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# The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

## Humanitarian.

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SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.      SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS

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STAFF

MRS. SUSAN J. FINCK, Mortal, } EDITORS.  
JAMES M. FINCK, Spirit,     }  
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Published by The A. A. FINCK & CO.  
Printers and Publishers.

409 21st Street, Galveston, Texas.

*To whom all Business Communications should be addressed.*

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Obey the law of Universal Love with the total ingeniousness of thy inmost nature, for it is this uncircumscribed principle which circulates and throbs through all the veins and arteries of humanity.—  
A. J. Davis.

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Application made at Galveston Postoffice for entrance as second-class mail matter.

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Vol. 1.                      GALVESTON, TEXAS, JULY, 1902.                      No. 2.

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### VISIONS, WITH A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY.

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Scarce do we become familiar with one class of spirit manifestations before we are again surprised by others new and strange.

As we unfold our spiritual faculties and become more receptive to these heavenly truths, the good spirits give them more abundantly.

It has been truly said that "little things make up life." We find the material plodders who hurry and worry through it, never enjoy much of its sweets. They have existence, and very often a short one, and never know anything of the true meaning of life until they cast aside the physical body, and sometimes long after they enter spirit life.

In their haste for wealth and place and power they are pierced by the thorns and bruised by the stones that lie

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.



outward  
+ inward

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in the pathway of all, without one cheering ray of light from on high. They have no time to pluck even a tiny flower that may be growing on the bleak highway of their mortal lives. It is business, business, from the dawn of day to the darkness of the night—often far into it. Not a thought beyond a dollar—not a treasurer of the soul, and no love higher than that for display; not an idea that is spiritual. On they plod, grow rich, die, and are forgotten. Such ever excite pity. Poor, rich men and women, we have a hundred times thought on beholding such of them as pass on without any care for or interest in others—

“There is something in Nature beyond our control,  
That is tenderly winning the love of each soul;  
We shall linger no longer in darkness and doubt,  
When the beauty within meets the beauty without.

Sweet Spirit of Nature! wherever thou art,  
O, fold us like children, close, close to thy heart,  
Till we learn that thy bosom is truth’s hallow’d shrine,  
And the Soul of the Beautiful is—the Divine.”

Over half a century has passed since my father made the first settlement at Pleasant Hill, Louisiana. The country then for miles was a dense forest. Our nights were made hideous by the fierce screech of the panthers and dismal howl of the wolf.

Apart from the association of those of my age, I soon learned to seek amusement within my limited surrounding. My only brother and I were constant companions, and we would exchange our childish ideas on the origin and nature of what we beheld within the prescribed orbit of our daily lives. What the world terms “little things” was the sum total of our early days.

Our father was a farmer, and from watching the planting of different seeds, and their putting forth and producing after their kind, we were induced to plant our toys, knives and pencils. We would watch and wait with childish anxiety the expected result, the while indulging



in amusing speculations as to the shape of their leaves and beauty of their blooms, and the probable increase the harvest might yield. In our disappointment and loss, we would appeal to the older experience and wiser judgment of our father, and was taught the difference between nature and art.

During the early years of childhood our mother passed away to the "better world," and we were taught that she had forever gone far away beyond sun and stars, and that we would never see her again until the resurrection and great judgment day. Then she would have wings. To emphasize this we would be shown pictures of angels in the old family Bible. This, however, did not instruct, but only served to terrify us. In our private conversations and discussion of these things we both objected to having wings, and grieved to think the other might be true.

My brother said that he "always wanted to walk and run and jump;" he never wanted "to fly." I would wonder how our clothes were ever to be fashioned and made to fit with wings, and would say, "Please, dear God, leave us as we are—without wings."

The house was dreary without our mother, and my brother with dog and gun, and myself chatting by his side, would wander into the forest, up hill and over hollow, resting and refreshing ourselves when tired and thirsty beside some cool spring under the shade of the magnificent trees that protected it from the sun. Here we made acquaintance with the different animals and insects which had made their habitation in the branches of the tall trees and bubbling water.

We were nature's own children, and imbibed health and strength from her magnetic influence. We were both Psychics, and in this manner of living not only shielded but also strengthened the power. During the bleak winter days we watched from the window the coming of birds from their Northern home, and would get impressions of the adventures of particular ones. Sometimes my brother would say: "That old bird was once shot; I

heard the gun and saw it fly." Of another: "A hawk caught it, but it got away." I would see one with a young brood, another by her nest. This was a source of much entertainment and much delight. Sometimes father would be listening, and say, "Children, hush such silly nonsense."

When springtime came the woods were white with the dogwood blossom and fragrant with the breath of the wild honeysuckle. Then we would go forth to bid them welcome and listen to the messages the flowers had to bring.

Thus we continued to live in a world seemingly all our own until sent off to be schooled by the method of man. See "Lifting the Veil." In the virgin woods psychic elements abound, and we were untrameled by fashion and uncorrupted by its consequences.

From the habits of "country life" I learned to ponder on and connect little incidents, and can now see that they formed a chain of circumstances leading to important results.

A conscious and intelligent knowledge of the presence of our loved departed, and their aid and interference in the daily affairs of human life, was the missing link that has made complete many seeming inconsistencies. Now can be traced spirit footprints all along my life-line; now can be seen their planning, slowly and wisely unfolded to a definite aim or end.

The above is written as a kind of preface to what I am going to relate in regard to the surprise of some unusual spirit manifestation.

A dear son, who was our only dependence in dark days, was taken "over there" through storm and flood. He was just entering a promising manhood. When first drowned, and before it was known to us, a younger medium brother and myself saw him. He was dripping with water, looked dazed, but said nothing, and disappeared. It was in 1875, when Indianola on the gulf coast was swept away. We both gave up all hope of his safety, as he was there at that time. When next priv-

ileged to behold him I noted his improved appearance, yet it did not then come up to the expectations I had cherished in regard to his spiritual condition. He was an honorable, truth-loving young man, and I thought he would appear more heavenly. His clothing seemed more adopted to camp life than spirit use, yet we think a reasonable explanation is given in "Lifting the Veil," but would make this article too lengthy were it given here.

It may seem strange to those not familiar with spirit intercourse to be informed that several years elapsed before he was again seen, or even heard of. When he next was seen, his face was illuminated with love and joy. He soon took control of our "home circle" and counseled and directed the writing of the book. When it was finished, his brother Andrew and he held the following conversation, through independent slate writing:

"Ned, the book is finished: where and how are we to get it published?"

Reply: "Write to Colby & Rich of the The Banner of Light publishing house."

Question: "Can we get it published there?"

Answer: "Yes; write.

So they were written concerning it, and a reply son came that the firm would not publish it unless all the money was paid in advance for the expense of publication.

Again "Ned's" counsel was asked, and again came, "Write to Colby & Rich."

Andrew replied: "I shall not, Ned; it's no use."

So for months the manuscript was laid aside. After a time Andrew consulted with Mr. Clarke, then of the firm of Clarke & Courts, Galveston, Texas, but they came to no agreement as to terms. The manuscript was again put aside.

Finally one evening during a family seance, Andrew asked "Ned" what should be done with the manuscript, and the reply came: "Send it to The Banner of Light Publishing House."

"I will, with pleasure," replied Andrew. So it was sent, and satisfactory arrangements made for its publication.

The morning before the letter arrived closing the agreement with the publishing house, I awoke earlier than usual. On looking up I saw "Ned," as we still call him. He was looking through the drawers of his brother Andrew's dressing case. I at once realized that he wished to change his clothes, and I said: "Ned, you will find your clothes in the drawers with your brother Andrew's." (Yet he had none there.)

He continued to examine those of his brothers, selecting such as seemed to please him best. However, as he would be in the act of putting on the different articles of dress, each piece would fall back into the drawer, while a more subtle and beautiful garment seemed to be eliminated from the one just handled, and soon I beheld my spirit son attired in a more radiant outfit than ever before.

Not long since a spirit wrote to a near relative: "You all many times retard our progress. Our lives are so blended with yours that we can not go higher without taking you with us." Another wrote: "We can tell you more when you become more unfolded spiritually."

We know not how closely our lives may be interwoven with those of immortals, neither how our surrounding and progress may affect theirs. It may be that they even take elements from our apparel to assist in fashioning their own, more especially when they are working with us to accomplish some particular plan or purpose. The above vision would indicate such to be a fact.

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\*Since this vision was given the following footnote from "Penetralia," by A. J. Davis, has been discovered. "The purest spirits are not clothed in artificial dress. The spiritual garments are not manufactured in the second sphere, but as I have observed many time are "imported," so to speak, from factories on neighboring physical planes. The same is true of certain birds which animate the Spirit Land."

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A. J. Davis writes: "The spiritual world is in one sense a material world. I repeat, but it is higher, both in its



constituents and in the order of its formation. Elementally, it does not essentially differ from those primates which compose the rock, the tree, the animal or a human body. The difference is similar to that between a rose and its liquidated fragrance. The best imponderable emanations of this world gravitate to what we call the spiritual sphere, and help to form its substance.

"Let us examine this progressive series of emanations. First, we have undeveloped earth, in the form of solid stone; second, the embodied gases are liberated and condensed in the form of water; third, out of water thus derived comes the ocean of atmosphere; fourth, out of atmosphere is eliminated what is termed **electricity**; fifth, from the abundant opulence of electricity there issues a finer element, magnetism; and, lastly, out of all these ponderable bodies and imponderable elements, there flows forth a mighty sea of imperceptible emanations into universal space. The question might possibly be by science put: 'Whither goeth those emanations?'"

Nature is everywhere harmonious; when you have seen one department you have a key to unlock the great truths which stand, temple-like, throughout the countless systems of infinitude. As the finest particles of all organizations below man ascend, or are attracted, into his constitution, so these finest particles or emanations from the natural worlds in space ascend, or are attracted, into the constitution of the spiritual world. Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and all the other planets, both visible and invisible, eliminate their finest aura and atoms, which ascend in the shape of atmosphere and imponderable elements, and halt suspended at a point in space, where the inward principle of affinity become supreme. The consequence is, that these accumulated emanations very soon associate and become compact, firm, strong and inter-coherent; and this progressive development goes forward until there is formed a vast semi-solid aurelian zone, around a great starry system in the universe. Yea, learn well the lesson that the spiritual spheres are unfolded by, and out of, the natural worlds,

as flowers unfold from, and by means of, the earth; that the spirit-land rolls out of the essential emanations of the earth-land, the same as the spiritual body comes out of the refinements and rarefactions of the natural body.

