

# The Spiritual Reformer

—AND—

## Humanitarian.

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### STAFF

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409 21st Street, Galveston, Texas.

*To whom all Business Communications should be addressed.*

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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.

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Vol. 12. GALVESTON, TEXAS, SPECIAL, 1905. No. 17.

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## 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 ;  
And though some visions may die in their birth,  
They still leave the trail of their glory on earth."

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to the voice of the soul, to put aside all prejudice and  
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and misgivings that cluster about  
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Could the human family only realize that there is no *other*,

Intuition, the light shin-  
ing in the world's dark-  
ness.

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Could the human family only realize that there is no *other*,

Intrusion, the light shining in the world's darkness.

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and *next* life, that we are living in eternity now and here, but down in the cellars of the "house not made with human hands"—could we fully realize the oneness of life, here and hereafter, much that is mystifying and painful would be more bearable, and plain to the human understanding.

However, the indwelling spirit will sometimes defy its prescribed limits, and all unconscious to the mortal mind, and independent of its control, it will wander forth in the wider realm; and many times it is able to impress the human brain with a faint idea of the vastness and glory of the eternal.

There is an unseen watcher, eager and waiting every opportunity to open the lower door of the human temple that its spirit inhabitant may for a time escape and roam through the upper chambers, and behold their beauty, and revel in the spirit's superior knowledge and native delights; and on every occasion of quiet and rest of the physical body and its mortal senses, and sometimes, too, when hands are busy with the everyday work of the outer life, will the spirit go out on the swift wings of thought, interrupting and scattering forces which need to be centered upon some plan or work that demands immediate attention.

Were we less engrossed with the worry, and many times needless labors and perplexing cares of material existence, and would give more and better opportunities for our spirits to go out in quest of information on any subject in which the mind is interested and in doubt, then our thoughts would not be so frequently going out at unseasonable times and disorderly way, infringing upon present work or duties, but they would go out at proper times and in an orderly manner, and gather information on any subject desired and on which the mind may be in doubt.

Hence necessity for seasons of silent meditation. Then would the spirit return from these journeys freighted with knowledge both from the seen and the unseen realm that could be utilized in the everyday affairs of life, and which would also satisfy the higher needs of the human soul, instead of returning as it ordinarily does, with useless rubbish hurriedly gathered from the drift floating on the stream of life.



That spirit energizes and dominates the material, is conceded by every thinking, intuitive mind, and it therefore should be given precedence.

From our own experiences, and that of many others with whom we have been in close touch, we believe we have convincing proof that sleep life has a double purpose and two-fold meaning. One that brings rest and recuperation to the physical body and its senses, the other a condition in which the soul may unfold its faculties, experience and enjoy association with those who have cast off the mortal vestments, and from them receive comfort and instruction from their more enlarged lives and exalted habits. That when comes the time for our removal from earth, we shall not enter the spirit world as strangers, but will be familiar with the homes and habits and scenes and people, through having passed a great portion of our lives in its surroundings.

That memory recalls so little of this dream life and its marvelous experiences is no argument against the fact

It is not fancy, but a fact, that sleeping infants smile in response to some agent's fond caress.

of its existence when it is considered that these are of a spiritual nature and realm, and coming as they do through the soul faculties, they can seldom be received and their memory retained by the physical senses or mortal mind. But when one lives mostly in the exercise of the soul faculties, and the material senses are in harmony with the spiritual, memory will be more able to recall the soul life and its wonderful experiences in dream land.

Dating back from the passing of my mother from physical existence when but a child four years of age, I have been as conscious of an intelligent, real and practical sleep life as the one which has been lived on the outer world in a waking state. Yes, one far more real—far more fruitful of the good, and one abounding in untold possibilities. In a realm radiant with beauty and perfection. A realm free from fear and doubts and disappointments. A realm where the soul never conjectures, but **knows**, and goes with certainty from purpose to fulfillment, as one ocean wave follows another. Every aspiration of the soul is here satisfied, every need of the nature gratified. To desire is to possess, and life is filled to overflowing. In this real, this soul life, this

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dream world, it has been my high privilege during sleep to dwell. While the memory of earth scenes, its pains and pleasures are slowly fading from the mind, those of my dream life are becoming more clearly defined. Little by little are they becoming more

A great number of these soul experiences have been proven to be material facts. real to the human understanding, and with deeper and deeper convictions that dream life is the true—the real life, that will go on without hindrance or break throughout eternity.

Many of these psychical experiences have been given in "Lifting the Veil." Others have been mentioned in "The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian." But of the first conscious visit of my soul to dream land I shall now write, to more fully illustrate its naturalness, and the intimate relation between the two states of human existence—the seen and the unseen, the spirit and the material, and how the heart beats of one affect the nerves of the other. But be it remembered that no soul can fully enter this soul or dream life when their physical body and its senses are not in a perfect condition of peaceful rest. Otherwise the spirit will not wander far from its mortal habitation, and will not be able to pass through the dismal lowlands that join the peaceful valley of death, and which lie between and must be crossed to reach and ascend the mountains which form the *Great Divide*.

These lowlands seem to be the receptacle for the debris from mortal minds and habits. Nothing is lost, and where in all creation could these crude emanations from earth find a more fitting lodgment? Here are echoed the cries and groans of the distressed and suffering of earth, and its passions and crimes; and here may be seen the shattered fragments of material ambition, and pomp, and pride, and flitting purposely from place to place are the restless souls of both the living and the dead.

When sleep is not peaceful and profound, and the soul faculties are not disentangled from the physical senses, and the mortal mind is not disengaged with material thoughts and things, the soul will not be able to cross this valley, and scale the mountains, and enter the higher spiritual altitude where the physical senses cease to act and influence; for this is a region where

the soul is free to live, to learn, and to enjoy in its own native element and natural way, surrounded by the dear ones, miscalled the dead.

While this dismal valley must be crossed, it is neither an inviting nor healthful locality in which to remain,

This is just beyond the peaceful and silent valley where death only seems to cast a shadow.

and when any soul is there detained, from its inability to pass on and through, then their dreams will be distorted and meaningless, and many times painful and distressing.

The soul will there imbibe its gross assimilation and sympathy with the earth, and that one will awaken from sleep dejected and unrefreshed. Hence, to avoid this incomprehensible mingling of the spiritual with the material, will be seen the necessity of entering the sleep life with the physical body in good condition and the mortal mind free from all worry or care, or any disturbing outside influences.

The first memory of my fascinating dream life was one night not long after our mother had passed beyond human sight and touch, when I had, without thought or care, or responsibility, or external aid, quietly composed my body and its senses to rest and sleep. It was during this sweet, natural, restful sleep of childhood that my

It seems that no child could have so yearned for its mother as I did for mine until after this memorable experience, which has been a life long joy and comfort.

mother came not only to, but for me. She was perfectly lifelike and natural, and in her usual calm, sweet voice she at once said "Come," and without the least hesitation or fear, or thought of her as being dead, I arose and joined her.

No emotion nor feeling possessed my mind other than was usual when she used to bid me to go somewhere with her.

On leaving the house, and as we approached the outer door, one of the servants had just closed it for the night; for a moment we paused, and I saw her dress had caught; she also perceiving this, opened again the door to disengage it, which afforded us an opportunity to pass out.

We went out into a broad avenue, solemn and silent, bordered by magnificent trees, whose branches and fine, feathery foliage interlaced, forming a beautiful archway. Speaking after a mortal manner, we passed down this

avenue within the space of a breath, so quickly did we reach its close, while one sweet strain of melodious music from a band of distant unseen choristers fell soothingly upon our ears.

Before us was a cloud-covered, dismal valley, and I then saw and recognized an Indian maiden which I remembered as the one who had conducted me in my psychological wanderings through the wild woods of Alabama, and with

Such sensations we learned usually attend a certain class who die.

her there was a tall, strong, fine looking brave. These seemed to be waiting for us, and waved us a cordial welcome. With no word of explanation, they silently led, and we followed, and swiftly passed through to a distant mountain that we ascended with the greatest ease, which ease we felt to be due more to the Indians' strength than to our efforts. At the summit of this mountain they waved to us a kind adieu. We then walked leisurely on, breathing fresh vitality from the inspiring atmosphere of that lofty country.

Soon we entered a quiet village embosomed in trees and interspersed with lawns of rich, waving grass and fragrant flowers.

All that will be now written of these mansions in that particular locality is, that they were all after the same manner of build, and of the same indescribable, subtle material, excepting those which were designed for public use; these were larger and more imposing, yet all were marvels of superior taste and elegance. All were natural, all conveyed the idea of perfect rest and serene joy, and all were beautiful beyond the power of mortal mind to conceive or its language to portray. My child perceptions seemed quickened to an extraordinary degree of fineness, and I enjoyed to the full capacity of a child soul the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenes.

One of these mansions we, without the usual custom or ceremony, entered. Its doors swung open on our approach, and my mother in a voice of subdued delight pronounced that charming and familiar word, *Home!* There I not only saw, but by a sense of the soul I recognized the brothers and sisters who had passed from earth life in infancy, notwithstanding they had grown



and developed as in earth life—perhaps more rapidly. Others were there, some of whom I knew to be possessed of physical bodies and were dwellers of the earth. A negro servant in particular was there, who I knew was at that time lying in confinement with a late-born babe. Her dusky face glowed and shone with a peculiar and most pleasing brightness and joy. She was the same that was written of in "Lifting the Vail," and who in after years, although humble and unknown, proved to be a wonderful psychic.

Children who pass to spirit life continue to grow to maturity.

The startling revelations that came through this unlettered woman are to me of far more value than all the experiences and opinions of learned investigators. Great and scientific men make the greatest mistakes when dealing with soul elements. Her revelations were made in the early days of spiritualism and in the face of ridicule and persecution.

She had prepared for us a sumptuous repast, of which we partook with that keen relish known only to those who had been away on some foreign journey, and who had just returned to the familiar scenes and the comforts and the high privileges and exalted affections and sacred joys of home. It would be a useless effort to attempt to describe the delicacy of this heavenly food and its power to nourish and invigorate the human soul; that must be for the imagination to conceive, unless one has been granted the privilege of experience.

Others came in from neighboring homes, and there were also arrivals from the earth. One who lived nearest my mother, and who like her had left husband and children upon the earth, to mourn, as says the world, "their loss," and with her came a handsome, manly, intelligent boy, who looked to be seven years of age, and who like myself still belonged to the earth: and by some strange power or spiritual illumination we both understood that we were not of this world and its people, and so we were drawn together in close sympathy. He held out his hand with all the pride of youthful importance, which was taken with all the loving trust of a less experienced, younger child. Then hand in hand we went forth into the limitless freedom of the eternal!

We roamed through groves of matchless beauty,

through gardens of fadeless flowers, walked beneath spraying fountains whose waters refreshed, but never soiled; through orchards of delicious fruit, whose boughs were laden not only with ripened fruit, but also with bud and fragrant bloom. We rested beneath the shade of majestic trees, and listened to the sweet songs of the birds of paradise. We strolled along the sea shore, saw other children who were not of earth walk upon its limpid waters. We gathered shells, curiously shaped, and of most delicate and various colors. Thus did we walk and talk and enjoy in a way natural to childhood, until we felt the necessity, rather than did we hear the call from our mothers to return.

There is a magnetic cord binding every human soul to its mortal body, which may be severed by a long stay or too far wandering.

