

GIFT
JUN 5 1915

Messenger

LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE

Dedicated to the Fatherhood of God
and the Brotherhood of Man

Edited by
NELLIE CRAIB BEIGHLE
(Formerly Dr. Nellie Beighle)



JUNE - 1915

15c a Copy

SAN FRANCISCO

\$1.50 a Year

NO. 1000
AMSTERDAM

STOCK ORDER.

(Dated) , 1915.

Pubrs. LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE,
305 Buchanan Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Please reserve for me shares of
LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE stock (not less than fifty
shares—par value \$1 per share), at going rates, for which
find enclosed \$....., balance to be paid in equal
monthly installments until payment is completed.

(Subscriber).....

(Street Address).....

(P. O. and State).....

Use this blank.

La Courriere Magazine

In its field of work, covers the three fundamental qualities of human nature, of all nature—Intuition, which is the movement of the spirit of God through the hearts of His children; Intellect, or Science, which is the result of the action of the powers of will and memory residing in our substance; and Industry, which is the result of our willful outreach for the innumerable good things—spiritual and material—which the heavenly Father gives to all who reach for them righteously.

The essential developments of knowledge along all of these lines it is its purpose to record.

The price of the magazine will be \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents a number. A blank will be found on one of the pages this month for those who desire to subscribe. For convenience at the postoffice, it is desirable that yearly subscriptions be made on this blank. When the subscriptions and sales reach one-half the number issued, application will be made for the second-class privilege, which, granted, will considerably reduce the cost of postage. So that our friends can help by sending in their subscription orders as soon as possible.

Another help, will be the advertisements of such of our friends as are so situated as to be able to give them. We calculate that our advertisers and subscribers and occasional readers will constitute one big happy family, who will help each other as much as they can with profit and pleasure to each other.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER.

(Dated) , 1915.

Pubrs. LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE,
305 Buchanan Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Please send me LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE,
monthly, for one year, beginning with the next month's
issue, , 1915, for which please find en-
closed \$1.50.

(Subscriber).....

(Street Address).....

(P. O. and State).....

Use this blank.

317226

LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
NELLIE CRAIB BEIGHLE
(Formerly Dr. Nellie Beighle)

PUBLISHED BY
LA COURRIERE CORPORATION
PHILOS COOKE, Bus. Mgr.

305 Buchanan Street

San Francisco, Cal.

15 Cents a Copy

\$1.50 a Year

Copyrighted by
NELLIE CRAIB BEIGHLE
1915

VOL. I

JUNE, 1915

No. 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Religion in the Past and Today - - - -	3
In His Ninety-Fourth Year - - - - -	23
Questions and Answers — A Talk with One of the Masters - - - - -	31
My Co-Worker, Dr. Lane - - - - -	38
What Would You Ask? - - - - -	41
The Life, Character, Religion and Miracles of Chrishna	44

The Receipt

Of a copy of LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE is an invitation to take stock in it and to subscribe for it.

This Number

Of LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE is issued without advertising. This has been done purposely. We want advertisers to see what they are invited to go into before they go into it. For this purpose, advertising, contracted for, has been refused for this issue.

LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE

VOL. I

JUNE, 1915

No. 1

Religion in the Past and Today

The immense moral catastrophe of the war is the last and most convincing demonstration that the great churches of Christendom have lost their power to keep man from sin, to guide him on the upward path, and to make him happy; for the churches are helpless in the presence of this long-planned, elaborately-continued human sin, shame, and suffering, says ex-President Chas. W. Elliott, of Harvard University, in his recent address before the Unitarian churches of Philadelphia.

All cannot fail to be reminded of the necessity of a farther outpouring of the Spirit of God.
—The Bishop of London, 1859.

My serious belief amounts to this—that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes, and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves.—Southey's Colloquies.

And what is strangest upon this strange head
Is, that, whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there's something stranger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will. —Lord Byron.

The rapidity with which vital religion dies out, under a political machinery for perpetuating it, says the "Book of Knowledge—Psychic Facts," page 369, is most strikingly manifested in our own history since the Reformation. We have seen what was its condition a hundred years after Henry VIII, notwithstanding the hammerings and contrivings of those royal church masons and carpenters, the Tudors and the Stuarts. Fox and his friends, Baxter and Bunyan, revived its life for awhile; but the religious temperature fell fast again till the time of Wesley and Whitefield; and what it was then, Watson, in his admirable criticism on Southey's "Life of Wesley," tells us. It had not only fallen from itself, but had pulled down the dissenting *vis vitae* with it. "The body of the clergy," he says, "neither knew nor cared about systems of any kind; in a vast number

of instances they were immoral, often grossly so. The populace in large towns were ignorant and profligate; the inhabitants of villages added to ignorance and profligacy, brutish and barbarous manners. A more striking instance of the rapid deterioration of religious light and influence in a country scarcely occurs, than in ours, from the Restoration till the rise of Methodism. It affected not only the Church, but the dissenting sects in no ordinary degree. The Presbyterians had commenced their course through Arianism down to Socinianism*; and those who held the doctrines of Calvin had, in too many instances, by a course of hot-house planting, luxuriated them into the fatal and disgusting errors of Antinomianism. There were few exceptions; but this was the general state of religion and morals in the country when the Wesleys, Whitefield and a few kindred spirits went forth to sacrifice ease, reputation and even life itself if necessary, to produce a reformation." (p. 129.)

Every successive attempt to break up this religious torpor, to renew Christian life in the public, has been violently opposed by the established church. We have seen how it treated Fox and his friends, how it treated Baxter and Bunyan; we have now to see how it greeted the spiritual life-breathing of Wesley, Whitefield, and their contemporaries in the eighteenth century. That such men should be met by scorn, misrepresentation, and persecution, is the direct proof of the great need of their appearance. To say that a man is a religious reformer is to say that he is a Spiritualist. Nothing but a "new outpouring of the Divine Spirit" can awake life in the dry bones of defunct profession, in the freezing masses of materialism and worldly debasement. Wesleys, Whitefield, and their fellow-apostles, produced a wonderful change in the religious character of their age, and have left lasting and beneficent traces of their labors in the public mind. They aroused even the stagnant Church which abused and rejected them. A new and commendable activity has ever since been visible in the establishment. It has exercised a

* SOCINIANISM.—The tenets or doctrines of Socinus (a native of Sienna, in Tuscany, the founder of the sect of the Socinians in the 16th century), who held Christ to have been a mere man inspired, denied his divinity and atonement, the doctrine of original depravity, and kindred doctrines.—Webster's Dictionary, new census edition, 1907.

greater moral control over its clergy and has entered into a zealous competition with Dissenters for the education of the people; but again, this very activity has degenerated into a morbid condition, having no claims to a genuine spiritualistic character. It is running wildly into two extremes; the one of forms and rituals, tending to the outward; and the other of infidel rationalism. Between these we look in vain for the ancient spirit of the gospel, which claims boldly the heritage of apostolic powers; and works in that overshadowing of the Holy Ghost which made the mighty preachers of all times and can alone cause the waters of eternal life to gush from the cold rocks of our daily calculating world. The formalism and the learnedness of the mere letter that killeth, which are the great features of our time, must perish in some new "outpouring of the spirit," or Christianity must perish altogether. This hybrid state is, from the very laws of nature, a barren state and tends to death. But the plan of Providence cannot be impeded by the selfishness and grossness of men and their institutions; new and unlooked-for outbreaks of the invisible strength of the ages will take place; and, amid the clouds and hissing winds that accompany them, herald new spiritual springs. Let us encourage our faith by reviving the circumstances of the despised but triumphant advent of Methodism.

John Wesley was cradled in the very abode of the supernatural; haunting spirits surrounded his childhood's pillow and walked beside him in his school-boy rounds. The extraordinary events which took place in the parsonage of his father at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, and which were attested not only by Mr. Wesley and Mrs. Wesley, but by every member of the family which was present at the time, have acquired a world-wide notoriety; and it were as easy to deny the existence of the Wesley family itself as to deny these manifestations. No case of spiritual disturbance was ever so thoroughly proved, and that by such a number of persons of education and of freedom from superstition. We have the written accounts in narratives and letters of Mr. Wesley himself, the father of John Wesley, and incumbent of Epworth, who kept a regular diary of the occurrences; of Mrs. Wesley, in four letters to her sons, who were at the time at school at Westminster and the Charter-

house; in letters from six of the Miss Wesleys to their brothers. We have the written account of the Rev. Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, an adjoining parish, who was called in by Mr. Wesley to hear the noises; and the account of Robert Brown, the man-servant, in a letter to John Wesley. All these evidences will be found at length in the notes of the first volume of Southey's "Life of Wesley." I shall, therefore, content myself with copying John Wesley's narrative of these disturbances, based on these documents and on personal inquiries on the spot. This narrative was published by him in the "Arminian Magazine."

