before us some of the most striking scenes of the modern English and German tragedy. Orestes is metamorphosed into Hamlet, Clytemnestra into Lady Macbeth, the Oedipus of Sophocles into King Lear, and we are at a loss to decide whether it would be more proper to say that Shakespeare had copied the Greek poets, or they had exhibited, in their supernatural and ghostly pictures, some of the most peculiar traits of the Shakespearian drama.

But aside from the poets, we have direct prosaic accounts of spiritual apparitions related as actual facts and with all the sobriety and circumstantiality of the most modern narrative. Our time and space will barely permit us to allude to one or two. In the letters of the Younger Pliny there is one of the most graphic narrations of a ghostly appearance to be found on record. The author was a skeptic of the extreme Epicurean school, and yet he tells the story with a sobriety, and a solemnity even, which leaves no doubt of the deep impression it had made upon his own mind.

It might be entitled "The Haunted House of Athens," and could we regard it as pure invention, the unimaginative Pliny would almost be entitled to rank, in this respect, with Mrs. Radcliffe or Sir Walter Scott. We can only give the outlines.

A spacious old mansion at Athens had long possessed an evil, ghostly repute. Sounds were often heard in the deep silence of the midnight hour. The clanking of chains resounded amid its dreary and deserted vaults—first heard faintly at a distance, then increasing and coming nearer and nearer, until it denoted the approach, and next the presence, of the pale yet gory apparition. One occupant after another had been banished by its overpowering terrors. After standing a long time tenantless, it is bought cheap by the philosopher Athenodorus, for the very purpose of testing by his own experience the truth of these stories and giving a striking proof of the triumph of philosophy over superstition. He commands his bed to be prepared in the principal apartment. He is furnished with his writing style and tables, that no vacancy of mind might produce delusions of the sense, or give birth to imaginative terrors. But all is of no avail. At the usual hour the signal sounds are heard far down below, and, as they draw near, the effect is redoubled to keep his eye and mind intently fixed upon his scientific antedote. But on they come. Now they are heard in the next apartment. Immediately they are on the threshold. The unwelcome visitor stands before him, and beckons with his gory hand.

The philosopher applies himself still more earnestly to his studies, but the renewed and angry clanking of the chains takes no refusal. He rises at last and follows the apparition. The inexplicable power of the dead over the living is felt by the sage, as well as by the slave or the peasant. There is,

however, no need of proceeding farther with the story. We have only introduced it because of its antiquity and its striking resemblance to modern narratives of the kind. It has the usual ending which is so frequent in all similar cases. The ghost leads him through the desolate apartments. It stops, at last, over a certain spot in the court-yard, and then vanishes. The place is marked, and the next day, on digging down, there are found the moulding bones of one supposed to have been long since murdered. These are honorably interred, and the house is ever afterward free from its unearthly visitant.

This has all the appearance of a modern ghost story. But by far the most remarkable of all the ancient narratives is that of the appearance of Caesar's spirit to Brutus before the battle of Philippi. Here there is no vulgar clanking of chains, or vanishing into vaults, but, on the other hand, seldom has there been condensed in so brief a tale so much of the heroic and sublime. It derives, too, an interest of the highest kind from the character of its principal actor.

That a Platonist should see spirits is in harmony with the nature of his philosophy. That the infidel Epicurean should be frightened by them is no more than what we might expect from one of that shallow and boasting creed. It was perfectly natural that Hobbles should not have dared to sleep without a light through fear of hobgoblins.

But here we have the Stoic—yea, a Stoic of the Stoics—the stern, unfearing Brutus. Has HE fallen a victim to nervous tremors, or to that *PERTURBATIONI ANIMI* which the Stoics affirmed could never happen to the "wise man?"

But for the story. The conciseness of Plutarch's narrative is in keeping with the moral sublimity of the account. Brutus sat reading in his tent at the third watch of the night. While thus engaged, the writer tells us, he felt a sensation as of some one approaching. Lifting his eyes to the entrance, he sees a strange and fearful visage. "Who art thou—man or god! and on what errand dost thou come?" A hollow voice replied, "I am thy Evil Genius, Brutus. Thou shalt see me at Philippi!"

"I will see thee there," says Brutus. The ghost departed and the Stoic patriot turned him again to his book. It was the brief appointment of two stern foes—one in the flesh, the other an inhabitant of the ghostly world—yet neither of whom had time or words to waste in useless speech, or empty ceremony.

Almost every reader must be familiar with Shakespeare's representation of this scene. We will conclude our homily on ghosts by giving a version of it from Cowley's Ode to Brutus, which is probably less known, although among the finest gems of English poetry:

"Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itself in terrors of the night.
'I'll meet thee at Philippi,' said the sprite,
'I'll meet thee there,' saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight.
It vanish'd as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar."

What kind of judgment has the man who claims for years that we shall go to heaven after we pass through the change called death, and who then refers to Spiritualists as lunatics or liars, or both, when they come and tell him that there really is a place to go to after we have journeyed beyond the grave?

Communication

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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.

PUBLICITY-FAMISHED MR. RINN

Mr. Joseph F. Rinn and Pastor Elmer E. Franke, of New York, have had their show. It was a well-patronized show, and it "went big," and their hearts today are filled with gladness.

On the evening of May 9, at Carnegie Hall, New York City, Messrs. Franke and Rinn appeared in what was advertised as a debate, taking the side against Spiritualism, with Mme. G. McKenzie, pastor of the Spiritualist Church of Newark, N. J.; the Rev. John Hill, pastor of the Spiritualist Church of Advanced Thought, of Manhattan, and Mr. Hereward Carrington, widely known to Spiritualists, in defense of Spiritualism.

The New York Tribune, true to its readiness to lend itself to Rinn's publicity mania, must have caused a warmth of satisfaction to steal into that person's heart by its headline heralding its article the next morning: "Spirits Fail in Contest to Take \$5,000 from Rinn."

And no one ever will succeed, because that aforementioned \$5,000 is grown to Mr. Rinn's skin too tight and fast to be removed through any process short of a major operation, for Mr. Rinn will part with its possession only when HE admits he is satisfied that spirit communication has been demonstrated. Any one else on earth may wager any sum under like conditions, and not worry about losing it. Mr. Rinn is decidedly a "sure-thing" gambler, and his friend, the Rev. Mr. Franke, is with him in attempting to belittle Spiritualism to the fullest.

First, let us examine the insolent hand-bill that announced the controversy. "Spiritism Dissected!" is the main heading—although Mr. Franke asserted, solemnly, that there was nothing but impartiality moving him to participation in the debate. Were this true, he would have shown just ordinary courtesy to the challenged side, the Spiritualists, by referring to our religion as Spiritualism. Starting from the premise of insult, it was not strange that insult marked the progress of the challengers.

The circular itself was screaming with cheap sensation—necessary, perhaps, to fill the hall at 75c to \$2.50, and which should have profited Messrs. Rinn and Franke very well.

When Mme. McKenzie made her appearance and assured the audience that all she asked was unbiased response, what answer did she get? From the gallery, the Tribune assures us, came a "Boo-o-o-o!" The house was packed against the Spiritualists, and Mr. Rinn had gathered to himself, by force of his advertising methods, the sort of persons who would appreciate his gentle humor.

Whatever attempts were made, under conditions such as no medium should be expected to cope with, there was derision, because that was the purpose that brought most of the audience to the hall; the purpose of all hoodlums, to whom Mr. Rinn evidently appeals, likely on the basis of the Law of Attraction; leastwise through the attraction of his claims.

The Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Carrington and Mme. McKenzie sacrificed for their Truth. Christ did the same thing—before a mob of about equal intelligence; and so must all who will offer themselves as martyrs for the self-satisfied bluffers.

Mr. Rinn, we are told in private correspondence, paid his respects to "Communication," but he need not have troubled himself. Whatever Mr. Rinn thinks about us is not causing us to bite our nails or bellow a la Rinn! To the gentleman we leave all right, title and interest so far as big noise is concerned.

Among his friends, Mr. Rinn presumably is an affable gentleman, and he may amuse them. We trust that he does. We have our own opinion of him, and that opinion is that he aims to secure as much free advertising as possible, and succeeds admirably.

When Mrs. Curran of St. Louis offered to accept Mr. Rinn's offer, and safeguarded herself by taking the matter of decision out of Mr. Rinn's exclusive hands, what did he do? Precisely what any one with the same purpose always would do under similar circumstances: Mr. Rinn dodged the issue, preferring to say unkind things from the platform, if our reports are correct.

Neither Mr. Rinn nor Mr. Franke can stay the progress of Spiritualism. The more carefully thinking persons do some dissecting of the mental processes of those two gentlemen, the more clearly will they perceive underlying selfishness. There is intolerance and there is prejudice, and there are mountains of personal satisfaction. These two men should admire one another tremendously, but we caution Mr. Franke to not press too hard on Mr. Rinn's publicity, or there may be a sad parting of two sweet friends.

Spiritualism owes its thanks to Mme. McKenzie, the Rev. Mr. Hill and Mr. Carrington. They did their best. They were condemned before they spoke. The house was against them. They were accorded not even decent courtesy. They were offered as sacrifices for the Truth which they love. And in standing up for that Truth under such conditions, they merit the best thoughts of every Spiritualist.

When Mr. Rinn is sincere, when he gets beyond his cheap Bowery habit of flashing his check and hanging onto it with the customary fear of the bluffer, and will place the decision in the hands of responsible persons who are not whipped to a white frenzy of abuse against Spiritualism, Mr. Rinn will find many opportunities of parting with his money.

If Mr. Rinn had the slightest conception of natural law, he would know that, sooner or later, his \$5,000 will be forfeited. But he knows nothing of natural law, if his actions may be taken as a criterion. That he loves Mr. Rinn with all his heart and soul we do not question; and that he loves his money nearly as well as he loves himself, we surmise.

Mr. Rinn has put on his show—and he feels that he has won. But Mr. Rinn will be forgotten when Spiritualism grows as it must grow, and humanity no longer is interested in the bombastic methods of the Rinn type.

In the light of Truth, we must admit that Mr. Rinn is one of God's children, but were the classifying left to us, he would climb no higher in the scale than a step-child! And, in our opinion, that would be too close relationship for the majority of us.

SEEKING SELFISH ENDS

While it is reasonable that our spirit loved ones should assist us as much as we merit, and as well as they can, in our material needs, and although it is evident that, even materially, natural law will pay as we earn, there is too much of the material in Spiritualism.

There are many who wish market tips, who desire to make easy money, who think of their momentary gains much and of their souls little, and still they lay claim to being Spiritualists.

To admit the source and the genuineness of spirit manifestations is no more a condition of being a Spiritualist than casting a vote is a guarantee that the voter is a politician.

Spiritualism has, as its aims, to convince mortals of life's continuity, and to help elevate mortals so that they will find life in the spirit-realms a natural and progressive life, free from the earth-lure and its penalties.

Precisely as there are few, relatively, who try to be Christians while belonging to Christian churches, so are there few, relatively, who claim to be Spiritualists and try to profit spiritually by the teachings that come to them.

The person who knows that spirit communication is true has accepted an additional obligation by the might of that knowledge. It places upon him a responsibility that the ignorant man can not be expected to have in like measure.

How many Spiritualists regard their Spiritualism in this light? Mohammed said, in his Koran, that he deprecated the improvidence of the people of his time, and the "passion of the loins." Mohammed might have written the Koran A. D. 1920, so far as those observations are concerned!

To prod the ouija for market information, to go into a seance-room with the main desire of profiting materially at the expense of the spiritual, is tampering with God's Law. The information that has come to many who have been inspired by selfish motives has been misleading—for their good. The sooner they see the fruits of their folly, the earlier they can begin to grow straight. And every medium knows that the utmost selfishness is evidenced in seance-rooms.

We are here for a season—and, compared with eternity, our stay in the flesh is nothing. Compared with the experience-values of the flesh, each day is a great

privilege, and it is a privilege we should treasure and make the most of.

Never-ending time is beyond our finite conception, but in spirit, we live for time-unending. What are these few years of trials and tribulations compared with Eternity?

In his brief journey from the cradle to the grave—a journey that is pitifully short—man is prone to forget his spiritual origin and his spiritual destiny. He enmeshes himself in the material, and enslaves himself in conditions that are foreign to his normal state of being.

Spiritualism means too much to be debased by selfish motives of personal gain. God's Law will bring to each of us all that we earn, materially as well as spiritually. God need not be reminded. He is a Paymaster who is just without exception. We need not fear our material well-being—for if we have apprehension to spare, we shall find ample use for it in contemplating our spiritual welfare.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

In starting a magazine, there is uphill work and there is a burdensome overhead. The labor is not easy, and it takes many to bring about success.

We have been favored through the consideration of a number of men and women who have contributed to our pages—but we invite more of them to contribute.

In time, "Communication" may be strong enough to pay for contributions, but at present it is a charity patient—if that term is not too harsh. Those who send their manuscripts are inspired by love of the work, and they are helping to make this magazine more and more interesting.

We ask that only original manuscripts be sent, and that these manuscripts bear on Spiritualism and attack no religion.

In addition to articles, we like to receive psychic experiences, which are departmentized. These experiences furnish excellent evidence for the person who is investigating, and interesting reading for all of our subscribers.

Especially shall we be pleased to receive articles and photographs of mediums and their work—and of churches and centers.

Do not hold back, feeling that the other fellow will take care of all our needs. Do not feel offended if we can not use that which you send.

You can help, and we ask you to help. If you are afraid that you are not a writer, give us the facts and leave the writing to us—although naturally we prefer to have the writings of many, presenting numerous phases of the subject from various points of view.

No reports indicate that there are any profiteers in heaven, and we are not led to believe in hell. Consequently, we should judge that the henceforth lot of the profiteer is somewhat uncharted!

A number of haughty mortals who pass judgment on the spirit-world may some day be looking longingly at the place whence came the beating rays of white light, and asking wistfully of the keeper of the gate, "Aw, mister, why don't you let me in?"

What Do Tests Prove?

EVER since Sir Oliver Lodge wrote "Raymond," in which he made much of the term "evidential," this same word has been employed with abandon by pseudo-scientists who believe that its use signifies weighty intellect.

The employment of this word by Sir Oliver Lodge was in keeping with that scientist's habit of thought and practice in dealing with scientific problems. Its use by thousands of others very often makes it a counterfeit of the idea that the English scientist had in mind.

The desire to copy the great never carries with it the power of origination.

Today, throughout America, thousands of persons professing interest in Spiritualism, are inspired by a desire to test many mediums and the manifesting spirits. Let us inquire into their methods so that we may determine the value of these tests.

There are some mediums whose gift is developed along the line of meeting tests. There is Mr. John Slater, as an example. His remarkable power makes of the most profound tests a sort of very palatable dessert. In common parlance, Mr. Slater "eats 'em alive!" Tests to him are playtime. That is the purpose of his development. As a missionary, Mr. Slater carries this conviction.

But at the same time Mr. Slater feels adverse conditions. He feels disturbed forces. He accepts these obstacles as a necessary part of his work. The person who goes to Mr. Slater in sincerity and honesty, certainly will get more helpful messages than could come to the person who goes with distrust and with the assumption that the medium and the spirit-world are liars.

Many mediums have not been developed for these test purposes. Many of them would fail utterly and would break down under the strain. There are many excellent platform, or test, mediums in America, and likely in other parts of the world.

What are the most obstinate conditions encountered by these message-bearers?

Many persons in an audience will lie wilfully, will refuse to identify the facts that are presented to them.

Many New York Spiritualists remember one Sunday evening at the First Spiritualist Church, when Mr. Frank Montsko delivered a message to a man and a woman seated in the rear part of the hall. They refused to acknowledge the message.

Mr. Montsko left the platform and walked back to them and said, "You can not refuse to recognize this message. I come with definite instructions to you to stop whipping that child."

And this husband and wife broke down and wept, and admitted that they had a little adopted daughter whom they whipped unmercifully. The cowardice in their own hearts, the innate knowledge that they were wrong, caused them to deny the truth.

The average mortal, under the same conditions, would deny the truth.

Every judge knows that if charges of perjury were made and prosecuted wherever evidence of perjury existed, the courts of the land would never be able to try all of the liars who appeared as witnesses.

Most of this dishonesty is caused by a false conceit. It is a weird form of egotism. And the person who originates tests, who goes to a seance-room with a lie in his heart, who insults the spirit-world and admits by his tactics that he can not rely on his own judgment, is going to get nowhere. His tests will avail him nothing. Many mediums will recognize these typical cases, and many much more pronounced.

A mother and a father visit a seance-room as members of the circle. A child comes to them, and because of their condition of skepticism it is most difficult for this little one to manifest herself.

Instead of greeting the child who has passed out of their lives, what happens? They will either deny they ever had children, or they will use some false name in addressing the child. They will confuse the forces. They will repel that vibration of love that is trying to reach them.

If they can not induce the child to make a mistake, they will resort to false testimony, and perhaps the little one in spirit is unable to answer. They have closed the door. If they could see the aura of their own shameful falsehood, they would view a most disturbed and disagreeable light.

They volunteer false statements, and when they have left the seance-room they claim that this information, or rather misinformation, came from the spirit that manifested.

A widow seeks communication with the husband she loved, who has been in spirit over twenty years, and what does she say? She says, "Jim, what is it that I still have that I had when we were together?"

She assumes that the problems of life depend upon some trinket. The husband in spirit certainly has been learning—he has been busy. Perhaps he has had much more to do than the widow.

Do we remember every trinket, every suit of clothes, every pocket-book, and everything else that we ever owned? If you say to the average person of mature years, "What kind of suit did you wear in August, 1888?" how many could answer that question? If you say to any person whom you might meet, "What papers and magazines did you read thirty-three years ago?" it is doubtful that a correct answer could be given.

You are not making memory records of the meals you had years ago. Likely you could not name all the theaters you have attended. You can not recall the names of all the persons you have met. Life does not depend upon an accurate memory of these limitless details.

Few business men today can take their old school arithmetics and do the problems as well as the children in the seventh or eighth grades. The experiences of life are steps along the pathway of progress.

Beyond the fact that we can not expect those in spirit to recall a multitude of trivial things, there are other considerations.

Suppose Jim, in spirit, had said to his wife in the seance-room, in answer to her question: "You still have that cameo that I bought for you in New Orleans." For the time being, this woman would be delighted. She would tell those present that Spiritualism was demonstrated.

What would occur later? Some person calling himself a student of psychology would say to her, upon hearing the facts of her test, "That was simply a case of mind-reading. It proved telepathy. When you asked that question, your mind was on that cameo. And whether it was the medium, or someone, as you say, in spirit, who answered you, the solution is simple. Your thoughts were read."

What had been proof-conclusive a short time before would become a point of serious doubt. New scepticism would arise and new tests would be demanded.

The nature of a test is doubt. But it is not only doubt as to the truthfulness of the spirits communicating through the direct-voice, or slate-writing, or in any other manner. It is a doubt that goes deeper. It is an admission that the person demanding the test can not rely on his or her judgment.

Every Spiritualist of experience knows that when tests are not demanded, they come in abundance. The reason is clear. The trust, faith and confidence, the love of the mortal for the dear ones in spirit, remove the barriers. The vibration of the forces is regular, is stable; it has created a condition that permits uninterrupted and unimpeded communication.

The spirit-world is glad to demonstrate proof of identity. And very often a communicating spirit will refuse to go further unless identification is complete. Where the conditions are good, names come through quickly and accurately. But there are certain tests that so disturb the forces that this identity can not be established easily.

A woman enters a seance-room with one predominating thought. She wishes to have some loved one in spirit call her by a pet name. Maybe that pet name was "Tubby." It may have been very appropriate—physically and mentally! It makes no difference how many tests come from the other side, so far as that person's mentality is concerned, because unless the name "Tubby" comes through, she is not satisfied.

Therefore, in seeking a specific test, the so-called investigator pays no attention to the great flood of evidence coming from the spirit-side. There is no open-mindedness, no perception, no discernment, no exercise of the faculty of judgment. Everything must swing from the point of that one little test.

It happens frequently that misguided mortals, in discussing the subject of immortality, will enter into a pact wherein it is agreed that the one who goes first will manifest to the survivor, if possible, and will give some countersign.

Upon entering spirit, the person who crosses the bourn the first very soon learns the folly of such an arrangement. If the test is given, it might be ascribed to telepathy, and the very demand on the part of the investigator acts as a short-circuit to the forces.

The experienced Spiritualist knows that during the course of a seance or a sitting, facts will be given relating to something in the past that the mortal can not recall at that time, or perhaps for several days. Statements may be made, and yet their significance may not be recognized for months or years.

Some of the best evidence pertains to statements of what is occurring at some distant place, or of events that will happen in the future. Every Spiritualist of experience could recite many instances of prophecy.

Every Spiritualist of experience knows that advice is given that runs entirely contrary to the mortal point of view. When this advice is followed, it appears to be the safest course.

Spiritualist Circuit Racers

While there is no question that the best way to receive evidence from the spirit-side of life is to be natural, set aside all inclination to lie and talk as freely and as naturally as mortals would among themselves, there are many instances of so much naturalness that there is no progress.

Regular attendants at seances know that there are other regular attendants who say the same thing at every meeting. It would be just as sensible to have it printed on a card. Like the country newspaper, one edition is almost the same as another. The intelligence of many of these regular attendants never rises above the humdrum of trivialities.

If the loved ones in spirit try to inject some real sense into these circuit-racers of Spiritualism, what happens? It is just as profitable a practice as shooting at the moon!

