

# The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

## Humanitarian.

---

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS

---

**STAFF**

MRS. SUSAN J. FINCK, Mortal, }  
JAMES M. FINCK, Spirit, } EDITORS.  
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. 11. GALVESTON, TEXAS, JANUARY 1904. No. 14.

---

### SPIRIT CONTROL.

We see that many mortals with whom we have come in touch do not clearly comprehend the operations of the Spirit World. We have given them little by little, as we found conditions and opportunity favorable, and as they were prepared to receive.

When men find that they can really commune with their departed—the pure and exalted of the angel world—we see that it is at first often productive of a worshipful state of mind. While the fact should be held sacred to lofty uses, as every other truth should be, an unwholesome zeal in their new discovery and its sanctity degenerates into meaningless worship of the unseen. Others

too often become egotistical, and would force upon other minds all that purports to come from Spirits without any reasonable evidence. Both of this class of investigators will arrive at many false conclusions, which will arrest further progress. Yet it is true that no teacher is as good as **experience**.

With sadness we see that many who have discarded a belief in a personal Devil have accepted another of demon spirits, which is equally as erroneous and as much to be feared by mortal man. Likewise do many cherish a false idea that we direct every movement of their material lives, and so charge all disappointments and failures and mistakes to the Spirits. They seem to think if we fail to do their earth work for them that we should do it, and thereby afford conditions for an idle, inactive mortal existence.

I also desire to impress mortal minds with the fact that spirits do not use sensitives absolutely against their wills—**independent of their consent**; and furthermore, we can not transmit messages by or through them, unless there exist familiar characteristics between the communicating intelligence and the receiving medium.

Did we use sensitives against their wills, we would deprive them of selfhood, **which no spirit has the power to do**; and which no wise and just intelligence in the Spirit world would attempt to do. **All may judge of the ability and spiritual unfoldment of the control of a medium by the nature of that medium.** Should he or she be low, gross and gorgeling, such Spirit control will be attracted to the mortal sensitive.

Every mortal and immortal has a divine right to an independent individuality, and no one can make an unconscious surrender of their own individual faculties to the use of another without weakening their selfhood. If wise spirits would, or could, control sensitive mortals to the perfect exclusion of their own individuality, then could be given from the Spirit realm perfect messages

and infallible records of events, but yours would become an automaton world, and the embodied spirits of earth would lose individuality. Ideality would be swallowed up in spirit ideality, and the result would be that your spirit would pass into the keeping of another spirit, and the erroneous doctrine of the transmigrations of souls would become a verity.

Could an individual soul surrender the exercise of its soul principle to another, then it would become absorbed by that other, which idea is contrary to Nature's method.

When we use the word "control" it is in the same sense that mortals use it, when saying of a child it is controlled by its parents. That it is guided by its father, or controlled by its mother, or advised by its friends, that it is cherished and made happy by them. And while the child in its weakness and immaturity yields obedience to the voice of outward authority, yet is there an inner principle which can not be reached that is secure against the invasion of any foreign influence or control. An independent, thinking principle which can not be subjugated, nor absolutely possessed and controlled by another.

One mind can not be made the machine of another, unless that other has complete possession of it. And if a mortal spirit could be sold into bondage to one disembodied it would certainly lose its identity. But the fact is, it is in an absolute **selfhood** that human spirits **must exist**, be they embodied or disembodied.

When we say the selfhood of man we mean his spirit. True, the physical body may be subjugated by overpowering force, while the spirit rebels. There are men on the earth sphere who can separate the spirit of a man from its physical body by what you call murder, but they can't dethrone it from the soul, its spirit body. The severest punishment on the most enduring organism and affection can never decompose it. On it passes through the floods and fires of adversity and the joys of the supernal world, an individual and glorious selfhood.

Designing to change the present inharmony and unjust conditions of human life upon the earth sphere, we find no method sufficient to accomplish the work which is not based upon **Reason**. The faculties of the mind must have full play. The first duty enjoined upon man is **action**. Put the mind to work and it will always find something to do; and we are ever willing and waiting to stimulate every uplifting thought, just as a mortal teacher should instruct and strengthen the young mind.

Be assured that this is done, without touching the inner thinking principle in man. Were it otherwise, then could parents and teachers make and mold human minds in accord with their desire. Give example upon example, precept upon precept, and you will still find the inner principle untouched. No spirit either incarnate or discarnate can change. By physical force it may be prevented material expression, but the nature will remain unchanged. This inner principle is an invincible **selfhood, with which no one can part, even if they so desired.**

Then, it may be asked, is there no remedy? Verily, yes! **By giving holier births to the children of men!**

Men lift up conscious-stained hands in useless and meaningless prayers for all imaginary changes, and thus by example and magnetic influence make proselytes of those who have no knowledge more exalting than that of loaves and fishes, or a physical undeveloped Christianity, and the worship of a false Deity, unbecoming the dignity of a Godlike man.

Men look and wonder, find fault and complain. Some even think they could vastly improve on what they call creation, if they had the ordering of a world. Yet is this but the grossness of the monster ignorance while in its death struggle. Let it die! Humanity now calls for a more reasonable philosophy. When it becomes necessary for men to make an effort to separate both the constitutional and integral parts of Spirit in order to have a

God to worship, it is time to form a new and more correct idea of an overruling power.

Let reason and intuition, clothed in the spotless robes of celestial purity, be the instructor of the mortal mind. Let man view himself as an embodiment of spirit, and from a knowledge of the fact of his existence on a material plane, ascertain concerning his future state. "How," men ask, "can this be done?" We reply by reason and intuition. First, says Reason, a body or form—the mortal part of man; then says intuition, the soul, his immortal part, and the connecting link between his body and its animating spirit. **This triune compose the man.** This is the point from which to reason. Silence prejudice and seat reason and intuition on the throne of mind.

Although the ways of wisdom are past finding out, yet she has many intricate and beautiful paths in the broad field of demonstrated facts, which open out before the earnest investigating mind.

When **the man**—body, soul and spirit—become a conscious reality then can inquiry be made of his manner of action. Does the hand put forth its strength and perform deeds of kindness and valor unaided by mind, or spirit? No, says the world, but without considering the beautiful philosophy of **why**. The intuitive mind, however, replies: "Because it can not even exist, inseparable from spirit, therefore can not act. Yea and amen, answers the world of men, although the thought be a little deeper than the most of their perceptive faculties had gone.

It is unanimously conceded that the mortal form is incapable of action divested of its dual nature. Then it is not reasonable that when the spirit leaves its insensate body and passes to the second sphere that it is divested of any of its power? To the theological world we would say that Paul, through the inspiration of his divine nature, affirmed that there **was** a spiritual body, not that **there was going to be one.**

While the sectarian admits that form exists in the after life, yet do they reject the fact of its ability to communicate thought to mortal man. Then have the intellectual faculties and powers become dwarfed, or are they enlarged? The voice of intuition says enlarged, which is re-echoed from the dark domain of theology—yea, expanding and unfolding in the knowledge of a higher life and its heavenly graces.

This is the only reasonable logic, and it presupposes superior power, which enables it to communicate thought to the earth people.

Men will yet realize that death is only a blissful change to a glorious immortality; and that **selfhood** is invulnerable—that it can not be taken or given away. Neither lost nor overlooked in the Eternal Design.

SPIRIT EDITOR

---

### IS PROPHECY A SCIENCE?

---

The conclusions some writers draw on this subject makes it appear as though there was no possibility of accurate prophecy. It may be true for those who lack experience in this respect; for not all have the gift or are permitted to know what is to come. If we all knew what is ahead, despair in place of hope would swamp us. But few have not at one time or another been moved to do things preparatory to something coming. If that is not prophecy, what is it?

Furthermore, have not you (or at least some who read this) been inspired or impelled to write a certain person and later received a letter dated as yours was?

