

KARMENIA
OR
WHAT THE SPIRIT TOLD ME
"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION"

A Series of short Occult stories, real experiences during the life of
a man 72 years of age, garnished in the clothes of fiction. see preface.



BY
LYMAN E STOWE

131 Catherine St. Detroit Mich.

April 2nd.—1915.—The 72nd. birthday.

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By **LYMAN E STOWE**, 131 Catherine St. Detroit, Mich.



BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL, JULY 1ST, 1862

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

No. 1—THE VISION ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

"'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truth more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot;
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved."

—Pope.

I, Lyman E. Stowe, was born in, the now, City of Flint, Genesee County, Michigan, about 10 a. m., Sunday, April 2nd, 1843. Just six years after Michigan became a state. Even the log schoolhouse was little known, and many of my playmates were Indian boys.

On my father's side I am a descendant of John Stowe, the Antiquarian of England of the 16th century, who was granted letters patent to beg, in the streets of London, because of the great good he had done through his writings, of which no library of note is considered a complete library without some of Stow's books, at this day.

It will thus be seen I am a descendant of the only patent right beggar the world ever knew.

The name "Stowe," originally spelled Stow, the final (e) is quite modern, and in the U. S. the name Stowe is generally associated with the Beechers, the Lymans, the Abbots, Foot and Rigs, as these families married and intermarried and surnames and given names mingled profusely.

My mother was a VanSlyke, and traced back to the throne of Holland, so if I have literary tendencies and gifts, or a penchant to live off of the public, I inherit it from the two extremes of the privileged classes, a beggar in the streets, and a beggar on the throne. This will excuse me for asking the reader to send in a small contribution to assist in giving to the world my wonderful experiences, while investigating the by-paths of occult science, and spiritual mysticism, which will be sent to such subscribers, as each successive chapter comes from the press.

I believe I am safe in saying I have had a broader experience in these lines than any other man that ever investigated the subject.

Why I have been ostracized and kept from the press and the public eye will readily be seen by the reader of my books, "What is Coming," and my "Bible Astrology," as these subjects are not popular and that selfishness and bigotry that has caused the world to crawl over the prejudice of knaves, bigots and fools, in all ages, discourages and retards invention and investigation, and makes the road of the genius and the philosopher a hard road to travel, until he scores success, and then they who hindered his progress are ready to bend the knee and bow the head to mammon and smile and smirk under the banners they besmeared.

I was born in the sign Aries, the 20th degree of Gemini, rising—thus bringing two-thirds of the clairvoyant sign Cancer under the 30 degrees of the ascendant, with the Moon 14 degrees in Taurus, and Uranus on the cusp of Aries, which

gives me my strong spiritual and clairvoyant powers.

Some of the stories of my experience have been submitted to magazines and papers, and returned to me, and I afterwards saw the stories somewhat changed and dressed in other language under the signature of other authors. I think many an amateur writer has had a similar experience.

I should have stated my father was a Universalist, my mother ran the gamut of religious beliefs, and died an Agnostic; their children were taught to think for themselves.

On her death bed, my mother said to me: "Lyman, I don't know whether there is anything after this life or not."

I asked, "Mother, aren't you afraid to die with such doubts?"

She replied, "Christ, on the cross, cried, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' If He could harbor doubts, I should not be blamed for what I can't help."

This part of my introduction of myself will appear with each issue of my stories, and, dear reader, I am an old soldier, an old man 72 years of age, with no desire to deceive, just before meeting my God, but wishing to give my occult experiences to the world, and while I am not begging, if you wish to assist me in getting this work before the public whatever you feel like sending me will be credited to you, and each issue mailed to you as it comes from the press.

A kind word of encouragement from you will be highly appreciated, as also will adverse crit-

icisms. If you have any objections to a final publication of your name, in my expressions of gratitude please so state, and if you would like others to read sample copies of these stories please furnish me their addresses, and I will mail copies to them, free of charge.

Address all communications to Lyman E. Stowe, 131 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich.

The Following Are the Titles of Some of the Stories:

No. 1—"A Vision on the Battlefield."

No. 2—"Introduction of Myself and How Karmenia Saved My Life by a Dream." A testimony of former lives.

"Karmenia Goes with Me to Sunday School"

"I See My Father's Spirit, and Why."

"Karmenia Causes Me to Foresee a Tragedy"

"The Vision in the School Room."

"My First Love. All Before 15 Years of Age."

No. 3—"My First Lesson in Evolution."

"My Acquaintance with Mr. Hether."

No. 4—"Karmenia Gives me a Lesson in Natural History, and Proves to Me There is no Room for Anything but God, which Calls to Mind I am Sorry for Killing a Rattlesnake. Yet?"

"Karmenia Shows Me Why a Person Cannot Serve God and Mammon, at One and the Same Time, while She Plays Pranks with My Heart, and Gives Me a Lesson in Patriotism. I Enlist for the War."