These circuit-running Spiritualists never get anywhere. They want to know if their spirit friends were with them at breakfast, if they saw them spill a cup of coffee, if they have been keeping track of the lawnmower, and want to know what they think of what Mrs. So-and-Thus said, and so on *ad infinitum*!

It is the same old story. It may be likened to going along the street and walking up a certain number of steps and down an equal number, and continuing this process. It is

like being lost in a forest and walking in a circle, and dying of starvation, with some friendly farm not two miles away.

And yet the conditions are natural. We may assume—and even go further than assumption and assert—that it is not only naturalness that brings the best evidence of the spirits and the best results, but it is the display of some degree of intelligence.

One lady is only concerned with discussing her new lingerie with her Indian guide. Another lady takes up all her time at her sittings discussing how foolish her husband is about her—and if he is as crazy about her as she says, then we may assume that foolish is the right word.

There is the speculator whose sole concern relative to his dear ones in spirit is the trend of tomorrow's market.

There is the selfish Spiritualist whose one purpose in getting into communication with his dear ones is to learn how he can make more money and gain more power and fame.

We might continue to name these human frailties, these cheeks and cracks and crizzle-marks in the great thought-domes of humanity. Certainly the few examples that have been given supply evidence for serious thinking.

At the funeral of some loved one, the members of the family weep and lament—they are broken up. If that dear one could only come back as a member of the household, what would they refuse to do?

Make that reunion possible. For years they talk about this reunion in trembling tones. What happens when they come into the seance-room, and the identity of that loved one is established as much as mortal reason could ever grasp identification?

The first time there may be a display of emotion, which is not good sense in itself, because it disturbs the forces. Pretty soon the greetings are commonplace, and after a time the person seeking solace has been surfeited with solace and is no longer illuminated with that age-old anticipation of reunion.

Contrast a case of this kind with the love and the tenderness and the confidence and the faith of those persons who find a new book of life in their hands when they are privileged to communicate with their loved ones. They feel a new responsibility. The old fear is dissipated. The old dread of death is mastered. Life has new purpose and new responsibility. These persons seek spiritual things. From the depths of their hearts they thank Almighty God for the privilege that has been given to them. To such persons, Spiritualism is an uplift.

To others, the seance-room is a laboratory—a place where they can exercise their fine egotism. They talk with a feigned wisdom of logic and reasoning. But in nine cases out of ten their logic starts with a false premise, and their reason writes a period where there should be only a comma.

The test-seeker goes to all seance-rooms. He goes to the more highly-developed mediums, to those of less development, and to those of no development.

One time he is asking his loved ones to come through the trumpet, the next time through the visions of the crystal-gazer, again as a control or talking to a control. And in the meantime this investigator is consulting the ouija-board.

If this same person changed his address every day, he would never feel at home. Two or three times a week he is asking his dear ones in spirit to come through strange forces.

And what does he say? What idea has been churned out of that massive brain of his? He says, "I go to all these different mediums. I check up on results and see if they harmonize. If I find discrepancies, then the spirit-world is lying."

He calls that thought! He says he is a scientific investigator searching for "evidential" matter. He goes with a lie in his heart. He seeks new conditions at all times. His questions are misleading and his mental processes are hazy. And yet he judges Spiritualism.

He would have no right to judge a wheelbarrow or a load

of hay! In plain parlance, even though this person has never been reminded of the fact before, he is a fool. As an idiot, with just enough responsibility to be at large without doing physical injury to his fellows, this person sets himself up as a critic of Spiritualism. He thinks that he is using his brain, or he goes through some mental gyrations which he calls thought.

It may be related to thought, but it is not coherent. It lacks purpose. It is without system or order.

The Evidence of the Senses

Man has always progressed by comprehending those things which he can not see. The business principles upon which the most successful enterprises have been founded have depended upon thought-processes of which the business success is only the material evidence.

Science, in all its branches, deals with the things it can not see or weigh or feel or sense in any other physical manner.

Out of the nebulae of this intangible something, there comes the evidence that can be sensed in a material way.

When astronomers wondered what sort of material entered into the composition of the great suns that could be seen in different parts of the universe, they were at a loss to know how to solve this mystery. Then came the spectroscope, that could separate the rays of light coming from any distant star, and through this separation determine the nature of the substances that were sending out these rays of light. The senses were enabled to perceive that which previously had been outside of the realms of mortal sight.

As a person studies along any line, and especially where he is adapted to that particular study, there is unfolded a spiritual recognition, and a spiritual ability becomes manifest.

Any person may learn the rudiments of handling a machine or chemicals; that is, any person of ordinary sense. And any person with common sense may learn the facts and mechanism of a trade. The artists, the geniuses, in different trades and professions are those whose effort and whose study have helped to unfold that inner spiritual ability, and attracted guidance from specialists in spirit who bring their art and use it to inspire the earth-worker.

The Spiritualist who uses the brains which God gave him, and who seeks to really learn and progress, begins to discern certain evidence of higher intelligence coming through communications from the other side of life.

To the test-seeker, a statement made in the seance-room may seem trivial. The student finds that such statements are purposeful, and he begins to piece together the facts that have been given to him over an extended period. He sees their relationship. He desires the greater knowledge that made these statements possible.

He could distinguish between opinions delivered to him by those in spirit, and the definite statements based on knowledge and not on opinion.

The same evidence comes to all those who are seekers. The student learns, but the egotist does not learn. But standing still is as reprehensible as slipping back. Every person has the right and the ability to move forward.

If a person with accurate knowledge of the location of deposits of gold or petroleum should draw a chart showing the location, but perhaps withhold the names of counties and towns, and should place this chart in the hands of another with the information that it meant great wealth, the use to which that information would be put would depend chiefly upon the discernment, upon the reasoning power, upon the studious inclinations of the recipient.

Most persons would regard the chart as a means to defraud them of their money, or as a purposeless falsehood. The student first of all would attempt to learn why such information should be placed at his disposal. If, after mature thought, this person decided that there was no reason why he should

be made the beneficiary of such a discovery, he would put forth no further effort.

His careful and systematic thought might disclose the fact that some relation or friend had once made the promise to him to help him, provided he displayed the necessary initiative. Then he would begin to look for evidence to see if this information might emanate from that source.

If a friend comes to you and offers you a suggestion that may prove of great profit to you, it is natural that you should inquire back into the motive.

When the police discover a murder, first of all they seek the motive, because that motive will help lead them to the criminal.

The Spiritualist finds that the motive back of the communications that come to him is the love of those who communicate. If this good sense proves to him that there is a sinister motive, he has a right to say that he has been the victim of deception.

It is not because human judgment may be regarded as flawless that makes the exercise of reasoning power of value. Mortal reasoning is full of flaws, because unless we know what has come before and what is coming after, we are attempting to base our judgment on a fragment of the facts.

As people try to exercise their mental faculties, as they search sincerely, they open the door for spirit guidance. Thoughts come to them which are not their own, but which they claim as their own. Their processes of thought are directed in the right direction. They begin to understand that which seemed beyond understanding.

People can not reason along every line, and reason accurately. Just as each individual has a talent, or two or three talents, so are there paths of reasoning that different individuals can follow most readily.

The Spiritualist who is convinced of the truth of spirit survival, communication and guidance may not be a teacher. He may not be capable of making another person understand that which is plain to him. He may have no inclination to make that other person understand. He regards knowledge as a growth and knows that each individual must attend to his own unfoldment.

The less many persons know about a thing, the more they pretend to know. There are few office boys who do not believe that they could run the business much better than the president of the corporation. Many schoolboys feel very sorry for successful business men whose methods do not accord with the fledgling theories of those graduates.

These examples are not exaggeration when they are applied to the test-seeker. There are many test-hunters who boast that they have been searching and studying for many years. They enter every seance-room with the same falsehood, the same insolence, that they displayed in the beginning. They have not learned. They want things their way. They want the spirit-world to get on its knees before them, and the spirit-world sees them as they are and does not care about their belief or disbelief.

The person who sincerely wishes to know the truth of Spiritualism is equipped with mentality, and without taking a prejudiced point of view can study the facts and think them over.

But every experienced Spiritualist says that it is necessary to come in truth, without falsehood and without tests, in order to know just what Spiritualism amounts to. And when these persons represent every trade and profession, when they come from all walks of life and from many parts of the world, it is reasonable to believe that their common conclusions have merit.

They have confidence enough in their own discernment to distinguish between the true and the false, and they will not resort to falsehood. They do not need any such tests. They know that the nature of the evidence will disclose all of the facts that they ever will require; that proof is just another way of saying fact!

Living in Two Worlds

By Mrs. Cecil M. Cook

Pastor and Medium, The Stead Center, of Illinois and New York

The universe is peopled with men and women whom we may refer to as human beings, without respect to their place of residence, for all spirits look much like mortals, except that the more highly developed the spirit, the brighter and more beautiful that individual becomes.

Today, a lady may come for a sitting, and as I greet her I see two persons—one no more real than the other. Sometimes this vision is so clear that I am convinced that there are two, and I ask if they wish to sit together.

The earth woman blushes and says, "Why, I came alone." And then I understand.

"But there is a beautiful old lady with you," I tell her. "She is not quite so tall as you—and her hair is snow white. She wears a brown dress—slightly out of style—and she looks up at you and smiles. There is some slight growth on the left side of her nose, and there is a scar on the index finger of her right hand."

"Why, that is the one I hoped to talk to," the lady answers. "That is my Aunt Martha, who passed out eight years ago."

But at other times I see only the mortal and hear a strange voice speaking to me—a voice as clear, as distinct, as individual as that of the mortal.

This voice says, "Tell Jennie that John is with her—that he brought her here; that it was John who rapped three times on the dresser last evening."

I repeat the words I have heard and the woman is astonished. She says that it is simply marvelous—and yet, I have said to her only that which the voice spoke to me. I wonder more that she can not hear that spirit voice than that I can hear it.

There are other times when I hear no word and see no one excepting the person who has come to me. Then I feel something—perhaps something very heavy, or very agitated. There are times when a feeling comes over me that does not permit me to give that person a sitting.

Let us say a person comes for a test—doubting, and filled with deceit. Such a person might get into my seance-room. The guides may wish to have that person admitted, and I am confused with my sensations. I do not know whether to give the sitting, or refuse to give it. Likely that individual needs something that will bring him out of that condition. If I am to refuse, there is no question about it. One of my guides will say to me, on such an occasion: "Do not take this man to the seance-room." That is warning enough. I should not sacrifice my strength to satisfy test-seekers, who



MRS. CECIL M. COOK
Photo by Russell Studios

never are satisfied. There are too many wishing communication—too many deserving persons to be served.

Sometimes I have callers when there are no mortals present—callers who look to be as much flesh-and-blood as any mortal. Many of these I have never seen before. Some come to tell me that a loved one will call soon—is coming from out-of-town, that I must give an appointment.

Other spirit visitors come with important messages—and still others for the experience. These are persons who have been on the other side but a short while, and friends bring them to seance-rooms so that they may learn something about the nature of the forces through which they may reach their mortal dear ones when the time comes.

Often in the black hours of early morning they will come to me and shake me, and tell me that they need my services. Some dear one in the flesh is ill—is suffering; won't I help? Hundreds of times I have arisen from my bed and gone into the seance-room, so that the physicians in spirit could use my forces in treating some sufferer—and perhaps the identity of that sufferer I have never known.

During the war these night visitors came frequently and in large numbers.

"For God's sake, Medium," one would say, "let us carry some healing strength

to the battle-fronts and the hospitals. Oh, it is terrible to see those poor boys suffer!"

If you could carry several magic windows with you, and set them up anywhere, at any time, and look into that enveloping ethereal world, you would know what a medium knows. You would see the two phases of life—one no more real than the other. You would see different scenes, as though rising out of our earthly scenes, and you would hear conversation that most mortals do not hear.

It is easy to make these statements, but until each person experiences these same sensations, sees and hears as a medium does, I realize that the claims of the medium seem to lack reality. Until we go through experiences ourselves, they are not our experiences.

There have been times—many of them—when some person with whom I was well acquainted suddenly would appear to me. Sometimes that person would talk, and again he or she would just smile—and say nothing.

These, I have found, were the spirits of those who had passed over recently. Hours later—and sometimes days afterwards—I would learn of their passing. But there have been other times when those whom I would see in spirit in this manner were still in the flesh. They had gone journeying, somehow. Perhaps they were very sick. Perhaps they were asleep. Perhaps they were awake. They would say, under the last-named conditions, when they returned to their mortal consciousness, that they had been abstracted—had been day-dreaming. Sometimes they have had memories of these visits; usually they have had no such memories.

It happens now and then that a medium will see the spirit of a person who is still in this world, and will tell those in the seance-room, and the natural supposition is that this person has passed into the spirit. Later it is found that he is alive and well in the flesh. Then Spiritualism receives a figurative black eye, and the medium is called fraudulent. The spirit, out of the flesh for a time on a journey, looks precisely like the spirit who has been away from the flesh many years.

There have been instances—and many of them—where a person still in the flesh would materialize, and where that materialization would be just as real as any other. Every materializing medium knows that this can happen and has occurred. And upon such occurrences have been based charges against Spiritualism in general and mediums in particular.

I would feel that such demonstrations offered the most convincing proof of Spiritualism. So little do we know of life we are not in position to judge. We do not understand the Law of Spirit sufficiently to pass an opinion. Mediums and many students of Spiritualism do know that those who are still in this world can and sometimes do manifest in distant seance-rooms. Back of that fact is a law, and an understanding of that law would bring to mortals powers much greater than any which they have today.

If those in spirit came only in great solemnity, if they came clad in their grave clothes, and looked like the dead, then living in two worlds at one time would be a fearful penalty. I hear children laughing and singing, and sometimes I see them racing by me—so happy, so care-free, so filled with the joy of living, that I can not associate the next world with death. This world of ours is the death-world. This is the grave-world. This is the realm of forlorn hopes and despairs. You may ask, "How is it that you could see an old lady in spirit, and see her clearly, if there is eternal youth on the farther side?"

Because those in spirit have the power to clothe themselves in the appearance that was associated with them in this life. They build up an astral body—clothing and all—which is like a garment that is put on by the spirit. I do not see the spirit itself during such times—but the astral-garment that has been prepared for purposes of manifestation and identification. It is much the same as the weave of material that is employed in a materialization.

There is this difference: In a materialization, the particles used are material, and therefore the form is seen the same by every one present. In a clairvoyant vision, the particles belong to the astral—or Borderland conditions—and are seen only by the psychic. Upon this truth some very important facts hinge. Many profound students do not know that there is a condition (and it is a condition more than a place), in which there is a sort of blending of the ethereal and the material. If this were not so, no spirit incarnate would be enabled to enter a realm other than the material. These spirits still belonging to the flesh, whom I see at times, are not literally "in spirit." They are in the astral—in the Borderland conditions. To me, they look the same as the spirits whom I see. To those in spirit, no doubt they appear much different from either spirit or mortal.

This astral condition may be compared with the mirage. If you have ever ridden over the desert, you have noticed a blue haze clinging to the surface—near the hot sands. If you move your eyes quickly, this haze extends up into the air some distance. And out of that condition, the mirage appears.

Out of the conditions of the astral, which are conditions that are partly ethereal and partly material, the astral forms appear—and a spirit manifesting for purposes of identification, would construct an outer shell, or garment, to take on the appearance (of body and clothing) that would be recognized by some mortal when described by the medium.

You may ask me how this likeness is built up, and why it seems to be the person and not a covering of that person. I do not know. That is something belonging to a higher conception of chemistry. It is done. That is all I can say.

Those who come from spirit, those whom I see as spirits, are young—filled with the fullness of youth. This is true without respect to the years they have been on the other side, or how old they were when they passed.

But when they meet you—when you cross the Boundary—will they come as youth, and not be recognized by you? Not unless you are prepared to meet them in that way. Otherwise, they will greet you looking as you knew them. They will try to make that greeting most natural, and as you become more accustomed to the conditions of spirit, and your perception becomes broader, you will see that this appearance is assumed for your sake, and you will wish to know them and yourself as all of you are.

Many persons pass from this life who are fully prepared for any change. Nothing new could shock them. They expect a change. They are tuned up to it, and desire it. But others, filled with the fear and the traditions and memories of the flesh, venture into spirit fearfully—and feel secure only when they find that which they hoped to find—parents looking as they knew them, and little children not grown up.

So we find that our ignorance must clothe itself always with the things it can perceive and conceive and accept. Only as we reach out for the facts, do they come to us. We must grow into them—desire them and struggle to attain them. When we have done this, all is well; we are progressing. Until we have reached out and tried to learn more and understand more fully, we are much like overgrown children who still wish to be nursed and tucked into bed.

Men and women come to the seance-room filled with their desires, their conceptions and their demands. They decide that they can be happy only under certain conditions. These conditions may be far from the facts, but they wish to do God's planning for Him—and they will accept Spiritualism only if it agrees with them; and reject it if it disagrees.

To Spiritualists generally, death has lost its terror. If there is fear, it is

fear of physical suffering in passing, or leading up to the passing. Some mediums feel the same kind of fear, but most of them look forward to the time when their earthly work will be over.

Ever since childhood, I have regarded life as unbroken, and the world as one great world—part of which is seen by mortals and part of which may be revealed to mortals who develop their psychic powers.

Living in these two worlds becomes as natural as living in the one world—but really, you understand, these are not two worlds, but two expressions of life. The world is the universe. Its planes are many; its spheres are numerous. It is all connected somehow, and all belongs to the one great system.

Passing through my home, are many persons not seen by others. Sometimes they sit in chairs and make themselves as comfortable as any mortals. Sometimes they come to the table when we are dining, and talk to me. In restaurants, I sometimes see many in spirit—standing near their dear ones, and sometimes appealing to me to deliver a message. On street-cars and trains, I am approached often by those in spirit who employ me to give some message to a stranger. There are times when I consent—and I have brought many converts into Spiritualism in this way. There are times when I know that I am riding with a murderer, and my heart is filled with sorrow. Often I know the nature of the plans that are in people's minds. This psychic sensing of conditions brings its penalties.

And from the spirit-side, there often will come those who wish that they could have the earth-life to live all over. They are sorrowful over their mistakes. They can see their errors.

Just as there is grief here, there is sorrow there; sorrow without understanding. There are regrets and there is suffering; not physical, but mental. If we have shadowed our lives here, we shall carry the shadows with us. If we have gone contrary to our knowledge of right and wrong, we shall regret, and it is well that we should.

There are many who come to me who sigh for their lost opportunities, but there are many who are so happy at finding themselves free from the bondage of the flesh, they wish that they might forget all about this world of pain and sorrow. Just as there are many different characters here, there is an equal number of the same classes over there.

Beyond the grief, there is happiness. Beyond the regrets, there is new hope.

Whether here or there, it is life—and wherever there is life, there must be naturalness, because to live in any part of God's universe, means to live there in accordance to God's will.

The Life of James "Farmer" Riley

Whose Materializations and Slate writing Made Him Famous
Throughout the World

SYNOPSIS.—When more than forty-two years of age, James Riley became interested in Spiritualism. After sitting nightly for six months with his wife at a dining table, the table moved and they received messages through tipplings and later through rappings. After a total of two years of patient sitting, the first materialization came, following the receipt of slate-writings. The fame of Jim Riley gradually spread and his materializations were witnessed by many thousands of persons.

ARTICLE IV

When charges are made by opponents of Spiritualism that there are evil spirits who manifest, we must not be so rash as to say that all of these charges are pure figments of the mind.

We judge good and evil by that which we observe. Unable to read the thoughts of persons readily, we base our opinions upon their actions, and when their actions bespeak evil, we assume naturally that the purpose back of those actions must be evil.

We feel that we could not serve the purpose of Spiritualism were we to ignore manifestations that seem to be evil in nature. The person who discards and hides everything that does not agree with his theory is not a student.

There were many manifestations in the early days of Jim Riley's mediumship that pointed toward the existence of evil spirits. And if there had been no offsetting testimony with the passing years, the earlier mischievous manifestations would have presented much support to the contention that there are good and evil spirits. Perhaps many mediums have experienced occurrences that are similar. But students of Spiritualism have "Farmer" Riley to thank for the revelation of many important facts that have bearing upon this subject of evil.

When the first evil manifestations appeared, some of the sitters appealed to John Benton, Jim Riley's main guide. They asked him why he permitted these low spirits to enter and use the forces. He replied that they came in large numbers; in fact, in armies, and that the little band in charge of the medium was insufficient in numbers and in strength to stem this evil tide.

It was suggested at the time these weird manifestations made their appearance that there was something inferior in the character of the sitters. But John Benton discouraged this idea, saying that it was not due to the law of attraction, but that these persons of low character on the spirit-side would try to gain access to any seance possible and would do everything they could to injure the cause of Spiritualism.

The first appearance of these strange conditions would follow a period of

silence in the progress of the seances. Perhaps many loved ones in spirit had materialized and had been recognized by their friends in the flesh. And then, without evident cause, the manifestations would cease. Perhaps some one would ask if more songs were desired, and from the forepart of the cabinet, where John Benton usually held forth, would come two raps, signifying "No." But from some other part of the cabinet would come many affirmative raps, three in number, which meant "Yes." Mrs. Riley, upon throwing the curtains back, would see a number of slates floating above the bed in the room in which her husband was sitting. It is this room which served as a cabinet, two curtains being hung in the doorway so as to darken the cabinet and provide an easy means for the comings and goings of the materialized forms.

