

The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian.

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About the first question asked by the intelligent mind, when it becomes conscious of its wonderful and mysterious surroundings is, "Who made it all?" Being told, "God made it," the next question is, "Where and what is God?" Maturity and age is still repeating that perplexing question, and it trembles on the death-dewed lips of mortal man.

We give the first part of a treatise on this profound subject from "Arabula," by the renowned modern Seer, A. J. Davis, which, to our understanding, is the best argument ever offered, of a Divine, intelligent, overruling spirit. Those interested in the subject will find its conclusion in the volume above named. However, man may reason, and satisfy his intellect, but intuition only can know.

THE ARABULA.

Chapter XLVI.

God Revealed to Intellect.

The construction of the following argument, in my own mind, originated in the necessity of my nature. Some years ago I had the misfortune to meet the fallacies of Hume on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason, as to the being of a

God, but could not overcome the fixed repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently left that infinite, restless craving for some point of fixed repose, which atheism not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms.

Through the gloom of utter skepticism, I turned for relief to the treatise of Paley, and other reasoners, on the mere mechanical hypothesis, but there I found, as I deemed, an impassable hiatus in the logic of the argument itself. I was forced to admit that every machine must have had at first a machine-maker; but I saw clearly that the fact of its being a machine must first of all be proven, before the reasoning could hold at all, and thus the argument was worthless. For, as it is based on the assumed postulate of an actual creation, and as such a postulate is anything but self-evident, it needs to be demonstrated. And no logician of the whole mechanical school has ever attempted to furnish such a demonstration. Indeed, were creation once proven, there would be no necessity for more argument on the subject, since a creator would on that supposition be proven also.

But I saw a still more fatal defect in the reasoning of Paley. I said to myself, suppose that we admit the world to be a machine; still, we have no evidence that the machine-builder exists now. The watchmaker of Paley's example may have ceased to be, countless centuries ago, and still the watch remain as perfect as ever. And thus the mechanical conception of the universe could afford me no ray of light.

And yet I sought with eager solicitude for some solution of this vast world-enigma. I resembled a child who, in the crowd, had lost its parents. I went wildly, asking of every one, "Where is he; have ye seen him?" But there was no answer. I teased philosophy, science and literature with endless questionings, but all in vain. I plunged in fierce excitements, but no solace was there. The infinite void in my want-nature would not thus be filled. I was as an Arab, washing himself with sand instead of water. Neither the heat of the heart nor the

impunity of even the surface, diminished by any such lavation. I will not attempt to paint the intense gloom of my situation. Death seemed to ride on the present hour as a race steed of destruction. The past was a grim waste, strewn with the ruins of worlds, men and things. The future was a chill mist hovering over incalculable sepulchers. Every voice in creation seemed to me a wild wail of agony. The godless sun and cold stars glared into my face. I turned often to the pitiless sky, which no longer wore the poetic hue of my credulous boyhood.

One beautiful morning in May I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distant west arose with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an offshoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was pursuing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I wept to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes,"—"Vain revery." I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; Its green calyx had five parts; its delicate corol was five parted, with rays expanding like those of the Texas star. This combination of fives three times in the same blossom appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought I calculated

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the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around the forest; the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming and butterflies sipping honey dew. I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took my beloved Plato from the grass, where I had tossed him in a fit of despair; again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedecking them with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to the departing day. "Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God!"

Thus perished the last doubt of the skeptic. Having found the Infinite Father, I found also myself, and my beloved ones—all, once more. By degrees I put together the following argument: I tried it by every rule of logic; I conjured up every conceivable objection against all its several parts, and grew thoroughly satisfied that it contained an absolute demonstration. But I rested not here. I resolved to have it tested to the uttermost. For this purpose I journeyed all the way to Boston last winter. I presented it to the most eminent pantheists, atheists and skeptics of that literary city. Not one of them attempted to point out a flaw in its logic. Then I became convinced that the demonstration is utterly unassailable; and I therefore offer it without hesitation to the criticism of the world. The aggregate argument is my own; though many of the particular elements have been freely borrowed from others.

The principal consideration, however, is not as to authorship, but validity. And this may be readily determined. Let the objector designate its fallacy, and I will be among the first to renounce it altogether. Until this is done, I hold myself pledged to maintain it in fair controversy against all adversaries; though I will not debate the question with any person unacquainted with algebra, geometry and the rules of strict logic.

"God Geometrizes."—Plato.

The following argument assumes a bold tentative. It undertakes to demonstrate, in an absolute manner, not only the being, but ever-present agency of the Deity in all the phenomena of the material. It professes to solve the old problem that has puzzled philosophy in every age, ever uttered by human curiosity, but perhaps never, as yet, answered by pure reason—"What is the true nature of causation?" Beyond all controversy, this must be regarded as the fundamental problem of all real science; for we know nothing, we never can know anything, but causes and effects. All time and eternity form but one vast flowing stream, where these come and go like waves of the sea. All space is but the expanse where these rise and fall in oscillations, as of some ethereal fluid of infinite extent, vibrated by a viewless force. Well has a distinguished pantheist of the modern German school worded this profound idea: "The soul will not have us read any other cipher but that of cause and effect." All scientific treatises, however pompous their nomenclature contain but generalizations of these, expressed in mathematical formulas, with greater or less accuracy. I am stating a simple fact, admitted on all sides, cause and effect are thus correlatives in language and thought. The former is first, both in logic and chronology. It is, therefore, the necessary exponent of the latter. Unless its true nature be comprehended, nothing else can possibly be understood. If we err at this great starting point, every subsequent step must prove a blunder in every process of philosophical inquiry. And accordingly universal history shows that the false solution

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of the radical problem has been the fruitful source of all pestilential heresies, both in philosophy and religion.

To the mighty question, "What is causation," four different answers, and no more, can be given—the skeptical, the material, the pantheistic and the rational, or Christian.

To assert that man is utterly ignorant of the true nature of causation, is total skepticism.

To predicate the doctrine of invariable sequence, as did Hume and Brown, presents the formula of materialism. Idealism is but another phase of the same false view; for both idealism and materialism are at a certain depth identical, as they both take for granted that all nature is but a dream show, a mere conjurer's trick of fleeting appearances, where phenomena have only the tie of antecedent and consequent, to bind them together in a union that touches nowhere and produces nothing.

If we answer that emanation is the only causation, we are landed in pantheism. All individual existence vanishes away, and with it, all proper ideas of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood; and in fine all logical predicates of every name and nature for if nothing remains but indivisible unity, proposition is impossible, since it would be absurd to assert unity of itself.

The only remaining conceivable answer I deem the rational, the Christian, the true one—that causation alone resides in the mind; that matter never can be a cause; and therefore, every phenomenon in the universe is, and ever must be, but the effect of intellectual force exerted by pure volition. This view we now proceed to demonstrate, after the vigorous method of the geometers, and discarding as much as practicable, all loose and rhetorical digressions.

Proposition I.

We may lay it down as a general proposition that the preception of mathematical truth evinces mind of a lofty order.

It is for this reason the universal consent of mankind has placed Pythagoras and Plato, Archimedes and Kep-

lar, Newton and La Place, among the very foremost of the species. We would not exalt beyond due bounds the dignity of mathematical studies. We have long since awoke from the dream of our youth, that supposed a vain distinction of high and low among the sciences, which ought to be like the halo of a star, bright all around. But beyond all question there is no good reason for the neglect of those ennobling, strict, and severely logical exercises in our elementary education. Far wiser was the lesson taught by the great Plato in the inscription engraved over his immortal academy, "Let no one presume to enter here who does not understand geometry."

However this may be, even in this age of light studies, no enlightened mind will deny that the power to perceive mathematical truth is essentially an attribute of no mean intellect.

Corollary.

Hence it follows, *a fortiori*, as a self evident corollary, that to evolve mathematical motions—or in plain terms, to work mathematically, evinces mind of a still loftier order.

For to evolve mathematical motions unquestionably implies their perception. No person will assert for a moment that an analyst can reduce algebraic equations, or solve geometrical problems, and demonstrate theorems, without comprehending in the one case the meaning of the terms, and in the other the axioms and definitions on which the operations hinge. To present this view in the clearest possible light, we beg leave to offer an obvious illustration.

Suppose that John and James sit down to work out a knotty question in decimal fractions: John passes from one operation to another with the skillful rapidity of an accomplished arithmetician, adding and subtracting swift as thought, and balancing the tangled columns of vast numbers into a definite and accurate result; while James can understand the explication of it when it is stated in luminous order on the sheet before his eyes, but finds it wholly impossible to accomplish the task for himself.

Now, which of the two, in the given case, manifests the superior intellect? The veriest skeptic must answer, "He who has not only the penetration to perceive, but the mental power to perform the processes assigned him." Thus, undeniably, to evolve mathematical motions implies not only their distinct perception, but the additional faculty of active power also. Finally, I put the question home, and the entire controversy between the believer and the atheist turns upon the answer. Can any one work out all the sublime problems of mathematics, from the simplest in the first book of Euclid to the most complex in conical sections, without the mind to comprehend what he is doing? He who responds in the negative must crucify reason, and betake himself to utter insanity.

The discussion of our second proposition will place this averment above all dispute. To that we will now attend.

Proposition II.

All the motions of the material universe, in all their wondrous variety and unity, are strictly mathematical. The foregoing proposition is susceptible of proof by an immense induction. The field for its exercise has absolutely no other limits than the frontier line that encircles the dominion of science. A hundred volumes might be filled with instances, and still the materials would remain unexhausted in their infinite richness. Every new discovery in the abyss of unfathomable nature adds to the store, which is as vast as the immensity of creation.

We have only room in this hasty dissertation of a few out of incalculable millions of examples. Our choice will be only embarrassed by the teeming profusion that crowds upon our eye, and almost overwhelms every sense of the soul, from the circle of light that spreads in decreasing intensity and augmented distance around the candle near which we are now writing these paragraphs, to yonder remote pale star that twinkles through the open window, immeasurable leagues away in the mid-summer's night of a cloudless sky.

Lord, hast Thou left Thy hungry in the world
For us to feed?
Sharper the hungers of the soul. Give us
Nutrition for the need.

And hast Thou prisoners unvisited,
Whose woes our care should tell
There is a deeper prison of the heart;
Help us to find that cell.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A VISION.

Some years ago, soon after that eminent statesman, Henry Clay, had passed to the higher state of existence, a strange and most impressive vision was presented to my interior perceptions. In this he seemed to act an important part.

My father had known Henry Clay and was a great admirer of his character, and personal worth. He was also an earnest advocate of his political principles. So many eulogies had been pronounced upon his worth and wisdom by my father in our social gatherings, that I became fully imbued with his ideas.

The week previous to the presentation of the vision, an article from my pen had been sent to the paper then, and I believe now is published in the town of Victoria, Texas. The communication did not appear in that week's issue of the paper, and was supposed to have found its way to the "waste-basket," which thought was neither flattering nor even encouraging to a young inexperienced writer. In fact, it was rather discouraging and mortifying to human pride and ambition. My mind at the time was quite disturbed about the matter, and it was the last subject with which it had been occupied on going to sleep on the night of that memorable vision. Simultaneously with the clock striking one, I awoke with a sensation of some one entering the room, and through a door leading into another apartment, which was reserved for company. The sense of hearing and seeing became acute and clear, and it took but a moment to discover

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that we had a strange visitor. Entering the door which opened immediately in front of the bed upon which I was lying, was the stately form of Henry Clay. Without coat and with shoeless feet, and uncovered head. This seeming familiarity did not awaken the least surprise, but the brightness that lighted up his form and face inspired me with a feeling of awe. I felt myself enveloped in the aura of a superior mind. He walked with a slow and noiseless step to the fire-place, and for a moment rested one hand upon the mantle. Then for the first time, he looked calmly towards me, and commanded me to join him, which was instantly obeyed. We each took seats before the fire, which had well nigh burned out. He rested his feet upon the fender, and I then noticed they were encased in strange, many colored and beautiful socks. Immediately the following words, very slowly and impressively passed through my mind; or rather they seemed to be heard, "Shod with the gospel of peace." On looking up into his face, which wore a most benignant expression, and a holy calm, like some deep, clear lake, he regarded me with a gracious smile and said: "Child of earth be not cast down; your mental production will come forth with the next issue of the paper. It is but a beginning of the work you are being educated to do. Continue to exercise your brain without fear of the result, and when fully prepared that work will be unfolded to your mind. You are to drink of life's worm-wood and its gall, yet you will be upheld and sustained by immortal hands. "Oh," said I, "this can never be. I have beautiful thoughts and lofty aspirations, yet am impoverished for want of language to give them expression.