No. 5—"Karmenia and My War Experience. The Many Phases of Occult Experiences are too numerous to mention here. Will be

given later. The many scenes in investigation of the occults is wonderful. Clairvoyant messages and spiritual meetings, some fakes and more wonders beyond doubt. A picture made without visible hands, under tests. I offered a hundred dollars to any artist who could tell me how it was made, or what made with or make one like it under the same conditions this was made. A reproduction will be given in the story, and the faces of people who were my associates 2,000 years ago shown me.

Each subscriber will be given a story describing how it was possible for Karmenia to take me on the longest journey ever made by man.

We visited the Moon, the Asteroids, and the great central Sun Canopus, so far distant that, in miles, it has to be computed in light years. Light travels from our Sun to us, ninety-five millions of miles, in eight minutes, or at the rate of 180,000 miles per second, or five trillions seven hundred and eighty-one billions, six hundred millions of miles per year, yet at this fearful rate, it takes the light of Canopus two hundred and ninety-six years for its light to reach us. If I multiply the figures above by these years to get the miles distant of Canopus, how many could enumerate it? Yet our Sun and Earth must circle that great body every 26,000 years. All a free ride to you, and yet Karmenia takes me there to investigate and I relate the sights we saw and experiences of being swallowed by a bird, and what came of it. Afterward of being swallowed by a man, in a cup of water as large as a railroad

tank, and how we were born twins and remained five years and yet returned to earth all in a few hours.

Karmenia helped to explain the extremes of life from well organized insect life that requires thousands together before you can recognize it is life up to a sum a billion times greater than our Sun, and yet is a thinking, reasoning entity, a part of God, the eternal mind.

No person can be a materialist after reading this book. Oh, help me to get it out! I want you to have the proud distinction, someday, of pointing to your receipt and first pages, saying, "I helped to get that book out."

Address, LYMAN E. STOWE,
131 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich.

INDEX TO CHAPTERS OF STOWE'S GREAT SPIRITUAL NOVEL

KARMENIA

A romance of many worlds. Every reader says it is the most intensely interesting book ever read.

Mailed free on receipt of price, \$2.00.

Address Mildred K. Stowe, or the author, Lyman E. Stowe,
131 Catherine Street, Detroit, Mich.

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CHAPTER 1

A VISION ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see;;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good,
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, whatever is, is right."
 —Pope.

BOOM! Boom! Boom! CRASH! Crash! Crash!
 And 500 canon are belching forth their fire and smoke and iron hail; with mighty shot and shrieking shell, Tearing through timber or bursting over head. Accompanied by the sudden plank, plank, plank, and rcar of musketry, fired by platoon, by regiment and by brigade, together with the bursting shell and whizzing bullets, which seem in search of him who dares to stand up or is unfortunate enough to be without cover

Here pandemonium is let loose. Behold the July sun is shining brightly over head, only obscured here and there by the great clouds of sulpheric smoke of battle floating gently away on the morning breezes wafted up from the sea. On the hills in various directions one can get a glimpse of troops hurriedly moving from one point to another.



A SCENE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF MALVERN HILL, JULY 1ST, 1862

Such were the sights and sounds at the opening of the great battle of Malvern Hills, on the James River Virginia. Fought July 1st. 1862, between McLellan's Federal forces numbering ninety thousand strong, and Lee's Confederate forces numbering sixty thousand strong. At a loss to the Federals in killed and wounded of two thousand four hundred and seventy five, and to the Confederates of four thousand four hundred.



The Aide-de-Camp Hurrying Up Troops.

Such a place may be a proper place for the opening of a romance, but it is a queer place for a heavenly vision to appear to a man. Yet it was here that such an event did occur, and it is here that I must introduce my subject; my self and the Heroine of this story, the most beautiful creature that was ever presented to man by the Great Jehova

First let me introduce my subject; which is the phenomena of life, and its mysteries as I have experienced and seen them in a long life of eventful, prayerful research for the TRUTH, and dear reader if you will let this capitolized word be your beacon light to lead you on through the mazes of mistery that eclipses any thing you ever read of in fiction, you will never tire of the many strange narratives or the delightful philosophy of the wise Karmenia, the Heroine of this story.

Who is KARMENIA ?

That, dear reader I do not wish to tell you, untill the closing narrative of my experience when it will burst upon your vision, like a mighty metor from a clear, evening, sky.

Suffice it to say, in the introduction of beautiful Karmenia, I must attempt to describe her as best my poor gift of description will allow.

Young man, you who love the brunette type of beauty, I will let you describe a brunette.

"Ah. She is a brunette type of beauty, a form like a heab, eyes of the blackest hue, which scintillate and sparkle like the rays of a sun beam

reflected back from the rarest gem of a thousand facets, and she has a wealth of raven hair which floats in waves of midnight darkness over shoulders white as snow."

O, pshaw, young man, you have failed. Let the next one try.

"Oh! It is the blonde, whose golden tresses of sunlit hair kissed the dimpled cheek of peachen hue, while rosebud lips seem moist with honey dew, or ready to flow with nectar fitted to woo the Gods."

Oh! Stop—stop—stop! My boy, stop!

No human being can describe my beautiful Karmenia, and even Karmenia is not her name, as you will find. Karmenia is the name I gave her, because she would not reveal herself to me until the closing chapter of this book.

