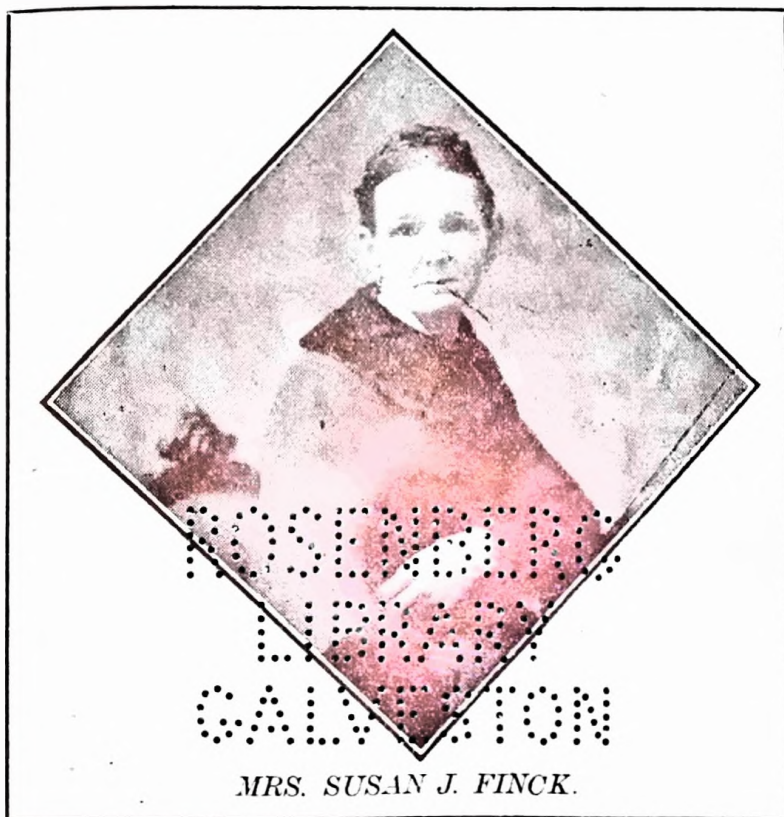


The Spiritual Reformer AND Humanitarian.

Vol. I.

Galveston, Texas, January, 1903.

No. 6.



MRS. SUSAN J. FINCK.

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NOTICE

That the fact of the immortality of the human soul, and communion between the mundane, and supermundane spheres is a demonstrated fact; therefore, this magazine will be devoted to the promulgation of the spiritual philosophy and phenomina, as taught and given by the inhabitants of the unseen world. Other views have arisen, many of which are questionable, which will be discussed from time to time, in a broad, earnest tolerant spirit; always sustaining principles and avoiding personalities. Contributions to its pages from thinkers and investigators is solicited. Subjects likewise pertaining to material life, and the uplifting of the human race will be considered from a dispassionate standpoint. We would state, and have others state their thoughts, on the life, that now is, and the best means to be used for its betterment.

With all our vaunted learning we know but little of the physical plane of life, and less of the occult realm, and unseen forces by which we are surrounded, and which are daily impinging upon, and shaping the events of mortal existence.

With the mental aid and material patronage of even the liberal, progressive minds of Texas, we shall be able to open an avenue through which to exchange thoughts, and experiences, that will stimulate to further inquiry and greater knowledge concerning the facts and laws which govern human existence. The facts and their governing laws, which will incite to purer lives, and nobler deeds, and thus aid in establishing the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

Owing to an unusual pressure of work in the office, the expected appearance of the magazine has been delayed. However, it goes to press on the fifty-fourth

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anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, so designed, we are informed, by those "over there" who are interested in and identified with its publication. During many years service, as message-bearer between mortals, and immortals, we have been able to glean some sheaves from the limitless field of truth, which we gladly bring as an offering to the dear immortals, who have been, through years of arduous toil, our guides, our counsellors and comforters. This, perhaps, will be the last service that the medium and editor will be called to render both worlds, considering that seventy-three years have passed since the day-dawn of mortal existence. Should the "Reaper" come, soon or later, another will be chosen as its mortal editor and its business manager will be faithful in seeing that there be no break in the work.

Now that the Magazine has passed safely through its birth throes, we see no reason why it should not become a healthy, useful and permanent publication, and no effort on our part will be wanting to make it such.

THE SPIRITUAL REFORMER AND HUMANITARIAN.

Obey the law of Universal Love with the total ingenuousness 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.

The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

Humanitarian.

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A. I. Davis.

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OCCULT CENTERS.

Many in changing and choosing localities give no heed to the unseen centers to which they may be attracted. In fact any thought of an unseen element of either prosperity or disaster would be considered by the worldly wise as superstition.

When successful in any special locality little or no attention is given to the fact that previous residence and prosperity in that particular place had created a center that would attract elements of success. Often without knowing the underlying cause some one will carelessly remark, "That is a lucky place."

So are centers formed from previous defeats and disasters that will attract failure and disappointments. There is in every breathing, living thing, and in man, a subtle element which is left upon every object they

touch, without which it would be impossible for the dog to perform the familiar feat of finding his master or of trailing a bird or of tracking a deer. By concentrating these elements, through repeating the same deeds or a long residence at one place, and a continued business in the same locality, these elements gain strength to attract of their kind, be it of good or of ill, of success or of failure.

Napoleon seems to have intuitively grasped this fact when he commanded the sentry box to be destroyed in which three sentries had successively hung themselves.

The News of some time past, commenting upon the death of Judge Dickinson of Waco, Texas, says:

"A curious fatality has attended the official service of nearly all the Judges who have presided in this district in the last twenty-three years. The first was Judge Oliver, who, after a stormy time, resigned. Judge Banton was appointed to succeed him and died. Judge Prendergast was appointed, the lines of the district were changed and he was legislated out of office. B. Saunders was elected and resigned. Judge Alexander was elected for the unexpired term, and was succeeded by Judge Rhymes, who served one term and was re-elected and resigned. Judge Williams was appointed for the unexpired term, was elected, and was succeeded by Judge Dickinson, who died after less than two years' service," and the News truly remarks that it "suggests a curious condition of affairs," and it is wonderful to every one who is ignorant of the occult and its laws.

We read of a sulky engine: "Railroad men at Mc-Keesport say locomotive No. 166, now being used in the Pittsburg yards of the P. V. & C. road is a 'Jonah.' " Says the Pittsburg Post: "During the by no means extended career of that engine it has killed six men and wounded seven others. In addition to this the engine began 'sulking' in engineers' parlance, and was abandoned by her crew. Another team was put on the unlucky engine, and last night she ground up an unknown man at Ormsby. His remains had hardly been gathered

up when the engine 'sulked' and then cut off a brakeman's hand. She was sent to the shops, where she broke down a trestle the very first thing. Her fires were drawn and she is now comparatively harmless. Several men at McKeesport say it is as much as a man's life is worth to tackle No. 166 when in one of her moods."

Barbers tell us that after much use, and without a known cause, razors get "tired" and must be put aside for a time before they can be again used. But few persons would like to inhabit buildings that had been used as hospitals, and while one might insist on going contrary to their intuitions, and regard the feelings as superstition, it is usually found that persons with every manner of afflictions will be attracted to it.

By keeping in a positive condition of mind, or by exercising a determined will of resistance, one may escape unharmed, but this few can do; and, furthermore, a vast amount of force must be expended that could be used for better purposes. When combatting these unseen forces, one is in far more danger of being baffled than benefitted.

There is a trite saying "that is never rains but it pours," when either fortunes or misfortunes follow in succession. There are days when everything will go wrong, and others that will be over-run with visitors; and, again, days will go by when no one will call. These little things which are daily transpiring in our lives are given scarcely a thought, at least as to the producing cause.

Incidents of the above named character have been experienced by too large a number of persons to be ignored or lightly cast aside, but they strongly indicate that there is a connection between the seen and the unseen—between the realm of cause and the world of effects, which can not be broken.

Humanity has, age after age, been stumbling along, "the blind leading the blind," and it seems to be time to intelligently examine the causes of what is usually termed "strange freaks of nature."

True, there has always been a crude, superstitious class of people who hold fast a belief in ill or good

"omens," who have brought the subject into disrepute through ignorance and misunderstanding. These have created a prejudice in the minds of thinking, intelligent persons, and has prevented many from taking any active interest in investigating the underlying principle.