"When I was very young I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

"When I went down thither in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and I took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge; the sum of which was this:

"On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining room, which opened into the garden, they both heard a knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. 'It is for Mr. Turpine,' said Robert, 'he has the stone and used to groan so.' He opened the door again, twice or thrice repeated. But still seeing nothing and being a little startled they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a hand-mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this, he said: 'Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had been full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed he said he heard a gobbling of a turkey cock close to his bedside; and soon after, the sound of one tumbling over his boots and shoes; but there were none there; he had left them below. The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said: 'What a couple of fools you are! I defy the thing to frighten me.' After churning, in the evening,

she put the butter in the tray and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several pancheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray and all and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open and a person walking in that seemed to have on a silk night-gown rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, 'It signifies nothing to run away, for it can run faster than I.' So she rose, put her book under her arm and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Sukey, about a year older than herself, in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened; she made quite light of it; telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened; I fain would see what would frighten me.' Presently a knocking began under the table; she took the candle and looked, but could see nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of a door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till morning. A night or two after, my sister Kitty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard some one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked; she went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, 'You know I believe nothing of these things; pray let me take away the candle tonight and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Kitty's place and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the

screen. When she went round it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knock at the back kitchen door; she ran to open it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it, but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it the knocking began again; she opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door it was violently thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again, but she let it go on and went to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

"The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, 'If I hear anything myself I shall know how to judge.' Soon after, she (Emily) begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced that it was preternatural and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father; but he was extremely angry and said, 'Sukey, I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls frighten one another, but you are a woman of sense and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.' At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayers for the king a knocking began all around the room, and a thundering knock attended the Amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

"The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say Amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not, for she said she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. He vowed he would never live with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelve-month. He then came back and lived with her as before, but I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

"Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey, an eminently pious and sensible man, could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said, 'Robert Brown came over to me and told me your father desired my company. When I came he gave me an account of all which had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayers. But that evening, to my great satisfaction, we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said 'Old Jeffery is coming'—that was the name of one that died in the house—for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was towards the top of the house on the outside, at the northeast corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather, that of a windmill when the body of it is turned about in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went upstairs; he with much hope, and I, to say the truth, with much fear. When we came into the nursery it was knocking in the next room; when we were there it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed, which was of wood, in which Miss Hetty and two of her sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man.' Instantly it knocked his knock—the particular one which he always used at the gate—as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night.

"Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbance in his study; but the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, of which none had any key but himself, when he opened the door it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However,

he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was a knocking, first on one side then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and the noise continuing, adjured it to speak, but in vain. He then said, 'These spirits love darkness, put out the candle and perhaps it will speak.' She did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, 'Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you downstairs; it may be when I am alone it will have the courage to speak.' When she was gone a thought came in and he said, 'If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray thee knock three knocks and no more.' Immediately all was silence and there was no more knocking all that night. I asked my sister Nancy, then about fifteen years old, whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought he might have done it for her and saved her the trouble. By this time all my family were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. Then they commonly said to each other, 'Jeffery is coming, it is time to go to sleep.' And if they heard a noise in the day and said to my youngest sister, 'Hark, Kezzy, Jeffery is knocking above,' she would run up stairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

"A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were, with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down; my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured down my mother's breast and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing

was hurt. Soon after our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. When the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap and snap on one side and on the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble and creep away before the noise began; and by this the family knew it was at hand, nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor, and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, 'Sukey, do you not hear that? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen.' But when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. Then there was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the front door. He opened that, but it still was lost labor. After opening first the one then the other several times, he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

"Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house; but he constantly answered, 'No; let the devil flee from me, I will never flee from the devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing to do so, when another letter came, informing him that the disturbances were over, after they had continued the better part of the time, day and night, from the 2d of December to the end of January."

In this summary by John Wesley, a number of curious incidents are omitted which occur in the statements of the other members of the family. In the elder Wesley's account, the noises of smashing the bottles under the stairs had been heard before by Miss Emily Wesley; and in the same account is mentioned the sound of dancing in a matted chamber which was vacant and locked up. The vicar procured a stout mastiff to watch outside the house to make sure that the noises were no trick of any living person there. He says that when one of his daughters knocked the spirit answered in the same way. The noise of money thrown down, he says, three of his daughters also heard at a different time. * * * It seems not to have been a bad spirit; for it ceased to knock when Mr. Wesley, fearing his

son Samuel was dead, asked it to knock three times if it were his spirit; and after Mrs. Wesley desired it never to disturb her at her devotions it never did. Mr. Wesley did not know, as is well known now, that it is very difficult for a spirit to speak audibly to those in the body, and that knocking is the easiest way by which spirits can communicate. Had he hit on the method of questioning it by the alphabet he might soon have learned the object of his visits.

It may well be imagined what a sensation these strange occurrences made on the minds of the boys at school. There are letters from nearly all the family to John and also to the eldest brother Samuel at Westminster. Though his father wrote him out the whole account, he insisted that all his sisters should send him their own accounts. In fact, Samuel, who afterwards so stoutly opposed the religious reforms of his brothers, was perhaps the most curious of them all on the subject. And here it may be observed that, though this visitation continued only two months, we are assured by John Wesley that these knockings had been heard by his mother long before in the same house, and that they had never failed to come before any signal misfortune, or illness of any of the family. No particular calamity appeared to have followed this manifestation.

John Wesley, having had such unquestionable proof of supernatural agency in his own family in his youth, held fast his faith in it through his whole remarkable career, and has recorded numerous instances of such direct agency both in his Journals and in the "Arminian Magazine." It is not necessary here to trace the grand progress of John and Charles Wesley and their contemporaries in the wonderful revival of religion in the eighteenth century, not only in Great Britain, but in the most distant quarters of the globe. The whole of that great history stands recorded by the ablest pens, and in the millions of men and women who now walk in the pleasant light and in the happy feeling they spread abroad. I shall only remark that, like all other revivals, it met with the devil's tempest, which beats on the heads of God's emissaries only to drive them and their opinions farther and wider, and to fix them deeper in the battered and storm-drenched earth. From the Church to which these devoted men of God belonged, and within which they would fain have relit the sacred fire on the

altar, they experienced the most savage and insulting treatment. The little knot of undergraduates who met in the University of Oxford for the purpose of religious improvement—who lived by rule, and took the sacrament weekly—were speedily marked out for ridicule and persecution. They were dubbed Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club. Amongst the leading members of this Godly Club, which began with two or three, and soon grew to seven, and then to fifteen, were John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield and Harvey, afterwards author of the "Meditations." When Whitefield joined them he says he was set upon by all the students and treated as a very odd fellow. The lives and manners of the students at that time were such as Butler in his "Analogy" had described them, gross and vicious. Such was the condition of the embryo prophets of the nation. That such sons of Belial should insult and abuse the Methodist revivalists was natural, but the authorities of the University were equally hostile to them. An appearance of real religion within the University was so odd and out of place that they held meetings to consult how it was to be put down. On Whitefield, after quitting the University, returning to Oxford to preach he found all the churches shut against him. The vice-chancellor came in person to the house where he was exhorting, and accosted him thus: "Have you, sir, a name in any book here?" "Yes, sir," said I; "but I intend to take it out soon." He replied, "Yes, and you had better take yourself out, too, or otherwise I will lay you by the heels! What do you mean by going about alienating the people's affections from their old pastors? Your works are full of vanity and nonsense! You pretend to inspiration! If ever you come again in this manner among these people I will lay you first by the heels, and these shall follow." ("Life of Whitefield," by Philip.)

Both the Wesleys and Whitefield, though regularly ordained ministers of the church, soon found all pulpits shut against them; even that of his native place and parish, which his father had occupied so many years, was refused to John Wesley. The Bishop of Bristol desired Wesley to go out of his diocese, where he was not commissioned to preach, and where, consequently, Southey says, "he had no business." But both the Wesleys and Whitefield held that they had a

commission from the Head of the Church to preach anywhere in the world. They asked, like the apostles, whether they were to obey God or man? When the churches were closed against them, they were told that it was irregular to preach either in the open air or in a private house. The chancellor of the diocese of Bristol showed Whitefield the canons prohibiting it. Such irregularities were not becoming a member of the Established Church; they were only fit for Christ and His apostles, who preached both in private houses and out of doors, anywhere they could save souls. Driven to follow the practice of the Founder of the Christian Church, and of Him who said, "Go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in," the success was wonderful, and the fury of the clergy, bishops, magistrates and mobs unbounded. The days of the Quakers came again. The leaders and the ministers of the Methodists were hooted, stoned, spit upon, cursed, and thrown into horseponds for endeavoring to rekindle religion again in the country. They were denounced as Papists, Jesuits, seducers, and bringers in of the Pretender. At Chelsea the mob threw wildfire and crackers into the meeting; at Long Lane they broke in the roof with large stones; John Nelson, one of the preachers, was forced to go for a soldier, and, refusing to comply, was thrown into prison; mobs were collected by the sounds of horn; windows were demolished; houses broken open; goods destroyed; men, women and children beaten, pelted and dragged in the kennels. John Wesley had a narrow escape for his life at Birmingham; Charles in another place; and Whitefield at Oxminton Green in Ireland. Some of the preachers did not escape at all, but, like poor Thomas Beard, the fellow prisoner of Nelson, they perished in prison or from their cruel treatment. But persecution only produced its usual effects. The success of the Methodists became stupendous. The fire of God seemed to accompany them, and people were converted by thousands and tens of thousands. There were wide differences in the natural geniuses of these men. Whitefield was all impulse and oratory; he took no pains, probably he possessed no talent, necessary to organize a great religious body. He preached as with energies of heaven, as with flashes of lightning; and the people rushed after him in millions and were struck down and converted by thousands. But what he

lacked in constructive power was soon presented by the Countess of Huntingdon, who shaped into organic form the Whitefieldian or Calvinist Methodist Church, which still exists, and especially throughout Wales. As for John Wesley, who was of the same original stock as the Duke of Wellington (see Southey's "Life of Wesley"), he possessed many of the qualities of that great general. He was eminently calm, firm and full of constructive genius. He perfected a scheme of Church government most remarkable for comprehending all the qualities which can draw men to it, and keep them there when attracted. He seized upon material necessary for such an organization wherever he could find it; and one of his earliest connections was with the society of Moravians, from whom he drew his Love-feasts and Class-meetings, and all those agencies which make every man and woman something in his system, in exact opposition to the system of the Church of England where the clergy are everything and the laity nothing. At the same time his brother Charles, who was not only an able preacher and a sound and good counsellor but an excellent poet, wrote many admirable hymns for the society. Thus arose Methodism, Arminian and Calvinistic, which have done such mighty service for religion in many regions of the world; and what concerns us to know is that they did it by Spiritualism of the most marked and avowed kind.