Wearied with much wandering we at once obeyed, and found them in readiness and waiting to depart. Then we four passed through the village and descended the mountain, where we were again joined by our Indian guides, as also were they by theirs. Our paths lay in opposite directions, and with a feeling akin to pain, and the first and only shade of sadness experienced was there and then, when we parted!

Our faithful Indian friends again led the way and we followed, and quicker than these words can be penned we had crossed the valley, and I was again in my earth home, and awoke to the sound of my father's voice calling, "Susie, Susie, are you going to sleep all day?"

I will here state that so swiftly do experiences and events succeed each other in this marvelous dream world that a few hours passed therein affords greater and far more opportunities for gaining knowledge, and for enjoyment, and for the blessedness of loving association than can possibly be crowded in the three score and ten years which is said to be the allotted time of man upon this mundane sphere. And we believe that each one may, while the material senses are wrapt in sleep, enter and partake of the benefits, and delight in the beauties, and revel in the glory of this fascinating dream life. Yes, all

All should bear in mind the fact that it is a great injury to suddenly and rudely awaken any person from sleep.

who will make conditions in conformity to its governing laws.

Night after night, when the physical body and its senses and surroundings were harmonious, these journeys were repeated, and when in the waking world any trouble arose, or affliction or bereavement, knowledge of this superior life, and anticipation of the coming night's visit with its comforts and delights was always a never failing source of solace. Many times on seeing other children caressed by their mothers, have I been comforted with the thought of those that were waiting for me. Beneath every material disappointment and sorrow has ever flowed an undercurrent of joy, and so have I been able to bear the severest losses and the heaviest crosses with only a stifled murmur. Thus fortified, thus strengthened and shielded from the keen shafts of grief, I have threaded my lonely and humble way; and many times seeing others bowed down with sorrow, have I wished with my deepest soul that I might be permitted to bear it for them, and surely I have suffered with such.

Year after year went on this two-fold, yet conscious state of existence, my young associate and I repeating our delightful rambles through the enchanting soul world. We played together, attended one of the village schools, studied the same lessons, and grew up together amidst these marvelous scenes and surroundings. Then did we meet face to face in the outer material life, and among the lower world people. We understood, although no mortal sound of word escaped through our human lips—but we both understood that *only a soul life* was for us, and so we were silent. We knew that any mortal association would be soul sacrifice. Yet he, being braver and more determined, thought to defy destiny. He wrote, but his letters were returned, untouched, unread. We met many times, but never passed there a word between us. We parted with no outward sign nor sound of recognition.

Soon after, we learned that he had wedded an elderly woman and left the country, and in obedience to my father's desire, I married a man of his choice. And then, strange to relate, the door that Had this been otherwise, my organism could never have been used for the comfort and uplifting of the sorrowful and lowly of earth. Prosperity and happiness would have

prevented coming in close touch and sympathy with the privations oppressions and sufferings of the earth people. Thus states the Protocol!

opened to that enchanting dream world was closed, and so remained until the lapse of years, when William, the dream companion of my childhood and youth had vacated the physical body, and came and placed in my hand a wonderful document labeled, PROTOCOL.

During the intervening years no tidings came of him. A dead sea lay between us—only did a sacred memory of our beautiful soul life, and certain knowledge of its existence, remain to keep faith and hope alive. I was blest, however, by helpful and loving attending spirits, my mother always being present in seasons of deepest need, comforting and counselling, but the valley was not crossed, nor was the mountain climbed, nor was I ever conscious in these years of entering our peaceful, charming home in Wonder Land.

Delivering the Protocol came in this way, and after we had made a change in residence, I awoke on the first morning of my stay in these new apartments with a sense of having just returned from one of the old familiar visits to dream land, and with me, the still well remembered comrade of my youth. I awoke with the sensation of holding in my left arm a mass of papers—soiled, mixed and disorderly, and which seemed to be savings from our memorable storm. In my right hand was a neatly folded package, which spirit William on departing had given me. On the top and across this document was written in blue and golden-edged letters PROTOCOL! To me this was an unusual word, and doubts

There is material evidence of this person having lived upon the earth and passed to the spirit world.

at once arose in my mind of its existence. I got up immediately and consulted the dictionary, and found it to be correct. Since then, when quiet and my mind is not cumbered with other thoughts, with closed eyes the contents of the Protocol are from time to time being read. Only a brief outline is here given of its contents and experiences in the soul life. Much is too sacred to send out for the cold criticism of a material people, and much is too intimately blended with the lives of many who are in mortal bodies, dwelling upon the earth plane, but sufficient has been here given, that one who reads



and is able to comprehend the deep significance of a two-fold life to add assurance to their convictions that there is not only a reality in dream life, but likewise that there are no sorrowful separations except such as exist in the mortal minds of men!

There is now a sacred joy and sweetness in waiting, having both inner and outer experiences as proof of the reality of a superior state of human existence even here and now within the veil of the human temple.

Many years have rolled into the past bearing their freight of joy and grief, of success and of failure since my first conscious visit to dream land. Yet there never has come into my humble, unpretending life a more blessed experience than this opening again the door between. It is a source of continued and unutterable delight. It is gilding life's sunset with a golden glory and bringing to my soul a sweet peace that the world can neither give nor

take away, nor would it be exchanged for all its wealth, applause and splendor.

Sometime more particular details may be given of this wonderful and fascinating dream life, which is not at present permitted.

WILLIAMETTA.

---

### Spirit Individuality and Identity.

Many mortals erroneously suppose that if the process of death should eliminate from the soul of man any evil desire or habit, that individuality would likewise be destroyed. These seem unmindful of the fact that while in the mortal form, persons have many times been known to cast off an evil habit or habits, and often suddenly, and still retain their individuality.

Selfhood is not dependent upon any acquired habit for its existence. It is not of surface. Its essence is of spirit, and at death it changes its body for one more refined, and a mind less enthralled, and their spirit is free from the grosser elements of a material body and its needs and desires; consequently its power to will, and to act, is enlarged, and without weakening selfhood, or destroying individuality.

Did the process of death divest the spirit of form, then would selfhood, individuality and identity be lost. But the fact is, it only assumes a finer and more real



form, a form more capable of receiving and imparting thought.

When a person enters spirit life, that one will advance a step further in manhood, and womanhood, and be still more capable of action; because of better bodies and less enthralled minds.

The personality of lofty minds in spirit life is many times doubted, when sending messages to the people of earth, because they do not always manifest the same high degree of intelligence that was their custom while on earth in the mortal form. It should be remembered that no one, either embodied or disembodied, can use the faculties or organism of another as perfectly as they can their own, and many times would such minds desire to send some message to one of earth, they would be compelled to use an inferior organism. Furthermore, the advanced intelligences in spirit life usually exchange thought without the use of ordinary human language, but by radiation, consequently there is but little progress made in its unfoldment.

Many times when the medium is on a higher mental plane than the communicating spirit, and the language used transcends its ability, the medium receives only ideas, or impressions, and clothes them in words which exceed the capacity of the communicating spirit, yet without changing the nature or meaning of the message, which is the cause of much doubt as to the identity of the spirit, and a source of pain to the medium.

Friends, it is not needful for one who was profane in earth life to prove identity by the use of obscene language, when communicating with one of earth. These when in the physical form, and in genteel company, used more becoming methods, and the change from mortality to immortality is conducive to a change in repulsive habits. While in the body of flesh one may form evil habits, or yield to the opinions of others, or be compelled by surrounding circumstances to perform many acts, contrary to their nature, and for the time stifle their selfhood. But when the physical body has been vacated, and that one is no longer subject to material environments, then will all acquired habits be cast off and their true selfhood be revealed, and that one may see quite another personality, expressing different views from those entertained while upon earth in a mortal

body. This to many may seem a loss of individuality!

Progress is a law of nature—unfoldment from coarser to finer is constantly going on in the life above and the life beneath. From the first impulsions of mortal existence to birth, to youth, to maturity, and down to age, the mentality, and physical organism is passing through change after change. No one is today just what they were yesterday. None will be tomorrow just the same as they are today. And when mind becomes sufficiently unfolded to assert its lofty prerogative it will still press on, ever changing, ever ascending loftier heights, onward and upward through endless eternities. And through all these changes he will retain individuality, and selfhood will always be secure.—Spirit Editor.

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None are seen just as they are. No one is understood, seldom is one appreciated for their true worth. The best in everyone is beneath the surface. The following from Mr. Poore's book beautifully illustrates this:

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted  
and hidden;  
In the statue that breathes the soul of fine sculptor is  
bidden;  
Under the joy that is felt lies the infinite issue of feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the  
revealing;  
Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-  
bodied is greater;  
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward cre-  
ator;  
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift  
stands the giving;  
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves  
of receiving!

---

### THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

Comprehensive Vision.

(By A. J. Davis.)

"I read in one of the Boston papers an account of an aggravated and most soul chilling murder, committed,

as the paper stated, by a detested wretch, long a burden to himself and society. I read also concerning his execution, which account was accompanied with a few remarks upon the punishment he would probably receive in the other world. The relation of this horrible occurrence weighed my spirit down. The position from which I viewed and contemplated the deed was identical with that educationally occupied by almost every political, legal and clerical teacher in the land. I viewed it as to its *external* aspect, and was driven to the unreasonable conclusion that man is, in reality, a depraved creature at heart. "But no man," reasoned I, "could do such an evil to his fellow man without being evil in the very elements of his being, and if this is an individual truth, it must be a universal one."

Yes, only twenty days ago I was filled with sorrow concerning this demonstration of innate sin, of perverted and evil affection, of a voluntary love for, and doing of, evil—voluntary, because growing out of, and being allied to, the soul life. I prayed, constantly, to know the truth, and to view the occurrence and its causes from an interior and spiritual position. At length, one day, I felt moved to visit the village graveyard, that I might be free from outer disturbances. I obeyed the internal impulse. I sought a retired spot, folded my head in my garments, shut myself from sense and outer impressions, and meditated on the subject of my thoughts. Instantly my understanding was opened, and the birth, and life, and character, and the various circumstances which constituted that murderer's experience were manifested to me in their regular order of succession.

In a small, unclean, unfurnished room, in a cradle, I saw a child. It was physically deformed, especially in the cerebral region. I saw that the cause of this malformation was referable to the ignorance of its parents. They had violated the laws of reproduction and utero-gestation. It was plain to be seen that this infringement and disobedience was faithfully recorded on the person of the child.

In five years more, that child manifested in its plays and conversation the angular and impulsive promptings of love unguided by wisdom, which latter it had not, because of youth and incapacity, and which its parents

could not have communicated because of their ignorance from birth.

In five years more, I saw the child the companion of those of equal growth and like hereditary misdirection, of those who were *born* foes to the interest of society, those who were *victims* of circumstances, such as surround and influence all persons and families forming the lower strata of civilization.

In five years more, that child was a perverse and wicked youth—was the leader of card playing and gambling tricks without the city, and was the chief of mobs and riots within; was chewing tobacco, smoking cigars, drinking liquor. His parents were poor. At first they could not send him to school; at last he would not go. He stood as a representative of inferior situations and circumstances.

In five years more, I saw that youth a man in stature, but not in the development of body nor elevation of mind. And in an old, dilapidated dwelling, like the brewery in New York city, containing about twenty families, I saw his wife—for he was married.

Two years more, and I saw his child. That mother's child was left in the care of a sympathizing but no better situated neighbor, while she, worn and emaciated, was peddling strawberries in the streets of Boston. I saw her return at night, with food for herself and her little one, and money to procure bread for breakfast; but that cruel man, intoxicated husband, and misdirected father, abruptly and insultingly demanded her little saving, and appropriated it to his own use, to buy rum, whereby to drown the rising feelings of goodness and sympathy within, that his obscured and misdirected soul might not perceive the body's corruption and depravity.