It is a hopeful sign, however, that the experiences of the uncultivated class of minds is fast becoming the experience of a more enlightened class, who have learned "That there is more in heaven and earth than is written in our philosophy." Many of these are capable and honest and brave enough to step forth and inquire into the hidden causes of this class of phenomena.

There has been and still are "Mystic Brotherhoods" who are learned men and earnest, patient students of the Occult, who from their experience and observation believe "that every fragment of matter in the universe represents a corresponding atom of spiritual existence, that this realm of spiritual being is the essence, force and real substance of the material; they allege that there are Spirits of the earth; Spirits of the flood, of the fire, the air; Spirits of animals; Spirits of planets, Spirits of the atmosphere and planetary Spirits. They assume that man being an epitome of the universe, his soul is composed of all the elements that are represented in the construction of his material body, so his Spirit as a whole is far superior to the Spirits of earth, water planets, animals, minerals, fire or air.

If this be true, which we are not prepared to disprove, then man, whose organism contains something of all else, and being superior to everything below him, he should also be master and control the lesser elements about and beneath him.

Should this be a fact, then it is reasonable to suppose that one person who may possess more of some particular element than another, would be a stronger magnet to attract certain other elements than the one possessing less. Perhaps this might account for wealth coming to some without effort; sorrow and disappointment to

others without any known cause, and what is called accidents, with no disposition nor power to resist.

Herbert Spencer says: "That only in a doctrine which recognizes the unseen, unknown cause as co-extensive with all order of phenomena, can there be a consistent religion or a consistent philosophy." He does not consider investigation into the mysteries of the unseen degrading to any knowledge of the seen. It is frivolous, unthinking minds who follow in the lead of established opinions who are prone to treat the subject with scorn.

Of this boundless, unseen realm which enfolds this little world of ours, how ignorant we are of what it contains, and its effect upon the life of mortal man, for all we know it may be peopled with beings, although invisible to the material eye, that might be as natural a part of the universe as we, coming and going on our streets, through our fields and forests, and in and out of our habitations, as if they were their own natural homes; therefore, none should be in haste to limit any possibility.

Returning to the idea of one person possessing more of a particular element than another, we find that while men are alike in form, they vastly differ in mental and spiritual characteristics. While much of this disparity is due to inheritance and environments before and after birth, yet apart from these there are other causes that have baffled learned physiologists. May not some of this difference arise from the preponderance of some particular element in one person, and a deficiency of the same element in another?

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes: "Some natures partake of loadstone without alloy; another steel, gold or iron; other natures of mud or clay. Others are of granite. Any skillful soul geologist may detect the metallic traces in men and women, and can act upon the character of a soul's topography accordingly. Can map it with some accuracy. Can fathom its wealth. Measure its barrenness. Indicate the presence of its mines. Discover its forces. Account for its deluges. Prophecy its earthquakes, its volcanoes."

Perhaps if man possessed more knowledge of the nature of the elements attracted to his body, and knew more of the unseen realm which is immediately about him, and its influence upon the seen, he might by his superior will become master of life's essences and energies, renewing and refining them until he attained physical immortality.

Just as the above article was completed, friend Conlon called, and with him a man in whom he was much interested, he having manifested mediumistic gifts of an unusual character. This man was a foreigner, and expressed himself very imperfectly in English.

Soon after being seated, he informed us that Spirits were present, but he could give no description of them as they were not clothed. Upon questioning, we found he meant they were formless and had never been born; during our conversation he would make all kinds of motions with his fingers and hands, and frequently take from his pocket a small blank book and make strange characters, which he told us was writing done by these formless Spirits. These characters were neatly and artistically made. He informed us that the writing which had been done at that time was a record of what had just taken place of his visit and experiences.

We spoke of the article that had just been written, and he said it was true, that everything had a corresponding Spirit, which was its life. The man seems to be a pantomimic or gesticulating medium, consequently the manifestations were neither very instructive nor interesting.

The object in referring to it is to illustrate the principle of "like attracting like," even in the thought realm. The ~~writing~~ ^{writing} on the same subject had formed a center to attract of its kind. This might be called a coincidence did it not occur so many times. Perhaps if the reader will take notice he will find such experiences of frequent occurrence in his own life. Thus it has become a trite saying, "that it never rains but it pours," or that "neither pain nor pleasure come singly, but in whole battalions."

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

“What will ye bring, Oh, angels,
To soothe the troubled breast?
We will the cherished loved one
From the mansions of the blest!
Like a wandering dove returning,
We shall nestle in each heart;
They will feel his blessed presence,
And their sorrow shall depart.”

It is often pathetic to witness the emotion that even a single word may call forth when coming from some dear one dwelling over there. There came one day a sad-faced woman clad in deep mourning, seeking for her departed. She took her seat hopeless and dejected, saying she expected nothing; that she had made every effort to hear something from her dead; that if they lived, they were deaf to her appeals. Then, after some moments of silence, raps announced that slates were wanted; one being secured and held, on it was instantly written only one word—“**Sweetheart.**” This excited the deepest emotion, and for some time tears flowed freely and fast—tears which had long been pent up by a sorrow too deep to be thus assuaged. These were tears of joy! When relieved sufficiently to speak, she informed us it was the name by which her husband always addressed her before his departure, and that it was worth to her more than a hundred written pages. However, she received many other evidences of identity and comforting words, and went on her way rejoicing.

At a seance, with only the family present, one of them saw a mountain slowly rising from our feet until its towering summit had reached the sky. On this stood an angel in flowing robes, and with beckoning hand. All along the mountain side were Indian camp-fires, and the words, “Come up higher; climb fearlessly, climb,” fell gently on the inner ear. On giving a seance the morning

preceding this we suddenly seemed to be enveloped in smoke and cinders; so real did it seem that we got up in alarm, fearing the house might be on fire, but it was not the case, and both smoke and cinders disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as it came. On resuming the seance it was written: "Don't fear the fire, it will not injure you." About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while giving another seance, smoke and cinders began to come through a window near by. This we found to be real, a house across the street being on fire. We at once began to get what was most valuable to save, when the morning seance was called to mind, and all fear of loss was gone, and no further effort was made to gather up anything with a view of saving it from the flames. We did not at the time understand the vision of the morning, nor the message, and had forgotten it until the time of the real fire. The building burned down, but ours escaped without injury, and although nearly stifled with smoke we were saved the trouble of moving from the house we occupied to some place of safety.

Some years ago Judge McDaniel of Houston, Texas, sent for tents and wrote us to join them for a few days' camp-life at some sulphur springs not many miles distant. We accepted the invitation; two or three wagons were loaded with servants and everything needful to make camp-life a comfort and pleasure. Nor were the slates and table forgotten. In camp arrangements the table was placed under a large, spreading, shading tree in front of the dining tent, where the mornings were spent in holding sweet converse with our Spirit friends.

The first seance held, an Indian giving the name Black Wolf announced himself, and gave us a warm welcome. He said he owned the acres there and that we could drink of the water and eat much fish and game. After a few days of feasting, both spiritually and materially, one morning the Indian requested us to vacate the grounds, that other pale faces were coming. He was warmly thanked for his hospitality, and preparations was at once

began for our departure. We had no other knowledge that others were coming except that which was communicated by our Indian friend, yet as we were leaving they came. These were from a distance, and were strangers, which would have made a longer stay quite disagreeable. In America the Indians seem to take an active part in Spirit communion, perhaps because this is their country.

Friends, we who have felt the truth of Spirit communion ringing in our souls, and thrilling our being with intense joy, need no "Seybert Commission" to investigate and tell us if it be false or true. Neither any other scientist to demonstrate the fact, any more than we would need them to prove a sound of the sea, a grand symphony of colors, a starry night, a glorious sunset, a gentle breeze, or the sweet breath of a flower.

We know, not only from external evidence through the phenomena, but also from internal evidence, that it is a divine, heaven-sent truth, and were all knowledge of it today wiped from the face of the earth, we would be a hopeless, miserable people.

Others who wish may doubt and theorize and experiment as to the whys and wherefores, the whences and the whithers; let them continue "to kill the bird to find the song," if they so will—we prefer to enjoy it. We know that bye and bye, when our capacities to receive are enlarged, all the seeming mysteries attending Spirit phenomena and philosophy will be made plain.