It would be like treading enchanted ground to trace the growth of the elementary universe into planetary systems, commencing with a great sun-filling immensity; the inmost center of which is the Divine Source of love, life, wisdom, justice and power. But my impression is not to explain here the interior order of the universe, but merely the naturalness of the spiritual world. For a full report of the former wonderful investigations, the reader is referred to a future volume.

As we stand of a cloudless night, reverently contemplating the holy stars we discern an immense special tract or belt termed the Galaxy or Milky Way. Astronomers at one time pronounced parts of this belt to be nebula, as yet unwrought into suns or planets. Telescopes of greater power, however, enabled investigators to discover that what they supposed were star-clouds are, in fact, mighty clusters of blazing suns, and perhaps populated planets. To that immense circle of suns our solar system belongs. We are residing near the inside edge of the stellar sphere, and behold, therefore, its underside and margins in every direction. The human eye is compelled to run along under its curving periphery. Astronomers are enabled to contemplate but one circle of suns and their planets, even with the best telescopic appliances. The Spirit Land, together with all the natural worlds which night or science reveals to our knowledge belongs to this one immeasurable system. Within the vast cloud of material globes is the "silver lining"—the aurelian circle—which is the soul's immortal home. It is revolving within this visible circle of resplendent suns and planets; just as the spiritual body is a silver lining within a cloud-environment—the outer visible form. The spirit-world can be discerned by the super-telescopic power of clairvoyance or other faculties of spiritual penetration. But as it is not discovered by telescopes, it will

remain all unknown to the natural sciences for a long period. The interior circle or spiritual world is what we term "the second sphere." Within that is the third; next, the fourth; then, the fifth; lastly, the sixth; the seventh is the Deific vortex, a great positive Power, perfect and divine. But between each two of these spiritual spheres, there is a system of suns and planets corresponding to the Milky Way, so visible in the sublimities of our heavens.

The higher and more harmonious the mind, the nearer does it approach to the Divine center—the inexhaustible Fountain of Love, Power and Wisdom. Matter is repelled by the central Sun, but spirit is attracted incessantly toward it. But, as I have shown, individualized spirit is never absorbed—can never lose its identity.

In the human body there is a vitalic circulation; so is there a circulation of vital forces between the spiritual world and the several planets. The south pole of the earth sends forth a magnetic stream, and the currental tide passes through the orbits of Venus and Mercury, very near the throbbing surface of the sun, and surges silently but swiftly on till it reaches the Spirit Land. Then from another section of the same spirit-land there starts out a lighter fluid, a currental river, toward the north pole of the earth, which is unchangeably electrical. One is positive, the other negative. The former flows from the earth to the spiritual world, and the latter from the spiritual world to the earth. Many times I have observed that the spirits of our own human friends, when at death they pass out of the corporeal body, ascend as by attraction to the height of some seven miles, when they meet and harmonize with the currental river which perpetually glides swiftly on like a gulf stream, yet consumes nearly seven and a half hours in transporting its precious burdens to the spirit-home. I do not say that all classes and grades of spirits and angels are confined to this involuntary method of traveling. And in this connection I must, parenthetically, further remark that, within the nature of the most truly exalted and harmonious minds in the universe there is, properly speaking, no

unconsciousness; that is, no compulsating or involuntary powers and operations. This unrealized conception is prophetic of man's future ability, when by the strength of his wish (above volition) he can direct the involuntary life-currents, and throw them upon, or extract them from, any organ of his visceral constitution, and thus increase or diminish its allotted functions. May he not also greatly overcome the centripetal tendency of his body one of these days? But, to return: The flow of this celestial river is like that of a column of blood, which is thrown from the heart to the head, down the spine to the feet, and then is called back to the point of departure. The spiritual world, like a great, positive, throbbing heart, repels one current, which goes to the earth, and attracts another current, which returns with its freight. These heavenly rivers roll on like the life of God. Upon their ample, mighty bosoms may safely repose the spirits of the Father. As there are rivers of communication between our earth and the spirit-home, so are there "living streams" between that far-off, glorious land and Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and every other globe belonging to our densely populated planetary system.

Thus our earth is not only blest, but also all the other planets of the sidereal universe. In the human body the generous heart does not distribute its life blood to one organ exclusively, but freely it gives to the whole temple. So the impartial Heart—the Father and Mother Spirit—which inhabiteth the "evergreen mountain of life" distributes vital currents to planets which roll in the remote distance, no less generously than to the beautiful blooming earth, which is this day our abiding place. And the most pleasurable method which embodied spirits adopt in order to accomplish their speedy journeys through space is to harmonize perpetually with the flowings of these celestial currents. In this manner these journeys can be made by attraction, without a voluntary effort. Traveling thus in the open ethereal sea of space is like moving with the great tide of God's life, musically and happily upon its loving bosom; and yet it is full of har-



mony only to him who is prepared to enjoy the Truth. When there is evil and discord within the traveler, no matter how much of Meaven flows over or beneath him, the evil and discord are his companions. On the other hand, be he but in harmony with the philosophical principles of truth, then like the enchantment and divinity of musical anthems are the tidal flowings of these celestial rivers among the holy stars.

Our spirit friends—embodied—intelligently harmonize with these heavenly currents, and thus sail through the star-paved distance till they get within a few miles of the earth; then they send breathingly down their shining shafts of loving power, wherewith to move the table, to vibrate the brain, or, which is far better, to purify the human heart! Sometimes, indeed, they personally enter into human society, and visit us in our rooms; but this they do under peculiar circumstances and for very particular purposes. They more frequently send down their beautiful shadows or mirror-like reflections upon susceptible eyes, the evidence of their artistic powers, their sweet influence, their magnetic love, their exalted and exalting thoughts. Seldom do they in *propria persona* mix with earthly groups, or visit the habitations of the unascended. Yet millions of spirits are daily helping humanity. The terrible storms which meteorological investigators tell us occur within a few miles of the earth, are uniformly beneath the aerial stratum to which our embodied spirit friends descend. Thus Nature is every where harmonious with herself; and, when understood, she brings our inductive minds into friendship with a tangible, substantial, spiritual world.

Just as one flower succeeds another in the order of seasons, just as one crop succeeds another in the order of years, just as summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, come by progressive rotations, so do these eternal systems of natural and spiritual world's succeed each other and harmonize in the depths of the stellar infinitude.

How joyous and tranquil must be that mind which possesses philosophical confidence in the indestructible

order of the universe! Religious conservatives may put forth their incongruous objections to the whole harmonial system, yet the slightest breath of disapprobation or discouragement may not enter the Thinker's mind. Once get systematically before your intellectual perception the philosophical possibilities of this boundless universe, and mankind may combine their skill and talent, their Baconian logic and argumentation in opposition to your **truth**, and your unperturbed and wiser spirit will be as happy and powerful as the archangels of God. The "truth shall make you free."

Wisdom is greater than knowledge. The former discerns interior truths; the latter gathers external facts, Seek the Fountain of Wisdom, O Thinker! and you shall soon attain the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Let the soil of your own soul become fruitful, then you can easily help to unfold a better social organization, and aid every truthful movement for the rectification of government. Absorb the breath of wisdom with your intellectual faculties, become a calm, intuitive, normal reasoner; then will the tide return sweetly upon your moral nature, and everywhere flow among your affections, until every inward cup is full, and each faculty shall know the truth from the least to the greatest.

This beautiful world, though it is both a fulfilment and a prophecy, is after all but a workshop, the cellar-kitchen of "the house not made with hands." When obtaining our best prospects and impressions of creation, we do but look through the basement windows of the great eternal Temple. Admirable and desirable as is this earth of ours, it is but the factory wherein the soul is rendered capable of taking its flight to a better home and a healthier latitude. This is a rudimental world, where the physical body must be **fed** and **clothed** and **housed**, where appropriate quantities of air must be inhaled, where all ordinary and incipient works must go forward and be accomplished. Spirit rides in the chariot of matter. Side by side they journey to the human organization. Then spirit, being detached and individualized, transcends the

material vehicle and becomes the master-flower in the garden of God. Nothing is more philosophical and beautiful than that this world is the incipient school, the rudimental plane, where the spirit is educated and prepared to enter naturally upon a higher existence. Let every one be unceasingly mindful of the fact that he is eating, sleeping, thinking, acting and being, not because he originally knew of and wished for such an experience, but because this world and discipline are designed to elaborate the ultimate of principles. Hereafter, will you not eat, drink and sleep intelligently? Henceforth, will you not be conscious that you are doing these ordinary deeds for an extraordinary purpose? What I ask of you is this: Simply let Mother Nature work out and perform her own legitimate functions. The Thinker will be consistent and at peace with Nature. He will honor and respect and keep in healthful tone, all, even to the most inferior, organs and functions of his being! Now and here, in this initial world, is the time to commence a career of noble development; not by strivings and strugglings, but by means of naturalness and truthfulness, without excess, deficiency or intemperance.

Feed and cloth this corporeal body, then sleep and toil, so that happiness may incessantly flow and higher conditions be legitimately attained. The Thinker knows that for him there is nothing terrible to fear in the Father's vineyard; neither is there an awful catastrophe to come to any spirit in the opening Eternity. His every integral desire shall be gratified, his every natural need supplied, and his every faculty be made more Beautiful and Just. Do you wish to become yet more perfect and more attached to the changeless attributes of the Infinite? Love and obey the laws of Mother Nature, and wisely cherish our God's humanity. Then shall you penetrate through Nature to the Father, who equals and inspires Her universal presence. Not a pebble marks your pathway, not a flower springs beneath your feet, but holds a private relation to the thoughts which you entertain concerning it. You may neglect these little facts and forces about

you, and yet be called "religious." But he who truly honors the Divine Being—

"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Do you yearn to feel a purer nature? And to be clad with a beautiful spiritual body at death? Then feed wisely upon better substances, drink of better fluids, and habitually think better thoughts. For everything which your digestive functions assimilate is, to some degree, manufactured into the fabric of your spirit's body; and every unworthy thought of your mind will long linger about and darken the vestibule of Wisdom's immortal temple."



