

The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

Humanitarian.

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JAMES M. FINCK, Spirit, }
ANDREW A. FINCK, Business Manager,

Published Monthly by A. A. FINCK & Co.
Printers and Publishers.

409 21st Street, Galveston, Texas,

To whom all Business Communications should be addressed.

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

Entered at the Galveston Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Vol. 1.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, MARCH, 1903.

No. 8

SPIRITUALISM.

The world hath felt a quickening breath
From heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death,
Return to earth once more,
For this we hold our jubilee,
For this with joy we sing—
"Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! death, where is thy sting?"

Lizzie Doten.

The anniversary of Spiritualism seems an opportune season to recall a communication received by A. J. Davis from the illustrious and ascended Spirit of Benjamin Franklin in relation to the establishment of communion

India and Ancient America show the essential similarity of all religious systems of the ancient world.

Price 15 cents.

For Sale at the Office of A. A. FINCK & CO., Galveston, Texas.

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PROF. WILLIAM DENTON SPEAKS AGAIN.

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This pamphlet contains chiefly extracts from the writings and orations of Spirit William Denton, who came in fully materialized form and wrote or spoke upon the themes mentioned below.

He wrote in some instances at the rate of 680 words per minute. This is of itself strong evidence of the genuineness of the claim that the writing was produced by a spirit, for no mortal could write in long hand half as many words in a minute.

Subjects treated by Prof. Denton: First Experiences in Spirit Life. Life in the Atom—Life Inheres in Matter—What is Matter—All Forse Is One—Life and Its Origin—Cause of Magnetic Needle Polarity, Variation and Dip—Oxygen Not an Element—Evolution More or Less Perfect According to Envidronments—Unity and Dimensions of the Universe—The Nebular Hypothesis—Light in the Spirit World—Change of Earth's Polarity—Vegetation and Animals in Spirit Life—Magnetic Belts Around the Earth—The Spirit Builds the Body—Spirit Teaching—Microscopic and Telescopic Vision of Spirits. Schools in Spirit Life—Spiritualism Tends to Prevent Insanity—Character in Spirit Life—Power of Mind—Religion of Spiritualism Not a Mistake—Spiritual and Moral Universe as Perfect as the Physical—Ignorant Nations of Antiquity Full of Saviors and Miraculous Wonders—No Soul Lost.

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O

REVELATIONS FROM THE ETERNAL WORLD.

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The anniversary of Spiritualism seems an opportune season to recall a communication received by A. J. Davis from the illustrious and ascended Spirit of Benjamin Franklin in relation to the establishment of communion

between the two worlds. We surely owe a debt of gratitude to that exalted Spirit intelligence which should not be neglected. High up in the heavens he did not forget the need of mortal man, and labored earnestly and diligently that man might **know** he could not die. A. J. Davis says:

“By direct influx or impression from the highly accomplished Spirit of Benjamin Franklin, I learn that we owe principally to him the discovery of this electrical method of telegraphing from the second sphere to the earth’s inhabitants. The substance of my communication with him, on the 6th dy of Jnaury, 1851, was as follows. I give his own words faithfully rendered:

“‘In searching out,’ says that great mind, ‘the numerous manifestations of spiritual presence among the multitudinous sects and nations of the earth, I perceived that the great **general** principal of aromal intercourse has been observed, but never particularly understood by Spirits (the so-called inhabitants of this sphere) when they have from time to time communicated. In compliance with the great, inextinguishable love I feel for scientific research and exploration, I have steadily, with calm and fervent joy, progressed from point to point in this attainment by following the principles of panthia or of electricity into their innumerable windings and diversified modifications.

“‘I have contemplated this element’s mighty workings in Nature’s great nervous system; its passing from constellation to constellation, from planet to planet; its wide and mighty sweepings from the inhabitants of the superior circles of the Second Sphere to the people upon the remotest worlds; and in all its far searchings and multifarius operations I have seen **God**. These wonderful and soul-absorbing observations have also been made by individuals far more distinguished for intellectual accomplishments than myself, though their minds had not yet studied the application of the **panthea principles** as the

means of establishing a communication with the inhabitants of earth.

“But the time having now arrived when numerous minds upon that planet, the earth, were prepared by the advancement which the various sciences have made there—the magnetic telegraph appearing as a herald before—I suggested to my companions the propriety of demonstrating, upon that birthplace of the human mind, **the doctrine of immortality**, to the end that man’s ever-searching soul might there no more, in its early stages of existence, have its bright light clouded by the “shadows of death”—a gloom of ignorance which we, for the want of palpable evidence, had ourselves experienced on the earth. And I proposed the opening of a material instrumentality which would be of universal **use** to those who might desire to hold communion with their friends on earth, as all minds might be approached in this way, whilst only the **few** were approachable and reached by interior or mental communion.

“I found the German Spirits most sympathetic to this proposition, and I informed the whole circle of congenial associates of my discovery that numerous manifestations of spiritual power had been made to the earth’s inhabitants **in ages past by the panthea principle of aromal intercourse**, but that the scientific method had not been perceived nor practiced; therefore, that no permanent or essential results had as yet been obtained.

“I then listened to the serene observations of Fenelon and William Ellery Channing, who declared that from their co-equal researches into the moral and spiritual necessities of mankind, it was their knowledge that in case such aromal communication could be established the people on some portions of the earth would listen and be thereby advanced towards enlightenment, wisdom and, unity and truth. Thus I was assured and positively encouraged that the time had arrived when our **terrestrial** friends had reached that point or apex of intelligence

which would cause them to investigate whence could proceed the "sounds"—to search whence came the "manifestations"—and seek to understand and gradually practice the science of this mode of "communication," and I was assured also that the time was now past when these new things would have been ignorantly termed demonism, enchantment or witchcraft, and that in the place of the **cross** for the new, the **scaffold** for the strange and wonderful, there now stood erected upon the earth a broad and high platform, from whence the voice of truth went forth over all the land!

"When I heard this I likewise recognized that the people would not reject what they could not all understand, but that they would gather together to **listen** and to **observe** the effects pointing towards superior and invisible sources of existence and power. On perceiving all this, I unrolled the principles of my discovery and immediately proposed to select the proper **localities** and **persons** on the earth through which to begin the intercourse.

"First, I accompanied my numerous **German** associates to a position from which we (united in purpose as **one strong mind**) commissioned and directed by an exercise of our volition an aural current to produce **vibrations** in the house of a gentleman of distinction and learning in Germany. We slightly moved the bed upon which he was then reposing! We operated upon his pillow, causing "**sounds**" resembling the dropping of water! We caused vibrations or pulsative shocks upon his shoulder, and thus fairly awoke him; whereupon his agitation dissipated the aural element which at that particular time his spirit exhaled, and which we had taken advantage of for our experiment. This put an end to our then communications. Several times **subsequently** we visited the same place and person, but never again found external or terrestrial conditions favorable, and our further attempts at

that house and in that portion of the earth were without success.

“We then sought other localities. The great vitalizing and energizing essences of all organisms in Nature’s ascending kingdoms, are readily recognized by those who perpetually move in harmony with the expressions of the **Divine Principle**. Nature’s varied beauty and loveliness the breathings of the all controlling and all potentializing elements of the Great Divinity—are open to the inspiration and inspection of the progressed intellect and enlarged mind. And thus by realizing our multitudinous relations to and sympathies with the electrical conditions necessary to establish the aromal intercourse, we were attracted to various places—mostly to America. We succeeded in producing some slight “sounds” in Buffalo, but we could not at that particular time effect there the desired results. We then temporarily placed ourselves in sympathetic connection with the most spiritually in Cincinnati, but we were not able to communicate otherwise than by influx to them, and thus could influence only the few. We did not then find in that city the necessary and essential external and material conditions.

“We then passed over Western New York, and, particularly at Auburn and Rochester, perceiving there the required prerequisites, we opened the first communications which have to any extent engaged the world’s attention and interested the sceptical intellect.