We dislike controversy. It mars the beauty of life and estranges loving hearts. True, we should be at liberty to express honest convictions, but should at the same time willingly grant to others the same privilege. Of all people, Spiritualists can and should be the most tolerant, when they remember how they once doubted and scorned.

TO MOTHER, IN SPIRIT LIFE.

Come to me, my angel Mother,
Let me feel thy touch again,
That can charm me like none other,
Soothing all my grief and pain.

Come and sing the old songs over—
That were childhood's lullabies—
I am here a lonely rover,
Pining for a love surprise.

Not the love of fickle maiden,
That may perish in an hour;
But affection heavy-laden
With a deep, enduring power.

Bring to me the same sweet greeting
That in earthly years was thine;
Let me feel thy fond heart beating
All in unison with mine.

Come to me in early morning,
And again at dewy eve,
For thy presence I am yearning,
Leave me not to pine and grieve.

List thee now to my appealing,
Dost thou hear me when I pray?
Is thy warm love o'er me stealing,
When I think thee far away?

Answer me, my darling mother,
If thou canst by any sign,
Let thy homesick earthly rover
Feel thy presence, so *divine!*

—A. Harter Reynolds, Auburn, N. Y.

AN EVIDENCE OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL
POWER OF LITERATURE.

The following statement, taken from a French journal, is a remarkable example of the effect of literature on sensitive minds:

"Alexander Dumas published some time ago in a daily Paris paper a novel in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the slow and gradual symptoms were most naturally and touchingly described, and great interest was felt for the heroine.

"One day the Marquis Dalomiu called on him. 'Dumas,' said he, 'have you composed the end of the story now being published?'

"'Of course.'

"'Does the heroine die in the end?'

"'Of course; dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?'

"'You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe.'

"'I can not.'

"'Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughters.'

"'Your daughters?'

"'Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live, too.'

"'Come, a life to save is a temptation not to be resisted.'

"Dumas changed the last chapter. His heroine recovered and was happy.

"About five years afterward Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"'Ah, Dumas!' he exclaimed; 'let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is,

that fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jean d'Arc. Yes, she is married and has four children—'

"'And my novel has four editions,' said Dumas; 'so we are quits!'"

It is said "the press and pulpit sways the world." Then what a sacred responsibility is resting upon both. In the face of such a fact, how dare authors to write and the press to send out literature of an injurious or demoralizing character? Can it be that the mental appetite of the public craves such food?

It is painful in looking over not only the secular papers and publications, but also those professing to be on a higher plane of life, to find them filled with descriptions of every manner of crime, and repulsive events. None who read of them can be benefited, while many are injured and demoralized.

That a great number of persons have become wise enough to leave such articles unread is a hopeful sign that the present custom of the press giving details of crimes and misdeeds will in time give place to a more healthy, elevating class of literature.

○

INDIVIDUALISM.

While to a reasonable extent individuality is commendable, like all other good it can be perverted, misused and abused. Especially is this manifested in what may be termed privileged individualism. As a principle of political economy, unchecked individualism becomes tyranny. When there is the individual privilege to engage without check in any enterprise, there will be found thousands of human beings who would exclude and oppress their fellowmen.

The moral code forbids man, if he be a giant, from knocking a lesser one down upon the street; if a man has eyes and possesses the other senses, the moral law will prevent him from driving over a poor blind man or running down and injuring a cripple; but so far there is no moral or political law that operates in this country to

prevent the giant speculator from knocking down and crippling every effort of his weaker brother, who honestly refuses to take any advantage of his fellowman. It is **privileged individualism** that now mercilessly walks over the man who is honestly trying to live, and willing to see others live, that is being crippled and walked over and ground down into the dust and mire of commercial greed.

This giant goes forth taking his choice of the fruit of all industry and is watchful that the benefit of all that the toiling hands of labor has produced shall go to enrich the monopolist.

Truly it is time to check this giant, who is eating at the heart of our nation. There should be a tax placed upon this aggregated power of wealth and none upon the hand of toil. Then the ability to accumulate and aggregate a large surplus in capital whether money or property would become a public benefit. It should be so arranged that beyond that which is recognized as a necessary income for the comforts of life, there should be geometrical ratio taxation, so it would not be easy but rather difficult for any man to become a millionaire.

While this might seem opposed to the principles of freedom, it must be borne in mind that it is to its **abuse** that remedies should be applied.

The true ethics of liberty permits every one to do as they please, when not trampling upon the rights of another, and when that is done they must be restrained. While taxation of the excess of wealth is not the highest nor final step in this particular field of reform, it is the best under the present conditions and unfoldment of humanity.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas! the season so dear to childhood, and one which stirs to kindly deeds the holy emotions of older hearts. Christmas! so free from sordid self opens wider the door between the visible and invisible life. Christmas! with love and peace and joy. Even the poor outcast of

earth feels the gleam of warmth that shines out from more favored hearts, and they connect some happy past with the painful present, making it less bitter. Christmas! so old, yet renewing its youth with each returning season. Yes, Christmas came and with it, mortal friends, came your arisen loved ones and joined in your rejoicing.

With us while dwelling below it was, as it now is with you, more custom and tradition than true worship. With us in Spirit Life it has a more sacred significant meaning. It is not only used as a season for the exchange of loving greetings and precious gifts from the heart of love, but as a time in which to recall some saving truth which had been born into our soul. We hail its return with a spiritual joy which is still childlike and trustful.

Christmas! glad season of rejoicing! Perpetuate it, mortal friends. It is prophetic of the higher spiritual enlightenment which is to be—which the Christ Spirit and principle will inaugurate. The ancient customs and superstitions will be supplanted by the new, without the destruction of what is of spiritual worth in this anniversary, but will raise it to a higher standard. Spiritual unfoldment will break the bonds of dying use and leave an anniversary to celebrate the progression of the soul from darkness and doubt to the clear light of love and truth.

Man will then see the Christ Spirit shining out in the face of his brother man, and the nobler worship of **service** will take the place of the superstitions of the past.—Spirit Editor.

“The pure, fresh impulse of today,
 Which thrills within the human heart,
 As time-worn errors pass away,
 Fresh life and vigor shall impart.
 New hopes, like beauteous strangers, wait,
 An entrance to man’s willing breast,
 And child-like faith unbars the gate
 To welcome in each heavenly guest.

"The new must e'er supplant the old,
 While time's unceasing current flows,
 Only new beauties to unfold,
 And brighter glories to disclose;
 For every crumbling altar-stone
 That falls upon the way of time,
 Eternal wisdom hath o'erthrown
 To build a temple more sublime."

SPIRITUAL PARAGRAPHS.

In the present limited Spiritual unfoldment it is not possible for but few to realize what is meant by the "ministry of angels." Their many methods of approach and loving helpfulness. They are the unseen companions of our daily life; the willing partakers of all our losses and crosses, its joy and bliss. They are ever striving to call forth the divine within man. Spirit influence can be traced on every page of human life. Not to the extent, however, of making mortals unconscious automatons, but aiding them in the unfoldment of their selfhood; deterring them from the evil and inspiring them to seek for the good.

"It may be true that 'God helps those who help themselves,' but God does not make slaves of men or misuse his powers to enrich himself." To become one with Him, "He expects all his descendants to do as he does—labor for their own needs, and not impose on others, or own homes in which every brick cost a human tear."

There is an education of the soul, which if neglected all other knowledge will be found superficial, even as chaff when the golden grain is crushed out. The mind should be trained to look upward for something loftier than material objects that will gild it with an immortal glory.

Some measure of truth may be found in every system of philosophy and human institution, and the earnest investigator should without prejudice seek it everywhere, and in all things throughout the boundless fields of nature. True, some are more receptive than others, but to the least is bequeathed a spark of divine light which may be kindled into a glowing flame. Each one has some measure that may be filled from the ever-flowing fountain of truth. No mortal nor immortal has truth in its beauty and fullness, and each is dependent upon the other for what is possessed.

The demand of the Spirit World today is that cleaner hands shall knock at the door of the inner temple. Humanity is called upon to purify themselves—to come up higher.