No, I think I will not attempt to describe her, for I would certainly fail. But, I will try to express my joy whenever she comes into my presence.

I often got glimpses of this beautiful being, in childhood, when I longed for a companion which filled my heart's desire. But, never until the day of this great battle could I, in the least, understand her wondrous beauty, and even then I beheld her as a joyous sunbeam behind a silver cloud and from that on I hailed her brief visits with that joy a prisoner for fifty years in a dungeon might hail a ray of sunlight which visits

his cell for one brief moment once a year.

The reader will already surmise this beautiful Karmenia could not be an ordinary female, and I must answer. Oh! No, my friends, not an ordinary female by any means, but a glorious one from the realm of spirituality. A female of such knowledge and power that she is able to reveal all hidden things, to brush away all mysteries, to take me with her through the realms of divinity with speed of thought, visiting the neighboring planets of our system, or flying away to the mighty suns in far distant space beyond the boundaries of man's imagination, while explaining to me the wonders of creation.

I know, dear reader, you will ask why I choose to introduce my heart's affections at this time and place, while I admit of meeting her so long before.

I will answer you. Because here I first discovered my real love for my beautiful one, and here I first beheld her wonderful powers revealing to me the mysteries of the universe. So, dear reader, if you are interested, come with me and I will tell you of the wonders I have witnessed, and tell you how she made all things plain.

From early childhood I had hungered for knowledge of the truth of the mysteries of life. I often took notice of the cruelties of nature, of one thing feeding upon another, from the bird

who tore the little worm to pieces and devoured it, the spider that pounces upon the fly, the big fish eating the little ones, and "the survival of the fittest" all through nature; and now, on the battlefield, I saw brother arrayed against brother, father against son, and son against father—my country rent asunder and two mighty armies in deadly conflict, strewing the battlefield with dead and dying men, mangled and suffering, and each side believing they were right and their brothers wrong, and each side claiming to be the followers of a meek and lowly master, Jesus Christ, who taught peace and not war, and each side were praying to God to smite their enemies and help them to murder their brothers. In my sympathy for the mangled and the dying, and in the anguish of my soul, I cried out to God for wisdom, for knowledge, that I might understand why a great and a merciful God would let such things exist and as my soul bent under the mighty load of sorrow, pity and ignorance, I heard a clear and ringing voice sounding music in my ear, and it said: "Behold, my son, I bring to you your loved companion of eternity; she is a fitting sweetheart for one whose soul is touched with pity for all of his companions, from the least to the greatest. Take her, my son; she is yours and will dwell with you so long as your love and pity holds the heart to unselfish kindness, and when you miss her you may know that

selfishness has blindfolded love and pity in shame, seeks to hide her nakedness with the fig leaves of self righteousness."

The voice ceased speaking and I looked and beheld the lovely creature that I have admitted my inability to describe, and will let each reader draw the picture of my sweetheart of eternity as best he can.

She stood before me all radiant in smiles, and loving kindness, and as my eyes had been opened, I recognized my own real other half, my sweetheart of eternity. I heard no more the cannon's roar, the bursting shell, the demons' yell, but in amaze at her I gaze and cry: "Oh! Loved one, dear, thy name, thy name. I remember thee of untold ages past. But thy name, thy name, I have forgotten thy name." Yet there she stood, with hands extended toward me, smiling with kind affection, as she uttered the one word, "Truth." "Truth," I repeated, "Truth, what is Truth? That is not a name."

Said I: "Men of all ages and of all times have been seeking Truth, only to be disappointed, never to find her. Even Christ did not know her, or if He did He refused to introduce her to Pilate when Pilate asked, 'What is Truth?' But Christ held his peace, and now you come and tell me your name is 'Truth.' How can I, a poor, weak-mortal, know the Truth when the whole world has failed to find you? Oh, beautiful one, why

torture my mind? Truth is not a sweet one's name. I like it not."

As I uttered the last words of the foregoing sentence she sadly smiled and began vanishing from my view, and she said: "My poor, beloved mortal, all men have rejected Truth as you now reject me. Had you never rejected Truth I would still be your sweetheart in heavenly bliss."

"Come back," I cried. "Come back and I will love truth for your dear sack. But as I cannot understand you in giving me the name 'Truth' I will call you Karmenia until I know your name."

Said she, again smiling and coming nearer: "Oh, my beloved mortal, long have I sought you while you in your blissful ignorance rejected me, who love you so dearly that I granted your every wish, though I knew it led you farther and farther from me, though I knew it would cause you to draw nearer and nearer to me and to love me more and more in the end, so seek the truth and I will be ever near thee."

I bent over a brooklet to bathe my heated brow and a Fish uttered these words. (This was Dr. Wilson Fish):

"Truth, incased in triple brass,
Holds her riches fast and strong;
Only love's persistence has
Divulged the truth, exposed the wrong."
I answered back:

“Oh, earth-born friend, thou sayest well
The truth is incased in triple brass,
Where to be found there’s none can tell,
Or if there is there’s none that has.