I have said that the Wesleys always retained the faith in spiritual apparitions which they learned under the paternal roof so startlingly. As to direct belief in miracles and interferences of Providence, they found this in William Law, the great disciple of Jacob Bohme, with whom they entered into close communion, and in the Moravians, who were full of it. The "Life of Wesley," by Southey, in connection with this and other particulars, is one of the most amusing of books, at least in the third edition; for he had sent a copy of the work to Coleridge, who made marginal notes as he went along, and then left the volume at his death to Southey. These notes are introduced by Southey's son into the third edition. Coleridge, who is himself sometimes inclined to sneer at the supernatural, won't allow Southey to do it, but on all occasions, when the laureate's High-churchism breaks out, pulls him up, asking continually, "Does not Robert Southey know this?" In all such cases he becomes the

staunchest champion of the truth of the views of Wesley. In the course of my reading I imagined that I had made a great discovery, namely, that Protestantism only, of all churches, Christian or pagan, rejected the supernatural; but Coleridge had made the discovery before me, and in a note to Southey's "Wesley" introduces it. "I cannot forget that this opinion of an essential difference, of the diversity of these (the miracles of the Gospels) from the miracles of the two or three first centuries, and that of the withdrawing of the miraculous power from the Church at the death of the apostles, are confined to Protestants, and even among these are but modern." (Vol. I, 253.) Southey complains of certain words of Wesley's being fanatical; "and yet," asks Coleridge, "does not Robert Southey see that they are the very words of the apostles?" In another place, "Did Robert Southey remember that the words in italics are faithfully quoted from the Articles of the Church?" (Vol. I, 245.) When Wesley asserts the wonderful powers of real faith, Coleridge adds, "Faith is as real as life; as actual as force; as effectual as volition. It is the physics of the moral being no less than it is the physics or moral of the zoo-physical." (Vol. II, 82.) When Southey treats the psychical phenomena of Methodism as proceeding from bodily disease (for he was very ignorant of mesmeric science), Coleridge exclaims, "Alas, what more or worse could a young infidel spitaller, fresh from the lectures of some factious anatomist or physiologist, wish than to have the 'love of God and the strong desire for salvation' represented as so many symptoms and causes of a bodily disease? Oh, I am almost inclined to send this, my copy of his work, to R. Southey, with the notes, for my heart bears him witness that he offendeth not willingly." (Vol. II, 165.) And he did send it.

The preaching of both the Wesleys and Whitefield produced those symptoms of violent agitation, convulsion, and the like, which have appeared in the late revivals, and which, in fact, have been common to all the great revivals in every age, since the people in the apostle's days cried out, "What shall we do to be saved?" and since the devils threw their victims on the earth and tore them before they would leave them. If we regard the convulsions and prostrations, the foamings and outcries, as the sufferings of nature under the operations of God's omnipotent Spirit and the resist-

ance of the devil, loth to relinquish his hold on the souls of men, there appears nothing anomalous or extraordinary in these phenomena, which have so often been treated with ridicule or reprehension. Such were the effects of the preaching of the Friends of God in the Middle Ages, of the Lollards, the Puritans, the Covenanters, the Camisards, the first Friends, and so on till our own day; and no doubt will recur again and again to the end of the world.

In Gillie's "Historical Collections" we find precisely such phenomena occurring at the same period, 1750, in Scotland, as has been so much wondered at among the early Methodists and since.

On Whitefield's visit to Cambulsang, in 1742, amid the most numerous and rapid conversions, it is stated, "the visible convulsive agitations which accompanied them exceeded everything of the kind which had yet been observed."

Wesley healed the sick by prayer and laying on of hands. He and some others joined in prayer over a man who was not expected to live till morning; he was speechless, senseless, and his pulse was gone. Before they ceased his senses and speech returned. He recovered; and Wesley says that those who choose to account for the fact by natural causes have his free leave: he says it was the power of God. (Vol. II, p. 385.) He believed in dreams and in impressions of a vivid and peculiar character. John Nelson dreamed that Wesley came and sat down at his fireside and spake certain words. Four months after he did come, for the first time, sat down as he had seen him in his dream, and pronounced the very words. Nelson seems to have experienced the inner breathing described by Harris and Swedenborg. "His soul," he said, "seemed to breathe its life in God as naturally as his body breathed life in the common air." Wesley believed, with Luther, that the devils produced disease, bodily hurts, storms, earthquakes and nightmare. That epilepsy and insanity often proceed from demon influence. He declared that if he gave up faith in witchcraft he must give up faith in the Bible. When asked whether he had himself ever seen a ghost, he replied, "No; nor have I seen a murder; but unfortunately I am compelled to believe that murders are committed almost every day in one place or another." Warburton attacked Wesley's belief in miraculous cures and ex-

pulsion of evil spirits; but Wesley replied that what he had seen with his own eyes he was bound to believe; the bishop could believe or not as he pleased. Wesley records the instantaneous cure of a woman named Mary Special of a cancer in both breasts. Southey quotes the relations regarding Thomas Walsh, one of the Wesleyan preachers, which very much resemble those of Catholic saints. He was sometimes found in so deep a reverie that he appeared to have ceased to breathe; there was something resembling splendor on his countenance and other circumstances seemed to attest his communion with the spirit world.

"On the general question of supernatural appearances," says Southey, "it may be remarked that Mr. Wesley might at least have plead authorities for his faith as high, as numerous, and as learned as any of our modern skeptics for their doubts. It is in modern times only that this species of infidelity has appeared, with the exception of the sophists of the atheistical sects in Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees amongst the Jews. The unbelief which is so common in the present day among free-thinkers and half-thinkers on such subjects, places itself, therefore, with only these exceptions, in opposition to the belief of the learned and unlearned of every age and every nation, polished, semi-civilized and savage in every quarter of the globe. It does more: It places itself in opposition to the Scriptures, from which all the criticism, bold, subtle, profane, or absurd which has been resorted to can never expunge either apparitions, possessions or witchcrafts. It opposes itself to testimony which, if feeble and unsatisfactory in many instances, is such in others that no man in any other case would refuse assent to it; or, so refusing, he would make himself the subject of a just ridicule. That there have been many impostures is allowed; that many have been deceived is certain; and that all such accounts should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny before they can have any title to our belief ought to be insisted upon. But even imposture and error presupposes a previous opinion in favor of what is pretended or mistaken; and if but one account in twenty, or a hundred, stands upon credible evidence, and is corroborated by circumstances in which, from their nature there can be no mistake, there is sufficient to disturb the quiet and confound the system of the whole body of infidels.