We all know that this is mind-reading, or the catching of the thought vibration coming to us from the writer.

Now, if we can catch one, why not another—especially if any one have evil designs on us—for such are more readily sensed than good ones because more compatible to our material conditions?

It needs but an understanding of the influences that touch us. Even the barometer can sense a depression in advance, why should not man, who is a living barometer?

As the former senses an evil design on its equanimity by falling, so man may by noting a like feeling, for which there is no visible reason pending. If he feels suddenly depressed, disturbed or apprehensive, with dread attending, he is sensing such a design or sause upon him. And who has not felt that, followed by sickness, unforeseen disturbance or trouble? If that is not prophetic what would you term it? Prophecy by any other name would do the same; and whether we call it a science or a humbug, it would have the same effect on our sensibilities—if we have any.

Of course, those who are insensible to anything beyond the purely material can not expect to share in this blessing—for a blessing it is when it warns us of danger or prepares us to meet an emergency.

And who has not sensed a joyousness prior to receiving good news or having a favor conferred upon them unexpectedly? Joy, tranquility and contentment are the influences or vibrations preceding that which is good or of good design.

Now, these are facts for sensitives; and if a compendium of facts, proved by tests and ready for application, is not accounted a science, what is it?

ARTHUR MILTON.

Charleston, South Carolina.

---

“THE LAW OF SUCCESS.”

---

By R. H. Kneeshaw.

Success, as the world terms it, is not always real. A fortune gained at the cost of health is not real success. But every kind of success comes through the working of a law. It never comes by chance. In the operations of Nature's laws there are no accidents. The accidental

tumbling of a stone from a mountain side is the result of forces which have been acting upon that stone, perhaps for ages.

You and your fortunes are no more the result of chance, or accident, than is the growth of a tree. You are the product of the elements, and that product is always the outcome of law. Find or discover the law and you can make of yourself whatever you will.

Remember that your body is but one servant of your mind. Your thought or spirit is your real self.

Your thought is an irresistible substance as real as earth, air, metals or water. It can, and does, act apart from the body. It does this whether you are sleeping or waking. It is the advance agent in your play of life, and it announces that life beforehand, and advertises it as tragedy or drama, comedy or farce. In this fact lays your real power; learn how this power really acts; learn how to hold, use and control it, and your business will become more profitable, and you will accomplish more in an hour than you now do in a week. Exercise of this power increases its force and adaptability. This and only this was the basis of the miracles—the magic or occult power of ancient times. Your mind is a magnet; it has power to attract thoughts to itself, and then power to send that thought out again. The nature of your prevailing thought is the key to your success or failure; to hold a thought, and continue to hold it, is to charge your mind (the magnet) with that thought, and whatever may be the nature of the thoughts you have so charged the mind with, they will attract to you thought of a kindred character and those thoughts will determine your ability to succeed, or your liability to fail in life. Success is a result from certain well defined thought elements—determination, hope, cheerfulness, strength, force, power, justice, gentleness, order and precision are factors in the production of success. The more you charge your mind with those and similar elements the more you will attract such



elements (and so thoughts control individuals). The more you will attract and be attracted unto other lives, whose minds being charged with the elements of success, are, as a consequence, successful.

Successful people associate with successful people; tramps consort with tramps; the sickly congregate together; such association may be and frequently is an unconscious exercise of fellowship; but not the less it is the working of law, which corresponds with one law, of association, in other and lower planes of life, and which makes oxen herd with oxen and not with horses; sheep run in flocks; wolves hunt in packs, and in the vegetable world links each particular kind to its own fellow. Truly, "A man is known by the company he keeps." "Why does he keep such company?" "Thoughts." Ergo, if you desire success, think the thoughts which bring success. Those thoughts will attract the successful. Your life will then mingle and flow with the current of success and will, must, be a success.

Your success, however, to be real, must be based on right and justice. The real is the true; the true is the permanent. Every law in nature will operate to destroy or to form. Success based on right and justice is forever formative of true and permanent happiness. To gain by deceit or craft is not success, for your thoughts of deceit and cunning will be attractive of the deceitful and dishonest thought. You will thus co-operate with the dishonest in body; and the dishonest will, in the end, injure, aye, destroy each other. Talking your business plans to others makes force for or against you. Sympathy is force. Any person's will is a real, living, acting substance flowing always to you as that person thinks of you. It has a commercial value in dollars and cents. Ill will is an element also and works against you, though the person who send it never speaks or acts against you. You can oppose ill will successfully by putting out against it the thought of friendliness.

The thought of good to others is the strongest force, and can turn the bad (the weaker) aside. The saying of Jesus, "Love thine enemy," is therefore scientifically as well as theologically correct. It is the very ultimate of world wise prudence.

It is dangerous to make enemies, no matter how good or just the cause..

"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." Your thoughts have power to act upon others whilst you are awake, but they have this power tenfold during your hours of sleep. And your angry thoughts go from you and mingle with the vile angry thought of others, and then return like a boomerang freighted with all the evil they have gathered during their flight. "Satan's chickens do go home to roost."

Every disorderly meeting, every family quarrel, every discordance between man and man, sends into the air a wave of destructive and unpleasant substance; thoughts coming from such a center of disturbance form a wave or current of injurious or destructive force; your momentary anger opens your mind to receive just such hurtful thought current. Your anger, maybe at first trifling, is constantly fed by those currents, and all such emotions work against success.

Thought being substance, can be stored up by you for future use, either to aid or hinder your progress. If you think of difficulties or possible troubles in business, you will set your mind in the direction of difficulties first in thought, next in substance. This becomes a fixed habit, difficult to break. You have nothing to do with difficulties, but to set your mind in the opposite direction, and gather the forces of energy, courage, persistence and activity which will enable you to get rid of these difficulties. Your eye will see only that which by daily use you train it to see. Your mind will receive the quality of thought and the nature of force element which you demand for it.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things unseen."

Out of the invisible but real substance of faith (that quality of thought which we believe in) we are daily, hourly, fashioning our lives, either for good or for evil, for success or for failure. Guard well your thoughts, and live your life in the full possession of those faculties whose just and equitable use crowns every soul if not with the "laurel leaves" of victory; at least, with the olive leaves of content.—Chronicle.

---

LONDON CRAZE IS RADIUM FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

---

English Women Rush to Buy Precious Metal That Costs \$30,000,000 a Pound.

---

London, Dec. 19.—All London is radium mad. The wonderful experiments that have recently been performed with the new elements, the miraculous cures of cancer and other malignant diseases that have been reported from the hospitals have created such a craze that the chemists have found it impossible to furnish enough of that precious stuff to meet the demand.

Radium for Christmas presents is the fad this year. Fond mothers, who have scientific sons yearning to work with this new mineral, have bought it to give them as a Yuletide offering; sage chemists and men of science are clamoring for it that they may see for themselves whether it possesses the almost fabulous properties the enthusiasts claim.

Stories emanating from the great hospitals relating to the marvellous cures effected by the use of radium have set the medical profession agog, and from the London specialist to the up-country doctor all are mad to obtain a piece of the magic stuff.

When one realizes that the price of radium is now

being quoted at something like \$6,912,000,000 a ton, or say \$30,000,000 a pound, it can be imagined what an expenditure of money this fad means.

A bit of the stuff no larger than the sharp end of my lady's hatpin costs over \$50—more than enough to buy her a smart bonnet and nearly enough for a fetching gown.

Only a few days ago three smartly gowned young women entered a chemist's shop and called for radium. Asked how much of the article they desired, one of them called for a quantity that would have financially ruined America's Pierpont Morgan, and seriously embarrassed John D. Rockefeller. She finally compromised by carrying off a tiny atom, for which she paid \$20.

The spintharoscope, a delicate instrument used to examine the radium, has come into popular favor. To have a bit of radium without this valuable instrument is to entertain an angel unawares, for it is only through the spintharoscope that all of the beauties of radium can be seen.

