

# The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

## Humanitarian.

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

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### AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A. A. Finck & Co. and Dear Editors—While I highly appreciate all the beautiful Spiritual philosophy of your Reformer. I find only one side of Spirit Life spoken of, while there is an extremely unhappy and dangerous side seldom or ever referred to, and the uninformed trust anything and everything coming as Spirit. I have met so many who are asking for the true and beautiful to control, and then get only misleading and absurd communications, and are led to do things most injurious. I received a letter yesterday from a lady, saying that she had written several Spiritual papers asking what she should do. She had sought Spiritual truth by Planchette, and was surrounded by forces which were absorbing her very life and driving her insane. I sent her the article which you find in-

closed, containing the address of Dr. G. Lester Lane, whom I know personally, who does cure obsession. I have met his patients and know what his beautiful Spirit physicians and Orientals can do. I have seen them clairvoyantly healing the sick and obsessed. I have one of his cards and send it to you, hoping if any such cases come under your notice that for their sake you will give them his address.

In our humanitarian work we must work in the slums as well as amid flowers, and if Spiritualists ever rid Spiritualism of fraud it must warn the unfolding sensitives of the dangers of fraudulent spirits, for it is they who cause the fraud. I would be pleased to have a word from James M. Finck as to the great injury that selfish, earth-bound spirits are working. What can he see on the Spirit side of internal or external obsession? Can Spirit entities become environed within the mortal aura and brain, as some advanced spirits claim? Of course we know that Spirit can penetrate matter, brain matter, and there are instances where the mortal spirit has been displaced by another for months and years. Hoping I have not asked too much on this vital question, I remain sincerely an inquirer.

BARTON STEWART.

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In reply to the friend who would be informed of my experiences and knowledge concerning **depraved, criminal spirits** and their power to obsess mortal man, and through his organism compel him to gratify their evil desires, I will state that after near a score of years' residence in the Spirit world, and as message bearer from the higher Spirit homes to the people of earth, passing and repassing through the low-land, which immediately surrounds your earth, **I have never met, neither have I seen, what you deem a depraved criminal Spirit.**

True, there are a multitude of crude, undeveloped souls, and such as have made many mistakes and fostered many errors, while in the rudimental life, and who must there remain until offended law has been appeased. Many of the disembodied continue to dwell in their earthly homes, partaking of the joys and griefs of those they love. Never, however, have I seen a **vicious one**, who would injure any mortal. And did any of

these so desire that one would find a restraining law, which would forbid such encroachments upon the rights and individuality of another.

The present prevailing an erroneous belief in obsession by spirit demons is a remnant of dark ages, which we would gladly erase from the minds of men.

As has before been stated in this publication life in the Spirit world is a step in advance of that upon the earth plane in knowledge and purity. The change misnamed death is a refining process, which leaves the gross passions and appetites consequent to material existence with the cast-off body, also quickening the Spirit perceptions, and both the pure and the impure, the wise and the foolish, see clearer and are elevated to a higher plane. Yet do the **results** of their passions and appetites remain, marring the beauty and happiness of the resurrected soul until erased through the law of progression.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that human criminals exist after passing through the chemical process of death, and have the power to prey upon the innocent sensitives of earth life, planning and executing through their organisms the darkest deeds to gratify their evil desires. Nature has a more beneficent method of dealing with the **utterly depraved criminals** of your earth. The gross elements of which these souls are composed can not withstand the refining process of death, consequently they are dissolved and absorbed in their native element. These spirits then lose their individuality and are merged into the vast ocean of universal spirit.

These consequently have no immortal life. Like blossoms on a fruit bearing tree, many of which have not the essential elements to mature into fruitage and drop off. Thus do souls void of the immortal elements drop into nonentity as individual beings, which is far better for them and for others than continued existence. The Spirit World, being finer and better than the earth sphere, is not fitted for them, neither is it peopled by them. True, there are idle, purposeless spirits, and some still bent on harmless mischief. There are ignorant souls, with no ambition to progress, who are content with mere existence. Souls, too, are here filled with remorse for

past misdeeds and lost opportunities. These inhabit the lowlands nearest the earth, and must there remain until purified and prepared to enter the homes in the Heavens.

All these, however, the rough and the polished, will by and by, through repentance and progression be awakened to behold the surrounding beauties, opportunities and uses of eternal life and action.

Be assured, friends, the dungeons of despair are among the struggling poor and oppressed of earth, and the evils, which you cry out against, and which are unjustly attributed to those who reside in the Spirit World, and which are described by your clairvoyants, are only the reflections of them upon the sensitive human minds.

In your published article you truly stated the underlying cause when you wrote:

"Let us take the hundreds of thousands of material, selfish, falsifying, profane, malicious, robbing, drinking, licentious, murderous human beings, and their deeds recorded in the world's daily papers, a small estimate of the entire number unrecorded: beside them view your hundreds of thousands of saloons, with their soul and body poison, vulgarity and licentiousness pouring from these hell centers into the homes; the vulgar theaters crowded with men only, with actresses of bold, shameless words and dress: the gambling houses, the brothels, the national, state and municipal officials who countenance wrong and frauds for hoodle: senators and representatives must make appropriations for the results of the sins they legalize: the lack of opportunity to get honest labor, thus driving to crime and suicide.

"Are the stated facts so well known, not enough dregs in life's cup to make it evil and bitter to those who by environment and heredity, who have not the insight, foresight and strength of will to dash the cup from their lips? Do we not need reformatories and the proper educational institutions for our transgressors, rather than degrading jails and penitentiaries, devoid of any uplifting influence?

"Thus by the conditions made by society and civil law a large portion of humanity become evil minded."



I am rejoiced that you are conscious of these existing evils on the earth plane and the results flowing therefrom, and a little deeper insight into the unseen will enable you to see that all obsession is of the earth, earthy.

I will again remind you that the Spirit world is peopled with emigrants from yours and that these are no worse, but better, having cast off much gross materiality, with no incentive for wrong doing, and whose chief delight consists in rendering some loving service to those still upon the earth.

While it is true that mortal sensitives do become obsessed, I repeat that the thought that it is done by criminals who inhabit the Spiritual realm is erroneous in the extreme. They proceed from the evil minds of earth and low resorts, where soul-polluting elements are generated.

Mortals should cease their bitter invectives against those who people the Spirit land, and join us in our efforts to eradicate the evils that lurk in human minds. Help us, mortal friends, to demolish your dens of darkness, wherein is generated the elements that flow out and poison human souls and fill your poor houses and prisons and insane asylums, and which **obsess your mediums.**

I have given my personal knowledge and experiences gained in Spirit Life, concerning criminal spirits and obsessed human sensitives. Yet the Spirit realm is inconceivably **vast**, and comparatively little of it, have I been able to explore. I have, however, consulted with others, who have been longer here and have had more experience, who, like myself, know nothing of the criminal spirits of which you speak as inhabiting the Spirit world.

In my ministration to the people of earth, it has been my constant endeavor to strengthen their selfhood and preserve individuality. From time to time I have admonished them to exercise great caution in their efforts to unfold medium power—have urged the need of purification—and have counseled them of the danger of opening an avenue to the unseen forces—that no mortal should endeavor so to do who had inherited any taint of crime, or of insanity—that such might attract of

their kind and not from Spirit realm, but from the earth slums, by which they are immediately surrounded.

