

# The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

## Humanitarian.

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—STAFF—

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Obeys 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.

We are happy to be able from time to time to give some of our experiences in this wonderful life and to impart some instructions which will render thoughts of an after-life a pleasure—not a pain and dread.

Our object in telling you of the grandeur and beauty and possibilities of this higher and more perfect state of human existence is not to lessen interest in that rudimentary life. Be assured to enjoy this life, the one below must be wisely and justly lived, and its duties and obligations faithfully fulfilled.

We do, however see need often of reminding you that there you have no permanent abiding place. That you are only tenting by the wayside for a few short years, perhaps days or even hours; although of this you have repeated evidence in beholding your comrades passing out and on day by day.

It is our earnest desire that mortals be so instructed in the customs of this more exalted life that it will be to them neither new nor strange when they enter upon it. We would also impress upon the human understanding that only the pure in heart can behold the good. That only such as have been purified from earthly dross and have their spiritual faculties unfolded can either behold, appreciate or enjoy the benefits and blessings of this celestial realm.

With the soul of the senses unused, that one on entering Spirit-life will be as weak and helpless as is a babe just born into mortal existence; it matters not how great are the intellectual attainments, the eyes of that soul will be blinded to its beautiful surroundings.

We are pleased to note that while many are diligent in providing for material comfort, they are likewise mindful not only of their own spiritual needs, but also of that of others. We rejoice that mortals begin to realize that the soul must have nourishment or its mortal body will become impoverished and will soon sicken and die.

All should guard against erroneous beliefs and gloomy, depressing thoughts. Such human falacies as unpardonable sins, and angry Gods and endless torments will

crush and weigh down the indwelling spirit of man and prevent its power to vitalize its own body. Each should so fill the mind with good thoughts on pleasant themes, that no room will be found for evil.

While the soul is superior to its material body, yet I must again remind you that it must have nourishment, and that of a superior nature. Yes, friends, it needs the result of good deeds and pure thoughts. Its power is unfolded by lofty sentiments and unselfish lives. These are the elements of its support and unfoldment, and the steps by which it mounts to maturity in the Spirit-world.

Be brave and persistent, mortal friends, in your efforts to gain more knowledge of physical life and its laws. While you are striving for better conditions on the material plane, we look on with the same old human interest; yet we are not permitted, neither do we desire, to give too much counsel pertaining to material life. We would not rob your souls of the strength to be gained through experience, nor the delight to be enjoyed by its own discoveries.

As to Spirit-life and its laws, we freely impart instruction, but always bear in mind we are not omnipotent; yet so far as our knowledge of the spiritual extends we shall faithfully instruct and guide you. Much have we learned of this heavenly life. Often have we reveled in its glory. Much we know that your words can not express, neither could your understanding grasp. Still beyond we get glimpses of vast stretches of glory and stores of knowledge which we have not yet reached, but which inspires us with new ambition and further effort.

Let us, mortal friends, continue to labor for the uplifting of those who are walking under the shadows of time. Man is not as corrupt as surroundings circumstances make him appear. Every reflecting mortal yearns for something higher and better than material possessions. "Be ye perfect" is still the Divine command, which finds echo in human hearts, and humanity is daily striving to reach the coveted goal.

Many are ignorantly and blindly searching to find their

soul's great redeemer. Some are crying out in the lowest slums, "Where shall we find him?" Others are searching on higher mental and physical planes. Yet each and all yearn to give grander expressions to the **God within**.

No man can love God who does not love his brother man. Love is the world's great Redeemer. Love! immortal, peerless Love! The only good worth striving for. From its ever-flowing Fountain comes forth all life, all beauty, all justice and all power.

Love! So often perverted, abused and distorted, and even crucified, but which is being resurrected, and ever struggling to manifest its purity through the darkened human understanding, and still it is man's great Redeemer.

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#### AN INVOCATION.

For the Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian.  
 Shine out, O Love! not like a little star  
 That coldly gleams afar,  
 But like a mighty sun with warmth and light,  
 At morning, noon and night.

O Life-begetting Source! cause to be born  
 Again creation's morn,  
 When from this old a brighter world shall spring,  
 And purer motives bring.

For does not hate keep man and man apart  
 That should be heart of heart?  
 And envy makes of life a cup of gall,  
 When it should gladden all.

And scorn, and spite and pride give pain and grief,  
 Where these should find relief;  
 And lust of power lets loose war's deadly strife  
 Where millions plead for life.  
 Shine out, O Love! With warmth and life and light,  
 Make new this world, and bright  
 Shine out where passion-led each blindly delves,  
 That we may see ourselves.

—John P. Sjolander.

Cedar Bayou, Texas.

### SOME INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES.

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About fifteen years ago a few earnest, devoted Spiritualists of Galveston, Texas, felt moved to secure a hall, that they might meet together and exchange thoughts and counsel one with the other. Never were there more earnest disciples of the New Dispensation—each both willing and anxious to render any service for which they were fitted without money and without price. After repeated efforts, we finally secured a nice hall in the newly-erected Masonic Temple.

Mr. Talbot, an experienced Spiritualist and speaker, we elected president. Mrs. Talbot, an eloquent and well known lecturer, was chosen to break to us the bread of life, and the writer to give the slate-writing phenomena, at the close of each lecture, until an audience could be attracted. Mrs. Talbot was to remain daily at the hall to entertain visitors and give them the benefit of our library. Never was the ambitions of a little band of truth-seekers holier—never were aspirations higher, and never was fraternal affection more manifest than among our little flock.

To secure the means to furnish and fit our hall for use, Mr. Talbot proposed that each one who came for a seance in slate-writing should give us \$1, which was done. When we had it in taste and order, our president told the people to continue to compensate me for my service—that the laborer was worthy of her hire.

For twenty years previous to this, mine and my little medium children's had been freely given without any compensation—that is, all the time that could be taken from earning our daily bread.

Our hall was soon filled on every occasion of a lecture and the presentation of the phenomena. Success crowned our efforts, and no fear of failure influenced the mind at the time of a memorable incident which I am going to relate. Everything relating to our spiritual work was bright and promising, when one morning, after a night spent in somnambulistic sleep, and not wholly my usual

self on awakening, there was need to go out and make some purchases.

While I knew that I was in no condition for ordinary business, I could not resist the need of going. I just had a consciousness of where I was going—none of what was to be done. When on the street, the pavement had the appearance of isinglass. At every step it seemed as if I might go through the surface. On entering a store the floor presented the same glistening transparent look. The goods examined had not the usual appearance, and I soon realized that I was not capable of making any selection. I then thought it best to go to the hall, which was nearby until this strange condition should pass off. But on going there the door was closed and the sign was down.

After walking past and re-past for several times to be assured of the fact of the hall being closed, I decided to return home. On my way I met Mr. Talbot, who held out his hand in greeting, and when my hand touched his, lo! the strange influence left and I was again myself. I asked where Mrs. Talbot was, and why was the hall closed.

"It is not," he replied. "I left Mrs. Talbot there not half an hour ago; come, let us go back."

We walked back, and sure enough, to my great surprise, the door was open and the sign in its usual place.

We went up, found Mrs. Talbot, but as soon as we entered the room and were seated the same dazed feeling returned and darkness enveloped us. A faint light was seen upon the altar; it flickered for awhile and went entirely out. I told them of this, yet neither one of them were impressed that it was of any importance. However, Mrs. Talbot inquired, "What could it mean?" I said: "This hall should be closed for a time, but it will not be until the light goes out and its seats are empty." Then the influence left, and I went down, made the intended purchases, and went home with a feeling of having acted very foolish.

Two days brought our regular Sunday evening service,

and a crowded house greeted us. Our president remarked, as we entered, "This don't look like or hall will be closed."

After the lecture, as was the custom, the president invited a committee from the audience to come forward and examine the table, slates and medium, which was met by a ready response in the persons of two finely-dressed men of imposing appearance. They proceeded to make a satisfactory examination of the three. While that was going on, "Raps" were distinct and plentiful on the table and floor. When the seance was over and the control had written, "Good-night; done," both lecture and seance were pronounced satisfactory.

The two committee gentlemen asked my son (who is now our business manager, and who has always stood faithfully by his mother as a strength and protection and assistance in all spiritual work) if they might again examine the table, which request was granted. Then they wanted to buy it, but my son assured them that it was only a common table, and one like it could be purchased from any dealer in furniture. "But," asked one of them, "can raps and writing be produced by using a table just the size and make of yours?" "I can't say, sir," answered my son.