Looking through the tiny instrument in a darkened room, one sees the flashes of light scintillating in a fluorescent screen. Yet the speck of radium that emits this beautiful constellation is so minute it is barely visible to the naked eye.

How long this radium craze will last or to what extent society will carry it is not known, but fond papas, who in the end foot up Santa Claus's accounts, are watching its progress with an anxious eye.—New York American.

---

## PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

---

### Automatic Writing.

Much interest has always been shown by students of the Occult in this peculiar psychic phenomenon and the views of the eminent W. T. Stead, editor of the Review of

Reviews, as stated in the *Light of Truth*, will carry much weight with investigators of the subject.

His definition is that: "Automatic handwriting is a term used to describe writing which is obtained when the recipient, holding pen or pencil, places his hand lightly upon a sheet of paper and allows the mind of the communicating person to use that hand as his own."

Mr. Stead found that after a little practice, by making his mind passive, placing his hand with a pen upon a sheet of paper, he could "ring up on the telepathic exchange" "as he desired any friend of the circle of those who could write with his hand. After six or seven years of experimenting the following conclusions were reached:

"First—That no one can say beforehand whether any particular person can or can not use my hand for the purpose of telepathy or automatic handwriting. Some friends who are very near and dear to me utterly fail. Others with whom I am not on particularly near terms write with considerable accuracy.

"Secondly—It is not in the least necessary for the person who writes with your hand to be conscious that you are receiving such a communication from him.. That is to say, you ring up your friend and ask him to communicate by the aid of my automatic hand. That message does not, as a rule, produce the least impression upon his physical consciousness. The friend will use my hand to tell me the whole series of incidents which he did not intend to communicate to me.

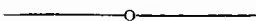
"Thirdly—It makes no difference for the receipt of the telepathic communications whether the person from whom you receive them is asleep or awake, or is engaged in any kind of mental or physical exercise. The subconscious mind, which alone is exercised in all sub-telepathic transmission, takes no account of these external circumstances, is always ready to be rung up and never resents any questions.

"Fourthly—The most accurate communications are always those relating to subjects upon which the person from whom the communication is received feels deeply. An intense feeling, either of joy or sorrow, is transmitted not merely with accuracy, but with a certain intensification of emotion, whereas the inquiries as to prosaic details, such as what they may have had for dinner, or by what train they came up town, are apt to be considered quite wrongly.

"Fifthly—The value of these auto-telepathic communications is materially impaired by the fact that the transmitting sub-conscious mind, of whoever it may be, is apt to confound thought with things, and to describe a fierce determination to do harm as if the harm were absolutely accomplished. In the same way a great dread lest an incident should occur will often be rendered as an absolute statement—as a fact that the accident has occurred.

"Sixthly—Another element which deprives the communications of the value which at one time I thought they might possess, is that the communicating mind, whoever it may be, is sublimely oblivious to considerations of time. That is to say, my hand has often written accurate descriptions of the mental state of a person from whom the message came which were perfectly accurate some years, months, weeks, or even hours before, but which were not correct at the moment at which the message was written. This, however, is a comparative bagatelle, compared with the element of marvel that is introduced by the fact that the automatic hand will frequently describe events as having already happened which have not happened at all, but which subsequently happened exactly as described. I have had so many experiences of this sort that if any of my friends were to write with my hand and inform me that any accident or piece of good fortune had befallen him, especially if the message were given with any particularity of detail, I should feel tolerably certain that if it had not happened at the time of

writing it would certainly happen before long. I always make a rule of submitting all the writing which I receive to my friends from whom it purports to be a communication, and their annotations are extremely interesting."



We are in possession of an interesting and quaint magazine called *The Philistine*, whose author is gifted with ready wit and has the faculty of going down to the root of things. From it we reproduce the following:

"Work must be of a useful sort, or else you may visit upon the race a decided curse thru the efforts of those employed. Even tho the result of the work be absolutely neutral, like carrying bricks back and forth from one pile to another, society is not benefited. The distribution of wealth, by giving work that is devoid of a good result, will in time pauperize the race, for it deprives men of the opportunity of performing productive labor.

"When the Bradley-Martins gave their hundred thousand dollar ball at the Waldorf-Astoria there were not wanting writers to justify the expenditure on account of the work it gave to hundreds of thousands of people getting ready for the orgie. One man said that a thousand cooks, butlers, milliners, dressmakers, etc., were given employment for three months making ready for that particular racket, therefore the Bradley-Martins were the benefactors of humanity.

"Let's see—a thousand people workt for three months—and what was it they produced?

"Answer—They produced the Ball.

"Twenty thousand men given work making warships!

"Result of their labor?

"Warships."

"What are warships?

"Things that take thousands of men from useful labor to care for, and that put a tax on every laborer for maintenance, so long as they float."

"But my idea is that a genius is a man who has the faculty of doing certain excellent things in a masterly way. What other men work out with sweat and lamp-smoke this man does jauntily, joyously, and without seeming thought or effort. While others are talking about the thing he does it. And he can never tell how or why.

"No dictionary can define this faculty of genius.

"No chemist can analyze it.

"It seems to be a flash of the divine spark that goes straight to the heart of things.

"The man simply sees—that is all. And seeing he says, or writes, or acts.

"And depend upon this: direct and forceful doing is always the result of direct and vivid seeing. When you write luminously, without fog or mist, it is because there is no fog in your brain. Before you can make others see the picture you must first see it yourself."

\* \* \*

"If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love.

"And the way to be patient, and generous—to free yourself from discord—is not to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work.

"Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes in your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others engaged in the same occupation.

"Simply be filled with the thought of good and it will radiate—you do not have to bother about it any more than you need trouble about your digestion."

\* \* \*

"No white woman can think out with her head and make with her hands a work of beauty to compare in completeness, in proportion, in perfection of color and design, with the work of an Arizona Indian woman.



This Indian may work two years on a single basket, and into its design she will weave the history of her race, and her own history as well—her aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and her love.

“To do good you must be a good person.

“A beautiful piece of work is a beautiful thought made manifest.

“An Indian basket is a prayer.

“Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. If there is no beauty in your soul there will be no beauty in your work.

“If you have an inward illumination, it will come out at your finger tips in your work, if you are free.

“And so these Indians who do this perfect work—this work of most exquisite proportion and design—must have in them much good. Are they not God’s children? and has He not breathed into their spirits somewhat of the goodness and glory that reveals itself in leaf and flower, in bird and song, in mountain peak and sunset glow!

“All is one.”

\* \* \*

“Maeterlinck in writing of the bees asks: “Why do they renounce sleep, the delights of honey and love, and exquisite leisure enjoyed, for instance, by their winged brothers, the butterfly? Two or three flowers suffice for their nourishment, yet in an hour they will visit two hundred in order to collect a treasure which they will never taste. Why all this toil and distress, and whence this mighty assurance that all is well? Is it so certain then that the new generation whereunto you offer your lives will merit the sacrifice; will it be more beautiful, happier, will it do something you have not done because you have thus toiled?

“And the bees do not answer. Neither does the genius know why he thus works, and dares, and does, and offers himself and his all for a good that is yet unborn.

"He does not know—he lives by faith. And of the Power that guides his footsteps and leads him on, he knows nothing more than does the bee. Continually he hears the Voice: 'Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest.' And through snow and ice, through dust and heat, through glaring day and darkest night his answer to the Voice is ever instant and implicit obedience. The spirit of abnegation that gives all, and thereby wins all, is upon him: 'Lord, here am I!'

"And this abnegation—this obedience that neither stands, nor sits, nor hesitates, but goes, is the price of achievement."

\* \* \*

"Do not be disturbed about saving your soul—it will be saved if you make it worth saving.

"Do your work.

"Think the good.

"And evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by good.

"Think no evil; and if you think only the good, you will think no evil.

"Life is a search for power. To have power you must have life, and life in abundance. And life in abundance comes only through great love."