In animals what is called instinct or unconscious intuition is an unerring guide, and man should accept it as his infallible umpire. Through its silent admonition he will find the true way and enjoy the quiet and ease that can not be disturbed by doubts nor distracted by fears. Intuition is the voice of God in the soul of man. It is a well of living water, whereof when he drinks he will thirst no more. It is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which will guide him safely through the world's tangled wilderness to the promised land, and it is the channel through which to commune with those gone before.

Love is as immortal as life, and in the fair summerland of the soul it is ever being renewed, increased and strengthened by feeding on new beauties and unfolding in wisdom. Every object is illuminated by its glory. The stupendous mountains, quiet valleys and winding streams are steeped in its warm rays. Happy childhood congregates and play in the rosy atmosphere in this natural home of the blest. Many mothers who have left their earthly homes and darlings look upon their smiling

faces with touching tenderness as they call to mind the dimpled cheeks of their own for whom they patiently wait.

From the numerous and various thoughts and theories sent forth from different minds to enlighten humanity, some grains of truth may be sifted from the enormous amount of chaff. These will in time blossom out in beauty; meanwhile every lover of truth should look within for light to guide them.

Through a knowledge that the healing power of life or of God in life is absolute when fully co-operated with by faith, when it is realized that the divine power is superior to any disease or injury, then healers will be successful when commanding the afflicted to "take up their bed and walk."

There are persons in every condition and occupation of life who while possessing much that is false, also possess some truth which should not be condemned because mixed with error. To find and appreciate truth one must be willing to investigate all things, to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Learn to separate the wheat from the chaff—to lay aside prejudice and accept truth from whatever source it may come.

Men will be disappointed who expect reformation to begin in what is termed "higher circles" and work downward. Those filling high places feel no need of change. It is the "common people" and those under the heel of oppression whose minds are first awakened to human needs and the possibility of their attainment.

Communion between the two worlds has liberated the mind of man from long-cherished errors and stimulated new hopes and loftier ambitions. He is beginning to realize as never before the higher needs of his nature, which when not appeased will dim every other joy in life.

In healing, many methods appealing to the imagination have long been before the public. It is unnecessary to name them, as they may be read in the newspapers. There are without doubt many poor and illiterate people in various countries who possess the power to heal. These men and women of no culture, no medical training, have been known to cure diseases which have baffled medical authorities, yet so easy does it seem to heal in this way that it is seldom if ever appreciated.

"The spiritual or divine universe is a reality, with which man maintains his correlation by the diviner side of his life, as he maintains correlation with the physical universe through his material body and its external senses. As the latter is 'of the earth, earthly,' so is the former of the heavens, heavenly, and heaven being the home of divine love, man's correlation therewith depends largely upon the element of divine love in his nature. Hence it is that the divine faculty is more fully and frequently developed in woman than in man."

Influences at which the interior nature revolts, whether exerted by mortals or immortals, should be firmly and courageously resisted, and thus will be attracted other intelligences, who will inspire with noble thoughts that will elevate the soul, reflecting a benign influence upon the community in which that one lives. If these uplifting influences were more welcome and appreciated, there would soon be a heaven upon earth and no need of having to wait for it until the change called death..

Through what mortals call space are many crossings; beings, once mortals, but now of more ethereal mold, are ever traversing these heavenly highways, bringing to the earth-land dwellers tidings of hope and joy. God's messengers, these. They come and go, so many times unfelt and unseen by the earth dimmed eye of those whom they uplift and bless. To those who can feel and see, how magical is the touch of these "vanished hands;" how ten-

derly do they deter from evil, and lead to purity of life; how gentle the inbreathing of consolation and the renewal of departing hopes. Pity the poor hearts who are strangers to them.

“Thus in the darkness, the mud and the clay,
The root of the lily is hidden away,
But the blossom comes out on the breast of the lake,
So the Lily of Life, when the soul shall awake,
Shall arise from the darkness that held it below,
And upward and onward rejoicingly go.

“And now of the soul, do you still question why
Man passes through clay on his way to the sky?
And out on the lake ask the lily so white
Why it lives in the mud ere it reaches the light?
Both Lily and Soul say, ‘By Wisdom and Love
We pass from the clay to the sunlight above.’”

While the Spirit World is similar to the material, and as real and natural, yet all things are clothed in finer and more beautiful forms, giving out more divine expressions. Every resurrected soul is inspired and impelled to shape their unfolding lives after these sublime types.

The present process of crowding the minds of childhood with the customs and ideas of others has well nigh stamped out all originality and individuality. Crushing out self is daily weakening the mental forces and causing unnumbered physical disorders.

All things are said to be possible with God, and as man is a temple for the indwelling Spirit of God, who can determine the height or depth of his power? When the human temple is kept clean and pure, who can say to what extent the divine spirit can be made manifest? When man becomes so spiritual that his life flows tranquilly in the divine current, he will find all labor easy and every burden light. Those who live wholly in the

material and in the senses can not avoid the sorrows consequent upon that plane. Dwelling more in the inner life will enable him to overcome material environments.

Love never unfolds its beautiful pinions during its brief stay upon earth. The germs of that sacred emotion can only be recognized. The divine love in human hearts comes forth in its beauty and fullness only when the warfare of mortal life ceases and the cross has been transformed into a crown.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS.

While writing matter for this issue of the magazine, the grandchildren have been around, urgent in their demands for pencils and paper and busy as we addressing kind letters to Santa Claus and happy in anticipation of the result. The older ones, coming in and out, with planning of some glad surprise. Indeed it seemed that the Christ Spirit was brooding over the land.

It is a happy thought that once in the year comes a time when every one wants to make some other heart glad, and we think the desire has been gratified. Both givers and receivers seem to have been equally blest. Then was the air filled with bright anticipations of the New Year. Both have come and gone, leaving many sweet memories. We thought of the subscribers of this publication and hoped they were enjoying both Christmas and New Year.

Friends, did you ever think why all rejoice and welcome with feelings of delight the incoming year. The young, the mature, the old, all give it a warm welcome. There seems to be an innate, but unrecognized, feeling in each that they are nearer **home**.

.. We wish you all a Happy New Year. May it be one of prosperity and peace. Be patient with us, should the magazine not always appear when due. You will get your twelve numbers, and as punctual as possible.—Ed.

AN EXPLANATION.

Friends of the person who received the message, "To the Masonic Fraternity," which was published in the October issue of this magazine, and who had long known of the existence of the message, have inquired why his name had not been given? To this we reply, he has near relatives who oppose Spirit communion, and in deference to their opinions and feelings the name was withheld; yet the receiver was well known as a Mason who possessed a high order of moral character, both in and out of the fraternity. He was also known as an open and avowed Spiritualist.

Many years ago, perhaps fifteen or even more, this person began to receive a series of messages, to which was attached the name signed to the one which was published. They were continued from seance to seance for at least four years. The writings were of the same style as is the one which has been published—singular characters being interspersed now and then. There was also given a strange drawing of what purported to be the first Masonic apron.

The receiver of these messages informed us that he had the most positive proof that the writings were given by a Mason, and one, too, of high degree. Some writing came of which he made no copy, and which we were not permitted to read. Of the others we were furnished a copy.

These writings would furnish the material for quite a large book, and they were highly prized by our faithful and fraternal brother, whose chief ambition was to put them in printed form as a monument to his memory. Many times he offered to supply the means if we would publish a magazine and give space from time to time for the messages. This we were not prepared then to do, as we had too much unfinished work of our own.

The good brother is now a resident of the Spirit World. The last conversation we had with him he informed us that he had sent the first part of these messages to a Spiritualist paper for publication. If memory serves us

right, it was to the Progressive Thinker. Soon after this the storm came, which, it is probable, destroyed the other writings in his possession, and which has rendered what remains unpublished in ours, illegible. It is so torn and defaced that only a sentence now and then can be read.—
Editor.

“THE NEW NAME.”

By Dr. George W. Carey.

“And his name shall be in their foreheads.”
“And I will write upon him the name of my God.”
“And I will write upon him my **new name.**”—Revelations

A soul struggling up to the sunlight—
Up from the mire and the clay,
Fighting through wars and jungles,
And sometimes learning to pray—
And sometimes a king with a scepter,
And sometimes a slave with a hod—
Some people call it Karma,
And others call it God.