Now, dear reader, I will tell you the effect this seance and the influence that those men brought had upon me: Their first approach brought a feeling of suddenly being hurled in the midst of a cyclone, and after the seance, one of the deepest moral degradation. I could at that time have committed any low, mean act without conscientious scruple, and when our president and friends came to offer congratulations upon the success of the seance, I said: "It is well that it pleases you all, for I solemnly affirm it is the last public demonstration of Spiritualism that will ever be given through my organism. Friends, I could not have felt more degraded had I just come from the 'bottomless pit.' You must find another for public service. I am forever done with it. The seances given here is the only and first in public, and this is the last," and it was.

All through the long hours of that ever-to-be-remembered night did that demoralizing feeling oppress and distress me. When morning came I went to the hall to have my table and some other articles sent home. On entering I saw our president standing and holding a slate upon which was written a word or two. Standing by was also Mrs. Talbot and half dozen others, and the two committeemen of the previous evening. As I walked up, Mr. Talbot remarked, "This gentleman can get slate-writing," referring to one of them. "I replied: "Secure him for the public work, for my services will no longer be given." I left the hall and likewise the depressing influence, more determined that it should be my last public work.

That evening, after we had retired for the night, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot called and insisted that we should get up and hold a seance—that their spirit daughter had requested them to come at once. During the seance she wrote: "Beware, a wolf is about to enter the fold." He said: "Thank you, Hattie; I thought as much."

Mr. Talbot then informed me that the gentleman of the committee who professed to get slate-writing had asked to be engaged for that purpose, and Mr. Talbot was to give him an answer the following morning, and he said: "My answer will be a positive 'No!'"

Not three other mornings had dawned when we read in the News of a robbery which had been committed in the city the night previous. The robbers were caught and put in prison, and, behold! they were the two which had been on the committee, and further investigation proved that they were escaped convicts from Sing Sing prison. One was serving out a sentence for theft, and the other a life sentence for murder. The paper in describing the last represented him as being a ledgermain performer.

Although more than fifteen years have gone by since that last public seance, and its attending results, the memory of it, even as I now write, chills me with horror. I wonder at my ignorance in becoming a subject to be exposed to such degrading influences. I also wonder that others will insist that mediums submit to such martyr-



dom, then when morally debased cry out against them. (Of course I allude to mediums.)

Our president offered every inducement to get us to resume the public seances, but the control said "No," and so said the medium. The sequel was, a disturbing element got in and took control, and very soon our hall was closed and the sign taken down.

It is not pleasant to write of such disagreeable experiences, but sometimes it is profitable, not only as a warning to other mediums who go before the public, but also to those who superintend the conditions under which the phenomena is to be produced. They should at least see that their sensitives are not brought into the polluting aura of thieves and murderers. The misuse and abuse of mediumistic gifts of any and all phases is demoralizing, but the gift rightly and wisely used is elevating and ennobling.

Like many others, in the early days of the manifestations we suffered much from persecution and social ostracism, but through it all we have been graciously proud of our gift and of Spiritualism (not, however, of all that is being given out in its name), but for that which has come from the exalted teachers in Spirit-life. We are proud to promulgate their blessed instruction, and we are proud and feel doubly blest that in our private work and way we have been able to bring comfort to many sorrowing hearts. With gratitude for all past experiences, we are now trying to gather in some of the sheaves from our field of labor, hoping they may benefit and encourage others.

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Just as the above writing had been finished, Mrs. Doty from Houston Texas, came in. For many years she lived in Galveston and was familiar with the spiritual work that had been done here. The air seemed laden with the past, and our conversation, without thought or intention, drifted back to old acquaintances and by-gone days. She reminded me of an interesting event in the closing life of Mr. Talbot. Previous to his departure for the

better land, Dr. Stone, an old resident here, and also a Spiritualist, made his home with them. During the time he became sick and night unto death. His physician had pronounced his illness incurable and said the end was near. The writer went to make the Doctor a farewell visit, and found him unable to speak above a whisper, yet I knew he would recover. I knew he was suffering from nothing but fear of death, and I told him so, and also told him that he should throw off the feeling and get up and be of use while he remained with us. In a short time his voice grew stronger and he sat up in bed and ate a good hearty dinner.

On going down stair and while speaking of the Doctor's fear of death, Mr. Talbot said: "I never have believed that he would pass over soon, for I can depend upon some of my dreams. I had one since the Doctor has been expected to leave us. I dreamed that he and I walked together to the bank of the river, and for a time looked and waited for a boat to take us across, but none was to be seen, and I said to the Doctor that we must go further down the stream, which we did, and quite a distance, when we saw the boat that was to take us over."

That night Mr. Talbot was taken suddenly very sick, and both he and the Doctor quickly regained their usual health and strength.

As time wore on, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot moved to another part of the State, and Dr. Stone went North to live with his sister. Thus they were miles apart in distance. About five years had gone by since the significant dream, when one day while having a seance with the elder Dr. Randall, who was Dr. Stone's physician, there was written on the slate, "Good morning, Doctor. I have come to say Dr. Stone and I have passed safely over.—Richard Talbot."

Inquiry was made to know if it was really true, but no one could give any information from a material source for a number of days. Finally the agent with whom Dr. Stone had left the care of his business received a letter announcing the fact; also information was obtained veri-

ying the truthfulness of the message. We learned that they both had passed on and over on the same date and day, and at the same hour. A Spirit once wrote: "It is **conditions**, not **distance**, that separates us," and thus it seemed to be with these friends.

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Once when in a happy passive state of mind on first awakening from a night of perfect sleep and sweet rest, I seemed to be borne gently but sensibly up and down on the great living, throbbing bosom of Mother Earth. Her mighty heart-beats seemed to be felt. The sensation, while grand, was too powerful to be enjoyed only for a few brief moments. When it had passed, the thought came that there might be more fact than fiction in H. Rider Haggard's weird description of the "Fountain and Heart of Life"—physical life. There may be a "bright Spirit of the globe," whose breath permeates our material make-up, and that gives to our mortal bodies strength and bouyancy, after the Infinite has breathed into the nostrils the breath of His Spirit.

Many pass from mortality in the fulness of mental vigor. Often their intellectual faculties are grandly illumined, while thought and desire are powerful to command material forces, they are helpless to stay the departing Spirit.

Mortal life has become so artificial and we have wandered so far from our common mother, that her warning voice can no longer be heard, nor can the balm from her healing bosom reach us to succor and to save.

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### WHAT IS A POEM?

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For the Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian.  
A poem is something that is beautiful and grand,  
Inspiration of the angels, from the fair Spirit-land,  
A message of truth from the realms of love,  
'Tis the bright sunlight of joy, that come from above.

A poem is beautiful thoughts on a banner engraved,  
Floating in space, in grandeur it waves,  
Proclaiming to the world the sunshine of life  
To do good is its mission and drive away strife.

A poem is grand music from the celestial spheres,  
'Tis the voice of the Spirit, saying, "Do not fear,  
We are coming with love's greeting, lifting the clouds  
from your minds  
Of dark superstition that befogs every clime."

A poem is a response of the Heart least understood,  
'Tis an echo and an effort to do and be good,  
To scatter seeds of kindness with pure thoughts and  
cheer,  
'Tis the quintessence of glory, bright visions so clear.

A poem is like a rose, with its fragrance so rare,  
It blooms in its beauty and filling the air;  
'Tis a sweet daisy that we behold on our way,  
As we climb up the hillside on a midsummer day.

A poem is like a wild forest in a faraway land,  
Filled full of beauty, so noble and grand,  
Sublime in its wonders and its treasures untold,  
As the sun in its radiance does our lives unfold.

A poem is like a mighty river that flows to the sea,  
As it journeys onward in its majesty and glee,  
'Tis a green meadow in the valley so fair,  
Where the sweet fragrance of flowers perfumes the air.

A poem is like an oasis in a great desert alone  
That greets the weary traveler on his way to his home,  
'Tis the starlight at night, shining in the heavens so far,  
A beacon of love, kept burning by celestial care.

A poem is a sunburst of glory as the clouds drift apart,  
That lights up the landscape, giving earth a new strat.  
'Tis the song-bird in the trees, as sweet anthems it trills,  
'Tis the sweetest of music of the rippling rills.

A poem is an anthem, a love song of the heart,  
'Tis where harmony abides and all nature takes part;  
'Tis the keynote of heaven, when in unity we dwell,  
'Tis the golden lovelight of peace as the storm it quells.

—Captain Bert A. Stout.

San Francisco, Cal.

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San Francisco, Cal., July 20, 1902.

Mrs. Susan J. Finck and Andrew A. Finck, Editors of the  
Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian:

Dear Sister and Brother: I have just received a copy  
of your beautiful Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian.  
Many thanks for the compliment. I appreciate it very  
much. It is grand, filled full of good things. I think the  
angel-world is well pleased with your effort. My guides  
like it very much and told me to send this poem to you  
for publication. Will please find space for it and oblige.  
I have been a life-long medium and Spiritualist and know  
that it is true. Its teachings are grand. No one need go  
astray if they will only be taught by the angels of light.  
I am 68 years old and have never been deceived by them  
yet. Yours most respectfully,

CAPTAIN BERT A. STOUT.