---

#### PAT'S POSSESSIONS AND MINE.

---

Otho F. Peare practiced law at Pontiac, Ill., where he died in the spring of 1897, in the 61st year of his age. He was a true lover of nature and a true poet in every sense of the word. The following poem was read by him before a farmers' convention at Pontiac some years before he died:

Stretching away on every side  
 A fair domain you see.  
 A part belongs to Pat McBride,  
 A part belongs to me.

I own the golden light of morn,  
With all the tints that play  
Upon the springing grass and corn—  
Pat owns the corn and hay.

I own the catbird, thrush and jay,  
The larks that sing and soar—  
Pat owns the barnyard fowls that stay  
About his stable door.  
But where the shadows on yon stream  
Are changing every hour,  
I own the right to float and dream—  
Pat owns the water power.

Mine is the murmur of this rill,  
Whose sweet tones never cease,  
But all the air with music fill—  
Pat owns that flock of geese.  
I own yon creamy summer cloud,  
That o'er the meadow floats,  
Like some poor angel in a shroud—  
Pat owns those Berkshire shoats.

Mine are those drops of dew that shine  
And fill my wild rose full;  
These tiny violets are mine—  
Pat owns the mighty bull.  
Where such things can be got for pelf  
Pat buys the finest breeds;  
I had communion with myself—  
Pat holds the title deeds.

Pat rises when the morn is new,  
And so, sometimes, do I;  
I see he has enough to do  
As I am passing by.  
His muscles seem to be of steel,  
But mine sometimes relax;  
While he so sturdy seems to feel  
I let him pay the tax.

My golden profits ne'er escape,  
I hide them in my breast;  
Pat takes his gold in different shape

And sticks it in his vest.  
 I count my treasures o'er and o'er  
 As higher still they mount;  
 Pat's go with those that went before  
 To swell his bank account.

Pat owns that clover field in fact,  
 And so I sadly fear  
 That love of gain will make him act  
 Just as he did last year.  
 The crimson blooms I prized so high  
 He cut without remorse,  
 And sold the seed off, by-and-by,  
 And bought a Norman horse.

No man has wealth enogh to buy  
 My part in this domain.  
 I would not sell my clouds and sky,  
 My shadows on the plain;  
 I would not sell this golden light,  
 These tales the breezes tell.  
 Gold has no power to buy my right—  
 For money Pat would sell.

I gaze at ease on every hand,  
 At our possession fair;  
 Pat plows and sows and reaps the land  
 And keeps it in repair.  
 So Pat does me a world of good,  
 While I do Pat no harm,  
 And on these terms, well understood,  
 We both enjoy the farm.  
 —Philosophical Journal.

---

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

---

### Chapter I.

The beloved prophet-poet of New England hath many inspired utterances. Among them are these verses of hope for the world:

All grim and soiled, and brown with tan,  
 I saw a strong one in his wrath,

Smiting the godless shrine of man  
 Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
 Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;  
 Wealth shook within his gilded home,  
 With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chamber fled  
 Before the sunlight bursting in;  
 Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
 To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
 That grand old time-worn turret spare."  
 Meek reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
 Cried out "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
 Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
 Leaned on his staff and wept to find  
 His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
 O'erhung with playful locks of gold,  
 "Why, smite," he asked in sad surprise,  
 "The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke,  
 Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
 Shuddering and sick at heart, I woke  
 As from a dream!

I looked; aside the dust-cloud rolled—  
 The Waster seemed the Builder, too;  
 Upspringing from the ruined Old  
 I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—  
 The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
 Whate'er of good the old time had  
 Was living still.

Calm grew the brow of him I feared;  
 The frown which awed me passed away,

And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grain on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort pavilions gay,  
And cottage windows flowers entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay,  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cup, with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn sparkling from the river's bed,  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like heaven sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know,  
That where the share is deepest driven  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn right, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud, transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom from that great law,  
Which makes the past time serve today;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh! backward looking son of time!  
The new is old, the old is new,

The cycle of a change sublime  
 Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer,  
 Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
 Who wake by turns earth's love and fear,  
 Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day,  
 Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,  
 So, in his time, thy child grown gray,  
 Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou,  
 The eternal step of Progress beats.  
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
 Which God repeats!

Take heart, the Waster builds again—  
 A charmed life old goodness hath;  
 The tares may perish—but the grain  
 Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
 His first propulsion from the night;  
 No, wake and watch! The world is gray  
 With morning light!

---

## Chapter II.

John, being full of the love of God, confesseth his  
 humility. He waiteth for death and knoweth that all  
 will be right beyond.

I know not what the future hath  
 Of marvel or surprise,  
 Assured alone that life and death  
 His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
 To bear an untried pain,  
 The bruised reed He will not break,  
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
 Nor works my faith to prove;  
 I can but give the gifts He gave,  
 And plead his love for love.  
 And so beside the silent sea  
 I wait the muffled oar;  
 No harm from Him can come to me,  
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
 Their froned palms in air;  
 I only know I can not drift  
 Beyond His love and care.

—From Arcabula, by A. J. Davis.

\* \* \*

The seer says: "A new collection of gospels is now imperatively demanded in the cause and interest of truth. With the light of Arabula before you, like a "pillar of fire," showing the path through the darkness of ignorance, you can see the footprints of the everlasting God through all the sacred writings of every age and people. Only the proud and prejudiced, only the ignorant and superstitious are shut out of this beautiful and beneficent garden."

---

### THOUSANDS IN WAITING FOR JEHOVAH.

**Whole Iowa Community Firm in Belief That a Prophet  
 Is to Come Who Will Take Place of One Who Is  
 Dead Twenty Years—Live and Dress in Garb  
 of Two Centuries Ago—Money Rarely Seen.**

**Seek to Live Aloof From Modern People.**

Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 19.—In what is almost a paradise, located in a fertile valley of Iowa, five thousand people are awaiting the coming of a prophet, or a Jehovah, who will bring such tidings as will counteract the inducements to a worldly life constantly being offered from without to the growing generation within their



midst. This is the Amana community of True Inspirationists, which has longingly looked forward to the coming ever since the death of its last prophet, Barbera Heinemann, twenty years ago.

Living as one large family since 1842, these people, who came to America from Germany to avoid religious persecution, have amassed great wealth, yet United States currency is a thing little known within the community. They have gained a world-wide reputation for the making of calico prints, which they furnish in large quantities to the market, yet maintain that they could live without the patronage of the world. But the life of the Eighteenth Century—for such it is they live—is somewhat trying to the ambitious youth who hears the rattle of the Twentieth Century industry at his door and is tempted by worldly pleasure.

There is a mighty struggle in the Socialistic community which has been so proud to boast of its success. Mingling for years with their own people, these men and women who came as sturdy ruralists from Germany have left a posterity which wears the sign of weakness in its face. Men and women of the world have not entered the community in sufficient numbers to replenish the stock, and there is physical deterioration. The Amana youth of today has seen enough of the world through visitors to the village to yearn for something more than unpainted houses, apparel of two centuries ago and a society void of sensation.

So great problems face the eighty elders of the community—the spiritual, the physical and the social. The first will be solved, it is believed, by the older members of the community, by the appearance of a prophet. So long have they waited that they now feel the time is ripe for a manifestation. They believe divine inspiration may exist today as well as in the time of the Bible, and some of their choicest records are the sayings of those who pronounced divine revelations and led them to America.

Believing religion should be in the heart and not in outward show, they wear the simple apparel of old Germany, have the most unpretentious churches and permit no musical instrument in the villages. All praise to God is by the voice. Even the dead are laid away without mourning, for the community members live not for this life, but in preparation for the future.

The physical problem is undoubtedly the most difficult one with which they have to contend. Blood has entered blood till the inhabitants have become largely related. Strength could be given by the introduction of new stock, but to find men and women of this strenuous day willing to give up ambition and pleasure to live on an equality with others is a matter yet unsolved.