### MAN'S FREE AGENCY.

"It may lighten and storm  
 Till it hunt the red worm  
 From the grass where the gibbet is driven,  
 But it can't hurt the dead,  
 And it won't hurt the head  
 That is doom'd to be rifled and riven".

Often has the free agency of man been discussed, and is still being discussed, without any general satisfactory results. Men still differ in their opinions on the subject. Since the mystic and misty veil has been removed by the circumstance called death, we have been able to see more clearly the facts pertaining to many disputed questions of mortal existence. We, therefore, can now freely and truthfully assert that man is not capable of acting for himself any further than his knowledge of the laws that control his being extends. As long as he remains ignorant of these, he will be a slave to his surroundings and can not be considered an arbiter of his own destiny.

In the grand cosmical man is master of creation, yet he is at present but in his infancy, with his divine possibilities but slightly unfolded. Through the law of necessity man has learned to protect himself from the fury of the elements and provide many of the luxuries of material life. In fact, in this he seems to be most proficient.

As much as he understands of controlling the electrical current, he has but just entered the vestibule of the knowledge pertaining to it.

Man has slumbering within all imaginable possibilities, and the ever unfolding needs of his nature compels him to seek that which will satisfy them. Slowly is he becoming master over his surroundings, yet he will not be free to act for himself and become an accountable being until the independent God-born self obtains mastery over inherited passions and desires, as well as his after surroundings. Not before.

As he unfolds the divine in his own nature he will be able to control circumstances and become wise unto salvation.—Spirit Editor.

## SOME INCIDENTS IN OUR HOME CIRCLE.

"You do not lift your eyes to watch,  
 Us pass the conscious door;  
 Your startled ear percieveth not  
 Our footfall on the floor;  
 No eager word your lips betray  
 To greet us when we stand;  
 We throng to meet you, but you hold  
 To us no beckoning hand."

Some write and others read without the least doubt, and often with relish, of the slums and low resorts of human life, and the world looks on with a calm indifference, as if debauchery and crime **was to be**—as if it was the natural inheritance of mortal man.

But draw the world's attention to the inner, the true life and its existence, and at once the ideas advanced and facts stated are condemned and scorned. This almost makes those who live on higher planes and who are laboring for the betterment of humanity, accept the old dogma of the natural depravity of the human heart.

Just here memory recalls an incident in the life of one of our reformers and speakers in the early days of the "New Dispensation," who while lecturing the audience hissed." He calmly waited until it subsided, and said: "You hiss, but it is pardonable, as it is the best you can do."

The great wonder is, not that men are generally so corrupt, but that they are not worse, under the present psychological influence of this age of commercial greed for gain.

They should be pardoned when they treat with scorn any allusion to the divine in man; under existing conditions it is the best they can do.

Not long since the writer was speaking with a stranger, a man of wealth and intelligence. The conversation drifted to the occult, and for quite a while he listened, and then remarked very abruptly: "Madame, I don't understand a word of what you have been saying. It's all Greek to me."

So the following experiences in private seances may seem far-fetched to the many; but to those whose intuitions are sufficiently unfolded to discern truth, they will doubtless be most welcome.

A banker and a very material man was in the circle, who had a message from a young kinsman whom he employed in his mortal life.

At the close of the message, and after the name had been signed in full, there was some strange characters made. Some one suggested that it might be Hebrew, but the banker said, "No," and requested that they be again made, which was readily done, and that time very plain. He then took from his vest pocket a slip of paper, unfolded and laid it on the slate by the characters which had just been written, and to the wonder of all the same were on the paper. The banker stated that it was the combination to his safe, the same that he used during the time that his kinsman was employed.

An Englishman, whose name is Constable, received a message from his father in spirit life, telling him to go at once to Europe, that his daughter Ethel needed him. Mr. Constable replied: "Father, it is not possible. I have not the means, and see no way of getting money to enable me to go." The spirit wrote: "Get ready; a way will be opened."

Mr. Constable informed us that when he left England he left his daughter, an only child, with his father, and the day previous had a letter from his father's partner, stating that the father had died, so his child was without the care of any near relative.

This was on Wednesday. Mr. Constable made an engagement for another seance on the next Saturday. He wanted a more private conversation with his father.

When the time came for the seance he did not appear, but sent a note stating that he regretted that he could not meet the appointment, as he would leave in a few moments on a steamer bound for Liverpool. He wrote on



Friday evening while seated at supper two strangers from the interior walked into the dining room of the hotel and took seats at the same table. He soon learned from their conversation that they had come with the intention of going to the same place on the steamer that was to leave the following morning, and they desired to find some reliable man who was acquainted with the country to make the journey with them, and that they would pay all expenses. He gladly answered to the inquiry and was going with them. He ended his note by thanking both spirits and medium for their kind and timely assistance.

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At another seance a man had a message from a twin sister, who had left the material plane when quite small. While the sentiments expressed were of a pure and lofty nature, the spelling of words was very imperfect. He said: "Why, Bessie, can't you spell?" The child wrote: "I was not educated in earthly schools. "

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One evening we held a seance without any results; not a rap and no indication whatever of spirit presence. After an hour of fruitless effort to obtain anything from the invisible side, we gave up sitting, each feeling great exhaustion. We had all left the room to retire for the night. It was an unusually warm evening, and one of the boys (now the controlling spirit) returned to the seance room with a comfort and pillow, with the intention of sleeping there, as the room was much cooler than the one he occupied. My room joined this, and the door between us was opened. I had just got comfortably situated in bed. There was no light except that of a full moon.

As "Ned" was spreading the comfort, a ball as large as an orange, resembling a bright ball of fire, came seeming from under the comfort, and the child exclaimed, in fright: "Oh, mamma, look at the ball of fire!" While he was speaking, it darted swiftly across the room and bed upon which I was lying, and rested on the wall behind the bed. It at once dissolved into a light of milky white-



ness a yard in width, and reached from the bed to the ceiling. Within this light appeared the form of a beautiful woman, half bent over a babe she held in her arms. Her face was radiant with love and joy.

All the family were called and witnessed the wonderful phenomena. This figure faded away, and that of a magnificent castle took its place, which also faded away, as did the light, after remaining for more than half an hour. After the castle had faded from our sight, I heard a voice in musical tones saying: "**The Temple of Truth. Help us to build it!**"

Words are inadequate to express the feeling of reverence that this exhibition of spirit-presence and power inspired in the souls of each. This was in the early days of spirit manifestations, when human hearts hungered for evidence of immortality.

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At one of our "home circles" we distinctly saw a foggy substance, an inch in thickness, gathering over the face of our business manager. He said it seemed an inch from his face, and it was with difficulty that he could see through it. This substance soon formed into the face, and long white whiskers of an old man, and my son said he felt all the infirmities of age. We thought it might be one of his grandfathers, both of whom were on the other side; yet we could not determine which, when he suddenly began to sneeze and said: "He took snuff!" to which habit his grandfather Finck was addicted. None of the children had ever known this grandfather, nor had this habit ever been spoken of by anyone.

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At another seance held in the dark with some friends in the circle there seemed to slide from the chimney on the ceiling a light of the same milky whiteness as that on a former occasion. A form would appear in this light, and when recognized the light would be slowly withdrawn, seemingly into the chimney, and then reappear, and a different form would be seen.

A man in the circle had seen the form of his brother-

in-law, but said nothing at the time, when one of my daughters saw a ship being tossed in a storm and a man sitting on a barrel at the helm. She saw the man knocked overboard by the boom. The brother-in-law said mentally: "If that is you, Leonard, please touch me," and he was tapped three times on the shoulder. Years before this brother-in-law had commanded a vessel that went to sea, and neither he nor the vessel were ever heard from until in this wonderful way.

These events were in the long ago, when the children were all home and interested in our home-circles. Each one of them possessing some phase of mediumistic power. However, they all at times receive personal evidence of the tender watch-care of loving guardians.

The question is often asked, "Why, if such manifestations occur, they are restricted to the few?"

It is the opinion of the writer that each one may by persistent effort unfold some phase of mediumship, but it takes more time and patience and self-denial than most people are prepared to give. Furthermore, all are not alike organized. Some natures are too positive and repel. Some too absorbed in business. Others too full of the knowledge and ways of the world.

Men to live in close touch with the occult must live in closer touch with nature.

There are many causes we do not profess to understand, as the manifestations many times come in unexpected places and in unusual ways, and are sometimes very unwelcome.

Spiritualism we regard as a proven fact—a natural fact—amenable to law. Above all religion, and out of the reach of material science, it belongs to the psychic realm and can not be narrowed down to the conceptions and demands and commands of mortal man. Some facts, however, are more inviting, more beautiful and more sacred than others. Good is better than evil, yet both are facts. To such as mourn for their departed loved ones, and yearn to know something of their manner of life and place of existence. Spiritualism might be regarded as a most sacred fact. Facts differ in both their nature and their effect.

(To be Continued.)

### STRAY LEAVES FROM THE STORM.

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It is not because the occult forces are powerless to accomplish your desires that you so often fail, but it is the want of knowledge how to use them. I see you vainly strive to overcome evil habits and errors in another, when that other only can command the needed forces for reform and relief. When you are in touch with your own higher inner self you can by a well directed thought current reach the higher, better self of the one you would uplift, and awaken and stimulate to action **their** true and divine self. That other when once awakened will gladly reach out for the needed forces, and the cry of that soul will be, "What must I do to be saved?" The awakened soul will ever be able to find and know what is best for it.

To reach the divine in another soul that you would benefit, choose a time when that one is passive, or when sleep has silenced the material senses, and when you are harmonious and trustful, and direct your thoughts in strong desire to reach and awake that one's better self.

It should be borne in mind, however, that each individual has an inner kingdom all **their own**, which it is neither just nor lawful to enter for unholy purposes.

Beware when another is passive or unguarded that no thought of evil is ever directed to them, nor any effort made to extort what is held sacred in the inmost self from idle curiosity. Such an act would be like unto entering one's private room to see what it contained, and the loss of self-respect is the sure penalty.