Those who desire to obtain knowledge of Spirit Life we have sought and still seek to elevate to our plane, where each may **know and see**, with the inner consciousness and sight, the grandeur and beauty of the homes that await earth's purified people. We deplore the need of referring to the existing crimes upon the earth and the evil thoughts in the minds of men. It has been my work and joy to search for the innate good in mortal man and endeavor to stimulate it to action by teaching them the better way—by portraying the beauty and benefits and blessings of wise home-building and pure and well ordered lives.

SPIRIT EDITOR.

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### THE OCCULT FORCE WHICH INFLUENCES HUMAN LIFE.

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Distrust of the unknown is hard to overcome. Next to the cry of fraud the cry of evil spirits has attended the occult phenomena through nearly all phases of its existence. The black art is one of the oldest names for the necromancer's business, and but recently a distinguished missionary from China declared to a London audience that she was convinced that the necromancers or Spiritualists of Demonland did in reality cast out spirits. "But there," she added, "you stand face to face with the unveiled powers of hell."

Planchette from time immemorial has been one of the recognized means in China of communicating with evil spirits, she further submits, and expresses the conviction that all the wicked Boxers were really possessed of devils. The last looks plausible, although it interferes somewhat with the full satisfaction of mowing them down. It suggests, also, a measure of treachery on the part of their Spirit forces, since the good missionary insists that, to her certain knowledge, their accredited agent, Planchette, predicted to Christian and Chinese alike the Boxer uprising.

It is this very bungling in their purposes, however, which

makes it so hard for either angels or devils to set up exclusive claims to the psychic kingdom and leaves a place for science to propound its claims along the line of fallible human powers and achievements. Neither "the unveiled powers of hell" nor the unveiled powers of heaven are likely to claim the field till the end of the whole action is more clearly assured. For, despite all efforts to silence it, the "cui bono?" of the unscientific will still present itself as a consideration in the case, and the old question: "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" be held legitimate for Samuels or Beechers who are summoned to solve the problem of Philistines' plumes or widows' mites.

Nevertheless, in the absence of fuller explanation, it seems quite unnecessary to repeat the savage's terror of the unknown and impute the psychic powers and wonders to things evil because we can not trace them clearly to the good. It is a fact, however, that the general acceptance of the reality of the psychic forces and phenomena, and their bearing upon human lives and interests, make it more than ever essential to discover, if possible, any laws by which they, with other agents of life, may become good or bad according to the use made of them. It seems not improbable that, like the unknown force of electricity, they might kill or cure somewhat after the manner of their application. Indeed, one has but to glance at a work old as M. Brierre de Boismont's to learn history of psychic phenomena to see what deadly results their perverted use has wrought upon the sensitive human brain and imagination. Like the blindfolded man who died from the innocent trickling of water down his arm, because he believed he was bleeding to death, the first effect of the "psychic's" revelations or predictions is to set the subject directly to work to bring about the thing predicted. But recently in a Western city a palmist predicted the death by a runaway accident of a prominent lady. Accordingly she proceeded at once to invite the calamity by such terror of all steeds that, in a mere spirited little dash around the corner of a friend's team she leaped from the carriage and was killed by a blow on the pavement.

Of course, modern psychology and the recognized power of suggestion have done much to elucidate such cases. But ap-

parently not enough to turn the current of their operation into much benefit to mankind, or teach good missionary women not to be afraid of the unveiled powers of hell in their demonstrations. Even here, it must be, as Emerson said to Julia Ward Howe when, in a little incident of her girlhood, he started her out in her life's consecration to the diviner spirits, it must be that the angel is stronger than the demon. And, if there is any law in the case that a plain unscientific soul can lay hold of, it is to cling to every good and fair prediction of nature or psychics and turn your back on the evil ones.

The reverse of this, however, is commonly the rule. It is the dire omens and deadly superstitions that haunt man everywhere, and, though he goes to the palmist to be reassured of his fears, it is, as one of that palmist's patrons recently expressed it, "if he tells me anything good I don't dare to believe it, and if he tells me anything bad, I lie awake nights to worry over it." Is it any wonder that the ancient seers and teachers who knew man and his needs, warned him well away from dark, familiar spirits and wizards and surrounded him everywhere with bright angels of rescue and service?

It seems, says a late writer, that angels even cooked food for Elijah, and, of course, they went up and down Jacob's ladder, bringing him spirit food from heaven. That they take a hand in the sweetest things that come to us to-day is more than probable, although we do not see their shining garments or catch by mortal ear their heavenly counsels. But that they are fighting with any darker forces than the ignorant fears within us for the full possession of our souls, it seems unnecessary to believe until we can get away from the evidence of the deadly havoc which those fears in themselves are capable of effecting. Indeed, the whole question of angel or devil in all these occult forces that touch man's life seems to depend mainly upon the character of the individual in the case. The greatest men of history, the epoch-making men, from Moses to Luther, Socrates to Fox and Swedenborg, have avowed themselves subjects of the spirit calls and visions. "But how does it happen," asks De Boismont, "that this species of vision, or hallucination, if you choose to call it, has disappeared in our



day?" And then he nails the matter to a head and lets out the evil spirits most gracefully by declaring that "to be hallucinated (?) in this manner needs profound conviction, intense belief, extreme love of humanity, and life in a society partaking of the same belief and willing, if necessary, to die for it."

An age wherein "everyone lives for himself," where "skepticism has gained all classes," where "generous devotion excites a smile" and "material happiness is the motto of the hour" is not likely to see any "white visions"—angel or devil, as the case may be, therefore in the "spirit" manifestations the state of a man's mind is clearly a controlling matter in the character of his visions, revelations or obsessions, and when both science and religion have succeeded in convincing him of this, no doubt he can regulate his own spirit intercourse without the aid of planchette or medium. Certainly he will find no livelier devil in the case than his own spirit can match, and the "hail Mary, full of grace," will still prove the line of annunciation for the angels. Wherefore it is not necessary to say of the "invisible spirit," in any power or agent, however doubtful its working, as Shakespeare says of wine, "If thou hast no name to be known by let us call thee devil," since man has so largely the ability to shape the unknown in his own nature and needs. Moreover always too the assurance that, as the discerning seer of Concord has it, the angel is stronger than the demon, and power of any kind must mean good. "Steam was till the other day," says that gentle sage, "the devil which we dreaded. But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt and Fulton bethought themselves that where was power was not devil, but was God." Perhaps Prof. James or Sir William Crookes, Hudson, Savege or Meyers, or others of the scientific listeners at the gates of the unseen may be able to convince man that it is God and not devil at the back of the psychic powers and wonders, but, meantime, any one who wants to get at the full clew to the mystery will have to talk to God for himself.

IRENE CLARK SAFFORD.

### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

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In the summer of 1868 I went from New Orleans to Philadelphia on a pleasure trip with a friend, a Mr. B. After several days' stay in the latter city we were invited by some gentlemen friends to make a trip to Atlantic City, some ninety miles from Philadelphia. On our arrival at Atlantic City all of the party went to the same hotel except my friend B. and myself. We preferred a hotel some eight or ten blocks from that of our friends.