“The truth is like a ball of steel,
Hydraulic pressed with peal on peal,
Each searcher seeking more and more,
Peals nearer and nearer to the core,
And though one peal be very small,
Each searcher thinks he has it all.”

At this moment my loved one spake and said:
“Behold!”

I looked into the heavens and a vision of the events of my life passed before me. People not yet born were introduced to me, by my sweet-heart Karmenia, and startling and wonderful events yet to be experienced were passed before me in panoramic view. Many have already taken place, others are yet to come, which will be recorded as we proceed. But I must leave the matter here and introduce myself to the reader.

CHAPTER II.

At Karmenia's Request, I Introduce Myself to the Reader—Karmenia Defines Fiction and Allegory, and Explains the Difference.

"Six thousand years—my name was Seth.
 'Tis said from Heaven an angel fell.
 Four thousand years and Daniel's death,
 Gave Stowe the story of Daniel to tell."

—Stowe.

It was a beautiful spring morning, on my fifty-fifth birthday. Karmenia came into my office and said, "Come, my beloved, I want you to write a brief autobiography of yourself, as I dictate it."

I burst forth in a peal of uncontrollable laughter and then asked: "My dear Karmenia, will you kindly explain the inconsistency of pretending to give to the public a novel, a work of fiction, and in the second chapter presenting an autobiography, supposed to be fact?"

Karmenia smiled as she replied: "Oh, my beloved mortal, have you not yet discovered the difference between fiction and allegory? Let me define it for you.

"'A novel,' says Webster, 'is a new thing, or an unusual thing,' therefore this history is a novel, for it is new, and it differs from other novels in this: Most novels are fiction, generally based upon a trace of facts, intentionally or unintentionally, while your novel is fact clothed in the garments of fiction and trimmed in allegory. Webster defines allegory as a description of one

thing under the image of another—a figure of speech in which the principal subject is kept out of view and the resemblance, or secondary figure, becomes the principal subject.”

“Very well,” said I, “Karmenia, proceed, but authors do not generally parade their private affairs before the public, unless in an autobiography, and I suppose many would call it bad taste to write of onesself as the hero of a romance.”

“Yes,” said Karmenia, “but our work presents to the public a large number of truthful narratives, supported by testimony; it is essential that you give a brief biography of yourself under your own name, that the public may verify if they see fit. But you should supplement it by this statement which they must accept from my dictation, and accept you for testimony if they wish.

“Previous to your reincarnation, you and I were wandering through the Universe, flitting from planet and flower to flower through space in God’s great workshop. When upon reaching this earth for a moment we became dazzled with the novelty of our surroundings, you lost faith in me, your sweetheart of eternity, as described later on, and that you might gain a much needed experience I did not call you back, but have always kept near you to guide your footsteps and hold you up, when all hope seemed to vanish.”

The public will readily see the reason for presenting these facts in this way, and testifying to them as facts is that the public, when reading a romance, may be pleased for the moment, but quickly drop it as mere fiction, while I wish to present truths far stranger than fiction.

We have all of us so long laughed at all phenomena which we do not understand as mere hallucination, trickery, or superstition, that I desire to disabuse the mind of the public of such a thought, in this case.

My introduction of myself, together with the numerous stories of my experience and investigation, must necessarily assume the form of an autobiography, so far as it goes; and I trust that part of it will add weight to the testimony, and show that the investigator is naturally free from superstition of any kind and well adapted for such investigations. Of course the romance is but a vehicle on which to convey the logic, reason and explanation of the strange phenomena presented, and to add spice and relish which to some otherwise might be a dry subject, yet the narratives are kept entirely separate, while the romance appears as descriptive dialogue of reason from cause to effect.

My father, Lyman Stow, was a Vermont Yankee, and traced his ancestry back to John Stow, the antiquarian born in London, England, in 1525. See preface. The Stowe's and the Lyman's, who traced their ancestry to General Lyman of Revolutionary fame, and the Beechers, married and intermarried, until the given name of the Stowes was often Beecher or Lyman, like my father's and my own, and the name Lyman was often found among the Beechers. Of course, every one knows Harriet Beecher Stowe was Henry Ward Beecher's sister who married a Stowe. It is also a fact that every Stowe family had one or more literary geniuses in it.

My mother was born in the Mohawk valley, New York, and traced her ancestry back to the throne of Holland, and she did not have to trace back so very far, either. But as far as I know I never got anything out of my illustrious ancestry except a little scrofula, and my taste for literary work. I might add, however, that John Stow, the antiquarian, gave to the world some of its most valuable literature, but for all that, like Milton, Goldsmith, Savage, Camorns, Fielding, Steele, Tasho, Dryden, the author of these lines, and many other authors, he was neglected during his life, to die in want, and his praises be sung after it is of no use to him.

My parents differed in their religious views, so their children were given names but never christened according to any form. I was given my father's name, Lyman Stow. But as God Almighty saw fit to change the name of Abram to Abraham and that of Jacob to Israel, I suppose He found it desirable to provide circumstantial conditions which would change my name. At all events, by force of circumstances I had two letters added to my name.

During the year 1867, while starring with a dramatic company, the advance man saw fit to place my name on the billboards as Lyman E. Stowe, giving me the initial E, and adding the final e to the name Stowe, and I let it remain so ever since.

