

GIFT
AUG 31 1915



The

Messenger

Dedicated to the Fatherhood of God
and the Brotherhood of Man

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



SEPTEMBER, 1915

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which presents me. From continuing
my large household, thank you very
much for writing me. about the
wrecks - as I feel you understand
I wanted a clean little magazine
most Respectfully
Yours Cecil Deighton
the Editor.

I am with my kindest regards
and wishes

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JCR

California
Invites
the World



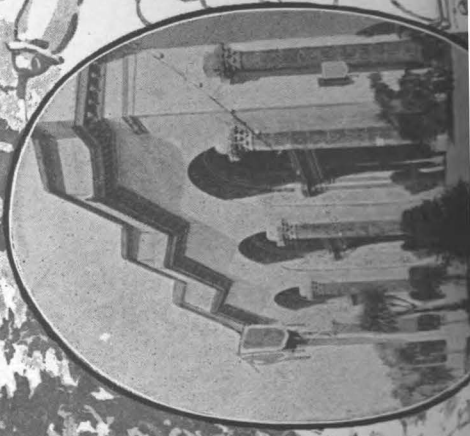
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Bal

I arrived here
saw about the
"Messenger" I was am-
bushed to. stop it - for a
while as I must get a
competent man to help
me with it - have been
waiting for such a one
but he has not yet appear-
ed I am leaving Portland
for lecture my trip. The last
of March - I fear I will have to
go without my continuing with
as much as I want to
until next year. I will see
my Book of Knowledge
Psychic Facts are giving lectures and
will instruct the people in the body as it is
"Man, Man, Thyself" and "Healing" as the
Medical Athlete Board has formed laws.



THE MESSENGER

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

PUBLISHED BY
LA COURRLERE CORPORATION

305 Buchanan Street

San Francisco, Cal.

15 Cents a Copy

\$1.50 a Year

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1915

Printed and Bound by The Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco.

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 4

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The Receipt

Of a copy of THE MESSENGER is an invitation to take stock in it and to subscribe for it.

Change of Name

In compliance with the request of subscribers, and beginning with this number, La Courriere Magazine will henceforth be known as THE MESSENGER.

THE MESSENGER

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 4

Some Stirring Thoughts and Pressing Needs Opportune and Appropriate for the Present Time

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

[It is with both pride and pleasure that we publish in this issue of our journal the exceedingly excellent article from the active brain of Pioneer Peebles, who, with A. J. Davis, is rightly credited as the Father of Modern Spiritualism. Dr. Peebles' longevity and vigorous health with the retention of his hearing, sight and the activity of his mental faculties, are impressive demonstrations of a well ordered life in the line of habit, energy and self-poise. What an example to us all and also to the moral influence of the spiritual philosophy.]

This twentieth century is essentially the period of the people. Men and women in vast numbers have come up out of their graves of conservatism, superstition and bigotry. They now function in the resurrection state, dreaming of regeneration and abiding peace.

Let there be no more Hague pratings of peace and brotherhood by armed nations who secretly prepare for war. Hypocrisy is the hidden spirit of the hells. To avoid war on this plane of militarism, red with blood and blackest butchery, is not to be prepared for war. War thoughts and preparations produce wars as legitimately as causes produce effects.

There are reputed to be on this planet today fifty-three independent governments, nine of which are now engaged in a most terrific and murderous war-struggle, one bordering on moral insanity.

The three leading ideas on this useless and wretched war that is crimsoning Europe's fair fields and beautiful vineyards in human blood, instead of being brotherhood, science and a world's federation, are pride, conquest and a greedy, mercenary commerce encompassing lands and seas.

Let the black veil be lifted!

On this material plane, let the mountains hurl aloft volcanic rocks; let the earthquakes under Italian skies shake her cities and mantle her vineyards with fiery ashes; let the mad lightnings flash and cyclonic storm-clouds devastate

our northland sea coasts, and let the echoing agonies of a degraded trafficking and selfish worldliness, all ajar with the horrors of the suffering and the groans of the sorrowing, be heard.

Yes—let the veil be lifted—and let the inquiry go out on the wireless: Is there no balm in Gilead? Are there no hopes in the over-hanging clouds?

Those—all those physical and mental miseries—described above, are but unseen causes and prophecies of further changes and typhoons—symbols of the clashing and crashings of the intellectual, social and religious elements around and above in the invisible. War in heaven—rather wars in the lower, over-arching heavens, are not dreams, but terrible, obsessing realities.

Am I then a pessimist? Do I dwell in the low foglands of doubt and fear? Do I slumber in a tottering shanty of shadows? Furthest from all this possible! Unbounded is my faith in God and in the deeper spiritual side of humanity.

Standing upon the lofty summit of a persistent trust in the Divine Goodness, I see through and beyond these clouds and eclipses—beyond all these mental, social and theological nightmares, to that mighty omnipotence in the heavens and to those shimmering sunbeams that make the grasses grow and the fragrant roses bloom, thinking in the meantime of these lines:

“The stamp of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain
And the sweetness of the singer
Is the sadness of the strain.”

Those earnest souls who have climbed to the mountain tops in this or foreign lands, have seen strata of golden sun-kissed clouds below them; and yet, those down in the lowlands, seeing the undermost surfaces of these clouds, pronounce them darkest gray or black.

Undoubtedly, above all clouds, turmoils, tempests and great storm centers in the physical, the sun shines; and so, lifted to that higher plane of the spiritual, the sun of righteousness—the Divine Sun of Love and Wisdom—shines in matchless glory—shines to lighten and morally illumine all the tribes and tongues and races of humanity.

There is no absolute and eternal evil in the universe. Hades, the hell of the ancients, was and now is only a kind

of a kindergarten—a kindly retributive prelude of lessons to an introduction into the delightful mansions of the sages and inspired seers gone before.

It is apostolically recorded that Jesus “learned obedience . . . and was made perfect through suffering.” And a poet sang:

“Men saw the thorns on Jesus’ brow
But angels saw the roses.”

Progress is the resounding keynote in these inquisitive and perilous times. Men and women think and great reasoners traverse all lands; and the better and the higher are in the ascendancy. Theological creeds are writhing in distress and orthodox confessions of faith are looking towards cemeteries for their final and eternal sleep.

When human bodies die, sectarists have good sense enough to bury them from sight; but when their creeds perish, becoming as offal to investigators, they strive to embalm and preserve them beneath gothic piles and costly cathedrals, to the merriment of advanced thinkers and the almost infinite sorrow of angels. As well strive to bind the waters of the ocean with a rope of sand or hush the winds fresh from Aeolus’ hand, as to bid the currents of free thought cease circulating among inquiring masses that dare to assert their independence. Popes and priests have measurably been shorn of their power. Century-mossed systems have lost their vitalizing force and creedal ceremonies have become dull and irksome. The great, throbbing heart of humanity calls for living inspirations and greater, grander truths, fresh from the Father and the angels that do the Divine Will.

Emerson, in his address to the Senior Theological class at Cambridge, said: “It is my duty to say to you that the need was never greater for a new revelation than now. . . . The church seems to totter to its fall—almost all life is extinct. I think no man can go with his thoughts about him into one of our churches, without feeling, that what hold the public worship once had on man, is gone, or going. It has lost its grasp on the affections of the good and the fears of the bad. The prayers and even the dogmas of our church are wholly isolated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people.”

This wide-awake age demands, not aping shadows, gloved gentry, long-faced saints, ranting revivalists or cowed clergymen fashioned to order in theological seminaries, who bewail the sins of the Jews and Greeks and aim arrows of rebuke at the poor Hittites and Moabites; nor sluggish, stagnant conservatives who pray for the millenium and piously oppose the "new moon" out of a respect for the old, forgetting the Carlylean maxim, that the "old skin never falls from the serpent till a new one is formed"; but it demands men and women, enthusiastic and full-orbed, who see in every soul a possible Christ, in every life a symbol-thought of God, in every well-timed bath a baptism, in every day a Sabbath, in every house a living temple and in every heart an altar of worship whereon the fires of love and devotion are kept as incense continually burning, making life's busy homes precious and sunny, something like the Syrian orange tree that bears in its bosom at the same time the fragrance of blossoms with the matured fruitage; men whose warm blood, deep sympathy and great moral independence tell in torrent-like grandeur against political knavery, social vices and whose searching eyes flash, burning words convince, vibrating lips persuade and startling inspirations touch the hearts' deepest affections, thus leading the soul to bow in devotion before the altar of Divine Truth.

These are our brave martyrs—the daring aviators of the twentieth century, speaking and living their highest thoughts, though the fire, the faggot or the cross face them.

Oh, we need great moral heroes who dare and do and who would die for heaven's glorious truth. We need great spiritual heroes all aflame with odes, with rhapsody, with lyric, uttered in tongues of fire, stirring the very depths of the inmost consciousness and arousing such consciences as duty undone; of the spiritual life unlived; of a desired heaven here and now undreamed of, echoing in the soul's memory chambers for truth—more truth—higher truth—more brotherhood and more firm impulses of kindness, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, religious zeal and devotion to the divine principles of that God-inspired spiritualism that educates, sanctifies and saves.

Forget not that man, in whatever age or realm of being, is a conscious individuality with such clinging personalities to his vigorous tree of life, or rather as tendencies, habits

and varying discordant deeds, all of which are the subjects of culture and vast unfoldments; and so heavenward, all things tend.