Some of these spirits, most of whom were never recognized, would walk out of the cabinet and move to the stove in the living room, where the circle was held. These spirits would be carrying slates, and they would break these slates to fragments over the stove. Very often they would stand in menacing attitudes, shaking their fists at the different circle members. Sometimes they would clutch at Mrs. Riley, when she went to the curtain, as if they wished to take hold of her and do her harm, but no bad results ever followed.

Many of these wicked spirits would pick up articles and throw them at the medium. Pictures were taken off the walls and at one time a heavy water pitcher was thrown through the curtains and broken into many fragments. The most sinister messages were written on slates and passed out through the curtains, informing the sitters that bodily injury would be done to the medium if the sittings were permitted to continue. On one occasion it was found that Jim Riley had nine cuts in his head, and these were bleeding freely. It was evident that some of the slates had been broken over the medium's head and the sharp edges had lacerated his scalp.

It will be remembered that in the earlier articles it was stated that the bedroom door was left open. It opened inside the bedroom, and the curtains were hung to cover the doorway. One night, after some of these manifestations had become too violent, Mrs. Riley threw back the curtains and to her horror she found that the bolts in the door hinges had been removed, so that the door would fall upon the medium in such a way as to do him injury. In fact, they had already started

the door swinging, and Mrs. Riley was fortunate enough to catch it while it was falling. The bolts were found on the bed.

Many messages were written on the slates telling the sitters not to interfere with God's law, that they had no right to inquire into the things of spirit.

John Benton explained that these evil individuals knew very little about spirit. All they saw and understood was the earth-world, although they knew that they had passed through the change called death. Later, some of these spirits returned and explained that they had learned better, that they had been developing, and they saw that they had been in the wrong and were sorry.

Evil and Ignorance

While we can not question that the acts and purposes and intentions of these spirits were evil, we must not overlook the evidence that there was no permanent condition of evil. These individuals acted in a vindictive manner because they knew no better. On the other hand, we can not set aside the truth that there are many spirits of a low order who were ignorant and undeveloped men and women in this world, who never miss an opportunity to give exhibitions of their malignant purposes.

We may wonder why this would be permitted. As John Benton, Jim Riley's chief guide, explained many times, it was not possible for him to put a stop to the efforts of these large numbers of low spirits to gain access and use of the forces. But as time passed, these manifestations of evil became fewer in number and were spaced at long intervals. Finally they ceased altogether. It is assumed that John Benton had brought to his assistance many guides of greater experience who understood how to cope with these evil conditions.

The very forces that would permit the materialization of the loving friends of those present, would permit the materialization of the unwelcome guests.

There is an interesting sidelight opened by these facts that commends itself to the attention of students. We have been told that no seance can progress without the assistance of the spirit-chemist, who gathers the necessary ethereal and material particles together and forms those states of vibration, or areas of vibration, known as "the forces." We have had good grounds to believe that no spirit could manifest without the permission of this spirit-chemist and the permission and assistance of the circle guides.

There is other evidence entirely outside of the testimony of Mr. Riley's seances that would point to the fact that malignant and vindictive spirits at times can and do enter and use the forces for harmful purposes. There are times when physical injury results. And the opponents of Spiritualism may say, "If it is possible for malignant spirits to injure the medium, or one of the sitters, why is it impossible for them to commit murder?"

We do not know of any case where murder has been committed by anyone in spirit, but we would hesitate to say that it is impossible. It is difficult to believe that a low criminal person would change very rapidly upon entering spirit. In the first spirit-sphere, undoubtedly there are many who would be glad to wreak vengeance upon some earthly enemy if they could find the forces that would permit them to make use of the material.

At one of the Riley seances, a slate was thrown through the curtains bearing this message: "You people go home. You are working against God's laws. Rev. Father Hogg."

One of the members of the circle made the statement then and there that they were not gathered together for the purpose of working against the laws of God, but had as their sole purpose the receipt of testimony proving immortality. The person who had written on the slate was informed that his presence was no longer desired in the circles.

There is every reason to believe that the name written on the slate was not fictitious. This person had been a minister of the gospel, and very likely a priest, who had been violently opposed to Spiritualism and who felt that he was doing a necessary missionary work in sending his protest from the spirit-side to inquiring mortals.

There are many seances in which such manifestations do not occur. But there are few seance-rooms in which, during the passing years, there is not some tangible evidence of the existence of the undeveloped and ignorant on the spirit-side of life who are filled with the same passions and the same violent temper they had in the flesh.

The Test of Evil

Reasoning from the evidence that the seances of James Riley have presented to us, we are justified in taking the stand that, first, there are many on the spirit-side who are undeveloped and ignorant; second, that this condition is known in this world as evil; and third, that there are malignant purposes back of the manifestations of such spirits.

We may ask why the higher forces of the spirit-realms do not restrict and make impossible such evil manifestations. But we must assume that real learning depends upon understanding things as they are, rather than as we would have them.

There was a great bulk of evidence of-

fered during the world war that there was a conflict of some nature, vast in proportions and of great intensity, waged on the spirit-side of life between the higher and the lower forces.

If such conditions exist, let us scrutinize and study them.

The Scriptures speak frequently of evil and of temptation. And we are taught from spirit, as well as in the Bible, that we are placed in a world of obstacles and temptation which go to make up experience. Consequently, we can understand that which is good chiefly by contrasting it with that which is evil. We learn through contrasts.

Mortals are inclined to make extravagant claims about their development and their morality. The person who has never been tempted has no right to say that he is very good. He may have had no temptation to test the degree of his goodness.

Temptation is a word that seems to signify a test. It is a condition whereby we are tried out on the basis of comparison.

The person who never has stolen anything may never have been placed in a position where he was tempted to steal and may have had plenty at all times so that theft was not a temptation. If a man who lives in affluence is placed in position where he may steal money that he does not need, it is unlikely that he would jeopardize his position and standing by stooping to theft. If he is friendless and penniless and hungry, he probably would yield to that temptation. If he overcomes it and adheres rigidly to the policy of honesty, he certainly is to be commended far above the rich man who would not yield to the same temptation.

It is doubtful that any of us can study life by encountering only the beautiful things of life. No person would be likely to study strength of character without undergoing many tests.

So long as there are many persons in the universe of low development, it seems reasonable that their ignorance and their evil tendencies should be directed against those who are trying to do only that which is right. The evil person learns the futility of his gross efforts by seeing the results. And the sincere person learns the value of goodness through knowing the effects of evil.

The Tempters of Spirit

Admitting the existence of these persons of low development in spirit, persons who have not improved after passing through the change called death, it is beneficial to study their possible effects upon mortals.

Perhaps many of these evil persons believed that death would be the ending of everything. When they found that death did not terminate their lives, their own ignorant interpretation would be likely to convince them that if they were superior to death they were superior to God and

goodness. Instead of being thankful for immortality, they would look upon it as a license for the exercise of their evil tendencies.

Such evil individuals discover that by traveling in large bands they can bring with them sufficient strength to conquer the guides in charge of a seance. This news would spread rapidly among others of their kind. It would bring new courage to those who are inclined to do evil.

Every mortal is a medium in some degree, or guidance and impression from the spirit-side would not be possible. It is reasonable to believe that a mortal with licentious thoughts would attract lustful spirits, that the door would be opened for evil and closed against good. It is equally reasonable to believe that every felon has attracted numerous spirit-felons who are glad of the opportunity to work material harm through the instrumentality of an earth criminal.

The efforts of the loved ones of such persons to reach them and help them would be of little avail. If any mortal selects a criminal course, likely he will attract criminal-minded spirits. He must learn through contract. Further, he must learn through suffering the penalties, because he has refused to learn through accepting any code of morals.

Without these countless numbers of ignorant and evil on the spirit-side it is questionable if mortals would experience all of the contrasts that are necessary to make their earth-lives well-rounded and purposeful. The influences coming to them would be only good influences. They would have fewer obstacles to overcome. As it is, when a person gives way to anger, there are many in spirit who are ready to add fuel to the flames of that anger.

Thus the mortal world has an intensity of suggestion for wrong-doing and an intensity of suggestion for that which is right. The contrasts often are the deep darks and the high lights.

Back of this evil is ignorance. A person who knows what poison means, certainly is not going to be tempted to drink poison. The person who knows what the law of compensation means, is not going to be tempted to do anything very wrong.

In time, the most ignorant must progress—and so it is likely that continuously there are many who are deserting the evil, malignant bands in spirit because they are longing for better things and are seeking those better things. It is also reasonable to believe that new numbers of the ignorant and evil are leaving the earth each day and entering spirit. Perhaps the number of those who are evil remains about stationary. It is doubtful that this number increases, but it is probable that the number of those seeking development increases continuously.

(To be continued)

FRONSTROM

FRONSTROM

Synopsis

"Fronstrom," born of wealthy parents in a Far Country, encounters a mysterious cult in a new world. This Homeland Community, presided over by the Patriarch, welcomes "Fronstrom" as one of them and he is taken to their tent city on the frontier, and in company with the Patriarch rides by night to a valley in which great wealth is seen. But this vision fades and while "Fronstrom" and the Patriarch are marking the spot, they hear the distant thud of onrushing cavalry. Led by Immortelles, a spirit guide who materializes when danger threatens, they find refuge in a hidden gully. The Patriarch passes into spirit, and his mantle descends on "Fronstrom," who is now leader of the Community.

MANUSCRIPT IV

Here I was in command of the Community—I who had so much to learn, who knew less of the truths upon which the Community was founded, than even its younger members! This responsibility made me sad; sad beyond description. My temporary elation had faded. The idea was not thoroughly imbedded in me. Up to this time, I had experienced a novel adventure, and enjoyed it as an adventure. But to find myself the chief of these strange people seemed to bring up within me a strident call of the material—of the human part of myself.

It is often so with mortals, I am sure. We struggle to attain some end, and perhaps we seek only notoriety or gain. We see the end, but not the responsibility. It is so with Spiritualists today. They are delighted with the phenomena, and love to talk with their dear ones. When it comes to publicly admitting their faith, that faith shrinks. They are ashamed of the stand they have taken.

I had fallen heir not only to position, but to responsibility, and in the quiet of the evening—alone in the tent which had been the Patriarch's—I felt ashamed of my position. I longed to be back with the farmer, riding the veldt in search of the wandering herds and flocks. Lonely as that life had been, it had not put me in any false position.

My mother had materialized for me, truly. I had come to love Immortelles, but their world was not my world. I was of the flesh, and these Community folk did not seem to be human. They lived more in the world of spirit than in the world of the flesh, and I hungered for the things of the flesh.

What would be my gain were I to continue in this strange position? The world would not know me. I might marry—but it would be one of the Community, and I saw no beauty—certainly no physical beauty—in these young women. They were too ethereal—too spiritual.

It is so easy, in later years, to be sorry for what one does in mad moments;

and so easy to yield to those wild impulses when they come upon one.

I felt imprisoned. I wished to be free.

As I stepped to the door of my tent and looked out upon the star-lighted sky, I wished to have the freedom of the universe. Around and about me, the Community folk slept. The camp was silent. The festivities attending the burial of the Patriarch had subsided. The Community was weary with its weird merry-making, and I wished to be back where mortals mourned their dead, and felt glee at the birth of a babe.

For some time I stood gazing upon the quiet scene before me, and then returning quietly to my tent, I began to pack my few belongings.

I had weakened and sickened on this whole Spiritual thing. I was a man, and by God's grace, I would live a man's life. I would cease being a wraith. I would return to the flesh-pots, taking nothing that was not mine by right, and leaving no note as to my departure.

I had packed my saddle-bags, and had folded a blanket. I had given the Community a horse, and in return I was entitled to a horse. The Patriarch's mantle I folded and placed gently and orderly over a chair-back.

As I paused, to enumerate the articles I had packed, the flap of the tent seemed to blow in toward me, and I felt a presence, and though I saw nothing, I heard a gentle, fitful sobbing. That and nothing more.

With my saddle-bags thrown over my shoulders and my blanket on my back, I started for the stables, to select my horse. The cool air, sweeping down from the distant snow-clad hills, caressed my cheek, and for the first time in months, I could say that I was happy.

The horse I selected was one I had ridden much—a full-chested bay, about four years old. This noble beast seemed to sense something of interest and came to greet me and rubbed his nose on my sleeve and neighed softly, as though fearful to arouse the other horses and cause commotion.

Again, I felt a presence and again the soft, smothered sobbing came to me. For a moment, I weakened—and then taking a grip on my emotions, I fought them back.

In five minutes more, I was riding carefully out of the village, toward the East, to trace the trail down which we had come when we approached the village at the time of my introduction to the tent city.

Beside me, at times, I fancied that I could hear other hoof-beats—as a muffled

thud on the earth. My horse turned his head several times, and with a look of apprehension, stepped into a faster trot.

Without adventure, we reached the trail leading up the hill, and we took that journey in gentle stages. By the time we had gained the crest, the moon was beaming down upon us. Pausing to rest my steed, I looked back on the silent city beneath me. I can not say that I experienced either regret or happiness. I was indifferent. Before me lay the wilds that would lead me back to Somewhere, and Anywhere would be welcomed.

We found no difficulty in locating the trail Eastward, and my steed was willing enough to be gone from the place of our imprisonment. I think his eagerness gave me new courage, and again that courage became an anxiety to put as many miles between the Community and myself as possible.

We had been an hour upon this new trail, when my horse stopped short and came back on his haunches. I did not blame him, for there in the path ahead of us lay the crumpled form of one of the soldiers. I listened intently for a few moments before venturing to dismount. Finally, reassured that we were alone, I jumped from my horse and approached the dead form before me—ghastly in the white light of the moon.

Apparently he had ridden alone, or was the last of the army that had passed that way, and his presence had not been missed. His rifle lay beside him, and I picked it up eagerly. I helped myself to his pistol and his cartridge-belt, and his knife and his wallet. He had a considerable sum of money, and I might be in need of money before my journey was ended.

The call of the material was strong within me, and my heart beat strong with reassurance, as I slung the rifle over my shoulder and urged my horse ahead. I was human again, armed with the implements of mortal protection and aggression. These were solid, tangible things. The weapons were excellent—the best of their kind made.

Again I heard the muffled hoofbeats beside me, and again my steed stepped faster, as though wishing to be rid of the unseen and unsought company. And once more, I am certain that I heard the smothered sobbing.

I rode until the first rays of the sun topped the rim of hills to the East, and then, in a thicket, I made camp. There was a waterhole here, and both my steed and I were glad to drink deeply, and to wallow in the water. It was most refreshing.

I cooked a meagre breakfast and gave my horse his grain, after which for a time he cropped the succulent grass and tender foliage. He was tethered so that he could not wander afar, and rolling myself in my blanket, I was soon lost in dreamless sleep.

When I awoke, it was again dark, and my horse was neighing softly for me. I was wide awake in a moment, and gaining my bearings, I looked after our food. My horse also had slept, and was prancing to be on the road again.

Busily engaged with my labors, I did not sense the ominous Something until we were feeling our way out along the plains, and then I began to sense impending danger. Often we would remain silent for minutes at a time, my horse with his head thrust forward, and his ears pointing almost straight ahead. Then, reassured, we would proceed on our way.

It was nearly midnight before the moon was up, and it was shrouded in a pale yellow haze, that gave the landscape a ghastly, jaundiced appearance, as though the world had gone violently ill.

Worst of all, we had lost our trail, and we were beating across uncharted plains—with the moon and the few visible stars as our guides. For some unaccountable reason, I felt no great joy over my freedom. Somehow, I sensed that I was riding into difficulties—and I think my horse began to feel the same, for at times, he would wheel around abruptly and look back at me, as though trying to argue caution and reconsideration. But each time, I turned him about and set my face back toward the habitations of man; or, leastwise, in the direction that I fancied was to lead to the mortal kind.

It was about three in the morning, when out of the cover of a clump of tall brush, a horseman darted, and leveling a carbine directly at me, he fired. Quick as a flash, while the whizz of the bullet was new in my ears, I brought my own weapon to bear, and pulling my horse short, I took deliberate aim and fired. The man fell headforemost from his charger, which dashed off into the gray distance. Giving my horse free reign, I urged it on, and stopped not to ascertain the seriousness of my enemy's wound. I was satisfied that I had killed a man, and I felt alternate flashes of thankfulness that I had escaped, and horror over my deed. Who or what he was, I did not know—but this much I did know: The silent hoofbeats were again near me, and the sobbing was not so muffled as it had been before. Evidently someone in the Great Invisible was displeased with my deed.

And now came days and weeks of wandering, with our food run out, and waterholes and streams few and scattered. We were half dying of thirst or hunger, or both, all the while. We rode by night and by day—and slept during either

period. It mattered little. I had succeeded in killing some harmless beasts and ate the flesh raw. My hunger was too great to stop for cooking. My horse ate freely where there was grass or foliage, and drank deeply when we came to water. The poor beast had a wild look in his eyes, and gazed accusingly at me at times, as though asking me what mad idea had brought me out here in these unknown wilds.

The storms came on, and they brought additional misery. For days, I would be drenched to the skin, with my soggy clothing flapping dismally against the saddlebags, and against my own body. My clothes were ragged, and my body was bruised and often bleeding.

We were a woebegone pair, and there seemed to be no hope left for us. I had reached that point where reason no longer came to my assistance. Sometimes I broke out in the wildest, maddest song, and then would fall into inconsolable weeping.

Strangely enough, all thought of the Community had left me. No longer did I have longings for my tent or for the gentle assistance of my former comrades. And no longer did I hear the phantom hoofbeats or the muffled sobs. I heard nothing save the sighing of the winds, and the splash of the rain and the mud. These were the only sounds that my ears could detect, and my sight was so faulty, that often had it not been for my horse, we would have plunged into some abyss or become entrapped in some bog.

One morning, as we again took up our wanderings, we climbed a steep hill, and from the crest, stretching before me like a blue carpet, was the ocean! I cried for joy, but my cry was cracked and horrible—like my parched, feverish throat.

My horse also neighed with a feigned gladness, but as we started down the farther side of the hill, my poor steed fell exhausted and within a few minutes was dead. He had carried me to a place that had something definite about it, at least, and I caressed him, as I gathered up my rifle and one of my saddlebags and started, footsore, worn-out, and with a frenzy coursing through my brain, toward the reaches of blue.

It was afternoon when I mounted a hill that seemed to overlook the waters, and there, nestling on the shores of a small bay, was a settlement. It was more than a settlement. It was a port—a city, if not large, at least evidently alive with industry. But try as I might, it was not until the following noon that I reached this harbor of refuge.

Then came a long illness—an illness reaching into months, with little knowledge of the past and no hope for the future.

When I was recuperating—a sad skeleton after my months of sickness—I

began to contemplate on man's general perfidy. Give him the truth and he will have none of it. Hold the truth from him, and fretfully he will seek it, and almost blame God for not giving man his heritage! What a sad commentary on human intellect! Destiny had placed me in the bosom of a wonderful people—had given me the highest honors the Community could shower upon me, and yet—in a moment of mortal weakness—I had forsaken that for which Destiny had fashioned me, and had gone back to a world to which I never had been suited.

But here I was, and the money I had taken from the dead soldier was only sufficient to reimburse the physician and the good people who had made their home a hospital for me. I was weak and without funds. I was without a trade or a profession. I had called for the marts of men, for the fleshpots, for the material things, and they now were mine! Mine? I would be fortunate to keep body and soul together for at least a year to come, so ravished was I by the illness that had claimed me.

And then, during the early weeks of my convalescence, a strange thing occurred. I had cultivated the friendship of those with whom I lived, and while I studiously kept my past a secret, I found much in common with them. They were good folk—not brilliant or learned in any respect, but decent and wholesome.

They liked to discourse, in their restricted way, upon the philosophy of life, and one evening as we sat around the fireplace—for the weather was now very disagreeable and the season far advanced—I felt as though I were sinking into a well. When I again opened my eyes, the others were staring at me in surprise. They looked slyly at one another, and two of the household excused themselves and left the room.

What had occurred, I did not know—but the younger people who remained seemed unduly nervous, and they drew their chairs away from me as far as possible, and one of the children—a girl of about twelve years—began to sob and rushed from the room screaming hysterically.

While still puzzling over this unaccountable turn of events, I heard a commotion outside, and the fall of many feet in a distant room. Presently the door was opened, and two officers appeared.

Purple faced and breathless, the head of the family pointed at me accusingly, his outstretched finger quaking like a dead leaf in the wind.

"There he is!" he cried. "Take him hence. He is one possessed of the devil. He disturbs the dead. Through him came a strange voice, unlike his own, and here—on our very hearth—out of a cloud of mist, appeared one who long since has died, and spoke to us!"

(To be continued)

A Little Chat With Little Ones

By Pink Rose

This month, I am going to talk to you about respect. Do you know what respect means? I shall try to make it clear to you.

Somewhere in your neighborhood, there is a bully. He is larger than you are, and likes to make you afraid of him. You know that if he gets real angry at you, and strikes or pushes you, he might hurt you. When he comes near you, it seems to be a good idea to not say much, not to argue with him. That might make him more angry. So you keep quiet and get away from him as soon as you can.

That is not respect, because while you are very careful about what you say and do before him, you have no liking for him at all.

There are other persons—some older and some much your own age, whom you do respect. You are polite, and you are thoughtful when they are around. You wish to have them think much of you. When they come near you, then you are glad. You think that they are fine, splendid people. You like to do nice things for them. You love them, and you would not hurt their feelings for anything.

That is respect.

I wonder if you are respectful to your fathers and mothers. Are you ever cross with them? You do answer them with a snarl? Do you try to do the things they ask you to do? They are older than you, and they understand things that you have not even heard about. If there is any one in the world who should have your respect, that person is your father or your mother. You must love both of them and prove your love by being polite to them. You must never hurt their feelings.