In six months more, I saw him when alone, weeping; but, when seen by others, he was gross, unclean and disgusting. Feeling that others disliked and despised him, he disliked and despised himself. A whole garment was not in his possession. One by one they had been sacrificed to gratify his overmastering desire. Indeed, he was a slave, rum was his master. A slave cannot do as he will, but only as the master prompts, and sanctions, and commands!

Three nights afterward, he was destitute of liquor, food, friendship, clothes and money. Society had neglect-



ed its legitimate child. Nature's universal provisions were withholden, and the husband was urged to violent plans. At this moment he saw a well dressed and apparently wealthy gentleman step into quite an inferior oyster house. The husband hurried on and entered it. He obtained a seat with an air of carelessness, and unobserved. The gentleman was a stranger, was inquiring the most convenient route to a village ten miles from the city. When he paid for his oysters, he unfortunately revealed a well supplied pocketbook. The temptation was too powerful. The husband saw the magnitude of destitution and starvation compared with the act of assassination—compared with the former the latter seemed justice, to exercise which he at once resolved. He had heard the directions given the stranger, and without a moment's hesitation hastened on the way. After proceeding nearly half the distance, he secreted himself by the roadside and awaited the traveler's approach.

"I don't want to kill him," said the husband; "I will only stun him and get his shiners. The world owes me a living; it don't give it to me; I am resolved to take it. God knows this is justice. I'm hungry, and must have something now or I shall die." Now I saw him weep. A sound of footsteps close by announced the traveler's approach. Out he leaped and grasped the stranger by the throat, and sternly demanded his money. The man knocked him down. This unexpected blow fired him with vengeance and determination. He instantly arose and shot the man, and stabbed him hurriedly in many places, mangled him in the most horrible manner; searched his pockets, robbed him of all he had, threw the body over the fence, and went into Boston to drown sorrow with a flood of rum, which he then could purchase.

I saw him arrested, tried, condemned, imprisoned, abused, sneered at, and formally executed as an example. I saw all this. And I can only say, beware of such justice—it is human, not divine.

I continued in that illuminated condition nearly an hour after the above vision, reflecting upon its importance and signification, when my perception enlarged, and it was given me to follow his spirit.

In the first society of the second sphere of human



existence—where the inferior types of the race are, and where they gravitate for refinement and reformation—I mean the negroes, Indians, and weak, and Idolic, and the mis-directed individuals and classes of every community and nation—there, I saw that dark spirit. He was small, and weak, and ungrown; he was clothed with all possible conflicting colors, and was disagreeable to behold. As a coating upon his faint spirit was impressed, or induced, or recorded, every unfavorable influence and circumstances that had surrounded and actuated him from his birth to the grave. The malformation had rendered his body inadequate to a regular unfoldment of his spiritual elements and attributes, and outer conditions and opposing influences prevented his finding his true position, or making a pleasant and happy journey through this rudimental sphere. The most lovely rose cannot grow if planted in an iron vase, and breathed upon by the chilling winds of Iceland; nor can a pure spirit grow into a love of goodness and truth, if confined within the walls of an ill-formed body, and breathed upon by the freezing atmosphere of uncongenial conditions and circumstances.

But now, higher influences pervaded him, penetrated that superficial coating; it grew thinner and more thin; it became transparent; it dissolved and crumbled into nothing, and lo! the white robed angel was there! The germ of the spirit sparkled like the crystal in the granite rock. I saw that, from the first, it was pure within, though evil without; the pure soul indigenous to heaven, the outer life to the imperfections and misdirections of earth. I followed him through the first society, and, as he ascended to the second, I could not see the least vestige of that evil garment, but he was a rightly directed and comparatively perfect being of the inner life. I was overjoyed. The vision ended, and I returned to the outer world with different feelings. I would not call that evil which is good in its way and state of being. What, think you, was the legitimate impression of this vision? I will relate.

1. That there are three sources of evil. First, *progenerative or hereditary misdirection*; secondly, *educational or sympathetic misdirection*; thirdly, *circumstantial or social misdirection*.

2. That the disunity prevalent in the earth is rather

the result of those conditions and circumstances which *make* affections evil, than of evil affections, as Swedenborg teaches and Christians believe.

3. That all things and spirits are receptacles of the grand element of the Love of God, which, diffused through nature, as the soul is through the body, unfolds itself into wisdom.

4. That man is an incarnated divinity, and therefore that he is not *intrinsically* evil himself, and can not love anything while in the twig state, and grow up crooked, and despised by sensuous observers, and by the unphilosophically charitable, through this sphere of his existence and development.

5. That as God lives in all things and everywhere, there are no local or especial incarnations of this essence. This is the true ground of the grand doctrine of the Incarnation, the highest demonstrations of which are visible in the life and teachings of Christ, and in the profound revealments of Swedenborg.

6. That every human being has an important mission to fulfill, or three uses to subserve. The individual is designed to produce its type, to properly direct the heavenly germ in it deposited, and to live here in reference to the principles of nature and another life.

7. That a knowledge of nature and her laws is indispensable to the just performance of the *three* uses just specified, constituting man's mission; and that, to cure the evil and disunity prevalent in society, we must ascertain our inner and outer relations to each other, as members of one body, and our relations to the material and spiritual worlds.

In this way, man's moral nature may be elevated from its sensual plane, and a conjunction be established between the human and divine. The teachings of all good spirits especially the great reformers, Christ and Swedenborg) tend to the full discovery and just application of these truths which will constitute a spiritual sphere of attraction, and which will attract and elevate the race to a closer relation among its parts, with the principles of divine order and harmony, and with the chastening influences of higher spheres.

Such, I am impressed, is the origin of evil, as manifested in the actions of the individual; and its cure can

only be accomplished *by removing the three causes of human misdirection.*

*From The Great Harmonia, "The Teacher."*

We would call the attention of the readers of this publication to the following contribution to a late Progressive Thinker from the world renowned seer, author, and harmonial philosopher. The article is timely, and its careful perusal by thinkers and investigators of spiritualism will result in great benefit to the whole human family.

### TRUTH CONCERNING OBSESSION.

**Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the Great Seer and Author,  
a Man Who Has made a Deep Impression on  
the World for Good, Expresses His Opinion.**

What was and is the chief end of the stupendous and harmonious system of nature?

This question is the same as the more interior and sublime question—what was and is the central thought in the Infinite Supreme Wisdom?

By impression I have long ago plainly answered these spiritual questions. The answer was and is (so far as I have any knowledge), *the end of all nature and the thought of God, is the evolution and the individualization of the human soul and spirit.*

Simple and insignificant as this answer seems, it is (I think and believe) the profoundest and the sublimest of all human conceptions. Away up in the immeasurable mountains of mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms of life, you behold the natural miracle—an unspeakable production of all principles and of all organisms—the individualization of immortal Man! He is the offspring of the harmonious conjugium of Father God and Mother Nature.

Therefore Man is by parentage and inheritance the ultimate, the final end of the material and spiritual universes. And inasmuch as he is organized and fully equipped for an eternal existence, it is (in this rudimental stage of being), impossible for him to comprehend little more than the most superficial and inconsistent estimate of his inherent capacities and experiences.

He knows that he is born into life just like every other visible organism, and he knows (from recent investigations and demonstrations) that he dies just like any other organism—but, unlike all the inferior forms of life, when he dies and lives again." His course is onward, and that his individuality is chemically a unit, intrinsically homogeneous, and cannot be dissolved or lost in the bosom of eternity.

Contemplated in this inextinguishable light, let us ask, "What is Man, that thou art mindful of him?" Is not the government of God an unerring government? Are not the principles of Nature divine and immutable? Is not the spiritual universe unutterably more perfect than the rudimentalisms of this earthly section of the infinite system?

I leave with you the import of these vital questions.

Coming now down into this cellar-kitchen of human experiences, what do we find? Alas! we find a progressive demoralization of human speculations on the established reality of intercourse with some of the inhabitants of the spiritual universe.

This demoralization consists, mainly, in a mass of superficial reasonings concerning certain abnormal phases of psychical experiences. It is absolutely true *that unalloyed mediumship is a rarity; while it is also true that partial and mixed mediumship is, in the last twenty-five years, almost universal.* These mixed states of mediumship—these imitations and honest approximations toward the unalloyed conditions of spirit intercourse—are the cause of a confused and disheartening mass of speculations concerning re-incarnation, obsession, etc., which the honest investigator is called upon to face and candidly endure as long as he is able to think and reason.

I have gladly welcomed the eloquent proclamations of our distinguished friends, Peebles, Colville, Richmond and others on the other side of the Atlantic, and have tried to appreciate all their honest attempts to present these progressive demoralizations in the strongest form of emphasis, to the end that a full and most complete statement might be made for the free investigation of every mind.

In my researches I have found some twenty-four phases of what is termed mediumship. Among these phases, the most common (and often, the most attractive as well



as the most delightfully seductive) is impersonation. This is the chief charm in the manifestations of great and renowned actors. To artistically personate an historical character is the height of all study and ambition of the theatrical star. One of the most frequent exhibitions of an elocutionary student, is to deliver a thrilling scene in both speech and action of the "Maniac." It is exquisitely amusing as well as disgusting to witness a personation of the besotted and brutal "drunkard." The assumption of the austere majesty of a kingly character, or the impersonation of some noted queen, is the foundation of the success and prosperity of several noted men and women in the world of culture and art.

But it is not true that, when a medium is hypnotized or "influenced" by some spirit to perform in a similar manner, the manifestation is called "obsession," "evil spirits," etc. Meanwhile the free-going and jolly-loving "Diakka" are having a first-class theatrical comedy. What we have ascertained as to these celestial characters—the unwise and conscientious students in the upper universities—they are authors of almost all the farces and semi-religious exhibitions exploited under the thrilling caption—"Obsession." It is certain on the Spiritualistic billboard to "draw an audience."

A word in conclusion. Remember that Man's individuality is his one sole sacred and "divine right." No other personality can cause a displacement of the embodied individual. All such claims are spurious—all such mystical theories are fascinating sophistries—all such doctrines, while containing a substratum of reality, are deplorable mental demoralizations in the very face of Modern Spiritualism. A. J. Davis.

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#### Resignation.

(By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!



Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
 Amid these earthly damps  
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition!  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
 But gone unto that school  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led,  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution  
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing  
 In those bright realms of air;  
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
 The bond which nature gives,  
 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

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**Tell Her So.**

You've a neat little wife at home, John,  
As sweet as you wish to see;  
As faithful and gentle hearted,  
As fond as a wife can be;  
A genuine, home-loving woman,  
Not caring for fuss or show;  
She's dearer to you than life, John;  
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,  
As likewise your breakfast and tea;  
Your wardrobe is always in order,  
With buttons where buttons should be.  
Her house is a cozy home nest, John,  
A heaven of rest below;  
You think she is a rare little treasure;  
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife, and true to you, John,  
Let fortune be foul or fair;  
Of whatever comes to you, John,  
She cheerfully bears her share.  
You believe she's a brave, true helper,  
And perhaps far more than you know;  
It will lighten her end of the load, John,  
Just kiss her and tell her so.

There's a crossroad somewhere in life, John,  
Where a hand on a guiding stone  
Will signal one "over the river,"  
And the other must go on alone.

