

The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

Humanitarian.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS

STAFF

MRS. SUSAN J. FINCK, Mortal, } EDITORS.
JAMES M. FINCK, Spirit, }
ANDREW A. FINCK, Business Manager,

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

409 21st Street, Galveston, Texas.

To whom all Business Communications should be addressed.

Obeys the law of Universal Love with the total ingeniousness of
thy inmost nature, for it is this uncircumscribed principle which cir-
culates 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, MARC, 1904. No. 16.

A LETTER OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Finck:

I have thought a number of times in the last two years to write you a short note and thank you for the little pamphlet that comes to us, but one thing or another has delayed the written message. I have had you in mind very frequently and have assuredly felt that you would recognize that on the ether waves passed many things to you that I could communicate more readily than by the type and paper.

I have just read your little introduction in the February number which you style "The 56th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism." It very briefly and succinctly

LIFTING THE VEIL:

OR

INTERIOR EXPERIENCES

AND

MANIFESTATIONS.

BY

SUSAN J. and ANDREW A. FINCK.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

Price \$2.00 Postpaid.

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I have just read your little introduction in the February number which you style "The 56th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism." It very briefly and succinctly

presents the issue much as I look upon it. I wish to congratulate you upon its conciseness and truthfulness, from my view point.

In discussing some of these questions with a brother man the other day, who undertook to give me a great deal of information about God and his attributes, I said, 'Have you ever seen God, have you ever interviewed him, or seen anybody who did? What do you personally know about him? I will accept your statement if you tell me in truth that you have any knowledge about God or his attributes.' "Well," he says, "we have the Bible." I said, "Please let us not discuss this question any more. The Gods and their offices, the origin of being, are all bootless thing for discussion. I said, we do know that we live. We can observe the beautiful principle of universal life that throbs and palpitates through all animate and inanimate nature; and then speaking of Spiritualism, he said, "Have you no religion? Is there not a religion in Spiritualism?" and I said "nay, not in the ordinary acceptation of the word; that spiritualism had no religion, unless you saw fit to give a new terminology and a new definition to the word religion. If you defined it as coming into harmonious relation with the laws of your being and the laws of the universe, then it had a religion of that character; otherwise, no!" He said, "What does it demonstrate? What does it teach?" I said, "as your religion, we have numbers among us who speculate upon a great many problems. I said, I myself am a great speculator along its philosophical lines and have followed out many of its supposed ramifications at very great length. It would be useless to indulge in a review of them to one who is first, not informed of its primal principles, and second, who had not had the opportunity of extensive investigation. I said, however, simply speaking it demonstrates one profound fact, that we still live after the period of so-called death; that the intelligent portion or principle that vivifies the physical body, survive its so-called dissolu-

tion. I said, do you need more? We have knowledge then of two facts: First, as above indicated, our own existence and universal life, and second, that this universal life survives all chemical action, change or decay of the spirit garmenting or the garmenting of that portion that speaks intelligently. I said, are not these facts alone sufficiently ever mastering for a life time's study? What more is needed?" He then said, "but does that teach any moral system?" I said, "It certainly did. If we live and shall continue to live, we should live rightfully. In order to live harmoniously and obey the laws of nature, we must live rightfully and justly; that spiritualism from the tiniest rap to the profoundest communication in its true sense, simply taught a mode of life. It was the duty of each individual to live to the true heart of every minute and to his highest conception of duty.

The further I investigate, the more the spirit unfolds, the more certain I become that unfoldment is through the individual soul and not through exterior forces of any kind. I am come to believe, almost if not quite, that the individual must believe wholly in himself; that there is nothing outside of or beyond the individual soul so great as itself, except another soul. One of our inspired teachers has said that sufficient knowledge exists in the soul to ever direct the individual unerringly. I am sure this is true, it is my own experience. In other words there is a central governing power in every soul that is sufficient for every need and every step in life, that guides and directs intelligently and which must be implicitly obeyed. This being true, how little can teaching avail? What purpose is to be accomplished by the lecturing? To teach or to reach a soul, the thought of the teacher must fuse with the thought of the student. If they fuse, they then are kindred souls and are proceeding in harmony along the same plane of development.

Spiritual manifestations are for the world, they are for every human heart who needs them, and who can receive them, and for none others. They do not belong to any

ism or to any people. No theology can grow out of it. No theology can ever grow out of a fact that is so simple as the fact of spiritual demonstration. Facts need no doctrinal interpretation.

As you so forcibly put it, the communication coming that "we live" is more profound and more convincing than all philosophy, sermonizing or philosophical disquisition that the world could ever produce. I have always strenuously opposed anything like an organization that made the curbing in the slightest way of the broadest freedom. The spirit who speaks a message asks for no cathedral to utter it in; it does not cover its humble medium with so-called sacred vestments or surround her with liveried sycophants. It comes simply, naturally and beautifully with a message adapted in every respect to the person seeking. Its simplicity addresses itself to the thinker, to the true liberalist,—and that is what every spiritualist must be,—to the true lover of freedom, not only the freedom for the thinker himself, but the freedom that he should hold dear to every other creature.

The puny effort of many persons styling themselves spiritualists to write a creed, propound a theology, to create a clergy and to practically declare the truth can only emanate from that source, is certainly pitiable if not nauseating. Think of the use of the word "Reverend" in spiritualism; and yet we are having our schools, we are having our ordained ministry, our reverends, our missionaries and all the trappings of theological organization largely for the benefit of commutation travel. The absolute disorganization of all attempted organization, and practical abandonment of most all societies, only means that the spiritual universe will be unhanded and come with its manifestations to its children that are able to receive them,—and all will sooner or later.

I have no concern, as so many of my brother men and sister women have, of the future of spiritualism. I am perfectly willing to let God take care of his own universe. I am perfectly willing to let the spiritual universe take

care of itself. It has through all the ages of the past, and I have the abiding trust that for the present and the future its children shall enjoy just such a proportion of its manifestations as they are capable of receiving. If we could only live true to nature, or reasonably true, if we could only come into reasonably harmonious relationship with the primal laws of nature, how much of the spiritual truth might we appropriate.

I have been reading lately closely and critically the prose works of Walt Whitman. I have read most of his poetry, and even his so-called prose in poetry, and I have been appreciating the more I read the sweetness and simplicity of natural law, and the real true heartedness of most of the inhabitants of the universe. I am appreciating more than ever the absolute barrenness of intellectualization, the richness of simple nature, true hearted expression, whether the noun agrees with the verb, whether there be any knowledge of so-called culture. The illustration which I wish to make is splendidly enforced in two, to my mind, of the greatest characters of America, Emerson and Whitman. Emerson, cold, cultured intellectualist, that viewed every subject from every side, that says so many beautiful things about every proposition in life that holds you in perfect thrall, you rever him as a master; Whitman, devoid of all so-called culture, of learning, of association with society, unkempt and natural, recognizing every demand of nature, physical and spiritual, demonstrating that truth only comes from their expressions and their manifestations, tender and loving in expression, yet powerful in thought, seeking the simple in life, the children especially, and the strong natural thought of the common people; he utters his odes and his songs, his victories and his triumphs, he thrills the heart that is a lover of his race.