Sometimes I feel very sad when I hear some naughty boy say, "Oh, gee, wait till I grow up. I'll show my father and mother. I'll do whatever I please. I'll run away from home."

Just think how cruel that is. Do you earn your food and your clothes? Who provides you with your good home, and your good times? Your parents, surely. They work hard, and they are always thinking about your future—which means the time when you are grown up! They wish you to have a good schooling, so that you will be able to get into some good business and make money and be happy and successful.

Many times, when you have been sick, your mother has sat up all night long to take care of you. When you were a baby and cried all night, you got nothing but love. You kept your parents awake, but they never complained. They took care

of you, and watched over you, and did the best they could.

Nobody else ever does so much for you, and nobody else has so much right to your respect.

Now, some afternoon somebody calls—some one whom you respect, and right away you are on your good behavior. You would not have that caller know, for all the world, the snappy and cruel things you say to your mother. You wish to be looked upon as a fine, obedient child.

Why is it that you wish to appear so kind and gentle and good before this other person, who never has done much for you compared with what your parents have done for you? If you really wish to be loved by others, you should be so good and honest with your parents, that they could say truthfully that nobody could be more thoughtful or obedient.

You like to have good times. That is natural. It is perfectly all right to have good times—but your parents know what is best for you. They have to think about your health, and when you are having a very good time, you never think about your health at all. But you see older persons—grown men and women—who are sickly. You say, "Oh, I hope I am never like that." Many of them were healthy boys and girls, who had lots of good times. They did not mind their parents. They would not go to bed when they were told. Pretty soon, they began to get sick, and by the time they were grown up, they were very sickly.

When your parents try to do things for you that will make you healthier, they are thinking of your future—of what you will be when you grow up. That is another reason why you should respect them more. Even the best friends of your family do not pay any attention to what you will do or be when you get big. Nobody else on earth thinks about your future so much as your parents, and you owe them the greatest respect in the world for this unselfish planning for your good.

These are things that you should remember about respect, but there is another thing that you must remember, too.

You must respect yourself. Nobody ever will know as much about you as you know, excepting your angel friends. They know everything you think and plan and do. People in your world see some of the things you do, but not all of them. You can not do one dishonest thing, or think one unkind thought, without all of the facts being known by some angel. You think that you are deceiving somebody, but you deceive yourself most of all.

If you think unkind, selfish or wicked thoughts, you get after a time so that you do not respect yourself.

If you tell a falsehood, and somebody tells you that you lie, what can you say? You will say it is not so, but secretly you know that it is so.

You lose a little self-respect every time you tell an untruth or think something wicked. Secretly, you know that you are not doing right. If you keep it up, after a time you will have very little confidence in yourself. Once you take for granted that you are bad, or are bad, you can not expect others to think that you are very good, can you?

But if you do not tell untruths, and if you refuse to think thoughts that are wicked, then if you are accused of doing wrong, you know that you are in the right, and you can always stand up for your rights when you know that you are right. And there is something else that helps you:

Always near you are angels, who love and protect you. They can not make you think only good thoughts. That is something which you must do for yourself. They can not make you do right if you are determined to do wrong. But when you do right and are accused of doing wrong, those angel-helpers are near you and giving you strength. Being in the right makes it easier for them to help you. It is as though you left a door open so that they could come to you—very near you. When you have done wrong, it is the same as closing the door, so that they will have to stand outside and feel very sad to think that you will not help them get close to you to help you.

When a boy or a girl does something wrong, something dishonest, what happens? When the child is found out, he or she tries to find an excuse, and then blames somebody else. That is a terribly dishonest thing to do. After you have blamed someone else unjustly, you will feel very sneaky and sorry. You will know that you have added one wrong to another, and that will make you miserable. You will have very little respect for yourself.

I have seen many grown men and women who started by being untruthful and dishonest when they were boys and girls. What happens to them? They are afraid always that they will be found out. They never feel comfortable when they are near honest persons. They have no confidence that they can get ahead in the world.

I have known many such persons, and I have never known one who did not wish that he or she could start all over again and do things better.

Why I Am A Spiritualist

By C. Wright Davison

I have told thus far how I started life in a small way, and of the many disappointments I encountered—finally almost losing my sight, and finding myself heavily in debt. Then I was brought to the Stead Center, and found a new happiness in the knowledge that my beloved parents lived in spirit. I was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

At one of the early seances I attended, I asked mother about the baby brother who had passed out when he was about eighteen months of age.

"He is with me," she replied, "but he no longer is a baby. He is nearly as old as you."

I had forgotten his name, but when this brother came to me, he told me that his name was Clifton—and it was soon apparent, as he went into detail after detail of my past life, that he was the one who had been so close to me, and had brought new hope to me each time despair had seized me.

He told me, down to the smallest detail, about different opportunities that had been brought to me, and how and why I had failed.

"It was no use," he said, "for we could do nothing with you. I have put in your hands three fortunes. They would total a million dollars. They would have been yours if you had only been open to the beautiful guidance that was being brought to you. The fault was not ours. You think that you have lost this money, but that is not the case. I have taken it from you, and when you learn how to send out the right conditions, it will come back—all of it and more."

My sister Harriet came to me next. She had passed over in child-birth, the little one following her soon afterward. The child had grown up. Her name is Lily and often she comes to me in my private sittings and sings beautifully for me. Harriet told me that her own work in spirit was looking after little ones who come over. She is known as a spirit mother.

Then the medium told me that she saw a spirit near me who gave the name of Edwards. I could not place him at first, but he proved to be, as the medium described him, a former partner—E. Junius Edwards. He had come to help me in my business—and had been instructed carefully in that art. I replied that if he could help me as much from spirit as he did in this world, I would be well satisfied, and I was told that he could help me much more.

The next guide who came to me was the great Sitting Bull, who gives me strength, and proof of whose strength I have had many times. This great Indian warrior has returned to help a white man, where-

as the white men despoiled the Indians of all which rightfully was theirs.

Under the guidance and help of the seance-room, gradually my eye-sight was restored, thanks to my good friend, Dr. Graham, in spirit. I had come nearly blind, and now—in my advanced years—my sight was returning, and with it came a better grip on my business affairs. To the best of my ability, I followed the advice that was given to me, and came out from under a heavy burden of debt. I was getting another start. I was learning more about the conditions necessary to attract guidance. It seemed to me that all of the errors of the past could now be analyzed, and each day I blessed the loved ones who were guiding my footsteps.

And now, I must tell you about some of the privileges that have been mine in this seance-room.

I have heard the most heavenly singing many times—when there were forty or more persons present at the seance, and each one heard the same thing. I have heard solos and duets and quartettes—and the songs have been not only in English, but in Norwegian, Swedish, Russian, Austrian, French, Spanish and pretty nearly every other language—songs that often could be heard plainly by passers-by in the street.

Jenny Lind and Emma Abbot have come to sing—and the voices of those who were great singers while in this world, have not lost any of their quality in spirit; indeed, these voices are much finer.

But it took a long time for me to accustom myself to the ridicule and abuse that were heaped upon me by others. I was made the target for many wicked attacks. That, I have found, is part of the price we Spiritualists must pay. If we are to have the blessings of this great privilege, we must set ourselves firmly on the foundation of our own belief.

One evening, while approaching the Center, I had a heated argument with a friend about Spiritualism—and that evening Count Tolstoy came in and delivered a lecture on the very subject—proving how closely those in spirit watch us and our thoughts.

That our spirit friends can make us do the right thing, once we have opened the way for them, has been proved to me many times. Always fond of smoking, I had been admonished by Dr. Graham, in spirit the same as in the flesh, that I must limit the number of cigars I smoke. When I neglected to heed this advice, invariably I was made ill—as though this had been my first cigar! This Dr. Graham called "spanking" me. If I could not use my own

good sense I would have to be reprimanded.

After months of eye trouble, when I could read only the coarsest print with difficulty and was afraid to board a street-car for fear I was getting on the wrong one, my sight began to return. Success began to come back to me. I was getting a new start in life, at a time when most men are about done with the trials of this world. Back of me was a wilderness of harsh experience—what seemed like an eternity of error.

So often we contend that we have done our best, when this has not been the case. So often we say that no one could have done better, when we have only blocked ourselves with our own ignorance.

During these seven years, while I have been led back to a better understanding, and new opportunities, I have witnessed many remarkable manifestations in the seance-room. I have heard tests such as the greatest skeptic could not help admitting to be indisputable proof of spirit communication. I have seen scores, yes hundreds, come to the Center doubting, and going away ashamed of their doubts. I have witnessed countless reunions between mortals and loved ones on the other side—and each new demonstration has brought me nearer to this great truth.

It took me a long while to learn just how to bring the best conditions, but gradually the understanding came. I do not believe that any person has any right to judge Spiritualism by one or two seances. It takes months—even years—to experience the many phases of this blessed privilege of communication. One must sit in many seances in order to know the variety of experiences that come to mortals. Then one begins to have some understanding of the great force of this truth. One then has a right to say that there is an abundance of evidence on which to base one's conclusions.

At three-score-years-and-ten, I am able to attend to my business, to put in regular hours every working day. I get around as easily as many men twenty years my junior. I find much happiness in life—but have less and less inclination for the things that once attracted me. I see the seriousness, the duty of it all.

God was very good to me to bring me to a place where there would be so much loving kindness, so much gentleness and consideration and patience, on the part of the medium and on the part of the guides. Many helpers have been brought to me—specialists, I would call them, who are skilled in different kinds of knowledge. When my problems have seemed most vexing, their help has always been present, and the results always have been gratifying.

(THE END)

Press Comments and Criticisms

We invite our readers to send in clippings from newspapers and magazines dealing with Spiritualism, for or against. We ask that they note the name of the periodical and the date, somewhere on the clipping. We shall be pleased to have our readers send their answers, also, and particularly where those replies have been published, or offered for publication.

MARIE CORELLI'S VIEWS

Writing through the *World Wide News Service* in the *New York Sunday American*, this is what Marie Corelli says about Spiritualism. Miss Corelli is the author of "A Romance of Two Worlds," and other novels that have been made popular because of their intimate dealings with psychic matters:

Truth is never popular. The majority spend their lives in avoiding it. This is, perhaps, the reason why the present-day discussions on so-called "Spiritualism" purposely overlook or fail to recall the pronouncement made by the Founder of Christianity on this very subject: "There shall arise false prophets and shall show great signs and wonders, inasmuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect." (Matt. xxiv, 24.)

No one seems willing to quote this plain declaration as a warning to the deluded public; no, not though in America the ecclesiastical authorities, both Protestant and Catholic, have at last bestirred themselves and pronounced a ban against "Spiritualism" and assumed communication with the dead.

Plainly they should have done this long ago, but that "the hireling who careth not for the sheep" has let wolves into their pastures and usurped their powers while they slept. It is somewhat late now "officially to warn communicants that an attempt to hold converse with the dead is contrary to the sanction of the church," while Sir Oliver Lodge is drawing credulous audiences to listen to his expositions of life beyond the grave.

It has to be remembered that a curious, but by no means uncommon, phenomenon is the intense satisfaction humanity finds in deceiving itself. We are taught that the brain is dual; but we do not generally realize that in certain conditions of health the one half plays tricks with the other, after the fashion of a mischievous child intent on teasing its twin.

Confusion Is Set Up

By reflex action and inter-communication of nerve stimuli a confusion is set up which distorts every natural movement into something abnormal. In ancient days the priests of Egypt and India studied the art of deception as a science and were adepts in subtle methods of influencing the brain-cells of their dupes, realizing, as they did, that the weaker minds of the many could be usefully exploited for the advantage of the few.

We in our twentieth century, with all our scientific discoveries and "progressive"

civilization, are really no farther advanced, intellectually, morally, or mentally, than the old-time peoples over whom the Assyrian and Egyptian magi held their sway. We are just as easily deluded by appearances.

In a rare book entitled "The Prodigies of Egypt," translated from the original Arabic by Vattier, Arabic Professor to the King of France (Louis XIV), in 1672, it is related how the priests of Memphis appeared before the people according to their different arts of magic:

"One with light about him, another surrounded with flames, another with winged creatures circling overhead"—yet, says the narrative, "all was but apparition and illusion without any reality, inasmuch that when they came up to the King they spake and said: 'You imagined that it was so, but the truth is that it was such and such an illusion.'"

Here were credulous persons inclined to reason (which they never are), they might pluck out the heart of "medium-itsie" mysteries. You imagine that it is so, but the truth is that it is such and such an illusion.

The mesmerist, the hypnotist, the illusionist were, each and all, to be found in ancient Babylon as in modern New York, and their methods were far less vulgar and commonplace than those of their imitators today.

Automatic Writing Explained

As for "automatic writing," it is no more than the natural result of the writer's thought. The active impetus comes from no external "spirit," but from cell-movement in the brain, and the hand "automatically" obeys the brain. Every poet, every imaginative literary genius writes "automatically."

I claim the right to express myself on this subject, as from the earliest days of any consciousness of thought I have devoted my mind specially to the study of what I call psychic science. In all I have written, from "A Romance of Two Worlds" to "The Life Everlasting" and "The Young Diana," I have tried to show my readers the wonders which are possible, and also what is not possible, in the psychic or "spiritual" world.

I know positively that those who have passed from this life to the next do not communicate with us, either through "mediums" or "automatic writing." They have no desire to communicate, having reached a plane of comprehensive intelligence where the affairs and experiences of this little ball of dust called Earth have become a mere past dream of trifles. Moreover, supposing it possible for them

to wish to communicate with us (which would be about as absurd as a full-grown person wishing to wear the swaddling clothes of an infant), they would not be permitted to do so. Both natural and spiritual law forbid.

Following is the answer of one of our subscribers:

Being a student of the new-old truth which at present is again revived, I cannot resist to comment upon the above article of Marie Corelli's.

To say that "truth is never popular" would mean to contradict the value of our Bible, which is the truth and is the most popular book in the world. It is a fact, however, that truth is not popular at the immediate time of its expounding. Jesus Christ's truth was not accepted at the time He preached, but His truth escaped assassination and lives because there were a few who saved it, and there always will be a few who will save any truth that is given to this world. Otherwise of what value is truth? God does never create useless things and He makes provision and selects rich soil where truth may grow, and happy is he who plants the seed and throws it not away.

Personally Marie Corelli is my goddess of good literature, but I am sorely surprised and disappointed at her conception of Spiritualism. I am mystified. In her "Ardath," Theos speaks with the heavenly spirit of his beloved Edris, and in "Barabbas,"—ah, "Barabbas," a truly great masterpiece—Marie Corelli glories in the Divinity of our Savior and fails not to mention the fact that He conversed with His mother and disciples after He had cast off his mortal body. As it is with one so it is with all. Then why should it be impossible and absurd for us now to communicate with our departed spirits?

In reference to Matt. xxiv, 24, it is impossible to liken Spiritualism with the "false prophets" therein mentioned. Spiritualism is not a case of individualized prophets; that is, we are not asked nor compelled by a few prophets to accept a certain belief which is inconceivable, but our spirit guides give us advice and knowledge that is most valuable in our every-day life. It is good. It is such as we find in the Bible, but surely those who have had experience know that a lesson from a spirit reaches the bottom of the heart without the stimulus of an organ and the songs of a church choir. If, within the bounds of Spiritualism there are any false prophets, then alas, we must call our spirit advisors by that name. I speak of true Spiritualism, not the dollar sign.

In the Bible we read: "As ye sow so also ye shall reap," and Spiritualism has

surely proved that. We know today that everyone who passes over does not "reach a plane of comprehensive intelligence where the affairs and experiences of this little ball of dust called Earth have become a mere past dream of trifles." We have had experience with the kind of spirit who cannot progress, after passing over, because of his bound interest in the worldly affairs. And there are many who, for some time, do not even realize that their condition has changed—that they are "dead." And we can help them with prayers.

These are truly the "last days" and "righteousness and truth will sweep the earth as with a wave." And the sweep of that truth has begun. In its light the sayings and writings of inspired men may be clearly understood. The Bible is no longer a mystery. The heavens are not closed against mortals. Darkness flees before it and mysteries vanish. It brings peace and comfort to the soul and awakens and thrills the spiritual sense. It links earth and heavens. Spiritualism is the tool with which the perfect race is being chiseled into form. And because these are the last days we must expect to see such happenings as are not recorded in history nor the Bible. But good will conquer evil, for it is the power of God. Psychic power within the human body, however, is of a dual nature, either good or evil, all depending upon the character of the person. A man possessing such power, inclined toward evil, can do much destruction. Robert Chambers, in my opinion, is a remarkable illustration of the evil power.

Think on these things, O ye people! and let us uphold the good.

E. J. B., A Student.

President W. R. Irwin Replies

The Rev. Father de Heredia, a noted Mexican Jesuit, and tutor at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has been commanding no little press attention of late by his alleged "exposes" of Spiritualism.

The Rev. de Heredia has "put on a number of shows," in which he has pretended to expose every phenomenon of spirit communication and other manifestations. Thus far he did well, only he neglected to reproduce anything that is concerned with Spiritualism. That which he exposed never has had and never will have any connection with the manifestations of Spiritualism.

Possibly, the tricks he does were paraded as Spiritualism in Mexico. Even though we are inclined to feel a trifle aggrieved at Mexico and Mexicans, there are many splendid people there, and the chief trouble has been that the finest people have not been the rulers. We know that ignorance—fostered by religious superstition—has been the curse of our sister Republic, and the degradation of unholy exploitation across the Rio Grande

may have had more or less to do with the type of "Spiritism" the Rev. Mr. de Heredia exposes.

At any rate, this reverend gentleman succeeded in locking horns with President W. R. Irwin, 21 Hernon street, Worcester, Mass., head of the National Spiritualist Alliance.

Mr. Irwin's lecture, which received due and honest consideration at the hands of the press, is reproduced herewith. We believe that, after mature contemplation of Mr. Irwin's answer, Mr. de Heredia will not feel inspired to apply to the "big time" for a season in vaudeville. Mr. Irwin's address follows:

Co-Workers and Friends:

When I consented to reply to the articles which have recently appeared in our local press I was not influenced by any feeling of animosity or revenge toward any person or religion. Neither was I alarmed as to what the results of those articles might be to the religion which we hold sacred, as sacred as any other religion is held by its followers. Spiritualism is founded upon the rock of Truth; its foundation is firm, its future is assured, and the time has come when as an incorporated religious body, Spiritualists and Spiritualism should receive respectful consideration and justice from the press, the public speaker, the pulpit or the altar.

Spiritualists have been recognized by the rulings of court and state as a religious body, and as such should not be obliged to demand that which already belongs to them. It is our right to worship as we please, and any attack upon our methods or workers is unjust, unwise and unfair. Especially is it unwise in our opponents, from the fact that it calls especial attention to a movement which is a living, growing reality and is fast dominating the minds of the progressive and the thoughtful the world over.

(Right here I would like to say that if there are reporters here, I ask only fair play. In your reports give us the same courtesy, consideration and space which you gave to our opponents. Whether it is your belief or not, give the public the facts as stated here tonight. Fairness is all we demand, and it is what we expect to receive.)

In consenting to speak this evening, I do not feel that I am called upon to defend Spiritualism from the would-be expose of the gentleman from Mexico; indeed, I am about convinced that I owe you as an intelligent, thinking audience, an apology for taking it up at all, for you may have noted that in his endeavor to annihilate Spiritualism—or "spiritism," as he calls it—he has not hit on anything whatsoever that can or would be classed as Spiritualism by an honest, intelligent person, seeking honestly for truth.

Doubtless, also, you have enjoyed reading his dramatic effusions, much as you

would enjoy the ridiculous stunts of a vaudeville show, intended, like the antics of a clown, to amuse for the moment; yet a dime theatre or a clown may be a means of propagating an error, and error, wherever found, should be met by the clear, white light of Truth, and I want to say that I shall speak plainly, just as my opponent has done.

The difference will be that the knowledge I have gained has been from an honest desire to know the truth, and my investigation has been taken up in sincerity of purpose, without fear of church or creed, or the prospect of in time losing my position if I found it to be the truth, and of having to go to work to earn a living.

I am not one who would condemn any person or religion, whether it be the Catholic faith or any other. You who have heard me in the past know that I criticize Spiritualists more severely than any other. I have many Catholic friends who are my real friends. All my life, from boyhood up, my Catholic friends have been as numerous as those of any other denomination. True manhood and womanhood are more to me than faith or creed, and to enter a religious battlefield is not of my own choosing; hence, I trust that no one will take offense at what I may say, for I have heard far more Catholics than Spiritualists condemn these articles and the person connected with them. Many Catholic friends have attended our meetings and understand more about Spiritualism than our advertising agent at College Hill will ever know.

Now, as to his first article that appeared in the press. We find therein this statement, in speaking of Sir Oliver Lodge: "There is no easier mark in the world than the intelligent man. The more intelligent he is, the easier mark he is for the medium." His theory then is that the more one studies, the more ability and intelligence one possesses, the greater fool he is! Now, if this applies to one man it must to another, and according to his own theory all that has saved him from becoming an advocate of Spiritualism is his own lack of intelligence! (We mourn our loss!)

He also states that "it is the uneducated and the children that are the wise ones," so you see that "the less you know, the more you know." A statement which might puzzle even "the wise ones." Does not this man know that "Ignorance is the Mother of Superstition"?