Oh blissful faith; oh indescribable knowledge—eternity—how grand! How uplifting the thought!

When all Spiritualists the wide world over become convinced and enthused with this holy Spiritualism that underlies all the world's reforms and practice its precious precepts imbedded in its phenomena, its philosophy and its fascinating religion, brutal wars will cease, sectarian dogmatisms will perish and all earnest souls will be baptized afresh with the spirit of love; estranged hands will again be clasped; unsympathizing hearts will be warmed with the kindling emotions of human tenderness, all combining to constitute the world into one vast commonwealth of freedom, justice, philanthropy and universal harmony.

Just a few words to you—you, gentle reader—hoping to incite in your inmost being deeper thoughts and loftier ideas. Listen: You, my friend, brought nothing into this material world but a little naked body, some infantile screams, some inherited tendencies, spiritual possibilities and a life germ of immortality. How very poor and dependent you were!

Well, you can take nothing out of this world in passing through death's grim gateway, but consciousness, memory, mental attainments, moral qualities and spiritual treasures—nothing else. Where—and what then? I know, and you know; and you ought to so live as to hear beyond the curtain of change: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

Behold now your waiting friends, your lovely home and the indescribably beautiful scenery. Looking farther, behold those crystal fountains, those gardens, groves, flowers, schools and lyceums, colleges and universities, limited by the laws of adaptation and merit. Behold the historical libraries extending back to the period that marked the era when first inhabited by rational intelligences. Wrapt in the beauty of this vision, you will begin to realize that spirit life is an active life, a social life, a disciplinary life, a constructive life and a progressive life, guarded and infilled with the presence and the glory of God.

5719 Fayette St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society

The Countess De Pomar

To the Committee of the London Dialectical Society
appointed to investigate "Spiritualism":

"Gentlemen: Having been requested by some members of your committee to furnish a report of seances at which I have been present, I have concluded, after duly considering the matter, to do so upon condition of being allowed to state my views respecting the value of spiritual communications.

"Seances are so much alike in all essentials that little good can be derived from reporting them unless we consider them with reference to their value as evidence of the individuality and immortality of the soul; this is in fact the true touchstone of their importance; and therefore I must, as a preliminary to my report of spiritual experiences, offer a few considerations in regard to the vexed questions as to whether the soul is material or immaterial, mortal or immortal.

"In doing so, however, I do not suppose that all difficulties are to be instantly removed; on the contrary, I fully admit that differences of opinion must be expected to exist, and only ask the same concession from those who are opposed to my views.

"Those who argue that the soul is material in the sense of being a manifestation of matter in action, must in candor, confess that they have a great many difficulties to contend with in demonstrating their views; and they should therefore admit as I do, that in relation to all such questions, there must be more or less of honest difference of opinion since all men cannot see and judge alike; and each will judge according to his capacity for judging. No one would expect a mere peasant to understand the laws of electricity as they were understood by Faraday; and the same difference must exist with well-educated men, for they are not all on the same level, and therefore they cannot see with the same eyes.

"The ideas of beauty presented to the mind by the works of Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian and Murillo vary as widely as does the style of those great painters and the appreciation of those who contemplate them.

“Some maintain that the German composers are the finest the world ever produced, others are equally ready to do battle in favor of the Italian School.

“There are men who, with Plato, would banish poets from the republic of letters; others believe them to be the first and best of educators. Carlyle sometimes waxes furious when speaking of the fine arts which others believe to be essential to the wellbeing of society.

“In like manner men of equal integrity differ respecting religious theories; and, therefore, the only safe conclusion to be arrived at is that human beings are not capable of seeing alike, but that reasoning upon precisely the same evidence men will reach opposite conclusions, and, consequently, that opposite opinions must be held.

“Those who deny Spiritualism as a whole and who believe the present life to be the all of existence, must confess that they have some difficult points to explain. For instance, what is to be said about **memory** and its relation to matter? It is assumed that all our mental perceptions are inseparably associated with the brain, and what is seen by the physical eye is afterwards seen by the mental eye, both, however, being material; in which case it must follow that the impressions received are actually stamped upon material substance; so that what men call ‘remembering’ is literally nothing more than bringing out the old mental photograph which has been stored in the brain.

“There is, however, a physiological difficulty connected with this assumption. Physiologists inform us that the human body is perpetually undergoing change; that at every instant of time new matter is taking place of the old, and that at short intervals the body is so completely changed that not an atom of its former self remains. This change, too, and especially with those who read and think much, is more active, they tell us, in the brain than in other parts of the body; so that, it is concluded, only a still shorter time is needed to insure a complete change of the matter of which the brain is composed. This being the case, and no physiologist will dispute it, how can it be accounted for that we are capable of remembering events that occurred and scenes we viewed thirty or forty years ago? The scenes of our childhood are still visible to the mental eye and the tones of the mother’s voice are still as clearly heard by the mental ear

as they were forty years before, when first they sounded through the physical chambers.

"Is it possible to explain this fact by the material theory? To do so it is necessary to suppose that the old matter, which originally received the impressions, restamped these upon the new; and that this process was repeated every time the molecules of matter were changed; that is to say twelve or fifteen times in a life-time.

"But how can this be done and we remain unconscious of the process? If my seeing a waterfall with the physical eye produces a mental picture I recall at pleasure, how can that mental picture of the waterfall be stamped into my new brain matter without my being conscious of the act? For the restamping must be necessary in all cases, even those in which for many years the scene remembered has not recurred to the mind; and, obviously, in such cases the ideas of things must have passed from old molecules to new ones without our being in any way conscious of the transaction.

"Surely this is harder to believe than is the theory that memory is a result of the action of a spiritual element in our nature, which remains essentially the same during its connection with the physical body the particles of which are constantly changing.

"Then there is the difficulty of explaining how matter can produce ideas. Is it not impossible to speak of ideas as of material objects? Can we conceive of extension or ponderability in connection with our thoughts? To speak of a pound of sorrow or of an ounce of hope seems impossible; we cannot expect either music or poetry from the rock or the plant; yet both the latter enter into the composition of our mortal bodies; and it ought to be as feasible to extract the former from the earth or from potatoes in their natural condition, as after they have been consumed, if **matter** can think and produce ideas.

"Of course it will be said that we must not expect ideas from matter before it becomes organized; but here again a difficulty occurs. It is generally said by physiologists that in chemical composition as in formation no difference exists between the brain of the Esquimau and that of the most highly cultivated European. Their elements and their mode of organization are the same; and yet how different are the men! But would this be the case if it were true that matter

produces ideas? Should not the same results follow from the same organization? The question cannot be one of weight, because it is known that the contents of the skull of some Esquimaux or Red Indians weigh more than do those of some educated Europeans. Plato is reported as having had a very large head; and it has been argued from this that he was therefore more capable of laborious thought. It is also said that from men of small heads we have no right to expect great works of philosophy or art. But is it not well known that very bad men have had large heads? Look at a collection of busts, from those of bad Roman Emperors down to the modern murderers, and how many of them are found to have larger heads than some who have worked nobly for the elevation of the human race.

"If the quality of mind resulted solely from the size of the brain, we should have a right to expect equal results from equal weights; this, however, is not the case.

"If space permitted a legion of kindred difficulties might be suggested; enough, however, has been said to prove that modesty should be shown by Anti-Spiritualists when insisting upon what they are pleased to call 'the weakness of spirit evidence.'

"But the Spiritualist does not pretend that he has no difficulties to contend with; on the contrary, he confesses them, and knows that it is in the nature of the case for them to exist; the Spiritualist admits it to be impossible for him to show the soul as he can show a physical organ; or to analyze it as he does gases and solids. But he has a full consciousness of its existence; and is sensible of the fact that it is spirit alone which can give evidence of itself. Soul alone can conceive of soul. Material bodies can only be tested by material agents; and, as the lesser cannot comprehend the greater, it is certain that self-consciousness is the true evidence of the soul's existence.

"How can a child comprehend a man? Can the lower nature comprehend the higher? Does the coward understand the hero? In like manner, it is soul alone that can conceive of soul; and according to their degrees of development, do souls comprehend each other?

"It is therefore but reasonable to accept the evidence of our self-consciousness, as we do that of our nervous system;

we feel a pain, but cannot prove the fact to our neighbors, still we are sure of it through our self-consciousness.

"We must deal in a similar way with the question of immortality; and it is somewhat curious that this question should be debated; since the Materialists, though denying a future state to the mind, are ready enough to admit their belief, that matter cannot be destroyed; this being so, how can they conceive of the destruction of its properties? Vitality may be latent for ages; but supply the conditions necessary for the manifestation, and at once it becomes active. Seed found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy has been sown and produced abundantly, yet no one doubted that the seed had been enclosed about four thousand years. According to the Materialists, this vitality is a property of matter; and if the Materialists are right, so also is consciousness; why then, if the former be persistent may not the latter be so too? Does it not rather appear that once developed it ought to go on forever? Nature wastes nothing; but is economical in the use of her materials; why then suppose that the atom will persist but the mind that studied it will perish; that the earth will remain, but the genius that solves its mysteries of flower, tree and stone will perish? Does not the consciousness of the superior value of our inner selves become evidence in favor of the idea that the higher nature will survive the changes of matter, and live on in knowledge, when the materials of the physical frame will have been reincorporated with a thousand other forms?