At the hotel of our friends was to be given a ball and supper, to which myself and friend were invited, and which was accepted. We were sumptuously entertained and wine flowed freely, in which I participated without restraint. I had on my person quite a sum of money and although strongly under the influence of wine I had judgment enough to think that I might be robbed of it, and concluded to go to my hotel and deposit the money with the clerk, after which I returned to the ball and supper and drank with them until the wee small hours of the night. I then started for my hotel, but did not get there. The Surf Hotel, where our friends stayed, has a long porch fronting the sea and was furnished with quite a number of lounges, and on one of them I laid me down and slept. I awoke at daylight and looked at my watch and it was close to 6 a. m. I then felt for my pocket book, and it was gone, and as I had lost all recollection of anything that had taken place the night before, I was satisfied I had been robbed, but thought strange that the parties had not taken my watch, a fine gold one for which I paid \$200.

My friend B., having plenty of funds, I concluded to let the matter drop and say nothing about my loss to anyone, including my friend B. I started for my hotel and on my way stopped at a soda fountain and restaurant kept by a kindly looking old man. I asked him for some soda water straight. The glass he took to draw the water looked too small. I told him that if he had a glass that would hold a gallon to give it to me. The old man looked surprised. I told him I felt like I was burning up inside; that I had been to the ball and supper

at the Surf Hotel and that I had taken too much wine; that in fact I was stupidly drunk; I also related to him how I had laid down on one of the lounges and about the loss of my money. I also stated to him that the party or parties would have done better had they taken my watch.

The old man seemed to take more than ordinary interest in me. He insisted that I should take breakfast with him. I thanked him, telling him I had no disposition to eat. He still insisted, and said a cup of coffee would make me feel natural. So I concluded to breakfast with him. He took me into his neatly furnished private room and breakfast was brought in. I drank half a cup of coffee. The old man insisted on my eating just a little, but I could not. He then began to question me as to the kind of liquor I drank and if I remembered how or when the party broke up. I could only tell him I had drunk wine.

He then excused himself and left the room, and soon returned with two glasses, the small one containing whisky and the other water. He asked me to drink the whisky, which I refused, stating I had enough to last me for some time. He insisted that it would make me feel better, and I drank the whisky. After a lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes he asked me how I felt. I answered: "I feel more like myself." He then asked me to try to think of what happened the night before. I told him I had not the slightest recollection of anything. He then left the room again and returned with another glass of whisky, this time the glass containing a little more than the first glass, which he insisted on my drinking. I told him it would make me drunk. He insisted that it would not. He said if it did he would take care of me. So I drank the second glass. I had not taken it over twenty minutes when I began to feel in a sleepy state. The old man kept his eye on me and seemed to watch every move I made. He then asked me how I was feeling. I told him I felt like I was getting drunk, and almost in the same breath I told him that I remembered what I had done with my money and all that happened at the ball and supper. I then went to my hotel and asked the clerk for my money. He stated he had it in the safe, and that I was lucky to get it, as I had come to the hotel after midnight

and gave the money to the hotel watchman, who, being an honest man, turned it over to the night clerk, who was absent at the time of my handing the watchman my pocket book. I then returned to my old man friend, and offered to pay him for his kind interest in me, which he refused.

I then presented him with my handsome Masonic pin, which I had to force him to accept.

The old man then told me it was against his principles to ask a young man to drink, but he did it in my case to get me partially in the same condition I was in the night before after drinking the wine. I had the pleasure some months after of doing the old man a favor by helping his only child to secure a good position.

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The above is an experience of a well known, reliable and highly respected citizen of this community. He has long been an open and avowed Spiritualist, and an earnest student of the occult. For years he held trusted positions in different parts of the State. He does not desire to give his name to the public, because not being a man who uses intoxicating drinks he feels a delicacy in having it known that in his youthful days that he was ever tempted to taste of the poisonous cup. However, he consented to make public the experience, because of the principle involved in the incident.

Evidently his friend knew by getting him in the same condition that he was when he parted with his money that he would be able to recall it to memory. This difference in conditions may account for memory often failing, when one is over-anxious to recall some name, or particular event that has transpired, and for the moment it is powerless to do so, until dismissed from the mind, and anxiety ceases. This fact of getting on the same plane of vibration with a spirit in communing with them, will be found of tremendous importance if one should expect to succeed.

EDITOR.



### CONVERSE BETWEEN MORTALS AND SPIRITS.

Living for many years in close touch and conscious communion with the dwellers in Spirit realm, we have had some experiences and gained some knowledge that we are impressed will be of use to others who are investigating the subject with a desire to obtain truth.

We have found that after being convinced that a spirit's motive in coming to us is pure and its ability to counsel us is assured—after being satisfied of the wisdom of cultivating a close intimacy with such a spirit and after perfect harmony has been established between a mortal and such attending spirit, that by interrogating the spirit a vast amount of information can be gained that is never given by the usual method of sitting in silence and waiting for what the communicating intelligence may give.

By asking the proper questions with an earnest desire to receive instruction, we have from time to time been given much valuable information concerning life in the Spirit world. **Ask and it shall be given seems** a verity in our intercourse with the people of the higher life. At one time after several moments of silence, a spirit wrote: "Question, friend: it is difficult for us to both question and answer."

Many years ago, when we first began to receive intelligent communications from Spirits, one came giving the name Millie. Upon inquiry we were able to fully establish her identity. She was a charming young girl, just blossoming into womanhood when she passed to Spirit life, and as a spirit showed remarkable ability as a guide and instructor to the child medium, of whom mention has before been made, and who is now the spirit editor of this publication. We asked:

"Why have you made choice of this child in preference to those with whom you are closely related?"

Answer—I have been attracted to him through soul affinity, which determines choice.

Question—Do you expect to control the events of his mortal existence?

Answer—Oh, no! We are not permitted, neither do we

desire to control his acts; such weaken individuality. He must learn through experience.

Question—Of what use, then, is a spirit guide?

Answer—To give strength to every good endeavor; to warn when walking in forbidden paths, and to imbue the soul with hope and courage when all human efforts have failed.

Question—What is the difference, if any, between a guardian spirit and a soul affinity?

Answer—When one has been taken and the other left of two who are eternally mated, that one taken fills the place of guardian, or guide, reaping from the same harvest field of earth sorrow or joy. When both are in physical life the Spirit guide acts as mentor, educator and even these, must possess familiar characteristics with the one over whose life they keep watch.

Question—When two are wedded upon earth who are not truly mated what is the result?

Answer—It is only those who are united by the higher, the divine law, that can not be put asunder. These may live harmoniously together on a material plane, should neither come into the aura of their own. In such case the two who are truly one will go together as surely as the magnet will point to the pole, defying difficulties, dangers and customs.

Question—What is the relation between two who are wedded, but not divinely mated?

Answer—Fraternal, that of brother and sister. You are not prepared to receive much knowledge on this subject that we could impart, and desire to change the conversation until you are more unfolded. However, to the discontented, unwisely wedded souls we say, be hopeful! Somewhere in the eternities, either there or in Spirit world, you will find your own true mate, who will fill your being with its full measure of love and joy. Experience is teaching men and women much.

Question—Have you seen God?

Answer—Strange question! Which a little sober thought would enable every mortal to answer. Can one gaze into the brightness of the sun? Walk out at night and behold your firmament, bedecked with millions of worlds, then consider the

countless millions which can not be seen with the naked eye, each revolving in its own orbit and held in its place by some superior power you call God, and think you, O! puny mortals, that we, even with our enlarged life and clearer vision could look upon such dazzling brightness and glory?

Question—Have you no clearer conception of a divine being than when dwelling upon earth?