402 McAllester Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## TO MOTHERS.

In the name of your ages of anguish!  
 In the name of the curse and the stain!  
 By the strength of your sorrow I call you!  
 By the power of your pain!

We are Mothers. Through us in our bondage,  
 Through us with a brand in the face,  
 Be we fettered with gold or with iron,  
 Through us come the race!

With the weight of all sin on our shoulders,  
 'Midst the serpents of shame ever curled  
 We have sat, unresisting, defenseless,  
 Making the men of the world!

We were ignorant long, and our children  
 Were besotted and brutish and blind;  
 King-driven, priest-ridden—who were they?  
 Our children—mankind.

We were kept for our beauty, our softness,  
 Our sex—what reward do ye find?  
 We transmit—must transmit—being Mothers,  
 What we are to mankind.

As the mother so follow the children!  
 No nation, wise, noble or brave,  
 Ever sprang—though the father had freedom—  
 From the Mother a slave!

Look not at the world as ye find it!  
 Blanch not! Truth is kinder than lies!  
 Look now at the world—see it suffer!  
 Listen now to its cries!

See the people who suffer, all people!  
 All humanity wasting its powers  
 In a hand to hand struggle—death dealing—  
 All children of ours!

The blind millionaire—the blind harlot—  
 The blind preacher leading the blind—  
 Only think of their pain, how it hurts them!  
 Our little blind babies—mankind!



Shall we bear it? We Mothers who love them!  
Can we bear it? We mothers who feel  
Every pang of our babes and forgive them  
Every sin when they kneel?

Little stumbling world, you have fallen!  
You are crying in darkness and fear!  
Wait, darling, your Mother is coming!  
Hush, darling, your Mother is here!

We are here like an army with banners!  
The great flag of our freedom unfurled!  
With us rests the fate of the nations,  
For we make the men of the world!

Dare ye sleep while your children are calling?  
Dare ye wait while they clamor unfed?  
Dare ye pray in the proud, pillowed churches  
While they suffer for bread?

If the Father hath sinned he shall answer,  
If he check thee, laugh back at his powers!  
Shall a Mother be kept from her children?  
These people of ours!

They are ours! He is ours, for we made him!  
In our arms he has nestled and smiled!  
Shall we, the world Mothers, be hindered  
By the freak of a child?

Rise now in the power of The Woman!  
Rise now in the hour of our need!  
The world cries in hunger and darkness!  
We shall light! We shall feed!

In the name of our ages of anguish!  
In the name of the curse and the stain!  
By the strength of our sorrow we conquer!  
In the power of our pain!

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

How our souls go out in sympathy to Mothers!  
Mothers who in their ignorance have begotten children  
who are now languishing in jails and dismal dungeons,  
paying perhaps the penalty of crimes engendered by the  
psychological influence of the Mother mind upon her  
unbornunborn child.

Never will the evils that now afflict humanity be lessened nor obliterated until children are afforded a holier birth; and upon Mothers rest the fearful and sacred unborn child.

It is indeed a sad spectacle to see the giddy votaries of fashion, who have been schooled in all the winning arts of social life, utterly deficient in all knowledge pertaining to motherhood.

There is to-day no excuse for this palpable ignorance and neglect. The world's Thinkers, both men and women, know of the crying need of generating better children, and affording more pleasant after-conditions for their physical growth and mental unfoldment. These have both by pen and word of mouth been trying to instruct mothers on this important subject and arouse them to active interest.

There ought to be organized in every community a "Woman's Club," where both mothers and daughters could meet and freely counsel together as to the best means to be adopted to give to the child a healthy physical body and sound, unpolluted mind—where they could exchange experiences and advance ideas of home life and how it can be made more attractive to husbands, brothers and sons.

It is pathetic to witness the efforts of so many, not only of men, but also of women, to overcome some inherited fault or passion. And while we duly honor the men and women who by nature are strictly moral, we cheerfully accord the meed of praise to the one who has bravely strggled through degradation and inherited appetites and passions to achieve moral and spiritual supremacy and have come out victorious.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

“The One who knows our deepest needs,  
 Recks little how man counts his beads,  
 For Righteousness is not in creeds,  
     Or solemn faces;  
 But rather lies in kindly deeds  
     And Christian graces.”

Lizzie Dolen.

The Daily News of Denver, Col., says that Mrs. A. A. Hawley, president of the Colorado Woman's Christian Temperance Union, gave a scathing rebuke to Sunday school teachers and churches for using their power and influence to build up the church and Sunday school instead of the character of the pupils.

She is reported as saying: “They over in Trinity were trying hard to save the Sunday school's life, but you and I know well that it has lost all grip on the children, and that is because it is teaching the photography of Palestine and Bible History, when it ought to be teaching our youth to face the problems of life.”

These were words truly and bravely spoken, and we add a protest against using our children to upbuild any creed or ism.

Why not dispense altogether with the present system of Sabbath school teachings, and in its place establish a far more pleasant and health-giving method of instruction—one that would be attended with much less expense, and which would yield to the heart of every child a greater measure of delight?

It has been written: “The groves were God's first Temple.” Excursions of a few miles in the country might be provided to take both teachers and children away from the busy scenes of every-day life, out under the beautiful blue of God's own sky; out under the shade of the majestic trees, where the happy child-song might mingle with those of the birds; where in the soul will come a faint echo of the eternal grandeur, and where through Nature the child may come into a closer nearness with Natur's God.

From modern fashion and display the soul of youth will gladly turn to worship in spirit and in truth. By close contact with Nature their hearts will be warmed with a divine affection and their bodies imbued with new life and strength.

The direct and purifying influence of Nature on the tender heart of childhood none will gainsay, for who that is wearied with life's labors and cares does not yearn to draw from her bosom the vital force and sweet rest she alone can impart.

The bane of what to-day is termed Sabbath instruction is love of **show**; and it is about the first lesson that is impressed upon the plastic mind of childhood.

Provide the more pleasant, the more natural, the more simple lessons that may be derived from close contact with Nature for youth and childhood, and they will be attracted to and not driven from the Sunday teachings, for such will afford new and constant food for the mind.

We are a progressive people, living in a progressive age. The old blue laws of Connecticut have long since become effete, and a more liberal, wholesome code has succeeded them; and we hope and expect in coming time to attain a higher degree of spirituality than we to-day possess. Therefore it is not wise to hamper the lives of the future men and women with theories that our wisest spiritual leaders can not solve, and over which they have for years contended and are still contending.

The object of Sabbath instruction should not be how to conform and inform the minds of youth to any particular system of religion or creedal institution, but to make of the children sound thinkers, good neighbors and God-loving, honest and just citizens. Let them be taught how to multiply the means and increase the knowledge of obtaining healthy physical bodies and making of them fit temples for the indwelling of their immortal souls.

The minds of the young are surfeited with the old time methods and teachings. Take them out where they may get a fresh inspiring breath from Nature.—Editor.

Message received and sent to Sinaloa, Mexico, to the Pacific Colony, March 12, 1890:

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My Mortal Friend and Brother: Again I am here to enjoy the grand privilege of communion with you, of again assuring you of the deathless interest a spirit feels for a mortal man who is a seeker and lover of truth for truth's sake. Here again to assure you of our increasing and untiring efforts to bless and brighten the mortal lives of the human brotherhood. To draw them nearer and still nearer these sublime heights that glow with the light and warmth of divine love. Heights that mortal feet can not tread. Not in body, friend, but in thought, in spirit, in knowledge, in hope and endeavor, would we lead and uplift you. We know how weak are the human senses—how sad but short are all earthly experiences. We, too, know that here how glad and long. Our treasures are not of sordid gold, but of heart and brain. Our labors are not for self, but for the whole human family. Friend, many who stand by have kindly furnished me the power accorded them that I may speak of things pertaining to the good of humanity. This has long been my desire, and I have long waited for the needed conditions.

With other comrades who are interested and active in serving humanity, I have been permitted to visit our present spirit congress. We went as delegates from different localities and circles in spirit life, whose labors are for the down-trodden of all nations.

This congress convenes with the same regularity as does yours below and for the self-same purpose, to serve the people, to labor for their highest good, the good of the whole, yet we are loyal to truth. They, only too often to self.

This grand congress of the second sphere is held in the **Temple of Truth**, of which you were once given a crude picture to its entrance.

As we journeyed thither the air was filled with strains of the sweetest music. We often paused to listen to and

imbibe more fully the grand symphonies that greeted us at every step. Yes, friend, it was the song of life, with its deep inner meaning. In it we read and reread the past record of the human race. Their few joys and the wail of their many woes. It was as a universal harp, swept by a master finger. Every leaf and tree and bud and blossom seemed to join in the heavenly anthem.