My birth was a rather an unusual event, especially to me, and in fact, the whole surrounding country was treated to a genuine surprise, for the day before I was born, April 2, 1843, in the now

city of Flint, Genessee county, Michigan, there was a heavy snow storm, and the storm king, with his dying winter breath, hissed his hatred in the lap of the young damsel Spring, and sealed his ashen lips with the frost of death by leaving three feet of snow on the ground, and when morning broke, the leaden gray of winter's blast still swept over the face of Mother Earth as if winter had rent the howl of his lingering hatred of the beautiful damsel Spring, who had coquetted with him, then gave way to the smiles of Old Sol, who had warmed her young heart against her venerable lover who had lingered in her lap too long.

By 10 o'clock Old Sol had dispersed the battle array of winter's rear guard, and smiled on beautiful Spring, who answered back his smiles with the dripping tears of joy as the melting snow ran in rivulets from tree and roof and from a thousand hills,

At 10 o'clock that beautiful Sunday morning, as the church bells rang out their welcome tones in joyous strain, I was born; and it is said that at the moment of my birth the robin and the blue-bird pealed forth their joyous notes of welcome to spring and to the stranger boy. The lowing cattle and the bleating sheep joined in the chorus, sending up their thanks for the pleasant change of weather; and e'en the barnyard fowl expressed their joy in merry cackle, or caroling song of the laying hen. All of which my parents took to be a favorable omen, and predicted for their boy the

(PICTURE OF WINTER)

Among the recollections of my early childhood is the gathering of neighbors around the great log fires, in the old-fashioned fireplaces, at my father's or some neighbor's home, to while away the long evenings of fall and winter, cracking nuts, eating apples and telling stories, and many other ways of passing time, among which was that of placing me upon the table to deliver a lecture to the audience; this was when between 3 and 4 years old. I well remember the expressions of astonishment, and peals of laughter, which frequently drowned my feeble voice, but what I said that pleased them so I cannot remember, if I ever knew. But one thing I do remember; that is, I always seemed to have a companion beside me who was ready to whisper a word in my ear if I became lost for something to say. This I now know was my beautiful Karmenia of the invisible world.

Hear, reader! What do you think of a boy 4 years old being in love?

Well, I was in love with my beautiful Karmenia, as she always came at my call and explained matters to me that my parents or others did not seem to understand, yet I seldom got more than glimpses of my beautiful one, as Karmenia would not shock my young mind with too great familiarity; it was but glimpses of her she gave me.

CHAPTER III.

Karmenia Saves My Life by a Dream.

"Of such stuff as dreams men are made."—Shakespeare.

I was not yet five years old when Karmenia appeared to me in a dream, and some days later brought the dream back to me to save my life.

My father's house was a very large one, surrounded by an extensive door-yard. One night I dreamed I was being pursued by a yoke of cattle. The appearance of these wild-eyed cattle, spotted and speckled, brass-tipped horns, and rattling iron-trimmed yoke, will never be effaced from the tablets of my memory, as 'round and 'round my father's house they chased me until at length I got inside the door and fell on my knees, frightened and exhausted, crying out with a loud voice which awakened my mother, who quieted my fears with soothing words, assuring me it was only a dream.

You ask what did Karmenia have to do with this dream?

I answer, it was she who caused me to dream.

Some days later I went to the mill pond with an older brother and some of his companions, who were going to swim. I, being too small to venture into the river, which was well filled with saw logs, except for a narrow strip of clear water in the middle of the stream, was left on shore to watch their clothing while they were swimming. I had been watching the clothes for some time, while running along the shore, gathering pitch from the pine logs for gum, when someone

slapped me on the shoulder and attracted my attention, and caused me to look far down the road, where I saw the identical yoke of oxen I saw in my dream; the same spot and speckles, the same yoke, the same nubs on the horns, everything was exact; there was no mistaking this, it was the identical yoke of cattle I saw in my dream.

I could not see the person who slapped me, and called my attention to the cattle, but a voice told me to place the clothing on a very high log, which I could reach by stepping from one log to another until reaching the highest point of the large log. It was well I was warned in time. The driver of the cattle at first was doing all he could to restrain them, but it was useless when they came thundering on, as if they had seen me in the distance, and had determined to trample me under foot. By the time I had gathered the clothing and gained the point of safety the cattle reached the log, wild-eyed and red-mouthed, flecked with foam, seemingly fierce with anger because they could not reach me. I was so scared I dropped on my knees, screaming and crying with fright just as I had in the dream. Karmenia was trying to quiet and console me, when the driver came up, evidently very much frightened, for he was very pale, and he cried out, "My God, my boy, I am glad you are safe, they would have trampled you to death."

After much whipping and yelling the driver again got the cattle under his control and moved away up the river. I looked around to see my guide and companion. There was no one there, I was alone, but oh, I longed for my companion.

Why had I lost her? Why could I not see her?
 I had not yet even given her a name. Oh, sweet-
 heart of eternity, when shall I know thy name?
 Thy name, thy name!