Answer—Yes: we feel more sensibly the presence of a power which we can not and have not a desire to resist.

Question—Have you ever communicated with any other spirit or spirits who have seen God?

Answer—Never. We all feel to be in the sweep of a wonderful and infinite law, which we can neither understand nor withstand, and which all obey, both from compulsion and choice. All seem prone to look beyond and apart from themselves for God, when they are parts of the infinite whole. Also do mortals conceive of a spirit realm in a faraway indefinable distance, when in fact it lies all around and about them.

Question—Can you make any suggestion that will aid us to better understand the laws which govern spirit communion?

Answer—I would remind mortals that even in their intercourse one with another, that if the one who gives information and the one who receives are not equally balanced and unfolded mentally and spiritually, that the least advanced mind is liable to misunderstand the other. Thus you may see as spirits with more knowledge of the invisible world that we work under increased disadvantages when giving to mortals information concerning the Spirit realm and its homes and habits. We are pained to see that it is often difficult for some mortals to even realize that they have a spirit, there and now.

Question—We often find it difficult to hold thought on one subject. Can you suggest a remedy?

Answer—The use of pen and ink, or pencil and paper, will be found a benefit as a regulator to fast flowing thoughts.

Question—In communion with us why so often use expressions which require an unusual effort of the mind to understand?

Answer—It would require volumes to express all we would

say and more time to receive than many could afford to give. So we endeavor to express much in few words. Think more seriously—use your intuitions and you will not fail to understand.

Question—Do you require food as in earth life?

Answer—Yes; our souls, the body of our spirit, must still have nourishment, yet of a finer quality. Perhaps I may be better understood by saying it is the soul of substance. Many who have recently passed from their material bodies and who still abide in their earth homes, subsist on the vapor arising from the food that is there prepared.

Question—Do you tire, need rest and sleep?

Answer—We weary and enjoy a kind of stupor that is refreshing. In fact the soul of the material senses is here perpetuated and enjoyed with an exquisite delight.

Question—Is there any other spirit present?

Answer—Many, some who are learning their first lesson in a knowledge of spirit life and its laws. The child is weary. We should be temperate in all things. Good night.

MILLIE.

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#### PRECEPTS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

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We would remind mortals in communicating one with the other, that when two minds are not evenly balanced and unfolded the less advanced is liable to misunderstand the other. Thus, you see that spirits work under many disadvantages when giving instruction concerning the spirit world and its homes and habits. It is difficult for mortals to even realize that they are spirits, **there and now**, and that where there is intelligence there is power to assume form, whether upon the earth plane, or in the spirit realm.

We have need to remind mortals again and again that we are somebody—have substance and occupy space. That while possessing finer organisms and living in a more ethereal world, we are still human, with every attribute of the mortal that is worthy of immortality. We are lovers of nature and lovers of human souls, and ardent admirers of the beauty and



refinement of spiritual lives, and with such it is our delight to commune.

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Any control apart from one's own self is disastrous and weakening to individuality. The instrument of self, its brain, heart and mind and entire physical structure, should be under the control of its own individual spirit. The mind by an exchange of thought receives benefit, but never when unconsciously controlled by any other mentality, either in or out the body of flesh. Self is the best and true judge of all human actions and should never be set aside at the dictation of another, unless that other is in full agreement with their own individual spirit. Preserve individuality and when the body, or outer covering, is cast off, self will be revealed in all its power and glory. It is not our desire to control the acts of any mortal man, but to counsel with and give strength to all worthy efforts. Each must find their own way through the valleys and over the hilltops of time.

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It is supposed by some that the process of death clothes the spirit man with a new personality, wiping out old memories and affections. But the ethers and essences which constitute the spirit body are immortal, and is the real man. These permeate every part of the human organism before death, and then are eliminated, and form the body of the released spirit, consequently it is not a new, nor strange body, but a familiar one, because it has been constructed from the finer elements, which have been generated by the material organism and upon which memory has stamped a deathless record of the thoughts and deeds of physical existence.

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Other love may grow weary, become faint, but mother love triumphs over all neglect, all coldness and even crime. Mother love, although sometimes debased and seemingly dead, yet it has resurrecting power and through purification it will arise and manifest its power, to go forth and find and claim its own.

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Could spirit lose its operative power it would cease to exist.

Spirit is action—life, and must **do** as well as **be**. We have little children to care for, and independent of the many interests that call us to earth, we have countless duties and affections to engage our thoughts. However, we do not call them duties in the same sense that mortals do. They are active, operative ideas and impulses. They are actions, incumbent upon all spirits as an immortal brotherhood. Each must aid the other in gaining knowledge and surrounding themselves with enjoyments, and in becoming more and more useful and more and more refined.

Joyful, joyful! are the realms of the unseen and spirits all rejoice in the new era of knowledge that is now dawning upon the earth. Joyful are the spirits in the realization of their hopes in the redemption of man, and joyful are we for the priceless privilege of communicating with the friends of earth, and joyful are we for the existence of a grand spirit world, to which all our beloved are tending, to be again united in unending friendship and love.

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Scenes in the spirit world seem to be lighted by an unseen glory. Every mountain top and tree and flower, every palatial home and garden, and field and forest, are edged with colors rainbow hued, with beauty and the air is far more balmy, soft and fresh and sweet than the mist that broods over any of earth's new born days.

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Looking back over past ages, we see men have improved physically, morally and intellectually, and looking forward the way is opening for still further progression spiritually. The glorious joy of a new light is sending its rose-tinted hues across the horizon of a more spiritual sky, while the anthems of the angels are swelling the strains of unceasing joy, bearing the glad tidings to the spheres of the exalted inhabitants of the Spirit World.

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We can not make conditions for communion with you of earth, and can only respond to the call of man when we find the conditions made.

As the material world holds in what is called space, so does the mortal mind revolve through the human body, which is the vehicle of thought. No one can attain to a higher sphere of knowledge than that which the measure of his mind will permit, and the mind must work through the mediumship of its body. What then? Must one believe all that is written—all that proceeds from other minds? No! open your spirit ears and eyes, and understanding to the voice of wisdom, which comes only from the spirit mind, and which will never lead astray. The mortal mind is capable of obtaining knowledge only of a material nature, but the mind of the spirit is wise in spiritual things and will lead the soul onward and upward to the unfading beauties and glories which are prepared for the children of men.

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#### FACES OF THE DEAD APPEAR ON WALLS.

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Shamokin, Pa.—Many strange phenomena are reported at the time of the death of certain people, but the strangest of all and one that has been witnessed by hundreds of the curiously inclined, happened last week at the home of Simon Fisher.

Upon the walls of Farmer Simon Fisher's home are the exact facial features of his deceased daughter and son, and each appeared upon the wall as life fled.

Six years ago the 18-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon P. Fisher, who reside on a farm near Roebuck, was stricken ill with a peculiar malady. For months she suffered terribly, but despite this she was cheerful and battled bravely with death. As her end drew near the grief of her parents became uncontrollable and they refused to be comforted. One day while the family was gathered around the dying girl's bedside praying for her recovery a strange light filled the room. There was a pause in the prayers, but the light faded away as it appeared.

As they gazed upon the ceiling there appeared an exact likeness of the dying one. They were terrified and turned to the bedside, expecting to find her dead. But she still lived.



The next day she died, but the face still remained on the bedroom ceiling. After the funeral efforts were made to eradicate the image, but all were futile. Then the wall paper was removed, but the face still remained.