Should she reach that milestone first, John,  
 'Twill be comfort amid your woe  
 To know that while her here, John,  
 You kissed her and told her so.

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**The Little Armchair.**

Nobody sits in the little armchair;  
 It stands in a corner dim ;  
 But a white-haired mother gazing there,  
 And yearningly thinking of him,  
 Sees through the dust of long ago  
 The bloom of her boy's sweet face,  
 As he rocks so merrily to and fro,  
 With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,  
 Sometimes a pencil and slate,  
 And the lesson is hard to understand,  
 And the figures hard to make;  
 But she hears the words so often said:  
 "No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days,  
 When a child with sunny hair  
 Was hers to scold, to kiss, and praise,  
 At her knee in the little chair.  
 She lost him back in the busy years,  
 When the great world caught the man,  
 And he strode away past hopes and fears,  
 To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,  
 Like a picture out of date,  
 She sees the head with a golden gleam  
 Bent over a pencil and slate,  
 And she lives again the happy day,  
 The day of her young life's spring,  
 When the small armchair stood just in the way,  
 The center of everything.

A Song to Brave Women.

They were married in the autumn, when the leaves were  
turning gold,  
And the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming  
cold;  
Side by side they stood and promised hand in hand to  
walk through life,  
And the parson said, "God bless you!" as he named  
them man and wife.  
They had little wealth to aid them, little of the world  
they knew,  
But he whispered, "Oh, my darling. I have riches—I  
have—you."  
Then they vowed that, walking ever side by side and  
hand in hand,  
They would gain the distant summits of their far-off,  
happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes  
for a kiss,  
Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's per-  
fect bliss;  
But the battle-stress was on them, and the foeman bade  
them yield,  
And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon  
the field;  
And his heart grew faint within him, as he murmured,  
"I must fall,  
For the foreman presses ever, and his cohorts conquer  
all."  
But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered, "You shall  
win!  
You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battle-strife  
and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds  
were gaping wide,  
Listening ever for a whisper—"I am battling by your  
side."  
Struggling onward, struggling ever, lost in mists of  
gloom and doubt;  
Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must  
obey,

Till he reached the gold summits, past the borderland  
 of gray.  
 Then the world, as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquer-  
 ing knight!"  
 For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to  
 the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these,  
 Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid  
 prize they seize;  
 Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed and stricken  
 in the din,  
 But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "You shall  
 win!"  
 And we name them knights and heroes of the battle  
 and the fray,  
 Knowing not that there behind each is the one who  
 showed the way;  
 Just some little, loyal woman, forcing back the tears  
 that blur—  
 You may honor your brave hero; I will sing a song  
 to her.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in "Success."

### What Is God?

(By Chas. Henry Webber, in "Mind.")  
 What is God, and why and where?  
 Is there a God to answer prayer?  
 Just pause and think: Is not your tho't  
 Of what in Nature has been wrought?  
 What wrought it? Was it you or me?  
 Or was it more than we could be?  
 Do you think God is good and great?  
 Do you think God is chance or fate?  
 Do you think God is right or wrong?  
 What is the burden of your song?  
 What you think God is that is he;  
 What you think God is—He will be  
 To you, my friend; but, unto me,  
 He may be more than you can see.  
 To you He may be more indeed  
 Than ever I could have conceived.  
 To you, my friend, God may be Love,



Or Strength, or Will, or Power above.  
 He may be "cruel" unto you,  
 Or God may be to you most true.  
 He may be "Vengeance" or be joy—  
 He may be but a mental toy;  
 Just what you think Him—that is God,  
 And as you think, you feel His "Rod."  
 'Tis you who make the God for you;  
 And as you make Him, pray be true.  
 But never make some other knee, bow down to  
 what is your decree;  
 For God to them is just as true  
 For what they think as unto you.  
 The strength of All-in-all is God,  
 And your own strength is your own God.  
 You did not make the strength your own;  
 It is not strength to you alone—  
 For you are but a part of All;  
 You only can your strength extol.  
 Beyond your strength you cannot go,  
 Beyond your strength you cannot know;  
 Yet as you grow in strength you see  
 That something more than you must be.  
 That "something more" becomes your "rod"—  
 That "something more" you know is God.

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**The Inevitable.**

I like the man who faces what he must  
 With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
 Who fights the daily battles without fear;  
 Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
 That God is God—that somehow, true and just,  
 His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
 Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
 Falls from his grasp—better, with love, a crust  
 Than living in dishonor; envies not,  
 Nor loses faith in man; nor does his best,  
 Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;  
 But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest  
 To every toiler. He alone is great  
 Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—Sarah Knowles Bolton.

**A Song of Trust.**

I cannot always see the way that leads  
    To heights above ;  
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on  
    With hands of love ;  
But yet I know the path must lead me to  
    Emmanuel's land,  
And when I reach life's summit I shall know  
    And understand.

I can not always trace the onward course  
    My ship must take ;  
But, looking backward, I behold afar  
    Its shining wake,  
Illumined with God's light of love ; and so I on-  
    ward go.  
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm  
    The course must know.

I can not always see the plan on which  
    He builds my life ;  
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
    The noise of strife,  
Confuse me till I quite forget he knows  
    And oversees,  
And that in all details with his good plan  
    My life agrees.

I can not always know and understand  
    The Master's rule ;  
I can not always do the tasks he gives  
    In life's hard school ;  
But I am learning with his help to solve  
    Them one by one ;  
And when I cannot understand, to say,  
    "Thy will be done!"

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**Not Before.**

If you sit down at set of sun,  
And count the acts that you have done,  
    And counting find  
One self-denying act, one word

That eased the heart of him who heard  
    One glance most kind  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then you may count that hour well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,  
You've cheered no heart by yea or nay;  
    If through it all  
You've nothing done which you can trace  
That brought the sunshine to one face:  
    No act most small  
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,  
Then count that day as worse than lost!

When we have done the best we can  
To help uplift our fellowman,  
To ease his load of care and sin,  
Yet all in vain, we may begin  
All human nature to deplore—  
    But not before.

—Woman's Life.

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#### Menaced by Death, Turns Religious.

Columbia, Ky.—On the old Jonathan Jones farm, near Gradyville, reside Mack Cooner and his wife. Mr. Cooner never gave serious thought to spiritual matters until one night recently, when he was warned in a dream that lightning would strike the house and kill him. He and his wife spent the rest of that night with a neighbor. Next morning they found that lightning had struck the house and the bed on which they had retired the night before. Mr. Cooner now holds family prayers every night before retiring.

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#### Getting Out of Bed.

There is a right and there is a wrong way of getting up in the morning. Do not jump up directly the eyes are open. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually. Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and

stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs—waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Therefore do not jump up suddenly, but stretch and yawn, and yawn and stretch; stretch the arms and legs; stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch are better even than a cold bath. The person who does this will get up feeling wide awake, and the heart and lungs and the stomach will resume their work without shock or jar, and the bodily functions start off in a normal, healthful manner. "Science Siftings" is responsible for these remarks, but it forgets to add a word of caution against a return to slumberland while we are indulging in the operations of yawning and stretching.

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I hold that no man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure. He who only lives to eat and drink and accumulate money is a failure. The world is no better for his having lived in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire on a frozen hearth. I repeat he is a failure. There is no flesh in his heart. He worships no god but gold.

The above are the words of Pagan Cicero, but they would not be out of place in a pulpit, and their consideration will not harm some pious critics who think they have a paid-up policy of celestial insurance.—Jewish Ledger.

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"Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Answer by the higher light;  
Let the test be by the standards of unchanging truth and right.  
Do we worship toward the morning, or the past's warclouded night?"

"Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we rob and overreach?  
Do we wrong and slay our brothers 'neath the mask of godly speech?  
Sow we seeds of love or hatred? Do we practice what we preach?"



### Wireless Telephony in New Aspect.

Chicago, Ill.—An adaptation of wireless telephony that may revolutionize the telephone as a commercial instrument was announced at the annual banquet of the alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The announcement was made by W. Elwell Goldsborough, director of the electrical laboratory at Purdue University and chief of the department of electricity of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The invention consists of a noiseless court, where one can place a telephone receiver to the ear, without any wire connection, and hear distinctly words spoken through a telephone hundreds of miles away. The construction of the court is said to be such that the tread of a person's foot on the floor will not produce a sound. As many persons as can get on the floor can hear the message by the aid of receivers.

Word of the perfection of the invention was telegraphed to Mr. Goldsborough only a few hours before the banquet began. The inventor is J. F. Hutchinson, a young electrical engineer of New York city, who has been working on the device ever since the discovery of the principle of wireless telephony was announced. It is to receive its first exploitation at the World's Fair, where it will be a chief point of interest of the electrical exhibits. Its principle has not yet been made clear to Mr. Goldsborough. He has known for several years that Mr. Hutchinson was working on it, but so far has received only a bare statement of the perfection of the device.

"Like all new inventions, we can not tell to what extent this noiseless court will become practical for commercial purposes," Mr. Goldsborough said.

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Go to the country where man lives close to nature's heart; study him as he there meets the problems of life, and you will find literature which is realistic in the best and truest sense. Men of the country are to our national life what the steel frame is to our mighty stone or brick structures when the crisis comes that jars the nation to its foundation. It is the loyal hearts and clear brains of the country folks which save it from destruction.

Rev. John Watson.

**Mother.**

(By Phila Butler Bowman.)

God made a home, where hearts might turn to rest,  
 When all the other homes of earth had failed.  
 God made a star whose light burned steadily  
 When all the other lights grew dim and paled.  
 God made a voice that all the breadth of seas,  
 The change of seasons, or the flight of years,  
 Could never silence, never rob of power  
 To reach, to bless, to guide, to silence fears.  
 God made a love that wrapped our infancy  
 And blessed us, even when we knew it not—  
 A love that knew no barrier, no self,  
 A love that never faltered or forgot.  
 This was God's gift, immortal, changeless, vast,  
 Whose name he wrote, because he knew no other  
 Name sweeter, on our waking consciousness,  
 In golden characters. That name was "Mother."

**Honor is coming to whom honor is due.—Ed.****Andrew Jackson Davis and the New Thought.**

(From the Harbinger of Light.)

We have before stated that the "New Thought" is only an elaboration of what was given by Andrew Jackson Davis nearly half a century since. The following from the New Thought Primer is corroborative of our affirmation.

All New Thought ideas, save those that make man conscious that he IS spirit here and NOW, were born before the Hydeville raps, as noted before of Unitarianism. They have been repeated by Spiritualists during all the years of its existence. In 1845, three years before the Hydeville raps, in the person and revelations of Andrew Jackson Davis, was Modern Spiritualism actually born. And to him we may honestly date New Thought birth, though present "founders" of systems of "healing" and teaching, and many teachers of various phases of New Thought, are not aware of the source from whence, by evolution, their ideas spring.