"It is at this point that Spiritualism comes to our aid by furnishing proof of the soul's immortality. Unhappily, however, so numerous are the mocking voices it cannot obtain the unbiased hearing its great importance demands; a consequence probably of its being somewhat in advance of the age, and, to some extent, on account of the impositions which have been practised in its name.

"When it was proposed to light London with gas no less a man than Sir Walter Scott printed his protest against the ridiculous attempt to light the streets of a city with smoke. What was reported by a committee of the House of Commons against railways? And who has not heard of the scorn encountered by the first advocates of vaccination and of oceanic telegraphy? Still these discoveries have all made their way, as Spiritualism will do ere long, for nothing can resist the collective evidence in its favor.

“Nor is that evidence so completely modern as many seem to suppose, for in all history the belief has prevailed that spirits having left their mortal bodies were permitted to communicate with those they loved and who were still in the flesh. Homer, Herodotus, Plato, Cicero, etc., all speak distinctly as to the belief entertained by the ancient nations, and when we read the history of Saul and Samuel and the ‘Witch of Endor,’ we cannot doubt as to what was the belief of the Hebrew people.

“In the Christian world the belief has never failed, and this not merely because it is pleasing to believe that the dear ones dead still take an interest in our condition; but because of testimony given by so many of the noblest and purest of men and women to the fact that they have been thus visited. From the days of the Christian fathers there is an unbroken line of testimony to this fact, and curiously enough, it is borne by men who are applauded for everything but this belief in Spiritualism. When they speak of what they saw and knew they are rejected; but are reverently believed when speaking about matters of speculation.

“It is not here denied that errors have been mingled with the aforesaid belief, but what is contended for is this, that when so many millions of people, led by thousands of eminent men, have believed themselves to be in direct communication with the spirits of the dead, and when the wisest of human teachers have recorded the fact of their experience, no one can be justified in denying these statements until he has gained such a knowledge of the economy of the universe as will entitle him to say that all such communications are impossible. We must first know what is possible before saying that such visits are impossible.

“Those who developed the telegraphic systems cared nothing for the outsiders who said that such a mode of sending messages must, in the nature of things, be ‘impossible.’ Relying upon their own experience, although unable to understand the nature of the phenomena of electricity they still went on and now we send our messages round the world.

“In the presence of ‘so great a crowd of witnesses’ it appears almost superfluous to speak of my own experience, and yet I must do so, for I know by what, to myself, are infallible proofs of the truth, that spirits do hold communication with us. I never doubted the immortality of the soul so that I did not need confirmation of the fact, yet I gladly testify that it

has been given to me and in great abundance. And to show that I have not been self-deceived, I will mention one particular fact.

"During a period of five months I was a 'medium,' and even when sitting alone, I have frequently had communications so clear and distinct that mistake was impossible, for ideas have been thus conveyed to me which previously had no place in my mind.

"This power suddenly quitted me and it has never returned. Now had it been a case of self-deception, is it not clear that it would have continued, seeing that as far as health, mental power, and belief in spiritual communications are concerned, I underwent no change.

"Then again, I have sat in my own house with personal friends, no other medium but myself being present; and the communications respecting departed relatives and friends were alike interesting and remarkable. I have been told of many things about them of which I had no previous knowledge and which the persons sitting with me could not have known, for the communications were from those who had died in distant countries, and yet these proved to be correct; many of them have been in Spanish. All this has occurred to me through my own mediumship.

"I have attended many seances, with more or less marked results, and I think it right to mention that I have sat several times with Mr. Home without having a single manifestation, even when the whole circle has been composed of friends and Spiritualists. At others we have obtained the most beautiful manifestations through his mediumship; we have thus had messages, movements of inanimate objects, and music, perfect in sentiment and expression, on the accordion, which has frequently played in my hand when sitting near him. Of these seances it will probably be more interesting to mention one which, as we were not sitting for the purpose, should be called '**no seance.**'

"Death was in the house; and the beloved one who had left us was yet uncoffined. I was sitting in the library with my son at the tea-table, and we were sitting close together, as the sorrow of the hour rendered it natural we should do, when Mr. Home was unexpectedly announced; he had come from a public reading, dressed as he had been on the platform and consequently with no possibility of the machinery about

him which so many unbelievers suppose him to carry concealed. He was quite unaware of the sad event that had occurred, his first intention having been merely to make inquiries at the door. He drew a chair up to the table beside my son and affectionately placed an arm round his waist.

"Raps were heard almost immediately, on the table, on the chandeliers and in various parts of the room; we adopted the usual course of repeating the alphabet, and the messages spelt out were 'Joy, not sorrow' and 'Not gone away'; directly after this, as if in confirmation of the statement, the favorite seat of the departed, a large armchair, which was standing in its usual place near the window at the further end of the room, moved in a sweep towards the table at which we were sitting, and came nearly round to my side. Then a sofa moved across the room in another direction; while this was occurring we three were still at the table from which Mr. Home had not moved since he first sat down.

"In this case there could not be any ocular delusion. No seance had been proposed; we were not sitting with our hands on the table as is the custom at seances and the room was well lighted with gas.

"My son was somewhat alarmed at what had occurred. I seeing the power was so great, got out an accordion which I had purchased myself for these occasions, and which had been twice changed at the shop by me, it having been pronounced out of tune by the invisible performers, who always showed us the fact by playing the discordant notes. I then begged them to play something in accordance with our feelings; and a very beautiful and solemn air was played, while Mr. Home held the instrument, which he did, not only under the table, but horizontally in the air, or above his head, according to the impulses they gave to it. As they finished playing, it came towards me, and Mr. Home told me to take it, which I did, and it then played a favorite tune which I asked for, partly in my hand and partly in his as he took it from me, when the sounds had become faint from my want of power.

"What could I do but believe the evidence of my own senses, corroborated too, as that evidence has been by so many others?

"To multiply narratives of this kind is comparatively useless; were it not so, I could fill a large volume with reports of

remarkable seances at which I have been present. I prefer to add a few remarks respecting the value of spirit communication and first as to the curious fact that to the same question different spirits give various and sometimes contradictory answers. There is a stumbling block to many but the reason of the fact is clear and not far to seek. Some people suppose that when the spirit has left the body it is immediately enlightened and purified, so that it at once learns all it will ever know and becomes perfect. But is that a rational supposition? Can it be believed that immediately after death the soul of the illiterate shoe-black becomes all at once enlightened as the soul of Shakespeare? Who can imagine that the soul of Mrs. Manning can be changed instantly after death so as to become as pure and holy as that of Mrs. Fry? In the order of nature there are no such sudden transformations and we have no right to expect them after death.

“On the contrary, we should expect that growth in knowledge and goodness will be in the future as gradual as it is in the present, and if this be so, we can at once account for the contradictory answers so frequently given by spirits; if one of these has but recently left us, it cannot know much more than it knew while in the flesh, and therefore will err when speaking of subjects it can only fully understand when it has reached a much higher degree of knowledge.

“In like manner the moral nature requires a long period of time to change from bad to good; so that if a soul passes away while steeped in sin and falsehood, it cannot all at once become pure and true; such a spirit if called upon to answer a question, is therefore as likely to speak ignorantly and falsely, as it would have been while in the flesh. This we are learning from our intercourse with the spirit world, and we believe it to be true because it harmonizes with what common sense teaches us must be the case in that world as in this. It will possibly be said that this must cast more or less doubts on all spirit communications; but no spirit has ever imagined that absolute reliance is to be placed in what spirits say. We must always use our own judgment in regard to these communications and take each of them for what they may be worth.

“All the spirits with whom I have had communication have invariably told me that they do grow in knowledge and goodness, and this through advancement.

"This quite accords with my own deep conviction. If I be asked how long it would take a spirit to rise through the various degrees until it is fitted for leaving this sphere I could not answer, except to say, there will be time enough in eternity for the due perfection of all, however imperfect may be their natures today, and in the hope and conviction I rest content, quite certain that such a thing as eternal punishment is altogether contrary to the great law of God which is written on all His works—the law of eternal progress.

"The sin we have committed, or are inclined to commit, we shall suffer for until we have thoroughly purged it out of our natures; the wrong we have done we shall expiate and we shall not come out free until we have paid the uttermost farthing; but we shall pay it, and go gladly on our way, when we have left it far behind us, 'always stretching forward towards the mark,' perfect happiness awaiting us as we get further on in our long journey, happiness which will really be our own, because we have worked for and earned it, and have grown up to understand and yearn after it. Our happiness will be to all good, all wise, all pure, 'perfect as our Father is perfect.' Can any single life on earth perfect us sufficiently even to comprehend such perfection? And yet the standard was given!

"In these latter days science has come to help us on our way and show us the weak points of the old creeds. But lest we should bow down and content ourselves with science alone, Spiritualism has come with it, side by side, the same discoveries in electricity which enable us to send our thoughts to the other side of the earth were borne by Benjamin Franklin to the other side of the grave, and also serve our spirit friends to produce the little rap that sends a thrill of joy through our frame, as we receive a telegraphic message from those who have gone before us to that bright shore, proving that we are still loved and remembered and that the dead are not dead and can never die; and in this certainty I rest content, not doubting that as time passes, Spiritualism will become triumphant and that the noble doctrine to which it bears testimony will be received by all classes and conditions of men; giving them that peace and consolation which no other doctrine has succeeded in giving to humanity.