All Heaven was glad and glorious as we journeyed with happy but subdued souls. Sad memories of the past leapt into life as by magic touch, forming a strange contrast with the present. All this compound of light and darkness, of joy and pain, of Heaven clouded by earth, can not be expressed in human words—in ours you could neither read nor understand. As we approached this vast temple I saw by mortal measurement that it would comprise at least one of your small States.

The superb structure scintillated as bright stars or shining lights through the clear atmosphere. As the approaching multitude entered, welcome, welcome, **all welcome**, pealed forth in musical strains, stirring the pulse, quickening the breath and making every soul leap for joy.

Ah, friend, this was truly one of Heaven's marvels. My experience of this wonderful congress would cover a thousand of your years, and I can not attempt to picture the scenes, but must hasten to that which most concerns the people of earth. Here all reformatory methods are discussed. Here every messenger whose labor has been visiting and taking note of the progress of mortals to a more blessed state of existence makes report and takes counsel of the wise and just, once inhabitants of your earth, but now of the resurrected.

This congress meets simultaneous with that of yours, as yours is the chosen nation to inaugurate the fast approaching reconstruction. The fires of purification are to be kindled upon American altars. Other nations will soon follow.

All the combined power and influence this higher congress can wield is now directed to and centered upon

your nation, and those who meet to make your laws. Yes, upon those who have pledged themselves to the highest good of all the people. The day of their judgment is here. Behold, they have been weighed in the balance of justice, and, alas! are found wanting.

This assembly of the great and good in celestial life from every country and clime upon the surface of your earth are now using their united power to hasten the day of deliverance from iniquity and injustice to the oppressed. To hasten the time when governments shall own and manage all industries and provide the means of existence for all its people.

The whole humanity is under the wise guidance of these liberated and heavenly minded souls, who have been purified through suffering, and who now understand how mistakes in mortal life may be converted into stepping stones to good and each mortal, those who favor and those who oppose, are unconsciously working for the consummation of the great change which is now being wrought.

Every effort of capital, every move of labor to concentrate their forces are sure prophecies of the approaching change. These, even the most thoughtless, may read and understand.

Friend, I searched long and earnestly for an organism through which I might give to the world a definite conception of human needs from the standpoint of spirit life, and the best method obtaining them.

The instrument now used was appointed another work. Human souls had to be fed and sorrowing hearts comforted, and the hopeless uplifted and encouraged. In this work I had long been her counselor. Another filled my place, and I began a diligent search elsewhere for a human brain whose thought could be made to respond to mine, and upon whom I could pour my inspirations. This at last I found, and through E——— B——— effected the most cherished purpose of my soul.

Here in the sacred privacy of the home circle, my mortal friend and brother, I make the first disclosure.

B—— knew not from whence come the ideas he so readily recorded, nor is it desired that it be universally known at the present time. It is enough that the world has them, and I blest beyond the power of human words to express.

When L—— B—— was completed, a whole heaven of joy was crowded in that one moment of supreme delight. I at once sought our old friend MacKay to lay my trophies at his feet. He met me with open hand and the same warm heart that was his custom, when after some fruitless effort to hold in check the passions of the people in the Irish rebellion of some years past I would go to him for comfort and counsel. He now possesses all the dignity of age without its usual mortal infirmities, and over his benevolent face played the tender smile of love, as he warmly clasped my hand with fraternal greeting. "You have done a grand work, Alton, lad, not with clubs, nor vitriol bottles, but by appealing to the higher self of man. You have my blessing, lad. My spirit eyes will yet behold the day for which we so long worked and prayed. Verily, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man draweth nearer".

A flood of sad memories swept over our subdued souls as these words were slowly uttered. Yet, for a brief moment only and he added: "Let by-gones be by-gones, lad. You have been brave and faithful. You have conquered first self, then circumstances."

Friend, I could dwell long on this eventful meeting with my old Scotch friend and comrade, and our interchange of plans for future action, but time is limited. During the perilous times that Ireland was struggling for self-government, MacKay's great heartbeats were in the closest sympathy with "the people's cause," and his purse was ever open for their relief. Yet he strenuously opposed the measures resorted to for their liberation from England's oppressive yoke. I would erase the events of those dark days from my soul's memory. The events in which I took an active part, and which lessened the years of my mortal existence, yet without decreasing my inter-



est in and labors for, not only my own people, but for all ternal brother in spirit life. ALTON LOCKE.

I must not longer use the forces so generously furnished. I am reminded of the tax upon our medium. Be hopeful, friend, and assured that when all are prepared for the change of which you have before been told, it will speedily come. Not, however, to the few who compose your Colony, but to America. Then will it extend over the entire world. I am deeply grateful to every mortal and immortal who have aided in making conditions that has enabled me to communicate at this time. Your fraternal brother in spirit life. ALTON LOCKE.

\*The Colony was a disappointment, loss and failure. An effort is being made to dispossess them of their homes.—Editor.

—————○—————  
The following verses came on the slate when some flowers were brought by the person who desired a seance and which were put upon the table:

The gracious love these flowers brought,  
Come as sweet incense from your heart—  
These fair flowers, of earthly mold,  
To mortal minds may a truth unfold.

By life Divine they bloom and grow  
To brighten mortal lives below,  
And in the land of love and light  
They likewise gladden Spirit sight.

They waft to us the power Divine,  
The life our ours and life of thine—  
The heart Divine, that can so make  
These forms of beauty for love's dear sake.

Will guard with care the soul immortal,  
And ope for it the heavenly portal;  
His children all shall enter in,  
Freed from mortal pain and sin.

Let love flow freely from each heart,  
And some joy to all impart,  
And flowers will bloom in homes eternal  
When you pass from earth to the land supernal.

## IN THE OCCULT.

By accident, if indeed there be such, we came in possession of this strange experience, which had been clipped from some newspaper, evidently from one published in Texas. However, the name of the writer is given at its close:

One hundred and thirty-five miles from Galveston, seven miles north of Brenham, in a lovely valley on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway, stands an old family home that was built before the war. The house is two and a half stories high, with lofty rooms, separated by wide halls, and inclosed by spacious galleries. It bears the name of "Glenblythe," and is known far and near as a "haunted house."

The valley is always green and still and fragrant with country odors of grass and bloom, and the old mansion sits in the center, surrounded by large trees, whose ancient arms shelter it from sun and blast.

When I came here to live many years ago, I heard wonderful tales of the ghost that inhabited this glen, but I treated them with ridicule, for I have no fears whatever of the supernatural. During my long residence at this place the apparitions that appeared to others have only brought me the recent experience that I here relate.

On the night of June 1, 1897, I was alone here with my three children, but we felt no uneasiness, for we are often alone, and retired to rest in calm security. The children fell asleep in the twilight—they had been to a picnic during the day and were wearied out with their woodland tramp. I sat alone on the gallery enjoying the beauty of the full moon and inhaling the sweet scents of the balmy night. About 11 o'clock I glanced casually into the open hall and saw that the parlor to the left was occupied. I walked to the door with a strange feeling of curiosity. In front of the old piano sat an exquisitely lovely girl. She seemed to have been playing, for there was a yellow piece of music on the rack, but she had

ceased and leaned upon the old instrument as if possessed by some engrossing thought.

Her round arm rested on the polished wood, and her perfect face was crowned by fine coils of shining hair. A white dress fell about her with clinging softness, and in her dimpled hand she held a bunch of old-fashioned spice pinks. The tall vases on the marble mantle were filled with cinamon roses, like those I used to gather in Kentucky years ago in my grandmother's garden, and the century old bronze candlesticks beside the gilded mirror held waxen lights that burned with wavering flames.

Then my wandering eyes saw the figure of a tall mulatto servant woman emerge from the dining-room opposite, bearing a silver tray, on which was a curious cut glass wine stand and a china plate filled with fruit. I knew the china and glass were mine, belonging to a set much prized for its antiquity, and I knew also that they were locked in my old mahogany sideboard. As the servant passed me, I marked the very tracery on the china plate and caught the faint odor of the scented wine, but when I looked into the room it was vacant of mistress or maid.

I saw nothing but the moonbeams on the old portraits and roses and mirrors; heard nothing but the sound of my own footsteps in the oppressive stillness.

The great candlesticks still held their shafts of wavering lights, the perfume of roses burdened the air, and on the piano was an embroidered handkerchief, yellow with age, and a faded leather portfolio, that fell apart from its silver clasps when I took it in my hand. Between its pale blotting leaves I found some tinted paper, whose gilt edges made a golden border for the following poem that was traced upon it in a small, old-fashioned hand:

#### THE CLOTHES OF A GHOST.

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(Spirit of a beautiful and vain woman speaking of her earthly body.)