Celibacy is the highest ideal of life, but, realizing long ago that succession depends upon the institution of marriage, they do not prohibit the union. A unique plan has been established, however, which, if patterned after throughout the United States, would have the tendency of reducing hasty marriages and rob the divorce court of much of its patronage. There are five villages in the community.

When a young man manifests his desire to make a young woman his wife, and she has given her consent, he takes up his few necessities of life and departs for another village, where he must remain a whole year and a day without communication with his betrothed. If at the end of this time both remain true in their affection and steadfast in their purpose, the bans are announced in the church. The ceremony is performed in a simple manner and the young couple is assigned one of the neat little cottages for their abode, to take their meals with others of the village at the "common kitchen."

But a social question arises. The peculiarity of this people has attracted thousands of sightseers, and Sunday schools run picnics during the summer to the place. Since the establishment of the community railroads have

been built through their land, and every day the Amana youth is brought into touch with Twentieth Century life. Many have given up their homes, where they are assured of a maintenance during life and comfort in old age, to take their chances in the business and commercial world. Some have returned.

One who enters the community from without surrenders into its treasury all his worldly goods and becomes a part owner of the whole. Should he desire to leave the community he is given all that was his, but with no interest, for the people do not believe in the payment of interest.

There are probably no more picturesque villages in the country than those at Amana. In a little valley on the undulating prairie are five "lorfts," cozily snuggled down by the edge of a wide stream, with winding streets and unpainted houses. Paint is not used for the same reason that buildings are not insured—they say it is not economical.

But what might seem a barren effect has been largely overcome by the love of nature imbued within the residents. Over the stone and wooden walls of the houses and the bowlder fences around private gardens are grown sturdy rose bushes. In June the green leaves and red petals supply the want of paint and decoration.

Equal rights between men and women are to be found, the latter having the same privilege as men at elections for church and community officers where they have no male representative, as a husband. For years compulsory education has been in vogue. Just as strongly is the principle held that he who does not work shall not eat. But there is no laziness. Work is a diversion from the monotony in a place without amusements.

Up and down the narrow, unpaved streets move people in the dress of the German peasant of two hundred years ago, with only such changes as convenience—not fashion—has suggested from time to time. All titles and modes

of address are viewed with disapproval. They greet each other as brother and sister. From village to village sturdy oxen hitched to rough carts constitute their inter-urban transportation.

What do these people believe, that they thus live in the midst of plenty and modern progress, a frugal people with apparently no employment?

They believe they are preparing themselves for everlasting life.

They think that as God revealed hidden things through visions, dreams and revelation in olden times, He can do so now. Inspiration, according to their idea, is a supernatural influence of the Spirit of God on the human mind, by which persons are qualified to set forth truth divine. The one who becomes a subject of inspiration must have a pure heart, a free soul without prior judgment, meek and obedient to divine will. They believe there is a false as well as a true inspiration, and that prophesying did not cease with the Biblical prophets.

They do not believe in purgatory, nor in a millenium in this life, nor in predestination. They believe in the resurrection, reward for the good and punishment for the wicked. They do not baptize with water, for they hold that baptism is purely spiritual. They observe the Lord's Supper only as an inward feasting, used only after trials or misfortunes. They practice feet washing and hold love feasts. They oppose war as inconsistent with Christianity, maintaining that if people would refuse to go to war ambitious rulers would have to dwell in peace and harmony.

Oaths are inadmissible because for bidden by Christ, and they object to frivolous plays as recreations such as will divert the mind from God. They are consistent in their belief, for during the Civil War they sent not a man, paying the necessary amount to keep their members at home. Their belief is summed up in that commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and

with all thy soul and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Living this ordinary life, they maintain that the era of art and luxury is also an era of cruelty and crime.—  
New York American.

---

○

### SPIRITUAL PARAGRAPHS.

The bond of union between mortals and immortals has not been weakened by so-called death. But one thinking to reach the pure in the life beyond by means of idle curiosity, or through selfish gain, will find they make a most woful mistake. Love is the magic key that opens the door between.

\* \* \*

Mortals should be more patient through the ills they can not put aside and the disappointments that they are powerless to avert. In seasons of anguish some spirit friend or dear one is always near, stilling the tempest and giving strength to endure. While we can not remove the trials consequent upon material existence, we can and do dull the keen edge of every sorrow and disappointment.

\* \* \*

The success of the communion that wise intelligences in spirit life would establish between the two worlds depends upon the purity of both the medium and investigator. Messages therefore given personally must of necessity be brief and seldom. Through the down bending heavens influences are descending from purified souls, which all may receive who are prepared for the inflow. It is not the inability of the Spirit World to give to mortal man more knowledge of life there and here, but his inability to receive and righteously use. Truth is often too simple for man to accept.

\* \* \*

With us who are more sensitive to the vastness of eternity, the shadows on life's dial pass quickly away.

Much force is being wasted by undue haste, and much power is lying unused through need of energy and interest in somebody or something. Every man and woman should seek some worthy object in life and steadily and calmly work to attain it. His will should flow on and out in harmony with the divine law. Then will he love his brother man and twine his affections about Spirit life, and will look inward and purify his own soul.

\* \* \*

When the human mind becomes divested of the superstition that evil discarnate spirits walk the earth seeking some mortal organism through which to express and enjoy their evil nature, a great barrier will be removed to the moral and spiritual progress of humanity, and an impenetrable wall will be erected against all such fancied intrusions.

\* \* \*

One world at a time is not sufficient for an intelligent, broad souled man. While he realizes that truth and justice is the imperishable principle, both here and in every other world, he believes in humanity and finds some good in every man and woman and in all religions, which will form the basis of happiness in some other and higher state of human existence. Such men with great sympathetic hearts revel in existence here and are the true saviors of the world.

\* \* \*

Man should be slow to question the wisdom of the Eternal. God's ways are not after the ways of man. Be assured that there exists no unseen power nor force that is devoid of justice. The Infinite Spirit is ever working and striving for more perfect expressions through matter. It is difficult for mortals to comprehend the power, the abundant fruitfulness and blessedness of unselfish human affection.

\* \* \*

When one desires to come in rapport with any definite class of intelligences, thought must be withdrawn from

surrounding objects and centered on the special knowledge which is coveted, not, however, in an excited, striving manner, but in an attitude of calm, quiet expectation. It is often asked why spirits do not reveal more about the future, important events in human lives. They would not weaken or waste nor scatter the forces needed for the accomplishment of great designs. Sudden revelations are always the most powerful to affect both men and communities, because forces are centered.

\* \* \*

We hear the continued cry of many mortals for more light and knowledge concerning the Spirit World and after life, and yet, are they receiving just as rapidly as they are able to understand and appropriate it to wise and holy uses. The aspirations of earnest souls have already lifted them very near the kingdom of heaven—yet are all lacking in a broader charity that realizes kinship to the lowliest of human kind. Few such exalted souls exist upon earth. Aspire to be one of them!

\* \* \*

We in this more perfect life look with soulful pity upon the corruption of your politicians, yet is their day swiftly passing, the earth people are being inspired with loftier sentiments of truth and justice, and will ere long demand that cleaner hands shall hold the reins of government. Yea, the measure of their iniquity is fast being filled and their places will be occupied by statesmen, sincere and honorable, who will lead the nation in all branches of reform. To encourage and hasten the time wise and pure souls from our Spirit Congress have been delegated to the various councils of the earth who will inspire them with wisdom. Struggling and wailing through all the present upheavals is the mighty spirit of humanity.

\* \* \*

We rejoice that mortals sometimes turn from the cares and turmoil of material life and yearningly question of the higher and eternal. It is the earnest desire of those who inhabit the Spirit World that mortal existence

should be both useful and full of joy, but we know that with the spiritual nature dulled and deadened that no real and lasting pleasure can ever be experienced. None can enjoy a trustful peace with the nobler faculties unused and the attributes and impulses of spirit crowded out and only self-enthused. The Christ spirit—the **divine self** is enshrined within every human heart, but too often it is never allowed expression.