I did not expect to write to you this way when I sat down to dictate. However, I never know or think much what I am going to say, but I felt inclined to write to you in consideration of your views expressed. I am glad

you publish the little paper; having my views, however, I cannot say that it is a necessity or that its mission is a broad one. Perhaps I do not see clearly, yet I am pleased to get it because it comes from you and embodies your thoughts and character. I cannot but think, however, that one message through your instrumentality to a hungry heart is worth all the pamphlets and papers that have ever been printed. In expressing these views I have no ambition except to deal honestly with myself.

Our own Temple is closed. When it will open I do not know. It has a mission of its own to fulfill, but entirely different from what was originally conceived. I will be very glad to see you again, and hope some day to do so. Mrs. Wray and I hold you in most kind remembrance. It would give us a great deal of pleasure to have you visit us at Fort Worth. I have two pieces of work from the Bangs sisters that you would appreciate and enjoy. I think either one of them is worth all the sermonizing that was ever uttered. Mrs. Wilson has no doubt told you something of them. I sent her a photograph of one and some day will send you one also. We have none just now, but will have some taken from the negative in existence.

I know how disinclined you are to receive a type-written letter, but it would be almost a physical impossibility for me to write an autograph letter of but exceeding a few lines. The habit of dictation for many, many years has almost destroyed my ability to use the pen.

I wish to be kindly remembered to Mrs. John and Andrew.

With best wishes for yourself, I am,

Sincerely,

JOHN W. WRAY,

NOTE—We have been informed that Judge Wray furnished the principle means for building the beautiful Temple to which he refers.—Ed.

Marriage, Ministers and Divorce.

A. A. Finck & Co.,

Dear Sirs:—Having just received a copy of your magazine I was a little amused reading the different articles on the marriage question which seems to be causing quite an agitation at the present time. I notice that the Rev. Mr. Savage is quite pessimistic in some of his views in regard to this vital question, but perhaps he is looking at marriage from the standpoint of his observations in a large city; but New York, Chicago, London nor Paris does not comprise the whole world. We know there are a large number of unhappy marriages, but as everything has its counterpart let me say there are a large percentage of happy marriages, but we never hear of the happy side of the question, as those people have nothing of an unpleasant nature to air before the public. Go to small cities, towns and villages and you will find any amount of happy couples who are happily mated.

Let us now look at the other, or the unhappy side of the question. Where does the trouble begin? Why we think, through the undeveloped spiritual condition of the contracting parties.

A large number of the marriages of today, are purely on the lower physical plane of life. The soul relation is seldom called in question. A striking example of which is stated in the Old Testament scriptures, about a young Jewish man who, when asked by his kinfolks why he was going to marry a certain young maiden his answer was: "Because she pleaseth me!" and are not hundreds of men and women doing the same thing today? entering the marriage relation just because he or she are pleased with each other in appearance—nothing more—nothing higher has ever appealed to their judgment—nothing higher has ever been taught them, in entering so serious a relation—not unless it be, "that the wife should be in subjection to the husband."

Christian ministers may say, but, they belonged to the

church or were married in it, and have its blessing, and it must be right; but I do not agree to that, for ministers, if they **know**, do not teach of the higher elements of soul in connection with the marriage relation. It is a business transaction. (What do the clergy know, or care whether or no, the men and women who come to them to be joined together have been wedded by a higher law. They pronounce a few words, and pocket the fee, and the couple go fourth they know not, nor care not, where. **Oh! the misery that goes from the church door**; and the clergy now stand agast in the face of so many divorces. Wherefore should they wonder and complain about so many unhappy marriages, and divorces. They joined the most of these together, and the churches have long held the power to teach and lead in these things, and claim a holy unction for their marriage ceremony? Then what is the trouble? I will tell you! They have not the time to acquire any knowledge of a higher philosophy of life, and should one dare to deal with his honest convictions he is tried for heresy.

The churches are too busy dealing in doctrines, dogmas, and creeds to give any attention to the marriage question further than to tell those that they unite that "those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Seeming unconscious of the fact, **that such cannot be put asunder**. The rrouble is with those who have not been so united. Do ministers give instruction to these before joining them together? If not, why not? Is any information on other subjects of more vital importance?

Let me ask, do the clergy usually lead in any of the grand reforms of the times? Do they lead in the soul developing principles of the age? Let a highly developed psychic go into any one of the different churches, and what do they read in the thought realm of the preacher? Not the deep yearning to feed the people, and develop their spirituality. Oh! no, but they will in most cases read the anxiety of what the collections of the day will

be. People are beginning to feel this barrenness of all spiritual interest in them, and the preachers wonder why the pews are empty!

It is evident that the clergy cannot furnish any information, or devise any remedy for unhappy marriages, and divorces, although for centuries the question has been consigned to their keeping, and they have been the chief beneficiaries of the immense revenues flowing therefrom.

I for one, do not believe that any church possesses, or can impart any holy unction to the marriage ceremony, else why so many unhappy marriages. I for one do not believe in them. The outward form of marriage is a civil contract between two parties, and should be presided over by the civil authorities. Then if the contracting parties have any religious scruples, let them go to the church, and clergyman they wish to officiate, but let the only legal marriage before the law be the **civil marriage**. I am glad to see that France has come to the front in this matter. It will do away with the erroneous idea of any church being able to impart unction, and the simple minded will not lean upon it for happiness in the marriage relation.

All true marriages are spiritual in their highest relation, and those whom God joins, will stay joined, for God shows no shadow of turning—is the same yesterday, today and forever—no anxiety need be felt for them, they will go on developing more and more **Love**.

The subject of marriage is too often, and in a jesting manner being discussed in common conversation. Indecent and unwholesome literature also has its demoralizing effect, and the daily press is another means whereby continual coarse suggestions reach the minds of people; and men, like monkeys, will immitate. Show me a man's reading matter and I will tell you his true character.

Then there is the stage with its strong suggestions, lessening the sanctity of marriage, and making of it a pastime and mockery, the effect of which will be mani

fest in other places. Notice a party of young men and women, who meet in a public thoroughfare, and they will not be in each others company five or ten minutes before the sacred subject of love and marriage is brought up between them, and in the most careless, flippant manner, and without bringing so much as a blush to the cheek of either sex. The young men will be heard trying to repeat all the crude jokes of the stage, without causing displeasure to young women; but to thinking, earnest people bringing a feeling of utmost disgust.

We might go on enumerating a long list of causes, which are making inroads upon the sacredness of marriage, did time and place allow, but perhaps, the little here given may call fourth some serious thoughts in minds not given to think deeply on the subject of love and marriage, and help so much to create a higher ideal of love, marriage and life, and the question of divorce will be settled right.

According to statistics it is admitted that crime and misery and poverty are on the increase and that too, in the face of the fact that churches are multiplying all over the land. Where shall we look for the cause of the wide-spread woe and want. Where? Have the Sunday schools brought up the boys with the Bible in one hand and the gatlin gun in the other? I turn to the clergy for the answer!