They were shut from me in a costly chest,  
 Tho' I, in a woman's slight, sad way,  
 Of the lovely things that I loved the best,  
 Held none, I fear me, so sweet as they—  
     For I was daintily dress.

A precious glimmer of gold was mine,  
 To coil and charm on my bosom then,  
 And two great jewels whose restless shine  
 Troubled the foolish hearts of men,  
     Who fancied their light divine.

These thin hands wore on their tremulous grace,  
 Such fair little gloves as white as snow,  
 And softly laid on my dim fixed face  
 Were calm, clear colors of white and rose,  
     In another time and place.

There's a withered, wierd, half picture of me—  
 No! of my clothes—on a shadowy wall!  
 A wonderful painter they said was he,  
 Who studied my drapery, that was all,  
     Not guessing what I might be.

Yes, he raved of me in that far old day,  
 And thought he knew me, and held me dear;  
 And now should I waver across his way,  
 He would grow as ghostly as I am with fear,  
     Though he is so wise and gray.

But my beautiful clothes were his despair,  
 They were so well cut, so charmingly made.  
 It is best that they were not worn threadbare,  
 It is best that I did not feel them fade;  
     It is best! Did he ever care?

I, a thing too fearfully fine to show,  
 Or stain the starlight whercin I pass,  
 Must still have the old, fierce vanity grow,  
 Must yearn by the water, as if by a glass,  
     For a glimpse of—nothing I know.

Oh! my lovely clothes that I still admire,  
 They were only fashioned for moth and rust,  
 Yet I, their wearer, tho' scarred by fire,  
 Shall sit with the ghosts I trust,  
     Who once wore meaner attire.

When I had read the lines I folded them again in the old book and returned to the gallery with strange feelings of emotion. As my eyes fell on the still valley in front of me a shadow darkened its distance, and when it came in full view I saw it was the servant woman running rapidly towards me. Onward she came, swift as the wind, with hands extended and eyes bent in ghastly horror, to the upper story of the house. A white drapery enveloped her, and its folds, caught by the night breeze, beat the air like flapping wings.

As she came nearer I saw her strength failed, that she panted like a spent runner, yet there was no noise from her flying feet, no sound of breath throbs from her ashen lips! When she reached the gallery she threw up her arms in agonized entreaty, and fell without a sound on the white door stone at my feet. I saw that she was dead, and that the drapery about her was an old-fashioned linen winding sheet, but when I bent to straighten its shining folds there was nothing there—nothin! save the white door stone, bathed in moonbeams, and the silence of the night, filled with unfathomable mystery.

An absorbing curiosity possessed me to discover what the phantom had seen in the upper story of the house, and I ran quickly up the stairway. Everything was radiant with the moonlight that swept through doors and windows to the farthest corners of the wide old rooms, where my children slept the sleep of innocence. I saw each familiar object with a distinctness that daylight could only have duplicated—the pictures on the wall, the vines at the window, the books in their cases, and the basket of white roses that my little girl had gathered in the late afternoon.

I even noticed that my sewing machine had been left carelessly open, and that a pet kitten was asleep on a vine-clad window sill. There was nothing unusual anywhere, and the night was far spent, but I had no thought of sleep. I seemed to float on a current of emotion that would bear me forever from the land of Forgetfulness. I leaned from the window and looked out on the lovely

night. The earth was dumb, the insects were asleep under green leaf tents, the toiler had forgotten his task, the mourner his grief, and wings of hope formed dream-pillows for the desolate.

Opposite the window is a broad, undulating field, and as I looked out I saw that it was covered with wheat and that reapers were busy with the harvest. Negroes dressed like the slaves of ante-bellum days. They moved about in swift crowds, their bright blades running like lightning through the yellow grain, and though I could have called to them I heard no sound of their moving feet. I saw their rhythmic motions, I saw the golden swaths on the hillside, and I saw the dusky band pass noiselessly out of view in the moonlit silence of the lonesome night! Then, I thought with surprise of the grain on the hillside, for I had lived here twelve years and had never heard of wheat growing within fifty miles of the place.

Suddenly a night bird pierced the air with a thrilling call. The earth was so still and the noise so sudden that I sprang up with a shiver, while the bird seemed to cry, "Upstairs! Upstairs!" with startling distinctness. I ran out on the upper gallery and looked around me. The peace of a summer night was on the shining hills, the rose-scented valley and the moonlit rooms of the mysterious old house; yet still the bird call broke the silence—"Upstairs! Upstairs!"—until I remembered that in the hall behind me was the locked door of the old garret above. I felt no fear as I turned the rusty latch, for I was upheld by an excitement that murdered fear.

When I opened the door the air was heavy with the odor of the cedar-wood of which the house is built, and the stairway was dark, save for a rift of light from a small window. This garret is composed of two large rooms running the whole length of the house, and kept for the storing of old furniture and apparel long since fallen into disuse. There are chairs and tables and wardrobes of curious workmanship, and leathern trunks that have brought many a relic from foreign lands, and beds whose antique testers shadowed faces a hundred years

ago; bureaus whose top drawers still hold the scent of lavender that laid among the bridal linen of beauties that are dust. I reached the first room in breathless haste. There was nothing there, only the moonlight falling softly on the old furniture, from which the cobwebs swung like phantom wings.

But I was arrested on the threshold of the next apartment by a sight that is photographed forever on my memory. The place was lit with an effulgence that I can not describe, and on a silken covering in the center of the room lay the lovely girl I had seen in the parlor early in the evening. She seemed as if asleep. Her dress clung in white folds about her. Her shining hair had fallen down and her round arms gleamed like snow through its brightness. She still held the bunch of pinks in her dimpled hand, and where one of her dainty slippers was displaced her little foot shone through the clocked hose like Parisian marble.

I was impressed with every detail of her dress and attitude, even to the pattern of the quilt upon which she rested. It was one of small crimson and white hexagons, which had been whipped together and was sewed with a heavy silken cord, color of the yellow satin lining. While I stood beside her I saw a gleaming substance lying at my feet, which on closer inspection proved to be the silver handle of a broken knife. As I held it in my hand and leaned over the beautiful sleeper I saw its blade piercing her faultless throat. With tearful pity I would have touched her, but I was alone in the old garret with dust and silence and mystery in the noon of a summer night.

I rushed down the darkened stairway and walked the galleries until dawn, when I entered the house again and found lying on the piano in the morning sunlight a faded portfolio and an embroidered handkerchief, threadbare and yellow. I saw that candles had been burned in the old candlesticks, and on the black marble pier-table stood my cut glass wine stand from the locked sideboard, while everywhere floated a fine perfume of spice pinks and old-fashioned summer roses.

MARY HUNT ALFLECK.

Glenblythe, near Brenham, Washington County, Texas.

### STRAY LEAVES FROM THE STORM.

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We still continue these short articles, which were saved from the calamity of 1900, as most of them were copied from messages received by persons in private seances. We think they are worth preserving, and may furnish for others some food for thought, and perhaps comfort some troubled heart.

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You are on earth to learn how to live, not to die.

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Truth having made yo free, don't be again led into creedal bondage.

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The strength of character manifested in the life of any mortal is due to the exercise of their own spirit power. Into that life where spirit is silent and inactive is sure to come failure after failure. All success, all power over material environments is the effect of the indwelling spirit made manifest to the mortal senses.

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Belief in the universal spirit of love and life will open the doors for its reception.

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The one who earnestly reaches out for truth, for the love of truth, will find it, and will also find power to accomplish seeming impossibilities.

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One Spirit power prevades the whole universe, yet there are countless millions of forms through which it is expressed, and it will take eternities to find them. When one of these forms is seen and recognized and admired as an expression of the Infinite Spirit, that person will at once begin to draw of its spiritual power. The Divine Spirit in man should go out and meet the Divine Spirit in other forms, thereby gaining strength and power from every department of nature.

In this way every need of human life can be obtained. Get from the ant and bee industry, and the art of gathering and storing for future need.



Nature speaks through many organisms and with many tongues. To the crude materialist she reveals but little; to spiritually unfolded minds, far more than can be expressed in human words.

The wealth of earth is regarded by those who are advanced in Spirit-life as only a means to provide comfort for mortal man, and is the common inheritance of all. Like all else material, it will perish. Mental and spiritual worth are prized as eternal verities.

Be patient, you mortals, who labor for the uplifting of humanity; time's wheels never turn without a purpose, and each revolution unfolds human understanding and enlarges human thought. Be assured that error and injustice can not long withstand the power of truth.

Here in the high circles of Spirit-life, the old time society and its hollow mockeries can not exist. It is only among the dwellers of the Spirit-lowlands, which lies nearest your city, that any contention or selfishness is to be found. Even there the mask once worn to conceal the evil designs of the human heart is torn aside, and each one is known for just what they **are**, not for what they had seemed to be.