"M. de Medina Pomar."

Mr. William Howitt

The Orchard, Esher, Feb. 26, 1869.

Dear Sir: On my return from a fortnight's absence I find on my table a letter from you on behalf of the Dialectical Society, wishing for information on the subject of Spiritualism in reference to an investigation into its phenomena, proposed to be made by the Society. This statement will explain the cause of my silence. I reply to you now at once.

I am by no means sanguine of any good result from the inquiries of such committees. Englishmen, otherwise well advanced in the intelligence of the time, are, as it regards Spiritualism, twenty years behind the literary and scientific publics of France, Germany, Switzerland and the United States of America. Scores of societies of those countries, and millions of individuals, have entered upon and passed actively through the investigations which you are now commencing, ten, fifteen and twenty years ago. However, better late than never. Like the Seven Sleepers and Rip Van Winkle, some few of our Englishmen of science and literature are at length waking up to find the world of intelligence abroad gone far ahead of them. Though late, it is still laudable. Perhaps when the Dialectical Society has determined the present point it will set on foot a similar inquiry into the correctness of the theory of the Copernican system, of that of the circulation of the blood, of the principle of gravitation, and of the identity of lightning and electricity; for Spiritualism, having now received the assent of about twenty millions of people in all countries, after personal examination, stands fairly on the same basis of fact that they do. Pray do not, however, imagine me disposed to be satirical. I am simply asserting what appears to me a most prominent and unavoidable truth.

You ask me to give you any suggestions which I may think calculated to assist you in your inquiry. Most willingly; but I am afraid that it will be much easier for me to suggest than for you to adopt my chief suggestion, which is, to endeavor before opening your inquiries, to divest your minds of all prejudice on the subject. The tendency of both philosophy and general education for more than a century has been, whilst striving to suppress all prejudice, to create a load of prejudice against everything spiritual. Science,

philosophy and general opinion have assumed, more and more, a material character, and in no country more than in this. I must say to you as judges say to juries, "Gentlemen: Divest your minds of all mere hearsay; fix them only on the evidence." It is not easy; but till you have done this you can make no real progress in your present inquiry. You may as well expect the delicate flowers of your conservatories to flourish in a night's frost out of doors. To produce correct results you must establish the necessary conditions. Now, if you follow the example of Messrs. Faraday and Tyndall, and insist on dictating conditions on a subject of which you are ignorant, failure is inevitable. You must come to the subject with candor, and be willing to study carefully the laws and characteristics of the matter under consideration. It is from obedience or disobedience to this principle that inquiries instituted by societies, or by small companies of persons with minds open to the truth have succeeded or failed. The results of such inquiries are that whilst societies and committees have retired generally from the investigation without obtaining positive facts, and therefore believing that no such existed, private companies and individuals have obtained the most unquestionable spiritual phenomena to the amount of twenty millions of believers. From time to time, accordingly, we have learnt that Spiritualism has been demonstrated undeniably to be a myth and a delusion; that it was dead and gone; that the Davenports and other mediums have been proved impostors and utterly put down; the truth being all the time that the Davenports remained as genuine mediums as before, and that Spiritualism has gone forward, advancing and expanding its field of action, without the least regard to the failures, the falsehoods, the misrepresentations and the malice of men.

Your second wish expressed is, that I would "endeavor to throw some light on the connection apparently existing between Spiritualism and animal magnetism, or would refer you to any books other than Reichenbach, Gregory, Feuchtersleben, Ennemoser, Lee, Ashburner, myself, etc."

In referring you to a few of the leading works on the subject, and especially to those more particularly dealing with the connection between Spiritualism and magnetism, I may excuse myself from entering on my own views on this subject, which would extend too far the limits of this letter.

From the first fact to which I have alluded, that of the very late period at which Englishmen of letters have entered on this inquiry compared with those of other countries, there exists an extensive spiritual literature in both America, France, Switzerland and Germany. I can for your present purposes indicate only a very few of these works, and those exclusively by scientific and learned writers.

Amongst American works on Spiritualism you should carefully read the Introduction, by Judge Edmonds, to "Spiritualism," by Judge Edmonds and G. T. Dexter, where you have the experiences of an able lawyer testing evidence as he would do in a court of justice.

Next, the "Investigations" of Professor Hare, in which, as a great electrician, he details his severe and long continued scrutiny into the nature of these phenomena; both he and Judge Edmonds having undertaken these inquiries in the full persuasion that they should expose and put an end to the pretensions of Spiritualism.

I do not refer you here to the numerous works of A. J. Davis which, though most remarkable in another point of view, are not so necessary to your purpose.

The "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, a carefully and clearly reasoned work, might be of service to you.

Of German works: "Die Seherin von Prevorst," von Justinus Kerner, M. D.

"Die Zwei Besessener."

"Die Somnambulen Tisch. Zur Geschichte und Erklärungen dieser Erscheinung."

Dr. Kerner was a man of profound science, and distinguished by his works in different departments. His "Seeress of Prevorst," who was his patient, has been translated by Mrs. Crowe. The remarkable phenomena recorded in this work are especially valuable, as they have all been so fully and widely confirmed by the experiences of spiritualists of all countries since.

Next in importance to these are the inquiries of Herr D. Hornung, the late secretary of the Berlin Magnetic Association:

1. "Neue Geheimnisse des Tages durch Geistes Magnetismus," Leipsic, 1857.

2. "Neuste Erfahrungen aus dem Geisterleben." Leipzig, 1858.

3. "Heinrich Heine, der Unsterbliche"; also a brief continuation of his inquiries.

These works contain the steady and persevering researches and experiments of Herr Hornung and a select body of friends through a course of years. Hornung commenced the inquiry as a practical magnetist, and continued it with unwearied assiduity, tracing the phenomena through all their phases, and availing himself of the experiences of scientific men in all parts of Germany, in Switzerland, France and Italy.

The works of Gorres, one of the most learned journalists and historians of Germany, especially his "Christliche Mystik," abound with extraordinary facts, but would require a long time to peruse them.

In French: "The Pneumatologie of the Marquis de Mirville."

"Extraits de la Pneumatologie," etc.

"Des Tables Tournantes; du Surnaturel en General et des Esprits," of the Comte de Gasparin. 1854.

"Tables Tournantes" de Comte de Szapary. 1854.

The works of Baron Dupotet and of Puysegur.

"Pneumatologie Positive et Experimentale," par le Baron de Guldenstubbe.

The works of M. Segouin, who through magnetism was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

Cahagnet's "Arcanes de la Vie Future Devoiles," and his "Encyclopedie Magnetique et Spirituelle." 4 tom.

But, perhaps, most important of all as regards your inquiry is the correspondence of the two celebrated professors of magnetism, M. M. Deleuze and Billot, who, in prosecuting their magnetic researches were, each unknown to the other, surprised by the presence of spiritual phenomena of the most decided and varied kind. Glimpses of an *arriere pensee* in their published works lead to an explanation between them, which was published in two volumes in Paris in 1836. I may add the "Journal de l'Ame," of Dr. Roesinger of Geneva, and his "Fragment sur l'Electricite Universelle."

In Italian: Consoni's "Varieta Elettro-Magnetico e Relativa Spiegazione."

These works, by men chiefly of scientific eminence, are more than can be mastered in a short time—they are only a sample, the rest are legion, spiritual literature comprising many hundred volumes; for, as I have said, your Society is now entering on a field as new which has been traversed and reaped many years ago. And, after all, though evidently disembodied spirits come into contact with embodied ones through the agency of magnetism and electricity, there is probably an inner cognate force operating in the process which, like the principle of life, lies too deep for discovery by any human powers.

With my best wishes for the successful prosecution of your proposed labors,

I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

William Howitt.

Sir Edwin Arnold

Sidcup Lodge, Sidcup, S. E., July 10, 1869.

Sir: I have never yet been able to fulfill my intention of expressing, either by letter or viva voce, my conclusions upon the question of "spiritual manifestations." In the first place the great extent of the subject, and, in the next, my unceasing occupations must explain and apologize for this. Understanding, however, that your investigations are drawing to a close, I feel myself bound to make some statement of my opinion since you have included me among your cited witnesses, and since I have been present at a considerable number of more or less remarkable seances. The long and careful inquiries which your committee seems to have conducted renders it less important that I should, as I intended, recapitulate my own experiences as an observer of the alleged phenomena. All I desire to say, and all I can say (without reservation and explanations impossible in so limited a space) is this: that I regard many of the manifestations as genuine and undeniable, and inexplicable by any known law or any collusion, arrangement or deception of the senses; and that I conceive it to be my duty and the interest of the man of science and sense to examine and prosecute the inquiry as one which has fairly passed from the region of ridicule. I am not inclined to consider what I hold the

veritable phenomena as being in any way supernatural, but rather as initiatory demonstrations of mental and vital power not yet comprehended, nor regularly exercised. With reference to the supposed interpositions and actions of departed spirits, I can see nothing against the analogy of nature in this, but it is not a proved fact for me by what I have myself witnessed. The statement to which I am prepared to attach my name is this: That conjoined with the rubbish of much ignorance and some deplorable folly and fraud, there is a body of well established facts beyond denial, and outside any existing philosophical explanation, which facts promise to open a new world of human inquiry, are in the highest degree interesting, and tend to elevate ideas of the continuity of life, and to reconcile, perhaps, the materialist and the metaphysician.