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"Thoughts are things," we are taught, but we prefer to call them forces. The forces that build up both the physical and spiritual body. Yet the fact should not be overlooked that the thought forces of one does not build up the organism of another.

Mind can reach mind and influence each the other to the distance the aura extends if the two minds are congenial or in sympathy. The one sending out thought should be positive, while the one receiving should be neg-

ative or in a passive state.

Persons who are separated desiring to maintain telepathic communication with each other can easily arrange the time when one is to give and the other is to receive, or when one mind is to remain passive and the other active. Yet after communion of this nature has once begun it will arrange itself as in ordinary conversation. Thought should be calmly and forcibly sent out, and patiently received.

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Don't question the divine economy. Nature is ever laboring to bring forth.

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When the enveloping aura is dark about a person, that one is said to be in "Outer Darkness." One that emits a bright light is clad in the "Armour of Righteous."

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The cry of hungry human souls sweeps through the heavenly land, opening a way for celestial visitors, who minister to their needs. In moments of quiet, the famished souls of earth receive impressions and inspirations that appease their spiritual hunger.

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There is at the present time a general questioning to find the truth underlying every religion and "ism" the ages have brought forth. A "thus saith the Lord" from human lips no longer satisfies the thinking mind. To-day humanity demands evidence of the divine origin of that which pertains to the soul of man, and that evidence must find witness within before it is accepted as true. Furthermore, that religion which not only enunciate the highest standard of ethics, but likewise puts in daily practice what is preached must hope to survive.

When these upheavals and investigations have ceased, there will come a pentecostal outpouring, quelling the commercial spirit of the age and drawing man closer to his brother man.

Never before has the demand for personal knowledge of the occult forces been so great, and nature will meet



the demand, and then false philosophies and theologies will be obliterated from human minds.

While these mental agitations are disturbing to ordinary minds, to the spiritually illuminated it is prophetic of the higher civilization than is to come.

While the principles and underlying laws that govern on every plane of life are being unfolded to human understanding, every lover of truth should bow in submissive and prayerful silence, and in speechless veneration pursue the path of progress which is leading to the final emancipation from ignorance, poverty, suffering and crime. Man's aspirations for a more perfect knowledge of the laws controlling human existence must first ascend, then will descend the inspiration to meet the demand. Now that more light is desired, it will surely come.

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Choose wisely your associates. First be sure that perfect harmony prevails between yourself and another before you endeavor to draw that one to you. No two can walk or work together who are not agreed without crippling each the efforts of the other and weakening their forces.

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Each one of us who have progressed beyond the passions and prejudices and errors of mortal life are inspired with a holy ambition to unfold at least one mortal mind to perceive the spirit side of life. To make even the presence of one a benediction to many. Mortals many times question the wisdom of elevating one mortal above others. It is feared that this might develop too much self-esteem. No man can esteem himself too highly. Man's self-respect and self-reliance will stimulate him to lofty deeds, and make him more receptive to the influence of advanced intelligences in spirit life. That man or woman who has no faith in the strength of their own selfhood are the world's poor in spirit, who are unable to provide for their own soul's need or for that of others.

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When the material body and its senses are weary and

worn from the many demands upon its vital forces, and it becomes empty, negative and depleted it will then absorb from its immediate surroundings. You are, therefore, admonished to take heed where you rest and recuperate. When not in the atmosphere of the trustful, loving and wise, seek some quiet, secluded place, where you may draw from nature elements of strength. Do not suffer yourself to be crippled and useless by the nearness of the suspicious and unsympathetic. Invite and encourage the companionship of angels during the season of rest by choosing the atmosphere generated by pure life-giving thought currents.

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We behold many advanced souls in mortal existence who are hid away from the cold scorn of the world's ignorant multitude, who when depressed have the power to withdraw from the outer to the inner life and roam through the spirit groves and linger on the flower-decked banks of the silvery streams, and thus become refreshed. Then, with renewed courage, come back and take their places patiently among men, giving out a hopeful, healthful influence to every one with whom they come in contact. We rejoice that so many mortals are becoming callous to both the sordid censure and empty praise of those who walk beneath the shadows of time. That so many are yearningly seeking for the beauties and benefits of the everlasting.

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Behold, oh mortals of time, the result of spirit-power all about and around you. Not a blade of grass, not a majestic oak, not the least insect, not the most powerful animal, yea, everything the eye beholds, are expressions of an unseen force. These, too, are all endowed with the power to reach out for their separate and differing needs. This is done, too, without question. You say it is natural. It is instinct. But what of man, who with his intellectual endowments should tower above them all. Yet he is ever found resisting and ignoring the pleadings of intuition, hence he is powerless to reach out for the panacea for all

his ills. He blindly combats the unseen forces, and is baffled and crushed. Such accept effects and are ignorant of and deny causes.

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At this time your atmosphere is humid with low desires and selfish demands, and mortals who are being used for human enlightenment must be closely guarded and protected from the baneful influences by which they are surrounded. These also should be positive to outside influences.

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The human family are diseased and dying from spiritual starvation. The little health and few days they enjoy is absorbed from human souls, who are spiritually enlightened. These spirit principles can not be comprehended by those whose intuitions are closed and sealed by gross materiality. A vast refining process must take place before man can attain to that lofty height where he can command the needs of his soul and its mortal body.

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A multitude of resurrected souls on entering this life find their joys all dimed by regret of lost opportunities. Of what might have been done. These sad thoughts long delay the soul's progress. Often such return to earth to seek some mortal brain and hands through which to accomplish work that was theirs to do while upon earth. After these have corrected and overcome the mistakes of material existence they look with pity upon the soulless myths to which mortal men still cling, and which robs the soul of true spirituality.

Truth can not impress her heavenly image upon souls enwrapped in error and selfish greed. When the interior sight of mortal man is opened he will be able to percieve the divine principle of life manifested in all nature. Then can be realized the nearness of the dear ones, just beyond the veil.

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This gospel of love has a message for every human heart, and every mortal should open their soul to receive.

All should keep their minds positive to the conflicting opinions about them, and go into the silence and question of their own souls.

The law of God, the good, is written in every heart. Mortals need to read therein and each will be able to understand. Ever maintain selfhood, living true to the light within. The ideas of others are many times helps. Use them as such. Never permit your own possibilities to be buried beneath the overwhelming mass of opinions about you. Accept nothing as truth of a spiritual nature that your intuitions do not fully sanction, and nothing pertaining to the material that the reason and judgment rejects.

The counsel to-day of the purified souls in spirit life is that mortals who have accepted this gospel from the skies should practice its sublime teachings and be a light to guide others who are blindly striving to find their way to a higher, better life, that their souls may be immersed in a more peace-giving atmosphere.

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Mortals, persist in knowing more of material life. We would not retard their unfolding life by too much counsel regarding material affairs. It is our earnest desire that each should look within for light to guide them. Did we always do the thinking and planing for mortal man he would remain a weakling, but in his strivings we can and do give strength to endure. We want through this communion to preserve and enjoy the sweet companionship of by-gone days. While there in visible form we lived in your thoughts, and we would still continue to do so.

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Freedom is the birthright of every human soul. The mind willing can gain complete mastery over its own body. To coerce or repress desires and passions only tends to chain forces for the time which when released will manifest with redoubled energy. It were better to leave one in error until the mind is made willing through reason and experience to pursue a wiser, better course.



Intellect without the holy, pure light of intuition is never peaceful nor satisfying, but combined and unfolded and used they will form the basis of all success and the foundation of true manhood and womanhood.

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"Force is the lower-world plane of substance. Power is an attribute of spirit. Force can be exhausted, used up. Power never faints, never fails, never wearies. It is an attribute of omnipotence."

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The word, the living word, may be spoken by the learned or the unlearned. By either the savage or the civilized man. It may be known as the God-word of whom the Apostle John did speak, by its power to quicken the divine spirit within. The awakened spirit will then be a witness, bearing testimony that it is the true word, the God-word, the living word, that abideth forever. This word, God-word, cometh not to the understanding of man in the world's clamor and strife, but in the silence of the soul. Thought is a potent force in human lives, but words are far more powerful. "God spake and it was done." All should give speech only to good thoughts.

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Do not expect us to be conventional. We can't be truthful by fitting our ideas to the narrowness of human judgments and their various conceits. We do not attempt to fulfill the expectations of such minds. Often our work for humanity must be wrought in a most unusual and unexpected manner.

Mortals who would receive from this psychic or soul realm should make conditions. None can rush heedlessly in, with the worries and cares of material life, and receive of the spiritual. The door to the outer life should be closed, and that to the inner life opened.

Many who had been distinguished characters on earth, possessed of wealth and genius, which had been wholly dedicated to material life, and barren of spirituality, soon find that in all their searching they found not God or the good. These must take most humble places and begin to

learn the alphabet of spirit life before they can command the least distinction.

In the soul's progress new lights will shine on more superior heights, stimulating each to greater effort to attain more knowledge of this wonderful state of existence.

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Be hopeful amid the trials and confusion of earth angelic love will yet bring to the waiting, weary heart many other facts, which will roll further the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher. When mortals are prepared to receive and wisely use, a greater spiritual outpouring will flood the world. This will banish all hate from the human breast and still the tongue of slander.

No longer will be recorded things untrue. The press will be devoted to the glowing beauty of holiness. The preacher will give forth healthier sermons, and doctors will have no patients to heal, for all will learn to live in obedience to the laws of their being.

At the present time a breathless suspense pervades humanity. Mortals are distrustful of existing conditions, both spiritual and material, and are uncertain where the next step will take them?

Man is still blinded to the fact that the material is dominated by the spiritual. That he can go so far when opposing unseen forces, and he is then hurled back in discord and helplessness. Yet through all the consequent darkness of the trespass against law, mortals through experience are finding the better way. Slowly, it is true, but the morning that heralds a brighter day is dawning, yet a great and grand work is to be done to prepare mortal man for the noonday light.

Through various experiences will the soul become masterful and strong, and the dwellers in the unseen realm are daily striving to do for mortals what without their assistance they could not do for themselves. The voice of obligation calls to every man and woman to render their best service to humanity.

No life is so barren, so dark and cheerless as the one lived for self, and its gratification. No state of existence is so noble, so blest with the sweet peace of Heaven as that one devoted to the service of others. We always rejoice when able to drop even a seed of truth into the soil of mortal souls. A seed that may grow and bear fruit even in after years.