All impurities must be overcome, and evil habits and unholy passions outgrown before any soul can ascend into the peaceful, pure atmosphere of the celestial homes.

Friends, the power of spirit, its lofty ideas and sweet graces can not be manifested through mediums in crude and mixed assemblies. That pure spirituality which elevates and beautifies their lives is withered and crushed when exposed to such miasmatic influences.

It is where the atmosphere is made luminous by love and holy aspirations for the beautiful and true that the soul feels the grand uplifting that brings it in close touch with the Divine heart, and the lofty minds of the celestial world.

We are not permitted, neither is it wise, that we suffer our love and tender watch-care to dwarf and

weaken human individuality. The two worlds can be so blended that they are important and needed helps in the progress of each. Yet when the sacred privilege of conscious association and communion is abused or misused, it becomes a great hinderance to the upward march of both. When too weak to stand or walk, we lovingly bear you in our arms and impart our magnetic strength and help you to stand upon your own feet.

No age, nor nation, nor people have been without their saviors, seers and apostles. Far, far above the crude multitudes—above the clash and din of war—above the blinding passions of men, above contention, injustice and strife, have stood rare natures, deciples of liberty and truth. These have ever thrown over the tragedies of the time, a splendor which was prophetic of future fulfillment.

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We have been able to guide mortals far up the mountain path of truth. Many has been the victories gained over ignorance and selfish greed. Many have been the truths absorbed from the invisible realm. Yet there are other heights to be climbed, and greater knowledge to be attained through the progressive unfoldment of man's divine nature.

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Mothers, love your children, and with a holy trust. Never suffer it to degenerate into anxious care and unwise and foolish indulgence. The blight of fear is taking many children from living arms and earthly homes.

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Every mortal man and woman should endeavor to leave to humanity a rich legacy of helpful suggestions and worthy deeds.

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Exercise great care with whom you hold seances, for communion with the Spirit-world. Every one that enters the atmosphere of the lowland of Spirit-life and its slums for a pleasant pastime, that one will gather and imbibe somewhat of its nature. This is also true of material life and its low resorts. Avoid all such pestilential localities, both in the seen and unseen realms. Pursue unfalteringly

your own upward path. In the pure atmosphere of exalted mortals and their attending Spirits, will be found light and warmth and beauty and you will go forth fed, strengthened and satisfied.

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When alone in the silence, one earnestly desires what is just and right, that one is holding communion with God.

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Spiritual principles and realities fill the atmosphere, all space, the universe. The eternal life and love floods all being, ever touching, quickening and flowing into souls in volume, greater or less as they are prepared to receive.

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Study the laws of adjustment, and much human unrest will give place to a sweet peace.

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There are many things we are not permitted to reveal to mortal man, because of his inability to comprehend and wisely use the facts. So we give to each the mental and spiritual knowledge that their condition demands. Such as will be used and not abused.

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When we say we are happy we mean we are content to wait the will of Wisdom. To it every exalted soul renders loving and willing obedience. None are without care who have dear ones struggling and striving below, yet that is free from the old time anxiety, for we know the Supreme Power will work good from every seeming ill. We are permitted the gracious privilege of watching over our darlings who remain upon earth, and we are engaged helping, teaching and giving them comfort and hope and courage. We do this daily by impression and inspiration, yet seldom do mortal friends realize from whence it comes.

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When we say influence, we use a very imperfect expression. We use the word in a broader sense than do mortals. By it we mean the impartation of force of life, just as the sun pours down vital force into plants.

This direct action of soul on soul is among the most perceptible facts in the human world.

No mind, object nor element can stir another to action without imparting somewhat of its nature—a giving of itself, its substance, its force. This should teach mortal man how closely he is allied to every moving, living thing.

Men need friends, not charity. Friends who will help them do for themselves in times of defeat and disaster.

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Be lovingly patient with the faults and failures of all, for the Christ-spirit is enshrined within every human soul, but too often it never is allowed expression. Too seldom is it heard from.

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When man's faith in his own power is of sufficient strength to reach out and use the means at his command, he can remove mountains. Practical material efforts are the result of a faith that can accomplish all human desires.

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There has ever been a useless war of words concerning the methods by which one may reach the inner temple of the soul, but when it is reached, that one will know it, and henceforth no material changes can disturb the harmony of that life.

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All need to learn what so many reformers already realize, that man within himself possesses no life, no power, no force, only that received from the Infinite fountain by perpetual inflow. This fact, however, should not be suffered to so weaken the selfhood that one becomes impotent to reach out for it.

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Make your plans and get them firmly fixed in the mind, and a center will be established to attract helping forces.

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The mind should be filled with useful, uplifting thought. Printice Mulford wrote: "Idle thoughts could more properly be called thoughts of the idler, with no purpose in life but to selfishly enjoy. Such thoughts attract of their kind and will weaken both mind and body. In this way forces are sed that yield no return. It is like pursuing

not only a profligate business, but one eating up the capital. Disturbed thoughts will disease the material body and literally bleed one to death."

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A vigorous, spiritual, electrified human brain and body can give and not be impoverished. Such has the power to draw, and that one will be able to resist the evils attending those to whom they are called to minister. The radiation of the electrical life principle forms a protecting aura around the human body.

The one possessing the exalted attributes will be secure anywhere and in all places. They repel dangers and disasters, and from them proceed a shimmering electric glory. But few enjoy this heavenly possession.

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The supremacy of law is an undisputed verity, and the mortal who understands and works in harmony with it is sovereign over his surrounding environments. He makes and molds conditions. Don't understand us that either mortal or Spirits can ordain or change law. Nay, they can only learn to work in harmony with it, and thereby secure themselves against defeat and disaster.

Franklin and Edison were powerless to change the law of electrical action, but having gained superior knowledge concerning it, have used it to accomplish wonderful results.

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Seek association with those who possess what you desire. Such will strengthen your efforts to obtain it.

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Mortals make a great mistake who ignore the power of Spirit, both in the government and by the home fireside. These will find themselves powerless to resist or overcome the daily perplexities ever arising, and which only the pure influence of some spiritual presence can enable them to dispose of wisely.

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Man in his blindness fails to realize that material knowledge and the tongue of eloquence when the heart is not prompted by love and its unselfish labors, must sooner or later become failures. While others unpolished

by the superficial arts of the world, but rich in spiritual graces, and whose heart-beats respond to downtrodden humanity, can wield the subtle forces and send out an influence helpful, purifying, elevating and enduring. These are the Temple builders. Loyal are they to the Spirit's high command.

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We would have these sacred truths of immortality and communion between the two worlds firmly established in mortal minds that they be not swayed here and there between belief and doubt by every fitful breeze of inharmony that may arise.

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Fear and doubt leads to darkness and the dearth of hope. Love and faith to light and life.

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The light of truth will untangle many knotty problems of human existence, and liberate many grand souls from social and creedal bondage.

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Truth is a great individualizer and grand emancipator, and the less any person, organization or community is bound by creedal restrictions the more spiritual life will it possess, and the more rapid will be its progress.

We bring you greetings from an exalted circle of progressive, harmonious Spirits, with their counsel that you subscribe to no creed, sanction no platform, recognize no compact that does not embrace the whole humanity.

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None can live effectually when the better, higher self is barred out. The whole person should be enlisted in the grand service of life.

---

Sorrow has its uses. It many times brings to light and definiteness thoughts and power that have long slumbered in human souls. Wisdom has ordained that to all must come the grand awakening to their possibilities.

---

We are not unmindful of the difficulties that oppose and oppress those who would understand more of the unseen forces by which they are surrounded.

So far removed is the artificial life of mortal man from the natural and beautiful simplicity of ours that we often fail to reach and give you aid and counsel.

---

Generate light and sheerfulness in your own soul, and your presence will be welcomed wherever you go. Live above the crude selfishness that is ever taking, but never gives in return.

Be strong to command circumstances, and they will yield obedience. Give out light and warmth to those who are struggling in the cold and dark.

---

Do not suppress the elements of action in the dear children, but grant them every liberty which is not morally wrong and does not infringe upon the rights of others.

Study to direct the youthful energies to useful pursuits and wise ends, and they will fit harmoniously in their own place in life and be able to control self—its brain, heart, mind and body.

---

Disembodied spirits can not be touched by mortals unless in a materialized form or covering. They are too electrical. Too highly charged with celestial electricity, which is far more subtle than is terrestrial. This is why Jesus forbid the Magdeline to touch him after his resurrection. This is why mortals are now forbid to touch them. It would be a serious if not a fatal gratification.

---

#### SPIRITUAL AND LIBERAL PUBLICATIONS.

**The Search Light**—A monthly "Liberal Thought" publication; \$1.00 a year. J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor. Office 112½ North Fifth Street, Waco, Texas.