SPECULATION.

Written by Lyman E. Stowe, March 24, 1904.

Can you measure the depth of eternal space?
 Can you number the souls of the human race?
 Can you count the days in eternity's roll,
 Or define the vagaries of a human soul?
 You may build your theories and answer so,
 But down in your heart the truth says NO!

Can you prove there is life on the near-by Mars?
 Can you number the nebula, or distant stars?
 Can you fix a center by a human bond,
 In a circle of space without a beyond?
 You may write, you may talk, you may answer so,
 But truth meets you forever and tells you NO!

Can you prove there's an up or a down in the sky?
 Can you prove there's a heaven of rest on high?
 Can you prove there's a God, be he great or small,
 Or eternal life for one or for all,
 Or that we ever may rise from our earth below?
 If you're honest at heart it will answer NO!

Can you count the drops in the ocean wide?
 Can you still the voice of the thundering tide?
 Can you number the sands or number the years,
 Or prove there's a hell where bitter tears
 By God are made to forever flow?
 Ghosts gather against you and answer NO!

Can you prove there's a surcease, an end of strife?
 Can you fix a beginning or end for life?
 Can you still the hopes or the fears of man,
 Or measure my thought by figure or span,
 Or prove that by strife or contention or woe
 You can establish a truth? I answer you NO!

Then let charity dwell in our hearts serene,
 And cultivate peace where contention hath been;
 Let us laugh at their hell, or their heaven above,
 While we build heaven here by the grace of our love;
 Then if all is lost e'en the force of our mind,
 We know there'll be joy in our record behind.

CHAPTER IV.

Karmenia Gives Me My First Lesson in Philosophy.

"I say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?"

My fifth birthday had just passed. Beautiful spring was manifest by all nature which was donning its dress of emerald green, while the robin and bluebirds were vying with each other to see which could make the most noise in expressing his glorious joy in song and chirp, while the April sunshine made all mankind, who had not yet shed their winter garments, appear very tired and listless. All good housewives had propped open doors and windows that every room might be cleansed of stagnant atmosphere while letting in God's sunlight and spring's pure and balmy air.

My older brothers and I were walking in the road that fronted my father's house, when a man came by with a yoke of steers hitched to a crotch of a tree which was slightly rounded at the front end, like a sleigh runner. This was called a dray, and in a new country where wagons were scarce, this was the only vehicle used for transportation. This dray was provided with a large wooden cage which contained a black bar. After a long look at the animal, while the cattle were resting, I returned to the house.

Let me here call attention to the fact that in frontier towns the flint and steel had not yet given way to the lucifer match. The postage stamp and envelope were unknown. The tele-

graph had not come to the aid of the very few railroads known, and not at all as a news dispenser. The Franklin press was relied upon for presswork, and the tallow dip was our only light except the whale oil lamp, but little better.

In those days we had no circle saws; little was known of steam; lumber was cut from the log, with upright saws, either by hand or water power. We had no planing machines, and the carpenter's tools were often forged by the local blacksmith. Even our school children never knew the appearance of a lead pencil, but each child had a piece of lead pounded out in the form of a pencil, sharp at one end, and flattened at the other with a hole through the flat part and a string through it. This was suspended from the neck and was called a plummet.

My oldest brother was quite a genius, and he had dressed some clapboards or half-inch lumber and sawed out several wheels which he intended to use in some sort of machinery. These wheels were about five inches in diameter. I must here add that a stove or a carpet had never yet been seen in a frontier town.

When I entered the house I picked up several of these wheels, and laid down on the bare floor and began playing with them. I rolled the wheels across the floor several times and I felt sure my invisible companion was calling my attention to the fact that as long as the wheel was in motion it stood up, and when it stopped it fell down, and I began trying to puzzle the reason why this was the case when my brothers came in. Calling to my elder brother, I said: "Nick, what makes the

wheel stand up as long as it is going and fall when it stops?" This brother was nine years older than I, consequently was 14 years old, and had studied philosophy some, and he attempted to explain the law of gravitation and centripital and centrifugal force. Said I: "Nick"—his name was Cornelius, and for short we called him Nick—"why can't we ride it?"

This was full 30 years before the velocipede came in use in this country. My brother replied by asking, "What would you sit on?" Said I, "Give me your plummet." He handed me the plummet, and on one of the wheels, I drew a circle for a wheel. I then drew the cranks, a fork, as a backbone, with a small wheel behind, and then attached a saddle, and here was a crude drawing of the old ordinary or high-wheeled bicycle. (This was full 35 years before that style of wheel was ever seen in the state of Michigan, as the first one that appeared in Michigan was sent to Detroit by the Pope Manufacturing Co., to take part in the first and most successful bicycle parade ever held in the world, and which took place July 4, 1878. This was conducted by an organized body of wheelmen 300 strong, who were drilled in evolutions by squads, platoons and companies. With the exception of two high wheels, these were wooden wheels and steel tires, no ball bearings, mostly stone pavements, yet this was the most successful bicycle parade ever held, but for the lack of popularity of the leader it drew little attention.)

My brother asked: "How would you get on the wheel?"