He replied, "I will relieve you of that." He then arose and opened a door leading into the yard by the outside of which rested a ten foot rod which had been used the previous day by my husband for the purpose of measuring our lot around which a fence was being made. This rod was brought into the room by the renowned presence, and he bent it in three parts; it yielded to his

touch as though provided with hinges as are the rules that carpenters often use. After being bent, he held, not the rod of wood, but one seemingly made of light and it began to open, until the middle portion rested in his hand in a horizontal position, while another part formed a perpendicular line from the hand downward. The other part pointing in a perpendicular line upward. For a moment he carefully surveyed his work, then with a smile of approval beaming on his face, he approached me, and in a commanding voice said "Arise," which was at once obeyed. He then placed the horizontal portion of the rod upon my shoulder. The part pointing upward at my back, the other in front, pointing downward. After this was done, I instantly became thrilled with the most aesthetic delight, and the very atmosphere was pulsating with language. The language of every nation and people. How long this lasted I am unable to say; when I regained my normal condition, and opened my eyes, my celestial visitor was gone, and I was standing alone, shivering from the cold of a winter's night.

In due time the article that seemed to have evoked the memorable vision appeared in the next issue of the paper. So has the wormwood and gail come into my life in unstinted quantities. In after years, whenever engaged in mediumistic work, I have felt the impress of that mystic rod. It is to me the signal of spirit presence. Strange to say, I assisted my husband, who was a Baptist minister, for ten years in his ministerial work. The rod the spirit had used seemed to be symbolic of this, also the bending of it by immortal hands for another and heter work. Now when messages come upon the slate through my humble organism in languages unknown to me, I can form some idea what the vision meant, and the work to be done, also from whence the messages, and inspirations come, and upon whom they are to descend.

I felt a strong desire to record this vision in "Lifting the Veil," but from the need of means to publish a larger work, many experiences of importance, both of my son and myself, were withheld. A feeling, too, of delicacy

prevented, fearing to assume more importance than was a reality. Nor is it now given to the public with a view to impress others that any extra degree of merit is claimed by the writer, but to illustrate the foreknowledge, power and presence of some of the dwellers on life's other side, and the various ways and means used to bring light and truth to blinded humanity.

At present there seems to be a reckless desire to develop medial gifts. The majority are inclined to rush heedlessly in where angels hardly dare to tread. Many times I question if they are able to drink of sorrow's cup, and to be baptized with the calumny that an unprogressed world is waiting to administer to all such.

This vision was given many years ago, and later was published in the Banner of Light, and brought the following letter. The name of the writer and medium are withheld, as for some reason they do not desire publicity. I copy in part:

Mrs. Sue J. Finck: Dear Friend—In a late Banner of Light I read an interesting letter from you entitled, "A Vision," in which the spirit of Henry Clay performed an important part. * * * * * This reminds me of a communication received through a writing medium in a home circle. The spirit giving the name of Henry Clay, with the same title as your article in the Banner, "A Vision." Inasmuch as my son informed me by letter that you treated him very kindly, and thinking the communication might be acceptable to you, I have made a copy of it which I mail you with this. ** * * * * I have copied into blank books all the writing given through this medium since I commenced attending his seances, which amounts to about twelve hundred pages of paper, Foolscap size. They are principally essays, either directly or remotely connected with spiritualism. * * * * * While his arm and entire body is powerfully controlled, his mind remains in its normal condition, and he is unconscious of what is being written. He converses with those around him while the writing is

being done. He writes in full light, with a newspaper pinned around his hand to protect the writing from the effects of the light:

A VISION BY HENRY CLAY.

Ladies and gentlemen, friends and patriots and Christians; for such we hope you are and not mere representatives of the dead letter of Christianity but Christians such as are recognized in the Courts of Heaven—Christians that are not afraid of being found mingling their prayers with publicans and sinners; Christians that have felt the vivifying influences of the Holy Ghost, which is the heavenly spirit of truth and love. But whether you style yourselves a Christian people or not, we most earnestly hope you are so in the broadest sense of the word; that there are no stains upon your garments; that you rely upon the counsel and protection of the angels; and feel while they are bending their gaze upon you, that you are honest, not only in your sight, but also in the sight of Almighty God. My friends, are you aware that you are living between two ages, or between two great epochs of life? The age of bigotry, superstition and narrow-mindedness is on its death bed. It is even now in the last throes of agony. Death is settling upon it, and directly at its right hand may be seen a star, which is soon to burst upon the world in all its regal splendor. A new age is about to be born upon you. The old is passing away—is sinking into oblivion. The new age or epoch of life, we may call the age of individual liberty and freedom. Bigotry, superstition and the thousand and one names given to folly are dying, passing away, that this new and more harmonious child may have room to dwell among humanity. When we take a spiritual survey of this planet and its condition, we perceive that the elements are distorted, and that strife and discord, not only in your midst, but abounds throughout the entire world. We are not surprised when we look abroad upon the vast page of humanity outspread to our view to see anarchy and war threatening your fair land, for we perceive there is

naught but inharmony and disorder to be found among the elements, religious, civil and spiritual. We perceive this warfare to be a great struggling of principles; a grand breaking up of systems, and old institutions. In watching the progress of the great political contest between the two great political parties, or we might say, the North and the South, I am forcibly reminded of a dream or vision that was given me during my early manhood. I now perceive the vision related to the late civil war that has so disturbed your fair land, and will therefore sketch it to you as briefly as possible. The vision was given me shortly after I had entered upon the practice of law in Richmond, Virginia, and it left so deep an impression upon my mind that neither time nor eternity has been able to erase the memory of it. I retired rather earlier than usual one night, and before I had been in bed many minutes, I seemed to be surrounded by a new atmosphere. Brilliant lights filled my apartment and I felt for a moment that I was being transported to a new world, but soon I seemed to pass into a quiet slumber and was then taken to a lofty eminence or mountain, which, though it seemed to be apart from earth, was yet so near to it as to enable me to see distinctly all that was passing upon the earth's surface. And while I stood gazing wonderstruck at the dark picture presented to my view, some one spoke to me in a low but clear voice. It seemed to come from some person, who, although invisible, was yet near me, and the voice said, "Henry, look at what is before you. Remember what you see, and it shall prove to you a talesman that shall guide you safely through life in mortal, and be as a key to unlock the gates of wisdom in the eternal city hereafter." And while I gazed the whole earth seemed to be convulsed with war. It seemed as if there was no person upon the earth that was not engaged in the terrible combat, and even the souls of the little children seemed to take a part in the general warfare. Darkness and desolation were upon the face of all things. Even the very atoms beneath my feet seemed breaking up and falling into decay. Every thing, from

the minutest globule floating in the air to the soul of man seemed to be involved in the fierce conflict that was scattering want and devastation on all sides. But as I looked I beheld Virginia, beautiful Virginia, more dark and desolate than all, and I thought perhaps I can see this more plainly as I have lived there and am more attached to Virginia than any other portion of the earth, and because it contains so much of my heart. Thus I tried to account for the darkness that hung like a funeral pall over my native state, but to me it presented one vast field of desolation. It seemed to me that all things animate and inanimate in Virginia were marked with ruin. There was not a building that did not seem to be tottering and falling into decay. Not a flagstone on which was not written **Death**. Oh, I beheld this with feelings that I cannot describe here. I could not speak of this to my friends. So strange, so new, so utterly incomprehensible to my mind, was the dark vision that had been presented to me, and so I crowded it down into the smallest part of my being, and tried to erase from my brain the dark and unpleasant picture that memory had so indelibly stamped upon it. And yet as my invisible guide impressed me, it was a talisman that led me safely through life in the mortal form and pointed out many a dark passage that I might have fallen into. I believe you at the present time are passing through a season of change and transformation; that all the institutions of the past, whether civil, religious or spiritual, are being broken up, that newer and finer structures may be reared upon their ashes. All things are casting off their old robes, and are donning the new, and more becoming ones. Everything in life seems to plainly indicate that you of today are living in the days of destructive as well as resurrecting power. I feel that though darkness enshrouds your being, and sorrow seems to be your nearest kin, that Almighty God is watching over you, and will send His holy angels from the high courts of spiritland to guide you from the old into the new and more beautiful life.

While I stood sadly musing upon the dark picture be-

fore me, my spirit guide said, "Henry, look in the distance and behold the light that is even now faintly glimmering in the east," and I said, "What is it for?" turning my eyes toward the east. I beheld a light that seemed momentarily brightening; and he answered, "It is the sunlight of Wisdom that shall pour through man's reasoning powers, and teach him that he has too long dwelt in darkness and lived an alien to his God, and lo; a child is born unto you: it is the son of Almighty Truth, who has come to dwell with you upon the earth. This is the morning of the resurrection, sayeth the voice of Almighty God, and behold, that out of death, I will bring forth life. Oh, when you contemplate the dark picture before you, do not despair, but think that the Almighty Spirit shall bring forth life—life eternal, out of all the death and darkness that surrounds you, and out of the past he shall bring forth a more glorious state of existence than the mind of man has ever conceived. You are not the only disturbed people upon the face of the earth. There is not one nation upon the earth that does not feel this great commotion; this unrest. Now, upon whom shall you cast censure, seeing that this effect was born of a cause, reposing in the bosom of Almighty God? Shall you turn to those standing in opposition to you in this great struggle, and who have done all in their power towards ultimating this grand scene of destruction with anger in your hearts and reproach upon your lips? He who gazes at the surface only of life may do this, but he who penetrates beneath the surface of life, and reaches out to grapple with the real cause, which is God himself, he, I say, cannot cast censure upon any one.

Oh, my brethren of the North and of the South, you who feel that your highest interests have been trampled upon; you who feel that you have been deeply wronged and oppressed as a people; you who feel that darkness is around you on every side, turn, I beseech you, to Almighty God for protection, and for deliverance from your present troubles. Bear it meekly, I entreat you, for it is brought about by causes over which you have no control.

needed upon this continent, and each one is but an in-Trust in God, and He will bring light out of darkness, and beauty and harmony out of discord and life out of death. You are all, each one of you, instruments in the hands of Almighty power to work out a reform long dividual point of life, turning towards their great center, God. Intuitively, then, turn your faces toward the Father of all created things, for He alone is able to soothe your sorows, He alone is able to deliver you from war and bloodshed. I for one do not blame you for the position taken. I for one do not count upon a speedy and happy adjustment of your present political difficulties. And although I would fain see peace and happiness among you as a nation, yet I know the law of nature is first death and desolation, then life, peace and harmony; and so I can bow to the will of the omnipotent, and say with that Almighty Spirit, **all is well.**

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It will be seen from the above that spirit manifestations, and messages cannot be measured by public demonstrations alone. Many are the homes that are consciously blest with angel visitants. These visions could scarecely be received in a public assembly, and if others are to enjoy and be instructed by them, they must be received by relating them.