“We rejoiced in the success of our experiments, especially when we found that the “**sounds**” we occasioned were drawing numbers to inquire into their origin and to seek out from whence they came; but we could not prevent frequent misunderstandings. The people, in consequence of their excitement and ignorance of the spiritual causes of the intercourse, would unconsciously to themselves glide into many erroneous decisions and conclusions, which remain in the world even now uncorrected. Neither could we prevent the almost exact human imita-

tion of our vibrations, whereby occasionally sentences were incorrectly spelled out—contradicting **our** directions to the “mediums” and in opposition to several conditions which we specified as being essential to a proper intercourse through sounds. In the midst of our directions and communications “confusion” has been “rapped” out, and our characters for **good** and **evil** were, so to speak, in a measure often at the mercy of our mediums and terrestrial audiences. I have not myself produced many vibrations.

“‘Since this method of sensuous communication has become satisfactorily established, whereby Spirits can address the **material** senses of their earthy friends, great numbers in this sphere are constantly and with enthusiastic joy imparting thoughts and affectionate sentiments to mankind. Yea, the joy and gratifications which flow from this new application of the **panthea** principle into the different societies of our divine world, and coincidentally and simultaneously into the hearts and understandings of many pure and constant minds on the earth, can not be uttered—only experienced.

“‘When the earth’s inhabitants concentrate their intelligence and mechanical skill, and construct vessels and place them under the guidance of enterprising, energetic minds, which gladly attempt the exploration of new countries and continents—discovering thereby more convenient paths or means of commerce and national communication—when men accomplish all this, and much more, and a whole nation is moved to gratitude and internal congratulations in consequence thereof, then is manifested incipiently on earth something of that **joyous sensation** which thrilled the souls of innumerable minds in this Divine Land, occasioned by the announcement of the development of this new method of imparting beautifying thoughts and affectionate sentiments to the dwellers on earth.

“‘If mankind would obtain truth and righteousness

through this new method, I admonish all to study the great sustaining principles which organize and control both matter and mind—to recognize and **obey** the unchangeable laws that govern the whole **system** of material and celestial existence. By these principles—by their unvarying teachings and lofty tendencies—the comprehensive and healthy mind may decide upon the truth or falsity of all assertions which refer to things beyond the possibility of sensous demonstration. Let all external manifestations be referred to interior principles, which should be by all men considered as the **methods** of the Divine Existence. Progress in goodness, wisdom and truth, and **fear not!**

“Through thee I now desire to remind the world of a remark that I once made to a very dear friend while we were both residing on the earth: A scepticism of the intellect concerning the doctrine of the immortality of the human **mind**—in a real and palpable state of existence and identification—long occupied my thoughts. I once knew what it is to be a disbeliever in the soul’s future life. This doubt I seldom expressed to any one, not even to my most private friends, because I **felt** the necessity of a living faith among men. I desired it more for others than for myself; my understanding seemed enough for my happiness, and to apply it well and without cessation was the effort of my terrestrial existence. But one day—I remember it well—when my mind was filled with prophetic contemplations and anticipations concerning the scientific advancements, commercial improvements, governmental progressions, and the march of education, freedom and intelligence in the country I most loved—America—I felt a strong desire to behold my country’s prosperity about a **century** from the time I conceived the thoughts of which I am now speaking. I therefore expressed a wish that some means could be discovered by which my physical body might be kept in a state of preservation and I, a thinking being, be placed in a species of sleep for the

period of fifty years, when I desired to be awakened to a full realization of the advancements of Time and of its wondrous unfoldings. Let me now say to those who remember this remark that I have more than realized my every conception of future joy, and this signifies much, for even while on earth my conceptions of joy never included the externals and superficialities of existence.'

"Thus ended this instructive communication, which every investigator of the fact of Spirit communion would do well, not only to read, but to study."

"Note—By influx, I learn from Dr. Franklin that the '**panthea principle**' signified 'divine element,' for Spirits, he affirms, consider **all** elements as modifications of one great central **principle** of Love, Will and Wisdom.

"A. J. D."

"Oh, Sacred Presence! Life Divine!

We rear for thee no gilded shrine—
 Unfashioned by the hand of art,
 Thy temple is the child-like heart.
 No tearful eye, no bended knee,
 No servile speech we bring to Thee;
 For thy great love tunes every voice,
 And makes each trusting soul rejoice.

Then strike your lyres,

Ye angel choirs!

The sound prolong,

Oh, white-robed throng!

"Till every creature joins the song."

A PLEA FOR CLOSER INTIMACY.

Mortal friends, for more effectual work it is my earnest desire to come in closer touch with you. The greatest obstacle to this is the awe with which we are regarded by our mortal friends, and even loved ones. Yet we are from your world, and its people, who were once bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; why fear us? The change through which we have passed was only putting off a

coarse for a finer body. It has not killed the old affection and interest we felt in the well being of mortal man, and the great love of our souls for those nearest and dearest to us.

While it is true that there are many who are disrobed of the material body who still retain the evil characteristics engendered in their existence upon earth, these are no worse than when with you in their visible bodies of flesh, but are much better. They having left many of their gross appetites and passions, which were of the earth earthy with the cast off body. If this crude class never sought to injure you while there, why fear them now? Live above them and they will not disturb you!

Much of the evil existing among the dwellers of earth that is attributed to the influence of these who inhabit Spirit World is found to be in the heart of mortal man. This class of immortals, however, are confined to the atmosphere of earth, and are attracted to the persons and homes whose thoughts and habits of life are congenial to them. So is every mortal attracting and entertaining those of their kind.

Some mistakenly suppose that Spirits can at pleasure take possession of human organisms and use them as desired, but the fact is that none can be so used against their own determined will.

Persons in earth life who are unselfishly laboring for the elevation of humanity attract a wise and pure class of Spirit intelligences, and open an avenue of near approach. These are ever giving strength to every earnest endeavor. Some abide with you in your homes, to comfort you in distress and to satisfy love's longings. Others return to do some work they were commissioned to do while dwelling in the physical body. To that class I belong.

I will say to all that it is far easier and better to do the earth work while on the material plane, and while possessing mortal brains and human hands, as you can use your own more effectively than you can those of another.

Be assured, friends, that each one must complete their appointed work on the redimental plane before they are prepared to take a step higher. Should this work be neglected while in a material form and life, it must be done after the soul has been released from its physical body and on a material plane.

I am abundantly blest with a medium mother, through whom I can come in close touch with the physical world and those who people it. While there my mother and I were in the closest spiritual sympathy, although I became entangled in material pursuits. I was young when called to serve at spiritual altars, and felt I could not withstand the ignorant suspicion and buffets and scorn that mediums between the two worlds must endure; and I determined to resist the influence of my wise guide. The consequence was the intelligences who were banded together to bring through my mortal organism glad tidings to mortal man left, and I was as a fine strung instrument, subject to the touch of any finger. Then, without their protecting, strengthening influence, I struggled on for a few brief years, out of my own native sphere, until the body became too feeble for further use.

After casting it aside as one would a worn out garment, I entered Spirit-life, and found that I had left my work unfinished. The joy and comfort that I had when a little child been able to bring to sorrowing hearts were the only sheaves that were borne from the earth-land field of labor. With deep regret I realized that I had ignorantly trampled under foot the grandest gift of Infinite Wisdom to mortal man, and I found no joy, no peace, only in the desire to return to earth and finish my work. Yet for some time I was as one at sea without rudder or compass. I knew not what to do.

While in this state of unrest, I was attracted to one of the beautiful parks in the fair city of Solothia. While this magnificent park seemed to have grown into existence by some internal power, so natural did it seem, it did not

incite either interest or investigation. My thoughts were of my neglected work and how I should return to earth and complete it.

Sitting there sadly musing on my past life and lost opportunities, I looked up and saw my rejected guide, who was regarding me with a look of intense tenderness and deep pity, and near him stood the former band of bright spiritual beings who once attended me. With a thrill of holy joy I greeted each of them. After the usual affectionate courtesies had been exchanged between us, my guide conducted us to a grand temple of learning, where I received instruction that prepared and enabled me to return to earth and finish my work.