Our life is not one of idle joy, but one of use and labor for those on a lower plane. We are daily giving here a little, and there a little, as mortals are prepared to receive of this higher knowledge of spirit life. Mortals have as yet scarcely entered upon the threshold, so boundless is the field before them.

Men often build obstructions to the inflow of light and inspirations by fears and doubts, when they might by hope and trust open an avenue through which it could come.

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Every mortal man and woman can use their own forces to draw to them what is desired, and that, too, without impoverishing another. Nature has within her vast storehouse a bountiful supply for all her children's needs, but each must learn how to reach out and obtain them. Bear in mind, however, that no one can draw what is desired for another. Every one must draw for themselves, and to themselves. It would be as useless to attempt to use forces for another as it would be to eat or breathe for that other.

(To be Continued.)

### DEBT AND DEBT-PAYING.

Lately we listened to a discussion between two parties on debt-owing and debt-paying, which brought forth the following comparison and train of thoughts: We have a neighbor, highly respected by men and commended for being strictly honest. One whose word is as "good as gold." One who always "paid his debts."

He is a cold, hard, miserly man, who would think it a crime to give a poor, hungry tramp a morsel of bread unless first earned by sawing wood or raking the yard, as it might foster indolence. He considers any amusements waste of time. A smile seldom lights up his grim face. In his presence every one feels cramped and miserable. Little children are dumb when near him. But he is considered a paragon of perfection, for he "pays his debts"—that is his debts of dollars and cents.

We have another neighbor who unfortunately is not punctual in paying debts of this kind, because perhaps he has lived outside of his income, and therefore finds it is impossible to pay. He is generous, and genial, has a kind word and pleasant smile for all. He divides freely with the destitute. None leave his door hungry. He enjoys life. Little children cling to his knees, but, alas! the world condemns him, for he can not pay his debts. Which of these two are most to be pitied or blamed or praised? Every mortal owes to another that which can not be paid in gold. Each owes to another his best treatment, his kindest words and highest, holiest services.

### GROUPS FOR MATERIAL BENEFIT AND SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.

We would advise mortals to form groups of not less than five nor more than eleven for the purpose of gaining physical strength and material success, as well as for spiritual enlightenment. "Thoughts are things," utilize them for the accomplishment of good.

The five forming the group should be in perfect harmony, and when another or others are added it should be with the consent of the entire group. It would not be wise to admit more than two at the same time. When these become harmonized, another two can be admitted, up to the number named. In more than eleven there is likely to be a "Judas," that would create discord.

Before joining the group each one should take several, deep, long breaths of fresh, pure air.



After being seated, alternately, positive, and negative, in a circle, sit for a few moments in silence until the auras about each become blended, the while earnestly desiring that good may come to, and for all.

One should then make known any material object or purpose desired, and the entire group should center thought in strong desire for its attainment. Two or three minutes will be sufficient, at the beginning as those whose minds are unused to thought-concentration, would become weary, and their efforts rendered purposeless.

Let another then make known a want, and continue until the desires of each member of the group has been stated and earnestly considered. In making these efforts each for helping the other, the aid of unseen forces, will likewise be attracted, giving yet more strength. However, bear in mind that seed-time ever precedes harvest-time—one desiring a home, or some particular business, or place, or position, must not expect to step from the group immediately into it, but it is needful to keep thought steadily and expectantly fixed upon gaining what is desired. Doubt and distrust will weaken and delay, all human efforts. Wait patiently for results.

After considering material, needs and desires of a laudible nature, dismiss them from the mind for the time, that each may question of the higher needs of the soul, observing the same order as before until each one has questioned. Some one in the group, and perhaps more, will be impressed to respond.

No monopoly should be countenanced. Each one should be encouraged to question: likewise should all answers be respected, even though not accepted. Argument must not be tolerated in the group as it will generate discord, questions and answers, can be discussed, at other times and places.

In such select and harmonious groups for the pure purpose of helping each the other over the ways of time and exchanging thoughts on spiritual subjects, will form centers of attraction for lofty intelligences in the spirit realms, who will be able to impress and inspire with what is best for each, garner every truth thus gained, gratefully, and joyfully.

A silent but effective work can be done by faithfully following these simple directions—Sp't. Ed.

To obtain good results all must be in accord or on the same plane of life; earnestly desiring to be materially benefited, and spiritually unfolded.

THE RETURN OF A SOUL.

Written for The Reformer and Humanitarian.

Have you ever tried for a moment to think  
What a wonderful thing is a soul divine,  
That magical, marvelous holy link  
Twixt the central God and this life of thine?

Have you ever thought what a soul must be  
To do so much and to act such a part,  
In life with its sacred sincerity  
With the love and hope of a human heart?

Have you ever thought that your soul and mine,  
Are eternal treasures we have to-day,  
That they are the real, the priceless part,  
While the other substances shall fade away?

If such a thought has e'er been thine,  
And the knowledge of soul and love can find,  
Then think for a moment if you will with me,  
Of a soul from this mortal form set free.

A soul that goes from this earthly clay  
To another life and another day;  
A soul that finds when it enters there,  
That there's little indeed that makes it fair.

That selfishness, wrong and greed and strife,  
Have narrowed the path of its earthly life;  
And that fruitfulness in the sense of good  
Has never before been understood.

Empty-handed, that soul will grieve,  
And whisper sadly of nothing but leaves.  
The fruitfulness of its life is lost,  
And the soul must bear the bitter cost.

And empty hand and headless sheaves,  
The soul cries out there is nothing but leaves.  
Nothing but leaves, how the old song rings,  
Nothing but leaves, what a picture it brings;

Nothing but leaves and an empty day,  
A careless soul that has drifted away,  
And now in the solemn light and time  
Of an endless world comes a truth sublime;

That he or she who has fruitless been  
Or too much indulged in the paths of sin,  
Or longs to return, or the spirit grieves  
To gather something of golden sheaves.

Then the soul begins to awake,  
And the great work it will undertake,  
To return in some manner, some shape, some way,  
To the fruitfulness of a better day.

To gather up of the golden sheaves,  
And to have in the future far more than leaves.  
Nothing but leaves, says the soul of man,  
Let me try again in a different plan.

Let me once more tread in the path of time.  
I will gather fruit, I will tread the wine;  
I will enter the press till the red wine's glow  
Shall drip down there in the tubs below.

I will struggle and toil till my soul shall see,  
That there's more than evil in the world for me.  
And the soul's great cry and the heart's demand,  
Will answer find in the heavenly land.

And he who regrets and sorely grieves,  
O'er an empty life with naught but leaves,  
Some where, some time in God's own good way,  
Shall find fruitfulness in a better day.

Jennie Hagan Brown.

## A STRANGE CHARACTER.

We once knew of a Scotch woman who was a quaint character. She was a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams, and had accepted Spiritualism as an undoubted fact; but gave no further attention to unfolding her gifts. She kept a kind of Junk-shop, one day in passing the writer saw her sitting in the door, bid her a good morning and enquired concerning her health, "Come in" said she, and rest a moment, I want to tell you what has just happened to me—Take a seat, I'm lame, can't get up. A few days ago I had borrowed a book from my next door neighbor, and after reading it, loaned it to a friend two blocks distant this morning, the owner came for the book and I stepped over to my friend to get it. I found her unable to walk which was the excuse given for not returning the book. I got the book, hurried out, and said carelessly, I'll take your lameness, away with me. I came back delivered the book to its owner, and seated myself here, and here I've been ever since, not able to get up.

The strange part of this is that my friend called to me, while yet in speaking distance telling me her lameness had gone, so I suppose there is nothing to be done, only for me to sit here and nurse it". I replied, "why not ask that the same power that relieved your friend relieve you also;" this was said in a careless, way without any thought of the result. "Why" said she "I never thought about that, but will do so, now," which she proceeded to do. Just then a customer came in, and we both seemed to forget her affliction, for I felt no surprize, when she got up and without effort, or pain, served her caller. Then she said, "this recalls to memory a simular incident which I will relate if you care to listen." She was assured of my interest and continued. "My family had all been down with measles. I had watched over and nursed them day and night until completely worn out, I felt I could no longer stand, about that time the doctor came in, after he was through advising concerning the children. I



said, "Doctor, do something for me," and he replied in a derisive manner. "Go and ask the spirits to doctor you" I thanked him for reminding me to call on them. Seeing that the children were comfortable and resting well, I at once went to my room, to seek the sleep, and rest so much needed, and I asked, strength and help from the spirit-world. But a few moments had passed after laying down, when I saw a mist gathering over the bed resembling fog filled with sparks of fire. At once my nerves were composed, and for an hour I sleep soundly, on waking I never felt stronger and better."

We spoke long together of the unseen forces, and our spirit friends. During our conversation, I told her as she was so interested in her occupation, it was quite likely she would find herself in the next world, in a junk-shop. She then related the following vision. "I saw myself dead and my body laid on the top of a grave. I did not seem entirely separated from it, for it shared every emotion of my mind I both saw and felt it swelling to a great size then it burst and for some moments a cloud of smoke ascended from it until it resumed its former size. Then the smoke cleared away, and I was again in full possession of my body which before I was powerless to move, over me stood a spirit, and I asked her if I was dead, and if this was heaven? she said "I am your guide, rise, and I will show you your heaven, she reached down and assisted me to my feet; we were in a bare, treeless, open country, logs were strewn everywhere, which indicated that trees had once grown plentifully there, it looked as though a cyclone had sometime in the past sweep the country bare—nothing however now, could be seen but logs, which seemed to have lain there for years, not a blade of grass, nor a tiny flower. We proceeded to step on and over these logs for a great distance, when at last we came to a broad road which had a familiar look, As we journeyed along, my guide spoke of my childhood, and maiden-hood, and marriage. she said, "you have five children, yet but two of them are yours naming the two, and I will here say these are

my favorite children but, while I have often related the vision I have never revealed their names. This guide had a sorrowful countenance, care and disappointment was stamped upon her face, and a look of pity, was in her eyes. She told me much I shall not repeat. At last she said, "look before you, and see your heaven." She then instantly disappeared, and I looked up and saw my fathers junk-shop, and the vision ended. My grand father kept a junk store, and so did my father and their mantle seems to have fallen upon me. I have always kept one, love the business, and could not make a living at any other." I said give it up, and try something else more elevating. So we parted, she soon after, passing on, to realize the effect of this life, on that, and perhaps to verify the vision.—Editor.