**Philosophical Journal**.—A weekly publication advocating Spiritualism. Price, \$1.00 per year. Thomas G. Newman, Editor, Station B., San Francisco, Cal.

**The World's Advanced Thought and the the Universal Republic**.—Edited and published by Lucy A. Mallory, Portland, Ore.

**The Progressive Thinker**.—Edited and published by J. R. Francis, 40 Loomis Stret, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

---

Can any Spirit or Spirits give any information concerning those who were lost during the great calamity of September 8, 1900, which visited Galveston, Texas and the surrounding country? If so, it would be comforting to relatives and friends who survived to learn something of their condition and surroundings. Earnestly and Respectfully,

LOUIS J. HOWEL.

As one, who previous to that calamity had been swept into Spirit-life by winds and waves, as one who of the many that rendered active and immediate service to the human souls who were driven from their mortal bodies at that time, and as I am most favored by conditions to respond, I am requested by my Spirit associates to make answer.

The atmospheric disturbance in that locality was of such nature that no Spirit who had not passed from physical existence through storm and flood was able to approach near the scene and afford any needed assistance.

But above the storm clouds were a host of immortals—of Spirit men and women—who were waiting, and to whom we guided the released human souls. By them they were taken to the heavenly homes, whose doors were opened to receive and welcome them.

Some of these poor emigrants from earth regained consciousness in a brief period of time. You would say in a moment. These were able to realize what had transpired. They were the more spiritual class, and were at once attracted to their waiting friends above.

Others had need to be guided or borne to them. Many of them were days recovering from the shock after entering some of the homes in the heavens. These were tenderly and lovingly watched by spirits who had been schooled in the sacred art of love's grand service.

There were yet many who were too gross to leave the earth, but provisions were made even for their comfort. They were taken by relatives and friends to earth-made



homes, where they still reside, living in discord and contending over their lost material possessions.

I will here state for the enlightenment of mortal man, that such as enter Spirit-life, through accident or calamity, find no finished and furnished homes of their own. They find only unarranged material of incomplete human lives. Out of this they must fashion and build. This fact should teach every mortal the wisdom of preserving and protecting human life, that all may fill the full measure of their days upon earth and find homes waiting for them.

The ascended of that fateful calamity have been sympathetically drawn together, and each one expressed a strong desire to form a "Spirit Colony," and a suitable and beautiful locality was chosen on the banks of "Gulf Salome." One that far exceeds in grandeur and beauty any scene of earth, and the artisans of Spirit-life lovingly rendered them instruction and assistance while building homes in the heavens. A holy enthusiasm filled their souls as they worked. Each now felt secure against the winds and the waves, and from all danger. They all knew they were building for eternity.

Many were the rich gifts brought by the celestial inhabitants to adorn and beautify these new-built homes. Fraternal offerings placed on the home altars of these storm-beaten lives.

But far, far, exceeding in beauty any of these homes, is the one which was prepared for the little children. Words can not describe it. Verily it seemed as if all heaven had been searched for choice material with which to build and decorate. The fathers and mothers who remain on earth may rest assured that their darlings are provided with a home of superior use and beauty. They have joys and comforts, benefits and blessings, which can only be found in the homes of the Heavens.

These all, men, women and children, are supremely happy in their new possessions; yet they still cherish the memory of those they left, who sorrow for their visible presence. They often return, hoping to find favorable

conditions to commune with their loved of earth. Some rejoice in success, others are made sad by failure.

This, mortal friends, is the present conditions of those who were so rudely swept from mortality to immortality in that disastrous calamity.

EDWARD FINCK, Electrical Manipulator.

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### THE OLD VIOLIN.

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#### And Some Other Experiences.

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Some years ago there lived in the town of Matagorda, Texas a Mr. S—, who was employed on a schooner that sailed from that port. The man was a great favorite with the owner, who at time was captain of the vessel. The captain passed to the other life. A short time previous to the change he presented Mr. S— with a violin, having bought himself a new one. The captain was a good performer on that instrument, and when the boat was becalmed would make time less lonely by making music. Mr. S— was ignorant of any kind of music, so he put the old fiddle on a shelf in the cabin of the boat. Long had it lain there, untouched and quite forgotten. One evening after the departure of the captain to the world invisible the boat was lying anchored in port and Mr. S— was left alone to keep watch. While sitting on the deck of the boat, he said a weird feeling came over him, and a strong desire to get the old fiddle. He went to the cabin below, and when his hands touched the instrument, some force seized them and he began to play vigorously. He lost all command of his hands and was powerless to rid himself of the uncanny fiddle. Becoming frightened, he left the boat, still playing all along the street as he hurriedly walked homeward.

Arriving there he met at the door his mother and sister, who had been attracted by the music. Instantly Mr. S— dropped the instrument on the steps, and the sister as quickly seized it and began to play. Neither was she able to put it down until after some hours of such exercise.

There was no sleep that night, so overcome were they all by fear. The old fiddle was put out of sight, and no persuasion could induce either of them to investigate the controlling force.

During the civil war a friend of our family, not a believer in Spirit return, related to us the following experience: He said an old negro man that he owned had died, and not long after, about twilight, his wife was coming from the yard into the house. As she was about to go up the steps she saw the old negro, who stood resting one foot upon the first step and one hand upon his knee. She ran around the house, screaming with fright, and fell helpless into the back door. After telling her husband what had occurred, he said: "Why did you not ask him what he wanted?" The incident had been much talked of, but quite forgotten, when about the same hour the wife again saw the old man, and standing in the same place and position. She this time felt no fear, and asked the Spirit if he wanted anything. He replied he had buried \$20 under the step upon which his foot was placed. That it was in a tin can, and he wanted her to dig it up and give \$1.00 a piece to certain negroes on the place, reserving \$5 for herself. The mistress did as requested, got the money and made the dividends as the old man desired. Our informant said had it not been for the finding of the money that he and others who knew of the incident would have thought his wife had imagined seeing their old slave, but the money bore material evidence of the fact. The Spirit never again appeared.

While on a visit to a good Spiritualist's family in Houston, Texas, I had lain down one afternoon to rest. No sooner had I become quiet than I saw immediately before me what seemed to be a small sign, such as doctors or lawyers and men in other business use. My good friend and hostess came in the room just at the time, and I asked her if Mr. B— (who at that time kept a shoe store) had a new sign. She replied, "No." I told her I saw one, white bordered with black; that the letters were crosswise, not lengthwise, as signs usually were painted. She said,

"Read what is on it." I looked at it more closely and replied: "I can't; it is not in English." Neither of us had any idea what it could mean, so gave it no further thought. The next morning the postman brought her a letter containing the funeral notice of a very dear friend. Mrs. B— unfolded and held it up before me, saying: "Do you recognize this; I do from the description you gave." It was printed in a foreign language, and was much larger than any such notice that I had ever seen, therefore was mistaken for a sign. The funeral notice answering the description was evidence that the vision was not a freak of imagination.

Not long before we moved to this place I saw a tall, blue-eyed woman of slender form. She had a swelling under her chin. (There is a name for it which I can not recall.) I told my daughter, who was present, and also said that when we came here we would meet and have some dealings with such a woman. The day after our arrival here we found her to be one of our nearest neighbors, who did us many kind favors. That summer the city suffered from drouth and scarcity of water, and but for her we should have wanted. This was proof that it was not imagination.

I would here state that I can always tell if these apparitions be of earth or in Spirit-life. Those mortal stand on the floor or ground, as we do. The immortals a little above, supported only by the atmosphere. These experiences I can not command at will. They come spontaneously.

During the rebellion, one warm, dark evening we were seated on the gallery waiting for some friends who were to join us in a seance. A meteor flashed across the horizon, dazing and almost blinding us for a moment. Then we heard near-by a loud explosion, followed by a low rumbling sound. It was the brightest meteor I ever saw, as well as the nearest one. Our friends soon after came, and our circle was formed. After receiving several personal messages from those near and dear, a Spirit, who had often communicated with us, and always gave the

name "Scientist," wrote that what we had regarded as a meteor was a kind of ship which had been constructed on the planet Mars, whose inhabitants were making effort to establish communication with the people of earth; that more attention should be given and examination made of the wreck, with a view to ascertain knowledge of the fact. That in time the desire would be accomplished. The next day some men were herding cattle about five miles from us and found the exploded meteor in a marsh. It had torn up half an acre of marsh land and a huge bulk of debris could be seen, but they had no means of near approach. However, they secured some pieces of ore that resembled burnt iron. Soon after this we left that part of Texas and never knew about any further discovery. That was many years ago. To-day many believe we shall yet be able to hold converse with the people of Mars. Who will say that it is impossible.