Be pleased also to note the fact that during all the demonstrations that he gave there was but one person in his audience. He ought to be able to deceive one pair of eyes, especially if they were willing to be deceived, but to deceive four or five hundred pairs of eyes upon a public platform is another proposition!

In this article of a column or so, he goes on to state that he is a very bright

and intelligent man, and has studied into this question for forty years.

The next article explains the method of ballot reading by our mediums. Most of you have seen ballot reading, but listen to the wonderful discovery that this bright mind has been able to reveal after forty years of hard study! In the first place, he says that it would "be hard for him to demonstrate ballot reading on account of its being daylight," that our mediums always read ballots in the dark. I wonder how many of you ever saw a ballot reading done in the dark! He then took a sealed ballot and, going to the rear of the room, turned his back to the audience and, taking from his pocket a searchlight, held it under the note and read it! Imagine our medium, clad in a robe, taking each ballot from the desk, walking to the rear of the rostrum, turning her back to the audience, producing a searchlight from some hidden pocket, and then putting head, ballot and searchlight under the robe before she could read it!

Imagine this and then tell me how a person who professes to be truthful and honest will dare to tell intelligent people such fairy tales!

And then as if this were not enough, he endeavors to wish the Hindu fakir onto Spiritualism, and describes the burying of a man alive. That is nothing, we always bury our friends alive! So-called death is to the Spiritualist but the beginning of life. A Spiritualist never dies, neither does he go to purgatory. Life and heaven and progression are good enough for us. And the second chapter ends with our critic's important and customary "laugh."

The third article is devoted to "pitching pennies." It may be that in his next he will have us "shooting craps" at our seances!

In his fourth spasm, the scene changes. His laughter is hushed and he becomes the noble, sympathetic soul, who, with his friend and co-worker, is moved to tears over the poor mother of the soldier son, who, going to a medium and paying her one dollar for her time, receives the comfort and consolation which a true and honest medium can give and which the mother had not received from clergyman or priest. So sympathetic a soul should have wept tears as big as a nickel, had he seen that same mother pay her last dollar to have that soldier boy prayed out of purgatory—a place he had never entered, and from which, had such a condition been possible, he could not have escaped until God and his angels in their own time approved.

These things are really of too small moment for discussion. I feel much as I do when I talk with a friend who still believes that the earth is flat. I bring all kinds of arguments to prove that it is a globe, but to no avail. I simply have to leave him to his dark-age theory, thankful that I am living in times that are, and not

times that have been, that I am capable of grasping a truth, whenever and wherever I see it.

Now, there must be a right way and a wrong way for finding the Truth: If I were to study music, I would seek a school or instructor of whose fitness and capability I had no doubt. I would not go to a blacksmith for musical instruction. If I were to be a lawyer, I would go to a school where law was understood and taught. If I were to become a physician, I would attend a medical school, and whichever of these vocations I might choose, I would seek to know the exact truth, above all else.

So, also, if I were to study into any religious order, Protestant or Catholic, I would not go to a horse-race or a ball game; I would attend the religious service of that church. I would read every book upon the subject that I could find, and I would approach such investigation with an open mind and a heart desirous of receiving the Truth.

If I were seeking to learn the so-called mysteries of Spiritualism—which are not mysteries at all, but simply the working of God's natural laws—I would not go down among the half-civilized Mexicans and interview their sleight-of-hand performers; neither would I attend some dime show or cheap vaudeville to witness the maneuvers of a magician or trickster and call it "investigating Spiritualism."

Were it not better to be honest with oneself, one's followers, the press and the public, and seek Spiritualism where Spiritualism is taught, at its meetings and through its teachers and its printed literature?

Neither saint nor sinner can deny that the Bible gives many instances in which the so-called dead have communicated with, and have also appeared to, the living in person; have materialized.

The Catholic Church has from its beginning taught the "Intercession of Saints." If in one case an inhabitant of the life beyond may communicate with the dweller upon earth, learn his needs and intercede in his behalf, why not in many other cases? May not what has been done still be done? Or is this intercommunication for the benefit of a chosen few, and what are the requirements for this choice?

Granting that this communion between the spirit-world and this world is possible, is it an unreasonable conclusion that those who have loved and been most interested in us upon earth will claim this right of communication and helpfulness from the world beyond, although they may not have been placed in the Calendar of the Saints?

Five hundred years ago, a little peasant maid heard the spirit voices, listened to them and obeyed them, and by so doing not only "led a despairing nation to victory and a glorious future," but forever

consecrated the visions and voices whose inspiration she followed.

Less than two years after her signal victory at Orleans, she was tried and condemned by a jealous, superstitious tribunal, and was burned at the stake as a heretic and sorceress.

Twenty-five or more years later, by order of the Pope of Rome, a committee was formed to investigate her claims of direct spiritual guidance and the manner of her trial. They became fully convinced of the truthfulness of her assertions. Her sentence was revoked by the Pope.

The Catholic church has since upheld the reality of her divine inspiration, and today there is in progress the necessary red-tape to place her among the Saints. Yet by the same body her inspiration was said to have come from the devil. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Joan of Arc was a medium and followed the instructions given her through her mediumship. Had her works been evil, neither the revoking of her sentence nor her canonization would have changed the fact. In her case, as it will be with every honest medium, truth eventually prevailed over falsehood and ignorance.

The recently published articles to which I have referred, are not alone amusing; they are puerile and unreasonable. They must have been written as a joke! Any medium employing such methods would at once be pronounced a fake by every true Spiritualist in the land.

That there are fake mediums, as well as fake parsons and priests, we admit, but do we condemn the whole priesthood, the whole religious system because of the fraudulent article? Does not the spurious coin prove the existence of the genuine? Does not the counterfeit show that there is something worth counterfeiting?

It is indeed surprising in this enlightened age, at a time when the brightest and keenest intellects of the world are turning toward Spiritualism and are seeking to learn its truths, that a man can be found possessing so little gray-matter as to suppose that the methods which he describes would for one moment hold the attention of an honest, thinking mind.

Why, if I had delved into the subject since 1882, and had accomplished so little, I would drop it as too great for my dwarfed intellect and devote my time to building up my own religion, at least, if I could not build up, I would not tear down by showing my own inefficiency. If our friend has learned so little from so long study, one almost wonders how he ever attained the position of instructor in any college, and of what earthly use he can be there!

We are taught that truth eventually will prevail. If spirit-return is a truth, it will continue to withstand persecution, ridicule and investigation, as it has for the past seventy-two years. From a weak and struggling faith of lowly origin—

for "God hangs the heaviest weights on the smallest wires"—it has grown to the proportions of a modern Samson, and there is no thought in the religious world today that so appeals to thinking people as the teachings of Spiritualism.

People are demanding the right to think for themselves, and to accept the truth wherever they find it, irrespective of church or creed. It is this fact which so arouses the animosity of those who would fain do the thinking for the world.

Our friend speaks of a "blue book." If he found it where he carried on his investigations into Spiritualism, it was doubtless an index of the cheap actors which he found there, and of their dupes, like himself. How much more good might have been done during these forty years had this gentleman confined himself to his legitimate work. He might also have accumulated a fortune, for many a man has become rich by simply minding his own business!

And now that this Reverend Gentleman from Mexico has been assured that Spiritualism has come to stay, that it is in its purity a living, growing, joy-giving and peace-producing faith; that he is at liberty to investigate it and delve into it as deep as he pleases, I would like to save him another forty years of study by telling him briefly in closing, just what Spiritualism is, and what we, as Spiritualists, believe.

To understand Spiritualism, one must be willing to know and accept truth wherever found. He must get out of the Dark Ages, be progressive, be honest with himself and those about him, for Spiritualism is broad in its teachings, seeing the good in all religions and condemning none.

It believes in and teaches an Infinite Intelligence. God—One Father, A Universal Brotherhood, all traveling over the same road toward one and the same destiny, and that destiny the abiding place of all God's children.

We teach a Loving Father, no Hell, but that we reap as we sow whether it be good or ill. We accept the Golden Rule as a safe guide to follow in our daily walks of life. We believe that God is Spirit; that God is Love and that that same spirit and love abides in each and every one of His children; that it is a duty to develop that spirit and to send that love broadcast over the world.

"Like as a father pitieth His children," so God's love and mercy go out to those who love, not fear Him, for God does not want fear, but the "love that casteth out fear." If we love God "with all our heart," then we shall "love our neighbor as ourselves," and this is what He requires of us.

We believe that when we cast aside this physical body, the spirit steps from one condition of life into another and a more progressive life.

We believe that it has been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that our loved ones who have passed into this fuller and more progressive life, can, and do come to us, communicate with us, guiding and helping us in whatever is for our best good.

We believe that the door of reformation is never closed either in this life or the other; that God is willing and anxious for our development and progression, and that we continually are drawing nearer to Him by living in obedience to His Divine Truth, and by keeping in touch with the great Divine Power.

We believe that there is a Divine Fountain of Wisdom and Truth, and that we can come to that Fountain and draw from its fountains, whether we be Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Spiritualist.

We believe that there is but one destiny and that when we enter those wide-open gates, there will be no question as to Church or Creed, that our standing in the other life will be wholly determined by the life we have lived while in the body, and no ticket for a reserved seat will be issued, no matter what price one is willing to pay, either to church or man, for it.

We leave our wealth, our position, our society, all our earthly belongings on this side, and all we can take over there is the benefits we have derived from our experience here.

We believe that God is fully capable of caring for this universe, and that all things work for our best good, because there is a loving Father, in all and above all.

Need such a religion fear the criticism of the ridicule of either the wise or the foolish? Can our good brother offer to the world a better Faith, a purer method of thinking and living? If so, I can only say, "God speed to you and your Church."

"Demonism" Answered

The following item appeared in *The Cleveland, (Ohio) News* under the caption, "What Is Spiritualism?"

To the Editor of *The News*:—It surely has stirred me to see the enormous amount of advertising that "Spiritualism" is receiving at the hands of our press. "Spiritualism," what is it? "Demonism?" Spirits of devils working miracles? Why are so many people attracted to it? To one ever connected with it there is a peculiar fascination in it as in every movement. What special attraction has "Spiritualism?" Two important things; namely, the miracles performed, the supposed communication with departed loved ones.

What will be our guide in life? What shall we look to in deciding? The Bible, God's revealed will to man, that which shall judge us in that last great day.

In Moses' time, according to the Scriptures, spiritualists, etc. were termed

those having familiar spirits, wizards, etc.

The Israelites were forbidden to tamper with or have any intercourse with spiritualists whatever. (Leviticus 15:31, Isa. 8:19, Isa. 19:3.)

If they were found guilty, they were condemned to death. (Lev. 20:27.)

Can the dead come back? Jesus says no! (Luke 16:26.) Jesus in telling of the rich man in hell and poor man in Abraham's bosom, says, "And beside all this there is a great gulf fixed. So that they which would pass from hence to you can not. Neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

What then are these forms seen and photographed which cause much comment in the nation and the world? I quote from the Bible again. "They are spirits of devils working miracles."

CLYDE A. WARNOCK,

Pastor Church of God.

To the Editor of *The Cleveland News*:—

Please publish the following in answer to article written on Spiritualism by Rev. Clyde A. Warnock which appeared in the *News*, January 28, 1920.

Ques.—"Spiritualism"—What is it?

Ans.—SPIRITUALISM is the Science, Philosophy and Religion of continuous life, based on Demonstration.

Ques.—Why are so many people attracted to it?

Ans.—SPIRITUALISM teaches personal responsibility.

It removes all fear of death which is really the portal of the Spirit World. It teaches that death is not the cessation of life, but mere change of condition. It teaches, not that man has a soul, but that man is a soul, and has a body. That man is a spiritual being now, even while encased in the flesh. That as man sows on earth, he reaps in the life to come. That those who have passed on are conscious—not asleep. That communion between the living and the "dead" is scientifically proven.

It thus brings comfort to the bereaved, and alleviates sorrow. It brings to the surface man's spiritual gifts, such as inspiration, clairvoyance, clairaudience and healing powers. It teaches that the spark of Divinity dwells in all. That as a flower gradually unfolds in beauty, so the spirit of man unfolds and develops in the spirit spheres.

SPIRITUALISM is God's message to mortals, declaring that There Is No Death. That all who pass on still live. That there is hope in the life beyond for the most sinful. That every soul will progress through the ages to heights, sublime and glorious, where GOD IS LOVE and LOVE IS GOD. It is a manifestation, a demonstration, and a proof of the continuity of life and of the truth of the many Spirit manifestations recorded in the Bible. It demonstrates the many Spiritual gifts with which mankind is

endowed but which through want of knowledge have been allowed to lay dormant, or through prejudice have been violently and unjustly suppressed.

Ques.—Can the dead come back?

Ans.—Rev. Warnock quoted, "Jesus says, No."

If this assertion were true, how was it possible for the psychics in Moses' time, to communicate with the spirits, so-called? You admit that communication took place at that period of time between the two worlds, so to speak—the earth-world and the spirit-world. Was Jesus Christ an evil Spirit? If only evil spirits returned to the earth-plane, then Jesus Christ was an evil Spirit. You do not fear His return but constantly pray for it instead. Jesus Christ did return and all churches teach and ministers preach the ascension and the books written by His Apostles after the transition affirm it. If the Bible is the Word of God, inspired by God, from where did the inspirations come and from whom?

John 20th and 21st Chapters: I would be pleased to have you read the first and second book of Corinthians and to hear your explanation of these. Don't merely read words, but study them and think and reason for yourself.

"Ask and ye shall receive."

"Knock and the door shall be opened unto you."

(Signed) Mrs. J. P. TAFE,
2802 Cedar Avenue.

Home-Spun Psychics

The following remarkable—indeed, amazing—article is taken from *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* of May 2, the article being by Grace Epperson:

Following the lead of Sir A. Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, Maurice Maeterlinck and other famous writers and scientists who have testified to a belief in the occult, Violet Tweeddale, the well known Scotch authoress, has just completed a remarkable detailed account of her own personal experiences with ghosts. She began seeing ghosts, she declares, when she was 6 years old and since then she has seen a great many more.

Mrs. Tweeddale has embodied her experiences with ghosts in a book, "Ghosts I Have Seen," published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Violet Tweeddale had her initial encounter with ghosts as a child when two very spooky visitors, upon which, later, she and her brother conferred the names "Silk Dress" and "Rumpus," began raising all kinds of mysterious ructions around the nursery and the children's bedroom. She doesn't recollect that anything particularly psychic happened to her before the age of 6 years. But from the moment "Silk Dress" and "Rumpus" made their first appearance, her acquaintance with spooks became large and exceedingly varied.

"It all happened through 'Silk Dress' and 'Rumpus,'" Mrs. Tweeddale declares. "From far down on the ground floor, we heard footsteps, quietly and methodically ascending and the rustle of a silk dress. We could hear quite distinctly when 'it' arrived at the first floor, which was occupied by our parents, then 'it' passed on to the next flight of stairs, leading to our floor.

"The sound of footsteps and the rustle of the dress became more and more audible as 'it' drew near. We could tell the second at which 'it' passed from the last step on to the corridor, which led past our half open door. Then there was a thrilling moment or two when the tip-tap of shoes and the swish of silk on the linoleum were quite loud, but the footsteps never halted. They always swept past the half closed door and went on into a smaller room beyond used for storing boxes. Then dead silence fell again.

"In the summer mornings we always sat up in bed and intently watched when disturbed by 'Rumpus.' When 'Rumpus' roused us brusquely from our slumbers it was by means of demoniac pandemonium. The room was in possession of 'them' and 'they' crashed and banged and tossed the furniture about in the most reckless fashion. * * * No one else in the house ever heard it and our vivid descriptions were, perhaps, attributed to nightmare. We, of course, knew it was nothing of the sort. * * * Suddenly the tumult would cease. The mystery lay in the fact that we never saw anything moving, though we distinctly heard everything moving and could feel our beds reel beneath us."

Mrs. Tweeddale relates how she and her father went ghost hunting near Broughton Hall, an old Scotch mansion, extremely promising from the ghost hunter point of view. "It was November, dry, but wild and bitterly cold. Billowy white snow clouds, scudding before a brisk north wind threw us alternately into light and darkness, as they covered and uncovered the face of the full moon. We had emerged from our house about half-past 9, and had reached the back of Broughton Hall. The house was shrouded in darkness and dead silence. Every blind was close drawn and the suggestion was one of utter emptiness. My father and I were walking apart, I being right under the shadow of the walls, while he was in the middle of the paved court, which had neither hedge nor walls but met the edge of the field running up to it.

"Suddenly I heard him whisper, 'Hush!' though we never did utter a word while close to the house. His arm was pointing in front of him. I stared ahead, and then I saw, clearly lit by the moon, a woman who had just rounded the corner of the house. She was running hard, straight toward us and her feet made no

sound on the round, uneven cobblestones.

"Terror suddenly seized me and I darted across to my father and got well behind him, seizing him firmly round the waist. The woman came on, rushing wildly. She had nearly reached us, and I was almost thrown over as my father faced her and backed to allow her to pass. I peeped round him and saw a woman, ghastly pale and distraught looking, clad in a white nightdress. Two long strands of black hair streamed out behind her, and her bare arms were outstretched in front. In a flash she had passed, and absolutely silently, and a few moments later I found myself lying on the ground alone and my father vanishing in hot pursuit.

"I quickly picked myself up and joined the chase. Terror lent me wings and in a minute or two, I came up with him standing breathless by the gate.

"Vanished into thin air just as I reached her. That's always the way, you can't catch them," he said."

Getting "a tip" on a horse race from a ghost was one of the astonishing experiences of Violet Tweeddale. In explaining this she says: "One day I drove by appointment to the house of a neighbor, to meet Miss Catherine Bates, author of 'Seen and Unseen.'"

"Just before I started, my husband, half in fun and knowing Miss Bates to be a psychic, said: 'Ask her what horse is going to win the Cambridgeshire.'"

"It was not until I was seated in the carriage, exchanging a few parting words with the two ladies, that I suddenly recollected my husband's request. As the horses were starting, I called out to Miss Bates:

"Tell me, what's going to win the Cambridgeshire?"

"The answer was prompt and clear:

"Marco to win—for a place' (I regret that I cannot remember the name of the second horse).

"As I drove away I waved my hand and directly I got home I told my husband, 'Marco to win—for a place.'"

"He was much interested in this 'tip' from so well known a psychic, and of course we backed Marco to win.

"The event duly came off and I wrote to Miss Bates thanking her for the good turn she had done me.

"Her reply astounded me.

"She began by saying she had not heard me putting any question to her, and knew none of the horses' names.

"Her hostess cared nothing for racing and was as ignorant as she was upon the subject, but she did remember hearing me call out to Miss Bates.

"I then questioned our coachman and footman. Both distinctly remembered my calling out the question, and both, keen on racing, listened for the reply, but they heard none."

Violet Tweeddale says she frequently

met the ghost of a young woman who always asked her to have a drink. She narrates this strange experience as follows:

"A year or two after we took a cottage on the Thames and there during our summer visits, I had an uncomfortable experience.

"There was something wrong with the sideboard end of the dining room. For a long time I could not make out what it was. My attention was constantly attracted to the spot. If I passed the door I thought instantly of the sideboard. In plain language I was constantly being invited by some invisible person to come in and have a drink. If I was putting anything away in the sideboard the suggestion was always very strong. . . . I always resisted the suggestion. I suppose because I did not happen to want anything to drink—for years I have been a total abstainer—and at the time I certainly did not realize the menace of those suggestions.

"Now and again I caught sight of a small oblong, gray cloud, hovering in front of the sideboard, but it was not until many months afterward, that I saw something much more definite. The gray shadow had become the clearly defined shade of a small woman. She hovered about the spot in a wavering undecided manner. It was apparent that she was seeking something. One day in a flash, I recognized the truth, the suggestion came from her. She was inviting me to drink with her."

That animals also have spirits who "walk," Mrs. Tweedale believes. She tells of a dead man who returned in the form of a black spaniel and of how living dogs made friends with or exhibited mistrust of a pack of ghost dogs. She says:

"Twice in my life I have seen the wraith of our own dogs, Pompey and Triff. Pompey was a big brindled bulldog of terrifying aspect and angelic nature. My husband and I adored him and his death caused us great grief. Indeed, the whole household mourned him long and deeply. About ten days after his death, I suddenly caught sight of him walking in front of me down the avenue. On the spur of the moment I called him by name, then he vanished. This dog's ghost also appeared to the Duchess of Sutherland while she was visiting me."

The author tells how she can "feel" a haunted room, and be able to tell it by the curious color of its shadows. On one occasion to disprove a doubt that she possessed such power, she walked through many rooms straight to the haunted room in a castle.

With all respect to Violet Tweedale, who, we suspect, may have been tempted to take the drink the "ghost" was indulgent enough to offer to her, we must

admit that her recitation displays very little familiarity with spirit manifestations, but a considerable degree of ability as a writer of fiction.

Apparently this author knows little about seances, but a great deal about "spooks," and has some slight knowledge of horse-racing.

"Marco to win—for a place," however, does not ring quite true to our memory of sporting page vernacular. They were wont to say something about "win, place and show," but of course, that is another story.

We were saddened a trifle, upon reading the above narrative, that this lady did not spend much time in cemeteries, where "spook hunters" usually look for "ghosts." We have no knowledge that burial-grounds are the festive resorts of uptrending spirits, but we have much faith in the Law of Attraction, and tarry in consideration of that law over the incident of the "spook" who offered this lady a drink on many and divers occasions.