Tell us, oh ministers! more about how to live right here, and now, and you need have no fears about the other side of life. When the people come to fully understand, that their daily lives and doings here below are making their record which is to be faced in another world, and not to be continually pointing to a scape goat to shoulder all their misdeeds, then will the people be more careful to lead upright lives.

Jesus never taught such doctrine. He taught "that whatever a man sowed, that shall he also reap." As the tree falls (at death) so shall it lay. **No better, no worse.** He also taught that the kingdom of heaven is **within,**

therefore it is a **condition**, not a **locality**... Heaven is a condition of peace and harmony within, so also is hades a condition of inward inharmony, or misery, and each one has the power to develop within themselves either condition they may choose, and enjoy or suffer here upon earth, and enter the spirit world unchanged—the same happy or miserable beings that they were on leaving the earth plane of existence.

Why do not the clergy preach and teach on the more vital questions at issue today—tell their congregation how to live in the **Eternal Now**, and not hash out so much old rubbish about another life, when the needs of the present one is pressing so hard upon the human family?

Have the clergy no words of instruction to husbands and fathers that will enable them to control the animal passions, which, when uncontrolled, causes so much misery in the marriage relation from which the only means of escape is through divorce.

The time has come for ministers to deal honestly and truly with this important subject, it matters not what the cost may be. Are they competent? Are they willing to make an earnest effort to elevate the finer sensibilities of their brother men above the animal plan, and help them develop tender and holy affection, and a reverence for fatherhood that would scorn to generate unwelcome children to be born into the world with hatred in their souls, and who are now filling to overflowing the prisons and asylums of the land. All due to the inharmonious conditions before entrance into mortal life—think of it!

Men have learned to make proper conditions for obtaining a finer quality of stock. Are not his offspring of more value than horses, dogs, and many herds of cattle? If so, why not make conditions for the propagation of a more superior class of humanity? Oh, it seems at the present time, **that no flesh is so cheap as human flesh**.

Any one doubting this may have the fact fully confirmed by visiting any large factory, mill, or mine in our own favored land.

Clergymen seem powerless to fathom the cause of the existing misery and crime upon the earth in this enlightened age, and most especially the trouble and unrest which exists in the marriage relation, and find a remedy.

Then as woman is the greater sufferer she should come forward and agitate the question until a remedy is not only found but applied.

MRS. LOTTIE COLLEEN,
Jacksonville, Fla.

○

The Need of the People.

Oh, ye men who prate of college,
And of books as doors of hope,
Go and gain the living knowledge
Where the toiling people grope.
Like the plants in shadowy places,
They are needing sun to bloom—
They are hungering for life's graces
They are wanting light and room.

Give them something more of pleasure
Than ten million dollar tombs;
Give them work and give them leisure,
Give them clubs and give them homes,
Open wide the door of beauty
And invite the people in—
And you'll find the paths of duty
Better filled than paths of sin.

Oh, I can not sit debating
On the issues of a creed,
With the mighty work that's waiting
And the world's tremendous need,
And the cold and costly steeple
Bring no pennies from my purse,
While the people, people, people
Groan beneath oppression's curse.

While the tenements are reeking
With the striving, toiling poor,
Do not send your churchmen seeking
Help for heathens to my door.

Let them go where sin carouses,
 Or where seething sweatshops stand;
 Let them see the slaughter houses
 Of the children of our land.

True reform has one beginning—
 The right hand of brotherhood.
 Would you help men out of sinning?
 Would you lead them into good?
 Would you teach that Christ has risen?
 Prove it by your deeds of worth.
 If you want to close the prison,
 Beautify the homes of earth.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mrs. Susan J. Finck,
 Galveston, Texas.

Dear Friend:

In 1892 or 3 a traveling man, and a very much discouraged one called at your home and you gave him a sitting. The communications were partly in spoken rhyme and partly on the slates.

When I say I was discouraged I do not refer so particularly to poor business on the road, though that was light enough to make me feel very poor. But I was sadly dissatisfied with the tangled mess into which my life affairs had gotten. I felt that I was not where I belonged, not where I could utilize the best that was in me. In addition, although I had called myself a spiritualist for two or three years, my seeming experiences with incarnate individualities had brought me only vexation and unrest. I had sought earnestly for light and for good, as well as for advice to benefit me materially and had had three phases of unpleasant experience. What came through my own personal mediumship was anything but good. Through other mediums had come either trickery so bold as to almost dishearten me, or else "We can get nothing for you." And I had had but one communication that seemed real, viz: a call for recognition on the part of two sisters who had passed over, and who both

had borne the same given name. But with this there was no message.

But what came through you seemed to bring with it such an air of hope and confidence that its effects are with me yet. You told me nothing of the past, and only said of the future that my life was to be broadened. But you applied so strongly to me to let out what is in me, to "write, write, write, the world is waiting for it," etc. I knew that I could write, but could never get a hearing from the press, and your exhortation reawakened my self-respect and filled me with renewed hope and confidence.

To complete and round out what I have said above, I suppose I should now add that I had found my field and was a successful, or at least an acknowledged writer. No, I am still slenderly stocked with the material evidences of wealth, but the broadening is a blessed and accomplished fact and with it a goodly knowledge of why I so long had to "tread the wine press alone." To-day I am neither drone nor pauper, but ready cash I have none. But the writing is beginning to command a hearing, and week before last I received my first compensation in return for a short article.

Since seeing your name had faded completely from my memory, yet I have often spoken of you to my wife and remembered you with gratitude. Judge, then, of my surprise and pleasure when a day or two ago I received a copy of your magazine and recognized not only your picture on the cover but the name came with a familiar ring.

And now, dear friend, for so I must consider you, will the above explain and make you fully understand that I am not only thankful to you, but I cannot continue to receive your magazine without paying for it, and to do this is out of the question just now. That I can soon I am very sure, and I am just as sure that I will, for your ideas in regard to the sacred nature of the spiritual philosophy find a ready echo in my mind, yet I cannot go in debt for

it. Permit me once more to express my grateful remembrance and to add my very best wishes for success in your enterprise.

Very respectfully yours,
WM. H. HUTCHINSON,
Alzada, Custer, Co., Montana.

Mrs. Heaton Writes:

Houston, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Finck:

I am not going to take time to explain to you here what real heart pleasure it gave me to read "Mother Elizabeth's message in the magazine, for all of that you must have understood. In reading and re-reading its sweet lines, I just cried tears of very joy.

Walla Walla, Wash., Oct. 11, '03.

Mrs. Susan J. Finck,

Galveston, Texas.

Dear Madam:

A friend of mine handed to me your most precious booklet (The Spiritual Reformer). I read it very carefully and was delighted with its contents.

Now I would kindly ask you to give me some good points to start me in the glorious way. I always was a believer since my boyhood that mankind will be active in spirit life; but I never could get the right idea so that I could grasp it.

If you are able to help me in any way please do so and confer a lasting favor.

Yours for the Truth,
ROBT. F. SCHMIDT.

Desire is the first important step to be taken. Ways will be opened for its fulfillment.—Ed.

The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian,

Galveston, Texas.