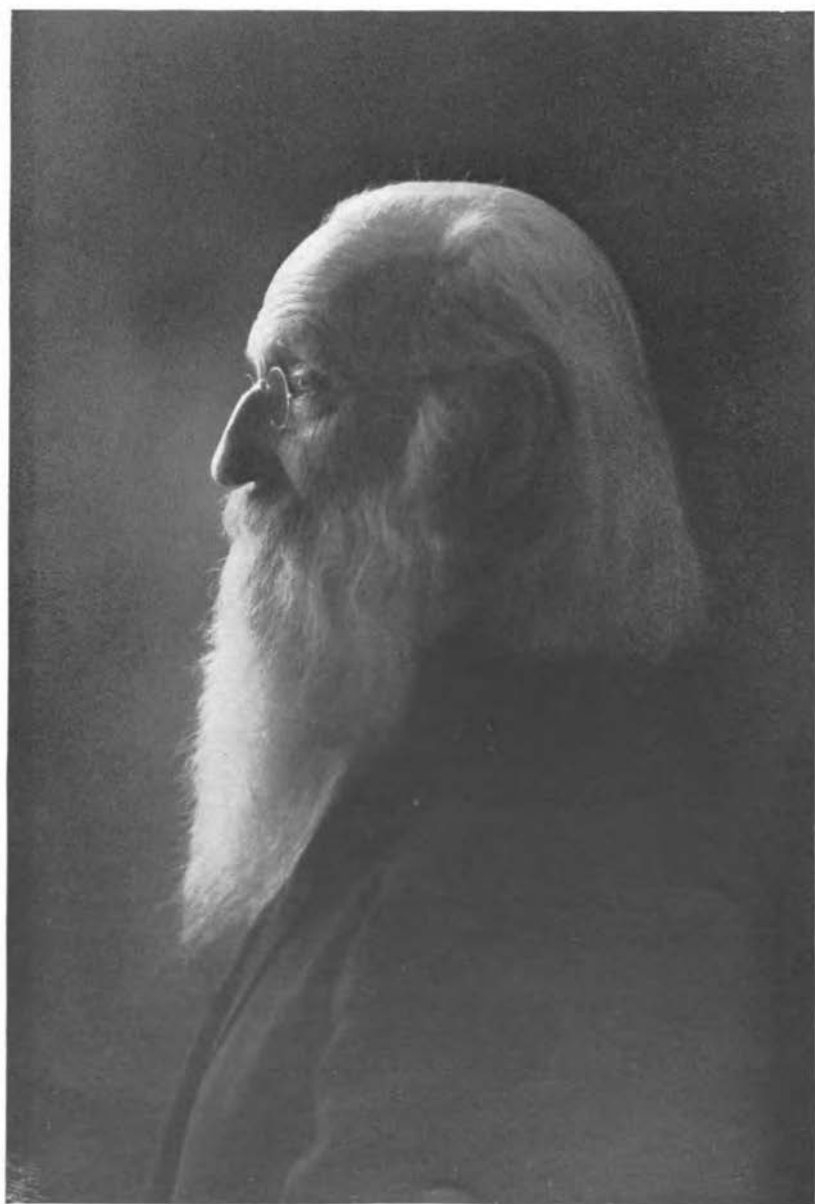
"Every age has its dangers. In former times the danger lay in believing too much; in our own time the propensity is in believing too little. The only ground which a Christian can safely take on these questions is, that *a priori* arguments of philosophic unbelievers as to the 'absurdity' and 'impossibility' of these things, go for nothing, since the Scriptures have settled the fact that they have occurred, and have afforded not the least intimation that they should at any time cease to occur. Such supernatural visitations are therefore possible; and where they are reported ought to be carefully examined, and neither too promptly admitted nor too harshly rejected. An acute and excellent philosopher of modern times has come to the same conclusion (Mr. Andrew Baxter, in his "Inquiry Into the Nature of the Human Soul," in the Essay on the Philosophy of Dreaming). "Although a fear of spirits has been abused by vain or weak people, and carried to extremes, perhaps, by crafty and designing men, the most rigorous philosophy will not justify its being entirely rejected. That subordinate beings are never permitted or commissioned to be the ministers of the will of God is a hard point to be proved.'" (Watson's "Observations on Southey's Life of Welsey," pp. 189-193.)

I have already introduced proofs of Whitefield's Spiritualism. He had a profound belief in the immediate and miraculous operation of the Divine Spirit. When Bishop Warburton ridiculed his belief in immediate inspiration, and declared "all influence exceeding the power of humanity miraculous, and, therefore, not now believed in, the Church being perfectly established," Whitefield referred him to the Catechism, where it tells the child that it is not able to do what is required of it except by God's special grace; and asked him whether, when he ordained ministers, he did not say, "Dost thou trust that thou art inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost? Then receive thou the Holy Ghost."* Though these might to the Bishop, as to essayists and reviewers now, have become a mere form of words, to Whitefield they were living and sacred truths. He saw wonderful effects produced by his preaching, and he attributed those to divine power. "He found," says his biographer, "that the divine presence might be calculated on wherever the divine glory

*GHOST.—Spirit, the soul of Man; the soul of a deceased person; the soul or Spirit separate from the body; an apparition.—Webster's Dictionary.

was consulted" ("Life," by G. Philips, p. 76). "How often have we been filled as with new wine; how often have I seen them overwhelmed with the divine presence!" (p. 78). "Vile teachers who say that we are not to receive the Holy Ghost!" (p. 85). "We do not mean that God's spirit does not manifest itself to our senses, but that it may be perceived by the soul as really as any sensible impression made upon the body" (p. 88). "In my prayer the power of God came down and was greatly felt. In my two sermons there was yet more power" (p. 295). "I felt a divine life distinct from my animal life" (p. 321). This was when he was suffering agonies of bodily pain; and he declares that this divine life suspended all his pains, and enabled him to go out and preach. "A gale of divine influence everywhere attended his preaching" (p. 408). It was only such a power that could produce the effects which followed Whitefield.

In America Whitefield went with William Tennant, who had once lain in a trance for three days and was only saved from being buried alive by his physician. For the wonders of his trance see Howitt's Translation of "Enemoser's History of Magic," II, p. 429. Tennant totally lost his memory for a long time after this trance. When the agitations attending his preaching were, like Spiritualism today, attributed by the clergy to the devil, Whitefield replied, "Is it not amazing rashness, without inquiry and trial, to pronounce that a work of the devil which, for anything you know, may be the work of the Infinitely Good and Holy Spirit?" (p. 300.) For some time, Whitefield says, he was constrained, whether he would or not, when praying for the king, to, say, "Lord, cover thou his head in the day of battle!" He adds that he did not know that the king was gone to Germany till he heard of the battle of Dettingen, and the king being in it. He then saw why he had been forced to pray thus. In what light such doctrine of prayer must have been held by the Church at that time is evident from six students, in 1763, being expelled from St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, for praying and reading the Scriptures. They were, some of them, charged with additional offenses of having followed trades before they entered the University. They were taken into Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca, in Wales; Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon not having forgotten that "the carpenter's son" was the head of their religion.



J. M. PEEBLES, M.A., M.D., Ph.D.

In His Ninety-Fourth Year

[Our frontispiece, this month, bears the picture of one of the grandest men the world has ever seen, Dr. J. M. Peebles, M. D., of Los Angeles—or, rather, now residing there—from whence he still sends out his helpful influence all over the world, largely by the aid of a very efficient secretary. The doctor is an allopathic M. D., but he is one who agrees with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—of the medical faculty of Harvard University for so many years—who declared that most of the *materia medica* of the material *medicos* ought to be cast into the sea—it might be hard on the fishes but it would be better for humanity. Dr. Peebles long ago quit the use of it, for both himself and others, and few have done more for health, harmony and happiness than has he in his long life.

Dr. Peebles is also one of the best, the truest, and most representative spiritualists in the world, in both his private life and his books, which are legion. How he views the world, and the spirit in which he works, are well set forth in the following address given to some friends on his ninety-fourth birthday.]

Mrs. J. C. Stuart, of Los Angeles, having a beautiful and capacious residence, invited a hundred or more of the speakers and workers in the field of Spiritualism to her home to welcome Dr. Peebles on the starting off on his ninety-fourth pathway towards the century mark. The event was crowned with marked success. The hostess, Mrs. Stuart, provided an excellent repast, after which a most enjoyable time was spent in a program of music, recitations, and short speeches. Among those present and taking part in the program were Dr. Chas. T. Wood, Prof. E. Whipple, Dr. B. F. Austin, Eliz. Harlow-Goetz, Dr. M. A. Janney, Mrs. J. R. Francis, Mrs. E. G. Smith, May B. Helmer, Miss Churchill, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. Inez Wagner, Mrs. Sawyers, Mrs. M. C. Vlasek, Mr. Chamberlin, Mrs. Lincoln. The address of Dr. Peebles was read by his associate, Mr. Robert Peebles Sudall.

Dr. Peebles said: Today, the twenty-third of March, 1915, wrapped in shadowy memories and meditations, I bid farewell to ninety-three years of storms, mental cyclones, moral struggles, defeats and victories. And yet these mental struggles, lighted with the sunbeams of faith and purpose, inspired me to strenuously continue the climb towards the distant mountain of the ideal. Every shadow demonstrates a causative substance and every night prophesies of a brighter morning. No real pilgrim lingers by the way nor drops his staff in early life.

At high noon on the twenty-third of this month, afire with energy, I start off briskly on a persistent climb for the

century mark, and probably beyond that conservative, old-time thought of our ancestors. Why not make the ideal in the flesh two hundred years instead of one? This is a beautiful planet for mortal residence, with its bright and cheerful homes of millions.

Real life begins at death. With others, I stand philosophically in the center of eternity. Involution and evolution are the links that bind the universe in oneness. Suns of progress are rising before me; the future is golden and joyful are my yearly footsteps towards the realm of immortality.

According to my mother's bible, I descended into fleshly mortality in 1822; and why the descent? Undoubtedly it was for observations, for diverse experiences, for mastery over the material and other reasons, to attain the wisdom necessary to help others up the steep slopes of the ages. "Help and be helped" is among the great spiritual laws of the universe. Right here I am reminded of the Poet Tennyson's words:—
I dipt into the future, far as human eyes could see,

Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would
be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales.