The "Vision" of the writer seems not only to indicate the work already having been done in the psychic realm, but it also seems to be significant of what is yet to be accomplished, for in every effort that is being made to establish this Magazine, that "**mystic rod**" is in evidence. There are other visions that will be given from time to time. The Lone Star State is not only vast in territory and material resources, but it is likewise rich in psychical experiences.

THE OCEAN SHELL AND THE MEMORY OF
THE DEPARTED.

There's a beautiful story, half poem, half true,
That some person has told in this world for you.

They say that the delicate, shining shell,
We bear from the ocean, no matter how far,
If you take it up and listen well,
You will hear the waves in their splash and jar—

That the echo will come from the distant sea,
And the shell thus keeps its memory.
But the ocean shell will forever tell
The song of the waves it loved so well.

Its hollow chambers forever repeat
Their old, old story so sad and sweet ;
And I love to think this might be true,
And our hearts are the shells that are keeping you.

Dear friends departed. We hear the sound,
Of the ebb and flow of the ocean's bound,
Repeated over and over again,
With tender joy and bitter pain.

And our memory loves you and keeps you well,
Like the secret song of the ocean shell.
We cannot forget, we have loved you so,
In our heart's deep center you still will glow.

And memory ever will rise or fall,
With a cadence sweet like the ocean's call,
And our hearts will never forget to tell
Your names, like the song of the ocean shell.

—Jennie Hagan Brown.

We have another poem from Mrs. Brown, which will
appear in the next issue.—[Ed.]

As this is the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, it is a most proper occasion to recall that eventful, first seance held near Rochester, N. Y., by the famous Fox family. At this seance was obtained the first intelligence from the world beyond. It was after many nights spent in sleepless fear and anxiety, and after every effort had been made to discover the source of the disturbing sounds, that Mrs. Fox, the mother, suggested that it might be some unhappy spirit. On page six of "The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism," she makes the following statement:

"On Friday night, March 31, 1848, we concluded to go to bed early and not permit ourselves to be disturbed by the noises, but try and get a night's rest. My husband was here on all of these occasions, heard the noises, and helped search. It was early when we went to bed on this night; hardly dark. I had been so broken of my rest I was almost sick. My husband had not gone to bed when we first heard the noise on this evening. I had just lain down. It commenced as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever before heard. The children, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the rapping, and tried to make similar sounds by snapping their fingers.

"My youngest child (Cathie) said: 'Mr. Splitfoot, do as I do,' clapping her hands. The sound instantly followed her with the same number of raps: when she stopped the sound ceased for a short time. Then Margaretta said, in sport: 'Now, do just as I do; count one, two, three, four,' striking one hand against the other at the same time, and the raps came as before. She was afraid to repeat them. Then Cathie said, in her childish simplicity: 'O mother, I know what it is; to-morrow is April-fool day, and it's somebody trying to fool us.' I then thought I could put a test that no one in the place could answer. I asked the noise to rap my different children's ages, successively. Instantly each one of my children's ages was given correctly, pausing between them sufficiently long to individualize them until the seventh, at which a longer pause

was made, and then three more emphatic raps were given, corresponding to the age of the little one that died, which was my youngest child. I then asked: 'Is this a human being that answers my questions so correctly?' There was no rap. I asked: 'Is it a spirit? If it is, make two raps?' Two sounds were given as soon as the request was made. I then said: 'If it was an injured spirit, make two raps,' which were instantly made, causing the house to tremble. I asked, 'Were you injured in this house?' The answer was given as before. 'Is the person living that injured you?' Answered by raps in the same manner. I ascertained by the same method that it was a man aged thirty-one years; that he had been murdered in this house, and his remains were buried in the cellar; that his family consisted of a wife and five children, two sons and three daughters, all living at the time of his death, but that his wife had since died. I asked: 'Will you continue to rap if I call in my neighbors that they may hear too?' The raps were loud in the affirmative. My husband went and called in Mrs. Redfield (our nearest neighbor). She is a very candid woman. The girls were setting up in bed clinging to each other and trembling with terror. I think I was as calm as I am now. Mrs. Redfield came immediately (this was about half past seven), thinking she would have a laugh at the children; but when she saw them pale with fright and nearly speechless, she was amazed, and believed there was something more serious than she had supposed. I asked a few questions for her, and was answered as before. He told her age exactly. She then called her husband, and the same questions were asked and answered. Then Mr. Redfield called in Mr. Duesler and wife, and several others. Mr. Duesler then called in Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, also Mr. and Mrs. Jewell. Mr. Duesler asked many questions and received answers. He asked, 'Were you murdered?' Raps affirmative. 'Can your murderer be brought to justice?' No sound. 'Can he be punished by the law?' No answer. He then said: 'If your murderer cannot be punished by the law, manifest it by raps,'

and the raps were made clearly and distinctly. In the same way Mr. Duesler ascertained that he was murdered in the east bed-room about five years ago, and that the murder was committed by a Mr. ——, on a Tuesday night, at twelve o'clock; that he was murdered by having his throat cut with a butcher knife; that the body was taken down cellar; that it was not buried until the next night; that it was taken through the buttery, down the stairway, and that it was buried ten feet below the surface of the ground. It was also ascertained that he was murdered for his money, by raps affirmative. 'How much was it, one hundred?' No rap. 'Was it two hundred?' etc.; and when he mentioned five hundred the raps replied in the affirmative. Many called in who were fishing in the creek, and all heard the same questions and answers. Many remained in the house all night. I and my children left the house. My husband remained in the house with Mr. Redfield all night. On the next Saturday the house was filled to overflowing. There were no sounds heard during the day, but they commenced again in the evening. It was said there were over three hundred persons present at the time. On Sunday morning the noises were heard throughout the day by all who came to the house. On Saturday night, April 1st, they commenced digging in the cellar; they dug until they came to water, and then gave it up. The noise was not heard on Sunday evening nor during the night. Stephen B. Smith and wife (my daughter Maria), and my son, David S. Fox and wife, slept in the room this night. I have heard nothing since that time until yesterday. In the forenoon of yesterday there were several questions answered in the usual way, by rapping. I have heard the noise several times today.

"I am not a believer in haunted houses or supernatural appearances. I am very sorry that there has been so much excitement about it. It has been a great deal of trouble to us. It was our misfortune to live here at this time; but I am willing and anxious that the truth should be known, and that a true statement should be made. I

cannot account for these noises; all that I know is, that they have been heard repeatedly, as I have stated. I have heard this rapping again this (Tuesday) morning, April 4th. My children also heard it. I certify that the foregoing statement has been read to me, and that the same is true; and that I should be willing to take my oath that it is so, if necessary.

(Signed) "MARGARET FOX.

"April 11, 1848."

CREATION.

In introducing the author of this essay, Spirit Hunt to our "Home Circle," I shall explain in a limited manner what mortals would deem our "chance acquaintance," that they may somewhat realize the ease and natural unfolding of events in this higher state of existence. While on a recent visit to the beautiful city of Solothia, in the Summerland, attraction drew me to its grand Temple of Science. Within I found a vast library filled with thousands and thousands of volumes, containing records of past ages, and the efforts of mortal man to extort from nature her hidden secrets. His efforts to acquire knowledge of his own being, and his relation to his material surroundings. This magnificent library is fashioned and furnished in a most suggestive manner, to the spirit students who are still investigating their favorite theories, while dwelling on the earth plane. The arched ceiling represents your planetary system. Maps of the different heavens and earths decorate its walls. Miniature revolving solar systems are properly and orderly placed. Every mechanical invention can here be found. Every chemical laboratory and device that ever entered the thought of mortal man. All these being far more perfect in design than those of human make. In truth, all first existed here, and from time to time have been impressed upon the brain of sensitive mortals. So perfect are all these higher devices for attaining knowledge, that each seems to live and breathe. It is not the present intention to fully describe these, nor would mortals with

their present limited unfoldment be able to understand.

A great number of visitors were deeply interested in the pursuit of knowledge pertaining to some theory or subject in which they were interested. For some moments I walked, a spectator among these students and investigators, with what you below would call "curiosity," but which we regard as the unfolding of some event. Soon I observed a man, seated alone at a table, before an open book, which he had been perusing with intense interest. He looked up, our eyes met and with a smile of welcome he invited me to join him. We spoke together, long and earnestly, concerning the best methods of more perfectly imparting to mortal minds some of the facts we had discovered since entering spirit life. We both noted that many times we had found some sensitive human brain, sufficiently passive to receive impressions, and have inspired a long train of thought, which was considered "imagination" or "castle building." We both admonish mortals to be in less haste to judge when these strange and sometimes wonderful thoughts are impressed upon their minds. Often are they from an exalted spirit source, although many times colored and warped, by the nature of the receiving brain.

This spirit is still an energetic student and frequent visitor to this temple in quest of knowledge. He intimated a desire to visit our "Home Circle." I have willingly borne him company, and as I have been permitted the control, of what is termed automatic writing, have extended to him an invitation to make known the object of this visit. I therefore yield the use of mortal hand and brain.—Spirit Editor.

A number of years past I was permitted the use of another human organism, and was able to write in this way, a short essay on creation. This I much desired should be given to the world, but circumstances were not favorable at that time. Now an avenue is open for the fulfillment of that long cherished desire. The first part of this essay or message is devoted to an analysis of the theories of dif-

ferent and differing minds, who had in the past lived and thought, and reasoned, and sought for knowledge on this subject. One that still masters the mind of man. This essay, through a systematic combination of causes, was placed in care of this medium, who will give the closing of the message, including only the "Genesis" account of creation, which is the accepted one of Theology, and with which every reader is familiar. However, in passing from other theories I will state the nebulous, which has many legitimate grounds for belief, and another, that matter forming worlds, are periodically thrown off from the sun are worthy of deeper thought, and further consideration and closer investigation. No theory of any age has ever been able to account for the existence of matter; philosophers and astronomers can only in a limited manner account for its formation and changes.

In the "Genesis" account of creation it is written that when finished, "God rested." It is of this end of creation, and rest, I wrote in concluding my message of long ago, and which I now desire to be given to the world, with the hope of stimulating thought in the minds of mortal man. It is as follows:

Creation ended. No, not so. It always was. It always will be; worlds upon worlds have existed and have passed away. Systems, upon systems, have risen in the heavens, and have disappeared. Grander constellations, brighter galaxies, than those you behold have dawned upon the sky, and set again, and yet there is no limit and no boundary to creation, as you call it. Each day, each hour, each moment ushers in a new creation, as much as when the morning stars first hymned nature's praise. Nay, not a breath that you feeble mortals draw, but ushers in ten thousand new born worlds; each one as full of light and glory as the center of your solar system. Is not this creation? When every shining of the morning stars, so calm and tranquil in their brightness and radiance, calls forth from the earth's surface tiny atoms; that all are thousands of forms of life, no less than from the greater sun around which your own center revolves, which calls

forth millions of forms of life. It is worse than madness, to attempt to prescribe certain years, and moments, for eternity to produce eternity, or the time when God should have called eternity into being, as though He dwelt outside of creation, and would come down to the narrow, limits of mortal sense, and be made to labor six days upon a moiety of matter, when it had taken Him only a day to make the whole creation besides. Creation cannot thus be understood and accepted by any thinking, reasoning mind. In all the conflicting opinions of man regarding a Creator, and creation, the human mind has this advantage: that it is allied to various departments of nature, and therefore elaborates many of the causes, and important effects of what seems changes of matter, consequently derives instruction as far as experience can impart it; yet is left in ignorance, as to the cycles which the Divine mind employs for the accomplishment of its grand purposes. Then we must resolve creation into an infinite number of cycles, which perform their revolutions as regularly as the earth or planets. The changes on your earth are merely small types of the changes everywhere in the universe. The insects which come and go, in the sunshine of a day, flitting, transitory, and beautiful, but without object or seeming purpose; the worm you trample beneath your feet; the animal that exists a little longer, and then the human being, who draws a longer breath, are every one regulated by certain laws, many of which have baffled the lofty pretensions of science.