Many poor folk will read this tale with eyes popping and jaws fallen far apart, but persons at all familiar with Spiritualism will recognize in Violet Tweedale's narrative a great gulf that separates her from Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

We venture, further, that whatever it was this good lady experienced, it did not belong to anything of spirit—but then, perhaps much misinformation is required in order to awaken interest and lead to the truth itself.

The beetle-browed, deep-visaged college professor was once a poor child struggling with the subtleties of the differences between cat and rat, and not understanding why more than one rat is rats, and more than one mouse is not mouses.

Even in Spiritualism, perhaps we need kindergartens, and we note that heaven has provided them!

SOCIETY WOMEN "OUIJA" A BOOK

From *The Cleveland Press*, we offer the following:

Washington, April 29—Ques.—Where is the spirit world?

Ans.—All about the universe there are spaces which are filled with spirits.

Ques.—Spirit, what are the dwellers on other planets like?

Ans.—All are like you in form.

Ques.—If we learn to write (automatically), can we get in touch with the people we love who are with you?

Ans.—Those you love . . . will always be near you when you need.

Ques.—Do people suffer when they are killed?

Ans.—Death is never painful.

A little book of a scant 120 pages entitled "To Walk With God," and containing many statements like these quoted

above, has created the biggest sensation Washington has known for years.

It is another purported spirit communication, by way of the ouija board, and is publicly acknowledged as having been obtained by two of the most important women in social and government circles in this country.

The co-authors are Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the former secretary of the interior, and Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale, daughter of James G. Blaine.

Ouija Board Party

The whole affair started when Mrs. Lane's daughter, Nancy—whose marriage on the 20th of this month to John C. Kauffman, was the most brilliant social event of many a Washington season—gave a ouija board party to a group of her subdeb friends.

It was at this party that the ouija begged Mrs. Lane to "WRITE BOOK," and directed that Mrs. Beale be sent for.

"Mrs. Lane considered it a great joke," said Mrs. Beale, when interviewed in her Washington home, "but she telephoned me to come to tea the next day and told me all about it. We tried the ouija and the communication we received was of so serious a nature that we decided to continue."

High Moral Tone

The result is the recently published book. The messages came in the form of lessons, and are of high ethical and moral tone.

"Service" is the keynote of their teachings, and while the book contains no particularly new thought, the simplicity and dignity of the ouija's language places the message received by Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Beale beyond the ordinary "freak" class of communications purporting to emanate from this source.

"Mrs. Lane," said Mrs. Beale, "had never been particularly interested in spiritism. But I always have been more or less interested. I know Sir Oliver Lodge personally, having met him in Boston years ago, and I have followed his experiments with keen interest."

The following statement is made in the preface to the book:

"We should perhaps add, for its bearing on the subject, that while one of us had no insistent personal claim in the life beyond our own, the other had lost an only son, killed in the St. Mihiel drive in September, 1918."

This is Mrs. Beale's son. He is not, however, the communicator of the book.

"We have had no intimation as to who this spirit we communicate with is—or rather who he was in this world," said Mrs. Beale. "We are inclined to feel that he was unknown to us when living."

The following statement appears at the beginning of the book and is signed "Anna W. Lane—Harriet Blaine Beale."

"We give the lessons exactly as we re-

ceived them . . . we have no idea whether they will have for others the spiritual significance they have for us . . . but we pledge our word that we have put nothing of our own into the text. We have considered it an imperative duty to add this small link to the chain of testimony which is binding our world each day more closely to the next."

We hope that these ladies have received a real message, but why is it that developed mediums, through whom come clear, direct messages from spirit—and who, therefore, must have been developed by the spirit-world—would be ignored where as these society ladies get important space?

Ah! We have it! The mediums take pay for their services, because—poor devils—they must live! But God loves society, and will ask His spirit-world to bow down before the golden throne. This must be so, or else why should God have sent His Own Jesus Christ to be born in a manger and to be crucified on the cross?

Under the right conditions—giving time sufficient for development—the ouija may become the avenue for messages. But these "ouija parties" give us a deep, sharp and distinct pain that travels from our solar-plexus to those portions of our cerebral hemispheres that cry out for air and water!

Years ago, in San Francisco, lived a very beautiful couple. This was in the days when Queen Victoria was still in the flesh, and in fact some years before she passed out.

This man and his wife were given to using the ouija, but the stuff that came through was—well, it was like that only more profane, so they set the ouija aside, forswearing it as an instrument of the devil.

But time heals many wounds, and as the months sped, they longed for the dear old ouija. And asking guidance, they sat down—and Ouija, very solemnly, slowly and with evident meditation, spelled out, "Queen Victoria has passed out."

"When?" they asked in surprise.

"Just now," came the solemn answer.

"Who is this writing?" they asked.

And the reply sent the Ouija spinning across the room. It was: "Jesus Christ!"

They were society people—and why did they doubt this message? To be sure, Queen Victoria did not pass out for some years after that, which may have shaken their faith.

We have had numerous letters saying that the messages coming through the ouija, are signed, "God."

So it goes!

There are many who—oh, merciful, heavens, no!—would never think of attending a seance, but they will drink in all the operations of their own reflexes

that come through the ouija or otherwise.

If they are in society, they seem to qualify, as did those honored patriarchs of Massachusetts, of whom it is said:

"The Adamses talked with the Lowells, and the Lowells talked with God!"

The Sun's Tempestuous Tirade

On Sunday, May 2, *The New York Sun*, acquired recently by Frank A. Munsey, devotes a page to the subject, "Is Spiritism a Menace to Coming Generations."

Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., Dr. Frederick Peterson, Dr. William B. Carpenter, "who first pointed out the menace of spiritualism," and who looks—well, rather dyspeptic and set in his ways; and Dr. E. Crosby-Kemp, psychiatrist and psychologist—a lady, by the way—have their portraits published as taking a firm stand against "the practice of spiritism."

The burden of the screed, which we do not publish, is this: Spiritualism is driving people to the asylums, and heredity will breed a bad race of lunatics! That is what Mr. Munsey's paper requires a full page to state!

But—who has proved heredity? Who has shown that there is a law of heredity? There is not even a rule—never was and never will be.

But if Spiritualists should ever breed this sad, sad race, let us say, and it should be inspired to commit the murders incident to the Spanish Inquisition and St. Bartholemew's Eve, then it would be high time to suppress this "vice."

The Rev. Father Vaughan is not quoted as saying how many generations were required to breed the religion zeal that led up to the above-mentioned slaughters of innocent persons. But likely, he has had more or less schooling along this and similar lines, and feels that perhaps, with religious bodies counter-balancing one another, there is less danger today of "a holy war," but views with alarm the prospect of what might happen if people cease to be afraid of the "Boo!" shouted by the priesthood for many centuries.

Dr. E. Crosby-Kemp, who says that she seeks only natural law, asserts gravely, in this article, that "Too often we have determined by combinations of circumstances that an ancestral hysteria, due to spiritualistic excitement, on a low degree of will power, has brought this curse on the child!"

May God's pity rest upon her! She has discovered no such thing, but if she looks back far enough she might find generations of bodies famished and harmed by lack of food due to the aggression of organized church work, that built up kingdoms of princely wealth for church aggrandizement, without caring a whoop for the deluded folk who gave their all!

When such evident efforts are put forth

—in the name of science—based on theories that have failed continuously to stand up under the scrutiny of search—we much admit that the opponents of Spiritualism are hard pressed for arguments.

If they can do nothing else, they lie—gladly, but always in the same old bungling manner.

The religious hysteria of the past has not been due to Spiritualism, and any person who has ever read the blood-stained pages of orthodox history, knows the truth!

Spiritualism is referred to in this article, as "the cubist religion!" So it is cubist thought that believes that Jesus Christ was right when He told mankind that we do not die, but keep on living! Any presentation of direct evidence of the Fatherhood of God, and Immortality, comes as a shock to those pitifully weak mortals who seek, by foul means if needs be, to hold the world back and keep it in the clutches of the priesthood of orthodoxy, capital and cruelty!

A Show-window of Ignorance

The following is from a recent issue of *The Kansas City Star*:

Would you be a spirit medium? It is the easiest thing in the world, and there is money in the business.

For \$150 you can buy a first class medium's outfit. One must learn how to work it, of course; but the necessary printed instructions are readily obtained from dealers who sell the apparatus, furnishing what are called "mediums' supplies." One dealer advertises (discreetly through the mails) "spirit forms for materialization, no two alike, of special luminous material, and very durable. price \$20 to \$30."

Ghostly apparatus, like everything else, has risen in cost, but for \$10 you can get a "double slate, to be written on and closed, which, when opened, reveals the spirit message and answer to any question." Spirit trumpets that float in the air, self playing guitars and mystic hands that appear and disappear are inexpensive articles. For \$25 you may purchase a "rapping table" guaranteed to reproduce the phenomena originated by the celebrated Fox sisters.

To such an extent has the spook business already been commercialized. Where there is a profitable demand for "spirits" the supply will never be lacking. Nor will there ever be a scarcity of believers. For most persons' minds are so constituted that they can and do believe everything they wish to believe. And where the supernatural is concerned they commonly disdain to exercise the faculty of reason.

The magicians of old made a specialty of specters, and their skill in summoning the shades of the departed is a matter of record as far back as history goes.

But the so-called "spiritualism" of today is based upon an American invention, an idea originated by the Fox sisters, who in 1848 dwelt in Hydesville, N. Y. The house in which they lived was alleged to be haunted by the ghost of a murdered peddler, who was supposed to be responsible for mysterious knockings. Kate, one of the sisters, discovered that the spook would answer raps in a way that she requested—one knock for "no," three knocks for "yes," and so on.

The idea was developed and the sisters started in Rochester a business of communicating with the dead. They were the first "mediums," and customers eager for news from departed relatives flocked to their seances. It is alleged that they produced supernatural rappings by throwing their great toes out of joint and using them in this temporarily dislocated state to tap-tap on the table leg. In fact, Kate is said to have confessed this much before she died.

It was easy by calling over the letters of the alphabet to make the taps spell out any message. Later, by the Fox sisters and their successors in the spiritistic art, improvements were made and new and striking departures undertaken. Bells were rung, music was made without instruments, ghostly lights glimmered, human hands floated about and faces and figures appeared to view, recognizable as those of relatives or friends who had "passed on."

In short, the art has attained high development as a branch of "illusion magic." Black lined "cabinets" have come into use for spectral performances. "Spirit writing" on slates appeals strongly to the credulous and photographs are produced to order showing ghosts of dead persons hovering about any living individual who will pay to have his picture taken on expensive dry plates furnished by the medium.

This kind of magic, obviously, has an enormous advantage over the stage performance of the professional "wiz." People who go to see the latter are fully aware that they are being tricked; furthermore, their mental attitude is alert and critical. Spectators at a spiritistic seance, on the other hand, are usually anxious to believe, and the medium, unlike the stage magician, operates in the dark.

Not only the cabinet, but also the wall behind it is usually hung with black. Where "materializations" are offered the medium commonly has two or three assistants—one of them a child or a small woman. At the proper time a woman confederate, let us say, steals into the darkened room through a door near the cabinet. She is wholly concealed by a black robe and she wears rubber soled shoes. The audience has been requested to sing a hymn, which helps to cover any slight noise. Beneath, the woman is

dressed in ghostly white and her face is painted with luminous paint—a shining spirit face when her black hood is removed to reveal it. To appear, she opens her robe in front; to disappear she closes it. By closing it in a certain way she gives the effect of disappearing through the floor.

An English believer has recently invented and patented a large box, or small room, specially constructed for seeing spirits. Phantoms are rarely seen in a bright light, because such a light shines clear through them and is not reflected from them so as to make them visible. Accordingly, the room is illuminated by light filtered through a blue liquid, and any spirits that may happen to be present are sure to be distinguished by the eye.

The opponents of Spiritualism, first of all, are liars. The person who wrote the above article, has stated one falsehood after another. Any person who understands the phenomena of Spiritualism, knows that no such equipment is found in any seance-room, and that seances given in homes of strangers, where the medium knows no one, produce the same results obtained in the medium's own seance-room. There are scores of mediums who have been put to tests such as the weak brain of the above writer could not devise—and Spiritualism has moved forward in ways unknown to the professional reporter.

These statements—dealing with "magic equipment" for those who appear in shows, or are professional magicians—is such an evident, wicked, premeditated falsehood, that a newspaper of the standing of *The Star* should refuse it space.

It is sensational, and the public demands its sensations. Through such offensive attacks, Spiritualists must progress. The stronger and more wicked the lies, the faster the growth of Spiritualism will be—and those who feel sad to think that such persecution is possible in these so-called enlightened days, should bear in mind that The Law of Compensation takes no vacation, and that the reaction against this unfairness must be the growth of Spiritualism.

Such folk as these accuse us of being "nuts." Maybe we are—and maybe they are. But if we qualify under the nut classification, at least we do not have to become liars in addition.

The uninformed reporter, the sensation-seeking editor, and the wilful religious zealot, are having their show—but time passes, and with its passing, ignorance will be less secure. The day must come when many who are attacking Spiritualism now, will try to explain away their attacks. If it is not here, it will be hereafter, where reporters and other liars will have small scope and no consideration—except as they struggle

back through the fog to the light of truth, and wonder why they sold their souls for a few dollars a column!

Another Attack on Lodge

The penalty of being great, is to be criticised by the little egotists, who can be no greater than their own ability permits—but who can appear learned and condemn the great.

Following is an editorial from a recent issue of *The Memphis News Scimitar*:

"If a man die, shall he live again?" There is not an older question than that, nor one more fascinating to the diminutive, shortlived, precocious and in the main egotistical creatures that make up what is called humanity.

In his new book, "The Survival of Man," Sir Oliver Lodge presents the argument already become familiar through his lectures in this country, that the spirit of a man lives after his dust is returned unto dust, and is in a position to communicate with former friends still incarnate on this earth.

Sir Oliver was in the front rank of scientists before he turned his energies to spiritualism, and eminently qualified for a rigorous investigation of the extravagant claims of that cult, yet his findings are not at all in general acceptance as yet.

The following of Sir Oliver is made up of several groups of persons that can be easily recognized. They are the bereaved people, pathetically eager to know by the evidence of their senses that their dead shall live again; they are again those weak in the faith, who want a better assurance of their own immortality; and they are, most of all, those men and women of dilettante circles who are desperately hard up for an easy topic of interest, like the Athenians who were accused of being always in search of some new things.

But scientists are unwilling to accept the circumstantial evidence elaborated by Sir Oliver in proof that the communications received by his media were genuine messages from departed spirits. They point to the well-nigh innumerable cases of proven fraud, and in the last resort to the possibility of a psychological explanation short of the supernatural.

The great body of the believers in the orthodox doctrines of the church do not care, even to consider Sir Oliver's hypothesis, regarding it as akin to sacrilege to push science to the point of measuring and testing in the other world. Render unto this Caesar of science, they say, the things that are Caesar's, but unto God the things that are God's.

And those who can lay claim neither to science nor to orthodoxy have exhibited still a different reaction, by considering the so-called spirit communications, guaranteed by Sir Oliver, as being so scattering, ridiculous, and pointless, that

it is well enough to wait a while, till the means of communication are improved, or the communicating spirits learn to carry on with friends left behind a more intelligent conversation, before becoming very agitated over the matter.

In the august presence of the learned editorial writer we humbly beg indulgence, and ask permission to differ with him in his views.

He says that only bereaved persons, those fearing they will have no immortality and those who need a new plaything, care to delve into Spiritualism.

The gentleman is wrong—so wrong that we fear he has studied but little.

Spiritualism is made up largely—and almost exclusively—of those persons who were weary of the get-nowhere theories of established religion. They found that there was no solace in their religions, because there was no assurance—and that sermons were based on Congress and the local political questions far more than on the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Spiritualism is made up of persons who dare to think, and who have the courage to think without writing to the local minister or newspaper editor for permission.

This, we fear, will shock our editorial friends who profess wisdom relative to a subject upon which they display the grossest ignorance.

This editorial writer may be a splendid man, but his position should make him cautious to assert, as fact, what is purely his own theory.

Still, he may be satisfied to learn that there are many cowards who cringe when he frowns, and that is why Spiritualism does not progress more rapidly. There are many pillars of orthodox churches who attend seances regularly, and come "under cover." They are afraid of condemnation.

If the Catholic Church found any such cowards in its congregation, it would throw them out bodily. And so would nearly any other church.

So long as thousands who believe, and lack the moral fibre to help them stand up and proclaim their faith, will continue to hang back and see their Truth slandered, editorial writers will feel free to get away with anything they wish—and while most of them likely wish to say only that which is weighty, truly it is a fine egotism that permits the editorial writer of *The News Scimitar* to make such unwarranted remarks about Sir Olive Lodge, who by his work has proved that his mind is so much brighter than that of his editorial critic, the comparison of the beating rays of the sun to the blinking nothingness of a Christmas candle still would be inadequate to picture the gulf that separates the two intellects!

Direct Spirit Communication

While we have had more or less slander to deal with this far (and more mostly), we now find a clipping from *The New York Evening Journal* of April 30, that favors us. Whatever Mr. Hearst may permit against Spiritualism, let us not overlook the fact that his papers print much favorable material and have done so for years.

The article follows:

Olean, N. Y., April 30.—Messages reported to have been received by an Olean woman from her son, who died on October 24, 1918, have caused a stir in local circles.

Burgess Ackerman, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ackerman, of No. 107 North Fourth street, was a victim of the influenza epidemic. Mrs. Ackerman's story of the remarkable spirit messages she has received from her son follows:

"I was a 'Tomboy' with my son and was his confidant and 'pal' all his lifetime. Then influenza came and took my darling to his new home. Our joy, pride and hope all went; our home was desolate. Burgess was fifteen years old, nearly six feet tall, a wonderful athlete, wonderfully developed physically and mentally. He loved his mother with an undying love. His father understood spiritualism a little, but Burgess and I would not accept it, nevertheless we held it in reverence for his father's sake.

"Once in a while Burgess and I would get a spiritualistic paper and sketch it over, in order that we might be up to the times on the subject, but that is all we knew about spiritualism.

Symbols of the Heavens

"About two weeks after his death, direct, mentally, from God's world, came our boy's voice to me. I would dearly love to tell you all of his messages and what a revelation it was to his father as well as to me, but it is impossible. However, I will tell some.

"Such beautiful symbols in the heavens of blue! I was gazing toward the western horizon, longing for my boy, when I said aloud: 'Burgess, if you know that your mother stands by this window praying for and to you, give me a symbol if nothing more than a lone star.' Instantly the heavens opened up like a double door rolling back and the bust of a beautiful woman, with flowing veil appeared like chiseled marble; then the doors closed again as evenly as though on rollers. Not just satisfied, I raised my right hand toward heaven and said: 'Burgess, if that was for me, what did it mean?' Quick as a flash he said he knew I was praying for him, so he sent my mother. She passed away eight years ago. That symbol is only one of the many I have had from my boy."

Mrs. Ackerman states that she receives telegraphic messages from her son, demonstrating on the panel of a door, the matter in which they come. She explained that Burgess had learned the Morse code as a boy scout, but that she knew nothing of the code until she just recently learned it.

"On a chamber door," she explained, "where I had not slept for five years, came dashes and dots, denoting telegraphy, right through the panel, and I knew that it must be the telegraph code, so I took a pencil and card and marked the dots and dashes as they came. After the sounds had ceased I got the telegraphic alphabet and applied it."

The little woman then showed the original card with the dots and dashes, with the symbols spelled out above them. The first word was "Burgess," the others were as follows:

"I use telegraphy. 'Tis lonesome. I have a home. I want mother to come. Tell Dad to have faith and smile."

A short time ago Mrs. Ackerman was awaiting a call over the telephone from Mr. Ackerman, who was six miles away. "The telephone bell rang," she said, "and when I took down the receiver a voice softly inquired, 'Is that you, mother?' I said softly, 'What?' and again the words were repeated. Then Mr. Ackerman spoke. As soon as I closed the telephone I raised both hands toward heaven and asked aloud, 'Burgess Ackerman, was that you?' Promptly he answered, 'Yes, Mom, I did it to let you know that I knew where Dad was.'"

Mrs. Ackerman stated that she receives similar messages and that they seem to be clearest between 6 and 6:30 o'clock in the morning.

Respect the religion of your fellows, if you would have them respect yours.

Post-mortem, is another way of saying, "After mortal cares." So let us learn more of post-mortem reality!

If there is to be good will on earth and peace to men, it must grow in the hearts of individuals—for as our hearts are, we are; as we are, humanity is.

Would you be inspired? Then seek your work with all your heart, with all your soul, because labor well done is a prayer—and God answers all sincere, worthy prayers.

Being brutally frank, is not always telling the truth. Telling things you know, simply because you know them, only to wound others, is not serving the truth. Until all folk progress to the higher standards of spiritual honesty, they can not say that they understand the truth well enough to tell it.

EDUCATIONAL

SEARCHING FOR YOUR OPEN DOOR

This is the fourth of a series of instructive articles dealing with various phases of psychic development. The first was about clairvoyance, the second was about crystal-clairvoyance, and the third dealt with clair-audience. This fourth is equally interesting.

IV—PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS

We arrive now at that feature of psychic nature that is the most abused and the least understood. More errors are committed by Spiritualists—and others, for that matter—through claiming as impressions whatever enters their minds than can be traced to any other form of psychic experience.

"I am impressed," says a person, "and my impressions never go wrong!" But those impressions are as likely to come from some preconceived idea, from prejudice, from temper, from indigestion or any one of numerous other causes that have nothing in common with guidance or soul-power.