I was indeed proud to be permitted a seat on the lowest step of this magnificent temple, and to look within upon the shining faces of the heavenly teachers who had earned through years of toil and persecution and suffering the privilege of the inner shrine. I looked and listened and learned with feelings of deep humiliation, but a lofty ambition that some time in the unfolding eternity I would occupy a seat by my pure and patient guide and the band of Spirit helpers whose assistance I had scorned. Each of these I saw filled some place in this high school of heaven.

Friends, I have written briefly of myself and work in mortal words, and in a human way, that I may the more readily reach your material understanding, and that you may more fully realize that we are not mere shadows, but are still men and women and children like unto yourselves, only living on a plane too ethereal for the human eye to behold. I have written as man to man and man to woman, on a subject and of a work which should engage the deepest, holiest thoughts of mortal man, and his most willing co-operation. Try, friends, to think of us as being as natural and as real as yourselves, and as existing in a world as natural and as real as yours, only finer, better and more glorious. Think that I, now free from the environments of mortality, with my true self unfettered

and in the ascendance, as living, coming and going in and out of your earth homes, working with you for the unfoldment of your inner and true selves, and also for my own advancement in Spirit-life. Each of us can help the other. We need your assistance and you need ours. Let us work together for the good of all.

We ever stand with outstretched hands
 Beckoning all to Spirit lands—
 Love finds its way through storm and strife,
 And guides it own through mortal life,
 And gives them welcome to this bright shore
 Where fear and death are known no more.
 Oh! hearts beloved, be brave and true,
 And we shall meet and welcome you—
 Not to some strange, unnatural clime,
 But to one home-like, though sublime.

Having traversed one avenue of unfoldment, it will merge into another with still grander results. Through the mists far into the unknown I have beheld other mountain paths. Dimly have I seen more enchanting landscapes, inviting me still further upward, but from all I gladly turned to my unfinished work, waiting the time when these needed earth experiences shall be consecrated to still nobler purposes and loftier ambitions.—Spirit Editor.

SPIRITUALISM IN TEXAS

During the Early Days of the Manifestations.

We are in receipt of over two hundred pages of Spirit writing and drawing, dim and discolored by age. This has been furnished through the kindness of Mrs. L. J. Lawler of Marlin, Texas, an old resident in the State, and among the first to accept the grand fact of Spiritualism. She began investigating in her own home and family and was richly rewarded by the knowledge brought from the Spirit world. She writes:

"I send you what I have left of the record we kept of our little 'home circle,' also some drawings we obtained you might say in the pioneer days of Spiritualism, and in the wild woods of Texas.

"The medium for the most of these messages was a Miss Lydia Baker of Lancaster, Texas, who attended our circle. The controlling Spirit, Rebeckah, was a sister of the medium. I corresponded with the Spirit World through this medium until she left the earth life. We had a great variety of manifestations through mediums developed in our own circle. Those who think we know nothing of Spiritualism here in Texas labor under a great mistake. We have had much of a high order and have always welcomed to our circle any earnest investigator.

"You will find communications from Abraham Lincoln. The best of these were sent North for publication, but were refused, as it was not believed there that he would come South to find a medium through which to communicate.

"I sent copies of some of his messages to the President, and to Governors of different States. We finally got them published in a French paper, the *Le Salu*, published in New Orleans, La. They came out in both French and English, and also in a paper published in Atlanta, Ga. These were the finest we got. Those in the writings sent you have never been published, nor read only by my family. Do with them as you think best. Some of these messages are personal and some to my family, but much may be learned from them. All are from Spirit intelligences and are genuine.

We find in this record under date of 1869: "I had a beautiful collection of roses in my garden—one a 'Queen Victoria,' and a great favorite. Looking out one morning I saw it had bloomed, and exclaimed with delight: 'Look, look, my royal queen has bloomed.' The next day Mrs. Torry came to visit us, and we all walked out into the

garden. When we again entered the house she gave the following poem through automatic writing:

“A WITHERED ROSE.

Royal queen of flowers, so brilliant and gay,
Your life is counted by the day—
Your beauty's fled, of bright blushes shorn,
And yet but yesterday you were born;
When all exclaimed with great delight,
'Look! look, behold the beautiful sight!'
This eve, the thoughtless pass you by
To gather brighter roses that are nigh,
That have just sprung from tender buds,
All rosy in their velvet hoods.
They sigh not o'er your faded form,
But cast you on the graveled lawn.

Poor withered rose, if you could speak,
You'd cause the blood to mount the cheek,
You'd tell them of joy divine—supreme,
Fairer than a new born rose's dream—
You'd tell them of the others blest,
That in Spirit gardens had found rest—
Of the divine fragrance wafted on
To its home in a celestial lawn,
And how the angels shout in glee,
When a withered rose on earth they see.
And gather up the poor bruised leaves,
As you'd gather up the golden sheaves.

“Now patient, loving sister, do all you can to aid us in giving this truth to others, assisted by Mrs. Torry and her father. I shall remain with you all the evening—have come to spend the afternoon—ain't that natural and earth-like? You have flowers, beautiful flowers, emblems of love, picturing the beauties of my Spirit home. Their fragrance is grateful; they keep the mind enthralled with the thought of the summer-land and its ever green bowers. You sigh to think they fade so soon. You gather up the withered petals, but the life essence has detached itself and has been borne above the clouds and absorbed

by the Spirit flowers that grow and bloom in the heavenly gardens, adding to their delicious odor.—Mela.”

From this record, under date February 16, 1866, is found a mesage purporting to be given by ex-President Lincoln, which is both instructive and significant. It reads:

“While upon earth incumbent of the presidential chair, and while the once happy and prosperous Republic was split into fragments and the bloody war was shadowing all hearts in grief, I was thought by many to be hardened to its concomitant evils; yet I had many serious and earnest desires for peace. But the glory of the nation as I then supposed could only be maintained through force of arms. That only through war could the Union be restored. I have since found that I was an instrument, and an ignorant one, in the destiny of the nation. But I acted to the best of my ability and I don't know that another could have done better. So it is, and I am now where words from me would not be heeded by either friend or foe.

“There were noble Spirits in the North who felt they were defending the nation. There were brave Spirits in the South who felt they were defending their most sacred rights. I honor all, whether living North or South, who had the manhood and wmanhood to defend their rights, or what they truly believed to be their rights. But to my countrymen I want to say, the means used to settle differences were not the wisest, neither the best. The result has been estrangement of both private and national friendship, whose wounds will not be healed until they enter Spirit life, where the actuating motives will be clearly revealed.

“The institution of African slavery had run its race, and like an aged man, whom disease had brought to an early maturity, it was ready to sink into the grave of the past. When an institution or age of religion or a philosophy fails to benefit humanity it must die. The benefits of

slaery with a few exceptions had gotten to be on the side of the slave, and the masters were sorely feeling its deleterious influence, and it was time for it to become extinct.

"Here friends and foes have clasped hands across the dark chasm, and are banded together for the purpose of forming a new government, founded upon the superior platform of fraternal love and justice. The wheels of time seem to move slowly to the desired end, but we have the consciousness of knowing that when the white form of slavery, which is fast supplanting that of the black, shall pass to maturity it will also become unprofitable and useless, and must pass away. Then will men be ready for the establishment of the new.

"There is a heavenly democracy whose influence is beginning to expand to the world of men. Political disputants here have laid down the battle ax for the superior charms of justice. Let by-gones be by-gones, and work for the prosperity that lies in the future. Study and strive to make happy homes, and we will help you make a noble government.

"Principle is the watchword and the battle cry of the angelic hosts who are now marshalled on the planes of liberty. These would emancipate the world from ignorance. The battle with mind for the supremacy of spirit, and when we have conquered the unnumbered and valorless soldiers of earth will become a harmonious brotherhood. Tell them we labor and wait.

"It may look strange to some of you that the South should be my future field of action. That in the Sunny South I should enlist soldiers and gather together battalions for the warfare of loyalty to King Emanuel. But where the wrong has been felt the right needs to be. Here I find more sympathy for the white slaves, who must in time be set free. In this conflict the South will stand in the same relation to the North that the North once stood to the South. It will be first in the struggle to emancipate the white slaves.