A beggar ragged and hungry,
A prince in purple and gold,
A palace gilded and garnished,
A cottage humble and old—
And one's hopes are blighted in blooming.
And one gathers the ripened pod—
Some call it fate or destiny,
And others call it God.

Glimmering waters and breakers,
Far on the horizon's rim,
White sails and sea gulls glinting,
Away till the sight grows dim,

And shells spirit-painted with glory,
Where sea-weeds beckon and nod—
Some people call it ocean,
And others call it God.

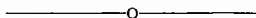
Cathedrals and domes uplifting,
And spires pointing up to the sun,
Images, altars and arches,
Where kneeling and penance are done—
From organs, grand anthems are swelling,
Where the true and the faithful still plod—
Some call it superstition,
While others call it God.

Visions of beauty and splendor,
Forms of a long lost race,
Sounds and faces and voices
From the fourth dimension of space—
And on through the universe boundless,
Our thoughts go lightning-shod—
Some call it imagination,
And others call it God.

Vibration of Etheric Substance,
Light, flashing through regions of Space,
A girdle of **Something**, enfolding
And binding together the race—
And words without wires transmitted,
“Ariel”-winged, Spirit-Sandaled and Shod,
Some call it Electricity,
And others call it God.

Earth redeemed and made glorious,
Lighted by Heaven within;
Men and angels brought face to face,
With never a thought of sin—
Lion and lamb together lie
In the flowers that sweeten the sod—
Some of us call it Brotherhood,
And others call it God.

And now the sixth sense is opened—
 The seventh embraces the whole—
 And clothed with the Oneness of Being
 We acknowledge dominion of Soul—
 And in all of life's phases and changes,
 And along all the paths to be trod,
 We recognize only one power—
 One present Omnipotent God.



THE DOUKHOBORS.

There seems to be a revival of the spirit of ancient knighthood in the Doukhobors, yet it surpasses them in self-abnegation. Instead of being mounted on chargers with gilded trappings, as were the knights of old who went forth in search of the "Holy Grail," these poor pilgrims have left their homes on foot, exposed to the rigor of a Canadian winter. They are wearily tramping their way, carrying the feeble and sick, and subsisting on bread and water in a vain search for the Christ. These honest, simple-minded, deluded people have in their zeal substituted the literal for the symbol. This recalls to mind a beautiful and pathetic legend of ancient knighthood, which reads:

"After spending the greater portion of his life in many different climes in a fruitless endeavor to find the Cup of the Holy Grail, thinking that thereby he was doing the greatest service he could for God, Sir Launfal at last returns an old man, gray-haired and bent. He finds that his castle is occupied by others, and that he himself is an outcast. His cloak is torn, and instead of the charger in gilded trappings he was mounted upon when as a young man he started out with great hopes and ambitions, he is afoot and leaning on a staff. While sitting there and meditating, he saw the same poor and needy leper he passed the morning he started, who in his need asked for aid, and to whom he had flung a coin in scorn as he

hurried on in his eager desire to be in the Master's service.
But matters have changed now, and he is a wiser man.
Again the poor leper says:

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alm ;"
The happy camels may reach the spring ;
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-bleached bone
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone,
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said: "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree ;
Thou also hast they crown of thorns—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.
Mild Mary's son, acknowledge me,
Behold! through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes,
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosy,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust ;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheat bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood up before him glorified,

Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
 Himself the Gate, whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in Man.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
 "Lo! it is I, be not afraid!
 In many climes, without avail,
 Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
 Behold! it is here—this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body, broken for thee,
 This water His blood that died on the tree;
 The holy supper is kept indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need;
 Not what we give, but what we **share**,
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with alms feeds three—
 Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

Note—According to the mythology of the romancers, the Sangreal or Holy Grail was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, and for many years was in the keeping of lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Sir Arthur's court to go in search of it.—James Russell Lowell.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We received a nice, well written letter from our little girl friend, Josephine Cronk of San Antonio, Texas, also another box of beautiful flowers. She writes: "My Dear Mrs. Finck: I send you some glories (morning-glories) for your Thanksgiving. I hope they will bring you some

cheerful moments. You can use them to decorate your curtains and make your room beautiful. Mamma says she would like the same treat she had three years ago on Thanksgiving, when she had a sitting with you and talked with our dear Spirit friends. We all send love to you, and would be very glad to see you." We again thank the dear child. The flowers indeed gave cause for thanks, and many are sent her in return.

That Thanksgiving Day spent in San Antonio—the first after our great storm—will also be long remembered. The kind mother prepared and sent to our rooms a nice turkeys, with many delicacies, for which we gave thanks. So, kind hearts and loving deeds are ever giving cause for thanks:

These loving deeds, like bread which has been cast on
The water, will return again;
The wave that bore it out to sea,
Will bear, dear child, a blessing back to thee.

We thank Mrs. Francis Day of Henderson, Texas, for her kind remembrance—for Christmas card, letter and its contents.

Esteemed Friends, the Finck Family, the Spiritual Reformers of Galveston, Texas: I wish to thank you for a copy of The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian. I am a seeker after Truth, Light and Liberty, and it does me good to know we are gaining ground all over the world. I am always ready to help out in this glorious cause of the old but new light. If you see proper to send me some advertising matter for free distribution, I will gladly try to place it where in my opinion it will do most good—without money and without price on my part. Wishing you every success, I am truly your friend,

S. C. D. BORDEN, Centralia, I. T.

We thank the brother for his kind offer, but we are giving free at the present time all that we are able, and even more than we should in justice to ourselves. What we need is means to sustain the publication.—Editr .o

A SPIRIT CALL.

By S. C. D. Borden.

Ye Spirits, from the other side,
Come help our lonely bark to guide ;
For we are tempest tossed.
Come, dear ones, lend a helping hand,
Till safe across this dreary waste,
That we may not be lost.

Oh, help the weary and forlorn ;
Come, help us through the pelting storm,
To a land of joy and mirth,
Where love and truth shall ever be ;
Where some are bound, but all are free—
Away from sin-cursed earth.

Thou'll come to us when in great need,
Through realms afar, with lightning speed,
If we but watch and wait.
Thou visit old and young in years,
To heal the sick and banish tears,
And open wide the gate.

But here upon this narrow realm,
This sin-cursed earth, has took a hand
To hide thee from our sight ;
But all thy friends who live below
This prejudices will overthrow,
To sperad this glorious light.

Tho' round about on every side,
Our enemies will dodge and hide ;
Yet posing as a friend.
Oh, God, whose home is in each breast,
Come forth to give us peace and rest.
And let our trouble end.

Milburn, Texas, Nov. 24, 1902.—Mrs. Sue J. Finck, Galveston, Texas.—Dear Sister Finck: Please find herewith postoffice order for \$1.00, for which please send me *The Reformer and Humanitarian*. I sincerely hope all the Spiritualists of Texas will take a lively interest in your magazine, and give it the moral and material support it so richly deserves. I have known you for years through our mutual friends. I hope to see you in person some time. Accept the kindest wishes of your friend and brother.

L. M. CRAVENS, Sr.

P. S.—Will try to send you a lot of subscribes soon. C.

Mrs. Kate McDaniel of Houston, Texas, writes:

My Dear Spiritual Mother: What has become of you? We have been looking for you—expecting you to spend the winter with us, but have neither seen nor even heard from you. This morning, however, the magazine came, and when I was too busy to read it, but it was your hand that had penned every word in it. Shut out from the world, in the innermost, had they come to you, and my soul hungered to read them. I felt that you had set at the foot of "Jacob's Ladder," while the ascending and descending angels were through you ministering to humanity, and I held the book in my hand and absorbed some of the holy influences it brought. I know you must some times think of me, for you are constantly in my thoughts.

Yes, dear friend and daughter, you are remembered. Neither are forgotten the many times that we have sat together at the foot of the ladder and been fed with the bread of life, and caught some gleams of the glory of the eternal. How we wish that all might be so fed and lifted up. This Sababth morning, the question came to my mind, why all the spiritual instruction given out even on this **one day** in the seven was of so little avail, and this response at once flowed into my mind: "If one be **lifted** up, all men will be drawn unto them." Yes, that is the secret underlying the success of every reformer and teacher: To be first lifted up themselves!