I replied: "I have seen you get on a horse when he was going. Why can't you get on a wheel when it is going?" And I drew a step on the backbone of the wheel to be used in mounting. My next brother, Solon, who was 10 years old, said to Cornelius: "Think of that! How did that baby think of those things, and I never would have thought of it?"

This caused me to ask my older brother the question over—why I should think of the matter and my brother Solon did not? But Cornelius impatiently pushed me aside, saying, "Oh, I don't know; you can ask more questions than a philosopher can answer." This did not satisfy me and I went to my father and mother and of course I got no better satisfaction. But I told my parents at the dinner table I knew who would tell me, and they asked me who could tell me, and I told them that the same one who told the robin how to build his nest, and the gosling how to swim would tell me what I wanted to know, when no one else would tell me, and they all looked at me with astonishment, and at supper my father asked me if anyone had told me what I wanted to know and I replied: "She told me." "She told you!" they all exclaimed at once. "Yes," I replied, "she told me. I and the birdies and the goslings have lived a good many times, and we remember what we saw before, and I saw the wheel one time and I remembered it, but Solon could not remember that he had seen it." This made everybody around the table laugh, and yet they wondered where I got the idea.

CHAPTER V.

**Karmenia Causes Me to Astonish My Mother—
Testimony of Former Lives.****REINCARNATION.**

"Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of woman there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist, notwithstanding, he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he."

"And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come."—St. Matthew XI, 11, 14.

My mind was continually running back to scenes of other days, or other lives, just as one vividly, or faintly as the case may be, reverts back to scenes of childhood days.

I often addressed my mother thus: "Mamma, this looks just like our home, when I lived before." Or it might be in reference to a child I declared I had known and played with at such and such a place. Finally my mother asked me to describe some of the places where I had been, all of which I did, and my mother was so dumbfounded she could only say to my father: "Where could the child get such ideas? He has not been to school, he cannot read, and he has certainly never heard such descriptions in our own home."

I remember on one occasion of telling my mother I had been a man and carried letters for a king, and I described mountain scenery, and at that time I had never seen a mountain. I described beautiful paths and covered roadway and large stone structures, also a small animal, which my parents recognized as the Peruvian llama, and it was evident I had been a runner, or messenger, for a Peruvian Inca.

Many years after, I described these scenes so vividly to my son-in-law that he got Prescott's "Peru" and read it aloud, and when he came to

the descriptions of scenery, such as I had described, we at once recognized it, though I had never read a work on Peru.

My memory was not confined to one life, but I related scenes of many lives.

On one occasion, when looking over a picture book, I took particular notice of a woman kneeling before a great rock in supplication while a man was dropping a stone upon her head from above. I screamed with horror, which frightened my mother, and in her attempts to pacify me, she insisted on knowing what frightened me so, and I explained to her just where I stood and witnessed the terrifying scene. My mother tried and declared it was only the result of my vivid imagination. But what a strange sequel was I to witness to that scene, and so many, many years after!

It was in 1898, a year of many wonderful events to me, just 55 years after my fright over the picture in the book. I was practicing astrology and giving lessons in the science.

A young lady, I will call her Fannie, took up the study of astrology with me. Nothing unusual transpired for several weeks, except that she seemed to me as familiar as if a well known friend. Yet I could not place her.

I was thinking of this one day when I heard Karmenia's merry laugh, and a few moments later I saw my student pass the window toward the door. She was dressed in a peculiar garb and wore a new hat with a large feather, which at once set my brain in a whirl and the scene at the rock came before me. As I opened the door for

her to enter, I staggered back and reeled—I could hardly keep my feet. Startled at my appearance, she cried: “What in the world is the matter? You are as white as a sheet.”

It was necessary for me to explain, and then ask her if she ever became frightened so she fell upon her knees before a great rock.

“Indeed I did,” she replied. “I was once with my father and mother on a boat coming out of the Soo; when the boat rounded a great rock at the mouth of the river, something in the scene seemed so familiar and so horrible. I fell upon my knees, expressing my fright in screams of terror. My parents pacified me, and told me I—a young woman—should be ashamed to be frightened at that rock, as I paid no attention to it when we went up the river, and I have often thought of it and wondered what caused the fright.” She added: “What has that got to do with your present agitation, and if that has any bearing on the matter, what is it and why was I frightened the second time I saw the rock, and not the first?”

“I replied, ‘I will tell you next time you come.’” I did not tell her I wished to consult Karmenia.

Karmenia explained to me that the rock affair was a tragedy we were both interested in at the close of a former life, we being lovers and murdered by another jealous lover, and the conditions had to be just right for the magnetic currents to revive the memory and bring back the old scenes.

“Well,” said I, “if we were the innocent victims and suffered so, what must be the feelings

of the guilty party when such scenes are brought back to his view?"

"Ah yes," said Karmenia, "but were you entirely innocent? It is very rare indeed a part are innocent and one alone is guilty. Let this be a lesson to you."

I once attended an Episcopal church with my mother, and when we got home I said to her, "Ma, I used to do that." "Do what?" she asked. "I used to preach in a church, but I had a good deal nicer gown than he had. My gowns were all covered with pretty beads and bright stones."