I am, sir, faithfully yours,

Edwin Arnold, M. A.

C. F. Varley

C. F. Varley, the distinguished English electrician, chief engineer to the Electric and International Telegraph Company, assistant in the construction of the Atlantic telegraphy in connection with Sir Michael Faraday and Sir William Thompson, the first to demonstrate the principles governing the transmission of electricity through long, deep-sea cables. Writing in 1880, he said:

"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. Spirit phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception.

"That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence. Having experimented with and compared the forces with electricity and magnetism, and after having applied mechanical and mental tests, I entertain no doubt whatever that the manifestations which I have myself examined were not due to the operation of any of the recognized physical laws of nature, and that there has been present on the occasions above mentioned some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers."

Across the Border

A few evenings ago I was invited to witness a play at one of the local theaters, named "Across the Border," a play showing the terrible horrors of war, also the inhumanity of men when they once get the thirst for blood, also when life leaves the body and they cross "Borderland."

"Many are called and few are chosen, but those who are called and hold the key between the two worlds realize how great is the penalty of those **who ignore the law God's law.**" What will be the penalty for those who torture and kill the body? But what of those who cause to be made **instruments of destruction.** The horror here will be frightful, but, compared to the horrors "outside the gates" of heaven is a thousand times more so. Not for the poor unfortunate **men** who are drawn into this terrible **war**, the worst that has ever been known in history, but the men who placed them in the ranks and the **men** who were the cause of the manufacture of **war** implements. **Wait** until the vision of their work is placed before them, as it **must be (that is the law).** "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatever a man soweth that shall he reap," Galatians 6:7. I, as one who have held one of the keys—between the two worlds—have seen and heard from those I have come in contact with, and thanks to God and his cloud of witnesses, we have helped them to know the truth before it was too late to help them to make reparation to those whom they have wronged.

Every act of our lives here is chronicled in indelible tablets and it is before you when you enter into "Borderland." Your good deeds and your wrongdoings. "As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked, shall he return to go as he came, and shall take nothing of his labors which he may carry away in his hands."—Ecclesiastics, 5:15. But a good character, noble deeds, charity to one and all, you can take through the portals of the spirit world as your credentials. It behooves us all to live justly in this life so we can be received in holiness in heaven. Man here looks upon his mother as an angel. How will the mothers in the spirit world look upon their sons when they see them murdering, plundering, stealing to become rich; selling their souls for what, to leave for some one else to sell **their** souls for?

"It is easier for a camel to enter the eye of the needle than a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." A word to the mothers. Woman, God's noblest piece of architecture, you

were not chosen of God just for pleasure, for to you was given the responsibility of bringing forth the child. "As thou knowest not what **is** the way of the spirit, **nor** how the bones do **grow** in the womb of her that is with child, even so thou knowest not the works of God, who maketh all."—Ecclesiastics, 11:5. And teaching him the foundation of life, all that is honest, true and noble, do not in future, as you have done in the past, teach him how to use a gun, wear soldiers' clothes, and instill in him the desire to kill the birds and all creeping things, large and small; by doing so you lay the foundation for **war**. Wake up, dear mothers and lay the foundation for **peace** and we will have a new world peopled with people who can enter the gate of heaven in welcome.

Borderland

I know you are always by my side,
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear,
For I never called on you since you died,
But you answered, tenderly I am here!

So came from the misty shadows, where
You came last night, and the night before,
Put back the veil of your golden hair,
And let me look in your eyes once more.

Ah! it is you; with that brow of truth,
Ever too pure for the least disguise;
With the same dear smile on the loving mouth,
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,
So do not vanish or turn aside,
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,—
Wait till my heart is pacified!

You have left the light of your higher place,
And, ever thoughtful, kind and good,
You come with your old familiar face
And not with the look of your angelhood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,
And your voice is gentle, kind and low,
And the very rose you wear tonight,
You wore in the summers long ago.

Oh world, you may tell me I dream or rave, I care not
So long as my darling comes to prove
The return of spirit from the grave,
And the loving live, and the living love.

—Phoebe Cary.

Immortality

From "Lessons Learned from Other Lives," by B. O. FLOWER

No great man of the nineteenth century has entertained a belief in the future life more strongly, nor contended for his conviction more bravely than Victor Hugo. On one occasion when speaking on this subject, the poet said: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been **more** than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising; I know towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head, the earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work'; but I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. 'My work is only begun: I yearn for it to become higher and nobler, and this craving for the infinite demonstrates there is an infinity.'" Again he declares that "Man is a reduced copy of God, a duodecimo of the gigantic folio, but nevertheless the same book. Though I am an atom I feel I am divine, gifted with divine power, because I can clear up the chaos that is within me. The works I have written are worlds in themselves, and I say this without a particle of vanity, cherishing no more feeling of pride than a bird that contributes its part to the universal song. I am nothing, a passing echo, but let me only live on through my future existence, let me continue the labors I have begun. Let me rise superior to the perils, the passions, the agonies that age after age may be before me, and who shall say whether I may not rise to the council chamber of the Supreme Ruler who controls all, and whom we own as God." At one time he tenderly said to a poor distracted mother who mourned the loss of a child, "Console yourself,

for it is only a departure, and that for us alone. The dead are not even absent. They are invisible, but every time you think of your little one he will be near you."

We close this chapter with a few characteristic lines by Victor Hugo which reveal that which was ever conspicuous in his nature. A great heart brimming with love and sympathy.

God gives us light at every step we go,
And tells us of His nature and our own:
One certain law from all things here below,
And from mankind is shown.

All must obey that edict from above
Which in the compass of each soul doth fall:
Nothing to hate, dear child, and all to love—
At least to pity all.

Confucius

"When I was fifteen years old," says Confucius, "I longed for wisdom. At thirty my mind was fixed in pursuit of it. At forty I saw certain principles clearly. At fifty I understood the rule given by heaven. At sixty everything I heard I easily understood. At seventy the desires of my heart no longer transgressed the law."

The Rose and the Tomb

The tomb said to the rose:
"With the tears by morning shed
What doest thou, flower of love?"
And the sweet rose answered, said,
"What doest thou with that which falls
Within thine ever open walls?"

Said the rose, "O sombre tomb,
I make, when night shades lower,
Of these tears a sweet perfume."
Said the tomb, "O, plaintive flower,
Of every soul that to me hies,
I make an angel of the skies."

—Victor Hugo.

W. H. Watson

Dr. William H. Watson, Bachelor of Arts, is an Englishman by birth. He was born at Morpeth, near Newcastle on Tyne, where he spent his boyhood days and attended the grammar school of Edward VI.

He entered the Kensington art school, London, under William Scott, the critic, and took the highest degrees of art; continued his studies at Beaux Arts, Paris. He returned to London and studied under James McNeil Whistler. Going back to Paris, he spent much time in art study, under the direction of William Bougereau.

At that time Dr. Watson began teaching by conducting art classes in the Latin Quarter, where he became known as a master. In the year 1887 he received an appointment as art instructor, at Tottenham College, London. His work at that time, as an artist of note, attracted much attention. He was called to a similar position in Paris, when he was appointed director of art at Bernard's Academy.

During the year 1889 he was ordained pastor of the Paris Gospel Mission, and appointed executive, Home for Governesses, Paris, by Lord Aberdeen, House of Lords, London. In the course of his career he became an expert art critic and judge of the work of old masters, and is considered by noted art collectors to be one of the best.

Dr. Watson was induced to visit the United States on an art lecture tour, in the year 1908. At which time he delivered a course of art lectures, under the direction of the United States Government in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., when he received much public comment, and many press notices speaking eloquently of his work, making him known throughout America.

Dr. Watson's public life as a lecturer became strenuous, which he abandoned to become a teacher of art in Boston, and in 1909 was appointed chief instructor of art at the State Normal School, Winona Lake, Indiana.

His literary work as an author and magazine writer has attracted great attention in this country and Europe. He is author of "Mental Science, The Study of Artistic Inspiration," published in 1911. He is now appointed president of the School of Fine Arts, Chicago.

Spiritualism in Paris

By DR. WILLIAM H. WATSON

Investigation into the occult forces is carried on by the Psychical Society. When I received a letter from the London committee, giving me instructions to inquire into Dr. Pasteur's method of curing hydrophobia, appointing me their representative in Paris, I became acquainted with Pasteur, in the Rue d'Ulm, and found that he and Renan—author of *Life of Christ*—were interested in spiritualism. I studied metaphysical healing under Renan.

A movement was made for the revocation of the Concordat, which meant a breach between Church and State, and it was thought advisable to keep our occult science from the public, as the knowledge of spirit return might create unrest among the soldiers, who expected more trouble over the negotiations concerning Alsace and Lorraine.

At the Society, professors of high standing made the investigations. Cases came under my personal notice, that were printed. One instance was when a young lady sat on the platform in a cataleptic or trance state, before the audience. I was asked to call to mind my native town on the Scottish border. She immediately described what I saw. I read silently English names as I mentally observed them on the shops, and I saw the bridge with four arches. She also saw them, and pronounced them in French, giving the number of arches of the bridge correctly. It was strange to hear her describe a town she had not visited, in French. She was an automaton, reflecting my mind, the process being under the control of spirit forces. Returning to her normal state, her memory was a blank.