Whether in my native land or journeying afar in Europe or Asia, I have been astonished at the folly of missionaries, the stale sermons of preachers and the poisonous prescriptions of conservative drug-inspired physicians. Among the wildest statements of physicians was that of Dr. Wm. Osler of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. It was this: "Men above forty years of age are useless"; then he added, "history bears out the fact that the work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty. It would be of incalculable benefit for men at this period to stop work." And to intensify and make more practical his theory, he quoted these words from the noted Anthony Trollope: "Persons between forty and sixty should retire from labor, for a year or more's contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform."

Ignoring the spirit of egotism, I most graciously state that were Dr. Osler in Los Angeles today, I would challenge him for a foot race around a city block, or for the writing of an essay of 2,000 words or more for a magazine, upon any subject except party politics.

In justice to the industrious in this city of 600,000, I beg to state that there are hundreds of persons over four score years toiling diligently in the varied business marts of life. Personally and proudly I know several virile and active persons over four score years, toiling continuously, who, if they cannot bind the Pleiades or loosen the bands of Orion, can engage in daily office labors, attend public meetings, vigorously support reform work, cultivate their lovely vineyards, their orange-groves and beautiful gardens. Should such men be chloroformed?

There is in this city, half hidden from the frivolous masses, a club of the wise, whose ages range from 85 to nearly 95; these are hale in spirit and vigorously abreast of the times. They have been named: The Twelve Wise Men. Their "hoary heads," using a bible phrase, are worthy of honor, because as persistent leaders, gathering the best thoughts of the age, they crystallized them into those great reformatory principles that have made the world more radiant. Their life work has proven that Science and Religion are twin brothers; and personally speaking, I have never taught men to prepare to die, but to prepare to live—live aright; and death to me is but the changing from the old to the new coat and passing into another room of the heavenly father's mansion.

It should be remembered that man's immortality is sealed from the fact that he is a spark from the eternal fire—a segment from the eternal circle of Being—a finite God on his way up and onward to the celestial heavens.

The longer I live and the more I see

Of the struggle of souls toward the heights above;

The stronger this truth comes home to me,

That the universe rests on the shoulders of love;

A love so limitless, deep and broad,

That men have re-named it and called it—God.

Considering the world, oriental and occidental, as the great commonwealth of God, I regard every man as my

brother, every woman as my sister, whatever the climate or the color of the skin; and towards each human being I cherish only the emotional feelings of kindness and love.

Beyond the cannon's mad roar in Europe or Mexico, I hear in the far future, the music of Peace on earth and good will among men. Seen from the vision of the highest wisdom, blessed be confusion, misfortune and trials—all lessons that strengthen and uplift the soul to a glorious self-poise and trust that God reigns. One of our American poets sang in these words:

For I doubt not through the ages,
One increasing purpose runs;
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns.
When the schemes and all the systems,
Kingdoms and republics fall,
Comes something kindlier, higher, holier:
"All for each and each for all."

Being asked a while since by a thoughtful youth, if I would not like to be "young" again, my prompt reply was, "No; a thousand times, No! As well ask the acorn-burdened oak if it would like to be a puny sapling again, or the bright-winged butterfly if it would go back to the chrysalis stage of life again."

Grand is that period of time when the gray hairs appear and when the curves and furrows are chiseled upon the facial features. They symbolize experiences, studies and wisdom. Candidly I seek no backward voyage across the sea of life. My sails are set for another harbor—another city—that city immortal, whose builder and maker, using the apostolic language, is God.

Sincerely do I admire my lengthened years. I love their aspirations and their persisting resolutions. I revel in their feats of bygone valor; their present industries; their discussions and their unfolding revelations. I rejoice in their many benefactions to my fellowmen, especially to the poor, to the peasant rather than the prince. I believe in progress; believe that the future will be infinitely superior to the past. And while the snows of many winters are upon my head, a charming springtime of faith and hope is in my heart. Victor Hugo

pronounced the white hairs of the aged, "The stainless down that angels dropt upon the storm-beaten heads of life's heroes."

Seen from the optimistic standpoint, this is really a beautiful world, rainbowed with thousand promises. Whirlwinds, earthquakes, volcanos and wars are nature's and nations' processes of progress. The wildest winds that howl, purify the air; the rains that rust the grains, revive the grasses; it is the frictioned steel that shines the brightest.

For but a few years preceding these nonogenarian years, my activities have been exceedingly stormy. Often misunderstood, often misrepresented, sometimes in the homes of "false brethren," using Paul's words; frequently walking on thorn-pierced pavements; unjustly criticized; and yet I halted not by the wayside to bemoan the rough pathway, but traveled on and on, heaven-inspired and angel-guarded. I never witnessed a starless night. If clouds intervened above, I knew that the morning sun would herald the dawn of a new day.

Oh, there is a moral grandeur, a glory unspeakable in longevity. It is God's command through nature. As an instance of my unceasing activities, I have, during the past year, been made the President-Founder of the Peebles College of Science and Philosophy. And by the way, this college in all its educational aims, will be as progressive as my own life. It will seek to develop the whole man, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, embracing in its curriculum all those up-to-date systems, sciences and philosophies that the world's conservative colleges and universities at present ignore. The age calls for more such institutions to teach spiritual and psychic sciences, philosophies, drugless healing systems and those higher principles of truth that relate to man's spiritual nature and destiny.

Death, an incident in the economy of nature, instead of being the sunset, is the morning sunrise of eternal life; it is not the place for mourning apparel, nor heart-rending farewells; but of immortal greetings. It is the blessed re-uniting of earth's purest friendships. Though draped with thorns of mystery to the masses, death is really the masked angel of life, who opens the gates of pearl that lead into the

many-mansioned house of the Father; and where each, when entering within, ascends or descends in accordance to the thoughts and deeds of this mortal life. God's love spans all worlds, and no word pictures can express the grandeur and the glory of those immortalized hosts who delight to descend to bless and uplift suffering humanity.

This world is not a "vale of tears"; but rather a strenuous training school, or a prophetic doorway to an incoming utopia, or a prelude to Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race"; wherein Walt Whitman's "Cosmic Consciousness" becoming a practical conviction, will widen and beautify that royal road which leads up to that sun-crowned temple of fame—unfading fame—over the entrance to which is inscribed in letters of light: "Happiness is found only in doing good to others."

Having no enemies to punish, I go forth on the quivering wings of faith and good will, the wide world over, bearing in my heart, sentences of sympathy and love-gifts of encouragement and comfort to all.

I see in every human soul a future saint or seer; and I would twine around that soul's neck a wreath of flowers; I would festoon the whole form with rosebuds and lilies and flowering forget-me-nots, and I would cheer and brighten every home on earth with the sweet heart-music of these words:

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigured you and me.

Though not wishing to shirk from work or any duty to be done, I would rather be ninety-four years of age than seventy or eighty-four; and I feel to unite with other nonogenarians in singing,

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer my father's home today
Than e'er I've been before.

Each individual should seek to benefit and beautify the world. Each should mentally and morally unfold like the springtime flowers, and each should grow old in years gracefully, ripening like the apple and the orange ready for the harvest.

The aged have a quiet charm of their own, a serene memory of good works done; a calm, rich experience of benevolent offerings, of noble purposes accomplished, and of magnificent victories won.

Oh it is grand and glorious to be aged in years and all—all comparable to that sanctity of spirit, devotion to principles, and those homes of harmony and hearts of love that tell in tones of tenderness, such as angels use, of God, of Heaven and of Immortality.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

5719 Fayette St., Los Angeles, Cal.

On the Staff

It is a pleasure to announce that Dr. J. M. Peebles, now of Los Angeles, has consented to accept a position on the editorial staff of LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE. His position in the world, not alone in spiritualistic literature but of world travel, having been five times around the world, and in nearly every country of it, is guarantee that his articles will be most interesting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' Opinion of Some Medicine

Says Dr. Charles Page, in an article on "The Healing Art," printed in the New York Medical Record and quoted by Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the San Francisco Examiner of Monday, October 14, 1907: "Dear Old Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., who was for many years one of the medical faculty of Harvard Medical School, said before his medical class in 1861: 'The disgrace of medicine is that colossal system of self-deception, in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the vegetable kingdom robbed of all its growth, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poison-bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all the conceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of individuals suffering from some fault of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation.'"



BIBLE STORIES



No Respector of Persons

Acts, x:

9. On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went up upon the housetop to pray, about the sixth hour:

10. And he became very hungry, and would have eaten: but while they made ready, he fell into a trance, * * *

17. Now while Peter doubted in himself what this vision which he had seen should mean, behold, the men which were sent from Cornelius had made inquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate.

19. While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, behold, three men seek thee.

20. Arise, therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing, for I have sent them.

25. And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and worshipped him.

26. But Peter took him up, saying: Stand up; I, myself, also am a man.

27. And as he talked with him, he went in, and found many that were come together.

28. And he said unto them, * * God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean.

29. Therefore I came unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for: I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me?

30. And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and, behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing.

31. And said * * *

33. Immediately, therefore, I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now, therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.

34. Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.

* * *

44. While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

45. And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.

A Talk with One of the Masters

Given through the Psychic Powers of Nellie Craib Beighle

Can you explain the working of the Marconi system of communication?