“Had the nation in the emancipation of the African race been swayed by the emotions of love in the place of passion and prejudice and mercenary considerations, the country would have been saved the fierce conflict of war, and the slaves freed. Had we as a united North said to the South, ‘Brothers, do as you please,’ and in the right spirit counseled with them as to the consequences of withdrawing from the Union, it would have been a thorn of sympathy which would have rankled and drawn them slowly and reluctantly back to the government, and the Union would now be more solid and permanent than ever.

“Love begetteth love, and that should have been the efficient remedy. From my present more exalted position and more extended knowledge I see that both the North and the South were transgressors. The South in its determination to perpetuate slavery. The North because possessing the greater power and authority did not extend a conciliating hand, divested of mercenary motives and all pride of authority. So it is seen that neither were blameless. From all the sad past a timely lesson may be learned, which will save our beloved nation from another bloody conflict in the coming emancipation of the white race. America will not quietly foster slavery of any description. It is destined to be a land of freedom.”

—o—

UP AND DO TO-DAY.

Those who watch, and who have waited
 For some joy that seems belated,
 The moments seem to pass but slowly,
 To these weak ones, tired and lonely.
 But to such as life has meaning,
 And endeavor not idle seeming,
 Time is short and moments fly
 Swiftly to their restless eye.

Hours to these are sacred, treasured,
 And by love's labors are they measured.
 Sit not down and idle borrow

From the good in life's to-morrow,
 But up to-day and look about you,
 For the good you'll find to do;
 Then time will pass on swiftest wing,
 And every moment pleasure bring.

—Spirit Editor.

o

**OUR HOME CIRCLES AND MEMORABLE
 EXPERIENCE.**

“More servants wait upon man
 Than he'll take notice of. In every path
 He treads down that which down befriend him
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.
 Oh, mighty love! Man is one world and hath
 Another to attend him.”

We believe, friends, there is in most lives some particular time or event that will live in memory with undimmed brightness. One of these in my spiritual experience will ever bring a fresh joy whenever recalled. It left upon my soul the deepest and most lasting impression of the tender watch-care of our departed loved ones.

It was 3 o'clock one summer afternoon when all had gone from the house, while seated in an easy chair deeply absorbed in reading “Arabula or the Divine Guest,” by A. J. Davis. This book for many years has not been only restful to me, but also uplifting and inspiring. While reading on this occasion of the death of his father, which he so graphically and beautifully describes, I plainly sensed the father leaning over me, with one hand resting upon the arm of the chair, seemingly as much interested in the reading as myself. When I first sensed this presence I was reading: “He walked out with a kind of indecision or languidity, and with the step of unconsciousness peculiar to one moving about in a somnambulistic state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child in the slumber of innocense ever looked more serene and happy. It was the expression of ‘rest’ and profound satisfaction; and along down

his shoulders and new born body there flowed and shone the same indescribable atmosphere of contentment and beauty. On reaching the open space in front of the stoop, without seeming to notice that I was observing his movements, or indeed without taking any particular interest in anything that was going on with himself, he turned to the east and rapidly glided to the side of a person who until that instant I had not observed. The moment I saw this manly, intelligent personage, I was satisfied that **his** will, not my father's, had developed all the voluntary movements I had witnessed. Unquestionably his state was like that known as somnambulism, and he did not awaken on touching the of the spiritual man, who stood waiting for him on the northeast corner of the house. Their heads were about level with the window sills of the second story. Immediately after he reached the other's side the twain rose rapidly towards the east, and passed beyond the reach of of my already retiring vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements."

Not until the reading had proceeded thus far did I see and fully realize that a Spirit from another world was bending over me, and then, with an indescribable thrill of awe and joy, I paused to look up and the Spirit with a sweet and gracious smile said: "I am so glad my son Jackson has been able to bring so much joy in human lives," and disappeared. Many doubtless will say "Imagination." All such should pause and question what imagination is, and bear in mind that **feeling** is one of the human senses. I wish for once every one might feel so uplifted.

I sat for some time quietly absorbing the peaceful and sacred atmosphere the Spirit had left; then, when I began to resume the reading, lo! I found I was blind. And the horror that came over me equaled in intensity the delight of a few moments previous. It was as being suddenly cast from midday sunlight into midnight darkness. What

was to be done with my life, blind? This was the first and most painful thought, but almost as quick as that thought suggested itself the horror and questioning was silenced, and the former peaceful feeling was restored.

How long I sat there I am unable to say, but after a time I arose and without any defined purpose felt the way to the door, to the banister of the stairs, and by holding to them got safely down; then by feeling the way passed through the door onto the stoop, and to the steps, and on the top one took a seat. This was all done mechanically—without the least thought of why! After a time I heard the gate open and the familiar voice of my daughter saying, as she came up the steps: “Ma, what is the matter?” I replied, “I’m blind.” She came near and examined my eyes, asking, “Why are you sitting here?” I am waiting for the mail,” I said, and she passed on, into the house.

Just here I would remind all investigators that they are deprived of much information by neglecting to question sensitives when in the superior condition, or are in a somnambulistic sleep. This has been proven on other occasions. Had my daughter further questioned more would have been given. I am a “sleep-walker”—a somnambulist—and at times have been two and three days going about attending to the usual house affairs as though in the normal state. Yet the while, human voices and all material sounds would seem to be miles and miles away; and remaining so long in that state is extremely exhausting and requires an uninterrupted and prolonged natural sleep in which to become fully rested. In “Lifting the Veil” will be found incidents of this somnambulistic sleep.

To return to the seat on the step, I can not say how long was the waiting, but the carrier after a time rode up, opened the gate and came up the steps. He said: “This is a registered letter; sign for it.” I reached out for the letter, and when it touched my hand the blindness left, and with it all memory of what had passed. Years

previous persons have sent sealed letters to get answers through slate writing, which were returned with the request to send letters openly and honestly; that sealed and stitched letters always brought a disturbing influence. These were requested to write if they had any Spirit friends that would and could communicate they would be glad to hear from them. This left no room for suspicion, and the influence of such letters were more pleasant. Some one evidently had informed the writer of this letter how it should be written. She was an entire stranger to us, who lived in the interior of the State. The letter read: "I have often heard of you and desired to have a seance with you, but since that can not be, please put this letter on the slate and see if any of my Spirit friends will send a message." The letter was placed on the slate, and the following was a part of what came:

"My Dear Daughter: Your mother and I are both present. I write for us both. We have been reunited in Spirit-life and are very happy to find it suited to all our needs, but we have not forgotten our dear children below. We see you worry about the land. Sell it, daughter, the first offer you have. When one owns more land than they can use, it is depriving some one else, and is always a curse to them. Sell it."

These were the main points in the message which were "tests." The message was copied, and as it was being folded to be put in the envelope the experiences of the afternoon above alluded to were for the first time since they occurred recalled to memory and the impression to write and inclose them with the message prompted me to do so.

"Some weeks after a letter came from the woman, stating that her mother and father were both in Spirit World, and that she had land that had always given her trouble, and before her father had passed away he was from time to time urging her to sell it. She expressed herself as perfectly satisfied of the identity of the

Spirit father, and concluded by writing: "The most wonderful circumstance connected with this is that my father and mother were both blind before they died."

The conditions were favorable, and these two Spirits had evidently been the active agents to influence the act of going down the stairs and waiting for the mail. They had without the least doubt in my mind looked after the letter the daughter had written, and after its safe delivery and their influence had been withdrawn the blindness which was the effect of their influence also was gone.

At one time a man came for a seance who had lately buried the form of his wife. With him came his mother-in-law, who had the care of their motherless babe and children. They were proud, vain persons, whose deep grief did not seem to have softened their feelings to the more lowly ones about them.

The wife, however, after some effort, succeeded in communicating with them. In the midst of her message the writing suddenly ceased, and the slate was put down. After some minutes' conversation as to the cause, raps called for the slate, and she wrote: "I went to look after the babe." She was asked how it was getting along, and wrote: "It is quiet and sweetly sleeping, and all are doing well; even old 'Ned' is doing his best." She then resumed the subject upon which she had been writing before going just where it had bene left off. While it was going on the husband and mother were wondering who 'Ned' could be. The mother said: "We know of no one by that name but an old hired servant on the place," and the husband indignantly responded: "My wife would not notice him." At this the writing stopped. No more was given at that seance.