Again I was asked to think of Raphael's Madonna, in Dresden. The medium—in trance—described that picture with language that was innate. At that moment, she became transfigured, more intelligent, using the language of art, of which she knew nothing, when in her normal state.

The Church element declared that she was used by her guardian angel, by permission of higher power. The scientific people, including Renan and Pasteur, denied such permission of higher power. Theosophists said that the medium's power and art education was within herself, her former experiences coming to the front.

In using mental suggestion, the professors proved that one mind can influence another mind for weal or for woe. Each member of the audience drank some water. Two professors went into another hall. They silently suggested that the water was intoxicating. When they returned, many people showed evidence of being overcome, laughing immoderately, singing and quarrelsome. The water had mentally been turned into wine. It was concluded that angelic forces have the same mind power, some of whom we call "evil spirits" who make people evil-disposed and intoxicated.

Another lady medium became entranced. She was chosen on account of her musical ignorance. The occult mind forces came into play when she touched the piano keys. The spirit guide showed his fifty years' practice by correctly rendering harmony in the interpretation of the masters. In this instance of spirit control, the medium was not an automaton, but part of the occult force, and used as an instrument in giving expression to the music of the spheres, in unwritten music, by improvisation.

Spiritual essence has more precision than mundane vibrations. When any one places an egg under a piano leg it breaks. Levitation overcame gravitation when the piano was raised without visible assistance. An egg was placed under one foot. We tried to get the egg out, but it was fast. The egg rolled out itself, whole and unbroken. This fact showed that there is more stability in the unseen world, and that we, with our atoms, are a nervous race.

The medium is used for giving correct diagnosis in all kinds of bodily ailments. Pasteur admitted the power of mind as being the means of changing sickness into health. Of ignorance into wisdom. It takes away the mechanism of art and music, giving inspiration to mediums, who, in their turn, become masters and mental advisers.

As we have proved that so-called miracles are the results of cause and effect. That Biblical works in that direction were the effects of spiritual connection, now understood; as we have given enough evidence by working all the Biblical miracles ourselves; the change in the Christian world, their creeds and codes is brought about by our investigations. All this progress is due to modern spiritualism.

Wendell Phillips

Tribute to His Worth at the Monument Unveiling

By WILLIAM DEXTER BRIGHAM

I think that sometimes the common blessings of life—air, sunshine, home, friendship, liberty—are enjoyed by us, with almost unthankful hearts, and I am sure it is well and profitable today to pause for a few moments to express our gratitude to one who more than anyone else, with perhaps a single exception, brought about the abolition of slavery in this country.

We do well to honor his memory—to remember that when friends forsook him, when his own family turned from him and when the church of the living God, which should have led in the conflict, was either indifferent or hostile, that he never wavered in his purpose that slavery should be abolished.

I think it is impressive to remember how few persons there really were who furnished the inspiration, did the work, risked their lives, to free the slave—Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, Andrew, Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Whittier, Theodore Parker and Abraham Lincoln and Julia Ward Howe.

Some of our greatest men were born in lowly circumstances and in extreme poverty. But Wendell Phillips was born of a historic family, in affluence—he had the charm of great personal beauty—an education at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University and the Harvard Law School—a voice so wonderful that people called him the “silver-tongued orator,” and above all, a heart that went out to every lowly human being.

Let me entreat the young people here today, by the memory of all Phillips and Garrison and all who were with them suffered—by the sight of the flags in Doric Hall of our State House, stained with the life blood of those who carried them, both white and black, by the beautiful bronze Shaw Memorial with its inspiring words, to appreciate this land of ours and to love their country next to their God.

No doubt Wendell Phillips, in his hours of strife when his early friends seemed to have forsaken him and when the battle raged the fiercest, had an abiding faith that God would eventually wipe out from this country the curse of slavery and that right should prevail.

Robert G. Ingersoll

Robert G. Ingersoll was greatly misunderstood by the masses, and those who criticised his philosophy knew the man not at all. In no sense was he an atheist in the true sense of the word and he was still further from being an iconoclast, but he was a humanitarian in the highest and broadest and deepest esoteric as well as in the exoteric analysis of the term. He was charged during his life time with being a hater of all systems of religion and villifier of God, but only from one view point could such a charge be sustained. He was a faithful worshipper of the God of love and a believer in that system of religion which moved the Samaritan to go to the rescue of the bruised and suffering man whom the priest and the Levite had spurned and abandoned. Ingersoll was a devout worshipper of the love principle, or the God which warmed the Samaritan's heart toward a fellow being who needed heart sympathy and material aid. In that sense Ingersoll was the most righteous of men. It is equally true that he waged a relentless war upon the Bible and upon the hundreds of systems of religions which grew out of it as so many interpretations of the "Word of God." Ingersoll held that these hundreds of interpretations were evidence enough that the "Word" was not authentic, supposing that there be a personal God, and utterly wanting in sufficiency, though it be of divine origin. Upon logical analysis Ingersoll proved that there could not be a supreme creator having the characteristics of the God of the Bible, hence the story of the Bible and its God was a crude production of a cruder human mind or a congress of minds.

But what was it that actuated Mr. Ingersoll to spend the better part of his life in overthrowing the Bible and its God? Simply this: He wanted man to assert his innate manhood and live the life of a manly man right here in this world, and such a life includes daily labor in the way of helping human kind to reach higher and still higher levels of love, truth and justice that better and still better conditions of existence might obtain. Nature was Mr. Ingersoll's God and He could be seen manifesting upon every hand in flowers and words and fields, and in the love of men and women and children. This God he called Love—love that filled the heart so full that there was no room for hatred or anger or hell fire. Mr.

Ingersoll preached the gospel of peace, love and brotherly kindness, and he would see manifestations of this God in himself and in every man, every day in this world. Should it so be that there is continuity of life and that when he died he would find himself still a body—a spiritual body—he could conceive of no better preparation for such continuation of individualized life than a life in the flesh that had lived and waxed fat on living a life that was crowded full of doing good for good's sake, of loving for love's sake and being manly in all the walks of earthly existence. But what Mr. Ingersoll labored most to achieve was to have thinking people think for themselves, reason for themselves and hold fast to that which inspired one to go from good to better and on to the best in all the ways of human existence. The greatest man was the manliest man, as Mr. Ingersoll measured men.

Only those who knew Mr. Ingersoll as the writer knew him could sound the man to the depths of his soul. Mr. Ingersoll had three distinguishing mental characteristics which were not observable in expression except to those who knew him well. He possessed a wonderfully strong constructive imagination—not a builder of fancies, however. In his imagination he could see a world with but one religion and one God—the religion the brotherhood of man bound together in peace and harmony by cords drawn from the heart of the God of love. He was intensely idealistic and the ideal state of existence to him in any world was woven out of the flawless ties of domestic life. And finally he was an emotionalist, but his emotionalism was close of kin to enthusiasm, and it was this quality of mind that kept him on the platform so many years battling for man's mental freedom and inherent right to think for himself and to believe and do whatever was calculated to make him a better father, a better husband, a better brother, a better citizen and a more manly man in this world.

Is Death the end? Over the grave bends Love sobbing, and by her side stands Hope, and whispers: "We shall meet again." Before all life is death, and after death is life. The falling leaf touched with the hectic flush, that testifies of autumn's death, is, in a subtler sense, a prophecy of spring.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Surgical Hysteria

The Subject Treated Instructively by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Chiropractor

During the last fifteen years a surgical hysteria has seized upon the civilized world. Just as the leading men of the seventeenth century in Holland took pride in collecting the largest and rarest numbers of varieties of tulips, so our present-day surgeons delight in recording the greatest number of operations on the human body and collecting vital organs for their laboratories.

It is uplifting and encouraging to the normal mind to read of the success made by surgery in skin grafting; in bone growing; in the cure of spinal curvature; of hip disease; of phases of deformity or accidental mutilation. Materia medica has progressed rapidly in knowledge of antiseptics and minimized the dangers of blood poisoning which used to menace any surgical operation, with after results. But that very sense of immunity has caused a hundred unnecessary operations to be made where but one was absolutely needed. And every year the operating mania has grown, and woman, the naturally equipped mate and mother of man, stands today in greater danger of losing her usefulness, from hysterical surgery, than she has ever stood in any era of the world from any combination of causes.

All the newspapers and scientific magazines give large space to the successful operations of surgeons, and equal space to the failures of all experimenters, or healers of any kind outside of the regular school, whose patients die under their treatment. There are laws to punish such men.

But there is no newspaper or magazine which gives space to the awful malpractice of regular physicians and surgeons who cause death or lifelong invalidism for men and women by the score, through unnecessary operations. And there is no law to protect people from these men.

A "regular" who has become a deserter from the ranks because he could not submit to the methods growing more and more customary with surgeons, made the statement that it was generally understood by physicians when diagnosing a case, that if life could be prolonged three months by an operation, and death was known to be inevitable at the

termination of that period, the operation was performed. This gave the surgeons their fees, the nurses occupation, allowed the regular school to count one more "highly successful operation," and when after three months the patient died of "heart failure" or "anaemia" or a "blood clot on the brain" (the latest catch-phrase in medicine) there was no blame attached to the fraternity. But the patient, who might have found peace in cremation or the grave a few months sooner, had borne the agony of the operation, and the family had paid the price.