One of the patent errors of mankind is this: When most persons arrive at a decision, no matter how wrong it is, they refuse to admit that they are mistaken. It is their belief, and how is it possible for them to go wrong? They could not possibly make a mistake!

Many persons, and particularly those interested in psychic matters, pet this false notion, and use it as a cloak to cover their errors. In time, they actually believe that every wild thought that goes scampering through their brains is an impression—and much to the disgust of thinking persons, they parade these impressions wherever they find an opportunity.

Let us write down a rule. We shall call it a rule and not a law: The mind thinks always. That is a spirit—or soul—property. It is a function of mind. But the mind may think disconnected and erroneous thoughts, because until we discover the difference between right and wrong, between that which is error and that which is correct, we do not think properly.

A furniture manufacturer understands the problems of his business. How could one, knowing nothing of furniture manufacture, be of any assistance to that business man? How could the person without that particular experience have any impressions about making furniture that would be practicable?

A patient calls to consult a physician, and that patient proceeds to do his own diagnosing and to prescribe his treatment. He thinks that the pains are his, and therefore he must understand them. What he expects is that the physician will tell

him how wise he is, and O. K. his diagnosis. If the physician disagrees, the patient becomes impatient.

A lady who decides she has a tumor, and rather likes the idea, will keep on going to physicians until she finds one who will agree with her, and he is a good doctor in her estimation. Maybe she has no tumor at all! But she wishes to have one—has a mania to have a tumor, can't be happy without having one!

Many persons without artistic ability or knowledge will profess impressions as to art—and their horrible daubs, in their eyes, make Raphael look like an amateur. They blind themselves to their own follies.

To have impressions, one must expect to possess some knowledge along the lines of the impression. Thousands of persons think that they write poetry, when their productions possess no poetic merit. They refuse to be told that they must understand poetry and have a gift of poetry, before they can expect to be impressed from the spirit-side by poetic conceptions. Without the knowledge of a thing, how is a person to recognize an impression regarding it when that impression arrives?

If you expect to develop impressions, they must harmonize with your knowledge. How can you attract impressions along a line of ability which you do not possess? How can a person of mediocre ability expect to attract the impressions that would come to the person of great ability?

Impressions, therefore, come according to one's ability, knowledge, experience—as well as in matters of self-preservation.

Attracting Helpful Impressions

We have been dealing in former articles with forms of psychic development that depend to a considerable degree upon relaxation—but impressions come best to those who study hard and who do their work joyfully. The machinist who does his best, and tries always to do better, not only becomes a better workman, but he attracts impressions that will go as far as his understanding permits. He may become a successful inventor. He has done the things that attract inventive impressions. He has opened those particular gateways in his mind, and he is able to recognize the value of the impression that comes to him.

A person who understands English and no other language would not expect to have revealed to him anything pertaining to German or Spanish or Latin. He would not know that he was being impressed. A person who wished to have a vegetable garden, but who never had ex-

perience in that direction, could scarcely hope to be impressed with what to do.

If you think that natural law will permit the spirit-world to pour knowledge into your head, or that desire alone is sufficient, you are mistaken. If you expect to be impressed in a way that will carry your knowledge and ability far beyond that of persons who have studied and worked along that line for years, and have made that line their specialty, you are mistaken. There would be no reward in hard, earnest work, if some psychic person could come along and be so impressed as to pass those who had studied and labored, thought and experimented, and who have learned all that their predecessors and contemporaries had worked out.

It is a pitiful sight to see a person claiming great psychic powers attempting to dictate to those who have had broad experience. There could be no greater egotism than this.

Hard, patient, progressive work, fortified by the joy of doing that work well, constitutes a prayer. It opens the way for guidance in that direction. It attracts those in spirit who have devoted ages to the study of that particular kind of work. And that—and only that—will bring helpful impressions.

But, in addition to the specialized labor, there must be the willingness to accept impressions. Without that willingness, the impressions will encounter obstacles and may be lost even to the person who has earned a right to receive them.

The housewife will attract impressions that will help her in her housework. The mechanic will attract impressions that will help him in his work. The artist will attract conceptions of beautiful pictures or designs, depending upon his kind of art. The inventor will attract impressions of invention.

But many who attract these impressions set them aside—and therefore do not encourage that gift which we often call origination.

Origination Is Impression

Solomon was right when he said that there is nothing new under the sun. There is nothing which God has not conceived. No mortal, no spirit, no individual in all of God's creation, ever has thought out something that God did not create the pattern for "in the beginning."

The writer says that he originates, but what he does is this: He studies his grammar, the use and meaning of words, spelling, punctuation and the other branches of his trade. He tries to improve upon his style. He seeks to do

better writing. These things he must do if he is to become a writer. The longer he studies, the better he becomes—and the more he develops his talent.

After a time, through his hard, patient labors, he attracts help from spirit. He "gets ideas." They flash across his mind, and then he proceeds to work them out. He has been impressed by some writer in spirit; likely by someone who was a great writer on earth.

The writer learns, after a few years, that if he will put himself in a calm mental state, feeling happiness in his work, and wishing to do the very best kind of writing, he will receive his impressions. The words will flow to him. He improves each month—each year. But he gets these impressions as he earns them, heeds them and cultivates them. In twenty or thirty years he may become a very great writer. In ten or fifteen years he may become a good writer. But he is not going to have all the writing ability of the universe poured into his brain in a few months or a few years. Human history proves that people do not become accomplished immediately.

In writing, the author starts by "thinking out" the fundamental ideas—those that have been worn threadbare. He starts with his own scope of comprehension. After a time, he can see that his first ideas were very crude, and he tries to cultivate better ideas. In a few years the plots of his stories begin to show signs of originality, and editors think enough of his work to pay for it, in a small way at least.

Until this author has grown to that point where he has opened his mind to higher and better impressions, he will not be a very capable writer. And so it is in all other trades and professions, with all other gifts.

The person who sets aside the fundamental truth that it takes time and effort—endless preparation and patience—will not develop a gift, and never will be capable of attracting and understanding impressions beyond his own ability.

Those persons originate who have back of them years of a certain kind of experience. They have earned their right to receive impressions, and up to that time impressions would have done no good, because they would have "gone over the heads" of the ones receiving them.

When you begin to originate, you are attracting the help of those in spirit who know your work much better than you know it—and who are pleased to use you as an instrument to give these new facts and helps to the earth-world.

You "originate" only as you understand. You originate only as you attract impressions. And if you realize always the law of attraction as an operating factor in impressions, you will try your best to develop your ability and understanding to the point where you can re-

ceive impressions that never have been given previously to mortals.

Impressions of Safety

Impressions are not confined to the class which has just been explained. They include other basic impressions that reach the understanding of all persons.

The girl, strange to the ways of the city, falls in with evil companions, who are careful to gloss over their badness. She gets deeper and deeper in the meshes of their pretended friendship until she becomes the victim of a plot. And then, when she is about to yield to some terrible temptation, she FEELS that she is being victimized—and so strong does this impression become, she is able to save herself.

Her spirit friends have permitted her to go far enough to be sure that she never will forget her experience. She will not be led into even the preliminaries of another entanglement. But her impressions have been so strong when she most needed them, they have saved her from disaster.

Every person can recall distinctly a number of different times when impressions saved that person from an accident or from some harmful move. Those impressions have remained in the minds of these persons for years; indeed, seldom are they forgotten, because the things which pertain to spirit are much clearer than those which are woven into our every-day earth lives.

Thus we find that urgent needs open the way for strong impressions, and if this is true, as every person can attest, it follows that it is possible to cultivate impressions when the needs are not so pressing. Whatever can occur in times of great stress may occur in less degree in other times.

If safety can bring its strong impressions, all our needs may attract impressions of some kind.

"The Still, Small Voice"

The more you develop impressions, the less likely you are to make costly or embarrassing mistakes. Something seems to tell you that a thing is right or wrong, but you feel ashamed to yield to this impression. Your judgment can point out no flaws in a business proposition, let us say, but your impression is all against it. You follow your judgment and set aside your impression.

There is an opposite to this condition: You have set your mind on making money and your madness to succeed blinds you to all signs that otherwise would warn you. The "still, small voice" within you, that would caution you, is silenced. You permit your judgment to be insulted by the glitter of the offer. You fail! You have attracted failure through your own mad selfishness. You say that you have a right to succeed, but God is the one who does that deciding. You have no right except that which you have earned.

How to Cultivate Impressions

If you would cultivate impressions—which we must regard as another name for guidance—do everything well, with all your heart, with a desire to improve.

Make every effort and every day count. Have no secret inclinations to shirk your duty. Be true to yourself by being true to your duties. Think only of the right thing, and you will attract the right thing. Learn to use your God-given brains and do not jump at any conclusion.

Keep yourself open for guidance, but do not feel that you can make no mistake. Remember that your guides may impress you through a series of actions and ideas, and not through one overpowering thought.

Impressions may come through a series of unfolding, progressive thoughts and experiences, so that the facts that are learned, will be learned well and lastingly.

If you feel "instinctively" that a thing is wrong, make no decision until you have had time to think it over. And in thinking it over, try to see all sides. This opens the gate still wider and permits your loved ones to bring the right idea to you.

Instantaneous impressions may come in times of great need, as in the prevention of an accident, but the majority of impressions come as a growth. The more thoughtful and studious you are the more quickly and accurately impressions will come to you. Everything worth understanding is not thought out in a minute. Some of the greatest truths known to humanity have been the products of a lifetime of constructive thinking. At each stage of such upbuilding thought and work, the impressions have been present, one leading to another.

You can not have all knowledge because you wish it, or all perception because you decide it will be yours.

The seed that is sown in a garden, germinates and becomes a vegetable much sooner than many impressions come through to mortals. Each impression is a series of stages, a process of growth.

If you wish to cultivate impressions, do your best—study, think, open the way.

In time you will get ideas, or "hunches," as they are called frequently, that will be excellent guides.

No matter how psychic you may be, do not expect to have impressions pertaining to every business, every profession, and every kind of experience.

The most helpful impressions are those which you understand, and you never will understand beyond the zone of your own experience and your own careful thinking.

Cultivate your impressions by cultivating your methods, and by trying to avoid that over-certainty that too often is called impression, erroneously, and which usually leads to disaster of some nature.

(Next installment: Inspiration)

Psychic Experiences

SEND YOUR EXPERIENCES

COMMUNICATION invites you to send in your psychic experiences. If you do not wish to have your name printed, initials only will be used. These experiences serve in placing before the public evidence of spirit existence and communication. If these experiences occurred in seance-rooms, we ask you to give the name and address of each medium concerned.

Mrs. Sybil Wheeler's Mediumship

"For several years Mrs. Sybil Wheeler was a resident of Springfield, Ill., where she gave seances. Mrs. Wheeler at this time is living on a farm near Dysart, Iowa, and has been very ill for some time.

"At one of her seances, about two years ago, some strange man who thought that he was showing great wit and good sense, turned on the light, and Mrs. Wheeler fell from her chair to the middle of the floor. I was one of the first to reach her and found her cold and stiff, just as though she had died. This happened about 10 o'clock in the evening, and it was 2 o'clock the next morning before she came out of this faint, and she was ill for a considerable time after that.

"This medium had a crucifix which she always had present in her seances. The house in which these seances were held was not wired for electricity, and what occurred could not be charged to electrical influence. This crucifix went all over the room by itself and placed itself in the laps of several persons present, and kissed me three times. I am sure that I can not explain it, and I know that it made all of us very serious and most of us cried.

"Here is another illustration of Mrs. Wheeler's mediumship: My mother and I had made an agreement that the one who passed out first would try to communicate with the survivor, and certain conditions of identity were decided upon. Mrs. Wheeler told me about this agreement and the facts associated with it.

"In many respects I am mediumistic. I hear things not spoken aloud, and yet they are as plain to me as though they were spoken. The manifestations we received through Mrs. Wheeler were very remarkable."—G. E. B., Springfield, Ill.

Two Interesting Experiences

"Carrie Kingsley and I were married at Angola, N. Y., in July, 1882, where she had been a teacher in the academy for several years. Later on we located at Columbus, Ind., where I had formerly lived, and where my parents still lived.

"I well remember our attending a church one Sunday evening while at Columbus, and after the services were over my wife was in a highly nervous condition. She said she could hardly wait until the services were over, and was in a highly nervous tension.

"We soon received the news that at that

same hour, while a lot of Sunday-school children were giving an entertainment on the upper floor of a public hall at Angola, the building took fire and a very dear pupil of hers had been consumed in the flames. The distance between the two towns was some 400 miles.

"I never knew the inner life of any person better than I did that of 'Uncle' Henry Coblentz and his wife, Leah—also 'Uncle' Christian Godfrey Mensch and his wife, Mary.

"In later life they lived on adjoining properties on the west side of Hartsville, Ind., where the United Brethren College was located. I and my chum, Dr. Henry M. Connelly of Illinois, both received our education at this college and we both boarded for nearly a year at the home of the Coblentz family.

"Uncle Henry passed out from what was supposed to be a rat bite, and from which he suffered terribly for a year, but his grandson informs me that it was really typhoid fever. I was far away on the railroad at the time of his passing.

"As Uncle Henry was sinking, his old neighbor and spiritual brother, Godfrey, said to him, 'You will soon be in your father's house.' He replied, in a whisper, 'My father's house is beautiful.'

"His widow, Leah, passed out some years later, and in her last earth-moments she cried, 'I see Henry.' She certainly did."—(Signed) Wm. H. Redman, Yakima, Wash.

Two Fullform Materializations

"Reading the inspirational Easter lecture by Mrs. M. E. Williams in COMMUNICATION for April, reminds me of my introduction to Spiritualism in New York, now fifteen years ago.

"Having heard of her seances, I was introduced by a mutual friend's card, and, with my wife, attended our first Spiritualistic gathering in the East. We were absolute strangers, the gentleman introducing us not being present. We were prepared to be 'onlookers,' feeling that materialization for our friends would be quite impossible at the first seance.

"It was with no small degree of surprise and gratification that we almost immediately heard the full, round voice of Mr. Cushman, Mrs. Williams' guide, extending a greeting to the twenty or more assembled. It was our first experience with direct voice communication, and the articulation was absolutely perfect.

"We had scarcely become accustomed to the voice when we were invited to the opening of the cabinet, where, when the curtains were withdrawn, I saw both my father and mother—the former fully developed and my mother about three-fourths developed. Father called my attention to his injured left hand, while

mother thrust her right hand through the curtain to my left shoulder, instantly developing to full stature, and with a whispered benediction, 'Bless you, my boy,' both dematerialized. We had been at the cabinet opening fully ten seconds, the room being darkened to twilight, but their own radiance was so bright as to bring out every feature with perfect distinctness.

"I have attended seances at Mrs. Williams' home when as many as four forms were wholly or partly developed at the same time, beside the vocal organs of Mr. Cushman."—(Signed) D. A. Reynolds, 138 Highpoint Ave., Weehawken, N. J.

Critics of Spiritualism will find it very difficult to explain away the appearance of two, three or four materialized forms at one time. If, as would-be scientists sometimes assert, these are nothing but emanations from the medium, then why do they bring the exact appearance of loved ones in spirit? And how could it be possible for more than one to materialize at a time?

The common charge that is made against materializing mediums is that most of the forms are transfigurations or ethereal changes built up around the body of the medium. Certainly no medium could be transfigured so to look like four persons at the same time!

The testimony presented by the above experience should be kept in mind and used by persons who are told by skeptical friends that materialization is nothing but fraud or illusion.

What a Little Child Saw

"I will tell you an experience I had in a place I worked when a girl. The family I worked for had two beautiful little girls. The little girl named Edith was exceptionally pretty and was about five years old. I gave her a doll carriage and her mother kept it in the front hall behind the stairs. She was very careful of it. No one ever used the hall except on certain occasions. The parlor was never used only when special company called, so the front door was always kept locked.

"One stormy day in winter the little girl asked if she and her sister could play with the doll carriage. The mother refused, but I told her to let them take it, so she consented. Edith stepped from the sitting room into the hall, but came back crying. We asked her what the trouble was, and to our surprise she said, 'The little girl won't let me take the carriage.'

"We said, 'What little girl?'

"She answered, 'Little girl big as me, hair like me. She pushed my hand off the carriage.'

"I went into the hall, but not a soul was there so far as I could see.

"We sent her again, with the same result. So I took the carriage and brought it into the room.

"Mrs. H., my mistress, had a little daughter, Mamie, who died of diphtheria when Edith was two years old. When Mrs. H. tried to coax Mamie to take her medicine or have her throat swabbed, she would say, 'Now, Mamie, I will buy you a big doll carriage when you get better.'

"Mrs. H. said it was Mamie whom Edith saw in the hall. They were not superstitious nor did they believe in visions of any kind."—(Signed) Mrs. Julia G. Watson, 251 Alpine St., Oakland, Maine.

Many children are very psychic because they are natural. This little girl did not question for a minute that there was another little girl using her doll carriage. Unquestionably this was a case of materialization, and the child herself may have been a medium. There was equal naturalness on the part of the spirit-child, who probably for a considerable time had desired to play with that particular carriage.

Very often dolls are brought to seance-rooms to give to children in spirit, and when the seance is over these dolls are not in evidence. There have been cases where they were brought back and re-materialized in homes without the presence of a medium. These facts are attested to by persons of good, sound judgment, and while they may not fall within the scope of the experience of the majority of persons, the fact that they can happen at all gives them weight and importance.

Manifestations in the Home

"I have followed out faithfully the instructions given in your book, 'The Development of Mediumship,' and now it is a common thing to hear the rappings, loud enough for others in the room to hear them distinctly. And I feel the loving touches of my departed dear ones on my face and hands. Often soft, warm hands, in which I can feel life pulsating, are slipped into mine when I lie in bed.

"A few days ago, as I felt one of these touches, I grasped a wrist in my hand, but the spirit resisted and my arm was thrown across my shoulder. I still held on, and made an attempt to turn over, when I was tickled in my side. This caused me to loosen my hold.

"My bed is in a small room, and I was lying facing the only door. The bed is against the farther wall. It would have been impossible for any mortal to have entered and played any tricks on me.

"Sometimes in the laundry I find sheets and other articles on which shorthand messages are written. Very often I will feel fingers in my hair and can feel them pulling out hairpins, which are dropped on the floor."—(Signed) Mrs. Helen Wal-

ler McAllister, 230 N. 142nd St., New York.

One may ask why those in spirit would manifest in this manner. The answer is because they are just as human as they were in the flesh, they are just as natural, and they wish to bring proof of their naturalness.

Those who look forward to immortality sometimes fear that it will be a most unnatural state. Therefore, a great abundance of evidence is brought back from the spirit-side of life to prove that life in spirit is as natural as life in this world, and that what we know as human nature remains with individuals after they have gone to the other side.

A Definite Prophecy

"I am not writing for the purpose of seeing my name in print, but because of the fact that Spiritualism is a very dear subject to me. I can truthfully say that 'I am from Missouri,' and therefore must have proof before I decide on the evidence.

"In 1892, I was staying at the Hotel St. Louis on 4th street, St. Louis, and had been, for one entire season, a member of three different circles—one held by a Dr. Wroughton, another by a Dr. Whittlesey, and a third by a Mrs. White.

"On Wednesday evenings I had a habit of sitting in my room alone, for silent development. I had written my son to come to me from another state, as I could obtain a position for him in an electrical factory. He came, and as he had never been in a circle before and knew nothing about them, I suggested that he either go to the office or take a walk. He decided that he would rather sit with me, and asked if he might bring with him a young man working in the same factory. I assented to this, providing the young man was willing. He came, and we three sat at a table in my room, with our hands resting on top. This table weighed about two or three hundred pounds.

"I had my autoharp and played several hymns, when all of a sudden, to my surprise and pleasure, we heard raps on the table. The young man, who I learned was an Indian, eyed me very closely, watching both my feet and hands. He said, 'That was you.' I denied having anything to do with it.

"I said to them, 'As you do not understand this, we will arrange a code of signals so that we can all understand the replies, if we get them. We will say one rap will mean NO, two raps meaning don't know or can not tell, three raps or more will mean YES.'

"I then asked some questions that would answer the young man's doubt.

"Is it my spirit force that is doing the rapping?"

"The answer was one rap.

"Is it my son's spirit force?"

"Again we received one rap.

"I then asked, 'Is the force that of the young man?' and again one rap.

"Then the question was asked, 'Is it the combined spirit force of us three?' and the answer was a succession of raps.

"This proved the truth of the Biblical statement that 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

"I was out of a position at that time and though I had daily searched for employment, I knew not where to go or when and where the way would be opened for me. So I asked, 'Can you tell me how soon I shall obtain a position?' The answer was 'Yes.' 'Will you?' I asked, and the answer was 'Yes.'

"I asked them to rap one for each week, starting with the following week. They rapped three times. I then inquired on what day of the week, commencing with Monday. They rapped four times.

"I said I would watch for this. The third week came, and so did Wednesday evening, and when I returned to the hotel a letter was handed to me which I found to be a request to call at the Missouri Pacific office, which I did on Thursday morning. I was immediately set to work and did not leave there for about five years.

"I proved that the spirit raps told me the truth. Thank the spirit-world for the truth."—(Signed) Chas. Whitaker, 1513 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn.

Those persons who decry Spiritualism as a fraud and who say that every manifestation of Spiritualism can be reproduced by trickery, will find it most difficult to explain away the fact of prophecy. Those who claim that Spiritualism is due to telepathy will find it equally difficult to explain how mind-reading could reach into the future. Certainly the facts of the future do not exist as memory-records in any mind. Things that have not happened can not be hidden among the memory-archives of the mind.