You sent me one sample copy of above and am well

pleased with it. I believe you are doing good work. Please find enclosed \$1.00 for one year's subscription. With best wishes for the success of the Reformer. May you spread our beautiful philosophy all over the world.

Yours Truly,
CHAS. J. FISHER.

○

The Prodigal Daughter.

[Lines suggested by a letter published in The News of June 12, entitled, "A Wail from a Mother's Heart."]

In the spring time of youth, in life's early morning,
When the blossoms were blowing from the old apple
trees,

And wisteria vines with their purple adorning
Were wooing the zephyrs and rich yellow bees.
The prodigal came to the home of his leaving,
Where he played in the daisies a light-hearted boy,
And they welcomed him back, with the tears of receiving,
And twining affection, and murmurs of joy.

When the cold winds of winter were sighing so dreary
Around the old house by the murmuring shore,
The prodigal daughter, all tired and weary,
Crept back to the home of her girlhood once more.
But they turned her away, o'er the moorland so lonely,
And the winds of despair moaned wild through her
breast,

And death was her refuge, aye that, and that only,
For the prodigal daughter alas has no rest!

Dallas, June 13, 1891.

Larry Crittenden.

○

If We Knew.

Could we but draw the curtains
That surrounds each other's lives.
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
 See the good and bad within,
 Often we should love the sinner,
 All the while we loathe the sin,
 Could we hear the powers working
 To o'erthrow integrity,
 We should judge each other's errors
 With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
 Knew the efforts all in vain,
 And the bitter disappointment,
 Understood the loss and gain—
 Would the grim, external roughness
 Seem, I wonder, just the same?
 Should we help where now we hinder?
 Should we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
 Knowing not life's hidden force;
 Knowing not the fount of action
 Is less turbid at its source,
 Seeing not amid the evil
 All the golden grains of good—
 O, we'd love each other better
 If we only understood.

—Selected.

We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal **One**.—Emerson.

All Religion in Temperance and Justice.

Motion is life and inertia is death. The human mind at a standstill is, therefore, temporary obliteration of the intellect, as in softening of the brain or insantiy. But this is rarer than the human body at a standstill, which is temporary obliteration of the will, as in indolence, a life of uselessness, or a misuse of the will: arrogance, folly, crime, which is even worse than indolence, for a man can be aroused out of the latter by some interesting event or

change of conditions, while he can only be elevated out of the latter by self-discipline, abnegation or imprisonment. All immobility or misuse of the life principles is injurious. What a misuse of the will is to the body a misuse of the intellect is to the mind—that of the latter being known as intemperance, carnality or sensualism generally.

Mobility or action is therefore necessary for growth, progress or soul development—mentally and physically. Thought and action must keep pace with each other—one giving the spirit conscienceness, the other locomotion. But both must be of good quality—in harmony with natural law or love, not self-love or that which pleases the animal only.

On these two principles all morality or religion may be based—Health and happiness accompanying temperance and justice; disease and misery when reversed.

ARTHUR F. MILTON.

The Marvelous Cromophone.

Paris.—The annihilation of distance is the continual effort of man. Probably if he knew the key to it nature herself could reveal a ready means for the gratification of all his ambitions in this direction. But we have not yet reached the millenium and must therefore employ the best mechanical means we can discover to gratify our cravings and attain as nearly as possible what we desire. By this road we are traveling not at all slowly. The wireless telegraph is au fit accompli. So much for sound or signal! Tesla promises us that he has its secret in his grasp, but Tesla has promised so much so often. It may be some time before we solve the mystery of the mirage, or whatever natural principle it may be that will enable us to learn the secret of throwing pictures thousands of miles through space. The telautograph and the electrograph have shown us the crude beginning of what will some day be a fine art, but this field will be a distinct one intended, at least in the main, for business purposes.

The field remaining to be covered is one which will be intended more for the enabling of friends at a distance to appear and converse with one another—a visualization and a production of the natural tones of the voice combined. That we are on the verge of something of this kind seems certain from various developments that have been going along in transmission devices and other *modus operandi* of the pictorial art during the last few years.

First we had the invention of the phonograph to open our eyes to a new field of possibilities, followed by that of the cinematograph, and it would seem a natural sequence that the two should be made to act together simultaneously, so that a human figure upon the screen would be both seen and heard at the same time—the gestures being accomplished by the voice, thus making the exhibit as nearly lifelike as could be imagined, and the movements of the lips would be those pertaining to the words spoken.

This is precisely what we have in the chromograph, a new instrument which has recently been given a public exhibition here with satisfactory results.

The inventors of the chomophone, Messrs. Gaumont and Decaux, are exhibiting a combined apparatus which accomplishes the object sought, the nearest approach to which, up to the present, has been disappointing and imperfect, in that the two mechanisms were not in perfect synchronism.

To accomplish this end it was necessary to connect the two systems by a combined transmission absolutely automatic. Of the two systems, the cinematograph requires the greater power, the phonograph being actuated by a minute force in comparison. Therefore, while the vibrations of the figure movement may vary considerably without notice, a slight change in the speed of the phonograph materially affects the pitch of the vocal reproduction. The inventors sought in electricity a solution of the problem, with ready and perfect success.

The motor which controls the cinematograph is composed of a stationary inductor of the gramme ring form,

divided into a number of sections. The other member is a Seimens coil. When a current from an electric source is sent successively through the different sections of the inductor, the Seimens bobbin presents its pole, successively, in front of each of the sections receiving the current, and rotates under its influence. The current is sent to the inductor by a distributor, which may be placed some distance apart from the other apparatus. The distributor is formed of contacts, arranged on the shaft of the phonograph, which successively touch the fixed brushes, each of which is connected to one of the sections of the inductor.

Necessarily, the motor of the cinematograph is absolutely dependent on the movement of the phonograph axle, and perfect synchronism must be had positive, and absolutely automatic, in order to render the illusion as perfectly lifelike as possible, and make the sounds from the phonograph appear to come from the life of the image on the opaque screen. The phonograph should be concealed behind the representation.

The connecting cable between the two instruments has not shown itself detrimental to the perfect success of the combination.

The next step in advance is already being discussed, and it would not be surprising if at any time one of the color schemes should be attached to lend the screen a still more vividly lifelike character.

M. Gaumont informed me that he had no doubt another ten years would bring us changes so marvelous that to mention them now would be to court consignment to the madhouse.

"We shall not," he said, "alone be able to see and hear the absent—those parted from us by thousands of miles—but we shall be able to feel them—their presence—as well. It would seem as though space were entirely abolished and that we are really in the presence of the one communicated with. Of course, it will be illusion, but it will be vastly interesting to us at times, even if so. To

see the shadowy form emerge from the chromograph or chromophone and confront us—voice, form, feeling and gesture, all as in life, as they say the mediums produce them—will be the most marvelous of things.”

Imagine the operator at a chromophone station saying: “Step into the booth, sir; your number is ready!” and confronting your friend from India or Oshkosh—not by means of an occult spell, but through the mechanical marvel of the twentieth century. It will seem odd to stand in that booth and wring the hand of a man you know to be ten thousand miles away at the time and to chat familiarly with the astral translation of friend or brother. In fact, it will seem startling when the machines are first put in.