Davis was at that time a lad of fourteen years. While in mesmeric trance he gave those lectures which were later published under title of "Nature and Her Divine

Revelations." This book was followed up by twenty-nine others, which makes a library that no student of the "Progress of Ideas" can ignore. In them can be traced heredity of every New Thought proposition. Davis calls his system "The Harmonial Philosophy." The difference between this and New Thought lies principally in the emphasis which is now placed upon the individual soul in its independence from all external control, its unity with the One, and its power to build its body into health and keep its environments to its desire through right thinking. But Davis, in teaching the Divinity of Man and Nature, virtually taught all this. Later teachers have brought into clearer light the truth he proclaimed. Methods and applications are many, but Truth is One. Davis started Philosophical Spiritualism, and this is so near New Thought that I am not able to "draw a line between the two where God has not." The Affirmation of Phenomenal Spiritualism is: I live as spirit after the death of my body. The Affirmation of New Thought is: Man is spirit here and now. The Affirmation of Soul Culture is: I live the Spiritual life, here and now. Davis writes and speaks in what he terms the "superior condition," which is the condition of all inspired persons. Tennyson tells us that he reached this condition by repeating his name till he passed into a state he termed "the perfection of individuality." New Thought people arrive at it by concentration under some Affirmation. It is termed "Going into the Silence." A better term is, "Listening to the Silence." When present prejudices and sectarian feelings are lost in a love of truth, the meed will be awarded to Ralph Waldo Emerson and Andrew Jackson Davis as the greatest prophets of the new civilization which is a Brotherhood, or as Davis termed it—An Arabula.

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#### Thoughts on Different Subjects.

The majority of the men and women of today are not sound thinkers, nor careful readers, much less students, and any lengthy essay or article of a profound nature will not attract and hold the attention of the ordinary reader. Every moment of the present life seems filled to overflowing with the superficial, with

fleeting scenery and momentary sensation, and there is no room for thoughts of another life.

Humanity is rushing on in such breathless haste to gratify a love for show, or acquire some coveted place or power, that serious subjects are but little considered.

Life in the past, although burdened with greater cares, and more physical labor, afforded more time and desire for self culture, and the question will arise in thoughtful minds, whether we are compensated for the old time stability and fidelity to principle, by the present series of passing thoughts and dissolving scenes!

It seems strangely out of harmony with spirit teaching that any concern or anxiety should be manifest that the different churches may absorb spiritualism and reap of the benefits of the reformation that it has wrought. To us it would be an occasion of rejoicing, if not only the churches, but all human kind, were imbued with its grand truths, which are for them, as much as for us, when they reach out earnestly for them, and make conditions to receive.

All creeds both orthodox and heterodox have been investigating, and are gradually accepting, the fact of a demonstrated immortality, and the possibility of spirit communion.

Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that these heavenly revealments are not marketable commodities, and cannot be cornered like wheat. There is no one that has felt the vivifying influence of spirit presence, and have been uplifted by the glorious teaching of the angel world, but that one has been fully compensated for any ostracism endured, or any sacrifice made for the promulgation of spiritualism. The spiritual benefits and blessings enjoyed will outweigh and outnumber any material losses or inconvenience.

It must also be remembered that while the old, established churches have been broadening out and regarding with less reverence forms and ceremonies, that churches under the name of spiritualism have been narrowing and accepting these same symbols and ceremonies, and imbuing them with new life. Consequently, many spiritualists who had outgrown them, and who had cast them aside as useless rubbish, but who yet felt the need of association, have returned to their former



churches to enjoy a large liberty. Why should any one complain?

Complaint is also made that spiritualism is not well enough organized. If by that we are to understand that it is not sufficiently creedalized, it might require the repetition of an old lesson, that the more one's conscience becomes oppressed the more rebellious will that one become. No soul can or will rest satisfied without the full exercise of its innate liberty to think and act for itself in all things pertaining to its needs and spiritual well-being.

We shall never cease to be thankful that a demonstrated immortality and spirit communion cannot be monopolized by any church, organization or creed. *That it is for all people, everywhere.*

In seeking enlightenment on the subject of spirit existence, it is, we think, highly important that it be done through the evidence of analogy. Truth contains within itself its own witness, and needs only to be presented to the mind's view to elucidate itself. Beginning at a fact for a foundation, we can trace correct conclusions. But it is mostly from human fads that premises are today taken. Delusions and error from which to draw correct conclusions is an anomaly of the present age, and instead of arriving at truth, the mind wanders further into the wilderness of error which enshrouds it in a sarcophagus of impenetrable mistakes, which take a greater effort than many minds can make to eradicate.

In seeking to unfold the soul possibilities and learn of the psychic realm, the wise and rich and great of the world must not be deluded with the idea that the principles of truth and justice will be set aside in deference to their learning and high standing among mortal men, neither will any law be changed nor suspended while they investigate the phenomena of spiritualism.

The Psychological Research Society has with all its vaunted knowledge made but slow progress in obtaining facts relating to the unseen realm and those who people it, while others with less, often no, literary pretensions have been the happy recipients of the most satisfying knowledge of another life and its inhabitants. A knowledge that needs no scientific demonstration to prove. Investigators of great learning and exalted so-

cial standing seem not yet to have learned that one cannot plant thistles and gather figs in the psychic realm with any more success than can be done on the material plane.

How could any information of a lofty spiritual nature be given in the atmosphere that suspicion generates, and the medium is approached under false pretenses and assumed names? The surprise is, that any self-respecting medium would become subject to such influences, *even for the benefit of science*. If scientific facts must be gained from false premises, the world had better be without them, especially the sacred facts pertaining to the soul of man. Souls that have unfolded to where they can perceive and receive any truth relating to the psychic realm will gladly accept it, and without scientific demonstration, even if it could be so proven. Truth is ever its own authority, and the soul has the power of *knowing* when it is found, and it will forever rest, without a doubt to dim its peaceful possession.

Questions pertaining to the soul can only be answered through the soul faculties. They are deeper than human reason and philosophy.

Spirit manifestations are not a discovery of today. They have existed through all time, yet they are now more tainted by human touch and dictation. Great is the pity that they could not be left to personal desire and investigation, unmixed with human opinions and dictation, that they may come naturally and in season, but notwithstanding the obstacles that are ever being thrown in the pathway of the earnest seekers of light on this subject, they will overcome them all, and spirit communion will continue to be a conscious and comforting fact in human life as long as time endures.

The man or woman who cannot determine the individuality of a friend or dear one without having its scientifically demonstrated, are to be pitied. Yes, as much as one would who required a scientific demonstration of the sound of the sea, the song of a bird, the fragrance of a flower, or a grand symphony of colors!

We believe that in the soul realm there is found no place for the expression of aught but truth, that deception and dishonesty are born in the mortal mind, and are of earth. The soul suffering only *from its effects*, and that when any soul vacates its physical habitation, that

all information from it and of it, must be sought, if gained, through earnest, honest investigation, and in a child-like, teachable spirit. Without this no skill of the scientist nor philosopher will ever be able to enter the debatable land.

Have just read an interesting letter from our friend and sister, Mrs. B. Lenox, of Stevensville, Texas, who with her husband had spent the day with us and the spirit friends. She writes that on their way home she was moved to speak of our beloved spiritualism to some interested listeners on the train; that out of the fullness of her heart, her mouth would speak; that as her baby used to say, "It just said itself!" Therein we think is a lesson that all psychic investigators might do well to heed—*Just let truth demonstrate itself, without help or hindrance.*

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Numbers of times we are asked by persons who become convinced of the fact of spirit communion with their mortal friends, what they should do, stating at the same time that they were members of some church in which they had been brought up and which they loved, and from whose association it would be painful to part, and our unhesitating reply has always been. "Be guided by your own convictions of what is right and best to do; we can not judge for anyone else." Then we would be asked: "What did you do?" to which this reply would be given: "We remained in the church as long as it furnished us with any spiritual food, and until we had outgrown its teachings, and felt cramped and uncomfortable by creedal bondage, then we came out, free to be guided by the inner light, "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." And we here add we have never since felt any need of a church or creed.

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The present agitation of the question of woman suffrage seems repulsive to the majority of men, likewise to many women. It may be because we have not outgrown the old ideas of motherhood and wifehood, but there is

First, these men of whom so much complaint is being made are our husbands, sons, fathers and brothers, who would protect us from every wrong and injustice. In the next instance, they, we think, are misunderstood, or their motives for opposition are not understood. The



men of today should not be judged by the old time standard, their minds have unfolded and broadened out, even as has the opposite sex, and they look upon woman as *superior* to political contentions and positions, and they are gradually regulating civil laws in her favor, and not because she is considered the weaker vessel, but because of the sacredness of motherhood and wifehood.

The time has come, and woman will pass through the political element to her own exalted sphere, as mother and moulder of the human race; and in that passage she will leave a cleansing, purifying influence. Some may linger or be detained for a time, in the political element, but the greater number will pass through and on to their own natural place and plane.

Andrew Jackson Davis wisely and truly says: "The extent of female influence is as little understood by the sex themselves as it is by the world of minds in general. For, upon investigation, I learn, with as much astonishment as pleasure, that woman exerts *three-fifths of that* influence which moves the human world. The internal and spiritual circles are spheres in which she particularly performs her *mission*. The first circle is the *childhood sphere*. The second circle is the *family sphere*. The third circle is the *social sphere*. And on these fundamental spheres the female element should be completely incorporated, and allowed its legitimate action. It desires no wider nor higher scope, nor could it feel harmonious in different spheres of action and movement. Woman will act in these three circles, and *it is not* possible to prevent her; but *it is* possible to surround her with deforming circumstances, and to put her in the possession of heterogeneous materials, and thus cause her works to be imperfect and unprofitable to the race.

For instance, the female gives (*directly*) constitution and character to the individual through the medium of childhood, domestic example and social intercourse; but she is only an instrument and dispenser of these personal and several influences, those home conditions and those social tendencies, with which her husband and the world's customs have surrounded her, and the individual which she is instrumental in developing.

Woman will inevitably develop the world; but by way of compensation to her, and for its own interest, the world should supply her with good matrimonial rela-



tions with pleasant home advantages, with ennobling social institutions, all so complete and harmonious within themselves as to make it easy and natural for her to furnish society with noble minds.

Mortal friends, I also have a fact to state, and a thought to express. From the exalted planes of spirit life any information or counsel that its inhabitants desire to impart to mortals must be handed down from circle to circle, until it reaches the receptive human brain. An undeveloped spirit can no more be introduced into higher circles to obtain spiritual knowledge, than you could put a child of five summers to study the highest branches of human education. Spirits work as best they can with the different mentalities at their command, and the circles through which information must pass.

Many in spirit life, who are eager to bring some message to their friends of earth, often are too expectant and hopeful of favorable results, and suffer many painful disappointments, until through experience and further knowledge they learn to discriminate between such as are prepared to receive and welcome, and those who are not. This is a fact that should be seriously considered by every mortal who desires the happiness of their arisen friends and dear ones.

The thought to us is sorrowful, that spiritualism should ever be regarded as a means of amusement and pastime, and beneath the dignity of manhood to investigate. Nevertheless, things pertaining to the immortal soul of man have in all ages engaged minds of erudition and talent. Men who have occupied the highest positions, have explored its mysteries, and have become convinced of the glorious truths that lie just beyond the veil, of human sense and sound.

Prophets of old saw into the nearby realm and prophesied to the nations of the earth, and in these later days men of our own country and clime have entered the sanctum sanctorum of the human soul, and have been made happy by its wondrous revealments and the reunion of sundered ties.

Strange that anyone can deem it a trifle that a waiting mother stands yearningly by for a word of welcome; that a father who has cherished and protected them can no longer speak a warning word; that the little

children would continue to lisp endearing words. Are these trifles unworthy the thought of manhood and womanhood? But, oh, in the unseen, the real, and the true life, these are questions of the greatest importance.