\* \* \*

To be successful, all methods of reform should begin within, and each should be permitted and encouraged to live the life of their own soul—unfold their own personality by their inner power. Too many are striving to live the life of another, hence they are restless, impatient and dissatisfied, and will so continue until they are redeemed and regain full possession of themselves. Let every one be sure that they are living their own lives and all will be made happier and better.

\* \* \*

Convinced of the truth of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and converted to the practice of its pure principles, mortals will stand upon the threshold of a new, useful and most beautiful life. Already has it tinted many lives with some of its fadeless glory, and it is destined to be the great lever, that will uplift and bless the whole human family.

\* \* \*

Did mortals but manifest half of the love of truth, of liberty and justice that they do for prudish and ignorant modesty they would possess more of the health and happiness they are daily striving to obtain and which is ever eluding their grasp. Humanity has progressed above the animal plane to where every function of the human body is beginning to be regarded as holy. The day will soon dawn when they will be used without abuse or fear of running into excess that would restrain liberty. Emotions are being awakened in human hearts stronger than



animal passions, which will gain the ascendancy and make the individual free indeed.

---

OUR MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

---

Oh, the loved ones that will meet us  
When we reach the other shore;  
Oh, the bright ones that will greet us,  
When the pilgrimage is o'er.

Earth with all its pleasant voices  
Can not stay our toilworn feet,  
Love the purest, hope the brightest,  
Hath no promise half so sweet.

\* \* \*

It has long been my desire to send some word across the line to the friends and dear ones who yet remain upon the earth.

I was convinced of the fact of communion between the two states of human existence before I vacated the body of flesh; and all the years since that wonderful transition from mortality to immortality have I waited the opportunity and conditions that would enable me to do so. I am rejoiced and grateful to be permitted through this avenue to say to my dear companion and other loved hearts who are bowed down with grief that Ernest is now with me and the joy of his release from suffering is only dimmed by the sorrow of the dear ones of earth. Cease to weep. He has entered a realm of vast possibilities. His life henceforth will go on animated with new hopes and loftier ambitions. The facilities here for greater development are far beyond the mortal mind to conceive. His sphere of usefulness also will be enlarged and with no obstacles to hinder nor wrongs to undo. Cease to weep. With the material body he has cast off the sordid ambitions of earth and is fast learning the customs of this heavenly country; and through the higher knowledge of spirit life he will unfold powers of which he never dreamed.

Glad was I to receive and welcome my dear boy, and glad am I that I can now lead him in more peaceful paths than was mine to tread while below and in which was his desire to walk.

It would afford us great delight to sometimes exchange words of love with the dear hearts of earth. The silence seems as though we had been buried with the cast-off body. We call, but seldom receive an answer. Yet our souls yearn for recognition, and we watch and wait for conditions to comfort and to assure you that **there is no death.**

R. L. FULTON.

\* \* \*

My dear Mother—I have come here many times since I left your visible presence, hoping to send some words to soothe your great sorrow, but have failed until now. You can go to the grave where lies the body, like some worn-out garment, but found me not there. I am close to you and you would feel and know it, if your soul was not so clouded by grief. All should rejoice that I am free from a body so weak and worn that it was of no further use to me. It was a great burden and hindrance and I was so happy to leave it. Oh! no, my darling mother, I would not be, there again, subject to the pain, disappointments, sorrows and mistakes of mortal life. I am nearer to you now than when you saw me with mortal eyes. Bye and bye, when grief gives place to calm obedience to the divine Wisdom, you will realize my love and presence, and sweet memories of the happy past will spring up like fragrant flowers in your soul, and the pains and ills, will be seen in a clearer light.

My dear mother, you all have much for which to be thankful, cheer and comfort each other, and all the weary ones of earth with whom you come in touch. Let gratitude fill your heart to the Goodness that overrules human lives, that such a glorious place of rest and peace and joy has been prepared for me, and for you, dear mother, and for all. Be happy that I may fully enjoy life

in this glorious world. Love to every dear home heart,  
from  
ADA.

\* \* \*

Woe! Woe! to the departing spirit of mortal man who must enter the eternal life with his soul fired and inflamed with the passions and strife of war. Woe was mine when I was ushered into spirit life amid the conflicts of war.

While the lower world applauds the bravery and heroic deeds of its warriors, and would enthrone them on the pinnacle of fame, a far different scene is being enacted in the land of human souls. There we stand face to face, before the heavenly accusers. The slain of many battlefields rise up before us, in mockery of our vaunted valor, and we are compelled to live for a season among the disturbers of peace and prosperity—among the despoilers of homes and sacred affections and happy associations.

In vain have we tried to find some excuse for the murder of man in war, but conscience, with its still, small voice, unceasingly whispered: "It is a crime." And experience and calm reason says it is only a test of physical strength—of might, not of right.

We now see that the stronger should be more considerate of the weaker, and not like exasperated children, return blow for blow. The scourge of war is dictatorial authority, from which every human soul will revolt, and their hearts become alienated from those in power. This is plain to us now, but while upon earth it was clouded by vanity and blinded by false ambitions for place and power.

We are now trying to amend past mistakes by impressing and inspiring mortal men to give wisdom—pure, peerless wisdom, which injureth no man, a seat upon the throne of mind, that they may outgrow the thought and desire of gaining by physical strength and strife; and great will be our rejoicing when all differences and diffi-

Glad was I to receive and welcome my dear boy, and glad am I that I can now lead him in more peaceful paths than was mine to tread while below and in which was his desire to walk.

It would afford us great delight to sometimes exchange words of love with the dear hearts of earth. The silence seems as though we had been buried with the cast-off body. We call, but seldom receive an answer. Yet our souls yearn for recognition, and we watch and wait for conditions to comfort and to assure you that **there is no death.**

R. L. FULTON.

\* \* \*

My dear Mother—I have come here many times since I left your visible presence, hoping to send some words to soothe your great sorrow, but have failed until now. You can go to the grave where lies the body, like some worn-out garment, but found me not there. I am close to you and you would feel and know it, if your soul was not so clouded by grief. All should rejoice that I am free from a body so weak and worn that it was of no further use to me. It was a great burden and hindrance and I was so happy to leave it. Oh! no, my darling mother, I would not be, there again, subject to the pain, disappointments, sorrows and mistakes of mortal life. I am nearer to you now than when you saw me with mortal eyes. Bye and bye, when grief gives place to calm obedience to the divine Wisdom, you will realize my love and presence, and sweet memories of the happy past will spring up like fragrant flowers in your soul, and the pains and ills, will be seen in a clearer light.

My dear mother, you all have much for which to be thankful, cheer and comfort each other, and all the weary ones of earth with whom you come in touch. Let gratitude fill your heart to the Goodness that overrules human lives, that such a glorious place of rest and peace and joy has been prepared for me, and for you, dear mother, and for all. Be happy that I may fully enjoy life

in this glorious world. Love to every dear home heart,  
from  
ADA.

\* \* \*

Woe! Woe! to the departing spirit of mortal man who must enter the eternal life with his soul fired and inflamed with the passions and strife of war. Woe was mine when I was ushered into spirit life amid the conflicts of war.

While the lower world applauds the bravery and heroic deeds of its warriors, and would enthrone them on the pinnacle of fame, a far different scene is being enacted in the land of human souls. There we stand face to face, before the heavenly accusers. The slain of many battlefields rise up before us, in mockery of our vaunted valor, and we are compelled to live for a season among the disturbers of peace and prosperity—among the despoilers of homes and sacred affections and happy associations.

In vain have we tried to find some excuse for the murder of man in war, but conscience, with its still, small voice, unceasingly whispered: "It is a crime." And experience and calm reason says it is only a test of physical strength—of might, not of right.