We find ministers, when away from their churches and people, as anxious and many time more so than others, to receive some tangible evidence of the immortality of the human soul. Often when they think it will not be

known they come to see and know for themselves if there be any truth in Spiritualism. There once came on an excursion the president of a university and two or three of its teachers to visit our little city by the sea, and to enjoy the bathing and balmy gulf breeze. After visiting and seeing other unusual places that afforded them a pleasant pastime, they concluded to come and have a seance.

Each one made a great effort to appear to the others as though they believed it all to be a huge fake, yet beneath the seeming could be sensed a deep interest. By the special attention the president gave to one of the teachers it was quite plain that he regarded her with feelings of affection. On the first slate came a message, with the name of a wife long since gone signed to it, and that had the tendency to sober into seriousness the entire party. On the next slate came another short message, with the name of another wife attached to it. Both the president and teacher to whom he was paying attention blushed in confusion. When the third slate was read, behold! it was from a third wife, and the president said: "What is a man going to do about them when he gets 'over there,'" and this was written in answer: "Each will find their own, and all will be satisfied." The others also had convincing proof of the fact that the so-called dead live, but said that it must remain a sacred secret, as their present positions would be lost should they tell of that seance.

COUNT UP YOUR MERCIES.

Count up your mercies and set them in line,
Count them up daily and make life divine!

Rise in the morning and turn to the east;
Note all the sunbeams, the largest and least!

Colors of grandeur, and colors subdued
Blend in a beauty that's ever renewed!

Drink in deep draughts of the wonderful air—
 Courage will come from this vintage so rare;

Filling the veins with a transcendent thrill,
 Filling the spirit with masterful will!

Greet in the morning the friends that appear—
 Greet them with gladness and greet them with cheer!

Friends are a part of your mercies, you know,
 Count them all up, the high and the low!

Think of your shelter, your clothing and food,
 They are for you, and are doing you good!

Thank the All Giver for thinking of you,
 Pledge him your service as faithful and true!

Close to your heart hold the love that is pure,
 Cherish it ever that it may endure!

Cares that may come will be banished from sight,
 Only keep counting your blessings as bright!

Write your own calendar—write it all plain,
 Note all the sunshine and keep out the rain!

Hang it up there on the walls in your room,
 Look at it mornings and nights and at noon!

Let down the gladness that come every day,
 Soon all your life will be ordered that way!

Shadows will flee when you welcome them not,
 Grace and sunshine will order your lot!

Currents of joy will flow in as they should,
 And life will become an uttermost good!

Count up your mercies each day and each hour,
 Count all the trifles, for each has a power!

When order will come with the lengthening list,
 And still you will know that many are missed!

Moments will grow to be marvels of might,
Glowing forever with love and with light!

Life in its pages will surely unfold,
Days of the years writ in letters of gold!

Count up your mercies and set them in line,
Count them up daily and make life divine!
Happy New Year. —Ella Dare.

“AN EXPERIMENT WITH A “OUIJA.”

A friend of mine and I used some years ago often to obtain messages by putting our hands—a hand of each—together on what we then called an “Indicator,” but which I think is spoken of as “Ouija.”

My friend cherished at that time a desire to adopt one or two orphan girls, a project which, for special reasons, I discouraged. One day, after discussing it in all its bearings, we turned to other subjects and more or less dismissed it from our minds, and certainly from our immediate attention.

A Good Test.

Perhaps a couple of hours later we agreed to try and get a message through the “indicator,” another subject of inquiry being our special object. A name was spelt out, which we did not know, and to our surprise the message began: “I heard your conversation when you said you would like to adopt some children, and I thought you would perhaps adopt mine.” “Where are your children, and what are their names?” “They are in the workhouse at A—, and their names are Emma and Eliza.” (I think these were the Christian names.) “I died there of fever.” Neither my friend nor I had ever heard of the man and knew nothing of the place where the workhouse was situated. Some little time after this happened, a lady I knew chanced to be paying a visit in its neighborhood and I

begged her to make inquiries at the workhouse, which she did, with the result that she ascertained that a man of the name given had died there of fever at the time stated, and had left two little girls there, but they had since been removed. The spirit was not, apparently, aware of the removal.

Did space permit I could recall and record other messages, containing facts unknown to the medium, but perhaps it is seldom that an instance occurs in which any latent action of the mind is so entirely excluded as a factor, and in which no link or rapport is traceable, between the recipients of the communication and the asserted communicator. On the theory of the intercourse of disembodied Spirits with each other alone does it seem to me possible to explain this incident, and that the poor father, seeking a home for his little ones, was advised by some Spirit known to us to apply to my friend.

But if this was so neither Spirit could see the children or could have known that they were no longer at the workhouse.

The limitation of Spirit knowledge, powers and possibilities is very evident, though often surprising to those who have not fully realized that death is but an incident in the existence of a man or woman, albeit fraught with a tremendous import.—A. E. W. in *Borderland*.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

A Material Expression of the Law of Psychometry.

Long previous to the existence of the phonograph Psychometry had demonstrated the fact that every sound and every scene enacted leaves an enduring impression upon everything it reaches or touches, and that a sensitive person is able to see or feel with more or less accuracy the scenes which have been photographed on surrounding objects and to hear sounds preserved in Nature's

great phonograph by the touch of any article within the aura of the scene or within the reach of the sound.

The difference between Psychometry and Astrology is that the future has left no record in or on other substances, for its vibrations have not been put into action, therefore the sensitive, while able to read the past, the future will be a blank.

The Astrologer reads past events from aspects formed by the planets at different times, and as he can calculate to a day when those aspects will again occur, the future is as plain to him in the life of an individual as is the past, and if he has been correct in past deleniations it may be depended upon that he will be in the future, unless by due warning the individual is moved to avoid some of the evils with which he may be threatened or which may lie in his pathway. But this can not always be done, try one as they may, and the astrologer's predictions are usually fulfilled.

We have read many personal characteristics from writing, and was once given some of our own without our knowledge, and it was a blank.

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THE NEW LIGHT.

I see within the early dawn
 A light whose rays are piercing bright,
 But unbelief has closed the door
 And blinded many to the light.

As in historic days of old
 The Star of Bethlehem went down—
 The prophesy as then foretold
 Would rise again and wear a crown.

The time foretold has come at last,
 The Star has risen over the land—
 With power of thought the mind controls
 The destiny of mortal man.

The mind of man has plunged beneath
 The mystic veil of death severe,
 And stands aloft with victory crowned,
 To save us from that demon, **Fear.**

The creedal bound may rave and moan,
 And disbeliever look about,
 While mortal mind the power proclaims
 To let the fettered prisoners out.

2 The spirit of eternal truth,
 It binds up wounds—it heals the sick,
 / This light of life bears on its brow.
 And brings to man perpetual youth.

The mind—the soul—can now commune
 With Spirits on life's other side
 What prophesy so long foretold
 Has come to pass—is verified.

—S. C. Borden.

SPIRITUAL PARAGRAPHS.

The arms of every spiritual reformer should be twined each about the other in a strong fraternal embrace, while the turbulent waves of strife roll and splash beneath their feet.

Struggling and wailing through the present unrest and upheavals is the mighty spirit of humanity.

Men are not aimlessly drifting through life. There is a wise design in every act and change in human existence. In every success and every failure. The unseen force that controls the universe is not a blind force, but is an intelligent, life-giving power, compelling obedience to its lofty commands.

“Man's spiritual body (which contains his inmost being) is elaborated and fashioned by means of his various bodily organs from unatomized substance extracted

out of air, food, water and the several imponderable principles. But man's inmost—his spiritual principle—is a deific essence.”

Illuminated by the higher light of the most perfect life, a sweet peace and tender love will flow into the soul of man, lifting him above all fear and doubt. The knowledge that has been brought from the skies will enable him to work in harmony with the divine law, bringing him length of days and making him a blessing to others.