M. DE VILLEAU.

In the March issue of this publication, 1903, under the heading “**Apparitions of the Living**”—Those seen without the aid of any mechanical contrivance is called “**Independent Photography.**”

Surely, science and invention is revealing as facts much which was only conceived to be imagination or fancy.—
Editor.

Charity.

In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronouce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.
—Joaquin Miller.

It is not of the charity that doles out a crust of bread to a starving man that we would write. Not the kind which has established the soup-houses in large cities, to give a little ease to the world's conscious. Not the kind which has called into existence the salvation army, and numerous other means of relief for the suffering poor. All these afford but a temporary lull to the incessant cry

of give, but never removes the cause, and all are blots on our boasted civilization. In the higher enlightenment which is to come there will be no needy and oppressed people on the broad face of the earth.

We have in mind another class of charity—that charity which is tolerant of the opinions, ambitions and pursuits of others—that charity which does not close the door of opportunity to another whose views differ from theirs, but who will help them to enter any avenue where they can work out their own plans and purposes, and do it in their own way.

Successful men make great mistakes in their efforts to compel every other man who is striving to better his condition, to follow in the groove that led them to fame and fortune, be their talent and aspiration ever so widely different, and if this is not done, favor and encouragement is rarely, if ever, given. "Let the fittest survive," may apply to the animal, but man is more than animal. He has a divine nature whose needs must be satisfied, and in his efforts to do it he is too often misunderstood, and considered unworthy of any consideration.

The broad souled, truly charitable man will freely accord to every other man and woman the divine right to live their own lives in their own way, so long as it does not trespass upon the rights of another. Not only will he grant to another the liberty of opinion, but he will also respect all honorable pursuits of other men and women.

There are a multitude of people who are struggling to reach some coveted goal, that even an encouraging word, or an approving smile would be to them as cool water to the thirsty traveler in a sun-parched desert, and at no cost to the thoughtful giver.

It is not for man to judge of the motives and ambitions of another. All are not living and working upon the same plane of human existence. Some are wearily plodding down in the valley, while others are toiling up the mountain path, and the higher law of man's nature de-

mands that he who is above shall be an inspiration and help to the weaker one below.

Many, so many of whom the world knows nothing, and cares less, are wearily and silently toiling to accomplish some plan, or purpose, and who with a little encouragement and timely aid, might render valuable service to the world. Such characters, however, are usually retiring, and are never understood by the man of success. Such men seem prone to judge all other human needs and aspirations by their own, and are too ready to close the door of opportunity on others who cannot and do not do as they have done.

When one hears, deep down in their soul a voice that awakens them to action, that one like Samuel of old, will instantly and obediently respond—"Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," and he will arise and go forth, without question, whether it will lead to defeat or to victory. He **must**, and he will act, and it depends upon how he is used whether or not he is a benefit to the world.

These are those who have some lesson to teach, or some message for humanity, and these are they who need the world's patience and charity, that neither lesson nor message be lost because of discouraging obstacles and uncongenial surroundings. Yet should such never be sustained, and should they even be condemned as worthless, still their aspirations are not stifled. They will struggle on to the end of their mortal existence, and are pronounced by the world **failures**.

If one possesses any truth that they are pressed to give out, it must be given out after their own fashion, and in the manner that their capacity for expression will admit. They may be diamonds in the rough that may be polished and made to shine as can any truth though crudely expressed illuminate the human mind.

Each can be helpful to the other in all earnest, honest efforts to live and be a benefit to the human family, both those of low and high degree, and such as have had better advantages and opportunities for unfoldment than their

less fortunate brothers, or sisters, should ever be tender and considerate with them, thus making better conditions for the expression of any truth they may possess. (

In judging any man or woman by a candid, honest expression of thought, it should be remembered that it is not dealing in dollars and cents, but with soul-elements, which none are able to understand, nor to command. Some one wrote—that we do not possess our thoughts, but are possessed by them, and like gladiators, must go forth and battle for them. A man or woman who is firmly possessed by the thought that they can benefit humanity through some plan or purpose of their own, will make any sacrifice, and patiently endure any obloquy that may be heaped upon, but they will not yield the conflict, and more likely than not, pass from earth with their desire unfulfilled—their life song unsung.

It is a cheering thought, however, that "over there" where every aspiration of the human soul can be realized, that full compensation awaits all such; that

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate
That can circumvent, or hinder, or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul!"

We here transcribe a message received by S. S. Rembert from an ancient spirit, which may be found in his "**Philosophy of Life.**" It reads: "Had you had asked me concerning God a thousand years ago, I could have told you all about Him. But now, after I have walked the highways of celestial worlds for more than two thousand years, I am so far lost and overpowered amid the splendors of infinitude I can say nothing. Height on height, beyond the penetration of finite vision, I see the dim outlines of a Deific universe, I feel the flood-tides of Divinity flowing down through all the avenues of my immortal being: I hear peal after peal of archangel eloquence ringing through the endless archways of the empyrean, evermore sounding into my ears, the name of **God, God, God!** I'm silent, dumb!

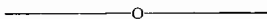
Judge Locke McDaniel of Houston, Texas, during a seance was complaining that his early advantages, had afforded so little opportunity for intellectual unfoldment, when the communicating spirit wrote, "True, you were born in comparative obscurity, reared in field and forest and you became a great commoner. The classics of the schools might have polished, but, it would have separated you from those we are laboring to uplift and bless."

Said a man today, with whom we were holding a seance: "I don't see why the spirits don't cure my deafness and restore my sight; in short why do they allow us to lose sight, and hearing?" We received this in reply: "You are the builder of your own body, and should be able to keep it in order; not only sight and hearing, but the whole human system. The misuse and waste of man's vital forces is the basis of the greater part of his suffering. When one is born into the world with the rightful inheritance of a sound body and mind, that one must not expect to waste the life substance in riotous living and enjoy the fruits of a well ordered life." The man said, "Yes, I know I have been wild."

Another spirit wrote, on being questioned by a churchman concerning the writing: "When Moses retired from the multitude to hold that famous seance upon mount Sania the writing was done upon stone, for there were no slates in those early days."

Sitting once with a man whose aged mother had recently passed to spirit life, he asked of a relative who was communicating about her condition, and the reply came that she was very happy and busily engaged in patch work. Nothing is ever lost, and she delights to take the odds and ends of the life of those in whom she is interested and make of them beautiful mantles." The man said that his mother was extremely fond of patch work. So it seems that all will do the work they love, and for which they are best fitted.

At another seance the communicating spirit was asked why spirits said so little concerning the sorrows of other dear ones upon earth? and the answer came: "While we go to them and throw about them the arms of our love, and do all in our power to smoothe the path they tread, we would not cause you needless grief, when we know you are powerless to remove the underlying cause. We would save you from all unnecessary sorrow and tears, for earthly life has too many that are needless, and we do not like to bring you distressing news. When your confidence in the reality that future benefits will result from all unavoidable suffering is stronger, and you are better able to wisely receive knowledge of the losses, and crosses, of those we love, and when we become capable of transmitting messages more correctly, then we can give you more information, and also counsel with you concerning the ills that afflict those upon earth that we so dearly love. We want you to understand that when we work to accomplish any desire on the material plane we must meet and overcome the same obstacles that a mortal would encounter. We are not omnipotent—far from it!"