The earth, revolving upon its axis around the sun, performs with each revolution a change, producing a new creation, not of the whole, but of a part, and then finally the earth's surface is entirely changed, by the constant changing of matter. The same is so of other worlds, and the sun.

The Infinite mind, instead of being idle since the last day of the six, He has never ceased to work. If there is a place in all creation where nothing is done, that place contains death. If there is a place in the universe, where

different sense. Do not misunderstand us. We assert that creation never began. We say it distinctly and emphatically, and without fear of refutation, that should creation cease, immensity would be blotted out forever. No, we affirm again and distinctly, that were creation at an end, there would be no God, no life, nothing forever hereafter. If creation had a beginning, that moment God was created, and therefore could not be infinite, perfect or divine. When we analyze creation we find only changes of form and being, which are constantly growing, and every moment, and every hour and day calls forth new phases of life into existence. The divine creation is that which is now, that which was, and that which shall forever be. God, therefore, the divine creator, is that toiling, changing spirit, which is, wherever life exists, and where that is not, there can be no God. Where, oh, where in the boundless universe is there such a place?

God resting? Why, immensity itself is but constant work, and you human beings, you finite souls, you offshoots from the central sun and light, is there a time when thought can ever rest, a moment when mind can cease to be? If that day should ever come, then thought would contain within itself its own destruction and death would be instamped upon the brow of Deity. No rest, God toils day after day, night after night, year after year, century after century, and generation after generation. Yes, God is still working, still creating, still forming, still moving, that creation may still go on, that the universe may still be, that his own immensity may be fulfilled. Where is there rest for anything? It is a mistake to suppose that there ever was a period of time when anything was at rest, and if that time should ever come, destruction would be inevitable. There is no rest for body or soul, or the slightest instant of being that ever was created. All is toil, change, unceasing struggle. From thence go forth the evidences of being and from that which struggles and labors most, proceed the highest and holiest results. You are creating anew every day some form of life. Producing anew each day some type of thought in

the creation of your Father God, and you assist him in producing perpetual and constant life. Ignorance has so long blinded mortal eyes that they perceive struggle only upon their earth. They have been taught that toil is the consequence of sin, labor the necessity of error, thinking the result of crime, and that it will be different hereafter, when there will be neither toil, nor thought, nor labor, nor struggle, and that this will be heaven. Now, if you will place the soul of man in a position where he has nothing to do, or nothing to employ his thoughts, can you conceive of greater misery? If the human mind is destined to be idle, to travel up the steeps of eternity with nothing to do, would not that be perdition itself? Do you desire rest, to cease to be, to think, to act? The loftiest angel enthroned upon the mountain top of eternity, and whom you may think supremely blest in having nothing to do, is in reality supremely blest in having most to do, and in knowing best how to perform it. Friends, God is not to be praised by idly chanting hymns to his glory. They who use most hand, mind, brain and heart, praise him most acceptably. The toiling man, who labors night and day, moulding into forms of beauty the things upon the earth's surface—who builds gigantic monuments of skill and industry, praises God far more in the daily work of his own hands, than the idle prattler who talks of heaven and rest, with nothing to do. He who raises wealth from the bosom of the earth and realizes the fables of Vulcan and Tubal Cain, he indeed is a creator worthy of the image of the Divinity. Believe not that toil is the result of sin; that it is a curse upon human kind. He is most blest, who labors most—who enobles labor most, with the divine impress, and praises God by assisting him in his creations.

Go on, toiler! Go on, deliver, and all ye that have something to do; for believe us, eternity will grow pale and cease to be, and all the stars will set in utter darkness, before creation will ever cease, or labor become ignoble. We thank you, both spirit friend and mortal medium, for time and conditions.

This was given in 1875.

THOMAS HUNT.

ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.

Spirit Editor.

Hands over here do not idly fold,
Each is striving for some higher goal—
Each one sees before them gleaming
Loftier heights with beauty beaming.
The heaven that men call ease and rest
Can never be found among the blest.
To parents their children lovingly go
To still their cries, and soothe their woe ;
Children their parents likewise seek,
Guiding the strong and helping the weak.
Husbands and wives alike watch and wait,
The one just entering the heavenly gate.
All have work in which they delight
And each is upheld by the power of right.
No life is so vile, no soul is so dark,
But through it will shine the infinite spark.
Speed we to earth these souls to inspire,
With holier thoughts and purer desire.

CHARITY.

By the Spirit Editor.

Mortals exalt charity, and from our higher plane of existence, we see it is the awakening of the latent good slumbering in the human heart. Yet in the higher spiritual enlightenment, which is to come to the dwellers, on the earth plane, there will be none who will be in need.

As alms are at present doled out, to the lowly sufferers below, both the sensitive mortals and pure spirits, turn away in loathing. They, because of the ingratitude so often manifested by those on whom charity is bestowed. And we, because of so much self-adulation, and a desire that it be known of men. It is deeds performed in this spirit which always provoke feelings of ingratitude, and such will ever be found but faulty blossoms on life's tree, without fragrance and fruitless.

Until that higher enlightenment comes to humanity, it would be wise when giving that mortals do so, with such emotions and motives that both the donor and receiver, shall both be equally benefitted. To insure the

best results, charity must come from a heart overflowing with fraternal love, and tender sympathy for the sufferings of others. Not in a spirit of criticism, and fault-finding or rebuke. If relief is bestowed in this way, be sure the result will be unfavorable to all concerned. Bear in mind that **cause** and **effect** are immutable laws, both there and here.

Facts Relative to Dr. Samuel Watson's Restoration to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There seems to be a misunderstanding with the public in regard to Dr. Samuel Watson's restoration to the M. E. Church, a short time previous to his passing from mortality to immortality. He, as is well known, was a prominent minister in that church in his early manhood. For many years he served as editor of one of its leading journals, and as an able exponent of its faith. He, however, became convinced of the truth in spiritualism; in its phenomena, and philosophy, which brought him on its platform to advocate, and defend its principles.

He was the author of several works on the occult, and his "Religion of Spiritualism" proved most welcome food for hungry souls.

After it became known that Dr. Watson was restored to his former church, many questioned his honesty, who, perhaps, were ignorant of his motive, and the attending circumstances.

Some years ago the writer of this had the pleasure of attending one of Dr. Watson's lectures in Galveston, Texas. During the lecture he was questioned in regard to the causes of his leaving the church. After most feelingly alluding to his trial for heresy, the particulars of which have escaped my memory, he said: "I love the Methodist Church. John Wesley, its founder, was a spiritualist. I preferred to remain in it, and with the people with whom I had so long associated, could I have done so without doing violence to my convictions of truth."

When it became rumored that he had renounced spirit-

ualism, Dr. Lockhart of Chapel Hill, Texas, wrote him for the facts in regard to it, and in reply received the letter given below. Dr. Lockhart kindly gave it to me, with the request that it be given to the public. Therefore, in justice to a good, honest man, and a brave advocate of truth, as he perceived it: in justice to the church with which he differed but loved, and justice to spiritualism, it is here given—[Ed.]:

Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 15, 1894.

Dr. J. W. Lockhart:

Dear Sir.—Your letter to my husband has been received, and as he has not written a letter in twelve months, I will reply to your inquiry. I suppose persons have drawn their conclusions from the fact, that as Mr. Watson has within the past year, or few weeks previous to a year, been restored to the church, he must have in consequence, renounced spiritualism. This was not required of him, consequently did not do it. His physical condition requiring close confinement to house and room, prevents any active, public work, of any description. He entered his eighty-first year last August, and is very feeble indeed, and in course of nature cannot live very much longer. He does not suffer from any disease, but is giving way by degrees. Accept our thanks for the expressions of interest and sympathy. And, as the earthly tabernacle is being dissolved, day by day, may there be a house not made with hands, in the sweet bye and bye, for you and for him, and for all of us, is my prayer. Yours respectfully,

Mrs. SAMUEL WATSON.

A SPIRIT TO DR. WATSON.

Beyond the stars, and sky of blue,
A home you've found awaiting you;
No longer will you bravely stand
Against the ignorance of earth-land.

No longer will the clouds and mist
Veil from your eyes the heavenly bliss;
Your pathway there was a shaded line,
Over the hills and vales of time.

Here in your home on Wesley Height,
No foe to stay your upward flight,
Your soul will bathe in joy supernal,
And onward march, through realms eternal.

By intuition man may trace the kinship of the human with the divine, be it ever so far removed, for "The spirit doth through the human shine, showing man through humble is divine." By the clearer light of spirit, there may be seen a slumbering angel in every human breast; therefore mortals should cast censure on none.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMS—NOT BY THEM.

This is the heading of an editorial in *The Banner of Light*, bearing date of May 14th, 1887, and is deemed suitable, not only for that time, but likewise for the present, and also for the time to come. The editor writes: "A good and timely illustration of the spiritual status of mediumship is unintentionally furnished in a recent editorial of the *Boston Sunday Herald*. That paper undertook to show the utter unwisdom, not to say the folly, of trying to force childhood, in our current system of public instruction, out of its spontaneous and intuitional habit into the formal and dogmatic ways invented by knowledge, which it has become the custom to call "scientific," and to reverence accordingly. Instead of letting children observe, absorb and communicate everything about them in their own natural way, it is now sought to make them give the reason for everything which they know, or which is told to them. Plainly enough, when that style of education shall have made sufficient progress, there will be no more children, but all will be logicians and scientists. We shall have seasoned wood without having to wait for it to go through the developing process implied in the circulation of the sap. The *Herald* illustrates the moral it seeks to impress by reciting the rhythmic fable of the centipede and the frog. They chanced to meet one day, when the frog suddenly set up as a cultured critic and asked the centipede how on earth, with his hundred legs, he contrived to remember which leg to move first, which second, and so on. As the frog himself was endowed with but four legs, it was natural that he should puzzle over a creature that

had twenty-five times as many, albeit he may never have given so much as a thought to the mystery of the far fewer movements of his own. The centipede had to confess that it had managed so far in life to go along without thinking of the matter at all; that it came natural to him; and that he could do no better, even if he was able to master the mystery. It is all instinct, which Pope says truly "is divine." In humanity it is intuition. Nature is both above and below the method, and forever eludes the wisdom of the instructor. But in schools and families the frog question is being put over, and over again. The sum and substance of all, however, is well stated by the Herald thus: "In point of fact, nobody ever knows, or ever will know, how he does all his best things, laughs his heartiest laughs or tells his most pathetic story. The thing is done through him, and not by him." It insists that the unpremeditated state of performance is the one out of which come the best and highest results; that the whole secret consists in remaining passive and unembarrassed, letting the thought and the feeling in one run unobstructed through their myraid natural channels; that instead of wanting to handle the topic we should let the topic handle us. Mr. Colby, the spiritually endowed editor of the Banner of Light, was quick to perceive the spiritual fact, within every material manifestation. He at once applied the Herald's idea to mediumship (we do not quote in full.) He writes: "Up to within the time when otherwise people undertook to establish a 'scientific' system which should correct (?) the intuitions, and sit in judgment on the characters and gifts of the medial expositers of the New Dispensation, it was regarded as quite sufficient for a medium to discharge his or her calling in a wholly unconscious and involuntary manner, and that gave universal satisfaction, as it likewise abounded in instruction. On a sudden, however, the dogmatic demands, that henceforth all mediums shall be placed in harness and required to furnish a 'scientific' reason for everything that is said and done through them on pain of being denounced and scouted. In view of this

position what becomes of the consciousness of the medium while incarnated spirits are in active possession of his or her organized faculties? How can the medium thus become involuntary, so that foreign intelligences may speak and act through him? Preposterous demand! The true mediumistic state, and in fact the only really possible one, is unintentionally but precisely described by the Herald when it says: "In point of fact, nobody ever knows, or ever will know, how he does all his best things, laughs his heartiest laughs, or tells his most pathetic story. **The thing is done through him and not by him.**" In that brief expression is happily condensed the whole system of mediumistic control and consequent spirit-communion.