Three weeks ago a 22-year-old son became ill, and as the ailment was not considered serious, a physician was not summoned. However, while the family were holding the usual morning prayer in the young man's sick room the family were again startled, for on the wall near the floor and at the side of the bed the head and shoulders of the youth appeared. The same light accompanied the appearance of the image as upon the occasion of the daughter's death six years before. The young man failed to see the image of himself and said that of his dead sister had disappeared.

The stricken youth said he was going to die and was resigned to his fate. Late in the afternoon he passed away peacefully.

The images of both daughter and son remain upon the ceiling and wall respectively. Many persons have traveled miles to the Fisher homestead to view the strange phenomena, but no one has been able to explain the mystery. The family have become accustomed to the images and say they do not want them to disappear.

#### HUMAN MIND LIKE ANIMAL'S

Golden Penny

Lord Avebury's more recent investigations have led him to the conclusion that the difference between the minds of animals and those of men is one of degree rather than of quality. On the whole, he thinks that animals can hear sounds inaudible to us, and can perceive rays of light that are invisible to the human eye. Atmospheric vibrations varying from 33 to 30,000 per second strike the human ear and produce the sense of sound. But certain animals can hear vibrations more rapid than this—that is, they can hear higher notes than we can. In the same way vibrations of the ether impinging on the human retina produce the sense of color. These, measured on the



ample scale of millions per second, vary in number from 400 to 700. By the aid of the thermometer and of photography respectively, we have discovered the existence of rays beyond the red at one end of the spectrum and beyond the violet at the other. It has been found that animals are sensitive to rays beyond the violet end. It is, therefore, quite possible, that the world around us is to animals full of music which we can not hear, of color which we can not see and of sounds which we can not conceive."

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### PRAYER BROUGHT SIGHT.

#### Ennis Child Was Blinded by Sore Eyes and Human Agencies Were Despaired Of.

Ennis, Tex., Aug. 28.—A little son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Page of this city has been suffering for several days with sore eyes and was blind. The physician expressed in his presence some fear that his sight would never be restored. After this the child's father went away to get a prescription filled and while he was gone the child prayed to have his sight restored, and in a few minutes he called his mother to witness that his eyes were open and the swelling and soreness had greatly subsided. The parents marveled at this sudden restoration, but he explained to them that upon hearing that human agencies could do nothing for him he appealed to the Lord and his prayer was immediately answered. His pastor, Rev. W. H. Lathrop, vouches for this remarkable story and says the child has not been treated with medicine and is well.

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### THE EASIEST WAY TO DIE.

#### San Francisco Call.

Prof. Heim of Zurich University has for some years been investigating the subject of death by falling, says a London special, and has arrived at the surprising conclusion that it is probably the most pleasant way of quitting life. Whenever this curiously inquisitive professor has heard of somebody having tumbled off a roof or fallen down a precipice and sur-

vived, he promptly set off to interview the sufferer, or engaged some other learned man on the spot to do so. Prof. Heim has elaborate records of scores of cases, and upon these he has based a lecture just delivered, which, if comforting to people about to engage in mountaineering or steeple-climbing or other cognate pursuits, may encourage suicide and set a new fashion in self-murder. In all cases investigated by the professor the feelings were the same, or rather, they suffered only in degree. The victim, he says, suffers no pain in paralyzing terror. He is perfectly aware of what is going on.

The time seems long to him, as in a few seconds he is able to think so much that he can repeat for an hour on it. His thinking powers are immensely increased. In almost all cases the past seems suddenly lighted up as if by a flash of lightning. All phases of importance pass before the mind's eye, nothing petty or unimportant disturbing the retrospect. Then gentle, soft tones sound in one's ears and die away. At last, when unconsciousness comes, one hears the fall of the bolt, but does not feel it. Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know which limb is affected till they try to rise.

"How can we explain this singular phenomena?" says the professor. "Doubtless in such cases the extreme mental excitement plays a great part, and we may reasonably assume that the pain is, as it were, hypnotized thereby. At the moment of the fall the whole intellectual action is increased to an extraordinary degree. There is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will or may happen. This is by no means a consequence of presence of mind. It is rather a product of absolute necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the mind. Death by falling is a beautiful one; one falls painlessly into a great blue sky. This death is terrible only to those who remain behind.

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#### TENNESSEE HAS A HEALER.

Remarkable Cures Alleged by Man to Whom Scores Are Flocking.

A sensation has been caused at Erin, Tenn., within the last

two months by R. H. Rives, who has a new method of treating all the ills of humanity. His method is somewhat after the plan of Weimer of Nevada, Mo. His treatment is by the rubbing process.

Wonderful stories are related of Rives' curative powers. He healed Robert Parker, who had for two years been unable to perform manual labor, as his right arm was in such a condition from palsy or other cause that he could not keep it from jerking all the time. He was forced to carry it in a sling, and the strongest man was unable to hold it still and prevent it from jerking. Parker is now sound and well after one treatment.

The very credulous are even saying that Rives caused the blind to see, the deaf to hear and the lame to walk. Persons come daily to be treated and Rives' residence has been converted into a hospital. Rives is being daily importuned to visit the afflicted in their homes.

There is no doubt in the case of Parker that before he was treated by Rives he had to depend upon charity for the support of himself and family, and that he is now able to do hard work, such as plowing, chopping and sawing.

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#### PETER'S PALACE.

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Recently when giving a seance to a woman whose husband in his earth life had been a minister of some gospel, and from whom she was very anxious to receive a communication, and was sadly disappointed when receiving nothing from him. Others who were near and dear wrote tender messages of love, but with all her earnest pleading not a word came from the husband. She then asked those who were writing if they could give her any information concerning him? The communicating intelligence, after some hesitation wrote: "He is at present in Peter's Palace." "Peter's Palace!" she responded in astonishment: "where and what is Peter's Palace?"

In reply the spirit wrote: "It is an immense and magnificent structure in the spirit world and is situated on the border land. There newly arrived souls, whose minds had been quickened



to a dim comprehension of truth, while in earth life, but were so bound by popular and long established errors, that although perceiving and loving truth, they had not the courage to proclaim it. Therefore, these had made no further progress and on being resurrected to spirit life they were still bound and such would wander about seeking rest and finding none, until some beneficent spirit would guide them to that institution of instruction, where they would learn truth as it is, not what it is supposed to be!

Friends, the narrative of Lazarus seems to be typical of such souls as are above described. Many, so many, in earth life, whose slumbering spirits have been awakened by the Divine "come forth," arise from the dead past, but who are yet so bound by the old grave-clothes of ignorance and superstition that they are offensive to the spiritually illumined mind.

So many who dwell both on the earth plane and in the Spirit world, who have been taught and who have believed in a personal devil, and the never-ending torture of souls, when freed by the divine light, settle down in a state of indifference and inactivity, seemingly oblivious of the fact that, although the world beautiful surrounds them with its countless opportunities and inducements for progression, yet will their eyes be blinded to the opulence and advantages of the heavenly country.

Convinced of the fact that they will not burn, and forever, they do not seem to realize that there are vast mountains of progression to be scaled and higher realms to be explored. Fraternal duties and obligations to be fulfilled, should they not be content to remain paupers in the eternal world.

Life means far more than mere existence and selfish enjoyments. Be assured it means **use and noble service** and eternal progression. Spirit Editor.