We can easily recall the time when present experiences were regarded as silly tales of old women and children or the wanderings of unbalanced minds, but to-day humanity is hungering for the unknown, and nothing seems impossible that the imagination can picture. We seldom meet with a person who has not had some experience of an occult nature, and who freely speaks of it, when assured of a sympathetic listener. The days for ridicule are passing away and knowledge is taking the place of superstition and ignorance. We no longer fear to investigate the unseen forces that surround us and in which we live, move and have being.—Editor.

OUR MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

---

“Oh, children of our Father!  
Weep not for those who pass,  
Like rose leaves gently scattered,  
Like dewdrops from the grass.  
Ay, look not down in sadness,  
But fix your gaze on high;  
They only dropped their mantles—  
Their souls can never die.”

I have a beloved sister to whom this publication goes, and I am permitted through it to say to her through every changing scene and labor I have been near thee, precious sister, giving of my spiritual strength to help thee combat material obstacles.

Yes, darling, it has been permitted me to be thy strengthening angel in every Gethsemane.

Let us rejoice, sweet sister, that we have been faithful to our high calling—thee in making conditions to receive and I in giving in every time of thy need.

Let us also be glad that while inly fed and spiritually nourished, the hand of plenty has been opened to thy material wants.

Lovingly and graciously hast thee accepted the good that flows into thy life day by day, little by little. Bravely hast thee held aloft the fair white banner of truth. Ever hast thee been giving to others thy best thoughts and holiest service. So step by step, hast thy path been upward. On this have the eyes of my soul ever looked, and the soul of my heart has rejoiced.

Continue, beloved sister, thy efforts to obtain material independence. When difficulties arise, Uncle Henry will be near, giving thee strength to overcome them.

Our precious mother and dear Aunt Esther are ever willing and waiting to guide and instruct in spiritual things. This they do by impression and inspiration. Aunt Esther would remind thee of the counsel given on “Science.” We all would have thee accept truth whenever found.

Thee and I darling sister are still walking on, hand in hand. Not yet has the desire of our souls been fulfilled. Let thy patience be as enduring as time. In God's own season and way we shall come to and claim that which is waiting for us. Thy loving sister in Spirit-world,  
MERCY.

---

My Dear Son: The magnetism of your letter has attracted me here and enabled me to give you some words from this side of life.

Through this open doorway I have often in the past been permitted to enter and hold sweet converse with your now ascended mother.

After long watching and waiting, she on the shore of time, I in eternity, she wearily waiting and I faithfully watching, we are at last united.

My son, the sacred joy of our meeting human language has no power to express; neither could the imagination conceive. I must have been the happiest man and she the most blest of women in all heaven.

Her returning youth and energy has been an exquisite delight to us both. We have indeed begun life anew. Yea, the real, the true, the life everlasting.

After the emotions of joy and gratitude had somewhat subsided, other loved ones came to welcome her home. Then came old friends and comrades with tender greeting Rusk and Henderson, Ballinger and our Houston, all purified from the dross of earth, came to do honor to the occasion. Truly, my son, there was joy in heaven. Each face beamed with fraternal affection. Long did we recall to memory the old trials below; often did we smile over defeats and rejoice over life's victories.

That meeting fully compensated for the many weary years of watching and waiting.

Yes, my son, our darlings are coming. One by one they are coming home to us to add yet more of gladness to the great happiness which now is ours.

We rejoice exceedingly that you know of this grand fact of Spirit communion with mortal man. Utilize it,

not only for the sweet joy that our counsel and converse may yield, but like wise to unfold a higher degree of spirituality. We want you to more fully realize that we are not mere shadows, but are substantial beings, in a real world. With a loving greeting, I am,

EBENEZER ALLEN.

---

To my many Waco friends I desire to bring fraternal greeting. After the weary struggle of mortal life ended, I found my precious child and a home where my tired soul could sweetly rest. A home whose bracing atmosphere is girded around with the light of angels. A home where the sacred pulsations of the Infinite life is felt within every resurrected soul.

From this home of love and beauty and peace do I often return to the earth homes to comfort and imbue with courage those who are yet struggling with circumstances, under which my mortal body at last was compelled to release my immortal soul.

Although to many of the tired and weak ones of earth, unconscious of the fact, yet am I often able to transmit to them mental forces and spiritual power. The forces and powers that material environments had prevented my using while up on earth.

To every friend below I would bring a blessing.

ALICE BLACK.

---

I have a beloved charge to whom I will say, don't waste forces in fear and doubt, but use them to surround yourself with more congenial association. A determined will, can remove many seemingly formidable obstacles. Try it.

While we are near, inspiring you with hope and courage, when your path is dark and rough, yet, dear charge, must you use material means to situate yourself more pleasantly.

GEORGE KELLY.



OUR LETTER BOX.

---

Cedar Bayou, Texas, Aug 2.

Mrs. Sue J. Finck:

\* \* \* It is not, believe me, in a carping spirit that I deplore the present condition of things in our beautiful little world, in which Love rules largely, but I am moved to urge my fellowmen and plead with God that Love may become absolute, and then how much brighter everything would be. Very sincerely,

JOHN P. SJOLANDER.

---

Mrs. Alice Jenkins writes from Hallettsville, Texas, I have received your magazine, and like it so much that I have read and re-read its pages over and again. My sincere prayer is that God and the good angels may bless you for the precious words sent out through its pages to feed and enlighten the hungry souls of earth who are crying out for the bread of life. May you long live to carry on the noble work.

---

Mrs. Hattie Cook writes from Grass Lake, Mich.: "I received the Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian which some kind friend sent me, and shall subscribe for it. ! ! ! My husband's name was Justine Cook. Soon after his departure to the better world our only child and son followed him, and I am now alone, only for friends with whom I am living. There are no Spiritualists here, and I have no way of hearing from them, only what comes through myself. I know they are near, and I get so homesick to be with them.

"When I hear from you I shall send some questions which I would like answered through slate-writing."

We would say to this good sister that no more messages will be given through the magnetism of correspondence. All messages in the future given without the personal presence of the receiver will be given a place in the magazine. Send your questions, and if any answer comes you will find them in it.

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Two numbers have been mailed you from its office. We trust you may be comforted by the conscious presence of your dear ones. The time for us all to join them will not be long. While waiting, let us try to make other hearts hayypy.—Editor.

---

We are in receipt of a circular from Francis B. Livesey, on the back of which is a "Book Mark" with the following printed thereon:

"Don't keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with gladness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to annoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way."

NOTICE.

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Those to whom this magazine has been sent, who have not responded with their subscriptions, are notified that it will be discontinued.

Those who have promptly sent in both subscriptions and loving and encouraging words will please accept our thanks. Each are essential to the success of any Spiritual publication, and we are much gratified that we have received a generous supply of both, which has enabled and encouraged us to renewed efforts to make the magazine truly a "beacon light" to guide and comfort others who are traveling over the darkened ways of time.

Any one in any locality who is interested in this publication who will send us five paid subscribers will receive one year's subscription free.

We earnestly solicit contribution to its pages, on all subjects pertaining to the betterment of humanity, now and here, as well as such calculated to enlighten the human understanding in regard to a future and higher state of existence.

We condemn no one for their beliefs nor disbelief. No word of abuse shall ever mar the pages of this work. Our object is to endeavor to erect a gran temple of truth in our own souls and to help others to do likewise. We need and ask the co-operation of all who are interested in such work.

We are in receipt of an instructive, neatly gotten up book, entitled D. L. Carpenter of Fort Wayne, Ind., entitled "**Bible Proofs of Spiritualism.**" It concludes as follows:

"I would rather not have any man or woman believe these principles any sooner than nature and reason will aid them to believe them.

"Be just and natural in your spiritual growth, and when you investigate for yourself and become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, you will be as firm as the everlasting hills. It is all beautiful and natural, and there is no miracles connected with it. Therefore, when you ascend to the higher life, it will not even surprise you, but will seem like a welcome stream of water to the thirsty and a feast to the hungry. This truth gives help to all and extracts help from all. Instead of finding antagonism in any popular science or philosophy, it finds in all and each of them a friend. Spiritualism and progress go hand in hand and upholds every demonstrated fact.

"I believe the time will come when we will attain to the summit of a better conviction, and see that sin abounded that good might come. Ignorance, that knowledge and progression might bloom and blossom as the rose; misfortune, that success might come; death, that immortality could crown the life of man, the sepulchre being necessary for the new truth, and the stone to keep it entombed until the time should arrive for its outbursting development.

"Behold, defeat is crowned at length with victory, the stone is rolled away and truth arises to enlighten humanity."

THE SPIRITUAL REFORMER AND HUMANITARIAN.

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OR

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AND

MANIFESTATIONS.

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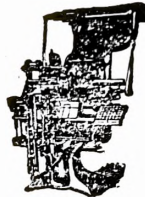
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