The spiritual mediums, a body of persons of both sexes and possessed of involuntary gifts of differing order and power, have for years unconsciously to themselves (at least as far as the **how** of the operation is concerned), been used as the instruments through whom words are spoken and acts performed that furnish the long-awaited-for proofs of the continued existence of the human spirit. Are they to be accused like criminals for being what they are, or doing what they cannot help? Is the blessed service they perform for mortals of a character to invite the scorn and hatred, instead of the gratitude and affection, of those whom they only seek to benefit. Above all, are they to be challenged, on account of the intelligent manifestations made through them without any volition of theirs, to produce a scientific verification of it all, to explain the **modus operandi**, when the very conditions needed for the work really pass the present limit of human understanding?"

Indeed the Herald editor wrote wiser than he knew, and every medium should be thankful that the thoughts he expressed elicited the above comment from the now ascended editor of the Banner of Light. Today there are so many who can tell all about mediums and their needs, and who would formulate a plan of education, after the ways of the world, that it is well to be reminded

that these finer forces, acting upon sensitive natures, belong to a higher realm, and the less they are subjected to human dictation and human taint, the purer will be mediums, and the messages given through their organism. Mediums who, at first, give promise of much usefulness, are often unable to exercise their power, through the ignorant interfering of not only foes, but friends.

While on this subject, which is fraught with so much interest to humanity, it will be timely to quote from Thos. Gales Forster, an old pioneer medium and lecturer. He says of mediums: "A class, I sincerely believe, the most sadly misunderstood, and hence the most sadly misrepresented, of any now in existence. * * * * Permit me to advert to a few scientific facts as pertaining to my theme, with which you may be more or less familiar. It is stated that when Dr. Kane was wintering in Smith's Sound, while on his last Polar expedition, it was discovered on some occasions that his thermometers registered sixty degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit. He discovered also, however, that three thermometers which agreed at medium temperatures, disagreed materially at these low temperatures when suspended in the open air at a short distance from each other. Likewise, that these thermometers, if approached suddenly, or from the windward side, or if the breath or emanations of the body reached them, would fluctuate violently; that correct readings could only be obtained by approaching them from the leeward cautiously and reading off the degrees with suppressed breath at as great a distance as the figures on the scale were visible; and that accuracy thus could only be obtained by conforming strictly to the delicate conditions imposed by nature.

Again, if you desire to obtain a true north and south line, with a delicately balanced compass, it is well known you must remove all bodies containing iron or steel from the neighborhood. If the observer has even a pocket knife about him, he will fail at the desired result.

The explorer, taking sextant observations to ascertain

his position, uses mercury for an artificial horizon. He and his assistants are as still as possible while the sextant angle is taken. A loud word, a footfall, even a quick motion of the body, will cause the quick-silver to oscillate, and inaccuracy is the result.

Alpine guides tell us that, at a certain point in the ascent of Mount Blanc, the snow is held in such wonderful and delicate poise that a single loud exclamation will precipitate a hundred thousand tons in thundering avalanche on the incautious climber.

Thus accuracy, we learn, safety, success, are simply results of obedience to natural laws; and a man would be considered worse than foolish who disregarded the same, and still expected to obtain desired results.

Now, it is an unmistakable fact, too slightly appreciated, that mediumistic requirements and conditions constitute a striking parallel in the animate to the important facts just instanced in the inanimate department of nature; and, therefore, if a desired result is attainable at all through phenomena in the presence of mediums, it must be in accordance with some law, and can be best attained by the faithful obedience to all the known requirements and conditions incidental to that law. Yet there are many persons who find it difficult to realize what all candid observers who are familiar with the organic conditions and experiences of mediums will tell you is a fact, that as a rule they are intensely and most frequently painfully sensitive to all external as well as interior influences; and, indeed, that all inharmonious influences, from whatever source, affects them more or less injuriously, and as readily as disobedience to law affects the explorer, or the delicately poised snow of mount Blanc.

* * * Under the hand of a kindly congenial and cultivated nature, they will give forth a grand oratorio of natural symphonies that please the ear or win the heart.

* * * None of them are without their Gethsemane—but few are without a calvary. * * * Of course I am speaking thus of genuine mediums only. * * * In the name of a common brotherhood, therefore, and in behalf

of the best interests of our common cause, I would earnestly bespeak for our mediums of every phase a truer sympathy and a more generous judgment."

We most earnestly desire you, mortal friends, to persevere in your efforts to acquire spiritual knowledge, that you may gain mastery over your material environments, and thereby be able to so control circumstances, that they will be made to yield profit and pleasure, instead of disappointments and pain. Much have we said about conditions, and we would remind you, again and again, of the importance of complying with them if you desire favorable results, in your efforts to commune with us, when ignorant of the occult forces and laws, much neither sought nor expected may come.—[Spirit Ed.].

THE McDANIEL HOME.

McDaniel, West & McDaniel, Attorneys at Law.

Houston, Texas, September, 1900.

Mrs. Sue J. Finck, Galveston, Texas:

Dear Mother.—On Monday after the recent "Terrible Storm," Will went down to Galveston to look after and serve our friends there as best he could. Arriving there at 2 a. m. Tuesday, he at once set to work to learn what he could concerning you and your children, and Winter Daniels and his family. Having been a witness yourself to the terrible destruction and distress, and the fearful confusion existing there that day, you will not wonder nor be surprised that an inexperienced boy, as he was, was unable to learn anything he wanted to know, and that he had to come away without the information so much desired by us all at home.

For days we waivered between "hope and fear," but at last an inquiry made by us through the Houston Post was answered through the same source: "F. M. Finck, mother, and brother, saved." While the surname was misspelled, we knew that our dear old spiritualist mother

and her brood had been spared to us. It would be an impossible task for me to undertake to explain to you, what joy those few words brought to all the inmates of our home. I will not harrow your feeling by further alluding to the fearful ordeal through which you and yours have passed. Come to us now. Come away from the things and scenes that serve to remind you of that terrible night and equally as terrible days that followed it. Come to your spiritual children, who love you as do your own natural children, and who are impatiently waiting to receive you. We have no company now, but the children. The house is quiet, and we can make you comfortable. Perhaps we shall be able to lead your thoughts away from your recent terrible experiences. Your room has been made ready for you. Come; do not deny us, but come right away. Write or wire us when and where to meet you. Do this at once. Lovingly, your children,

LOCKE and KATE.

In reply to the inquiry of many other friends, as to my fate, locality and condition after the storm, will state: Houston was too near the scene of disaster and distress, at that time, to afford the needed mental relief, but after much wandering, broken up, weary and worn, I went at last to this most hospitable home. There, under the influence of healing affection, from warm hearts, I was able to overcome in a measure the effects of that "great calamity," and to pick up and mend life's broken threads, and try still to be of some little use to humanity. Of the experiences, during and after that fearful storm, I must not write, neither is it possible to write. I am, however, constrained to say something of the "McDaniel Home," as it possesses some most unusual features. To give of it a graphic description cannot be done at the present time. In deference to the extreme sensitiveness of these, my "spiritual children," in alluding to their many deeds of unselfish kindness, much must remain unwritten.

This is a very elastic home, never is it so full that room cannot be made for another, especially if that other be

homeless and friendless. Having had no children of their own, these friends in early life adopted four little babes. These have been carefully educated and fitted for honorable positions in life, and although now grown, each one is still in the home nest. A few years ago, another four helpless babes were adopted, and sheltered not only in the home, but also in their hearts. These are now from three to five years of age. A few weeks since, still another four orphans, who are near the ages of the last named, appealed to their hearts for kindness, and the door of home and hearts again opened and took them in. Here they all enjoy perfect freedom, and play and sing as happy as larks, day after day. No force is used nor compulsion resorted to in the management of these many minded little tots. Persuasion is the rod of correction; each one is kindly reasoned with, and sometimes they are allowed, when persistent, to do wrong, that they may know the penalties that follow, and in that way learn and choose to do right.

Constant attention is given to the unfoldment of the best in every child's nature. It has been both instructing and interesting to note how delicately this little mother has corrected the angularities of these last four, who had not the benefit of her care in their early babyhood. So tenderly have they been brought under the magic power and rule of love, that obedience seems natural, and never is there any serious disagreement or contention among them. A spirit of justice has been awakened and instilled into the minds of the little flock, which time and after conditions will never silence. Each one adores their little mother and think it a crime to grieve her. Never are they so happy as when gathered around her, while her deft fingers are fashioning for them some article of dress, or when at meals they can get a tempting morsal from her plate; albeit their own, may be provided with food far more choice. This pleasure is also heartily enjoyed by the mother. It is questionable whether or not she realizes that she has herself partaken of any food, so absorbed is she in their delight. They go

when she visits, and neither mother nor children seem to desire other association. If any one of them is troubled, she will not suffer that one to sleep until it is soothed and happy. The comfort of these little ones is the first considered in this home, and their wants the first supplied. Besides the daily service that is being rendered these, Mrs. McDaniel has provided homes for many poor little friendless waifs, and today not one can be found in the large and prosperous city of Houston that is not well cared for. To look after the helpless little ones, this dear woman has secluded herself from social life, and has chosen it for her work, and nothing yields her so much happiness as this service of unselfish love. And surely no other woman is so well fitted to perform it. With the devotion and self-sacrifice such a work demands, where can be found a grander?

The genial and magnetic personality of Judge McDaniel is a power of strength in this home. In his warm heart all find a welcome, and his strong arm is able to protect each from every ill. The twelve large and small children are comfortably and securely housed on the lower floor of this roomy house, and are under the immediate watch-care of their kind benefactors. To the mental, spiritual and physical needs of these, she daily ministers, giving to each his or her portion in due season. The writer had been kindly furnished a room on the upper floor, where no disturbing noise ever reached its quiet. There "The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian" was conceived and born and its office first established. A number of students who attend a business college, also roomed on this floor. One of them roughly remarked, "that Judge McDaniel's generosity exceeded anything he had ever seen: that he run an orphan asylum below and a lunatic asylum above." However, we all went on harmoniously, doing each their own work, trying to make our spiritualism practical and useful, here and now.

ning the war,
 sal in Houston
 1862

Now that Psychology or Hypnotism has become to be recognized as a scientific fact, the question arises how is it to be utilized to bring the greatest good to the human family. True, if the power were alone possessed and used by pure-souled mortals, to accomplish some laudible design, as healing man's many infirmities and reforming criminals, it would indeed be the harbinger of a better day. But alas! such is not the case. From the day of its discovery it has been used by the designing and ignorant for the injury of another and their own selfish upbuilding, for the gratification of love, of gain and place, and power. When so used, how repulsive it becomes to the lofty mind, who is a lover of justice.

It has been suggested that this power should be legislated out of the ignorant and designing into the special use of the medical fraternity. What surety would there be, if indeed it could be done, that these are any better morally than any other class of men? It seems to the writer that in the present undeveloped condition of humanity, the better way would be for each individual to strive to maintain **his own selfhood** and learn to protect himself from foreign influences. The good spirits have advised the following as a self-protection: "On arising each morning, firmly resolve to live your best; to be yourself, and not be swayed by any outside influence against your own reason and judgment. Then hold your left hand across the breast, and pass around it your right hand, as if turning a key in a lock."

THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

"He's true to God who's true to man
 Wherever wrong is done;
 To the humblest and the weakest,
 'Neath the all beholding sun;
 That wrong is also done to us,
 And they are slaves most base
 Whose love of right is for themselves
 And not for all the race."