If you will refer to your knowledge of music you can easily understand the principle. You know that if there is a violin hanging on the wall and you touch A on the piano, the A string on the violin will respond. So it is in the spirit world. Between those who are harmoniously tuned, thought is speech; so it can be here with you, as you develop along the lines of knowledge of the laws governing both spiritual and material matters. Telepathy belongs to both realms; the spiritual and material. It is used now in a great measure in communication between the two worlds.

There is much that we have not been able to satisfactorily demonstrate and teach in regard to this communication, but we are endeavoring earnestly and continuously, in the hope that in the near future every home will have an instrument that will be a suggestion of the Marconi instrument, where-with you may communicate almost at your will and pleasure with those who have passed through the change called death, with those you love, with those between whom and yourselves there is a spirit of harmony, and with those who can be teachers—your helpers, who can give you knowledge whereby you will have a greater insight into the realm of spirit, into the beautiful eternal life that is a mighty circle without ending, capable of expansion or contraction according to your aspirations.

Can you tell us something of the condition of the suicide in the spirit world?

The condition of one who has suicided would depend much on the attitude of mind in which he or she came. Sometimes those who suicide have become so morbid that it is a self-induced hypnotic condition. Sometimes it is the environment, wholly physical, that is the first cause. But in the majority of instances, one who suicides is temporarily insane. They come to us sometimes very helpless, sometimes very dazed, and sometimes they would immediately

retract if they could. Sometimes it is an innocent impulse; sometimes one born of the moment and soon over. You have known of cases where in desperation some one has sought death by drowning, and when he reached and touched the cold water, he was brought back to a normal condition and begged to be rescued. But very often the hold upon the body is loosened. They may seemingly be well adjusted to their bodies, but are really almost ready to move out of their clay tenements. Frequently the strongest chastisement of one who has suicided is the feeling that he has come into a gathering uninvited—as an uninvited guest.

But there are many who come who so little understand the change at first that they are less at ease than one who has suicided. It is not all wrong, as I said before. In my experience in conversation with many, and also listening to the discussions upon the subject, the expression has been that they were almost ready to leave the tenement of clay. Those who commit the act while insane are treated as sick ones over here, and given hospital treatment, as it were. The others enter the condition of mind which is the natural sequence of their particular environment, and receive satisfaction or regret accordingly.

If you could know that when you pass through the change you are to be ushered into a beautiful place, but you cannot remain there while your work is unfinished—if you could fully realize this, you would wish to do your work, and do it well, before leaving; for it might be wearisome and tiresome to pass to the house-top, or the tower when you are not clothed in proper raiment or proper understanding. You would be embarrassed; or if you attempted to enter the university without having passed through the first, or preparatory grades, it would only be rational and reasonable that you would not desire to remain in the university, to be made a conspicuous object of misunderstanding. It would be your great wish to retrace your footsteps.

Try to understand and unfold as you should naturally, harmoniously, slowly though it may be, but in the understanding that you can enjoy and be happy in your well doing.

When every one realizes that there is no to-morrow; that when to-morrow will have arrived it is to-day—when every one shall realize that there is no death, that it is only transi-

tion; that there is no change so great that you are not yourself; that you are thoroughly conscious of all your needs and your responsibilities—when you know this you will seek to build for yourself wisely and well, and you will know that you cannot escape from yourselves. And whether you remain upon this side or upon your side of the line, you are an expression of the divine thought, that is to grow, that is to be used, that *must* unfold; and the sooner we begin to try to learn to make the very best of the lower conditions we will grow, we will be of use, you will be happy, better satisfied and more harmonious, and can receive instructions from those now in advance of us. We will also be better fitted to assist those who are not as far advanced as we are. That is the *law*, and when we thoroughly understand it we will only be too glad to live in harmony and in unison with the *law*.

Is it a great cross for you to come into the earth conditions to us?

Not at all. I enjoy it. But one of the objects for which I was first attracted to earth condition *was* to communicate to those left behind certain truths that I had discovered, and which, because of my religious sentiments while here, had been serious questions to me. I had been so troubled to know, "If a man die shall he live again?" There is no death. It is only birth transition.

Do you find opposition in the spirit world to your work here, in manifestation?

We certainly do. Ignorance is the cause.

In what sphere are you?

Grades here are simply according to our understanding. In my understanding I am placed in what may be termed the sixth grade or sphere. It is like a graded school. We may touch closely, shoulder to shoulder, with those who are not so far advanced in understanding and with others who are far in advance. I often meet with others who are so far advanced in chemistry, for instance, that I cannot apprehend their work and their great achievements in their laboratories every day. There are many grades, but we are so attracted to each that we are very congenial.

Have you ever visited the planet Mars?

Yes, although I am mostly on this planet. Mars is inhabited by a race of people similar to yourselves, but more beautiful, and farther advanced spiritually. The time is approaching—not far distant—when the method of communication between this planet and Mars will be successfully accomplished. The communication will not be through the spirits, as some imagine; it will be a scientific achievement. It will be similar to Marconi's system, though more telepathic in its nature; but it will be by signals.

What as to the theories regarding the growth of man, and the existence of spirit as distinguished from matter?

The real individual has spirit and soul. And as we become more intelligent in the understanding of law we can be creators, and create bodily conditions, as we on this side do materialization.

What is your understanding, every one of you, in regard to soul and spirit? Do you understand the soul to be the ego? ("The entire man considered as unison of soul and body.") Then what is your understanding of spirit?

My understanding and knowledge is that the soul is the ego, the real living entity, and the spirit is to the soul what to you the body seems to the spirit, or to the thinking ego.

Is it conscious unless it touches matter?

Yes.

Is it conscious aside from the experience it gets through matter?

Yes.

Then what does it come into material state for?

To be released from the whole, and become individual. One drop of the ocean contains all the elements of the ocean, but it requires all the drops to create an ocean.

How can you explain dreams?

Many journey consciously in dreams, visit places, and speak to people consciously while many others journey un-

consciously. There are many who do not understand the law, and when they retire to sleep are distressed over earthly matters. Therefore they are held in bondage to the matters of earth that so distress them. If they would in reality release themselves, and say that they would not be bound—that they would not be troubled while sleeping—they would soon find their sleep restful, and their dreams would be much more intelligent; they would know that they had walked and talked with those in other places, and often with those who had passed through the change called death, and receive much instruction. It is governed by the same law that governs your passing among your earthly friends. You can learn wisdom by aspiring. The very thought that aspires comes to us, as well as to your earthly friends, when it is expressed directly. We are ready to grasp your hands, to bring you into perfect understanding with us, that we may look into each other's faces and know as we are known. It is not necessary that the chain be broken between body and spirit in order that you be a messenger either on earth or in spirit—or an angel, either, for “angel” means “messenger.” You may be one on earth as well as in heaven.

What do you think of the industrial outlook?

The industrial outlook is optimistic. I see much suffering to ensue, but that is necessary in order that wisdom be born from it. If everything came without care, without thought, without toil, we are not sufficiently unfolded or developed to appreciate such benefits, and would be inclined to destroy rather than to enjoy. To illustrate: a beautiful, innocent child is born into a home where there is love and refinement of the highest quality. It is reared into manhood or womanhood with the tenderest love and affection. It is surrounded with every care, with every guidance of good. It must go from that home into the active duties of material, practical, and unlovable conditions. Is the outside world fitted to be just, true, and loving to that child? Not until all mankind in a measure has learned the *law* of unselfishness, the *law* of trying to love your neighbor as yourself, sufficiently to be just, to know that you cannot rise while the rest of humanity is in degradation; then the best minds, the best spiritually developed thinkers, helpers, aspirers, will

endeavor to make the world as beautiful as the most beautiful home.

The outcome of this industrial competition is that through it all nations must learn something of this spiritual justice to each and every one, and will be imbued with the spirit of co-operation. The "Fatherhood of God" and "Brotherhood of man"; that to the more helpless brother or sister we, who are strong, must be the more tender; that we must be strong for their weakness; we must by example and thought, we must by prayer uplift them; we must in all sincerity and at all times, speak, not the words of envy, hatred and malice, but of love; we must desire that every soul shall have the greatest comforts, and that none shall be deprived, not only those who are suffering mentally, but those bodily distressed shall have more comfort, that they shall be both spiritually and bodily free. And this shall be.

How is it to come about?

The first thing of importance in bringing this to pass is the proper use of the ballot; not by one-half of the people, but by *all*. If our women are fitted to be our mothers, our sisters, our daughters, yea, our sweethearts, may they not have at least the power of the ballot? They certainly will learn how to use it intelligently, if they do not already know more intuitively than mankind. They can learn—but I hope they will not—to do as men do in the use of the ballot. The orthodox position was that we must give the people what we saw fit; that we must not let them know the whole truth, for we did not know what they would do with it. Is that right? Is it just? Let all have that right, with all endeavoring to exercise it in love, harmony, and with intelligence. Those that would be tyrants could not, and those that could would not. All would rejoice in assisting to bring about conditions more spiritual and ethical for those that they love, and would learn to love more than they do now, when there is unity and harmony, and understanding that comes of knowledge.

What do you think about municipal ownership of the necessities of life?