We now see that the stronger should be more considerate of the weaker, and not like exasperated children, return blow for blow. The scourge of war is dictatorial authority, from which every human soul will revolt, and their hearts become alienated from those in power. This is plain to us now, but while upon earth it was clouded by vanity and blinded by false ambitions for place and power.

We are now trying to amend past mistakes by impressing and inspiring mortal men to give wisdom—pure, peerless wisdom, which injureth no man, a seat upon the throne of mind, that they may outgrow the thought and desire of gaining by physical strength and strife; and great will be our rejoicing when all differences and diffi-

culties between men will be settled by calm deliberation and in a spirit of justice.

Had I been here a thousand years the conscience of my soul could not be quieted until I had sent out to the world my earnest, solemn protest against **War!**

HOWLAND.

\* \* \*

I am here to say to my beloved daughter, Regina Heaton, that although I can not yet manifest my presence as strongly as we both desire, that I have not ceased in my efforts to do so. She, I see, is too anxious, and her thoughts wander to material things. Concentration of thought on whatever is being done, on either the spiritual or material plane of life, dear daughter, is essential to success. What you deem contradictory and evil, in your efforts to establish communion with the Spirit World, is attributable to physical surroundings and influences. Be not discouraged; experience and continued effort will overcome these obstacles. Fear not any unseen evil. Your earnest desire for truth will attract truth-loving spirits, who will guide you in wisdom's ways. You must be patient. This fact of communion between mortals and immortals is yet not fully understood by either. Be very patient, my child. The light that will yet shine into your soul will reveal new duties and thrust upon you new responsibilities that in your present state of spiritual unfoldment you would be unable to meet.

From all of the delights and exquisite beauties of this higher life have I turned and come back to earth to watch over my precious children. You, my dear Regina, have realized the tender brooding of mother love, but our dear Imogene hesitates and fears that it is too good to be true. Already have you partaken of much of the wealth of this heavenly country, and more will be showered upon you, making fertile the soil of your soul and imparting magnetic strength to your physical organism.

My soul yearns to be with my children and I shall

dwell in their charming atmosphere until they are emancipated from the material body, and then, dear daughter, together we shall ascend, bearing the sheaves garnered from the earth land valley. Be faithful and true to your highest convictions of right. Love can only live in its fullness where truth and purity have a place.

Daughter, dear, my soul is filled with a great joy to be able and permitted to send you this and to know you will gladly receive. MOTHER ELIZABETH.

\* \* \*

What infinite preciousness, beloved charge, could be ours could my soul speak understandingly to your material senses. What wonderful revealments, of life, of love, and beauty could be made. But I must confine soul-thoughts and experiences in the language of sense-perceptions, and what I am able thus to give loses much of its worth and beauty.

It was through repeated and persistent efforts that I was able to press through the world's darkness and come in touch with your material life and the higher needs of your soul. From afar I impressed you where to obtain tangible proof of my identity and mission, and untold delight filled my soul when success crowned my effort. Heaven has been brighter and life more beautiful. And you, dear charge, have been lifted to a more spiritual plane of thought and action. Labor is easier—rest is sweeter—and hope is more assured of realization!

Rejoiced am I that you no longer grope in darkness and doubt, but now stand erect in the strength of spiritual manhood. Still do you crave more, and yet more, spiritual light. Be assured you are receiving as fast as you are prepared to wisely use. The duties and responsibilities of material life must be faithfully discharged and I would not lessen your interest in these, but would make them more binding. I would have the journal of your mortal undimmed by injustice or neglect, and the grossness of materiality. Unfold your own powers, and you

will be able to overcome all difficulties and fulfill all obligations.

NANNIE.

---

### OUR GROUP.

---

Some months ago the Spirit Editor advised forming a group of earnest men and women for material benefit and mental and spiritual unfoldment. We were to begin with five, who were in perfect sympathy, and admit no others without the consent of each member. We were told to sit quietly for a few moments, aspiring for the best results, after which each one should make known some material want or need. Then the entire Group should center thought in strong desire for its attainment. After this questions of a spiritual nature were to be asked and answered by any, or all, forming the group. No argument was to be permitted, as it would create inharmony.

We have succeeded in forming a group according to directions and receive very marked benefit materially **there is power in thought**. We are likewise improving mentally, and spiritually unfolding. Our **own** faculties are called into use, and it is surprising how readily difficult questions are made plain. It is also remarkable, that every member of the Group is in full accord with answers given.

Being in harmony each with all, and aspiring for the best, we are surely attracting it. Much information obtained so far has been of a personal nature, but we are impressed that very soon we shall be able to enlarge our thought sphere, and benefit others by receiving more general information and giving it through the columns of this publication.

\* \* \*

#### To Our Group.

Glad New Year, to each heart bring  
 All the wealth from out your store—  
 Oh! never let the death knell ring



Upon our sweetest dreams.  
Make life's beautiful ideal  
Blossom out into the real.  
And while we for the truth aspire,  
Grant, Oh, New Year! the fullness of desire.

MAUDE McALPINE COLL.

---

CHRISTMAS.

---

Christmas has come and gone, with its many love tokens and compliments of the season.

We acknowledge with appreciation and gratitude a letter from Houston, Tex., containing a card on one side of which is handsomely printed:

"M. V. Wright, Florist. Houston, Texas. Fine Flowers and Floral Work a Specialty. Also the finest Decorative Plants to be Found in any Collection South. We are Responsible and Guarantee Satisfaction. Please Favor us with your orders and be not deceived. Send for Spring Price List."

On the other side reads: "Dear Mrs. Finck: Inclosed please find postoffice order for \$5 to help on the grand work you are doing to enlighten humanity. We are well and hope this will find you all enjoying the same blessing.  
MR. AND MRS. M. V. WRIGHT."

\* \* \*

These are stanch Spiritualists of the old type. They own the finest conservatory in the South and the two congenial souls dwell in a veritable heaven below, among fragrant flowers and in daily communion with their Spirit friends. With more such timely aid the Magazine would be able to meet the expense of publication.

\* \* \*

A letter comes from the interior of the State from an old friend, tried and true, which reads: "A very, very, happy Christmas and New Year to my much esteemed friend, Mrs. Sue J. Finck, and success to the Magazine."

Inclosed was five dollars.

Delicious fruit, with Christmas greeting, from the truly spiritual Spiritualist, Mrs. O. M. Doty.

\* \* \*

Cards have come from our much esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Conlin of this city—a magnificent bunch of rare roses, which were grown in their own yard, also a box of dainty cake and candy.

\* \* \*

A card from our bright and ever cheerful friend of Houston, Texas, Mrs. Regina Heaton, who is a most enthusiastic disciple of our beautiful Spiritualism, was received and read with pleasure.

\* \* \*

Cards from Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Poulton, newly made friends from England, who greatly admire and enjoy reading the contents of the magazine, are warmly welcomed and appreciated.

\* \* \*

The dear and ever faithful children left nothing undone that tender affection could supply to make the season one of comfort and joy. So has passed away a very, very happy Christmas. These deeds of kind remembrance may seem small to both the readers and senders, but such make life sweeter and bless both giver and receiver.

It is these expressions of love and friendship that make Christmas a season of rejoicing and that will perpetuate it from generation to generation.

We trust that the friends who have so lovingly remembered us may have a happy and prosperous New Year and live upon earth to see again and again returns of the season, and realize the blessedness of making human hearts happy.

May plenty, peace and love unite  
To make this year one of delight—  
May spirits of the loved above  
Guide each one to the realm of love.

\* \* \*

Editor Ira D. Kneeland of Sivergoa, Mexico, with

whom we exchange publications, will confer a great favor by furnishing us with any information he may possess in regard to Mr. John Foss and family, who, when last heard from, were living at Los Mochis, Mexico.