We could not send out to the world any publication without expressing our soul's deepest interest in the

great army of producers and other toilers who feed and clothe and minister to both the needs and luxuries of the balance of humanity. Farmers who till the soil and who often do not own a foot of it; who bring forth from the dark bosom of mother earth all the luxuries of food, and usually subsist on the most common; mechanics who build homes and costly mansions and live in huts, which perhaps they do not own. The "hands" employed in the manufacture of clothing, some of which is of so fine a texture that it reminds one of a dream of fairy production, while the producer is clad in the most common apparel. So is this inequality found in every department of labor. So has it gone on from age to age and from year to year, until custom has made it seem right and just that some should labor and have nothing, while others who toil not, should possess and enjoy. These all have our soul's warmest sympathy.

The writer has often questioned, that since the fact is becoming known, that laboring men and women possess brains, as well as "hands," that some "master mechanic" or Artizan or farmer or builder or architect, who has displayed so much genius in building and beautifying human homes and magnificent temples, could not devise some means of relief for the weary toilers of earth. That men who have made public palaces of ease and luxury, and those who have made the earth blossom out in beauty, did not the while regard the human temples with more active interest. True, at times with passions inflamed, the cry of "strike" is heard throughout the land. This may have at times brought a temporary relief, but it has never settled the difference between capital and labor, money and man. Most strikes and lockouts have resulted in the estrangement of men who have a common interest at heart. A writer has truly said: "The question of capital and labor, of master and man, is beyond the state of the market to decide." Demand and supply does not afford a permanent remedy. Where is one to be found only in co-operation? Strikes have proved to be a costly remedy, both in blood and money, and also a useless waste of forces. The vast sums of money expended in this way would establish co-operative industries and enable the producers to become the manufacturers, owning and running their own machinery, and reaping the benefits therefrom. A change must be made before peace and good will to men can be established upon earth. Is not this the safest and best way to do it?—Ed.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE STORM.

It has been the habit of the editor and medium to copy from time to time, and from year to year, any beautiful sentiment or useful thought, or fact, given by the spirit world to their mortal friends. Many of these, in whole or part, have been preserved. No account, however, was kept of the name given or receiver. I am impressed that some of these will be both instructing and interesting to readers, who are not in frequent communication with the unseen world and those who people it. Many thoughts also of the writer have in this way been preserved, with quotations from favorite authors, the credit of which cannot now be given, as the writing saved was rendered almost illegible by mud and water. However, none of us are originators of the beautiful and true. Neither mortal or immortal. We are only its discoverers. Therefore, the only credit that can be justly claimed is, living so in tune with the inner life that we are able to find and receive.

The manifestations of spirits are produced by the law of nature, and will of necessity be weak, or strong, pure or impure, perfect or imperfect, as is the soul emanations, through which they come. So long as circles are composed of persons whose aura is charged with deception, just that long, and to that extent, will the manifestations produced assume that character. It may be insincerity in friendship, false pretensions in affection, dishonesty in business relations, yet you will find these traits more or less represented in the manifestations which occur. You cannot plant thistles and gather figs, in the occult realm with any more success than on a material plane. These will produce after their kind, just as surely as any other class of natural, physical, manifestations.

Purify yourselves, and seek the highest and best through the purest channels, and there will be no cause for complaint.

Mortals ignorantly and without thought, sow seeds of distrust in the soil of childhood's tender soul. Beware lest you distort, and warp the sweet trust with which nature has blest them.

Every mortal is an embodiment of the infinite spirit. Many are the enfoldments, concealing and preventing its expression. Some acquired, more inherited. The material body is as the painter's canvass, upon which is cast distorted thought images, or impressions of love and light and beauty. Disease and infirmity is the offspring of degrading thoughts, while the vibrating action of holy thinking sends a thrill of life's elixer bounding along the nerves and animating the blood; giving health and strength. The salvation of the body must come through understanding this truth. None can escape the natural change, misnamed death, but each one can prolong their days, and remain youthful in spirit and healthy in body, and pass peacefully and gracefully on to a higher state of existence.

There has been in every age minds advanced beyond the ordinary humanity, who are able to perceive the trend of events. Such are prophets in the wilderness of the world, warning its inhabitants to turn from the evil, and pursue the good. Such you have today, and as in by-gone days these are being neglected and stoned by harsh epithets. Such are in every nation. Welcome these pioneers of progress and reformation wherever found.

Friends, while on that rudimental plane, live your best. Cling to life. Love it; learn its lessons; gather in its wealth, and its joy and sweetness. Get the love of living permeated into your being as is food into the material structure. The earthly experiences are designed to carry you on, just as nature unfolds growth in plant, and man unconsciously, powerfully, silently and perfectly into a diviner life. Do not make haste to join us. Do not neglect the lessons the earth life is designed to teach. That is the first important, natural step. Do not understand me to mean that men should selfishly gain through injustice, and hoard, but to gather, distribute, enjoy and bless others. Ever carry within a heart of kindness. Preserve your childhood's love of nature. Dwell more in her hallowed temple.

Each mortal should consider the bearing of today on life's tomorrow.

Yes, friend, you question why immortals are so constant, and persistent, and patient, in their ministry to mortal man. Know you not that the whole humanity are links of one vast chain and that we can't proceed far upward without you. I would impress upon your mind that while you are powerful to order, direct and shape **your own personal life**, by the strength of your will, you are powerless to order the life of another, under the protest of their will. Neither would it be just or lawful or wise to attempt it. To those in whose souls the divine is slumbering, you may endeavor to reach it, and help make conditions for its material expression. This divine spirit which is within every mortal man, will, when allowed expression, lead each one in wisdom's ways.

This communion affords us great joy. Dark would be the higher state of human existence were the doors between us closed. Our old love, while purified, is far more intense and we now know that, when wisdom wills we shall be reunited. So we are patient to wait. We are daily striving to lift our darlings to a more spiritual plane, and would awaken in every soul more interest in the spiritual side of their nature, without lessening interest in material life. To be harmonious, man should regard more sacredly, both the spiritual and material parts of their being. The material should be as perfectly lived as possible, and also should be studied; the habits and occupations, and customs of the inhabitants of this wonderful summerland of the human soul, to which all are hastening.

Friends, there is a record in keeping;
 No money can buy,
 Though the wealth of the Indies were yours,
 What you do, what you've done, what you are
 That record will show;
 For every deed makes a lasting impress
 Upon each human soul.

Material forms are but the result of orderly force in the uniting of atoms which exist in the universe. This men call creation, and this has been going on since the beginning of time. These atoms and energizing forces are in every nook, corner and crevice of the entire universe, but conditions will determine the material expression. Soul germs, are the most brilliant and are often seen by sensitives when in a passive state, as resembling bright sparks of fire, and designated as "spirit lights." While not conscious, these possess the attributes of all intelligence. They have an insensible instinct, and are forced onward, and outward, until they find lodgment best adapted for material expression. These soul germs are offsprings of infinite love and wisdom, and the forms they are able to unfold or build up are epitomes of the universal combining something of all things.

Through, or by conditions, these soul germs unfold perfect forms of manhood, and qualities of greatness, or imperfect forms and dwarfed mentalities. Learn of this a wise lesson: oh, man, **conditions** will develop and reveal concealed angels, also the atrocities and passions of demons. **Conditions** will unfold the God-like attributes of love and wisdom in man, and likewise the ignoble traits of selfishness, cruelty and crime. While life is a result of force, and must be, it is many times a sad disappointment as well as the greatest of blessings. Every mortal should strive to make conditions for the unfolding of the beautiful, the good and the true, not only within themselves but also that within those by whom they are surrounded. It is not so significant from whence we came as **what we are**, and whither bound.

During the journey of material life, the soul and its mortal covering are inseparable companions, sharing for the time its pleasures and pains. Yet soul, the intermediate between spirit and body, is alone conscious of either pleasure or pain. Its action upon the material body will determine the body's condition of health, when no disease has been transmitted through the soul elements of ances-

tors. One in olden times exclaimed: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." The ethers and essences of which the soul is composed should be kept pure, and the body will be free from pain and disease. The divine spirit within every mortal should be allowed free and full expression through soul and body. The complete engrossment of the mental faculties in material affairs soon so warps the spiritual perceptions that it impedes and many times excludes the life-sustaining elements of spirit. The physical body, when deprived of its spirit power, is depleted and must soon decay.

The manifestations we are able to produce, to be of benefit to mortals, must be spiritually discerned and correctly understood. The crude materiality of the greater part of humanity, and the fact that so many of these pass from time to eternity ignorant of the laws which govern spirit life limit, the power of such to give you truth in its fullness, and in that exalted form that others can do, who have studied spiritual laws, and have become familiar with their effects and results, when communicating with mortal man. The higher intelligences of spirit life have a means of communicating which is unwritten and unspoken. They can also communicate with the sensitive minds of earth, whose purity and love of truth is an attracting force, without the use of words.

On entering the spirit world, each one is attracted to that particular locality for which they are best adapted, and which is characteristic of their nature; **of what in fact they are.** Yet each emancipated soul will find wider fields for culture, and better opportunities to give expression to their best. Mortals, however, should not presume upon this beautiful, beneficent provision of nature by neglecting to make the material life one of use and beauty. We would impress upon the mind of every mortal that intellectual endowments, without the unfoldment of the spiritual perceptions and intuitions, will overtax minds who think deeply. Length of days are not for such.

Mortals should daily withdraw for an hour from the outer to the inner life, and re-create the vital force, which has been expended in material service.

We are constantly forming magnetic lines of communication between the two states of being. The mortal and the immortal, and are reaching many, still held dear, and throwing around them strengthening influences for good. I used to think, when in the mortal form, that the future could take care of itself, but have found it for better and wiser to understand something about the spirit world, as well as material life. It is humiliating to come here, ignorant of the laws and customs of the country. I send a kindly greeting to old friends, also to all friends on the mortal plane. I would like to convince each one that there are no vacant seats by their firesides. That the unseen friends, and loved ones, fill them as of old, and wait, and watch for recognition.

Speak in confidence to no one, who is unable to recognize the power of spirit, throughout the whole universe. One may be a friend, but believing only in the material, will give out only material elements.

Love of truth will attract to mortals' truthful spirits, who will aid them in unfolding their intuition, that through its use they may be able to reject the false and accept the true. Joyful truths and glad tidings from heavenly shores, are given through mediums who are true and pure, to mortals who hunger and thirst for righteousness, or the right. Faithful seekers after spiritual truth will be enlightened. Be calm and receptive, to the high and holy influences.

A leader signifies authority and superiority, and invites and attracts injustice and inharmony, provokes inharmony and inharmony, brings disolution and destruction to any organized body, group or assembly, which is called together to search for truth, and for the unfoldment of the spiritual perceptions.

Matter and spirit are not divorced by what is deemed death. In the psychic realm, the grade of matter is exquisitely fine in every spirit body. The spiritual essence that an exalted spirit is able to attract unto itself is far greater than is that of the crude, undeveloped class. Many, yes, the majority of mortals, daily coming to the spirit world, are so gross, so weighed down by the earthly elements, which cling to them, that they are unable for a long time to ascend above the material atmosphere. Those coming here, with hatred or revenge in their souls must abide in the lower realms until these passions burn themselves to purity. Nowhere in the psychic realm can unholy passions be expressed.

Too high and too far away does mortal man look for God. Behold, He is within every human soul. In the storm cloud; in the sunshine; in every leaf and bud and blossom. No place can be found where He is not.

Form friendship, with wise intelligences who will work with you, as guides, and counsellors, not as masters who would enslave.

(To be continued.)

A POEM.

By the Spirit Editor.

Seek not for truth, for power or place,
But seek it for the matchless grace;
It brings to every honest soul;
Striving to gain the heavenly goal.