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### THE TWOFOLD GATES.

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Written for The Reformer and Humanitarian.

There are songs of birds, and the scent of flowers  
 There is light where Beauty her gems unfold;  
 There are deeps and heights, there are dens and bowers,  
 And the veriest tinsel and purest gold;  
 There is love that carries, and love that fetches,  
 And bitterest sorrow, and joy clate—  
 All ours to chose where the wide sky stretches,  
 And Life stands guard at the outer gate.

We build our castles, some high some lowly,  
 We walk our way with a faith inborn;  
 We dream our dreams—unholy or holy,  
 We love or hate, we assist or scorn;  
 And that on which our whole soul depended  
 That soul's whole being shall dominate,  
 And follow it in, when the veil is rended  
 By the guarder Death, through the inner gate.

John P. Sjolander, Cedar Bayou, Texas.

### DREAMS.

So delightful is it to dream, when the material body is in a condition to afford its indwelling spirit release, that it may enter its own element, and be free to wander where desire or attraction may lead. So sweet it then is to quietly drift across the shores of time and revel in the beauties of the eternal. To breathe in the bracing the freedom of a liberated soul.

In the nights restful calm, when the worlds busy hands have ceased to toil, and its voices are silent, one can creep up from their own sacred, secret place, deep down in the within, where dwells the true, the inner self, and for a time live, fearless of censure and above empty praise.

Ture it is that many dreams, are disconnected and even repulsive, and often seemingly without any meaning, which is caused form the condition of both mind and body on seeking slumber, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath" are words fraught with deep meaning. Going to sleep with the mind disturbed by material cares, and the thoughts filled with hate will so hamper the spirit, that it cannot leave its body, and thought will be current and on awakening, neither body nor soul is refreshed.

When the days work is done, all thoughts of it should be put aside and the spirit left free to enter higher planes. When sleep is sought, in a trusting and loving state of mind, it will be able to do this, and also to find congenial companionship and meet and counsel with the darlings who are clothed with immortality.

While a guest at the McDaniel home last summer, Mrs. McDaniel was suffering from a chronic disorder. She came to the room of the writer and said: "Let us have a seance, and try to get some advise from the good spirits about my condition."

A cousin of hers, who had been a physician when in earth life, and who always answered to such calls, wrote: "Kate, you go to sleep burdened with too many cares. To-night lay them all down, and earnestly desire to enter

the realm where pain and sorrow are unknown. The medium should also join in this desire, and likewise bear you company. Both you and she determine on going to sleep that you shall enter the realm of health, and that you shall receive benefit." This we did, with the following result: She had rested better and felt more refreshed, but the medium had dreamed that Mrs. McDaniel brought and put in bed with her one of the many children she is mothering.

A few days after this, at another seance, the spirit wrote: "Your sleep was not perfect or sufficiently profound to enable you to disengage the physic or soul from its material body and enter the higher realm, and hence the medium was attracted to your plane and met you there."

So it seems that it is when "deep sleep falleth upon man" that wonderful things are outwrought, as in the fable of Adam finding Eve. Good and profitable dreams, such as Joseph had, and that numbers before and since, have had, require good conditions on going to sleep.

There seems to be nerves too delicate, too fine-strung, to thrill and vibrate in common, every-day life which in dreams develop, causing exquisite delight or intense torture.

If sleep and dream life is ever to benefit and bless humanity as nature designs they should, the right conditions must be furnished to obtain them.

The memory of many dreams, like mediumistic experiences, are often imperfect and disconnected, because they do not come through the avenue of the senses. The mortal mind can not always receive nor retain memory of the experiences of the soul.

That during sleep we live in the spirit realm and associate with friends and dear ones called "dead," and also with the spirits of those deemed the "living," the writer has had ample and repeated evidence. So has a number of others with whom we have exchanged experiences. But it should be born in mind we are attracted to those who are in sympathy with us or who are living on the



same spiritual plane.

Yes, we can then meet our little darlings and caress them with the old-time delight, and we see them grow from childhood to maturity, and they and their experiences and places of abode will be just as familiar to us when are called to go hence as are these where and with whom we have dwelt while in the body of flesh. So the little ones are not deprived of our affection nor attention as so many sorrowing parents suppose.

Mortals need the purifying, uplifting influence of their immortal friends and dear ones—need their wise counsel. Every man, woman and child will be happier, wiser and better by living in close touch with them.

The most empty, the least fruitful and most desolate lives upon earth is that of those who have no loved ones on life's "other side."

Each one should learn to compose and prepare the mind for the rest and recreation of the life forces, for which sleep is designed. "He giveth His beloved sleep" to accomplish this.

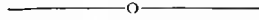
Perhaps the faint memory of the greater part of sleep life may account for Allan Kardec's theory of reincarnation. To us it seems a more rational and pleasant one. Yet it may be possible that both are true. Sacred are the hours of dream life, when sleep finds us in harmony with the good and true. Sacred hours in which is faintly realized the wonderful capacities liberated soul. Sweet dream life that brings a few gleams of the glory yet to be—dreams all too short, too few, for the awakening must come. The awakening to the crude necessities and demands of material existence. Yes, to come back with all the better self wrapped up and hid away in its own secret place in the soul. Yet uplifted and strengthened; patient to wait the next opportunity to come forth.—Editor.

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There is no new truth. All truth is as old as eternity. Spirits and mortal alike are constantly unfolding to where it may be discerned. Each has within their own organism the divine spirit of truth, which will bear wit-

ness to the truth, when spoken by another, but this indwelling spirit of truth is seldom given conditions for expression.

It is now, even as it was in olden time, when the Christ spirit spoke through the medium Jesus to Phillip, saying: "Have I been so long a time with thee, and thou knowest me not?" How kind was the reproof. How simple, how natural in truth, and when made manifest through another it brings no surprise to such as are prepared or unfolded to receive. It has been evidently slumbering in the soul, waiting for conditions for expression.—Spirit Editor.



### A VISIT BY A SPIRIT TO ONE OF THEIR HOMES.

#### From Spirit Jennie to Her Mortal Companion.

"There is something beautiful beyond,  
Something divinely grand;  
If only our blinded eyes could pierce  
Into the hidden land."

Beloved, with so many blessings and so much beauty all about me, and with newly unfolded faculties for their enjoyment, that joy for which my soul most yearns can not be mine. No! not without your companionship can perfect happiness ever be attained.

My attraction is earthward while you remain in the mortal form; nothing, my dear, is now wanting but your home-coming to make my joy complete and crown my life with unceasing delight.

However, I must wait the will of wisdom, for well do I know that every experience of earth life is needed to round out and prepare human souls for this higher state of existence; and I am patient to wait. I would not rob you of the great wealth which that rudimental life will yield.

It is always a most sacred and pleasant privilege to be able and permitted to tell you of some of our experiences

in this wonderful world of active, living realities.

I have been waiting and watching for an opportunity and conditions to relate some little of a recent visit to the home of ———, who is well known to have once been a most successful leader in the field of journalistic literature.

Often have we both read and admired articles from his brilliant intellect, and when you questioned if I had "yet met him," it created a desire within my soul to seek some knowledge of his present occupation and surroundings.

My dear, with us desire is prophetic of fulfillment. Soon I was invited to join a number of others, and with them was permitted to visit and learn what occupied the minds of such men in this marvelous community.

Our party walked for some distance by a silvery, rippling river, whose banks were covered with exquisite flowers, which glowed with the effulgence of liquid gold. On we went, traversing the beautiful valley through which it flowed, until we approached its source. We continued our journey through this valley without the old-time fatigue. Never before did I so fully enjoy the charm of walking. We crossed musical rills, which seemed steeped in the gentle rays of a summer sunset.

Memory, my dear, of the fairest beauties of earth seemed dull and tame while viewing the wonders of this peaceful, celestial valley.

After passing through cities, whose inhabitants manifested all the active interest of those of earth in building, manufacturing, education and art, without the old-time hurry and worry, after visiting and inspecting many of their grand temples of learning and sanitariums, where the weak and soul-sick daily coming from earth are tenderly nursed and nourished, after journeying through this love-laden, peace-giving valley, we began to ascend a lofty mountain. We did not go far before we felt the chill of its bleak atmosphere, somewhat resembling what we used to experience below, yet different. This was

intense, had a deeper meaning. It was a chill to the finer sensibilities of the soul.

On reaching the summit we beheld a most imposing structure, seemingly built of ice and ornamented with icicles of every conceivable form and design. The grounds surrounding it were tastefully laid off and adorned with trees and flowers. The walks were clear and glistening as newly frozen ice. The trees were tall, icy and transparent as light. From the branches hung icy-looking foliage or every form of icicles. There were flowers in abundance, presenting the same cold characteristics. These, while beautiful, were odorless. A look of inquiry was manifest on every face.

As we entered this strange mansion, the cold as of a winter's day was wafted to us from the interior. While from the host our greeting was polite, it was far from being cordial. We found within even colder and more cheerless than without.

Through converse with him we discovered that he, from a morbid ambition to excel in journalistic circles while a resident on the earth, had neglected to give heed to the demands of his affectionate nature. Love had been overshadowed by ambition.

He had cultivated the intellectual at the costly expense of the finer, holier sensibilities of the human soul, and had in this way furnished material to build this lofty, magnificent, but bleak and barren, home. While his intellect would now soar it has not the pinions of love with which to rise above the atmosphere of earth.

Our friend Henderson proved to be a wise spiritual adviser. He awoke in the soul of our ice-bound host a hunger for the love so long neglected and wrapped up in ambition.

He was still deeply engrossed in material life and its problems, and made daily report of event transpiring upon the earth through the spirit press.

These homes in the heavens are of one's own building. The thoughts and deeds of mortal man furnish tangible material for either spirit hovels or grand mansions, and their construction is typical of the daily thoughts, motives and desires of their inhabitants while dwelling in the tabernacle of flesh. His was an ice-bound home, cold and cheerless.