Spiritualism is filled with records of proof of prophecy, and so long as that fact is established, it remains as an unanswerable argument for those who seek other explanations. There are many manifestations of Spiritualism that defy the theories of telepathy and trickery, but prophecy can be answered only on the basis of communicating intelligences that have at their command records of destiny.

The student of telepathy will say that the experience given above still is within the realms of human knowledge. The facts that may have been in other minds could not foretell the delivery of a letter or other message pointing to a day over three weeks distant.

Interesting Physical Manifestations

"On the night of March 28th last I was awakened by a peculiar phenomenon. It was a sound exactly like that of an automobile horn blowing right in my bedroom, and just as loud as anyone blows out in the street. I was sleeping on the second floor of my home and had my bedroom window open. But I know that the sound was produced right in my room, because it had not subsided when I awoke, and it was so loud and strong that I could feel the vibrations on the atmosphere of the room. It was loud enough that, if produced on the outside of the building, it could have been heard 500 feet away.

"I was not frightened, but very much startled, and lay quiet, wondering what it could mean. I realized that it could only be some spiritual phenomenon, as the light produced by the street light outside was sufficient so that all objects in the room were distinguishable.

"I have been sitting alone for quite awhile for development and to get in closer touch with my guides, but have never received anything of a definite nature along the lines of clairvoyance or clairaudience.

"I have been contemplating buying an automobile for over a year, but was not able to make the purchase last year on account of financial difficulties. At the time this occurred I had sent a request to the Stead Center for a message from my guides, and asked about the probability of my being successful in the purchase of an automobile this year. I did not receive my answer from the Center until the next evening after this occurred.

"About sixteen years ago, I had a similar thing happen—that of pounding on the floor with the ends of the curved fingers of both hands, in rapid succession, which awakened me very suddenly in the middle of the night. I was very tired and worn out at that time, and when I decided what it was I became somewhat angry at the disturbance, as I thought it was a practical joke from the spirit-side of life.

"I have never experienced any phenomena from that time to this without the presence of an experienced medium.

"The reason I think the phenomenon of sixteen years ago was a practical joke is because for a period of at least six months prior to the time of this joke, my alarm clock, on which I depended to awaken me in the morning, would be tampered with in this fashion: To set the alarm-indicating hand by the use of the knob on the back of the clock required the strength of a strong man and could not be moved at all by any member of my family but myself without using a pair of pliers. When I would set the clock at the time for retiring it would never be disturbed that night, but when I retired the following evening I would always find it moved two or three hours

one way or the other. It was impossible for the mechanism to get moved in this way except by some force outside the clock itself, and my wife and myself being the only adult members in the family, there was no chance for it to get moved by any flesh-and-blood agency.

"I take it that the spirit joker had been playing tricks on me for quite awhile and when I was awakened so suddenly, as I have explained, I thought I had grounds for getting peeved, and I emphatically showed it.

"About two years ago, I was told in a message by a good medium that I was mediumistic, but for some cause unknown to the spirit forces at that time, my mediumship was 'sealed up,' so to speak, but that it would open up soon.

"Now to get at the point in this chain of circumstances:

"What was the idea of the joker in changing my alarm clock so often and causing me to go to work late several mornings? This might have been excused if it had occurred only a few times, but when it was kept up for several months, I can see no reason. Was it because I treated these phenomena adversely that my mediumship was sealed for sixteen years?

"Was the recent incident relative to the sounding of the automobile horn, a signal that my mediumship had been opened up, or can it be construed to mean that I will be able to get that automobile this year, or could there be any other meaning to it?

"It is out of the question to say that I am mistaken in what I heard, because I am aroused very easily; and, as I stated before, I was awake before the sound ceased and could feel the vibrations on the atmosphere of the room. No one else heard the sound. My wife and daughter were sleeping in adjoining bedrooms across the hall, with both doors to our rooms closed, and the sound would have had to pass through two doors."—A. C. E., Columbus, Ohio.

Many reasons may be advanced in explanation of these manifestations.

When those on the other side of life wish to demonstrate their nearness to mortal loved ones, each individual in spirit will select such manifestations as may lie within the scope of his accomplishment, or that may appeal to his individuality.

These demonstrations come to mortals through different senses; they are as varied as human nature. This is an important fact, because if the mortal-world received only a certain standard of manifestations, that would indicate that there was possibly a cause back of them which was not dependent upon the intelligence. This great variety of demonstrations, with their continuous changes, certainly supplies sufficient evidence to

show that there is intelligent action back of them and that they are the work of individuals.

In this world we find persons doing things in different ways, each one having his own peculiar ideas of jokes and figuring things out for himself. The manifestations of spirit existence embodying a great variety of characteristics and individuality, throw an important light upon the truth of the survival of personality after the change called death, and of the naturalness of spirit existence.

We do not expect all persons here to do things in a definite, set way. We expect those little touches of personality that distinguish the methods of one from the methods of another, and the thought-processes of one from the thought-processes of another.

Every conceivable variety of phenomena that could occur, that could be thought of and carried out by a great number of different individuals, will be found in the records of the demonstrations of spirit existence. Those persons in this world who admit that the continuity of life is unquestioned, but who doubt the survival of personality, will find much to think about when they consider the abundant evidence of these various characteristics. In materializing and voice seances, communicating spirits invariably show the same process of thought and the same idea of humor, and the evidence of having the same characters and minds that were theirs on earth, to prove that personality does survive.

Saved by a Spirit Voice

"I have never been to any seance or any meeting of Spiritualists. I have had many remarkable psychic experiences.

"When I was about five years old, I was knocked down by a team of gray horses, and as I struck the ground, I heard someone over me say, 'Lie still.' I obeyed, and after the horses had stepped over me, without injuring me, I got up and went to my father. I asked him if he told me to keep still. He said that he had not uttered a word. I know that the voice was that of one of my guides who was taking care of me.

"All during my childhood, whenever I was away from home, I knew what visitors had called during my absence. I very often feel the touch of hands on my face. My little girl and I, on several different occasions, have smelled the perfume of flowers, which must have been brought to us from the ethereal."—Mrs. Paul T. S., Ridgewood, N. J.

Materialized Before His Funeral

"Yesterday I attended my brother's funeral. While his body still lay in the casket, six of us held a circle. This circle was held in another house, and during the seance, my brother materialized plainly enough for his daughter to see and recognize him. We had no trumpet,

but we placed a pan in the middle of the table. Several distinct rappings came on this pan. Numerous bright lights showed throughout the seance. I think this shows remarkable strength on the part of the spirit to manifest so soon after passing."—Mary A. B., Westfield, Ind.

Co-ordinating Spirit Forces

"I have been impressed with the similarity of the teachings and explanations expressed in a number of articles in 'Communication,' with the teachings we have been receiving from the spirit-world through the mediumship of Mrs. C. M. Pease, who is the pastor of our church—The Church of the Soul, I. O. O. F. Temple, Corner Cleveland Avenue and Second Street, S. W., Canton, Ohio.

"In our circle, I mentioned this fact to the controlling spirit, who is Miss Elizabeth I. Coe, a celestial guide, and received this information:

"Dear friends, now I must tell you something. We spirit teachers of the celestial sphere have formed into a band and are reaching out all over the world. The spirits giving the teachings to the Stead Center and COMMUNICATION are of our band."—(Signed) H. L. Pease, Secretary, 1415 5th St., S. W., Canton, Ohio.

We could add a great volume of testimony to this information coming from Canton. We have received word from many parts of the United States and Canada that the spirit-forces giving their instructions to us appeared at different seances, urging co-operation and telling about our work.

We have a number of instances of persons who called on us in Chicago, who admitted that they had heard of us only through their guides and had been directed to us. Some of them, upon reaching Chicago, felt timid about looking us up, rather doubting that the information they received was correct.

Those who criticize and condemn Spiritualism are not in touch with the facts that are known to so many Spiritualists, which facts prove the co-operation and co-ordination of the spirit-forces. That the time has arrived when those in the higher spheres in spirit are working as a unit, can not be questioned by any person acquainted with the facts.

Persons of unquestioned veracity, reputation and standing have told us that they have been given the address of this organization by those in spirit, and that this was the first information they had pertaining to us and our work.

If mortals were ready to co-operate, there would be much greater progress in Spiritualism. This lesson of co-operation from the spirit-forces is a most important lesson for Spiritualists to learn.

She Sees Sound and Motion

"From my earliest childhood, I have seen sound as color. I saw color issuing from the mouths of people in long ribbon-like streams.

"As a child, when taken to band concerts by my parents, I would see colors coming from the instruments, when played upon. This I watched with interest, but not with wonder, as I supposed others saw what I did.

"When my mother would speak affectionately to me, I would say, 'Mama, how nice and blue your voice is today;' or if she spoke irritably, I would cry out, 'You need not speak so red to me.' She would turn to me in astonishment and say, 'What a strange child you are.'

"In my childish heart, I would learn to love or fear visitors according to the colors I saw about them.

"Although I have outgrown this to a great extent with age, I see yellow streams of light from a violin, and also colors from a piano. When played upon, as a child I saw these constantly—now only at times.

"People who are ill, I see in all shades of gray aura.

"Motion seems to make color, for when the body is still, the colors are light; when it is in motion, as in walking, the colors become vivid.

"I have always had prophetic dreams and premonitions, and have been sensitive to thought-transference from others.

"When my mother was dying, I saw the process of the spirit leaving the body. It is as vivid today as when I saw it thirty years ago. Psychic memories do not fade like memories of every-day affairs.

"When I began seeing people I intuitively knew were not of this world, I went with much fear to my father and confided to him these queer happenings. He then explained to me that I had spiritual sight. I did not know until then that this was unusual. To be considered abnormal made me sensitive, and as a child I shrank from others, knowing I had this faculty. I did not want to be looked upon as strange. As I grew older, I gained confidence and finally found those I could confide in who had similar experiences. As a woman, I find myself less sensitive to these things. I have had enough experiences to know that the veil is very thin between us and those we call dead."—(Signed) Josephine Haslam, 16 Union Street, Greenfield, Mass.

This is a most important contribution to the testimony of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Haslam has described facts.

Many persons will say, "I can see a light around people," or, "I can see colors associated with people."

Mrs. Haslam has named the colors and the conditions under which they appear—the less bright the colors when they are in repose, and the more vivid when they are in action.

She tells us that she sees a yellow light from a violin that is being played, and that her mother would talk "blue" or talk "red" to her. Blue long has been recognized by students of Spiritualism as an ethereal or spirit color, and red as a sensual or earthly color.

There is no question that Mrs. Haslam's sight, which of course is psychic sight, sees that which belongs to the ethereal, and particularly to the astral, the connecting or border-land of these astral conditions.

All colors have their rise in ethereal conditions. If our thoughts, our words and our emotions, and even our bodily actions, are productive of colors, it follows that whatever we think or do must send out vibrations that leave indelible records. The appearance of these colors indicates the expenditure of actual energy; and this energy, in turn, having its being in the form of vibrations, must leave its impressions.

Thus the person possessing the gift of psychometry can take an article belonging to a stranger, and sense the vibrations stored up in that article.

There are other psychics who interpret conditions in the form of sound.

Every form of vibration is related. If this were not true, they would be conflicting vibrations.

This brings us to a finer consideration: Returning to the remarkable psychic sensations of Mrs. Haslam, we must admit that the colors which she sees as products of sound and motion are of the ethereal. If this were not true, it is more than likely that other mortals would see precisely what she sees. In all these years since childhood, her color interpretation has never changed. She sees that which exists in the nature of things.

These color interpretations are governed by natural law. Belonging to the ethereal, they are products of the spirit and not of the material-body. If anger can express itself as a vivid red color, that anger has made some impression on the spirit itself. This means that our dispositions, our characters, our shortcomings can not be left with the body of clay. They belong to the spirit and must be overcome by the spirit. Whatever form of energy has sent out these colors, emanates from the spirit itself.

We may say that inasmuch as the colors Mrs. Haslam sees around sick persons must pertain to the illness of the body, on the basis that the spirit is never sick, then the condition of the body has dulled the natural color-vibrations or power of disseminating energy, belonging to the spirit.

Interchurch Movement—One in Christ Jesus

By D. A. Reynolds

Paul, the great organizer, wrote to the church at Corinth:

"Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment. For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you; . . . that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I am of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?"

Were Paul to address the Church of today, he would find 205 religious organizations in the United States alone, each claiming to be the "chosen of God," and each more or less antagonistic to the others. Not only is this true of the leading denominations, about forty in number, but many of the older organizations are practically "crumbling" into fragments. For instance, the Lutherans are at present divided into 21 distinct bodies, unable to fraternize because of doctrinal points; the Methodist and Baptist each have 17 differentiating organizations, the Mennonites 16, the Presbyterians 10, and so along down the line.

Through the Inter-Church World Movement, 30 of these 205 religious bodies have agreed to cooperate in a 5-year campaign, in which it is hoped to raise a fund of \$1,320,214,557, to be expended under the "Budget System," \$336,777,572 of which it is hoped to secure through a systematic campaign of solicitation now in progress. The expenses of the campaign has been underwritten by several New York banks, upon pledges of the several denominations, the Budget for 1920, and the amounts pledged by each of the 30 denominations, according to a recent summary in the Literary Digest, being as follows:

BUDGET FOR 1920

Foreign Missions	\$107,861,488
Home Missions	109,949,037
American Education	78,837,431
American Religious Education	5,931,925
American Hospital and Homes	5,116,465
American Ministerial Pensions and Relief	20,510,299
Miscellaneous	8,770,927

Total to be subscribed in 1920. \$336,777,572

EACH DENOMINATION IS TO RAISE:

Advent Christian Church....\$	35,000
Northern Baptist Convention..	130,533,000
National Baptist Convention..	10,250,000
General Baptist	272,500
Church of the Brethren.....	3,219,598
Brethren Church	200,000
Christian Church	727,698
Congregational Churches	16,508,470
Disciples of Christ	12,501,138
Evangelical Association	1,394,260

United Evangelical Church....\$	305,983
Society of Friends in America.	4,532,081
Society of Friends in California	40,000
Holiness Church	50,000
Lutheran Evangelical Synod of North America	1,846,521
General Conference of Mennonites	82,000
Methodist Episcopal Church..	34,485,737
Methodist Protestant Church..	1,745,866
Free Methodist Church of North America	6,234,986
African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church	212,000
Colored Methodist Episcopal Church	250,000
Reform Zion Union Apostolic Church	17,263
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.....	44,970,000
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., South.....	7,865,445
Associate Reformed Presbyterian Synod	392,264
Reformed Presbyterian Church, N. A. Synod.....	529,472
United Presbyterian Church..	31,977,457
Reformed Church in America..	2,136,091
Reformed Church in the United States	16,916,085
Church of the United Brethren in Christ	6,546,662

Thus far, little has been disclosed as to the great religious value of the movement, except to intimate the advantages to be derived from concerted action as opposed to duplication of effort, especially in the rural districts. That the financial advantages are at present dominating the movement is indicated by the report of the Committee on World Survey, Program and Budget, recently adopted at Atlantic City, from which we quote:

"We believe the time is fully ripe for such unity of action on the part of united protestantism that, *without attempting to solve the problems arising from divergent and conscientiously held points of view in matters of doctrines and policy*, the churches are ready for a common program of activity." The Rochester *Post-Express* tends to sustain this conclusion when it says the movement "makes the impression that it is a carefully thought-out, well-planned and business-like effort to unify and redeploy the forces of Protestantism for the task of Christianizing civilization."

On the other hand, the New York *Evening World* says: "It is too much to hope that the Interchurch Movement will abolish denominationalism immediately. There does seem to be evidence that it is weakening denominational prejudice, paving the way for a combination of spiritual forces in cooperation rather than rivalry;" while John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Vice-Chairman of the General Committee, declares that "the time has come for Christian men and women in the church to cease fighting among themselves and

jointly fight against sin and evil, that we may establish a brotherhood of men and nations, based upon the Fatherhood of God."

Naturally, such a movement will find its critics, and from the experience of the past, not wholly without cause. History abounds with too many persecutions by dominant religious organizations to leave the question of a Protestant papacy unchallenged. The struggle of Progress and Enlightenment for recognition, has been a never-ending contest with the powers of Prejudice, that will call for the closest scrutiny of every movement remotely suggestive of the curtailment of religious liberty.

As viewed by the Unitarians (*The Christian Register*) the members of that organization are "warned against any contribution from any of our people anywhere," because the Unitarians have been "outlawed as ever of old so far as having a part in the movement itself is concerned;" while the *Universalist Leader* regards the movement as a "backward trend in which the Universalist church is not included." Joseph Ernest McAfee (Disciple) says the movement "does not include, but rather antagonizes the fifteen or twenty millions of American Catholics and the five or six millions of Jewish religionists, beside a number of other religious bodies not classified as 'evangelical.'"

In a superficial analysis, there are many "side lights" to challenge the attention. A peculiarity of the present "drive" for funds, for instance, is the advertising campaign now being conducted in the secular press, in whole-page advertisements costing as high as a thousand dollars or more an issue, in which an appeal is made to the general public, on the plea that "members of the faith are contributing less than 3 cents a day to the cause of religion." This method is at least "unusual," and would indicate a line of propaganda not calculated to appeal to those who have been wont to "worship God in secret and in truth." It partakes of those modern notions of "business efficiency," not well adapted to appeal to the finer instincts of religious fervor. The "religious press agent" is certainly too much an innovation to become instantly popular.

In the broader view of the Interchurch Movement, it is the trend of religious thought that is more to be considered than the relative strength of numbers. It is the general emancipation from denominational intolerance exemplified by the movement, now pervading the entire world, that must be regarded as the awakening, irrespective of outward ap-

pearances. It is indicative of the weakening of old dogmas that the light of spirituality may break through to a broader conception of the God-head, and as such should meet with every encouragement. Granting the full strength claimed for the Interechurch World Movement, said to embrace 25,000,000 persons, it yet fails to become impressive in point of numbers with the religious membership of the world, the most recent compilation of which shows the following:

Roman Catholics	288,000,000
Eastern Catholics	121,000,000
Protestants	167,000,000
Jews	14,972,000
Mohammedans	227,040,000
Buddhists	140,047,000
Hindus	215,512,000
Confuci and Taoists.....	310,925,000
Shintoists	25,015,000
Animists	161,272,000
Miscellaneous	21,375,000

World Membership1,692,158,000

Thus we note that with a total Christian Membership in excess of 575,000,000 and a non-Christian Membership in excess of 1,100,000,000, the Interechurch World Movement of 25,000,000, bears but an insignificant proportion to the religious world. A deeper, far more spiritual emancipation has been making progress not only in America, but in the less enlightened countries of the orient. Today, there exists, as the result of Mohammedan, Buddhist and Hindu persecution, a religious order equal in numbers to all the Protestant churches of the world combined, known as "Animists," whose religious tenet is set forth in the Encyclopedia Americana as follows:

"Animism, the system of philosophy propounded by Stahl, and based on the idea that the soul (anima) is the seat of life. In modern usage a term applied to express the general doctrine of souls and other spiritual beings. . . . Among the beliefs most characteristic of Animism is that of a human apparitional soul, bearing the form and appearance of the body, and living after death a sort of semi-human life."

Thus we see a tendency, even in the darker continents, to break away from the soul-enslaving tenets of a religious barbarism, and embrace such light as the enfeebled intellect may understand. Shall we, then, whose only religious fetters are our limitations to comprehend the magnificence of the Omnipotent, welcome this movement as the breaking dawn of a wider intelligence, or treat it with indifference as the evolution of the withering dogmas of the past? Surely we may extend the hand of encouragement in any breaking away of the fetters that have cramped the intellect too long, and so far as the Interechurch Movement shall show a tendency to hearken unto the advice of Paul to the Corinthians, welcome the return—

And the Angels echoed around the throne: "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

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You have the benefit of the thoughts and aspirations of those many others—and helpful truths come to you, which likely you never would have “stumbled onto,” or would not have recognized had you encountered them.

It should interest you to know that SEVERAL HUNDRED progressive men and women have banded together for this co-operative SELF-HELP through studying those fundamentals upon which each must build for whatever kind of success is desired.

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"SHIPMATE JACK"

By Florence Belle Anderson

For long years e're you found me, you'd sailed, Captain Mine,
O'er the sea, and you loved it so dear,
That you spoke its quaint language; the strength of its brine
Had entered your nature, and line upon line,
It carved on your face year by year.

And so when you met me and asked me to sail,
On *life's* ship, and I answered, "I will,"
You spoke in that language you learned on the sea,
A name sweet and tender your lips gave to me,
"Shipmate Jack" and the name lingers still.

Many storms we have weathered since then, Captain Mine,
We'd smile when the winds tore a sail
And the low, scudding clouds flung the cold, stinging spray,
"Are you safe?" you would call, and I'd answer, "Aye, Aye,
With *you*, I can ride out the gale!"

But, one day, came orders to sail far away,
To a Port that no mortal has known,
With no chart or compass, you left me that day,
THE GREAT CAPTAIN'S orders forbade you to stay,
And your Shipmate is sailing *alone*.

You said when you left me—"Good bye, Little Mate,
You must sail all alone, Shipmate Mine,
But at times, when the winds gently blow from the sea,
They will tell you I'm watching—they'll whisper of me,
And a love that is longer than time.

"And if the Great Captain so wills, Little Mate,
When you journey this way, I'll come back,
And pilot your ship, o'er the uncharted sea,
Farewell—See! the *White* Ship is *waiting* for me,
God keep you—my own Shipmate Jack!"