Seek truth, to make your own life grand,
And give to others a helping hand
Over the perilous ways of time,
To heights more God-like, and sublime.

All seeking truth with low desire,
Whose thoughts for good do not aspire,
Will find in it a two-edged sword—
Wounding such souls, with every word.

Self must give place to human ties,
And hearts give heed to sorrow's cries;
And soothe, and comfort, those who mourn,
Whose hearts by grief are rudely torn.

Borne on the ceaseless flow of the tide,
From the valleys of earth to our side,
Is ever coming the cries of woe;
Heed them, mortal friends below.

The ear of the world may be gained for a brief time,
through eloquent lips alone; but love only can reach hu-
man hearts and accomplish any lasting good.

AN INTERESTING SEANCE.

A Mr. Landes of Galveston, Texas, and well known there, whose father has passed to spirit life through paralysis, came for a seance. His father communicated. About the same hour a telegram was received at his home, stating that his mother had been stricken with the same disorder. The question very naturally arose, why the father made no reference to the affliction of his wife, and at a subsequent seance with Dr. Lockhart a close relation of the family, he asked the communicating spirit who also was connected with the family, why the husband had not mentioned the fact. The following was given:

Mortals should observe the tenderest care during the transition from mortality to immortality of their loved ones. When the life forces are being withdrawn, every nerve is wrought up to its highest tension, sending out feelers for something to which to anchor. They should be undisturbed by any excitement, and every demonstration of grief. Perfect harmony should prevail, while one is passing through the wonderful experience of vacating the earthly tabernacle. We did not desire the message sent, tried to prevent it. Father had absented himself, more than was his usual custom, that his great love and constant yearning for mother might not hasten

her exit and disturb the gradual withdrawal of the life forces from the outer to the inner state of existence. His mortal affliction is yet felt when he is in the atmosphere of earth, and his presence affects mother, we want them all to know this, and they will cease to question. On our side there are watchers, who are educated and proficient, and who see that perfect harmony and repose is maintained, that newly born spirits be not dazed nor unduly awed, when their eyes are opened in this higher, finer world. These arrange that all such shall feel natural on their entrance into these heavenly homes. While lingering on the border-land, anxiety and grief is painful to departing souls. Mortal friends should be passive, and lovingly submissive to the Divine will, and nature's call. See that all be so instructed.—Mollie.

In another seance with Mr. Landes, he said to the spirit then communicating: "I often wonder if our joy over there will ever be so complete as that which was ours while together on earth?" The spirit replied: "All the past is ours. It is also an active, living past; not an hour, nor day, nor year, can be wiped out of existence, without breaking a link in life's chain. We can go back, be a babe, a child, a youth, a man, or woman, and live again the experiences of all and every period through which we have passed, and renew all the joys, or rather take them up again and enjoy any particular event, just as we once did. Nothing is lost." "But," questioned Mr. L., "how about the sorrowful, unpleasant events in human lives?" The spirit wrote: "You have no desire to live them over again, so turn from them as you would a muddy place in a road."

This message is written from memory and may not be given word for word as the communicating spirit gave it, but the substance is correct. The message will doubtless throw some light upon the question of the child's control of some mediums never advancing beyond childhood although for years having manifested through their organism. The teachings of the spirit world being that all children grow to maturity "over there." The infor-

mation above given clearly shows that it is possible for a matured intelligence, the spirit of a man or a woman who had passed from earth-life a child, to go back and assume the child period of life, when controlling their mediums; the better perhaps to perform some desired work through their chosen instrument.

It is a beautiful thought that by the exquisite power of will each delightful scene and every dear form, is obedient to the soul's command to "come forth." Yes, after passing through the dust, and rift, and wreck, and ruin of time, how gladly will the soul welcome past joys. How enchanting to fondly caress them for a little while, after the material dust has been wiped from both us, and them. Verily, it will be like coming back home to what we had known and loved.—Ed.

Mortals often ask how forces can be drawn that will enable them to succeed in obtaining a desired object. Concentrate thought upon what has been definitely desired. I will must be the language of the soul. Direct every material effort to its attainment. Don't waste forces, in fear and doubt. Hold thought steadily to the object or enterprise, and wait with patience until events mature. Bear in mind all things have.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

These are mournful words, describing a valley mortals so much dread to enter. The valley is just beyond the vale of tears, and many who have been in it found it a most peaceful place, one free from all care and fear, and doubt. One, too, from whose calm repose none would willingly return to again take up the trials consequent upon material existence. The writer has been there, and has spoken with many others who have also been in this restful valley, and without exception each one has borne witness that it is a calm, trustful place. Indeed, it seems the further we get from the external life, and the nearer we approach the real and eternal, the more we realize that we are safe in the arms of a divine love.

Many, who survived the calamity of September 8, 1900, that visited Galveston, Texas, have stated to the writer that after exhausting every means in their power to secure safety for themselves and dear ones, and after giving up all hope, that each felt a calm indifference to the result. Mothers and fathers who had survived say they gave their darlings a last good-bye kiss, and would ask: "Are you afraid?" and the reply would invariably be, "No." So it was, with us. We did all that human ingenuity could devise for our safety, and fearlessly and calmly waited.

It seems that when unexpected and sudden calamities come into human lives, and one goes down into the valley such, for the time, seem suddenly changed into some one else, and by the aid of memory look upon the old self in a kind of awe and stupor. A door seems suddenly closed on the past, and one no longer lives in it, and it is with a sigh of pain that one turns to the yet to be, great sorrows and deep affections, that call forth much self-abnegation, seem to elevate above physical pain, at least such seem to be further away from it than those whose lives are unruffled by grief, and remains callous, to the pleading of human hearts.

I will here relate a memorable experience in that much talked of valley. At the close of the "Rebellion," when the great heart of the South was wounded and bleeding, many of us were unused to physical labor, and were also deprived of the delicacies and luxuries to which we had been accustomed. The physical and mental strain of the care of a family of children overtaxed my power of endurance, and my health had gradually declined until I had become a confirmed invalid. Near a year had passed that I was unable to be of any service to my family. One beautiful day, propped up with pillows and in an easy chair, I looked into the yard where the small children were happily playing in the warm spring-time sun. Beside me sat two darling daughters, aged twelve and fifteen, who for months had been uncomplainingly filling a mother's place. They were industriously sewing gar-

ments for some of the family. An overwhelming knowledge of my inability to be of the least use or benefit to them, for the first time during that long season of darkness, was realized, not only the fact of my uselessness, but the equally apparent and more painful fact of being a burden on these young lives, and I prayed with all the strength of my soul, to die. The intense agony of the moment overpowered consciousness, and down into the "valley of the shadow of death" I sank. When the "shadow" had passed and consciousness returned, a most delightful peacefulness came with it. All material objects had faded away, except the worn body, which still reclined in the chair. On this I cast a sad, pitying look, and then turned and beheld my mother, who had long before crossed over this alley. It seemed the most natural event in my whole existence, that she was there, and I was neither awed nor surprised. For a moment she looked at me with a supreme tenderness, and then said: "Are you ready? We will go." We passed from the house into a long, broad avenue, bordered with large trees, whose branches and rich foliage overlapped, forming above a beautiful arch-way, through which the golden gleams of a heavenly light now and then flickered and shone upon us. Many others were also passing along this marvelous avenue, and a band of angelic choristers were giving forth strains of celestial music, that thrilled with delight my free and happy spirit. All memory of earth and its numerous trials was lost in the exhilarating effects of that wonderful music. But to my surprise the company suddenly halted. The music ceased and silence rested upon the scene. I turned to my mother with a look of inquiry, and she asked, "Are you happy?" and I replied, "Yes, my mother; very, very happy." She then said: "Who will care for the children?" There was in these words a gentle rebuke and there surged through my soul the full power and strength of a mother's love, beside which an earthly love could no more be compared than could a drop of water to that of an ocean. Ah! yes, it was given me there, in that valley, in that moment, to

know how incapable are we while in these mortal bodies, of comprehending the depth and power of love. Love, that divine attribute of spirit, and which is the crowning glory of man and woman. I was no longer happy. We turned and retraced our footsteps, my mother and I. Back we went to my desolate home. I opened my eyes, to the scenes of earth, and saw the two girls busily plying the needle with all the bright glow of youth and hope reflected in their sweet faces. I had been half an hour motionless and insensible to all human pain and material surroundings. I found that valley not only a beautiful, but a healthful place. I came back strengthened in body, and with renewed energy, to step up above life's losses and crosses. Truly, in that short time, I had been made "whole" and could have "taken up my bed and walked," so well did I feel. This was the first and only time, kind reader that I ever sincerely and earnestly prayed to die. Subsequent trials have been as great; yes, far greater to bear, yet never since that eventful time have I ever wanted to shirk any duty, however painful, or to meet any trial that could not be avoided.

Twice before I had been in that valley, and had spoken with others that were loved, the former visits were not so significant nor fraught with the same beneficial and lasting results.

Be assured with a consciousness of spirit aid and presence, in this life, and a surety of again meeting our dear ones, we can walk even through the flames without flinching. Yes, might almost find the burning sweet as the martyrs did of old, when they got a glimpse of the joy that was awaiting them.—Ed.

SCIENTIST RECOGNIZES THE OCCULT.

The following is taken from Foster's Forecasts, published in a late Houston Post, and will show that intelligent and scientific minds are at last beginning to recognize and to give attention to the occult forces.

The intuitions of the simple and unlearned mind can discover in the occult realm facts that baffle the wise and prudent, science will find it a fruitless attempt when they would direct these forces to work according to their wills and for the accomplishment of their own purposes:

"Throughout the civilized world many close observers of nature have long been found who believe that changes of the moon, especially at new and full, has some effect on the weather, but scientists have repeatedly failed to successfully foretell the weather by phases of the moon because they overlooked some very important features or elements in the calculations.

"The divining rod has run through about the same experience. For hundreds of years a large number of rural inhabitants in all countries have used the divining rod in locating water for living wells.

"But scientists have frowned upon these superstitions, as they have been pleased to call them, while the farmer, shepherd, hunter and sailor have believed in moon weather or the water witch, ridiculing the scientists' theories.

"Sir Thomas Brunton holds that the virtue of the divining rod resides in the nerves of the person using it, and that currents of water carry with them a magnetic influence that affects delicately organized persons.

"He cites the well known sense of camels in being able to find water by what is sometimes called instinct. He also notes that many are affected by the approach of weather changes and suggests that valuable weather forecasts might be made by an instrument that would record the muscular agitation caused by the approaching weather changes.

"We should not so readily ridicule the traditions often found among the common people. Investigation will often reveal facts as the basis of these traditions or superstitions; facts which if scientifically investigated would reveal some great secret of nature.

"The world's best investigators are beginning to believe that some active, unseen agent connects every ob-

ject in nature with every other object, and that whatever that agent may be it in some way affects the nervous system of man.

"Sir Thomas Brunton says we need a metaphysical Tesla, Marconi or Edison to work out and turn to use for man this universal force or agent, and suggests that the investigation may gain valuable hints as to the nature of this mysterious force in the wonderful discoveries in reference to wireless telegraphy, telepathy or transmission of thought.

"But fear of ridicule prevents many scientists from investigating these strange and wonderful things in nature. Scientists are more superstitious than are the common people. The latter find real facts in nature and the former are too superstitious to investigate them.

"Sir Thomas Brunton is an exception to that rule. The false theories about the universe, its origin, growth, cause of motion and other superstitions of the orthodox scientists, nor the fear of ridicule could prevent him from investigating facts about the divining rod and his announcement to the Royal Scientific Society of London relieves the water witches of all lands of the unjust odium so long inflicted on them by the fossilized and superstitious book worms of the scientific world.