Dr. George W. Carcy will please accept thanks for the beautiful poem to which his name is affixed, also for the interesting pamphlet, "Biochemistry, the Natural Law of Cure," which explains how cures are effected through the chemistry of life. He is a lecturer and author of "The Biochemic System of Medicine." If he is as good a healer as he is a poet, we think his success is assured.

We presume that our readers have seen notices of the foreign missionary, Baba Bharati, with which the press is now filled. He is said to be a typical high caste Hindoo, who has come to America to make converts to his religion of "Love." While a successful journalist, having won fame and name, he became a convert to the Hindoo faith and a follower of Krishna. Says the Sunday News: "From journalism to ascetism is almost an impossible leap. It is like jumping from pole to pole." Yet Baba Bharati made it. He gives a thrilling description of his journey on foot of a thousand miles to the holy land of Brindaban, passing through jungles and laying on bare, hard ground in the forest, pillowed upon the roots of trees, and says he slept as never emperor or millionaire slept—slept like a baby. After twelve years' worship of Krishna, upon the heights of the holy Himalayas, after living in a hut in the forest of Brindaban, with other holy men and hermits, he comes to inspire others with the beauty and sacredness and power of Love. We trust his mission will not be in vain.

THE MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

This is the first time since I was released from my mortal body that I have been able to communicate in this way, yet I have often been with my dear ones of earth, manifesting my presence in other ways.

My interest in those of earth and my joy in these of this better land seemed to divide my power, but I have overcome that obstacle by concentrating my forces. The knowledge gained while in earth life of the fact of Spirit

communion was of untold service to me. I knew what the change meant, and just what to do, and how to do it. I felt so thankful to be free, felt like I had been released from a dark prison; my mental faculties were free to think, and to give expression to my thoughts, and it seemed that I could take in the whole universe, so broad and free had life become, but I had need to draw in and center my new-found power before I was able to write here in this way.

I want first to say to Charley that our dear Spirit children and I are much with him, while he knows it and feels our presence, I want to assure him of it in this more material way. Charley, we are glad that you have held to the old home. It is the best place for you. There together we passed our young days. There we enjoyed much and sorrowed more, and no other place would be home to you.

I am rejoiced that our dear children who are still in mortal life are so ambitious in their efforts to prepare themselves for lives of independence and usefulness, and I am thankful that you have given them the opportunity to do so. Yet our dear Shasta must not be overlooked nor her needs disregarded.

I want them to know that I am still watchful over their interest. Yes! more than when I was visible to their mortal eyes. Often when my precious son hesitates I am able to drop the right thoughts into his mind. Darlings, we are ever helping you all along the ways of time by impressions and inspiration. My dear Susie says, "I will never get used to doing without my mother." My child, don't try to get used to it, for you will never, never do without me. In Spirit we shall be still together, planning and working in the dear old way. You should try to realize this.

I have met your mother and father, Charley, and many old friends who had come before. Judge Henry sends you a kind greeting. He seems to be lost. A stranger in a strange land, knowing not what to do. Often I am able to be of service to him, which is rendered cheerfully.

I find the power growing weak and must close. I send my soul's warmest love to my dear ones of earth, and say, ever think of me as living and loving you all.

ADA CROSSMAN.

There is a reader of these pages, a mortal man, with whom my spirit has long been associated. To him I would say: My dear sir, why be mute when there is so much we might say through brain and pen that would help to enrich human thought? All ideas that tend to the uplifting of humanity should be freely and honestly expressed, and thus added to the commonwealth of the people. Why, my dear sir, remain silent?

ALPHONES.

While being with my dear companion, holding her hand and guiding her footsteps down the hill of mortal life, I have been in close touch with our State and nation. Sadness fills my soul, mortal comrades, when I behold the dignity of statesmanship so engulfed in iniquity, and the honored flag of the nation trailed in the dust. The increase of poverty, wealth and crime is causing honest men to think as never before where they are drifting. Many who are not able to see beneath the surface regard with distrust and even awe the steady concentration of the world's great wealth into the hands of the few, while the many exist in woe and want. I would say to these: Be comforted; our still beloved nation has not been given up to the rule of ruin. There are yet patriots in mortal form, who are now being joined by those from Spirit land. Statesmen, reformers and messengers of truth are treading the earth-land paths, breathing into the souls of men a clear and healing atmosphere.

They are not coming to engage in the conflicts of war, but to stay the shedding of blood and human strife, and to aid in establishing a reign of order, peace and justice. The present aggregation of wealth will be turned to a wise use, that will ultimate in a blessing to the whole humanity. The sordid gatherers are now busy pre-

paring for the further and higher fulfillment of co-operation. Be patient, mortal comrades, while these are unconsciously doing their work and hastening the advent of a new era. Yes, a new earth in the exterior life of man, and a new heaven in his interior life.

When the strife and conflicts consequent to the transition has passed away, the nation's emblem will no longer represent a bird of prey, but a strong, beautiful eagle, soaring high above the present ignoble desires and ambitions of man. I send tender greeting to every mortal comrade who is waiting and watching and working for the incoming era, when fraternal affection and reason and intuition will banish from our grand nation all iniquity, poverty and crime.

ANSON JONES.

I am permitted to send to my dear wife, Caroline, a few words of cheer. It is a great joy to me that while she is bravely and trustingly treading the walks of the earth life, seemingly alone, that she can realize my presence. When neglectful of her own comfort and interest, I am able to throw about her my protecting influence. Caroline, don't waste your forces on frivolous minds, for them a pleasant pastime. The hungry souls are many; endeavor to supply their needs. Your mother is here, and joins me in sending you the strengthening power of love.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT OF THE WORLD INVOLVED.

The Higher Thought, Evelyn Arthur See's and Agnes Chester See's journal, published at Kalamazoo, Mich., will in its January issue give a complete review of the recent position taken by the Christian Science Church in withdrawing its healing practice from the certain classes of disease, with a view to man preserving Life within himself, that he may not through the influence of this strange act come to doubt the sufficiency for him of the

God in him; and, also, further aid to the seeker in Truth and to protect him in the thought of his own faith, the review will trace the cause of this retrograde action to its real source.

All the newspapers and magazine reviews of the action will be comprehended in the consideration given, and the full light of the whole situation brought to focus so as to be clearly seen.

There has been no single action in any modern movement of so deep import and of such far reaching consequences as this. **and no reader or student in the New Thought should fail to read this consideration of the great and momentous question involved.**

Every student in the new thought should read this January journal.

There will be no free samples copies of this issue. They can be had at the regular price—five cents per each copy.

By special request, the above notice has been given a place in this edition. While not a disciple of Mrs. Eddy, there are thousands of others who are, whose rights should be respected. If the Christian Science movement be of God, or the good, it is vain to oppose it; if not, it will come to naught. It should be the privilege of all to believe and practice what they please, free from persecution and misrepresentation, so long as they do not infringe upon the rights and liberties of others.

From the Public, a secular paper, whose editor is broad-minded and progressive, we copy the following, which we think is quite pertinent to the present discussion of the Christian Science leader:

“Why is it that so many educated men are so feeble at distinguishing differences? An example occurs to us in connection with the recent proclamation of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Science leader, in which she advises her followers to bow before hostile public sentiment to the extent of allowing the employment of physicians in the treatment of infectious and contagious diseases. There is nothing in the proclamation to indicate that Mrs. Eddy

hasn't as much faith as ever in the efficacy of her teachings. It ought to be perfectly plain to any fair-minded man of intelligence that this is no recantation. On the other hand, it is a manifest mark of respect for the rights of others. Since others than Christian Scientists fear these diseases, and have no confidence in her theory regarding them, a persistence in her methods would subject them, at any rate in their own minds, to the danger of sickness and death. She therefore proposes that their right to protect themselves by their own methods against infection and contagion, even though she thinks those methods superstitious, be recognized by her followers. Her conduct in this matter should command respect. It is infinitely more exalted than the narrow behavior of many of her adversaries, who regard her teachings as superstitious."

In this same paper the editor defends the rights of magnetic healers. He says: "One blow has been delivered by the Supreme Court of the United States against the autocratic policy of the postal department.