We would counsel one and all never to approach a subject of such sacred interest in a frivolous manner, nor for amusement nor material gain, neither for curiosity, but to respond to the call of affection and to acquire knowledge of the spiritual world and its homes and habits, also how to live in the earth world, to be happy in spirit land. Let spiritualism alone, unless the subject can be approached and discussed with the serious candor of men and women possessing souls destined for endless existence and eternal progression. Sad it is to contemplate the abuse and misuse of the greatest source of comfort and enjoyment to the people of both worlds.

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### The Formation of the Home Circle.

(Another Discourse by Millie.)

When a man and woman have been attracted together and wedded in accordance with the principles that underlie all true unions between men and women, then comes a desire to establish an independent home circle. While memory will continue to cherish every fond tie and holy affection of the home of childhood and youth, yet it does not satisfy the larger demands of womanhood and manhood. The two who are truly wedded are the ones, *and the only ones*, who have the power to stimulate and call forth the best and purest emotions and impulses in the nature of each.

These new aspirants for home and its attending benefits and pleasures, we see, will need all the light that can be given on this subject, to enable them to keep the home circle free from the intrusion of inharmony from outside influences, until their habits become properly adjusted.

Possessing the right foundation on which to proceed, the next important step is to learn of its obligations, and their ability to meet them. They should also earnestly endeavor to correct and overcome every habit, either acquired or inherited, that might be detrimental to the preservation of harmony.

These will find that the surroundings and needful labors consequent upon the existing conditions of mortal

life, are of a more or less irritating nature. To the woman they are constantly made manifest in little things pertaining to household arrangements and its many cares. To the man they are manifest in the greater responsibility and various obstacles to be met in providing home needs and comforts. So must patience be exercised, that when wearied with these different cares, one does not thoughtlessly speak words that will wound the other, through a misunderstanding of the cause, and which when brooded over, they begin to doubt and question the wisdom of their choice of a companion. This we see is the cause of many temporary estrangements between the truly wedded. But Love will finally triumph, and this will pass off in an ebullition of feeling, to be forgotten, and without leaving any sting of remorse.

However, by judicious management and sober thought, and the cultivation of the holy and tender emotions of the human heart, these scenes which dim for a time the joy of home, need never occur. The constant exercise of the soul affections should never be neglected, neither should any event be permitted to prevent its expression. The highest state of home happiness is in perfect unity, which cannot be disturbed by any outside circumstance or influence. *None can originate within two truly wedded souls*, and the principle of truth which underlies all true unions stands as a sentinel to guard against any serious interruption from foreign intrusion.

But it should be needless to keep close watch over these sacred affections, which should, unobstructed, ever well up like sparkling water from an inexhaustible fountain. And when both the man and the woman fully understand each other's motives to be the promptings of love, it will be so!

Constant aspiration for the true and beautiful in the home circle will prevent much unrest that might be engendered by outside circumstances and influences, and which will also promote the felicity of love. The effort to maintain peaceful unity will in this way be strengthened, and harmony will soon become a necessity, a matter of fact condition, producing the most beneficial, enlightening, progressive and happyfying elements.

These to unthinking minds may seem small items in the formation of happy home circles, and in unfolding the self-hood of each, *a selfhood in unity*, from which will

spring a multiplicity of benefits, adding bliss to both the temporal and the eternal joys of mortal man and woman.

Intellect should occupy its proper place in the home circle, but never to the exclusion of love's greater demands; its faculties should be cultivated and expanded, but not in the least to the neglect of the calls and requirements and high service of love. One should not dictate what the other is not willing and ready to sanction, and the other should not take home to the heart what the first does not approve, then there will be no discordant element, which Love and Wisdom cannot reconcile with ease.

It requires the use of Wisdom to sustain and strengthen Love, and when these are in unity and are permitted to preside over the home circle, then will the entire family, from the least to the largest, be rendered contented and happy. But when Love and Wisdom do not work in unity, then will the whole home institution be out of tune. Then must the two combine with renewed efforts to restore harmony. All these little irritants can and should be dispensed with, that the aspirations of Love and Wisdom may be directed to the unfolding of the soul faculties. Their work should be to reach forward to a higher state of usefulness and more abundance of enjoyments, and not be employed in searching for and restoring the missing and tarnished gem of Love—*one which only Wisdom and Love can restore*: which to do, effort must be expended, and the two must be turned aside from their legitimate work. Love must go in search of the lost harmony, and Wisdom must cast off the rubbish and burnish the surroundings.

The soul affections are the only means that can be used in the restoration of interrupted harmony, and their use is the only method of fulfilling the design of true manhood and womanhood, and of insuring them happiness, both in the physical and the spirit state of human existence.

Every mortal man and woman who has been drawn together and united by the sacred ties of love should be mindful of the fact that the happiness of one of the two can only be attained by the contentment and comfort of the other. Each one must give, and neither lose. One must rule by love, the other by wisdom.



Inductive and philosophic reasoning, we think, will sanction these statements, and we submit them to the people of earth for candid and careful consideration. To those who are earnest in endeavor to establish harmonious home circles, we trust this may assist all such in making their earth homes peaceful havens, where every member of the household may securely anchor and profit by all needed instruction, sympathy and rest, and enjoy the wealth of Love and imbibe the strength of Wisdom, which were its founders and its promoters.

We see that the civil codes of earth need to be remodeled to meet the demand of the present advanced age. Laws should be enacted that will favor and stimulate the ambition and efforts of the men and women of the lower life, who are righteously wedded, in forming harmonious homes; and we see the ponderous wheels of progression rolling around with lightning speed, opening the way for many innovations upon the old cumbrous cars of Juggernaut, and we shall soon behold a higher unfoldment of human affections and happier homes upon earth.

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**Note.**—In a communication from Spirit James Victor Wilson, through A. J. Davis, he says: "Here everyone is conjugally conjoined—is married in spirit and in truth—or, every one *knows* where its proper and eternal associate resides! Our marriages are instantaneous. Behold the sunbeam kiss the flower, or the sudden blending of kindred dewdrops, or the instantaneous commingling of the elements, and you behold the quickness and beauty of the celestial marriage. The symbol is perfect in picture, not in magnitude, because our unions are sweet, pure, beautiful and eternal!"

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#### Psychic Experiences.

During a social seance, the publisher saw and described a relative of one of the persons who was present, who lived some hundreds of miles distant, and from whom nothing had been heard for several days. He was seen in a dying condition, and those around the bedside were described and recognized. The following morning a telegram came, announcing that the relative had passed away the evening previous, at the time the vision was given.

A number of years ago, when the publisher was quite young, not exceeding ten years of age, while on a visit with his sister, whose husband was in charge of a light in Matagorda Bay on the coast of Texas, he saw lying in bed with his face covered with a white cloth a boy to whom he was much attached. He woke his sister and told her he knew that his young associate had been shot. In a few days news was received from the land verifying the truth of the vision.

At one time, while on a visit with our Brunner friends at Houston, Texas, we drove out a mile or so from the city to spend the afternoon with friends of theirs. While sitting trying to listen to their conversation, in which we could not feel the least interested, we suddenly felt the sensation of having been struck on the head with a baseball bat. For a moment the pain was as real as though it had been so. Thinking it might be a manifestation from some spirit who was present, the attention of the friends was called to it, but none knew of any departed relative or acquaintance who had suffered from a like experience, consequently the subject was dismissed. Later in the evening, on returning, Mrs. Brunner's son was standing on the gallery, and she inquired why he was home so early, to which he answered that "one of the baseball players had been struck on the head with a bat, and for a time rendered unconscious, which had broken up the evening's sport."

We at once recalled the experience of an hour or two previous, and was informed that the baseball grounds were within less than a half mile from the house of the friends we were visiting, and that the accident had occurred about the time that the shock was felt.

These and similar impressions and influences plainly indicate that sensitives are as subject, if not more so, to surrounding material influences and impressions of transpiring events, as they are to those from the spirit side of life. We think more so, as all while in the physical body are more in sympathy with, and therefore more susceptible to impressions from the material plane. And from the low resorts and slums of mortal life go out influences which are attributed to evil minded discarnate spirits, sometimes even obsessing sensitive persons.

From the Protocol.

Your chemists have developed the fact of there being two forces, a centripetal and a centrifugal, but the mind forces answering to gravitation is for good or evil.

The condition of spiritualism at the present time on the earth, has arrived at a point where the two forces, good and evil, have come into combative action, and it is the duty of the silent majority to rouse themselves to action, and use the force of numbers—moral force, spiritual force, propulsion, to suppress the prevailing errors and evils that have become attached to the teachings of spirit world.

Good is not an *abstract fact*, a vague chimera, which, chameleon like, can change its hue with every light and shade, but *good is that one fixed principle which produces no evil*; so it may be justly charged to the controlling numbers, and leaders of spiritualism, the existing errors and evils and inharmony. Now that they have failed to establish a theology, and have disrupted and scattered their numbers, it is time to come to the defense of its simple, soul-satisfying truths, to make an effort to return to the simplicity of the teachings of the spirit world. There is always a limit to wrong-doing, always comes a time and place, wherein to replace evil with good, and one of the most favorable opportunities was lost when the first efforts at creed-building were made.

Injustice upon injustice has been heaped upon our honest mediums, and has driven them from their heaven-ordained labors into obscurity and want, while in their places have been installed the moneychangers and mountebanks.

Many feared to offer opposition to these inroads upon the grand truths of spiritualism, lest it might stir up strife and create inharmony, when noble effort to resist the encroaching evils would have met a generous welcome and reward, by keeping it free from creedalism. But the folly has been committed, and the result, which is dissension and the rending of fraternal affection, and encouragement of the fraudulent and mercenary are now the next most prominent features of the public demonstrations, and which should be combatted and extinguished.

Investigators should be assisted in their efforts to find



truth. Yet hindrances are placed in their pathway by those who profess to possess it. There must be a return to the simplicity of truth before the grand fact of spirit communion with the people of earth will gain the power to reach and comfort and purify the souls of the sons and daughters of men. Spiritualism is not of the surface, but of the soul, and the less it is burdened with material forms and ceremonies and conventionalities, the greater will be its redemptive power.

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#### Our Message Department.

The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,  
 Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers  
 Of our dear departed, speaking to us;  
 Our friends, who wait outside the prison wall,  
 And through the barred windows, talk to those within.

\* \* \*

The following message was given last Eastern morning:

*The resurrection and the life* is pealing forth a glad refrain this Eastern morn. The all-pervading spirit of life is brooding over every arisen soul with a kindling glory. Songs of grateful joy resound from mountain top, through peaceful valleys. Mortal minds cannot conceive the supreme delight of being resurrected from the grossness of mortality to a life of endless joy and eternal progression. No; they must experience the wonderful change to know the blessedness.

\* \* \*

Leave we oft our spirit homes,  
 On the Gulf of fair Salome,  
 And come with love to bless and cheer,  
 And chase away the doubt and fear  
 That dims the light from realms above,  
 Where all is perfect peace and love.  
 Trust, dear mortals, in the good;  
 Life is bright, when understood.

—Beulah Bell,

\* \* \*

I know when this is read many will say that I did not believe in spiritualism. Nor did I believe. I had never given it a serious thought. My desires and ambitions



were of a material nature, until, through the great awakener Death, I stood face to face with the fact that a man lived on, the same intelligent being that he was before vacating the physical body. Then, prompted by the power of love, I sought and found a way to reach my yet beloved wife and dear children. I was able to impress them, in a measure, with my presence, and I here say, if this was not possible when one departs from visible life, that the sorrow of those who remain could never be borne. I was annoyed, and regretted, that I knew nothing of a spiritual state of existence. Viewed from my present and higher standpoint, it was an extraordinary narrowness of mind, that could neglect a subject so important, and I wondered that I had not given it the attention it deserved. But here I was, alive, and battling with my ignorance of spiritual laws, and by what unusual process I might make my dear companion conscious of my presence. At last, to my great delight, I have been able to exchange some hurried words with my darling wife and daughter. Yet my excess of joy, and her impatience for more, prevented giving much I desired to say. I am here now to tell her I did not go to the cemetery with her, and she must not worry about the cast off body. It is the living man that needs and yearns for her attention and sweet affection.