"We need a Sir Thomas Brunton in meteorology to tell weather bureau officials the simple story, that most important fact, that the moon and planets affect our weather through the same silent, mysterious force that connects a stream of water in the earth with the nerves of man, a pool of water in the desert with the camel many miles away, or the approaching storm with the rheumatic pains and toe corns of the human race."

OUR MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

I am deeply grateful to the spirit editor for the privilege of sending the first message through this new avenue. I send to my dear children of earth a mother's tender greeting. I would say to each of them that I have not lost interest in their material prosperity, but am still aiding them in every endeavor to better their condition. I do this by impression, when their minds are passive. I now see the wisdom of every mortal experience, and behold their strivings, much as I used to do, when they had some difficult lesson to master at school. And I render assistance much in the same way—by giving them encouraging words and assuring them that all is for their highest good, and by giving them the sustaining strength of my sympathy and mother love. I desire my friends to know that no fraternal tie has been severed; that they are still remembered. To Mrs. Wilkins and Wright, I will say: I fondly cherish in my soul's memory the sweet converse of by-gone days, when I only saw through a glass darkly. Now I rejoice, friends, that with me the mists and shadows have cleared away, and I come to confirm the fact that I live, and you will live also. While I know you never doubt the fact of the immortality of the human soul, yet it gives me great pleasure to testify to it. I have met husband and children and now enjoy the blessedness of their sweet companionship. I now realize, children, relatives and friends, what a home in the heavens means. Lovingly,

AURELIA CAWTHON.

I have been invited to fill a place in this department, and thankfully accept the privilege. While I have an only and darling son remaining in earth-life, to him I first bring a mother's loving greeting. Wherever my precious boy is, there am I close beside him. When his way is dark and his soul is sorrowful, my arms enfold him in love's warm embrace, just as I used to do before I left the form of flesh. I still try to soothe all unrest and

inspire him with hope and courage, when his is about to fail. I rejoice that he realizes this. To my friends I will say: I knew but little about spirit communion while on earth; my opportunities for investigation were limited, and I was therefore denied the sweets of that joy. However, I lived faithful to my understanding of spiritual things. Now I know that this blessed communion between the two worlds is a beautiful provision of infinite wisdom for the comfort and happiness of those who inhabit both worlds. Don't think, mortal friends, that we could rejoice in heaven, with the doors closed between us, and those we love upon your earth. No, no. We want to reach them; want to help them with our magnetic strength and save them from the many pitfalls that lie in their path. I was, in opening my eyes in this wonderful world, gladly surprised to find it just as real, just as natural, as the one I had left. It was only finer and better. I, too, felt natural, but free from all pain and fear, and doubt, and rested as peacefully as a newborn babe in its mortal mother's arms. I found I had so much to learn of the customs of this new life, and I found loving and willing teachers, in mother and father, and my beautiful spirit daughter, who had grown to womanhood, and who radiated light and love with every graceful movement. Son and companion and friends, I must now give place to others who wait, but be assured that while this is a glorious world, each must be prepared if they expect to enjoy it. MARY McDANIEL.

It is my desire to state, for the benefit of mortals who are interested in spirit life, and our occupations, that I followed the sea. I was a born sailor and loved to plow the briny deep. When I crossed time's tide, my first impulse was to man a craft and I soon found one, more suited to my taste than any I had seen glide over the waters of earth. My line of magnetic strength was cast in the little city by the sea. However, I sail to other ports along the gulf coast, yet back again. In passing to and fro, we rescue those who are driven from their mortal

bodies by the rush of water, either through storm or misstep. These feel more natural, when they awake in spirit life, to find themselves among familiar scenes. Many were the souls rescued from the angry waters in the recent great calamity. These we know how to receive and serve. The sailor, friends, has a tender heart, always alive, and active in suffering. And as we joyfully sail over the heavenly seas, our souls are full of the sunlight of love. Here we have found the occupation we love. I am,

CAPTAIN GUTHRIE.

My name is Justin Cook, and I feel that I am welcome here. I always have been interested in our Texas publications, which were devoted to the teachings of the spiritual philosophy, so I hail this new publication with joy. It will not be want of interest on our side, to make it a success. Push on, friends, and do your best. I always found, when working on the mortal plane, while in the body of flesh, that if one got down a little, or wanted to get up higher, he must push his way through every opposing obstacle. It brings out his strength and enlarges his manhood. I like to see men bravely struggle with adverse conditions. And then I like to see them, when success crowns their efforts, reach down a helping hand to another who is below them. It is good for every man to be able to make his own place in life, but often misfortunes overtook him, and he needs a lift. I want to leave a few words to encourage my wife, Hattie. We traveled so many years together, sharing life's joys and its sorrows, that she feels the need of my mortal presence. She has, however, the comfort of knowing that I am with her in spirit, and have been able to draw human hearts to her, whose sympathy has been a healing balm. Keep up your home circles, my dear; I am in my usual seat even when you are not in the condition to realize my presence. I have found a very good place among the many mansions, but best of all, I found my dear old mother, waiting to receive her son. Others I have also met. Be cheerful. All is well.

JUSTIN COOK.

We hail with delight the opening of this avenue, through which to commune with the friends of earth. I am permitted to come and say to a dear friend in San Antonio, that she is uselessly troubled, and I have impressed her time and again that things would work out to her advantage if she and her companion would keep quiet. I desire now to say: Go on without fear, and heedless of all opposition. I shall always be able to impress you, when and what to do, when shadows hang darkly over your path. Keep your own counsel, and ever send out to such as would harm you, your best thoughts. Don't waste forces on small obstacles, that must be met in daily life; push them aside, and they will not annoy you. Do your best; live your highest, day by day, and you will have no need to fear results. JIM.

Friend Johnson: After many efforts and patient waiting, I have at last found my place. While in mortal life, it was my ambition to be connected in some publication, but it is in spirit life that my desire has been fulfilled. Like you, my mortal friend, I possessed mediumistic gifts, but rebelled against being used by the wise guides, as an interpreter between the two worlds. So I was left as a fine instrument subject to be handled by course fingers, with no one to protect. So my existence on your plane was soon ended, but not my work. It has just begun. Friend Johnson, we have done some work together, and I would counsel you to continue to use your gift. I bring fraternal greetings. J. M. F.

I am deeply grateful to be admitted here. I want to send some words of counsel to my niece. She is often afflicted, and does not understand fully the cause. She has long been passing from under a dark cloud, and her mental unrest has disturbed the physical harmony. I want to say to her: Sally, be more hopeful. I see a rift in the cloud, and it will not be long before your mind will be relieved, and then your physical disorders will be healed. We are daily bringing our magnetic strength

that you may be able to bear bravely the trials you were powerless to avert. I still keep watch over the young boys. I send to each a word of approval. I am pleased to see they are working hard to establish a name and place in life, that will be a credit to both you and themselves. Keep up your home circles. Often you seem to get nothing, but be assured you get strength. I give my name only as "Uncle." She will understand.

I know I am welcome at this door-way, and shall use the present opportunity to send greeting to my dear father and mother, and boys. I feel great regret that I worried pa and ma so much, about spiritualism, the fact of which I never doubted. I only feared they might be too carried away with it. I see how their souls hunger for congenial association, and I know they will appreciate a few words from me in this way. I am delighted with this life. I can now come and go with the rapidity of thought, and am still somebody, and have substantial being.

ANDREW EIDELBACH.

I have come to make an effort to communicate, yet it is a wonderful experience—yes, as wonderful as material telegraphy once was to mortal man. I think it is no more than just to my dear children and to my beloved sister and her dear children, that I make an effort to report something of my present condition. I will first say, so far as my knowledge extends, I found the philosophy of spiritualism true. Deep down in my inner being, I felt it was a fact long before I departed to the land of souls. But I feared to investigate; feared unfavorable mental results. Neither did I care to invite criticism and ostracism. So I concluded to live along and let that matter rest, trusting to a great and merciful God for the future. My passage from there here was not painful, although at times I might have seemed to suffer. I am truly glad it is all over. I want to assure my dear son that I did recognize him, and heard him ask if I was alive. His was the last face I saw with my mortal eyes, and the

first in my memory when my spirit eyes were opened in this wonderful life. For awhile I was alone, with my old tutor, in a vast stretch of country somewhat resembling that which I had left. Its atmosphere was, however, far more bracing. In fact, I inhaled new life and vigor with each succeeding breath. Scruggs seemed in some way to afford me great assistance, I suppose by his superior magnetic emanations. Soon came my dear wife, children, mother and father, to welcome me. I will not attempt to describe this; can only say it far exceeded in joy any event of the kind ever witnessed or experienced upon the old earth. I know each one of my dear children, and friends will want to know if I am happy, to which I say "yes"—happy that the fitful fever of mortal existence is over; happy that I left below much which was of the earth, earthly; happy that I have found opportunities to correct every mistake of the past; happy that this is not to be done all at once, but one by one as they were made; happy that I am now understood; happy that I am not judged by the standard of man but by the needs of my nature; happy that life, grand, glorious life, is now bounding through every nerve and artery of my spirit's being, displacing the infirmities of age for the maturity of manhood, and happy to find enlarged opportunities and higher uses for my profession, which I still love. Here the sick of soul must be treated, and my experiences while on earth, has made me a specialist in that fine art. I never could rest without something to do, and am ever happy to be of use in this way. Nor am I unhappy that my dear children on earth do not believe that we can communicate with them. I want each of them to live their own lives, yet true to what they profess. I would say to my dear son, Jimmy: I am much with you, as your silent counsellor, and feel that you at times recognize my presence and influence. My son, don't worry about my old cast-off body; it once served me well, and for many years, but it is of no further use to either of us; I am satisfied with what has been done. I send tender greeting to all that I held, and still hold dear, who are now in the mortal form.

J. H. MUMFORD.

THE QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Subscribers for and readers of this Magazine are cordially invited to send questions upon any subject pertaining either to the present or further life. Some mortal or immortal will be prompted to answer, and both or either will be accorded the needed space. In this way, each may aid in the educating of the other. There never was a mortal who was not devoid of reason, who could not teach some lesson. Let us only approach them in the right spirit to bring it forth. A few years ago, a question was sent with a request that answer be obtained, from a spirit source, and in the absence of questions for this, the first issue of the Magazine will give it from (as best can be done) memory. The question was, "What is the difference, if any, between the spirit world, the kingdom of heaven and paradise?"

Answer, through slate writing: "The spirit world surrounds, not only your earth, but all other earths and planets; fills what you call space, and is as tangible to the spirit as is your material earth to the mortal senses. The kingdom of heaven is a **condition**, not a locality, and an ancient medium truly said, "It is within you." Paradise is that part of the spirit world immediately surrounding your earth, and through which all must pass to reach the spirit homes. Many are often compelled to abide here for a great length of time, until the grossness of materiality has been eliminated. The society here is much the same as that upon your earth; it is mixed—has its Saviours and thieves. To one of old it was said, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

To the subscribers, contributors and readers of this publication, we would state that the experiences herein given are not for advertising purposes. From time to time in the past, messages have been received for absent parties through the magnetism of correspondence, but that feature of our mediumistic work will now be discontinued. All messages obtained in the future, without

the personal presence of the one to whom they are addressed, will be given a place in the "Message Department." Seances have likewise been lessened in number, that more time and force be reserved for the Magazine. Friends, after this explanation, we shall feel more freedom in giving what has come to us, and through us, from the higher plane of existence. Both receiving and giving in the privacy of the "Home Circle" has been the source of our greatest joy, and furnished the avenue through which our family and a vast number of others have been enlightened and educated in things pertaining to the life that now is, and that which is to come.

Help us, friends, by sending out to us your best thoughts and expressing your earnest convictions and giving your experiences. The world is hungering for spiritual food, and those who have been fed with the bread of life and drank of its waters, should freely give it to others.