I am still investigating this marvelous country and avail myself of every opportunity to bring you tidings from heavenly shores to instruct and bless.



OUR MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

It is not only a grand privilege, but also a great joy to return to my old field of labor and bring to the friends who remain words of loving greeting. It is my desire that each of these should know that I am still deeply interested in their spiritual progress.

Other old pioneers in the cause, who once walked and talked with you in the mortal form, also watch and wait for opportunities to give some helpful thought and impart their magnetic strength to those who have grown weary in their long service to humanity.

To these we say, go bravely on; it is a grand work to enrich human lives with some knowledge of the higher and eternal. We know your path is some times rough and your work arduous, but be assured that holy messengers and ministering spirits are bending over you; that their hands clasp yours and that you are enfolded in their fraternal embrace.

My work, my dear friends, did not end with mortal existence. After having rested and enjoyed the wonderful scenes and beautiful homes in this heavenly country, after a renewal of strength and mental vigor and receiving further instruction on higher plans of life. I was deemed worthy to descend and minister to those who lingered in the atmosphere of your earth.

A vast army are here detained from various causes. Many of them bear unmistakable evidence of their past lives and sordid ambition.

Here the millionaire still worships the gold which he is now powerless to handle. The vain, selfish woman of fashion hovers over and reaches longingly out for the elegant apparel in which she was once clothed, but never more will wear. The poor inebriate follows the mortal man when he goes to satisfy his thirst for drink, and absorbs the fumes from the intoxicating beverage. The crude politician still haunts his former scenes and sighs in hopeless misery that he is shorn of his short-lived power.

Thus, friends, might I go on telling you of the many who swarm in the atmosphere of earth and who have never been able to get even a faint glimpse of one of the "many mansions" in this celestial country; but more would sicken the heart of hope and love.

There are also another class of disembodied souls who still inhabit their material homes. These are attracted by their loved ones, who yearn for their visible presence. They are ministering spirits to those they love and have the power to go and come from the earth-land homes to heavenly shores whenever the need and desire is felt.

Progression is a law of nature; so we are assured that those who are imprisoned by their own selfish, vile natures will bye and bye, through purification, be able to ascend to the homes of the blest.

I want to say to kind Mrs. Bartel that when with open hand and pitying heart she so often ministers to weary wanderers in mortal life, satisfying hunger and providing clothes and shelter for their material bodies, that I am present, ministering to the spiritual needs of the immortals whom they have attracted and who many times have been instrumental in bringing them to the conditions of woe and want. These attending spirits we can not reach without the presence of a mortal intermediate. By working together, she as mortal, I as spirit, we have been able to serve and benefit souls on both sides of life—the here and the there.

To good friend Fries I bring a spirit's kind greeting. When working on the material plane, never did I reach out a hand to him for aid to bring the glad tidings of immortality to mortal man but his was open to give. He should avoid mixed assemblies and circles. Such natures give out the elements of life, with no compensating intakings.

We would counsel the business manager of this publication to take more rest, both mental and physical. All the magnetic strength his attending band can bring will

not atone when he persistently transgresses the laws of health. We need him there, and again say, take more rest.

With a spirit's pure, undying love, I am,  
MRS. S. A. H. TALBOT.

I have sought this avenue to send some cheering words to comfort the sorrowing hearts in my desolate old home. From the glories that flood my spirit's being my soul turns to them in love and sympathy. I want to say to the dear home hearts, sorrow no more, my resurrected spirit is now far beyond all human pain and human need. Don't, darlings, waste yourselves in useless grief. I have only gone the way that all must go, and you greatly disturb that sweet relief and repose that dying should bring. Neither will you be without me. I shall be near now to minister to the higher needs of your soul.

Were words strong enough I would express my soul's warmest gratitude for the loving attention of husband and friends who so filled the last days of mortal existence with the richness of their affection. In my soul's memory it will forever be fondly cherished. Oh, friends! I would die often if need be for the gracious privilege of telling you this.

What was called dying was only a short, painless sleep, only a breath was needed to cross the great gulf—a stifled breath, and I was here.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was in a restful bower, decked with flowers far more beautiful and fragrant than were those which were so lavishly strewn over the vacated form and mound of earth. Loved ones greeted me with a glad welcome. This was like returning to my own, after a long season of absence, so natural, so real was it all.

It was given to me then and there to know whose spirit hands had provided for me this beautiful place of sweet repose. Shall I say who? No, not yet. In calmer moments of my soul I shall say more of this, my dear mortal companion. Not long did I enjoy this restful place. Great

waves of grief from my dear old home rached my spirit's ear; rest was not then possible, and with the speed of thought I came and mingled with the hearts I had left sorrowing and comfortless.

I heard all that was said, and my soul's warm desire was that all present might know that life can not be swallowed up in death. The half had not been told of even the little that has come to me since the wonderful transition from mortality to immortality. Oh! the marvelous experience of being freed from the environments of the body of flesh.

To my dear companions and each loved heart, I would say, I never was so much alive, neither was my love for them ever so great. Lovingly. ELLA SHAW.

Note—It is with some reluctance the above is given place, as the medium had a slight acquaintance with the communicating spirit and through the "Progressive Thinker" knew the circumstances of her transition. However, to gratify the spirit and for relief from her impotunity it is given.—Editor.

Mother dear, when last we spoke together in this way the time was brief. A loving greeting and a few hasty words and the door between us closed. Mother mine, I wanted to tell you something of my home in the heavens, and what a gracious and beautiful life is mine. How I have been lovingly tended by angel hands and educated in celestial schools. There are bounteous provisions here, mother dear, for the amusement of childhood and youth, and from each we learn some wise lessons. We learn by coming in contact with the soul of things, which is an avenue of untold delight. Our homes are as real and as natural as yours, and we visit when and where love attracts.

While this is a land teeming with beauty, it is also one of use. Each of us have something to do. Mine is the blessed privilege of visiting my earth home and impressing its dear hearts with the glory that awaits them when they come home to us. This, dear mother, has soothed



many of your sorrows. I, too, keep watch over darling Eddie and save him from many pitfalls that lie in his pathway. This affords me great delight.

I thank the medium and spirit control for the opportunity of giving you this. Your loving child,

ALDA HOOPER.

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These names were given: Dixie Smith, Amanda Morse. Daisy would talk to her mother. J. BARBER.

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We have received a copy of *The World's Advanced Thought and The Universal Republic*, edited and published by Lucy A. Mallory, Portland, Oregon. It is well laden with uplifting thoughts. From its pages we copy the following:

#### MEDIUMSHIP.

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Each new moment must first pass through its embryonic stage of existence. Modern Spiritualism and the New Spiritual Age are no exceptions to the rule.

It is only the ignorant and unthinking who reject the New, because it is not launched full grown and panoplied with its highest powers on the planet. They fail to see that all things new manifest crudeness. The colt can not manifest the training of the mature and fully developed horse; all fruit in its earliest stage of unfoldment is green and unfit for food; the child in arms can not speak with the volubility of a scholar; the first invention of a sewing machine is crude compared to the product fifty years later; and so on indefinitely.

The charge is brought against mediumship that much of it is crude and undeveloped, and that it is mainly practiced for monetary considerations. Let all be said that can be said against it, and yet the crudest mediumship has brought comfort and hope and blessings to many a despairing heart, and has done more to lighten the weary burdens of life than has been done through any other unfoldment that ever came to the world. Nothing more

advanced could have been given a humanity wrapped up in selfishness, strife and greed.

The very people who find fault with mediumship for being crude and mercenary, would themselves give no encouragement to refined spiritual mediumship, and are the first to say: "Can't the spirits give us something practical?" if advice comes to them through mediums, as to how they may develop their spiritual natures. Sensual-animal people are responsible for just the crude, public mediumship that flourishes so vigorously in every city. The supply and quality always equals the demand. It is with public mediums as with newspapers—the people will only patronize that which coincides with their crytalized level of thought. Not one person in a hundred who visits a medium asks to be instructed in the philosophy of life—how to live a pure, true life. But they want communion with their spirit friends for some selfish purpose. They have no use for mediums who only practice their mediumship to show them how to grow spiritually.

We can not have refined spirit communion for the asking, any more than we can have the heavenly state on demand. Our life acts as a magnet to draw like lives from the spiritual plane of being. We must be angelic before angels can enter our atmosphere and converse with us. To pour the light of the sun into a pit where a man has always lived in thick darkness is to blind his vision, not to increase his sight. Incarnate spirits enshrouded in the erebean night of selfishness can and will only commune with like discarnate spirits, or those but little above them in the scale of spirituality. They can not comprehend anything of an exalted nature, any more than a scholar in the primary school can understand the knowledge being taught in the High School.

Like all other things, Spiritualism and mediumship are subject to growth and unfoldment. It is not the fault of these that the instruments through which they manifest are crude. Electricity might as well be blamed for crude electric motors. If the people will send out better thoughts when consulting mediums, their thoughts will make more

perfect instruments through which the spirit world will manifest to better advantage.

The time has come for people to demand refined spiritual mediumship. Let them resolve not to sustain any other, and then mediums will give out truths that build permanent good.

Too much can not be said or written on this subject if it be done with a pure motive. The grief-stricken heart and tear-dimmed eyes of humanity are looking hopefully to the media of the New Dispensation for the only panacea for sorrowing hearts. To have and know something of the departed loved ones mis-called "the dead."

Each one should study and more perfectly understand the laws and conditions that makes possible communion between the two worlds, or states of existence, as well as the needs of the media, who are from necessity the reflections of their surroundings, subject alike to incarnate and discarnate influences, some pure, some impure, some wise, many otherwise.

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The publication formerly known as The Independent Pulpit is out in a different form, and with a new name.

We are impressed that a "Search Light" is destined to accomplish a grander work than a "Pulpit," and every reformer and lover of humanity should accord a warm welcome to it. Long may it live to throw light upon the dismal lives of some of the world's weary workers and expose hidden errors.

The leading article in volume 2, "The New South," will stir every feeling heart and lover of justice not only to pity but to indignation that such inhumanity is suffered to exist in a civilized country.