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### LIVE THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

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Spiritualists seeking to know of Spiritualism on the mere external plane will never be the great power for their own advancement and that of the world, until they unite to send



out from their own beings the New, the True and the Good, instead of remaining negative to the "control" of spirits on the material plane. Real power is not in being "controlled," but in controlling one's own being to move always in the right direction. Angels can then co-operate with us.

Spiritualism is the veritable externalization into material life of the Power of the Spirit—God. Deity is not poor, nor sick, nor weak, nor miserable. Send out the sunlight of Love, and prosperity, health and happiness are yours in ever increasing measure. For the wisdom of how best to do all things and perceive all states of existence is involved in love manifested to all life.

Spiritual manifestations on the external plane are for the purpose of stimulating the germ-soul to grow spiritual understanding. They should not be made a fetish to satisfy idle curiosity.

True Spiritualists do not need to carry their credentials in their pockets. The seers and prophets and all spiritual men and women of the ages were Spiritualists, no matter by what name they may have been known, for they made manifest the Power of the Spirit, by the faith they cultivated and the spiritual lives they led. Buddha, Christ, Zoroaster, Swedenborg, Joan of Arc, etc., had but to show themselves and the Power of the Spirit operating through them swayed the multitude immediately to do the Divine Will. They were in constant communion with the spiritual world, for they had spiritual understanding. They were true Spiritualists, for they lived the spiritual life.

When we live in the Spirit we are Spiritualists—then we manifest Love, Wisdom, health and happiness.—Lucy A. Mallory in *Advance Thought*.

## SMOKE.

## A Child's Musings.

Look yonder! at the dark clouds.  
Are they from the blue of the sky,  
Or is a storm coming?  
Are they from prairie fires?  
Ah! I know, they are gathering up,  
Clinging and climbing to heaven—  
They draw all the smoke from chimneys  
To make steps for old Santa Claus  
At Christmastide to go up to heaven.

Yes! he will step up the smoke clouds,  
And take messages to the angels,  
For children, with papas or mammas there.  
Then he can slide down again  
On the rainbow or the perfume of a flower—  
The bright angels might send  
Sweet flowers to the little children—  
Santa Claus can bring all,  
From a heaven-scented rosebud  
To the biggest china doll.

Oh! At times when it is quiet,  
And all the smoke is still,  
I see dear Santa Claus above on yonder hill.  
In his arms I see doll babies,  
And engines, the biggest kinds—  
How busy must they be in Heaven  
Making things for Christmas times.  
I wonder if Santa Claus is ever asked  
To bring upon his kingly lips  
A kiss for mammas or babies  
From the other world to this?

MAUD McALPINE COLL.

BUT ONCE WE PASS THIS WAY.

By Claudia Tharin.

Loving words would oftener fall,  
Kindly smiles be freer given.  
Sympathetic souls would make  
Earth a glimpse of heaven;  
Wearied hearts we'd oftener bless,  
Tired hands more warmly press.  
If each morn we'd softly say:  
"Heart, but once we pass this way."

Tender ties would ne'er be loosed,  
Fewer friendships would be broken,  
Aching hearts would lose their pain  
Through forgiveness spoken;  
Less of sighs and less of tears  
Would be counted to the years  
If we pondered every day  
That "but once we pass this way."

Bright would gleam the happy years.  
Fewer loom the hours of sorrow.  
If we thought that our today  
Might not know a morrow;  
That each word and every deed  
Is in truth a tiny seed,  
That will fructify one day  
When some other comes this way.

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ALONE.

By Father Ryan, the Poet Priest.

I walked down the Valley of Silence—  
Down the dim, noiseless valley, alone.  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own:  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices,  
Whose music my heart could not win;

Long ago was I weary of noises  
 That fretted my soul with their din ;  
 Long ago was I weary of places  
 Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,  
 I craved what the world never gave,  
 And I said "in the world each ideal,  
 That shines like a star on life's wave,  
 Is wrecked on the shores of the real,  
 And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,  
 And still found the false with the true,  
 I sought 'mid the human for heaven,  
 But caught a mere glimpse of its blue,  
 And I wept when the clouds of the mortal,  
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart tired of the human,  
 And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,  
 'Til I knelt, long ago, at an altar,  
 And I heard a voice call me : since then  
 I walk down the Valley of Silence  
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley ?  
 'Tis my trusting place with the divine,  
 And I fall at the feet of the holy,  
 And above me a voice said : "Be mine ;"  
 And there rose from the depths of my spirit  
 An echo : "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley ?  
 I weep, and I dream, and I pray,  
 But my tears are as sweet as the dew drops  
 That fall on the roses in May,  
 And my prayer, like a perfume from census,  
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
 I dream of the songs that I sing,  
 And the music floats down the dim valley  
 'Till each finds a word for each wing,  
 That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge.



A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech.  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard.  
They pass through the valley like virgins.  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
It lieth afar between mountains.  
And God and his angels are there.  
And one is the dark mount of sorrow.  
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

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### THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

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The bravest battle that ever was fought:  
Shall I tell you when and where?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not.  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot,  
Nor with the sword or noble pen.  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From lips of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield.  
But bravely, silently, bore her part—  
There, there, is the battle field!

No marching troops, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave:  
But, Oh! these battles, they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
 She fights in her walled-up town—  
 Fights on, and on, in the endless wars.  
 Then silent—unseen, goes down!

O! ye with banners and with battle shot,  
 And soldiers to shoot and to praise.  
 I tell you the mightiest battles fought  
 Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh! spotless woman, in a world of shame,  
 With the splendor of silent scorn.  
 Go back to God as white as you came.  
 With the triumph of a warrior borne.

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### THE SONG AND THE DEED.

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There was never a song that was sung by thee,  
 But a sweeter one was meant to be.  
 There was never a deed that was grandly done,  
 But a greater was meant by some earnest one.  
 For the sweetest voice can never impart  
 The song that trembles within the heart.  
 And the brain and hand can never quite do  
 The thing that the soul has fondly in view.  
 And hence are the tears and the burden of pain,  
 For the shining goals are never to gain.  
 And the real song is ne'er heard by man,  
 The song and the deed that were meant to be!  
 —Benjamin R. Bulkeley.

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### OPPORTUNITY.

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Master of human destinies am I!  
 Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
 Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate.  
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
 I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
 If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
 And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate.

Condemned to failure, penury and weo  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more!

—John J. Ingalls.

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MIND vs. MATTER.

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The power of mind proportions itself comparative to the restraint placed upon the influence of the lower passions. The mind resisting assumes the power required to overcome the habit or evil engendered by or existing in the body—a virtual exchange of positive for negative or mental for animal force. Such is mind overcoming matter, and finally controlling it—the triumph of the divinity over sense and self.

However, it may be asked how can hunger be made subject to the divinity. Reason dictates what is gratifying a natural craving or appetite, but when reason dictates or engenders an appetite it is subjecting the divinity to the animal. The principle may be applied by reasoning on all we do, whether a necessity or a whim, whether right or wrong, just or unjust towards ourselves or others. What is right for us may be wrong towards another. But above reason is love, and when this rules, matter becomes the servant—love being the life or soul of nature and governs all effects.

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Cleanliness, neatness, accuracy, system and orderliness are results of mind culture (education). Honesty, righteousness, justice, conscientiousness and tolerance are the effects of soul-culture (introspection). Education and self-knowledge are thus the leading virtues or principles to civilization and progress.