In absolute calmness and with no rancor or ill-will, I here do arraign the surgeons of America for needlessly removing the appendix in more than half the cases presented to them; and for needlessly rendering woman barren by major operations in more than two-thirds of the cases presented to them, beside depleting the vital forces and injuring the health of women in many ways by serious operations where simpler and more natural methods would have effected a cure.

Informed of five men who had escaped the surgeon's knife, and won the ill-will of the leading practitioners of their towns by refusing to be operated upon for appendicitis and refusing to die in consequence, I personally investigated the cases, and found them all true. They were identical with one which came under my own observation, and is here related. The names and addresses can be given to any desirous of investigation.

A young man who had graduated from a leading college of America was settled in Boston, making great progress in his chosen career. While in college he had felt some indication of trouble with the appendix. A serious attack came on in Boston. The young man suffered much pain, lost flesh, and after consulting one or two prominent surgeons in Boston, came home to his distressed parents and informed them that he was told he must be operated upon in a few days if his life would be saved. Curiously enough, one of his classmates had been given the same information.

The parents took their son to prominent surgeons in their own town (a town known in every part of the world). The statement of the Boston surgeons was corroborated.

But friends of the family, knowing of two men who had been saved from the knife by X-ray and violet ray treatment, urged the parents and the son to investigate before

accepting the ultimatum of the surgeons. The son was particularly skeptical; he said, Boston surgeons of such high standing would know if any treatment but the knife could be used; and relatives of the young man urged him to go at once on the operating table and not risk his life with any "quackery."

However, the friends finally prevailed upon him to consult a leading specialist who had successfully treated other cases. The result was the youth took treatments of the specialist for about a month, was allowed to go about his affairs during the days and evenings, to observe a certain reasonable diet, and after the expiration of a month and the payment of one-tenth the amount a surgical operation would have cost, the patient was cured, and remains cured after four years.

Meantime the classmate went through an operation, and for an entire year was out of health, suffering from weakness and exhaustion, besides being crippled financially for some time.

The woman with whose life I have been the most closely associated since early childhood suffered a slight discomfort and felt some pain which had its cause in childbirth, years previous. The head of a prominent hospital, after a few days of treating the case, calmly stated that the knife should be used. "Do you mean to say," asked the horrified woman, "that you would mutilate me in this terrible manner with no more sign of any serious malady than I display?" The doctor answered, "My dear madam, we are operating upon women every day who have no more visible evidence than you of the malady. It is really a very simple matter, not one to be dreaded at all."

"But I will die, if I must, of this trouble," the woman said. "I refuse to be chopped and mutilated."

"Then I wash my hands of the case and its consequences," the president of the hospital said.

That was three years ago. The woman is in the best of health and vigor today. Consulting an eminent English physician a year after the statement made to her by the American specialist, she was told that not one vestige existed of the malignant malady intimated, a malady which would have ended her life in a year's time at the most, if it had existed at all.

The wife of the reputable physician and surgeon was in much distress. No ordinary remedies relieved her, and according to the custom of the profession, other physicians were called in. The head of a well-known hospital declared the woman to be suffering from an infrequent and serious malady which can be relieved only by the knife. The husband doubted, but the consulting physicians agreeing, the woman was taken to the hospital. Some symptoms which she developed while preparing for the operation caused her husband to beg a delay of twenty-four hours. He agreed to take all blame from any serious consequences resulting from the delay. Then he set himself to work to clear the system of his wife of all poisonous gases and excretions. In twenty-four hours she left the hospital free from pain, and attended the theatre with her husband the following evening.

One of the hospital surgeons saw her there, and said: "Is this the woman we were to operate on forty-eight hours ago?" He laughed over the incident. It really was amusing! That was ten years ago, and the lady is in good health now.

Two women met in a surgeon's office ten years ago, both afflicted with the same common malady—painful growths in the breast. Both were urged to be operated upon at once. One consented and had her breast removed. The growth came on the other side, and that was also removed, and the woman died in less than two years from the time of the first cutting, and after months of anguish. The second woman went directly from the surgeon's office to an X-ray specialist—a regular physician of the old school who had grown with the times. He assured the lady of a cure in a year's time. She was cured of every vestige of trouble at the expiration of six months. A year ago a small lump again appeared. "Ah ah!" cried the devotees of the butcher system, "you see the surgeon was right and you are not cured after all. Better have been operated on at first." "Why so?" asked the woman. "I have had ten delightful years of health. My friend died eight years ago after two years of anguish, and now I am going to be cured again." She is free from every symptom of breast trouble today, after two months' treatment.

An emancipated physician, relating cases of his own, said to me: "The greatest menace and crime against woman

kind today is the surgeon's knife, wielded haphazardly with his limited power over life and death, acting alone in the majority of cases as judge and jury over the fate of these shocked and half crazed victims, the horrors of the result being hidden in the consulting room and protected by professional ethics.

"A young girl, single, under twenty, was told by a prominent New York surgeon that she must submit to ovariectomy at once, as a lump as large as a billiard ball had developed in the right groin. From sheer distraction she was driven to consult a man opposed to cutting in those cases, and he simply found a swollen appendix, and with heat, electricity, violet light, etc., he cured her in a very few treatments, and the lump, pain, and tenderness entirely disappeared within two weeks.

"Pelvic surgery has assumed a craze for exploitation, public notices, fees, etc., with a certain class of men whose vision is distorted, whose judgment is warped, and who have a cock-sure, snap diagnosis ready for all comers. The family doctor, fearful to oppose them, stands helplessly by."

We all die eventually, anyway; and if we are allowed several years of robust health and the possession of all our organs, and meantime retain our money for better purposes than feeing surgeons, it would seem an added argument in favor of avoiding an operation.

The public is living in blind ignorance of the alarming frequency of death within a year's time of men and women who have been operated upon. Women especially suffer from the shock to the nervous system and afterwards succumb to fatigue, a cold, or other slight maladies, and never is the death laid at the door of the "beautifully successful operation."

That surgery performs miracles of good; that it saves life; relieves permanent anguish by temporary pain; that it is a blessing to the human race, is known and appreciated by the writer of this article. But it is also known that men and women rush too blindly into the hands of the surgeon; that they believe implicitly what he says: that they do not sufficiently investigate other methods of being cured; and that they permit themselves to be hacked, and unsexed and deprived of natural organs when they might keep them and

obtain perfect vigor if they would wait and look into saner, safer and less expensive systems of cure.

Any physician who is ready to make a positive statement that an operation is the only escape from death for a patient ought to be willing to put that statement in writing. No man or woman should submit to the knife if his physician refuses to do this. Let us present a law to Congress compelling physicians to put the professional statements into writing. Those who jeopardize life should be ready to risk their professional reputation. The law should protect us from the regulars as well as from the charlatans.

Every case cited in this article is known to be true, and the names and addresses, with a score of more, can be given to those who desire further proof.

The most stubborn, unprogressive, conservative science on earth is the science of medicine.

The mind of the regular physician of the old school is closed to progression. With might and main he combats any idea which does not originate with his school. He would let a patient die rather than see him saved by some impertinent new comer with unorthodox ideas.

In the olden days all human ailments were treated with bleeding and purging. Thousands and tens of thousands of sufferers were hurried into premature graves through the blind ignorance of physicians.

In more modern times similar results have followed the free use of drugs and the surgeon's knife.

There has been for the last twenty years an increasing mania among physicians and surgeons to slash the human body and cut out various organs which were causing disturbance to the system.

Civilized society is filled with men and women today who are physically incompetent beings, while the laboratory shelves of every fashionable physician gives evidence of the mutilation to which patients have been subjected.

Aesculapius, Hippocrates and Galen, the ancient Greek physicians, were the fathers of medicine and surgery. The Arabians introduced chemistry into the practice. Bleeding was introduced up to within fifty years. The next great event was the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey. He was at the time, 1616, court physician to

King James I and professor of surgery in the Royal Medical College of London, England, which institution is still in existence.

His description of the mechanism of the heart and its action, forcing the blood through the body, was scoffed at by the profession.

He was maligned unmercifully and it took him the best part of his life to regain the respect and confidence of his profession.

In the same way the regular school has met each progressive step in medicine. Homeopathy was derided and abused and made its way through a path filled with roaring lions. Osteopathy was insulted and ridiculed and many of its practitioners were forced into courtrooms to substantiate their right to the name of physician. The homeopathic school, which had suffered so much from "allopathy," is now united with its persecutor to "down" osteopathy.

But osteopathy did not, and will not, be "downed." It is, on the contrary, very much in evidence, and daily proving itself a blessing to humanity. The water curists, electricity and absorption were all steps forward in medical therapeutics, and were all violently attacked by the older schools. Now comes the latest and best of all—the "Light" treatment, and, of course, darkness is opposed to light, and the drug doctor and the surgeon with his whetted knife, aching for an operation, objected to this newcomer in the world of science.

But the old schools, practicing the giving of large quantities of drugs and the free use of surgery are on the wane, and a change is gradually being effected through the Light School of Medicine, which will be of great benefit to mankind in combating virulent and deadly forms of diseases which the older forms of practice are unable to combat.