"The question came up from Missouri. A magnetic healer at Nevada, Mo., was denounced by the department upon charges of fraud and his mail stopped. As usual in these cases, though the legitimacy of the man's business was at issue, and its prosperity at stake, he was denied every right that is involved in the principle of 'due process of law.' He was not brought into court upon the charges of fraud, and subjected to a jury trial, but his property rights in his business were arbitrarily confiscated by a bureau clerk at Washington, a thousand miles away. This clerk decided that the business of magnetic healing is fraudulent, and ordered all the advertiser's mail to be withheld from him, to be stamped 'fraudulent' and to be returned to the senders. In other words, the department clerk, upon his own say so, stopped a business which, upon its face, is as legitimate as any other healing business. This advertiser promptly did what every other person who has been arbitrarily outlawed from the mails ought to do. He sued the local post-

master. The lower court decided against him, but the Supreme Court has reversed that decision. As the contest was upon a demurrer which did not raise the question of fact as to whether or not the business was carried on fraudulently, the final decision in this particular case is still in abeyance. But the Supreme Court does decide that injunction will be granted to prevent the stoppage of mail matter until the question of fraud in each case has been duly tried.

"This is a long step in the direction of enabling innocent people to protect themselves against the Russianistic methods of the American Postoffice Department."

It is cheering to know that there are strong, brave soul who, while they may differ with others as to beliefs and methods, that are so imbued with the spirit of justice that they can sink all differences and personalities and boldly declare for the principle which is involved. To such men and women the American people owe the perpetuation of the liberty which was handed down to us by our forefathers.—Editor.

STRANGE STORY OF A DREAM.

The Remembrance of a Figure and a Scar Seen While Asleep Saved Her Life.

A certain lady of letters, well known to some in Utica, in company with a number of congenial companions, was passing the summer at a mountain resort in this State. She and her companions, who were also ladies engaged in literary pursuits, agreed that each morning they would meet and relate their dreams of the night before, both for the purpose of making scientific observations and for the interest of the thing itself. Doubtless if the ladies had pondered the maxims laid down by the father of his country and had understood that one in which he forbade the revealing of dreams, they would have followed his illustrious example. But if they had this anecdote would have never been told.

The symposium was held regularly every morning, and was the source of considerable amusement. One, day, however, the lady first referred to, who may be called Miss Gale, came down with a troubled countenance, and when her friends demanded the records of her sleeping hours she refused to tell them. She had a dream of a very bad omen and did not wish to depress them as she had been depressed by its recital. There was a flutter of excitement, of course, but the refusal was final.

On the morning after Miss Gale appeared still more disturbed, and in answer to the questions of her friends, she said that the dream had been repeated. She still refused to reveal it; but when the vision appeared on the third successive night, she became quite nervous about it, and was persuaded to make it known.

"The dream that I have had three times now," said Miss Gale, "is this: I seemed to be sitting at my window in the upper story of the house where my home is, watching the passers in the street. Soon a line of carriages appeared coming up the street, and when I looked more closely I saw that it was a funeral procession. I regarded it idly, but became more interested when it halted in front of the house where I was. I noticed distinctly the appearance of the train, the drivers with their black hats and gloves, and the hearse. The hearse backed up in front of the door, and the undertaker's assistant, who was sitting in front with the driver, jumped down and opened the door. Then he looked up at me, and I saw that in front of his cap was a number 9. He had a deep scar across one cheek. 'Are you ready?' asked the man. I was greatly startled, and while I was trying to say something in reply to the question I awoke."

The effect of the story upon Miss Gale's listeners was depressing, but after a while one of them remarked upon the saying that "dreams go by contraries," and the unpleasant thoughts were laughed away. The dream was not repeated again. The vacation passed pleasantly, and the remembrance of the dream grew indistinct, and when Miss Gale returned to her home and the cortege of her

vision did not materialize she quite forgot it. Several months later she had occasion to visit Chicago, and while there took advantage of an opportunity for inspecting some of the public buildings. One day she left her friends on the first floor of one of these buildings, and went up to the fifth floor to see some particular object of interest. Having finished her inspection she waited with several other people for the elevator to take her down again. When it came the other people got in quickly enough, but the man who had charge of the elevator thought Miss Gale was too slow.

"Well," he said, "are you ready?"

Like a flash the memory of her dream came back and she looked at the man astonished. Then she saw the scar upon his face and the number 9 in his cap.

"No, no; not yet," she said involuntarily.

The man slammed the door impatiently and the heavily laden elevator started downward. It had not reached the next floor before the cables parted and the whole machine crashed to the basement. Four persons were taken out of the wreck dead.—*Utica Herald*.

MEDIUMSHIP.

A Consideration of Its Idiosyncracies—An Earnest Plea for More Honesty Among Investigators.

In the psychic realm it is as impossible to plant thistles and gather figs as it is on a material plane. Many make grave mistakes in seeking spiritual knowledge without the use of their spiritual faculties—seeking to obtain divine things through human energy and selfish motives. Such investigators can know nothing of spirituality and are generally dissatisfied, leaving the medium spiritually impoverished. It is to the hungry and thirsty soul that much is given. To the earnest lover of truth for truth's sake will good Spirits most readily respond. To provide

conditions for pure Spirits to communicate, it is just as needful for the investigator to be truthful and honest and spiritual as it for the medium.

Years ago, in 1875, when we first came to Galveston, there lived here a Colonel —, who was regarded as a leader in Spiritualistic circles. He was an open and avowed disciple of the cause. A man of high social standing and intellectual ability and a staunch advocate for the purity of both Spiritualists and mediums, but unfortunately he would dictate to the Spirits and was usually dissatisfied with both Spirits and mediums. He would advertise for mediums, and some came, but none suited. The last of these was an automatic writer. The Colonel kept her in seclusion for his own private benefit, but day after day her hand would rapidly scribble and no intelligence could be obtained. His patience gave out, and he exclaimed: "Can't you spell? Try—write house, h-o-u-s-e!" At once the hand wrote house, house, and continued writing house during that seance, and at every seance held for three weeks after, at which time the medium was discharged and the Colonel learned that he could not command obedience from dwellers on life's other shore. Others equally egotistic approach mediums thinking their social position and wealth should entitle them to special privileges as investigators. One such writes: "I need some advice on financial matters; and while I have no faith in your line of business, I will give you a trial. Inclosed find 10 cents." Had the letter not contained the money it would have been thrown aside without notice. I promptly replied:

"After thirty-five years of successful service in my line of business, I decline to be put on trial. Sir, be assured that mediums are not frauds, neither is Spiritualism a delusion. Inclosed find your 10 cents."

Then come others wanting fortunes told, who must be made to understand that Spirit communion is not fortune telling, and is on a higher, holier plane. Others write to make engagements, signing assumed names. Some come, giving fictitious names. If all the deception and fraud

practiced by investigators was not so many times fraught with unpleasant results it would be ludicrous. As it now is it is pitiful. It takes strong moral courage in the make up of a medium to resist the contaminating influence of such investigators. Happily, however, there are many noble-hearted men and women who would scorn to resort to deception whose presence in a seance is a benediction and who by their purity of motives attract wise counselors and loving Spirits. With a little care all mediums may determine the honesty of purpose of one who desires a seance by the influence a letter or their personal presence always brings. If that be pleasant and uplifting, their motive is good. If repulsive, such better be shunned. By observing these sensations much that is hurtful in mediumistic work may be avoided.

Mediums possess a most precious though perilous gift. Let us each strive to use it for the uplifting of humanity, and making life better and brighter here and now. A Spirit on being questioned about the rap wrote:

“What of the mystic sound you hear,
 When to you we come so near?
 It is the click of the unseen wire
 From realms to which your souls aspire,
 Be that high or low, to mortal call
 Responses will come—the rap will fall.”

—Editor.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Ever since the establishment of this office we have desired and hoped that some time in the future we might be able to send out from the office and from the State of Texas some Spiritual publication. But after that terrible calamity of 1900 we were so broken up and dispirited we had given it no further thought.

However, soon after our arrival at the McDaniel home one morning the editor awoke and lying by her pillow was pencil and pad, upon which was written what was after-

wards put in print and used for a circular, which was sent out to some of the liberal minded for approval or rejection.

Whether this writing was done by myself during sleep, and was a production of my own brain, or whether my hand was used as in ordinary automatic writing while asleep, or whether it was done by some independent intelligence, I would not say, but it gave birth to the magazine.