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A brain imprinted with a bill-of-fare takes no other impression.

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We create our own mental atmosphere around us in which we exist—its vibrations, which constitutes its substance, com-

porting with the thoughts, feeling or impulses we evolve or send forth. If this atmosphere depresses us it is our own fault. If it exhilarates us we have no one to thank for it.

Bad habits, of course, may weary the body, or some organic ailment devitalize it; but if there is righteousness within, and nothing to disturb the heart's repose, there are always periods during disrelish of the material or after rest, in which to enjoy life as Nature intends it—in spirit.

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The claim that sweetmeats produce cancer is creating a cause out of an effect. Craving sweets is due to discordant elements irritating the flesh, which often lead to cancer, but which sugar soothes. To make sweetmeats the cause of cancer, therefore, is to rob humanity of something, which, if not a cure, is, at least, a palliative; though electricity or magnetism should be applied after it has taken root in the body. But the only absolute cure is to find the cause of the irritation and put a check on that. A look into the mirror of self reveals it.

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Nature operates without noise: her greatest results are achieved in silence. The man who reserves his forces patterns after her. His wishes or desires thus have a potency not possessed by him who expends them in riotous living, impulsiveness or assumption—the assumption of Nature's qualities excepted.

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The greatest suffering to men is to see loved ones suffer, because to sympathize is to feel consciously or intelligently—being the reflection of a cause upon a cause, which can not be evaded.

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Intuition characterizes the conscientious soul—being an effect of sympathy or deference. But the knowledge of being right often leads to the belief that all others must necessarily be wrong. Such assumption is a bar to further progress by limiting the intuitive harp-string to its last attunement—sometimes termed getting “into a rut.” Surrendering to



flattery may have caused the misfortune, for the subtlest temptations are those which touch our self-love in connection with a gift; and by opening our hearts to the plaudits of man rather than to those of nature, we sacrifice our best inheritance.

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Controlling thought is the desire to know, gratified by attracting the information wanted—recognized as inspiration when it comes unsolicited. Such is having light.

If we could control conditions as readily, we would have both light and power—the intuitive striving of humanity.

Educating the brain or mind has led to the one. Educating the heart or soul may be needed for the other, with temperance and justice as the presiding principles.

Thus growing old gracefully may mean not only to sense a compatible increase of mental energy accompanying a sympathy for humanity than for self, with Nature drawing nearer to mortal man as he lives in the heart as well as the head.

Be proud of that which you carry within, not without.

Arthur F. Melton.

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OUR MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

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"O, ye sorrowing ones, arise  
Wipe the tear drops from your eyes;  
Lift your faces to the light;  
Read Death's mystery aright.  
Life unfolds from life within,  
And with death does life begin."

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I have long intended to come and give through this publication some words that I trust may cheer and comfort my loved ones who still remain upon the earth; likewise the many friends with whom I have enjoyed sweet converse and profitable exchanges of thoughts on the subject of an after life, and I am gratified at this time to find conditions favorable. I come not now as I left the body, with failing power, but as a quick-

ened spirit, resurrected from material darkness and the infirmities of age into the clearest light of a higher life. Here I am, a living man, buoyant with health and happiness, to testify to the fact of continued existence after the change mis-called Death—here, with unabated interest in having every mortal know that we can and do communicate with them.

I had many times thought, when I was a mortal man, that when I was released from the body that I would be able to manifest in such a way that no doubt could linger in the mind of man. But I have found, as others before me have done, so much gross materiality to overcome that I have not succeeded any better, if even as well as they. I had thought, in some moments of grand uplifting, that I knew somewhat of this glorious land, but when its resplendent light first dawned upon my spirit's sight I had need to veil my eyes from its dazzling brightness and glory. It seemed that I had been released from a dark prison, yet I knew my earthly career had closed, and a grander one was before me. I then experienced the inexpressible delight of meeting my loved ones and old comrades who had come before, and from the depths of my soul did I exclaim: **How wonderful are the designs of Wisdom.**

Since leaving the earth plane I have watched with increasing interest the progress of our beloved Spiritualism, and see that while public demonstrations command less attention, it is being more manifest in the hearts and lives of the human family. This is as it was designed.

The path of progress leads over errors discovered and corrected, to truth found and embraced and practiced. All mistakes I had need to overcome before I made any progress, and this every liberated soul must do who desires to attain an exalted position in this heavenly country. I want to assure all friends with whom it was a joy to speak of spiritual things that I have found all, yes, more than all, that I had expected. The opportunities for advancement are grater than in earth life, and the joy of attainment is sweeter. I want them all to know that untrammelled by the doubts and fears and perishable things of time I am now investigating more of this transcendent world of living beauty.

JOHN LOCKHART.

George McGee is my name and I hail from Palestine, Texas, where I think I am still remembered. In my journeying through this new-found country I discovered this place and am permitted the use of the lines. I want to say to my old friends cheer up! Faithful service there will open the way for a better, higher position over on this side.

I was not numbered among the great and wise of earth—only knew of them in the performance of some service in which I was always found at my post. I brought with me about as much as any other worker and far more than many I knew who had the means and time for study and improvement. However, I would be much better situated had I known of the nature of the country I now inhabit. I don't say this in a way of complaint, for I am satisfied and more than satisfied, with my present situation, and I have eternity before me, and shall have time and opportunity to learn.

I trust some of my friends may see this. One does not like to be forgotten, although the body be buried. Furthermore, it will encourage others who are toiling below to know that another and grander life is before them; one, too, where can be found all the joys that were missed in that—where an honest, tender heart is what counts when the life on earth is summed up.

I am now correcting or amending the mistakes made below, that I may occupy a still better position, but I shall not forget the toilers below, but shall reach out to them a helping hand whenever one is walking under the shadows of time. My first thought on waking up over here was: **If they only knew!**

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At last I have come to express my appreciation of the efforts being made to establish a Spiritual publication in our still beloved State of Texas. With a holy enthusiasm I have looked on while its editors and publisher are laboring to promulgate the grand facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. We who were once residents of the great State hailed with delight its advent. Our interest is still twined about the dear hearts we left, to join others in the higher homes. Yet we still cherish the memory of the fond affection of bygone days.

During my earth life I made some efforts—all in my power—to investigate the facts of communion between the two worlds, and devoted the last days of my mortal life to disseminating the knowledge gained among my own people. These efforts I now consider the grandest of my material existence.

I know that many wonder that I do not more frequently communicate with those of earth? I will say to such that it has been difficult to find a medium who is attuned to the use of a spirit, and every effort I have made has been imperfect and consequently disappointing. I now have a work to do in the spirit world, and it is a mistake to suppose that I am constantly with any one, although I always come to the dear hearts when needed. Comprehension shows me enough of the future to enable me to do this. It is not my desire to linger idly around waiting conditions to exchange a love word or one of counsel. Were we always around those we love, influencing their daily lives, we would deprive them of the ability to think and act for themselves, and they would derive no benefit from experience, also would their individuality be weakened.

We are not always personally present when we desire to communicate with the people of earth. We have a method that mortals call Telepathy. We simply throw our influence about a sensitive by a determined will, and impress our thoughts upon the brain and transcribe them by the hand. This is automatic writing. In consequence of impressing the brain and using the hand, many objections are made and doubts arise as to the message coming from the Spirit world. While we could impart far more information in this way, because it is the accustomed manner of recording thought, yet because of so much doubt in mortal minds, these human brains refuse to respond to our desires.