It is in the night time of despair that ministering Spirits come closest to man. They come to clear away the mists and clouds and show him some bright star of hope that beams over his pathway. When battling with the fierce storms of grief and swayed and bent under the heavy strain, the inbreathing of their pure love makes his heart throb with new hopes and ambition.

“When you have learned through your soul's deep experience that the indwelling Spirit is the source of all true living and high service, Nature, which now seems to you a vast machine, will be transfigured into the shining vesture of the Eternal, and the inner chambers of the soul, ever open to the celestial sunrise, shall be filled with its unclouded peace.”

Many question why the higher intelligences of Spirit life do not manifest and minister to the dwellers in Spirit lowlands? Some of these are enveloped in such dense darkness that pure Spirits are powerless to approach them. Others not so criminal and who desire enlightenment receive from them through impression and inspiration as such mortals do. These are often attracted to the earth formed circles, and there get their first gleam of light. Persons either incarnate or discarnate must exist on the same plane of vibration to be visible to each other. Two Spirits, one on a higher plane of vibration than the other,

may stand side by side, and neither conscious of the presence of the other. This is upon the same principle as that of turning a ball with a string attached to it so fast that one loses sight of it.

Men seem prone to live in the past. They yearn for its loving demonstrations and neglect the present and its demands. Many even ignore the manifestations of continued existence after the event of so-called death. All is left at the tomb.

"The image of a voice" in Job was prophetic of the telephone and Shakespeare's "Girdle Around the Earth" foretold the electric telegraph.

The real worth of a person is not what he has or what he has been, nor even what he does, but what he is. One may possess the gift of eloquence and speak with the tongue of an angel and give of his goods to the poor, and if love be not the foundation and center from which he acts he will be worthless, and he a sad failure.

The spiritual aspirations and questionings of mortal man bring down answers from higher realms. Nature is teeming with unknown facts, which will be revealed to every one who has the heroism to walk in her beautiful paths and the ability to discover and investigate her concealed forces.

Although the veil between the two worlds be thin, the torch of science will never gleam through its meshes. Science is a power to improve man's temporal surroundings, and meet his multiplying material needs, but the soul is ever wailing out for something beyond the touch of the physical senses to satisfy its needs, and which intuition alone can reach out and obtain.

None can use the subtle soul powers for unholy purposes only to a limited extent. The abuse of such power being self destructive, while to use such power for pure and ennobling purposes is self constructive and unlimited. Wonderful is this innate power in man that can thus enforce its own laws.

The heavenly inhabitants, says A. J. Davis, feed and breathe among the elements of eternal youth and beauty, through what you call "nerves and cellular tissue." We have some rare evidences of this manner of living here on the earth plane in the persons of Mollie Fancher and the seeress of prevoist.

It is painful to see so many who assume to be teachers who need to be taught the alphabet of spiritual truth.

Through disuse the spiritual faculties the soul elements become inactive, you would say diseased. Such as have neglected to unfold and cultivate their spiritual nature while upon earth are the invalids of the heavenly country. For these are hospitals and sanitariums provided, where they are unfolded and strengthened by wise counselors and the pure, magnetic emanations radiating from the celestial physicians.

Ensphered in your own orbit you can more easily open an avenue for the inflow of truth and feel the pulsation of pure thoughts and be able almost to hear the divine pulse beats.

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APPARITIONS OF THE LIVING.

Accounts of apparitions of living persons have been handed down from generation to generation. When these have been seen it was usually regarded by the superstitious as being a premonition of the early departure from earth-life of the one whose apparition had been seen.

From personal experience, however, we are assured that such is not the fact.

We have seen numbers of such, many in years past, who are yet living in their mortal forms; have seen them often not more than ten minutes before the person they represented would enter the room. This has been with me a familiar and life-long experience; yet until recent years, like hundreds of others, I never gave much thought to the underlying cause. The most remarkable experience of this kind occurred about thirty years ago, while standing on the stoop admiring a beautiful sunset, when I distinctly saw our next door neighbor pass from the gate of a house a block distant and immediately in front of me. This block was vacant. I watched him walk across it and until so near it seemed impolite to longer look upon him, and for a moment I again looked at the sunset, and in that moment he had disappeared. To be more assured that it was the real man I had seen, although it did not seem possible that he had time to pass and enter his own house, I stepped to the end of the stoop and asked his wife if he had come home. She said "No," and I told her my experience. "Oh," she said in much alarm, "my husband will die very soon!" While we were yet speaking he walked up. He then informed us that a few moments previous he had started home, and had gotten as far as the gate when the friend with whom he had been visiting called him back to remind him of some business arrangement that had been overlooked during his visit. That man and his family lived to be swept away in the calamity of 1900.

This was the most distinct apparition of a living person ever seen, and was visible the longest, and made a deeper impression on my mind. I began to think that there was some cause for and meaning to those subtle appearances. It was clearly evident to my mind that this man's thought of home had projected his visible form,

or some might say his astral body all along the way that he designed to walk.

Now that wireless telegraphy is throwing such a flood of light upon the problem of soul communing with soul, through the power of thought, is it too much to believe that thought, when sufficiently intense, can project the visible form and to the distance that thought can go and distinct according to its intensity? I now hear clair-audiently with the inner or Spirit ear. **This might most properly be called Independent Photography.**

“Oh, unto few the power is given
 To pass beyond the bounds of Time,
 And lift the radiant veil of heaven,
 To view her mysteries sublime.
 Yet Thou, in whose majestic light
 The source of knowledge lies concealed,
 Prepare us to receive aright
 The truths that yet shall be revealed.”

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MRS. BESANT'S HOROSCOPE.

In the Astrological Magazine for April the first place is devoted to an interesting paper on Mrs. Besant's horoscope, from which her many friends will regret to learn that the rest of her life is not likely to be any smoother than the stormy years through which she has passed. The writer says:

“From the present time to the close of the century a series of evil primary directions are formed in the horoscope and it is to be hoped that the effects signified thereby—severe illness, loss of friends, changes in life, severed links, home troubles and losses—will lose some of their keen edge when working out their destined purpose in a life already charged with so much sorrow and hardship

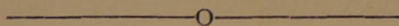
Annie Besant will live to her sixtieth year, but will not reach her sixtieth birthday, for in March, 1907, the Sun, in the eight house, meets the square aspect of Saturn by

direction, and the Moon reaches an equal degree of the sign, Virgo, thus forming an evil aspect to both the Sun and Saturn from the sixth house. The three most evil houses—the sixth, eighth and twelfth—conspire to the same effect; and in March, 1907, Saturn will be transiting the place it held at birth. The Full Moon at the end of February, 1907, will fall in the same fatal degree of the opposite sign, Virgo, and in the sixth house, on the place of the Moon by direction. The lungs and abdominal viscera will both be affected. The voice, which has been uplifted in the cause of so many suffering fellow-creatures will not have the power to plead its own, even if it would. The Annie Besant of our sketch will pass away, but the memory of a noble soul will remain in the hearts of the people, and, as we have said, her name will endure.

“As a curious coincidence, it is to be noticed that H. P. Blavatsky sailed for India in the forty-seventh year of her age, and occupied herself with the formation of Theosophical centers in various parts of the Peninsula; and now, in the forty-seventh year of Annie Besant’s age, we find her lately arrived in India, and actively engaged in the same work.

“H. P. Blavatsky died in her sixtieth year of life, and the same year in the case of Annie Besant has already been indicated as fatal.”

By giving attention to this prediction one who is interested in the science of the stars can have a test of its reality or false claims.



Marconi has just completed a new wonder in the shape of a ship detector.

By means of this instrument the course of any ship having one aboard can be traced wherever she may be in the mid-ocean. It acts on the principle of the wireless telegraph, but does not require a wireless plant to operate it. No operator is needed on the ship, the shore stations locating the ships by a system of tunings. It is pro-

posed to install this system on the leading liners and the home offices can thus know at every moment the exact position of a ship and her course.