Occasionally a progressive mind is found in the old ranks. I met an emancipated doctor recently who had given up drugs and knives in favor of light. He said in speaking of the matter:

"All light is simply borrowed from the sun, and the value of sunlight is beyond compare. Germ diseases lurking in the human system, multiplying in darkness, cannot bear the beams of light thrown upon them any more than the unhealthy mould and fungus growth, in a darkened room, can

exist when the windows are thrown open and a flood of God's sunlight thrown in to purify and cleanse.

"Even the most dreadful of all diseases, cancer and tuberculosis seem to recede under the powerful purifying action of these internal sun baths.

"The world is full of prejudice and bigotry still, and the active professional man either has no time to investigate the new order of things or is not broad enough to grasp them.

"Light is life, and if this fact is fully appreciated there will be fewer desolate firesides and broken homes than through the older order of practice and drugs. Ten operations are performed here to one in European countries, and the practice has become a menace and a fad."

Dr. Chisholm Williams of the West London Hospital, reports ten cases of cancer cured by light. Scores of cases can be found here by those who care to investigate.

The mania of reputable surgeons and physicians to remove important organs from the human body is little less than criminal today. The science of the future will look upon the "operations" of this era with horror, much as the civilized nations regard cannibalism now. It is almost a necessity for a man who wishes to perpetuate his family and blood to ask a woman before proposing marriage if she has been upon the operating table of any fashionable physician.

The number of young women who early in youth are rendered barren for life by these surgeons is appalling.

Not one case in one hundred is necessary.

Other methods would have saved life and sex privileges.

I have known a woman who believed in the efficacy of water, given internally, to save a sister woman from the knife, after a consultation of specialists had decided that an operation alone could keep her alive.

I have known many cases, after similar assertions, to be cured absolutely by light; others by absorption.

With the discovery of the power of the violet ray and the Roentgen ray to drive out congestion and cure supposedly incurable maladies, without the aid of medicine and without the touch of the knife, it seems as if the divine command, let there be light, was about to be fully obeyed at last.

A woman was recently carried into one of the institutions where light is used for disease, and in a few weeks relieved of a malady which five years ago would have necessitated an

operation by skilled surgeons. I saw her, convalescent and able to walk about, and overflowing with gratitude to God for His wonderful light which science had turned to such blessed use.

There is still a higher plane for humanity to reach—the plane where the light within each soul shall be able to cast out all disease and cure all indisposition.

Only now and then, and here and there, do we find one who has attained this goal; just as only here and there is a physician sufficiently advanced to employ light to cure disease.

By and by all reputable doctors will use it in place of medicine or the knife. Meantime let the great truth be spread broadcast that not one invalid in one thousand today need subject himself or herself to an operation if he or she will investigate the power of light to restore the body and its troublesome organs to a healthful state.

“Let there be light, and there was light.”

If you, sir, or madam, are thinking about undergoing a surgical operation in order to drive away uncomfortable feelings or to cure maladies which you are confident you possess and which your surgeon says can only be cured by the knife, wait a bit. Try fasting for a whole day, drinking only water; then a diet of barley water for two days; then hot milk and water for a few more days, and live out-of-doors as much as possible and eat nourishing simple food.

After two months, perhaps, you will abandon your idea of an operation.

Baths, external and internal; violet and X-rays, deep breathing and regular outdoor exercise (with the persistent belief that you will avoid the knife) will do miracles for you.

Here are some true stories which are worth perusal by all who contemplate surgical operations:

A gentleman in England became ill through worry over his wife, who had undergone four hospital operations. His case was diagnosed as “pernicious anaemia,” whatever that may mean. Finally a surgeon was called and said there must be an immediate operation for duodenal ulcer. This is a dangerous malady, and the man says:

“I was told that the only alternative was to go on being ill until I had no strength left, so I submitted. The case having aroused great interest, six doctors put in appearance

when the operation was performed. It got so hot that we were afterward told by the nurses that one of them had to spend her time mopping the face of the operator. What am I to say as to the result of this operation? Finally the doctors felt quite certain that I should not survive for more than forty-eight hours. (The surgeon some months afterward told my brother this.)

"We were, before all, given to understand that he was going to perform a 'short circuit' operation, and afterward I had been told that this had been done, but my wife and friends were told that they had found a duodenal (?) ulcer, and that it was as large as half a crown, but that it had healed itself, undoubtedly under the gastric ulcer treatment of a few months earlier, but that they found that my appendix was 'peculiar' so that it had been removed.

"Imagine me lying in bed and feeling this pain at my side, and continually telling the nurses and my friends that I was sure I was going to have appendicitis, and think what an idiot the doctor was to allow them to tell me what they knew!

"To cut a long story short, I did get sufficiently well to go away, but when I got home again I was soon as ill as ever. This time I found myself under another doctor, and he naturally wanted to know all about the first illness. Then a cool letter came from the surgeon saying when he operated he found that there was a small wrinkle in the peritoneum which at that time he attributed to a duodenal ulcer, but he now thought that it has no significance! I was aghast, and could only say what a lot of liars they were.

"The whole thing, you can see, was a plot. Firstly, I think that my case so interested them that they could not resist the temptation to open me up and have a look to satisfy their curiosity, and then when it was done they decided that I could not survive it, so that all they had to do was to satisfy the anxiety and curiosity of my friends, so they made up these lies and persuaded my wife that it was best for me not to know the truth (which I am afraid I never shall), but I do know that I required no surgical treatment at all, and that they lied when they made up the ulcer-the-size-of-half-a-crown story.

"Why my appendix was taken away for being 'peculiar' I don't know. Anyway, I am rather glad it was, because it

would have been an excuse for another operation if it hadn't been, when I was ill again.

"This time another consultant visited me, who advised arsenic injections and a diet of sour milk only, and in ten weeks I was about, and since have been keeping fairly well.

"What was and still, perhaps, is the matter with me I don't know, but the second specialist said it was pernicious anaemia. I only wish I had the money that I wasted owing to the curiosity of those infernal surgeons, to say nothing of all the pain I suffered."

From the same country comes this letter from a lady. She says:

"I was told when I was bothering with a critical period that I would die unless I had a major operation. At last I found a human doctor who attended me for some time, and am thankful to say that, as regards that matter, I am perfectly sound now—in fact better than for fifteen years back, all without such a fearful operation, which I feel certain would have killed me in the weak condition I was in at the time. You see I got better without the agony of an operation.

"I think a great many doctors and nurses have too little patience and perseverance to try alleviating the suffering first, and resort to the knife immediately. So many of the trained nurses I had did not take much interest in my case because it was not an operation, and told me they hoped I would soon have done with them, as they liked 'a grand case'—it was worth talking about. I thought it was funny they never seemed to think it was grand to save one from the agony of such a fearful operation as the one they wanted me to have. A lady who was not so ill as I was underwent it, and died three months afterward."

Another says: "My sister has just had an operation, and the surgeon found a perfectly healthy organ after he removed it. She will probably be an invalid for life."

The rage of vivisection has made surgeons more rabid to operate upon human beings. Doctors and nurses all become more or less under the influence of this modern medical mania and excitement and like of experimentation takes possession of their winds to the exclusion of human sympathy.

Because wonderful operations are performed and lives saved and health restored by the skillful use of the knife (and surgeons crowned with wealth and fame) the desire to

operate has become a menace to motherhood and to life itself.

There are malignant growths which only the knife can cure (and usually these operations even have to be repeated, and quite frequently the patient dies within a few months after the second one.)

But there are numerous growths which yield absolutely to the X-ray and violet ray treatment, and simple blood remedies, and the building up of bodily strength and vitality.

The writer intimately knows a lady who suffered from two internal growths for a period of years; and they vanished after a time through treatment of nourishing food, baths, massage and a course in a school of physical culture.

Ten years have passed since they disappeared and the lady is in perfect health.

A woman who found a small growth of a similar nature was advised to have it removed, and went into a famous hospital for that purpose. She and her husband were assured that it would be a most simple matter. Yet the physicians performed a major operation on this woman, without consulting her husband, and she died the third day afterward. The physician now admits that similar growths have been known to be absorbed and vanish without treatment.

Yet this woman was killed, by an unnecessary operation, and the husband is unable to obtain any reparation because the physicians belong to a regular school and the hospital is a famous one in Pennsylvania. The woman who was killed was in the prime of life and had never suffered any pain from this slight growth, but was advised to have it removed before it made her any trouble.

With such cases as these occurring continually all about us, is it not time that women called good common sense to their command, when suffering from maladies peculiar to their sex; and before they put themselves in the hands of surgeons, that they should decide to use all of Nature's simple methods first?

And then turn to the light and its beneficent rays and to the sensible, sane treatment of the spine through osteopathy; and with all these, that they should learn the vast power which lies in their own minds?

Scores of women turn to the hospital operations as a means of diversion. They are disillusioned with life in some

way; they are lacking an object, an aim, a purpose; and through worry and selfcentered habits of thought they grow ill; soon the thought of an operation presents itself as an escape from monotony. Afterward it is their delight to talk of what they have passed through.

But frequently afterward comes on another plane; for the percentage of women who die within two years after an operation would astonish us were we to know the statistics.

Not more than one operation in a score is needed.

Be sure your case is the exception before they add one more to the foolish women who rush upon the surgeon's knife.

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