I have lately become a teacher in a circle for instruction, consequently do not so often visit the earth land. My spirit has its mission of progression to fulfill, and its impulses and desires are onward and upward. However, that does not deprive me of a knowledge of mortal needs and the changes that come into their lives, but the details of which we know but little, as these are not important.



I see a latent fear in some minds that we do not feel the same deep interest in the welfare of mortal men and women, because we may not manifest our presence so often. I wish to dispel that fear by assuring all that it is unfounded. I am interested and often amused by the playful affection of the young, and perceive from my far distant home their capacities for future unfoldment with a grateful delight.

After being so long a student on the lower planes of life my advancement to the position of teacher has afforded me a sacred delight. We do not pass from circle to higher circle as rapidly as mortals suppose. We must become proficient in the knowledge of what is below us before we can be admitted into higher circles. I have progressed from the circle of love to one of *use*, and above is one of beauty, to which I now aspire.

Don't understand me as meaning that we cease to love on leaving that circle—far from it. Our love there gains strength and broadens out until it embraces the whole human family, and without lessening personal affections. All that has been gained in one circle is securely garnered in the soul's love and memory for the circle of *use*, just as the primary schools and lower lessons and infantile loves of earth are retained, and which prepare the human minds for a higher grade. I send this out to all by whom I am remembered, as an assurance of my continued interest and affection for them.

To the editors and publisher, I say press on. Be brave to declare truth. The wise intelligences who have this grand spiritual movement in charge are fully competent to carry it forward to greater perfection. When changes are to be made which will be needed for further progress, other sensitives will be found whose minds will be illuminated with wisdom from on high, who will be able to impart instruction, which will be given by wise guardians, who are more advanced and more familiar with the unfolding pathway. Do your best, mortal friends, in promulgating the gospel of Spiritualism, trustingly leaving the result of your labor to the **Infinite Wisdom**.

Oh! the surpassing beauty, and order, and glorious sublimity of this fair summerland of human souls. It is beyond

man's mental faculties to comprehend and I as spirit am inadequate to depict in human language and will only repeat "that eye hath not seen nor ear heard" what awaits the purified souls of earth.

We look forward with delight to the fruition of our earnest desires and fond hopes for all that now people the earth.

MARY DANA SHINDLER.

Mount Hope, in the Summerland.

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I am happy to us: this opportunity to send to the people of earth some words of counsel which may deter them in being so hasty in their judgments of things of which they are ignorant.

When from the higher altitude of the spirit world I contemplate the incredulity of mortal man when any newly discovered truth is presented for consideration, wonder fills the mind of my soul. After lesson upon lesson of the sad mistakes of intolerance and hasty and unjust judgments men will still oppose any new found truth with the same old spirit of vehemance.

When I behold so much opposition yet manifested in human minds—and minds, too, that think soundly on all other subjects, but who refuse a passing thought to the grander one of communion between the mundane and supermundane worlds, wonder gives place to amazement. Yet is this intelligent communion between the two states of human existence the most far reaching and wonderful discovery in the annals of both worlds, fraught as it is with the present and the future happiness of man. A discovery over which the people in this spiritual country will never cease to rejoice.

Faithful memory recalls an event in my mortal existence, when it was my privilege to bear the delightful tidings to the inventor of the electric telegraph that Congress had granted the petition for aid to establish communication between the people on the earth plane. After years' importuning, when worn and weary by the buffets and scorn of learned ignorance, aid was at last given. Well do I remember when I imparted the joyful news how his sad face beamed with new life and hope, which in time was succeeded by the plaudits of the

world, which soon forgets. And mine was the proud privilege of transmitting over material wires the first message of intelligence, and which was the happiest event in my mortal life.

Had the higher privilege been mine of sending by Spirit Telegraphy the first message from Spirit to mortal man, I think I would be the happiest woman in all the heavens, so superior is it to the method of the world renowned inventor. Then with deeper significance and more holy reverence I could repeat with emphasis: **Behold what God hath wrought!**

ANNIE G. ELLSWORTH.

My name is Connie Harris, and I've been waiting here some time to send a message to my dear father and mother and sweet little sister. Mr. Finck (not the one they know, but the one who has charge here) says "Give the child all the time he wants" and I remembered to thank him! He told me not to be hurried nor excited, and to keep my thoughts on what was being done. He looks so much like our dear Mr. Finck, I feel like I am in the office and he is talking to me. He is so kind and tender with me.

My dear father and mother, I know how you have mourned for me, and I wanted so much to tell you that I am satisfied here, and don't want to live again on the dark old earth. Here there is nothing to hurt me and I go wherever I like—and no danger of being hurt. Oh, no, I don't want to live there again—I only want you to be comforted. I am with you when you think of me and I often amuse my little sister when she is lonely. I am having a grand time going from place to place in this wonderful country. When I look about some longer I am going to school. The boys here tell me it's better than play. When I learn more, my dear father and mother, I will tell you more about myself. Don't think you were to blame in my leaving you as I did—you are not. Don't worry, be happy, and your boy will then be happy. I send you all my love and likewise Mr. Finck. I am now your Spirit son—Connie. The operator says: "You have done well."

## SOME WORDS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

For some time we were out of tune with the Spiritual Realm owing to unavoidable interruptions and material changes. There has also been an unusual demand for seances by those whose souls were sorrowing under some heavy bereavement, and these could not be left comfortless. So no magazine has been sent out since last July, when the twelve issues of its publication expired.

That year was a toilsome one, for the magazine is not a sensational publication, neither is its columns open to doubtful advertisements and personal abuse; such advertisements as we honestly believe would mislead the people and such articles as would corrupt the morals of the reader. We find satisfactory advertisements rare, consequently so far have derived only a trifling revenue from that source, and which is the chief one, in sustaining a publication of any kind.

We do not work in the interest of any church or creed, nor do we compromise principle for subscribers and popularity. We have been and still are free to recognize truth wherever found and to promulgate the facts of Spiritualism as it has been taught to us by the Spirit world. So it meets the need of only intuitive spiritual minds, which unhappily are in the minority. Yet we are proud and pleased with the appreciation and patronage of all such.

The present issue has been written and made ready for the printer at night, with the outside world all shut out—after the service of the day had ended. Then it has not only been a rest, but a joy to take up the pen and record our own waiting thoughts and experiences, and likewise what the Spirit editor may choose to give.

This is a service in which we take the greatest delight, a work that does not drag down, but one that elevates to a higher plane—one, too, that must be done undisturbed by the presence and doubts of skeptical mortal minds.

After our recent sojourn in the valley life we think it is well sometimes to go down into it that we may more fully realize the wide difference between it and the Spirit Plane, and to



better see and know the needs of the outside world. We can then return to the higher spiritual service and more elevating enjoyments with a keener relish and renewed ambition.

We certainly enjoy the warmth and beauty of the inner life as never before, while our souls go out yearningly to those who know only of a material existence.

Our life has been so secluded from the outside world, its pastimes and pleasures, that we sometimes think we have built up an ideal Spiritualism that will take effort and great self-sacrifice yet to attain. Wintering awhile in the valley, amid its contention and confusion has taught us that we are still far from our beautiful ideal.

The Magazine will appear just as regularly as circumstances will permit.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHER.

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