The following interesting experience we reproduce from the "Higher Thought:"

"Harry Gaze, editor of *Life Culture*, Los Angeles, Cal. relates an interesting psychic experience which as an object of thought is well worth reporting. The poem to which reference is made is entitled "The Angels of Los Angeles," and is printed at the head of Mr. Gaze's magazine. Reporting the experience, he says:

"One morning I woke up at three o'clock, and had a strong impression to rise and write a poem. I tried, at first, to resist the impulse and go to sleep, but my thoughts persisted in the composition of some lines of poetry. Without waiting to dress, I seized a pencil, and wrote out the poem exactly as given above. There was no indication of so-called spirit writing, the writing at

all times being under my control, and the composition a matter of study.

"After completing the lines, I noticed that the lips of my wife were moving, although she was fast asleep. I asked gently, so as not to waken her, what she was trying to say. "Why," she said, "do you not see me writing these lines of poetry? I am counting twelve syllables in each line." I then asked her if she could repeat some of the lines. She responded by reciting several of the lines, exactly as given above."

W copy below the views of some eminent men and teachers, who are still in mortal form, on the subject of marriage. All should investigate and try to understand the law or principle upon which true marriage is based. —Ed.

New lights will be seen, new towers will be built along the roadways of time to meet every human need. The grand philosophy of spiritualism, which was brought from the skies, will be divested of the errors that have been attached to it, and will bloom out into a beautiful spirituality.

As a medium of long experience and dealings with various classes of people, with minds differing in degree of mental and spiritual unfoldment, we have found in what may be called the uncultivated, that intuition is generally superior to many who pride themselves in intellectual attainments. We have also found that this last class, upon being convinced of the fact of spirit communication usually become egotistical and soon think they know all about the "beyond," while the more illiterate continue to depend upon their intuition as a guide in spiritual things, and so, they are more receptive to truth.

It is not through accepting merely the fact of spiritualism that the comforter or comfort will come, but by the quickening of the divine spirit in man, opening his un-

derstanding to the beauty of holiness, and the cleansing from impure thoughts, and unholy deeds.

The paradise of childhood with its loving trust is lost in mature years from contact with the gross elements of humanity, and the wild clamor for mortal existence. Should one, however, possess the moral courage to pass on down to age unscared by selfishness and greed for gain; sowing the seed of fraternal affection all along the wayside, that one in age will regain the lost paradise and pass sweetly over to the promised land.

The hereafter is around us—now, and here—only the veil of the flesh is between.

We rejoice when able to help mortals to avoid many trials consequent upon material existence, but we assure them that so sure as daylight follows darkness, so sure will effect follow cause, which effect we are as powerless to overcome or remove as they. We endeavor to assist and influence all to live in obedience to the laws of their being, and so avoid the penalty attached to transgression.

We often take the newly resurrected soul away from the scene of anguish that their departure from the body causes, that it may not be disturbed by the sound of grief. Quiet should be observed during the wonderful transition from mortality to immortality of every human soul.

Mortals sometimes sit down and let fancy roam over the blissful scenes in spirit life, then do we find conditions favorable to impress their minds with many facts pertaining to it. These are difficult for them to distinguish from their own ideas, as our impressions at such times are necessarily along the same line of thought as their fancies. In this way we often enable mortals to think correctly of the beauty of the soul's summerland. When meditation takes possession of the mortal mind some of us are

usually its embodiment, we direct and aid it in its search for the beauty of the inner life. How often our thoughts play across their minds and direct and strengthen the good resolves, they will never know while in the form of flesh.

Honesty Is The Best Policy.

Writing after copy of that old proverb when a child, and reading it, and hearing it quoted for a lifetime, never did it seem so significant of a worldly wise brain as when seeing it quoted in a late article of advice to young men starting out in life. In fact it is an old custom to quote it to them.

This maxim has been handed down to posterity as one to be treasured for the moral uplifting of the human race. But on this reading, how chilling to the finer sensibilities of the soul did it read. Being **honest through motives of polity**, rather than from a sense of justice would suggest a sordid, purely selfish and materialistic nature, and we heartily wished that the old adage could be altered to read: "**Honesty is best, because it is just.**" But humanity has so long considered it as a matter of policy to be honest, there is but little hope that it will soon be regarded in the higher light.

Intuition when unfolded is the wisest guide. It is the voice of God in the soul of man. The light shining in the world's darkness. The pillow of cloud by day, and of fire in the night-time of darkness and doubt. The channel through which to commune with the universal spirit of Love and Wisdom, and to reach the divine in the human. Through it wonderful revelations of the beauty of a superior life is given to mortal man.

The Homes of the Poor.

The fact that two and a half million people in New York City live in tenements has given the impression that

there is a necessary connection between poverty and tenement-house life, for the metropolis contrives to magnify its own conditions to a national scale. But the authoritative book on this subject just prepared by Tenement-House Commissioner De Forest, of New York, and Mr. Laurence Veiller conveys the cheering information that the evil hardly exists in other American cities.

Philadelphia is known everywhere as the city of homes. The tenement system does not exist there, and such bad conditions as there are in the small houses of the poor could be readily remedied. There is no tenement house problem in Chicago. There are slums in Baltimore, but practically no tenements. Tenement houses are "practically unknown" in Cleveland.

They are not to be found to any extent in San Francisco, in New Orleans, in Detroit, in Milwaukee, in Louisville, in Minneapolis, in St. Paul, in Providence, in Rochester or in Denver.

Some important cities are fortunate enough to be free not only from the tenement problem but even from a housing problem. In Detroit, for instance, "the homes of the majority of the workingmen and poor people of the city are for the most part thoroughly comfortable, and most of the people live in separate houses."

The only American cities outside of New York that have a really serious tenement problem are Boston, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Hartford. The evil in each case has been the outgrowth of local conditions that can be remedied. In New York these evils have been attacked so vigorously that the "new law tenement" of today is a more healthful, safe and attractive dwelling than the average flat of ten years ago.

There used to be certain pernicious superstitions which, originating in New York, spread through the country. One of them was that the poor lived in squalid slums because they did not want anything better. It was no use to give them running water, for they would not use it, or bathtubs, for they would fill them with

coal and ashes. Now, it has been proved that decent houses can be kept clean, that bathtubs will be used when they are furnished, and that the desire for civilized quarters is so strong that the houses which promise them have their apartments rented from the plans before they are built.

The slum is not a necessary evil, and the civilization of those cities that tolerate it will be under indictment until it is uprooted.

○

Our Message Department.

“How shall we thank these shining angel-hosts
 For all their loving patience shown to us?
 How bless these wanderers from the heavenly coasts
 Who journey here to love and labor thus?”