\* \* \*

Any one in Houston, or near there, desiring a copy of this Magazine, or those who would like to subscribe, or to renew subscriptions, will find it with Mrs. Bertha Brunner, 1509 Preston Avenue, who will furnish copies and receive subscriptions and renewals.

We would like to employ a good canvasser for the Magazine, either man or woman, who is qualified for such business. Any one who would like employment of this kind can address Mrs. Brunner, or this office, for further information.

\* \* \*

We would be very thankful to those who have been furnished with copies of this publication and who feel that it has been a benefit to them, if they will interest themselves in its circulation.

We who have been comforted, strengthened and blest through a knowledge of Spirit communion and the cheering revelations that have been made in times of deepest gloom, should gladly impart to others all known facts and methods whereby they can obtain the same priceless experience. Give, say the good spirits, as you receive, and you will get more abundantly.

None can hoard and selfishly enjoy any good. It must to bless us also be made a blessing to others.

—○—

Houston, Tex., Jan. 2, 1904.—My Dear Mrs. Finck: I send you my subscription for your magazine for this year. I read the number for December and was much interested and instructed in the article concerning "Depraved Spirits," and also the one signed "Irene Clark Safford," as the idea of evil spirits was always repugnant to me.

The two poems in the preceding number, "What Is Life?" and that on Prayer also impress me very much. I have loaned that one to a friend. I have also mentioned the Magazine in a letter I wrote to Dallas to a friend who is a Spiritualist, Mr. Godwin Swinburn, who is 90 years old.

Hoping you are well and the Magazine successful, remain very respectfully, your friend,

ELIZABETH B. H. CATO.

---

○

---

**TYRANNY.**

---

While men are quick to denounce all tyranny in government they willingly submit to the oppression of formality and fashion, which is equally as ruinous and demoralizing to a nation.

Social life in all arge centers or cities has become so enveloped in form and technicalities that a man or woman who is possessed of any native truth or honesty soon loses it if they continue long in its hollow mockery and giddy round. The wonder is that sensible people in this enlightened age do not rise up in rebellion and purge society of such hindrances to intellectual and spiritual progress.

We are proud to know that in less populated portions of our country that the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty yet pulsates in the heart of the American citizen and that he still repdiates all senseless formality and show, even though he be considered "country." We are rejoiced that their attention is centered upon the development of true manhood and womanhood, and that few have been drawn into the dizzy swirl of fashionable life.

It is refreshing to sometimes go among this class and imbibe some of their native honesty and hospitality and to realize that the whole country is not given over to the

frivolities of fashion and its glory, and greatness dimmed by its innovation. Upon these devolve the perpetuation of American liberty and grandeur.—Editor.

---

TO THE LABOR PAPERS OF TEXAS.

---

With Heart, and Might, and Power of Pen,  
Proclaim the equal rights of men—  
Not of the few, in palace seated,  
But for those whose brows are heated,  
Sweating, toiling, day by day,  
In rain, and 'neath the sun's hot ray—  
Proclaim their wrongs! Time is fleeting!  
Accept for these a New Year Greeting.

---

# LIFTING THE VEIL:

OR

## INTERIOR EXPERIENCES

AND

## MANIFESTATIONS.

BY

SUSAN J. and ANDREW A. FINCK.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Price \$2.00 Postpaid.

### CONTENTS

Chapter I.—Earley recollections of One of the Authors—Sketch of Plantatic Life in Slave Days.—The Negro Skeptic.—Visit to the Quarter.—Catechised by the Minister.—The Creedal School, and Its Effects.—Conviction and Conversion.—Dawning Light . . . . .	13
Chapter II.—Early Recollections continued.—Seeking for Truth. An Infidel's Experience.—The Spirit of an Indian Maid.—The Spirit Mother . . . . .	20
Chapter III.—Joining Another Church.—Leaving this Church.—The Spirit Rap.—The Little Philosopher.—A Plea for Lyceums . . . . .	39
Chapter IV.—A Spirit Message.—A Seance with Dr. Slade. . . . .	45
Chapter V.—Forming a Circle.—A Spirit Messenger.—Celestial Music.—Messages from the Upper World. . . . .	52
Chapter VI.—Remarks on Orthodox Jews and Orthodox Christians.—Spirit Messages . . . . .	61
Chapter VII.—A Millionaire's Home.—His Message.—Seance with a Gentleman.—The Spiritual Aura.—Experience from "Ghost Land" of Chevalier de B.—Vision of A. J. Davis. . . . .	66
Chapter VIII.—Transition of a Babe.—A Clairvoyant Scene. Thoughts on Reformers . . . . .	75
Chapter IX.—Free Agency.—Controversy Between Two Christians.—Developing Paper.—Magnetized Paper for the Sick. .	80
Chapter X.—Testing the Indian Spirit.—The Esquimaux Spirit. A Strange Experience.—Letter from a Medium.—Interesting Seances.—A Season of Doubt. . . . .	92
Chapter XI.—A Letter Causing Pain.—Manifestations Through a Negro Slave.—An Amusing Seance With a Negro. . . . .	106
Chapter XII.—The Need of the Age.—A Fairy Story.—Mediums and Messages.—Some Thoughts on Mediums and Development . . . . .	117
Chapter XIII.—Thought on Dreams.—Somnambulistic Experiences . . . . .	134
Chapter XIV.—A Dream and What Followed.—The Vision of a Friend.—A Strange Experience.—Visions of a Negro Slave. A Christian Convert's Dream.—Dreams of Different Persons	142

Chapter XV.—Presentments and Warnings .....	163
Chapter XVI.—A Singular Phenomenon.—An Expose of Spiritu- alism.—A Warning and Sad Accident.—Message from the Spirit of a Negro.....	163
Chapter XVII.—Spiritual Manifestations of Past Ages.....	170
Chapter XVIII.—A Spirit's Presence and Revealmnt.....	178
Chapter XIX.—How the Sea Captain Informed His Family of His Death.—A Seance at Sea.—The Doctor and Spirit.....	181
Chapter XX.—Message From General Sam Houston.....	188
Chapter XXI.—The Trumpets.—A Trance Experience.—A Spirit Poem.—A Controversy on Inspiration.—A Minister's Visit..	192
Chapter XXII.—A Spirit Message and Narrative.—A Poem.....	206
Chapter XXIII.—A Minister and His Spirit Brother.—A Spirit's Strange Mistake .....	222
Chapter XXIV.—Magnetic Healing.—A Spirit Message.....	232
Chapter XXV.—How Spirits Have Aided Us.—Spiritual Seances.	240
Chapter XXVI.—A Sudden Journey and Its Results.—Letters From Friends.—Healing.—Independent Slate-Writing.....	257
APPENDIX .....	283

**THE REAL AUTHORS OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.**

Price 10 cents. Postage 1 cent.

**"HENRY DRUMMOND IN SPIRIT LIFE."**

(Mrs. Carolinn E. S. Twing. Medium.)

Price 15 cents. Postage 2 cents.

**FOUR INTERESTING BOOKS BY THE FARADAY MEDIUM.**

- Planetary Evolution. 132 pages, paper, 50 cents.
- Sidereal Evolution. 143 pages (illustrated), 50 cents.
- Illuminated Brahminism. 130 pages, 50 cents.
- Illuminated Buddhism. 103 pages, 50 cents.

**THE HYMNAL.**

A Practical Book for Congregational Singing.

Send seven 2 cents stamps for sample copy by mail; postpaid.

**APPEALS TO THE METHODISTS.**

(By Gilbert Haven, late Bishop of the Methodist Church.)

Price 5 cents. Postage 1 cent

**GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN.**

(By Gilbert Haven.)

Price 10 cents. Postage 1 cent.

**THE SCIENCE OF THE SPIRIT RETURN.**

(By Charles Dawbarn.)

Price 20 cents. Postage 1 cent.

For complete list of books see back number of Humanitarian.