It must come. On our side we are having congresses constantly, discussing the welfare of the people here, and the

workings of your heads of government, and we are affecting them in many ways. We are trying to teach the children of earth what we have learned, that you can only change but cannot destroy. When that is fully realized you will understand that thou canst not commit murder if thou wouldst in a spiritual sense. But there are many who commit murder in thought frequently. They are not in the understanding of truth. As I said before, those in the spirit world are concentrating their powers upon heads of governments in this world, more than ever before in the history of the world. It must be—it is going to be—that they will cease to be rulers, and still become executors, carrying out the will of the divine. Prayer is the earnest desire of the soul. Pray earnestly for spiritual insight; send out a thought for the highest and best, the grandest conception that you have, of all that is best and dearest to you, and you will receive the benefit and blessings for yourself and for others. Good Night.

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers

In a department, each month, LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE will give answers to any questions for the benefit of humanity. These answers will be in the nature of communications direct from the spirit world, through the psychic powers of Nellie Craib Beighle, and will constitute a series of most enlightening articles from those in position to know best what the truth is.

And How About Others?

If you like LA COURRIERE, and you know of others who would like it, send us their names, and we will send them a copy.

Take Your Choice

If you are a Greek you can observe Sunday on Monday.

If a Persian, on Tuesday!

If an Assyrian, on Wednesday!

If an Egyptian, on Thursday!

If a Turk on Friday!

And if a Jew, on Saturday!

My Co-Worker, Dr. Lane

Another, one of the greatest of spiritual healers, who was and is still in close touch with the editor of *La Courriere Magazine*, who has just recently passed out of the bodily existence, March 18, was Dr. G. Lester Lane, of Boston.

Being a graduated osteopathist, he understood the human body from the standpoint of the usual student of the physical. But beyond this, through being an exceptionally high order of sensitive, he was given an unique position among the invisible chemists who are constantly working remedially in the midst of the vital elements composing humanity's body. He himself was the medium through whom the chemists could establish connection with the patient and could work upon their bodies to the removal of untoward conditions. "I first knew him, and went to him as a patient, in March, 1914, and from him received positive help, hope and encouragement," writes a friend, "Dr. Scott, who in earth-life was physician to Queen Victoria, was his guide, and everyone who knew Dr. Scott in his work with Dr. Lane loved him, and relied on his kind heart, his integrity and his dependable knowledge."

Dr. Lane's equipment as a specialist healer—he was also a graduate of the National College of Fine Forces, Chicago—was of a remarkable quality and nature, and seemed to indicate for him an even larger field of usefulness than the large one he already filled. He aspired to become a Divine Healer—which to him meant the highest form of healing our earth has known. He loved and revered Jesus Christ, and with the deepest reverence of feeling would speak of the Christ having appeared in his treating-room. He loved his practice, and was himself uplifted by the healing he accomplished.

He actually came in conscious contact with the chemical agencies working in the midst of this conscious material world, and could see them working as individual chemists, individual doctors. By taking the hands of the patients in his own he established the circuit so that these invisible chemists could set to work—which they always did, with a will. Health and well-being were indicated by bright light flooding and permeating the patient's body and being—sick-

ness and misery were evidenced by blackness, or by shadows here and there, or all through.

Dr. Lane was a remarkable diagnostician because of this interior sight and feeling: he could definitely see the organs of the patient, and see the blackness being removed. To him it was a process of removing intrusive, obsessing things which prevented the natural functioning of the organs; and as the foreign elements were removed the bright sunshiny Light poured in.

It was a beautiful Chemistry in the midst of which he was the potent earth-connection: a scientific manifestation of Truth, and we had hoped he was going to be able, himself, to develop its manifestation still further on this earth. He made a splendid fight for the earth-expression of the truth he loved, and during the long siege was assisted in every way possible by Dr. Scott and by his hosts of friends on the other side; as well as by every human element that he knew how to obtain.

Dr. W. W. Hicks, one of the most learned physicians in the world today, a practitioner of Biochemistry for thirty years, himself a remarkable psychic, attended him daily through all the months he was confined at home; and Dr. Hicks spared neither time, effort nor remedy.

But when a patient is a positive psychic he is so connected with both the tangible and the intangible worlds that if either world cannot be met co-operatively by the other in every essential element, there is an impasse—and the patient has to leave the earth-plane.

The Science of Health has so many planes on which to demonstrate—because of the many planes of consciousness through which Man functions—that the necessity of the intangible and the tangible powers consulting together becomes more and more paramount. And to be able to consult together, two intelligences must realize their nearness and must act intelligently for the same high purpose.

This can be done, and this is going to be done, with mighty results. For "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and the scenes are making ready for the ushering in of new Life and new Light.

Dr. Lane was elected vice-president of Unity Church October 31, 1901; and was elected president May 26, 1906.

From some of his closest friends we receive such testimony as the following:

"He was a Spiritualist in the fullest acceptance of the word.

"His belief was a knowledge to him, and he lived his religion, and aspired to the Spiritual.

"His motto was: 'Never explain! Your friends do not need it, and your enemies will not believe you anyway.'"

The funeral services of Dr. G. Lester Lane at Montpelier, Vt., March 22, 1915, were very impressive, and largely attended, the Masonic bodies, the Eastern Star, the Odd Fellows and the employees of the Lane Mfg. Co. attending en masse. Mount Zion Commandery, No. 9, K. T., did escort duty. The floral offerings were profuse.

A Masonic publication, a short time ago, said:

"Dr. Lane retains his membership in all Masonic bodies of Vermont in which he received the degrees, but demitted from Ancient York Lodge of Nashua, N. H., in which he was made a Mason, into Mt. Lebanon Lodge of Boston. He is past high priest of King Solomon R. A. Chapter of Montpelier; a member of Montpelier Council, R. & S. M.; past commander of Mt. Zion Commandery, K. T., of Montpelier; he is a member of all the Scottish Rite bodies of Montpelier, of Vermont Lodge Consistory 32 deg., Burlington, Vt., and is a past chief rabban of Mt. Sinai Temple; a past grand of Vermont Lodge of Odd Fellows and past chief patriarch of Thomas Wildey Encampment, of Montpelier. * * * His favorite pursuit is the reading of scientific and occult literature. He is also a member of the Vermont Association of Boston."

Dr. J. M. Peebles' Works

No man, in recent times, has written so much and so well about the operation of the spirit of man—the real man—in different ages, as Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Garvanza, Los Angeles, of whom there is mention in another place in this issue of this magazine. A partial list of his books is enough to show this: *Seers of the Ages*, *Immortality and Our Future Spirit Homes*, *Spiritualism Commanded of God*, *Proofs of Immortality*, *Spiritualism in all Lands and Times*, *Five Journeys Around the World* (by himself), *Who Are These Spiritualists?*—and many other works.

What Would You Ask?

(Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men. 2 Cor. viii-21.)

Suppose you were the happy possessor of an Aladdin Lamp and that by rubbing it, as did the son of the Chinese widow, you could command the services of a dozen genii who would use their power to gratify your wishes, what would you ask for? What do you think the most desirable thing in life? For that, of course, is what you would like to have. Take a broad view of human possibilities; look far and wide, look high and deep; what is there in this strange and contradictory world, with its symphonies and its jangles, that seems most desirable as a personal possession? If you could not have all things, and so offset the evil of one with the good of another, but might choose a single gift, what would it be? Wealth, for instance? Its purchasing power is marvelous. The love of money is not merely the root of all evil; it is also the foundation of nearly all that is noble in society. People who have no desire to acquire a fortune are not far removed from barbarism. Money is the providential impulse of human progress. The scorn for money and money-making which is heard in some quarters seems to me to be not only unwise, but wholly thoughtless, for the world would hardly be worth living in were it not for what wealth will buy and what it can do. Our ships sail to every quarter of the globe, and furnish us with the products of every clime. Our railroads span the continents and bring distant provinces into our immediate neighborhood. The telephone and the telegraph make everybody accessible and dispense with worry and delay. Our public schools are training places for our children; our public libraries are store-houses of intellectual food for the masses; sanitariums and asylums are retreats for the unfortunate. It is the struggle for wealth which rouses the activities of the community and develops that inventive genius which surrounds us with increasing comforts and conveniences.

What I am just now interested in, however, is not money-getting in its commercial but in its individual aspect. What it does for the whole is one thing; what it does for the unit is quite another. When it is a healthy exercise it is a blessing;

but when it becomes a disease it is a curse, because it is fatal to the noble qualities of character. To get money simply to live on is very different from getting it in order to satisfy our greed, for greed is close to animalism. I know nothing that is so hurtful to a young man as a large inheritance. It does not tend to make him great and generous, but to make him small. I have noticed that when a man is determined to be rich at any cost, he is a very poor and uncompanionable sort of creature. If a man has enough to live on very comfortably, he has no need for more; and if he wants more, it narrows and shrinks his soul.

There are so many things that no amount of money can buy. I want fidelity in friendship; I want purity in love; I want happiness and harmony in the home. These things I must not seek in a gold mine, for they are not there. When death comes, even the monarch is only a common man. His jeweled crown, his stately palaces, his sovereignty which runs to the limit of his kingdom, count for absolutely nothing, and at the bedside of his beloved he is no better than a peasant. Golconda cannot purchase resignation or contentment for any living soul. Tears are tears, and sobs are sobs, both in the palace and in the hovel. I love money, but if I can choose only one blessing I will not choose that. It is desirable, beyond doubt, but not most desirable. I must leave it behind when my friends close my eyes in sleep; and I am not foolish enough to spend my life in getting what will slip from my grasp at the last moment. I am going to the spirit-world, to heaven, and as there is no money there I must try to get something which I can take with me.