We have, as before stated, been guided by the counsel of those in Spirit Life who are associated with us in its publication, concerning our own articles and also those contributed to its pages. Likewise do we consult with them about the fitness of advertisements sent. We have had some excellent articles from friends which were considered too radical; others were pronounced to be too personal.

For the information of these and other friends who would like to contribute to the pages of this magazine, and who we earnestly desire should do so; also for those who would favor us with advertisements, the circular will indicate the nature of such articles and advertisements as will be in harmony with the spirit of the publication. Such will not only be acceptable, but most thankfully received and highly appreciated.

Let us, friends, give our experiences and opinions without rudely assailing those of others. Let us endeavor to supplant error by giving truth, as we see it, in a broad, tolerant spirit. Each and all of us are still investigators. Still seeking for more light and truth.

The circular is here reproduced in part:

Ever since Pilate asked that important question, "What is truth?" men have cried: "Lo! here! and lo! there." Thought has been agitated and advanced; creeds have been established and multiplied. Destructive and cruel wars have been waged by man against his brother man that his ideas might be forced upon the minds of another. Especially has this been so in regard to his spiritual convictions. These wars and persecutions have dimmed the pages of human history and darkened and deluged the

world with blood. They have arrayed man against man and have poisoned his soul with hate. Then came the fierce battle of words, with a continuance of more or less persecution and social ostracism. That battle is still going on, and yet is being repeated that old question, "What is truth?" From hundreds of platforms throughout the land is reiterated the reply, "Lo, here." Minds not accustomed to think for themselves have become confused and go recklessly from place to place, from creed to creed, and from ism to ism in search of some light to guide them through the mental and spiritual wilderness, which is tangled and well nigh impenetrable with opposing ideas. In the great intellectual strides made by mortal man there has been but little time or room for thought on the higher, nobler question pertaining to the nature and destiny of the human soul. Men have been prone in all ages to follow some leader and to pay some other man to do their thinking on spiritual subjects. So the personal cultivation of tender and beautiful emotions and aspirations of the human soul has been neglected and overshadowed by the grosser and material ambitions for wealth and place and power. Therefore, man has not advanced in morality and spirituality as fast as in intellectual acquirements, arts and inventions. And it is many times questioned whether the world is growing better. It will not be the design of this publication to answer this great and time worn question, "What is truth?" but to exchange with others who are seeking for it thoughts and experiences that may lead to its discovery. Doubtless there is more or less of truth to be found within every association, creed and organization ever instituted by mortal man, and also a vast amount outside of them all, and no one of them can rightfully claim a monopoly. We, from our point of observation, would say the first cardinal fact and basis of all reformatory movements, should be a recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. We shall earnestly endeavor from time to time to glean some sheaves of truth from the vast field of thought both seen and un-

seen, outspread before us. Our object is not to tear down but to build up. To endeavor to erect a grand temple of truth in our own souls and try to help others to build one in theirs. A temple whose foundation is love and holy aspiration, and whose dome will forever point upward. Let us cease the useless waste of the precious life forces in the unholy combat, one against the other, and strive to rouse to action our higher, better selves, and see what the magic power of love can bring forth. We shall condemn no one for their beliefs or disbeliefs. No word of censure no abuse shall ever mar the pages of this work. We shall state our honest convictions and that of others who may be moved to express theirs in the same broad spirit of tolerance. With our inherited tendencies and after environments we believe that each one has lived and are now living their best. We would, therefore, ignore all imperfections and errors in faith and practice and try to stimulate to action all that is beautiful and elevating in each human soul. We would endeavor to realize, and assist others in realizing, some of the heaven that all long to enjoy, here and now. Our creed embraces the whole human family, and our one article of faith is a belief in the power of love to redeem the world from suffering and error. Through this avenue we would enter human homes and human hearts and counsel with them. By walking and working harmoniously together, the mortal and immortal, we may aid in answering that still important question, "What is truth?"—Editor.

After this had been shown to and read by Mrs. McDaniel, we held a seance for slate writing, during which we received the following message:

My Mortal Sister: With your loving service and kind assistance we have at last been able to establish a new center of force, from which to draw both spiritual and material strength to enable us to succeed in our work. After rendering your attending band of Spirits some needed help of a material nature, we are now prepared to work more effectually in the psychic or soul realm. It is our desire to give to humanity some knowledge and expe-

riences of human souls who are disrobed of their bodies of flesh, and have entered into the higher, finer life of the Spirit. We desire likewise to counsel with mortal friends as to the best ways and means of bringing more joy and prosperity into lives now darkened by poverty, sorrow and doubt. We would do this through the press in magazine form. We shall not, however, give up our present work, but shall use it as an auxiliary to this new enterprise. Yet our present mediumistic work will be restricted to the earnest seeker for spiritual enlightenment, and in giving comforting assurances to those who mourn for their departed that there is **no death**. This restriction has been observed since the breaking up of the former center of force. For months we have been resting, broadening out, and otherwise preparing, my mother medium, for the contemplated work, and likewise preserving material which was expected to be given in book form, which was damaged by the recent calamity that visited Galveston, Texas. From this we shall glean much that will be of importance to humanity in investigating life, and its laws, both here and hereafter. My brother has long been planning and working to enable him to publish either a Spiritual paper or magazine, but we offered no encouragement. **The time was not**. Now we see it is propitious. He is for the first time situated and conditioned to begin and carry on the work of publication to success. He has been impressed that there was some work waiting for him to do and has requested a message from the Spirit side. Both myself and those who will render assistance on the Spirits' side of life have referred to Sam Houston, "The Spiritual Knight of Texas," to give his opinion of the name, "**The Texas Humanitarian**." He now has it under advisement, and requests that mortal friends should also express a choice of names. Mother is requested to copy and send this to my brother, Andrew. —NED.

On receiving this message, the business manager and publisher of the magazine added to the circular: "In compliance with the wishes of the Spirit World, we have

consented to commence the publication of a monthly magazine—"The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian."

* * * We do not enter upon this enterprise for the purpose of making money, but for the good that we and those who have gone before us may do in enlightening and preparing humanity for that everlasting sphere of life yet to come. * * *

After the seance with Mrs. McDaniel, who is herself highly mediumistic, she proposed the immediate arrangement of the papers, which had been dried and preserved. To better do this, she brought from below a basket, in which was put pellmell pads which were in pieces and pages of writing which had been locked in the lower part of my desk and in a measure escaped the ravages of that terrible calamity. (We will here state that all writings and papers not in the desk was a total loss, among which was the manuscript of a book, lying on the upper part of the desk, and which had been completed and made ready for the printer the afternoon previous. This part of the desk had been left open and when the roof of the house and windows had been swept away by the fierce winds, the manuscript went also, as was evident from the fact that some of its pages were afterwards found about two miles distant among other debris, one of which was sent to the writer. It was a portion of the preface to the book, all mud-stained and scarcely legible, but which is treasured as a souvenir of that fearful storm.) The basket with its contents was placed next to the wall by a window, between a table and the writing desk. On crossing the width of the room to the opposite side, lo! the basket came gliding after and struck my feet quite a blow. Thoughtless of the cause, it was replaced, and the room recrossed, when again it glided after and against my feet with still greater force. This unusual manifestation was thankfully received. It was not in the dark, but in a bright, sun-lighted room.

We would say to the reader, unless life be a delusion, of one fact we are assured, that our so-called dead live and can and do manifest their love and presence to those who

dwell upon earth. Thousands of others do not **believe**, but **know** of the fact. With this as a foundation let us each help the other to build.

We have neither the time nor disposition to enter into controversy concerning any matter in these pages. A **necessity** is upon us to **give** what we receive. None need to accept, neither should they accept, anything that does not appeal to reason and intuition. We are all investigators—seekers for more light and truth—and by an honest, unprejudiced exchange of experiences and ideas we shall greatly assist each other in our search.—Editors.

“Oh, where is the angel recorder?

And where is the watchman and warder,
 That is charged with the keeping of souls?

And what is the mystical meaning,
 Which the thoughtful in spirit are gleaning
 From the force that all nature controls?”



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OR

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AND

MANIFESTATIONS.

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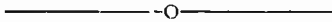
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