Should the vessel become disabled it will be noted, and by means of the chart her position can be known and assistance can be sent to her. What a wonderful amount of anxiety and trouble this will save. It will be known at all times whether a ship is safe. These indeed are days of wonderful invention and discoveries in the occult forces of Nature!—Exchange.

This is but a step, if in fact it be a step, from Spirit telegraphy. The world may soon realize that if intelligences incarnate can communicate with each other without material wires, that intelligences discarnate can also hold communion with each other and likewise those which are still clothed in mortality. At last, whether in or out of the body, it is Spirit communing with Spirit.

DEVELOPING MEDIUMISTIC GIFTS.

We have letters from different persons who desire information concerning the conditions necessary to establish intercourse with the Spirit World. In reply to these inquiries, we will say the first needful step to be taken in forming a circle is to divest the mind of all material cares, thoughts and desires, and aspire for spiritual light and truth. Form your circle in the room where you feel best, and choose an hour in which you will be the least interrupted. Each person composing the circle should be in harmony and seated alternately, positive and negative, man and woman. We have found it best to begin with three or five, the odd one a negative or woman.

Then obey strictly impressions in regard to light, changing seats or leaving the circle. Some one may be impressed to sit alone or in a darkened room. Paper and pencil should be placed on the table, as some one might be moved to write. No person in the circle should allow

their **own** hands to touch, as they would not give off freely the magnetic emanations which is needful for a battery. The hands, however, should be joined to the one who is seated next to them. Talk pleasantly on spiritual subjects, but never enter into an argument of any kind while in the circle. Singing is a good harmonizer, and the Spirits have often requested us when painfully silent to sing or talk, saying they "needed our breath to help form a battery." These are about all the directions that we can furnish. Just as soon as intelligent intercourse has been established the manifesting Spirit should be consulted as to the time and frequency of meeting, and in fact every other detail.

After a few sittings, should no manifestations occur, break up that circle and form another with different persons, to meet at a different hour. Should anyone in the circle feel impressed with any evil or immoral design, that one should leave the circle at once.

We feel impressed to add some words of caution: All are possessed of some measure of psychic power, which may be unfolded by earnest, persistent efforts. But developing these soul-powers **means** more than is usually supposed, therefore persons with any inherited taint of passion or insanity should not attempt to develop, as that might be roused to action, which otherwise might have harmlessly slumbered. This may be why Swedenburg objected to ordinary humanity becoming mediums. Furthermore this awakening of some latent evil in the constitution of a person may account for the trouble that many experience after receiving satisfactory messages, that others of a repulsive nature will be given, which are attributed to evil-minded Spirits.

All desiring to unfold psychic power should prepare the inner temple of the soul for the reception of pure guests, and such will be attracted to and dwell with them. No Spirit should be permitted to use any human organism in

any manner that its possessor would not himself use it, **just because it is a Spirit.**

Dr. Dodd asserts that one in every twenty-five persons is born in a psychological condition—**born mediums**; that they live in that state, and will die in it. These only need kindly affections and appreciation to draw out and utilize their soul powers. This is as necessary for their unfoldment as is the mother's tender love for the growth and well being of the babe she hugs to her bosom.

Every human soul may unfold some psychic power by the aid of Spirit friends, and that phase of mediumship should be accepted and cultivated that is best adapted to his or her organism and spiritual advancement. This one will be **known** by it being first to manifest itself. It is a useless and expensive method to go to others for development. None can do this; they can only tell **how** it may be done. One might as well assume the task of learning for a child its lesson. If development of mediums be left to the Spirit guardian and friends, they will manage as far more wisely than can any mortal. All are just as much Spirits now while in the body of flesh as they will be when it is cast off.

Development means growth, and must necessarily be slow. Look at the development of a crop. The ground must first be prepared; then planting of the grain, after which comes its cultivation—not neglecting to uproot the weeds and bearing in mind that planting thistles with the expectations of gathering figs will be as disappointing in the psychic realm as it is on a material plane. Be natural. Eat, drink and sleep naturally.

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WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH.

I do not believe that men and women of this world, when they undergo the transition and change which we call death either pass at once to a condition of beauty or of misery, according to whether they have died in a

state of grace so-called, which is often only assumed at the eleventh hour, or have wilfully lived in a state of sin and died unregenerate. The former is contradicted by our common experience of change of character in life; the latter seems to me incompatible with our belief in a God of infinite mercy. What I believe in is eternal law of progression, which begins at birth, goes on through earthly life, and never ends through endless cycles of cycles. Undisturbed and undismayed by temporary and isolated examples of the power of evil—of the bitter disappointment that often results from the mortifying failure of good resolutions and beneficent designs, when the forces of malignity seem to triumph for the time over those of human compassion and love, when death snatches away our best and dearest, leaving the heart seared with sorrow and a vague sense of wrong, I cling with the tenacity of assured hope to confidence in ultimate victory of good over evil, and the final salvation of every human soul. Even so shall the souls of men be purified by the fire of trial and adversity, and the infinite power and mercy of God is manifested. There is toil and weariness in climbing upwards to feel the joy of gazing down upon a wide expanse of beautiful scenery, but the brain grows clearer and the eyes brighter with the exertion, and the heart is filled with the proud consciousness and strength of something achieved. So in the upward strivings of the soul, in the conquest over self, in self-purification and faith in the infinite goodness of God, the spiritual vision will be immeasurably widened, and we shall attain to sublime heights of wisdom and blissful peace, far beyond the limits of mortal conception. It is for man to work out his own destiny, but God has opened the way and fixed the goal.—Borderland.

A PHANTOM CONCERT.

The Strange Musical Sounds That Disturbs a Boston Merchant's Slumbers.

The Cincinnati Enquirer gives the following as the recital of the experiences of a retired Boston merchant, a patient of Dr. Clarke, and a man of culture and refinement. He had during a long life devoted much time to intellectual and esthetic pursuits, and was particularly fond of music and familiar with the works of the great composers. When about 80 years of age he called at Dr. Clarke's home early one morning and related the following extraordinary occurrences that had happened to him the previous night. He had retired at the usual hour and in his usual health. Nothing had occurred, so far as he could recollect, to disturb him in any way. He had partaken of his usual diet and followed his customary mode of life. Soon after retiring he fell asleep and slept well until about 2 a. m., when he was awakened by the sound of music, which seemed to come from the street near the house. Thinking a serenade was going on, he got up to ascertain where it was, but discovered nothing. The sound ceased when he arose. On returning to bed he heard the sound of music again, and was at the same time surprised by the appearance of three persons standing near each other in his chamber, opposite the foot of his bed. It was his habit to sleep with the gas light burning feebly near the head of his bed. He turned the gas on to its full power and inspected the intruders. They appeared to be musicians, who were humming and singing as if in preparation for a musical performance. He rang a bell, which summoned his man servant. John soon arrived and was ordered to put the strangers out. "There is nobody here, sir," was John's reply to the order. For a moment Mr. A— was not only amazed, but alarmed. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you see no one there?" "No

one," said John. "Go where those chairs are and move them," was Mr. A—'s next direction. John did so. The strangers stepped aside, but did not go out. By this time Mr. A— had gathered his wits about him and was satisfied that he was the victim of a hallucination, and he determined to observe its strange phenomena carefully. Accordingly he bade his servant depart and prepared to watch his visitors. But they were so lifelike and human that he was again staggered, and recalling John told him to go for the housekeeper. She came, and upon being interrogated, confirmed John's statement that there were no strangers in the chamber and no sounds to be heard. Convinced by the testimony of two witnesses, Mr. A— yielded to the decision of his reason and again resolved to go on with the investigation of the strange phenomena. The musicians had now resumed their position near the window and opposite the foot of the bed. Mr. A— turned the light of the gas full upon them. He looked at his watch, which marked the hour of half past two. He then arranged his pillows, so as to sit upright in bed, and waited for the next scene of the play. He was able to note the size, form, dress and faces of the performers. One was a large man, who bore some resemblance to Brignoli. The other two were of less size and shorter stature than their companion. All were habited in dress coats, with white waistcoats, and wore white cravats and white gloves. After a little time spent in coughing and clearing their throats they began to sing. They sang at first a few simple airs, "Sweet Home," among others. When they attempted more difficult music and gave selections from Beethoven and Mozart. Between the pieces they chatted with each other in a foreign language, which Mr. A— took to be Italian, but they did not address him. Occasionally they changed their positions, turned in various directions and part of the time sat down. Mr. A— said the singing was excellent; he had rarely heard better. After the first feeling of surprise and amazement had

passed away he enjoyed it exceedingly. The performance continued in this way for some time, when it suddenly came to an end. The singing ceased and the singers vanished. He looked at his watch and found that the time was 4 o'clock. The concert had lasted about the usual time—an hour and a half. He reflected for a while upon the strange occurrence, but not being able to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of it he turned his gas down and went to sleep. The next morning, as already stated, he called at the office of his physician and prefaced the foregoing narrative with the words, "I have to ask you, doctor, if the time has come for to step out of this world."

o

OUR MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

There are fair, sweet faces, and gentle eyes,
That look through the shadows and mists above you,
And the fond affection that never dies
Still speaks from the lips of the blest who love you."