I say, therefore, that a man or woman's character, their qualities, are the real if not the only foundation of happiness. It is better to be strong in your heart and soul than in your purse. An upright man can walk through the darkness of the churchyard without fear or trembling.

Just before I slumber at the last I would rather hear an angel's voice bidding me welcome than be told that I should die a billionaire. In the last analysis, if you sift the matter to the bottom, the only man or woman of worth is the man of good deeds, lofty faith. You can exaggerate the value of your bank account, but not the value of your trust in God. If I saw one standing on the threshold of life, eager for the

struggle, I should say to him, money is good, but God is better. Work hardest for what is noblest; not greed but knowledge will stand you in good stead by and by. Make your life sweet with good deeds and pure thoughts. Set your days to the music of righteousness. Be men and women; and when you reach the home beyond you can look up and say, "I did my very best."

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." Romans 1:20.

Nellie Craib Beighle

Whose powers of healing and teaching the Kingdom of God are well known all over the United States and abroad, having passed examination in the "Faculte de Medecine" in Paris in 1907, has opened a "School for Enlightenment." The book of membership is now ready. Those wishing to join (as it can reach every one in their own homes) will please write for information. Address

NELLIE CRAIB BEIGHLE,

Formerly Dr. Nellie Beighle, 305 Buchanan St., S. F.

Book of Knowledge—Psychic Facts

One of the greatest books ever written, concerning the facts and the power of the spiritual or real side of human nature, is that by Nellie Craib Beighle (formerly Dr. Nellie Beighle), BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE: PSYCHIC FACTS. It is for sale at LA COURRIERE office, 305 Buchanan street, San Francisco, \$1.75 delivered personally, or \$2 post-paid. Dr. L. Hahn, of the Faculte de Medecine, Universitie de Paris, France; Dr. J. M. Peebles, one of the greatest writers in spiritualistic lines in the world; and Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, Director of the Mt. Lowe astronomical observatory, on the mountain, near Los Angeles, all speak of it in the highest terms. Their opinions have been embodied in a little leaflet, "School for Enlightenment," which is free.

The Life, Character, Religion, and Miracles of Chrishna

[This is the first of a series of articles by the editor which will appear monthly in LA COURRIERE MAGAZINE, showing that there have been various crucified saviors in different lands, and how similar have been the circumstances reported to have surrounded the birth, life and death of each, as also how similar have been their teachings.]

The history of Chrishna Jeus (or Jeseus, as some writers spell it) is contained principally in the Baghavat Gita, the episode portion of the Mahabarat bible. The book is believed to be divinely inspired like all other bibles; and the Hindoos claim for it an antiquity of six thousand years. Like Christ, he was of humble origin, and like him had to encounter opposition and persecution. But he seems to have been more successful in the propagation of his doctrines; for it is declared, "This is indeed the Redeemer promised to our fathers." His pathway was thickly strewn with miracles, which consisted in healing the sick, curing lepers, restoring the dumb, deaf and the blind, raising the dead, aiding the weak, comforting the sorrow stricken, relieving the oppressed, casting out devils, etc. He came not ostensibly to destroy the previous religion, but to purify it of its impurities, and preach a better doctrine. He came, as he declared, "to reject evil and restore the reign of good, and redeem man from the consequences of the fall, and deliver the oppressed on earth from its load of sin and suffering." His disciples believed him to be God himself, and millions worshiped him as such in the time of Alexander the Great, 330 B. C. The hundreds of counterparts to the history of Christ, proving their histories to be almost identical, will be found enumerated in chapter xxxii; such as 1 His miraculous birth by a virgin; 2 The mother and child being visited by shepherds, wise men, and the angelic host, who joyously sang, "In the delivery, O favored among women, all nations shall have cause to exult"; 3 The edict of the tyrant ruler, Cansa, ordering all the first born to be put to death; 4 The miraculous escape of the mother and child from his bloody decree by the parting of the waves of the River Juma to permit them to pass through on dry ground; 5 The

early retirement of Chrishna to a desert; 6 His baptism or ablution in the River Ganges, corresponding to Christ's baptism in Jordan; 7 His transfiguration at Madura, where he assured his disciples that "present or absent, I will always be with you"; 8 He had a favorite disciple (Arjoon), who was his bosom friend, as John was Christ's; 9 He was anointed with oil by women, like Christ; 10 A somewhat similar fish story is also told of him—his disciples being enabled by him to catch large draughts of the finny prey in their nets. Like Christ, he taught much by parables and precepts.

A notable sermon preached by him is also reported, which we have not space for here. On one occasion, having returned from a ministerial journey, as he entered Madura, the people came out in crowds to meet him, strewing the ground with the branches of cocoanut trees, and desiring to hear him, he addressed them in parables, the conclusion and moral of one of which, called the parable of the fishes, runs thus: "And thus it is, O people of Madura, that you ought to protect the weak and each other, and not retaliate upon an enemy the wrongs he may have done you." Here we see the peace doctrine preached in its purity. "And thus it was," says a writer, "that Chrishna spread among the people the holy doctrines of purest morality, and initiated his hearers into the exalted principles of charity, of self-denial, and self-respect at a time when the desert countries of the west were inhabited only by savage tribes; and, we will add, long before Christianity was thought of. Purity of life and spiritual insight, we are told, were distinguishing traits in the character of this oriental sin-atoning Savior, and that "he was often moved with compassion for the down-trodden and the suffering." A Buddhist in Ceylon, who sent his son to a Christian school, once remarked to a missionary, "I respect Christianity as a help to Buddhism." Thus is disclosed the fact that the motives of some of the "heathen" in sending to Christian schools is the promotion of their own religion, which they consider superior, and in many respects most of them are. (For proof see chapter on bibles.) We have the remarkable admission of the Christian Examiner that "The precepts of the (Christian) bible are contained in the Hindoo Baghavat." Then it is not true that "Christ spake as never man spake." And if his "best precepts" were previously re-

corded in an old heathen bible, then they afford no proof of his divinity.*

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man, approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know."—Acts 2:22.

This suicidal concession of the Examiner pulls up the claims of orthodox Christianity by the roots. And many of the precepts uttered by Chrishna display a profound wisdom and depth of thought equal to any of those attributed to Jesus Christ. In proof of the statement, we will cite a few examples out of the hundreds in our possession.

1 Those who do not control their passions, cannot act properly towards others.

2 The evils we inflict upon others follow us as our shadows follow our bodies.

3 Only the humble are beloved by God.

4 Virtue sustains the soul as the muscles sustain the body.

5 When the poor man knocks at your door, take him in and administer to his wants, for the poor are the chosen of God. (Christ said, "God hath chosen the poor.")

6 Let your hand be always open to the unfortunate.

7 Look not upon a woman with unchaste desires.

8 Avoid any covetousness, falsehoods, imposture and slander, and sexual desires.

9 Above all things, cultivate love for your neighbor.

10 When you die you leave your worldly wealth behind you, but your virtues and vices follow you.

11 Contem riches and worldly honor.

12 Seek the company of the wicked in order to reform them.

13 Do good for its own sake, and expect not your reward for it on earth.

14 The soul is immortal, but must be pure and free from all sin and stain before it can return to Him who gave it.

15 The soul is inclined to good when it follows the inward light.

16 The soul is responsible to God for its actions, who has established rewards and punishments.

* In 84 places in the New Testament Jesus Christ calls himself the "son of man."

17 Cultivate that inward knowledge which teaches what is right or wrong.

18 Never take delight in another's misfortune.

19 It is better to forgive an injury than avenge it.

20 You can accomplish by kindness what you cannot by force.

21 A noble spirit finds a cure for injustice by forgetting it.

22 Pardon the offense of others, but not your own.

23 What you blame in others do not practice yourself.

24 By forgiving an enemy you make many friends.

25 Do right from hatred of evil, and not from fear of punishment.

26 A wise man corrects his own errors by observing those of others.

27 He who rules his temper conquers his greatest enemy.

28 The wise man governs his passions, but the fool obeys them.

29 Be at war with men's vices but at peace with their persons.

30 There should be no disagreement between your lives and your doctrine.

31 Spend every day as though it were the last.

32 Lead not one life in public and another in private.

33 Anger in trying to torture others punishes itself.

34 A disgraceful death is honorable when you die in a good cause.

36 We must master our evil propensities, or they will master us.

37 He who has conquered his propensities rules over a kingdom.

38 Protect, love, and assist others, if you would serve God.

39 From thought springs the will, and from the will action, true or false, just or unjust.

40 As the sandal tree perfumes the ax which fells it, so the good man sheds fragrance on his enemies.

41 Spend a portion of each day in pious devotion.

42 To love the virtues of others is to brighten your own.

43 He who gives to the needy loses nothing himself.

44 A good, wise, and benevolent man cannot be rich.

45 Much riches is a curse to the possessor.

(To be continued.)