○

I have asked, and have kindly been permitted the use of this avenue through which to reach in a material way a beloved son. While he is convinced of the ability of a spirit man to hold sweet converse with mortals, we rarely have an opportunity to exchange with him words of tender affection. I say we! for his mother is also present, to enjoy with me this high privilege. We both send to him and his dear companion a fathers and mother's spirit greeting, and assure them that silence has not widened the distance between us. As the years roll by bringing him nearer the eternal life and its higher joys, we watch over him with a tender care, and are still closer to him, imbuing him with strength and courage.

We are pleased in looking over his past life to find so few mistakes. We rejoice that he has been blessed with a faithful companion who has stimulated every pure impulse of his soul and enabled him to triumph over many obstacles. Both will here enjoy the result of a well ordered and useful life upon earth, and we watch, and wait with patience, anticipating the delight their home-coming will bring. We are very happy and grateful for the privilege

of sending these few words to remind them of the blessings that await them in this beautiful land, whose glories are obscured by the dimness of mortal sight. We want them to more fully realize that as they come slowly onward, and upward, we are near watching and waiting.—Pleasant Mitchel.

I have a dear sister who has grown melancholy brooding over her lonely life, I want to say to her—Alice, rouse your energy to action. Count up your blessings and compare them with others whose lives are less fortunate, whose trials are many and joys few. We know that your life has been barren of much pleasure that human affection only can yield, and often your surroundings have been such that the expression of the holier affections of those in spirit life failed to reach and therefore to satisfy the hunger of your soul.

We know that circumstances over which you had no control has from time to time thrust upon you unpleasant duties and multiplied your cares. Then you were many times unconscious that we were near, inspiring you with hope and courage, when your heart grew faint and hands weary. Faithfully has every duty been fulfilled and the cares lessened, and now you question, what is next to be done?

George has counsiled and impressed you to the best of his ability. Jimmy would have you benefit by what he has done. Philip would illuminate your soul by aiding you in the unfoldment of Intuition; and our dear mother would soothe to rest. We all can and do give strength to every lofty, earnest endeavor. But every mortal possesses an innate power, to search for and find its own path through the valleys and over the hill-tops of time, and we cannot, and would ont, deprive any mortal of the wealth that experience will yield. Neither could any other way than the one self-found be pursued with the same benefit and delightful assurance of success.

Fear of failure, has always, my sister, paralyzed your

best plans and noblest ambitions, and gladly will I aid you in divesting your thoughts of all fear, then will you be able to seek and to find the locality and occupation that will meet the demand of your material, social, and spiritual needs.

Go into the silence and ask to be guided by the light within your own soul. Then determine on some plan or purpose, and don't deviate from it, but faithfully, and fearlessly hold to it and you will in this way create a center that will attract helping forces from both the spirit and the material plane.

Your loving brother,
PEN LEE.

My soul is overflowing with such a deathless love for my precious mother that I have come here to try and give it some faint expression, hoping it may cheer and bless her. While my affections go out to my dear father and sisters, with the same tenderness, as in childhood days, and in response to their many loving thoughts of me, that which fills the greater measure of my soul is for my faithful mother.

While none can weigh, nor comprehend, nor express the power of mother love, to soothe and bless my mother proved to me its priceless value. I did not, I could not, while in a mortal body realize its blessedness. But it is now my greatest delight to call to memory her unselfish and loving service. This sacred love and untiring service, while I was in mortal form, knew no bounds, and it reaches and blesses me here, beyond the tomb; and the mind of my soul is ever questioning what return it is possible to make? And from its depths comes the answer "Love," and my mother, I would baptize you with it, day by day.

I know how my dear father's ambition had planned and hoped for my material prosperity and it would afford me great joy to enable him to more fully understand that life here is as real and as natural as it is upon the earth.

Nor is it one of inaction. Every honorable occupation, that one loves and has been pursuing while dwelling on the physical plane can be continued in the spirit world, but from loftier motives than material gain, and through a real, yet more spiritual method.

When I first entered this wonderful life my soul hungered to reach and comfort you all, but I found it could not be done through the old way of touch and sound, or word, without the quickening of my spiritual faculties, and with that was unfolded the power to reach and stir the hidden springs of human affection, so I have been able to impress you, and also to give you tangible evidence of my continued love and presence.

Free now from the ills and needs of mortality, and with dear Fred as teacher and guide, I have not been slow to learn the art of evolving the higher methods of occupations, from those which prevail on the earth plane.

I know you do not expect me to be content with nothing to do, and so long was I an idle invalid that I am impatient to be of use again. I have breathed the health-giving air of this invigorating clime, I have rested, and enjoyed scenes which surpass in grandure the most magnificent of those of earth, and I am now inspired with a new ambition for employment.

Mother, father, and sisters, when this reaches you and your mortal eyes read these words I shall be filling my old place, although to you invisible, and in a more subtle way, and with loftier ambition.

My precious mother, I learned from you the love of beautiful home surroundings, and have made choice of the art of home-embellishment; and purchasers who are destitute of the faculties of order and taste, I shall be able to go to their homes and impress them in arranging its furnishing, in producing the most pleasing, uplifting affect. This will afford me delight, and will be my first effort to be of use to others since I entered this glorious life.

This, to you all may seem but small service, yet it is

the only one for which I am at present fitted; and my father, it may somewhat satisfy your hopes and ambition for my prosperity and success. This is taking up life here, where it was laid down there. The method of evolving the spiritual, from material service and occupations. This also will enable me to remain in closer touch with you all, aiding you in your work, and making brighter earth's today, and impressing you with the beauty and use of eternity's grand tomorrow. Let us go cheerfully on, an unbroken firm and family. Don't scatter, but concentrate forces for strength to succeed. Lou, dear sister, fill my visible place in tender service to our dear mother and my invisible self will bless you. Be happy all. I am grateful for the privilege of sending this.

Your loving son and brother,
ERNEST DULITZ.

When in a mortal body we used to receive through this avenue many cheering and loving messages from our dear ones who had passed on before. Then we little thought that I should ask the same privilege of sending from spirit life words of tender greeting to those who now remain. But change after change comes to every living soul, and at last comes Death to open the door to a more peaceful and higher state of human existence. This was to me a reason of rejoicing—not only to meet again the dear ones from whom I had so long been parted, but to be released from the infirmities of the flesh. I was no longer of use, but was a burden, and it was time for me to depart. I have realized more of the joy of this life than ever imagination had pictured. The change was as if coming from a dark dungeon into a sun-lighted day. I would thank the kind hearts who so tenderly ministered to my last mortal needs. I want to assure them that memory holds dear every bestowal of affectionate service. I shall soon leave the atmosphere of earth for a higher spiritual altitude, and am prompted by a feeling of deep gratitude to come here and thank each and all for every

kind service rendered in my last days upon earth, and would leave my blessing.

JOSIAH HALL.

The name as near as we are able to give it, of Epps Paleta is given, yet the spirit seems unable to communicate.

I am here, my beloved mother, to comply with your request for some tangible evidence of my continued love and presence. My interest in all that pertains to your comfort and happiness has not grown less, and my spirit is ever responding to your call for love, if you could only hear! You could, Mamma, if you were not so enwrapped in grief. Words which served to convey thoughts and feelings as a mortal, come so far from giving even a faint idea of spirits more enlarged life and thoughts and love that our best efforts to express ourselves in a material way is never satisfying. But when the souls of mortals are lifted above the transient scenes and sorrows of time, and we can communicate with them, spirit to spirit, then comes to each a sublime delight.