Wharton Devenport.

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It has been asked if spirits with inferior mental capacity and spiritual unfolding never communicate; and if this is so, why their messages never appear in the pages of the Magazine? We reply, that they do; but as rarely as do that class who reside upon earth in forms of flesh write for publication. Furthermore, the messages given from time to time to the public are intended for instruction in the laws and habits pertaining to the higher life, as well as to give comfort to some grieved human heart. But few coming from the crude class could be utilized.

From the present need of conditions to receive the usual number of messages for this issue, we give below a communication from a boy, who, while in earth life, was a resident of the slums. One with intuition the least unfolded will be able to trace spirit footprints beneath its crudeness:

O Lord, if I don't die after this I won't never die. O

Lord! I thought this was New York. What place is it? What's the use of coming here, anyway? My Lord, when I first roved here, it was about six months ago. They told me that I went dead, and that I could come here. Darned if I know any of you, and I don't know myself! Say, I want to go home and talk to the folks. Am I in Egypt, or way down south? Lord, I didn't want to go there. Gorry, I start for myself and I find somebody else. I guess I borrowed these clothes. I died most three years ago, and when I woke up I wasn't dead, and they told me I could come back, and they have been showing me how ever since. I have got a father in New York. I'd be more than ten years if I was back there, I reckon. I had a name, and I've got it yet—Dave Williams. I lived in a jolly place, down cellar in Pembroke alley, and I'd sweep crossings any time for a penny. I won't now, though! I don't live where they have crossings. Now what's the use of coming here, anyhow?

The old feller what took me in has been learning me lots of things since I came here. He brought me to this place, and the first word I wrote he laughed out, and he said he was glad he brought me. I want to go to New York and talk to Dad and the old woman; she's a step woman; no, a step-mother. I seen my own mother sense I got here. She went dead a long time ago, when I was a little feller, so Dad says. Dad saws wood, shovels coal, gits drunk, and does most anything. I spewed myself out, so they tell me. I know I was awful sick, then forgot everything till I woke up here. Say, how long must I stay; how much must I write? This darned old fool won't tell me!

I know what you folks down south live on—corn bread and bacon. That's what folks down east used to say you lived on. The old man what looks after me has about forty such boys. It may be moin fifty like me. When he calls I'll have to go. He takes care of us, and teaches us how to do.

When I was first died, I thought I had been asleep, and I waked up in another place. I warn't no longer in the old cellar. I hain't never been tired and cold and hungry sence, and I guess I dress about as well as the next feller. Our clothes grow to us, same as feathers to a hen. I wish Dad would go to somebody like this, so as I could tell him, I don't have to sweep crossings.

and we don't have any step-women here. I guess if the old man was to go to hit me now, I wouldn't be there; I'd dodge the lick every time.

What makes you folks laugh? When I'm grown up and smart you won't laugh at me, will you? Everybody used to laugh at me. The old man laughs at me sometimes, and his head is white as snow. Ask him his name, and he tells us, Charity. That want his name, though, 'tain't likely. He's calling. If anybody wants to know who I am, tell 'em you don't know, and you won't lie Good day.

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**A Song of Spirit Children.**

We come to earth with songs of praise,  
And sing to you our heaven-born lays,  
When roaming o'er the dim earth land,  
A happy, loving spirit band.

We gather flowers of every hue,  
From bright sapphire to fadeless blue,  
And weave them into garlands rare,  
To deck the brow of the good and fair.

We roam along, joined hand in hand,  
A truly blessed heavenly band;  
Our songs of praise above ascend,  
Of joy and peace that has no end.

The little birds our voices hear,  
And join our notes of love and cheer,  
While woods, and dales, and valleys ring,  
With songs that spirit children sing.

Hark! To us mortals whom we love,  
We come as gentle as a dove,  
With songs to brighten and to cheer  
The path of those we still hold dear.  
Child Spirit—A. A. Finck.

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**Correspondence.**

Mrs. Mary A. Wilson writes: The wholesale denunciation and expose of fraudulent mediums in Bos-

ton is not surprising. Boston seems to be the birthplace and home of all kinds of isms and fanaticisms, many of which have been attached to spiritualism, and an effort at sweeping clean is the natural result.

We who recognize the truth in its lofty purity need not be disturbed, although some who are true may be made to suffer. The others are the driftwood upon the surface of the water, which will eventually be driven to shore by the clean, strong current of spiritual growth and lofty ideals. The intelligences that brought these uplifting and comforting assurances of the ministry of angels to the people of earth, will care for them, and when the time for winnowing comes, they will successfully separate the chaff from the wheat.

Mr. Wray's letter in the last magazine, ever earnest, bespoke his convictions, yet do not exactly agree about the "Spiritual Reformer." No thought sent out **can be lost**. There is always a place for good seed, and while some *must* fall upon the rocks, and some amid brambles, there is always enough good soil to produce a satisfactory harvest. It may not be returned in shekels, but there is a greater remuneration in the fact that you have been the *sower*.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Lura B. Copeland, of Piedmont, Cal., writes: One day my room seemed filled with beautiful beings, whose presence inspired the enclosed lines, which you may find available. I have never been in a seance nor attended a spiritualists' meeting, but unsought, those I love, especially my mother, seem very near. I usually write what the voice of my soul sings to me; occasionally it seems other voices speak.

#### Song of the Soul.

Beautiful beings hovering so near,  
Whisper some words of love and cheer;  
Show me the meaning under my pain;  
Open my ears to life's glad refrain.

Hark! Coming nearer voices I hear;  
Softly, so softly, they fall on mine ear,  
Strains of sweet music wafting me far  
Above earth, with its frets and its jar.



As my body lieth wrapt in calm sleep,  
O'er my soul a loving watch keep;  
Bear it to regions none ever trod,  
Only save those who are one with God.

There teach it truths beyond mortal ken,  
Spoken in words no language can pen;  
Bathe all its senses in pure delight;  
Open, wide open, the soul's inner sight.

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**Response.**

Would you hear the heavenly music  
That is floating on the air,  
In the life that gave it utterance,  
It is needful to have share.

Would you see with clearer vision,  
And behold these forms of light,  
That linger near to bless you,  
In the silent shades of night?

Would you company keep with angels,  
And converse with the unseen,  
You must sweep your chambers empty  
Of all things that's unclean.

Would you be arrayed like lilies,  
You must firstly from them learn,  
That the secret of their beauty  
Is, their faces sunward turn.

Would you feel love's sweet vibrations,  
That are pulsing through the earth,  
You must live in close relation  
With the laws that gave you birth.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Maude McAlpine Coll writes: The article in the last issue of "The Reformer" on marriage, ministers, and divorce, has been read and highly appreciated by all. We fully endorse every word written. I feel sure that when earnest women like the writer takes the subject in hand, and presents it in the higher spiritual light, that the time will not be long before we shall find humanity taking

a step upward; and ill-mated pairs and unhappy homes and disgraceful divorce scenes will be only sad memories.

I trust the higher powers will give strength to such brave and noble utterances for the advancement of human kind. We hope to see others of our sex more interested in showing the way to a happier, purer way of living for the sons and daughters of men. Women are just beginning to *think*, and to *think seriously* on this subject, and when they once realize the magnitude of its importance, they will not hesitate to act accordingly. They will no longer invite to and desecrate the sacredness of their homes and purity of their daughters by the presence of the low and sensual of the opposite sex, but will close their doors upon them and compel them to stand side by side with the victims of their lust.

We hope in the future to hear more of such noble sentiments as those advanced by humanity's friend, Mrs. Lottie Colleen.

• • •

Another writes: Friend; friend through a very rain of bitter tears, I must confess to you how disappointed I am with spiritualism, or what is now being put forth in its name. I wish you knew just how heartsick I am. I can no longer be numbered with such ignoble, unworthy advocates; no, not even of the grandest philosophy that has ever been given to mortal man. This unspiritual class have rended those whose only desire was for truth, and have gained the ascendancy, and I withdraw further affiliation with them. These are now rending each other, and I see nothing to be done but to retire from all active interest and *wait the result*.

Don't understand me as complaining of spiritualism; oh, no! *It is of its abuse* that I am so heart sick. Its truths are still valued above all price; so are its earnest, honest promulgators. But I am disappointed with the result of their efforts, and I can't see how you have the courage to work on against such odds."

While such expressions are depressing, they have one good effect—they make one realize more fully the need of *individual effort*. We cannot directly move upon others so as to produce a unanimous and simultaneous application to life of the ethical principles of our grandly beautiful philosophy, but we can apply them *to our own individual life*.

How, and when, would the fields be covered with the verdure of spring time if every little leaf and bud when pushed to the light and looking abroad over (to it) the limitless stretch of barren mead, would say, "Alas, what a hopeless task! I can never cover with beauty this wild waste," and sink down and cease to grow? Is it not because each separate leaf and bud *does its best, and in storms, as well as sunshine, to make the best of itself*, that at last the barren brown mold is carpeted with green and the gardens decked in fragrant flowers, and the fields laden with grain and delicious fruit?

"Yes, not till long after the grain of wheat you sow,  
The green spear proves darkness hath done its work  
below.  
Be patient! Wait! The fruitage shall perfect be,  
though slow.  
The seed that's sown in autumn is quickening 'neath  
the snow;  
The tender breath of springtime that o'er earth's bosom  
flows,  
Will make the desert thrill with life, and blossom as  
the rose.

• • •

Mrs. Day writes: The Magazine with its sweet message from my darling Frankie has been received. I thank you, dear sister, for the comfort it brought, and for your effort to procure it for me. I think very often about you, and hope you will have health and strength for the work you are doing. I know you have much to contend with, for one's best efforts are sometimes not appreciated, but your work is so blessed that you can not afford to stop and give attention to the vexatious things that come up along the way.

• • •

About the time we were compelled to suspend work on the Magazine we received by express a large, handsome oil painting of the famous Alamo, executed by our greatly esteemed girl friend, Miss Josephine Cronk. This was her first effort, and promises satisfactory results to the young aspirant in artistic work. We greatly appreciate this gift, not only because of its historic value, but also because it is the work of her hand, and a gift from her heart.



Persons who may desire a painting of the Alamo would do well to call upon this young artist, and by appreciation and patronage encourage and stimulate the gift made manifest in her work, and possess a fine representation of the old, historical Alamo, produced by one of San Antonio's fairest little maidens, who resides at 201 South street.

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### Our Group.

We have increased in numbers as well as interest. We still find this harmonious exchange of thought conducive to mental and spiritual unfoldment, and the concentration of thought on what each desires still helpful, and the conditions are becoming more and more favorable for the spirit friends to express their affection and counsel with us.