This article deals with the cotton mills of South Carolina, which it states "are mostly owned and operated by New England capital." The degrading, death-dealing result of child labor employed in these mills is graphically depicted, and the article should be copied and re-copied in every paper in this "free and happy land," and posted in every public place, that the world may read and reflect. Can this be the flowering out of the old South Carolina aristocracy?

We trust that our lawmakers will see that no such crime as child labor in cotton mills shall ever blacken the fair fame of the "Lone Star State."

## QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Mr. G. F. C. writes: "How can I draw and use the unseen forces that will enable me to succeed in obtaining any desired object?"

Answer: First let the desire be a worthy one, and then concentrate thought on what has been definitely desired. "I will!" must be the language of the soul. Direct all material efforts to its attainment. Don't waste forces in fear and doubt. Hold thought steady to the object or enterprise. Don't impatiently strive, but patiently wait until events mature. Bear in mind that all things have their seasons—one for preparing, one for germinating, another one for growth, another for maturity and harvest. Fear and doubt, mortal friend, will be to your plans and purposes as blighting drouths to tender plants. While faith and hope is like warm showers to sun-parched vegetation.

Observe nature. Learn of her. None can work successfully outside of her laws.

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Miss M. E. P writes: "How long did you hold seances for slate writing before getting it, and should I buy slates from you; will they help me to develop it?"

Answer: We never held a seance for the one purpose of slate writing. **It just came**, without any effort or preparation on our part, so far as we know, and we might add without any particular desire for it at the time it first came. For further details see "Lifting the Veil."

For years we have had applications for slates to assist in developing slate writing, and we have as often positively refused to sell them, as we were sure they would not afford any assistance in development.

We have given slates to persons who wished to preserve the messages that came upon them, but never sold one.

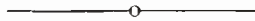
We have found the best way to unfold any phase of mediumistic gifts, through the usual custom of seance, the room, is to make one's self passive and patiently wait for what may or can be given.



Remember, mediums are born, not made.

Furthermore, from a long experience in holding communion with the spirit world, we think it unwise to consult friends "over there" on the common, every-day affairs of life, which we should be able to look after. We should seek them for spiritual unfoldment and a continued association and exchange of sweet affection.

When one is working with spirit guides for the benefit of humanity, then it becomes needful to ask for their aid and counsel. Spirits will advise us how to live, but they can not live for us.



We are due, and must express our heart's warmest thanks to good Sister Brunner of Houston for her active interest in the success of the magazine. A few such timely workers would give to the South a spiritual publication of which it might justly be proud.

With all the material prosperity of our "Lone Star State," it yet needs the crowning glory of spirituality.

This is not the first nor only service which the kind sister has rendered the editor. In the trying days after the calamity of 1900, it was she who untiringly provided every needed article of clothing, and that of the best. Often more expensive than would be worn, and necessitated changing for something more appropriate. Yet the kind sister bore with a loving patience every objection to her superfluous provisions.

While reference to these unselfish deed of kindness may not be congenial to her retiring, unobtrusive nature, justice demands it. It is far better to express appreciation for the virtues of one while that one is living in the form of flesh than to give it in the form of an obituary when they have departed to a better land, where no stimulant is needed to incite to such loving deeds.

Friends, there are in this world, so filled with crime and hate and greed, many kind hearts that should receive just appreciation here and now. May the good sister long live to cheer and bless with tender words and unselfish deeds other storm-beaten lives.

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 OUR LETTER BOX.
 

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Mrs. L. J. Lawler of Marlin writes: "I don't suppose you remember me, but I remember you quite well. I spent the winter of 1885 in Galveston, and met you at several seances. I, too, am an old spiritualist. I had the great blessing of investigating the first manifestations, consequently became a spiritualist from its advent. Oh, how thankful I feel for the knowledge gained thereby. \* \* \*

I received the first copy of your magazine, which I like very much. Rest assured, dear sister, that my whole heart is in your work, and I shall aid you all I can in getting subscribers to the magazine. I got one last week, and hope to get more.

"I have often wondered if our dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, had at any time, given any message from the spirit home.

"With many, very many kind wishes for your prosperity, welfare and happiness, and that your noble work may be crowned with success is the soul's prayer of your sister in the cause of spiritualism."

Thanks, sister, for your kind words. They cheer the heart and give strength to effort. Yes, we are growing old in years, but still feel active interest in the cause we love. I am the last of the old workers here. When your letter came I had just finished copying Mrs. Talbot's message. They are much with me.

Two days ago Mrs. Barker called and told me she had an acquaintance by your name in Marlin, Texas, that she thought would like the magazine, and would find out your initials, that I might send you a copy. In addressing so many I had quite forgotten sending you one. There seems to be, in the fact of your inquiring about the Talbots, her message, and Mrs. Barker's reference to you about the same time, an occurrence that would be called "a strange coincidence," but we have learned to account for these things in a different and a wiser way.—Editor.

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Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, that brave defender of truth and the purity of spiritualism, and well known not only in Texas, but also throughout the States, writes: "The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian is before me. Let me say right here, 'tis the loftiest and cleanest spiritual magazine ever sent forth as a light to guide the storm-tossed mariner to a safe anchorage and restful haven. Accept my small contribution—wish it was ten times as much—and may the magazine and its mortal editor live long and prosper."

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Mr. Eidleback of Flatonia, Texas, writes: "We are pleased with the magazine. Send some extra copies and we think we can get other subscribers. We were glad to receive a message from our son. It read very much like him."

Houston, Texas, May 28.—Dear Mother: A copy of the first issue of the *Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian* is just received. Welcome to "the McDaniel home." It is a gem of the printer's art; the matter comforting and edifying in substance and elevating in tone. The magazine is replete with spiritual good things. Our congratulations are tendered to "Bud," Jimmie and your dear self upon the excellency of the work in each of your respective departments. We hope and trust that the magazine will continue without a single interruption to be a monthly visitor of our humble house while we live, and after, to be a spiritual adviser and comforter of the dear ones whom we may leave revering our memory. Now, come up for a while and let us talk it all over. Kindly remember us to each and all of your dear brood. Lovingly yours son,

LOCK McDANIEL.

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The "*Galveston Journal*" says—"We are in the receipt of an exchange copy of "*The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian*" published by the A. A. Finck Printing Company, and edited by our mutual friend and grandest of mothers, Mrs. Susan J. Finck. The first edition is a work of art, mastership and spiritual ability, containing articles of interest to those who are interested in the occult sciences.

In this issue we reproduce an article by the editor Mrs. Finck entitled "The Worlds Workers." While there may be many who differ with the author of this fine work in the world of religion, still all who are interested in the progressive thought, from whatever standpoint should secure a copy of this magnificent magazine. Its teachings pure, noble and elevating to the human mind. It is filled with words of hope and love—inspiring the souls of mortals to deeds of charity."

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"The *Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian*," monthly; \$1.00 a year; 15 cents a copy. Mrs. Susan J. Finck is the mortal editor; James M. Finck, spirit editor. Published at 409 Twenty-first street, Galveston, Texas. A truly spiritual magazine, containing sixty-six pages of well written editorial and selected matter. The spirit message department is very good indeed. Mrs. Finck, the medium editor, is 73 years old, but her writings have all the freshness and vigor of youth, and the loving influence that emanates from them can not fail to impress the reader that she is a woman of a high order of spirituality. Her magazine is a new beacon of light to point the way to spiritual truth.—*The World's Advance Thought and the Universal Republic*.

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F. H. B. Cotton of San Francisco, Cal., writes:

"Please accept thanks for April number of the *Reformer and Humanitarian*. Aye, truly we are all saviors and reformers of one



another. Let the good work go on. Such a specimen as your April number is indeed a rare treat. It is so replete with interest on every page that it would be difficult to single out any one article as superior to the rest. The one on 'Creation' is a great educator.

"Permit me to say I also have passed through the crucible of suffering—not once, but many times—so that I can sympathize with you. More than once I have shaken the friendly hand of old King Death. So far he has every time let me go again, and here I am brim full of zeal, but, with the large and rapidly increasing majority, financially helpless.

"I wish that every Spiritualist on earth could and would take the Reformer and Humanitarian, and also the Appeal to Reason, the great weekly Socialist reformer, published at Girard, Kan. There is something in the issue of May 3, 1902 that everybody ought to read. The paper costs 25 cents a year.

"That you may be abundantly sustained in your good work is the united wish of all good Spiritualists who know you."

One brother writes: "I have received a copy of your magazine. Please accept my thanks. I am sorry my present embarrassed condition makes it almost impossible for me to send a year's subscription, but as soon as I can see my way through I shall send for it. I like it very much, and believe it is the kind of spiritual literature needed to reach the people.

"I take several papers and they are all good for one who has become 'fixed' in the knowledge of this truth, but I think they go too far with the philosophy, and do not sufficiently sustain the phenomena. I suppose a great many are as I once was, I could never have been induced to leave the sectarian ruts had I not witnessed the phenomena. Now I am ready for the philosophy. My father was a Baptist minister, so you may know what I have come up through. I wish we could get a good medium to come here for awhile. Best wishes for your success.

"Mineral Wells, Texas."

Form circles in the privacy of home. Be earnest, and faithfully observe the needed conditions, and in every five there is almost sure to be at least one medium—perhaps more. If spiritualism is worth anything it is worth everything, and worth striving for. Desire is prophetic of its fulfillment," so say the spirits.—Editor.



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ObeY the law of Universal Love with the total ingeniousness of thy inmost nature, for it is this uncircumscribed principle which circulates and throbs through all the veins and arteries of humanity.—

A. J. Davis.

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### THE SPIRIT EDITOR'S GREETING.

What shall we bring from this higher life?  
To soothe Earth's woes and quell its strife?  
Could we go from sphere to sphere supernal,  
We could find no gem like love fraternal.  
This we bring.

To every mortal man and woman who takes interest in enlightning the world in spiritual knowledge and bettering the physical condition of humanity, we bring our soul's warmest greeting.

Friends, when and wherever our presence is welcomed and our counsel sought in an earnest, truth-loving spirit, to that place and person are we attracted.

We rejoice that this avenue has been opened through which we can reach human hearts who hunger for some tidings from their loved ones who now inhabit the heavenly mansions.



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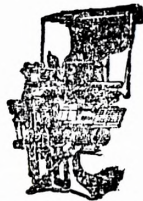
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