I am kindly permitted in this way to send a father's love and greeting to my beloved daughter, Mary A. Wilson. We are all truly grateful to sometimes express our thoughts through this publication; while welcomed by those who receive, they many times create a hunger in some other human soul for spiritual light and truth.

Daughter, the needs of your present surroundings can only be filled by mother and father's care and daily companionship, and that need has drawn us closer to you. When hands are busy in the grand service, that love is ever willing and waiting to render its own, we have been quietly feeding the higher cravings of your soul. Mary, I am proudly pleased that you are so susceptible to the lofty impressions and inspirations that are ever flowing down from the heavenly highlands. These, precious daughter, infill your soul with strength and hope and courage and renew the life forces from day to day.

With a sacred joy we see you complete and put aside the material cares and labors of the day and enter the silence within your soul and enjoy its living, breathing beauty. Then is the time that we can get in closest sympathy with you and your needs.

Daughter, this is a foretaste of the true and the higher life which you are being schooled to live. When **desire** becomes a yet stronger magnet it will unfold opportunities and attract the means which will enable you to find and fill your **own** place on the plane of human existence.

Mary, after entering the Spirit World and associating with its purified inhabitants, I saw more of the beauty of holiness, and my desire and unwearied labor has been to make your soul fervently pure in thought and deed. I yearned, daughter, to lift you up into the same bracing atmosphere, and my joy is exceeding great that your willing feet have followed in the desired path. Yes! I rejoice that you stand where doubt ceases to distract or obstruct the grand achievements of your soul. You have given out the rare jewel of healing sympathy to many suffering souls, and have scattered the seeds of fraternal love all along life's pathway. Thus have you ascended far up the rugged mount of **use**. Still onward and upward is the soul's ceaseless cry. The forces which have been freely and sometimes unwisely given out for the less competent to use should be called in, and made to serve a holier purpose. All will be in demand to enable you to stand firmly as a witness to the exalting truths brought to mortal men by the angel world. This is the work you are called to do. From your SPIRIT FATHER.

Friends in Mortal Life: In the past I honestly endeavored to teach of man's relation to God, and the hereafter, but through ignorance made some sad mistakes. I taught after the instruction of men, and have found it was the blind leading the blind. I must for the peace of my soul correct the errors into which I was lead and led others.

In all my searching I have failed to find the God in whom we tried to believe, and I have found that man is not a worm of the dust and the helpless being we represented him to be, but as one possessing a soul of untold possibilities and power—souls which are destined to progress in knowledge and purity through the eternal ages.

This I might have known and taught had I not been so blinded by prejudice and fear of leaving the old customs and traditions. It is humiliating for a man who has been a teacher and leader of men in the religious world to return to his old field of labor and acknowledge his mistakes, but it must be done before any progress can be made in this wonderful world, where truth only is tolerated. No man can ascend above the material plane when weighed down with error, and the first step made to remove that weight is to frankly confess the errors, however honestly committed they might have been. Since I left the mortal body I have been trying to reconcile these mistakes with the facts that confronted me, but the effort has proved a failure, and now my only relief is to say I was wrong, and led you wrong. It is a blessed privilege to use an avenue through which this can be done.

I had no sooner been liberated from my body of flesh, than I began to realize the narrowness of all creeds, and the fact that the Kingdom of Heaven was within the soul of man. I found no heaven with its streets paved with gold, but a natural world, peopled with the friends and dear ones who had passed from the human sense and sight, many in the long ago. I asked to see God, and would have rushed recklessly forth to find Him, had I not been hurled back by a power I could neither resist nor understand. Even now my ignorance and presumption appalls me. How could I face the majestic presence that gave form and life and order and beauty to countless worlds all about me? The thought at once overwhelmed me with the deepest humiliation.

Friends of earth, I would be happy to give my experi-

ence in unlearning the false and learning the true, but my opportunity is limited; so many are waiting at every doorway that but little can be given by the one.

I see many who are mediums of communication between mortals and immortals of my old church, but unbelief has hept the door closed. One of these we are trying to open and use. Should we succeed we shall be able to say more.

I will say, look fo rGod in His manifestation all around and within you—in your brother man and sister woman—and preach the true gospel by lives of gentle sympathy and and kindly deeds.

S. M. BIRD.

I have a dear daughter and granddaughters who know about this manner of communication and who read this paper. They will be delighted to have a few words from me, and these will give them a sweet surprise. I never had much practice in writing letters, but when one's soul is as full of peace and joy as is mine, it will find some way and words to express it. My darlings of earth are ever sending out to me some loving thought, which calls to my soul for answer. I want to say to them I am fully satisfied with all my experiences while dwelling on earth. Yes! am even thankful for all of its ups and downs and its clouds and sunshine. Yet, after near ninety years stay below, I gladly crossed the line that divides time from eternity. While on that side it took but little to satisfy human wants, and my service was freely given to others, who required more. This gave me great comfort. When I was free from the old body my surprise on finding so much more than I had ever dared to expect overcame me with a feeling of intense gratitude. The home on high and my welcome to it is beyond my power to describe. My first desire was to to share it with my beloved daughter, whose home nest is now empty. Think, darlings, of my humble self immersed in the air of heaven, which was

filled with music from invisible harps, breathing a welcome born of peace and love. Such was my entrance into my heavenly home. Never shed for me another tear. God bless you all. GRANDMA SADLER.

BOOK REVIEW.

We are in receipt of a nicely gotten up book by W. S. Dague, late editor and proprietor of the Santa Paula (Cal.) Chronicle author of "Dague Tramp Bill," and several pamphlets on the capital and labor problems. It is a story entitled "Henry Ashton," in which the author illustrates by an ideal co-operative government on the Island of Zenland with how much ease the present competitive system may be transformed into a co-operative commonwealth.

In an argument between two of the prominent characters of the story, the one opposing co-operation said: "It seems to be a good and desirable thing—the right thing—but is it practical?" To which Henry Ashton, the hero of the story, responded: "Yes, it is practical because it is right. The right is always practical—the wrong always impracticable".

In another argument between these two earnest, honest characters, Henry Ashton, the hero of the story, says: "I have not forgotten your argument on the 'Survival of the Fittest,' I ask you, in all candor, can you justify the exploiting of the millions by a handful of shrewd but greedy monopolists because the strong beasts of the jungles devour the weaker ones? Is man nothing more than an animal, and a savage one at that?"

The principles set forth in this story appeal to the better, higher nature of man, and while one may not agree with the author in his method of bringing it about, all will feel that there is some way and some time coming to humanity a higher standard of living.

We regret to learn through the Philosophical Journal, published in San Francisco, Cal., of the continued illness of its editor, Thomas G. Newman, who was stricken down with la grippe some weeks ago. So ill has he become that it is necessary to suspend publication of the paper for a time. Our healing sympathy goes out to him, and we trust when this publication reaches the Pacific slope it will find him on the way to recovery. We feel loath to part with the old-time workers, even though we feel assured of their happy entrance "over there" and the glad welcome that awaits them on life's other side. We hope it may be the will of Wisdom to prolong his days and labors on the earth plane.

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