At our last meeting the question was asked, why, when the inner, or soul, faculties are awakened, and as is claimed by many, that one can then command material means, without which nothing can be accomplished on the physical plane, yet at the same time that one who professes to possess knowledge of the possibilities and benefits of this soul state, must sell this knowledge to obtain the means whereby to supply his own needs; why can he not command them at will? One suggested, that when these soul powers are made of practical use on another, and a material plane, that it would require both mental and physical effort to utilize them. To illustrate, one may give his time and efforts to unfold these soul powers until he becomes conscious of its possibilities in its own realm, where to will is to do, where to desire is to possess, but when these powers are to be used on the lower physical plane, the knowledge will prove to be futile, without mental and material effort, these being the means for attainment on the physical plane.

Through soul illumination one may be able to see beneath the surface of the earth rich mines of gold or fields of silver, or lakes of oil, but if that one sits idly down without the needed exertion to make them of use, they will not form themselves into dollars and eagles and drop down into his hands. And when one is able to make such discoveries for the benefit of another, he



should receive from that other compensation commensurate with the value of the information he has been able to impart. Thus it is seen that while he cannot go directly to a mountain of doubloons that through the knowledge possessed, and the mental and physical effort he can make it of material use and benefit.

It must be remembered that this is not working in the soul realm, where dollars and cents are not needed nor used. It is only the process by which the knowledge there obtained may be utilized on the lower earth plane.

Another advanced the idea that while in the subjective state no interest would be felt for material or selfish gain, as in the soul realm every need and desire was gratified.

The presiding spirit of the unseen group reported both suggestions to be correct, and worthy of deeper, more extended thought. He also called our attention to the fact, that throughout both realms, the visible and the invisible, there was a universal law of *Justice*, which can not be overlooked, nor neglected, nor transgressed with impunity.

At a previous meeting the question was asked? Why is it that one when quiet can command the forces about them, but when some unexpected troubles arise they fail, and must depend upon another for aid and support?

Answer: Because attention is drawn to the trouble, and forces become divided, and the will power weakened.

We much regret that because of the changes that have been made, that this group, which promised so much, and through which we have derived so much benefit, must finally be given up. However, we trust we may be able after the heat of the summer months to organize one in Houston, and that the meetings in Galveston may be resumed. Perhaps the better way might be for those of both places to organize a group to meet each alternate week at Houston and Galveston. The number interested in such groups are comparatively small, and this joining of forces would generate strength and stimulate interest. It is only a pleasant ride of an hour between the two cities, and but a trifling expense. Consider the matter, friends, and let us hear from you on the subject.—Ed.

### To Subscribers and Readers.

Days have dropped into weeks, and weeks into months, since the last issue of this publication. The pen was laid down that the editor might go forth with an invalid daughter in quest of health. Months passed in painful uncertainty, anxiously watching and waiting ere the crisis had passed, and she began to regain her former health.

The reader, if a mother, can realize what it was to wearily watch, day by day, by the bedside of a darling child. Alone, hoping and fearing, among strangers in a strange land, most of the time, amid the rigors of the past wintry weather, and without the comforts of home and familiar association.

All work of a spiritual nature was almost entirely laid aside, which also added to other sacrifices made. So many years had been given exclusively to spiritual work that it was as if entering into another and unfamiliar world.

Now that release and relief has come, we have been surveying the spiritualistic field, to find the phase of work which will best serve and benefit both those who have accepted the fact of spirit return and such as desire to investigate. One good brother in the last issue of this magazine, expressed the thought that there was no particular need of it, neither did he think its mission a "broad one," while others have urged its need and continuation.

Since becoming satisfied that none are doomed to burn in an everlasting fire; that all have an eternity in which to progress, we are not in the least fanatical about making converts to spiritualism. So much has the fact of spirit return and communion been abused, misused and misrepresented, that our youthful ardor has been cooled; and but for the comfort it brings to grieved hearts and hungry souls, all interest in the seance room would cease.

We revere and love the name of spiritualism, and never expect to march under any other banner, nor to promulgate any principles grander or more glorious; and our present desire and purpose in resuming this publication is to give, as received from spirit life, some knowledge of the homes, habits and occupations of the people of the other world, and to keep in touch with those whose

views are in harmony with ours. Likewise as an avenue through which to exchange our experiences and thoughts on the vital questions of the day, *and without bitter controversy*. In this way each one can be a benefit and inspiration to the other, and all become both teachers and learners.

It has been said that the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, but when it is misused to the extent of becoming bitter vituperation, no wisdom can be evolved from it, but an element is aroused, which if widespread and strengthened and encouraged would inaugurate another famous crusade.

As the readers and contributors know, this publication has been opposed to all efforts to make a creed of spiritualism, and while we knew, and still know, that many would object to this, and withhold their patronage, we conscientiously believed, *and yet believe*, we are right. Neither has its pages ever been given to advertising any article, business, nor person, that we did not personally know to be genuine, honest, and above reproach. Principle has been strictly adhered to, and personalities always avoided. So with creed-builders the publication has not only been unpopular, *but it has been ignored*.

Having emerged from under the material shadows, and becoming rested from the long strain of service, we feel an earnest desire to resume the publication of *The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian*, and we send out this issue with the view of ascertaining if the demand for its continuation is sufficient to justify its resumption. Formerly it did not more than pay for the material used, and the trouble and expense of getting it out fell too heavily upon the editor and publisher.

From time to time in the past we had hoped to assuage the sensationalism that has long dominated spiritualism, and encouraged its *practical use*, and the need of return to the simple fact of spirit communion with the people of earth, and endeavor again to build, *not a church*, but to evolve from the knowledge gained from the wise intelligences of the spirit world a code of ethics by which to live better here and now. But it seems that sensationalism, like all other epidemics, must run its course, and the result so far has been that spiritualism and its media are looked upon by the uninformed and outside world as a class of silly dupes, charlatons and deceivers,

and thinkers who are convinced of the fact of spirit return, and freely and readily acknowledge it, both in private and in public, usually repudiate being called 'a spiritualist'—*so it is considered on the decline.*

Since the inception of modern spiritualism the principle building which has been done, *on the simple but firm foundation of spirit return*, has been of the wood, hay and stubble of the ages, and thinking minds now stand aghast, when viewing the ill proportioned and tottering structure; and today the all important question is, whither is it tending? Our impressions are, the phenomena *back to the home fireside*, to convince its inmates that there are no vacant seats, and to soothe sorrowing hearts, who mourn for their so-called dead. The grand principles and philosophy of life can here, *from and through* the phenomena, be more perfectly evolved, to disseminate among the people. Information can here be gained free from the interlacing of human opinion and theories. Free from the danger of being led as formally by the great and wise, after the manner of the world, into innumerable errors.

The present strife and discord among those calling themselves spiritualists, the crossing of swords in mental combat, does not savor much of the glad tidings that spiritualism was designed to bring to souls who were hungering for the bread of life. *Neither is such spiritualism.* The very name is significant of something higher and holier.

There seems at present a widespread inclination among both spiritualists, and investigators to follow in the lead of some renowned authority to ignore their own experiences, and evidence of spirit return for that of some learned professor, or scientist, or person of wealth and standing in the social and literary world; unmindful of the fact that spiritual demonstrations seldom come to or through minds filled with the ideas and prejudices of others. The spirit press, also will go into ecstasies over some renowned convert, and forthwith give credence to every manner of experience such have had, it matters not how unreasonable. This species of toadyism is certainly unbecoming for either a spiritualist or investigator, and which custom we trust will soon be discarded. *Truth is its own authority.* It needs no props, not even of the learned and great.



Men seem slow to learn that soul experiences belong to a higher realm, and cannot be gauged by scientific rules; nor when manifested on a physical plane, can they be dominated by human intervention?

During our enforced exile from home and spiritual work, our lot was cast in San Angelo, a town of some 500 inhabitants, in the northwestern portion of the state, 1,900 feet above sea level, a stock country, bleak and barren, and a noted resort for sufferers from lung trouble. We found the natives, mostly a rugged class of people, seeming to partake of the nature of the climate, yet they are easy going, and honest to the core. Not a theft, nor fight, nor murder was committed during our many months' stay, although the people slept unprotected, with open windows and unlocked doors.

Not a drunken man did we see; and if by chance one became intoxicated during a carnival or convention, he, we were informed, was taken by friends and comfortably placed in the unlocked jail to sober. There are no police, no need of any, and the jail is usually without an inmate. Yet this is in Texas, so many times denounced for its lawlessness.

Here we found but few who had ever heard of spiritualism. Fortune tellers had visited the town during carnivals and conventions, and spiritualism was placed in the same category. Never had a medium been there.

All our time not given in the service of the sick was passed holding seances, and these with the thinking, intelligent people, the best class in the place. The others who were not church members, and perhaps some of these, were satisfied with the fortune telling.

Friends kept us well supplied with papers and other spiritual literature which we gladly distributed during our sojourn; at least such as was not filled with disgusting exposures and contentions and personal abuse. These we feared would hinder further investigation and demoralize a people who were honest, and who lived above such.

Never did we so keenly, and painfully, realize the pressing need of a clean, honest press, and a pure, whole, some, spiritual literature.

The mortifying accounts of exposures of mediums and personal abuse and petty wrangling, which the spiritual press is constantly sending out, is not to our think-

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ing related to spiritualism, and the wonder is, why it is circulated through our literature. It seems to us only to serve as obstacles to honest investigators who have as many misgivings and doubts and fears of their own, as they are able to master.

The secular press is all too ready to give to the public every crime and misdemeanor masquerading in the name of spiritualism, and he believe it to be the wiser way to leave these repulsive episodes entirely to it, and so live and practice the sublime principles of the spiritual philosophy that all may know of its heavenly origin.

We do not believe, as many, perhaps wiser than we, that giving the disgraceful doings attributed to spiritualism will serve as either a warning or protection to others. Let us strive to know what spiritualism *is*, and pass in silence *what it is not*.

We are persuaded that every human soul is as competent as we, to judge of their spiritual needs, and that when the awaking of the divine within comes, each will then seek, and not until then, and find just the measure suited to their needs.

Friends, let us hear from you by private letter or postal card, if you are in sympathy with our views, and feel that it is spiritually profitable to sustain this publication, and if you desire so to do. Then if the number who respond favorable be sufficient to justify, we shall continue its publication.

Let us hear from you, friends, at your earliest convenience.  
Editors and Publisher.

The World's Advance - Thought  
And Universal Republic By  
Lucy Mallery

Our dear sister, Mrs. S. J. Finck, the latest editor of the "Spiritual Reformer, and Humanitarian," of Galveston, Texas, informs us that in future she will not send out her magazine monthly and take yearly subscriptions therefor, but will send it out when moved to do so and circumstances will permit. The price of a copy will be twenty-five cents. The number just received contains sixty pages of matter that is manna for the spiritual nature. Address: A. A. Finck & Co. 419 Twenty-first street, Galveston, Texas.

Portland  
Oregon

Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian

The friends of Mrs. Susan J. Finck of Galveston will be glad to hear that she has been here during the past week and has issued another number of "The Spiritual Reformer and Humanitarian." The leading article is "The Reality of Dream Life" on which subject Mrs. Finck has written entertainingly. Among the contents of the new number may be noted: "Spiritual Individuality and Identity," "The Origin of Evil," "Truth Concerning Obsession," "Resignation" (poem), "Tell Her So" (poem), "The Little Armchair" (poem), "A Song to Brave Women," "What Is God?" (poem), "A Song of Trust," "Not Before," "Wireless Telephony in New Aspect," "Andrew Jackson Davis," "Thoughts on Different Subjects," "The Formation of the Home Circle," "Psychic Experiences," "From the Protocol," "Our Message Department," "Correspondence," "Our Group."

Galveston  
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