Be assured, my precious mother, that the passing days and months are not bearing me further from you, nor do they dim the memory of the sweet past when we were so happy together. I never then was so near to you as I now am, yet through weariness of waiting you cannot understand. I saw you, mother, with the richly colored pansy in your hand and felt your loving thoughts of me, which brought its spiritual counterpart to me. I thank you, dear mamma, and will tell you that while the material blossom lies withered, mine is fresh in its fadeless beauty and this great love that welled up from your soul has added to its fragrance.

Mamma, don't you know that had my love for you died with my body that this could not have been. Or when in obedience to Nature's law the elements composing my mortal body was returned to Nature. I re-

peat, dear mamma, don't you know that your love for me would also have died? and that no response from your deepest soul could come to mine. Love begets love, it cannot exist alone.

It is not because I am not with you that you feel so lonely, but it is your yearning desire for my visible presence. Sometimes, dear mamma, turn your gaze within, and you will be able to realize all that ever was and all that now is real of me, and that I am capable of a love that human words are too feeble to express. In this more subtle inner life we can commune with a better understanding than tongue could speak or written words express. This beautiful inner life is peace-giving, free from the gross elements and inharmony of the outer and ordinary life, yet every mortal who earnestly will has the privilege to enter and enjoy it there and now.

Through willing obedience to the laws of my being I have found complete happiness, and gladly, so gladly, would I guide your footsteps in the same pleasant path. Go on cheerfully, living and doing your best, and all will be well.

Your own,
FRANKIE.

Capt. Wm. Pitt Allen.

We regret to learn of the departure from earth life of Mr. Wm. Pitt Allen, of Summerland, California. Mr. Allen in his young days was well known and much beloved in Gelveston, and has a few old comrades left who are pained to know of his demise. Col. Eben Allen, his father, was one among the prominent men and lawyers in Texas, and his mother was a woman of superior intellectual, social and spiritual ability. They both embraced the truths of spiritualism in the early days of its advent, and it was Mrs. Allen's comfort when her husband was taken and she left.

Mr. Pitt Allen was among the first subscribers to this publication, and among the first to send encouraging

words, and through its columns we extend our spiritual sympathy to his bereaved companion, with the assurance of a happy reunion in the sweet by and bye.

○

Asleep.

By Chas. Curtz Hahn.

"I'm sleepy," and the little one tired of play,
 Heated and weary on that summer day,
 Lies down to sleep on the door's low sill,
 And the hands are quiet, the voice is still,
 Ah! darling, tired of play before 'tis noon?
 Has life proven weary, alas, so soon?
 What will it be when the toil and the strife
 Shall come in the wearisome battle of life?

Ah! could we but shield thee in coming years
 As easy as now from thy griefs and thy fears!
 If ever the storm of life would be still
 By laying the head on the old door sill!
 But the days of childhood glide away,
 And no kind hand can the mother lay
 On the sleeping head as the passing years
 Bring with them their burden of sorrow and tears.
 Omaha, Nebraska.

○

Columbus.

By Joaquin Miller.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
 For lo, the very stars are gone.
 Brave Admir'l, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on, and on.'"

The men grew mutinous by day,
 The men grew ghastly pale and weak.
 The stout mate thought of home. A spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Admir'l, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on.'"

They sailed, they sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said,
 "Why, now, not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas has gone.
 Now, speak, brave Admir'l, speak and say."
 He said, "Sail on, sail on, and on."

They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the mate,
 "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite,
 Brave Admir'l, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 These words leaped like a flaming sword,
 "Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

○

Common Sense and Disease.

Three doctors, attending a child with dyptheria, saw it grow steadily weaker although they were giving it medicines which should have cured. When it had been ill six weeks, it was at the last gasp, they called in a distinguished specialist. They went upstairs with him, and one of them opened the door of the sick-room. He paused. "Move the sick child to another room," said he. "Then I'll look at it."

The instant the patient ceased to breathe that germ saturated air it began to revive. The specialist could only approve the medicines the other doctors were prescribing, and go away. All he had brought to the house of sickness was a little common-sense.

Usually that is all that the distinguished specialist in any kind of ailment, political, industrial, physical, brings when he is called. And that's all he need bring. Any one can learn things out of books; any one can follow a

routine. But common-sense—that requires a little ability to think and a little exercise of the ability.

○

Andrew Carnegie at Home.

The scheme for social betterment at Dunfermline, Scotland, as outlined by the American Institute of Social Service, has in it much that is pleasing to the imagination. Dunfermline is Andrew Carnegie's native town, to which he recently transferred the Pittencrieff Park and Gleen and a fund of \$2,500,000, "to be used in making life more pleasant for the toiling masses of the vicinity." The plan provides for model dwellings in park surroundings; a "social center," with facilities for lectures, music, dancing, technical training and so on; a "regional museum," to illustrate local industries and their relation to industries in general; a "department of civics," with reading unions and traveling libraries of pictures; and a system of awards and prizes to adults and children for meritorious deeds.

The plan looks attractive on paper, and perhaps it will work out well in practice; but one wonders whether, after all, this sort of thing will really benefit "the toiling masses" to the extent that Mr. Carnegie and his associates anticipate. It matters not how ingeniously such enterprises are planned and managed, there is always an element of patronage in them, and they stand in the way of the development of self-respect, without which true manhood and womanhood are impossible.

What the "toiling masses" of Dunfermline and other places want and need is not that some wealthy philanthropist shall undertake to make "life more pleasant" for them, but that they shall be enabled, by the opening of industrial opportunity and the stimulation of individual ambition, to make life better worth while and more pleasant for themselves. Not patronage but an infusion of true democracy is what the English and Scottish and Irish people stand most in need of today. It is greatly to

he feared that Mr. Carnegie's scheme, creditable as it may be to his charitable impulses, is very much like an attempt to treat a deep seated ulcer with lavish applications of rosewater.—Saturday Evening Post.

This kind of help, or charity, or philanthropy or by whatever name it may be called, might suit the fancy of the laboring men of Dunfermline, but there is an element of independence in the soul of every intelligent, self-respecting American working man which will repudiate any enjoyment of that kind, coming from the hand of charity. It is humiliating, and bitter enough, when driven by misfortune or necessity, to accept charity.

The men and women who toil need **opportunity**, and they will be able to provide, and in their own way, for both their needs and pleasures. And opportunities would be plentiful if men who are possessed of luxuries would not fill every business avenue—Ed.

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

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

409 21st Street, Galveston, Texas,

To whom all Business Communications should be addressed.

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A. J. Davis.

Vol. 12. GALVESTON, TEXAS, SPECIAL, 1905.

No. 17.

PROTOCOL.

THE REALITY OF DREAM LIFE.

"I have fed upon manna from heaven above ;
Have tasted the fruit of a wondrous love ;
I have looked on a land where the sun ever beams,
And talked with the angels in mystical dreams ;
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Intrusion, the light shining in the world's darkness.

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