Of course my mother could only repeat, it was a part of my strong imagination. Well, let us note the sequel. Many years after, I had this brought before me when I had told my son-in-law of these things, but I will leave it to be described in a future chapter.



CHAPTER VI.

Karmenia Goes to Sunday School With Me.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel, in his head,
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—Shakespeare, "As You Like It," Act II, Scene I.

My father was a Universalist, my mother had been a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and at the date of this incident she was a Methodist, though she afterward became a spiritualist and finally died an agnostic. Almost the last words she said to me, which was when she was on her death bed was, "I don't know, Lyman; I don't know whether there is anything after this life or not."

Said I: "Mother, are you not afraid to die with such thought?"

"No," said she. "What should I be afraid of? I have always lived right and never intentionally wronged any one, and even Christ died in doubt, for he cried out: 'My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?'"

It is said "a wise man may change his mind, but a fool never." Well, my mother was a wise woman, and few bible students knew more of that great book than she did.

In consequence of my father and mother differing in their religious views, the children were never sent to Sunday school unless they wanted to go, so I never entered a Sunday school until I was 7 years old. Then a neighbor boy came in and said his Sunday school teacher wanted the pupils to get as many to come to Sunday school as possible, and wanted to know if I would go with him.

At first I declined, but my mother told me I better go, and said perhaps I would like it. Karmania also whispered to me, and said I better go, and she would go with me. So I concluded to go, and with my mother's assistance I was soon ready and on my way.

When we arrived at the church, we found my companion's teacher was absent on account of sickness, and there was an elderly lady, a minister's wife, who would act as substitute. My parents were acquainted with this lady and she had often called at our house. Finally, on her rounds hearing the scholars recite their bible verses, she came to me and asked if I had my lesson, but the boy I went with told her that it was my first Sunday to Sunday school, and of course I had no lesson. The lady, however, asked me to read a verse from the bible to her, which I did. She then asked me if I would come again. I told her I did not know—I would see how I liked it.

"Would you not like to go to heaven?" she asked.

I replied, "I don't know; what kind of a place is it?"

Said she: "Heaven is a beautiful place where God and the angels are, where the streets are paved with gold and the gates are made of pearl, and if you are a good boy you will go to heaven and you will put on a white robe, and put a crown on your head, and take a harp in your hand and sit among the angels and sing 'Glory, Glory, Glory' forever and everlasting."

Now my father's gate was a pair of bars, and I did not know much about pearl, but I could not

see why a light pine board was not as good as anything else for that purpose. The sandy roads were very good for me to play in, and I couldn't see any use of putting gold on them, and in fact I never was much of a gold worshiper anyway. I had never heard anything but a nightgown called a robe, and I didn't know much about crowns and harps and when I thought about singing one song forever and ever, and that a mighty short one, my nature rebelled, and Karmenia laughed so loud I was afraid the teacher would hear her, and I grasped my cap and opened the old fashioned pew door to go out, and the lady asked, "Where are you going?" I replied, "I am going home. I don't want to go to any such place where I have to sing three words forever."

Well, I ran all of the way home, and when I got there my mother said, "Why, Sunday school can't be out; what brought you home so quick?"

I told her what the teacher said and I declared I was not going to put on a night gown and sing "Glory, Glory, Glory" forever and live in streets "what ain't got no warm sand to play in."

My father, who sat shaving himself, burst out laughing and said: "If the child is going to reason in that way he need not go to Sunday school until he is old enough to understand."

My mother also laughed, and Karmenia laughed so loud I said, "shut up." I said, "She laughs all the time." Of course, though I had no name for Karmenia as yet, my mother knew who I meant.

CHAPTER VII.

I See My Father's Spirit.

"It is sown a natural body and is raised a spiritual body, and there is a spiritual body."—I. Corinthians, XV; 44.

My father died December 17th, 1852, when I was in my 9th year. He had been ill for several years, with dropsy. During my father's illness, all knowing he must soon pass away, there was much speculation as to a future state; this was highly increased in consequence of supposed spirit manifestations of spirits through the Fox sisters, at Rochester, N. Y.

Because of the great excitement by his supposed revelation, my father promised my mother that if it were possible to return and let her know of a future state he would come back. This was a sufficient reason, of itself, for his return and trial to make himself manifest. But, there were still other reasons for his return. My father died at 9 o'clock in the evening. I had been sent to bed, and I was the only one of the large family whom he did not see and bid goodbye. This was a good reason for his coming and for his coming to me. But there was another and still stronger reason for his coming.

Our home, the large frame house spoken of before, with ten acres of ground, just in the outskirts of the city of Flint, was all of the property my father owned.

This he had traded for a farm of eighty acres in the town of Richfield. He traded with a man by the name of Parks, who had just come home from California, supposed to have considerable money. There were also some pretty hard stories

agog as to how Parks got his money, and murder, even, was hinted at.

My father dropped away pretty suddenly and he had deeded our property to Parks, but had not received the deed of the farm in return.

Father had hardly been buried when Parks, knowing possession was nine points of law, determined to get into the house. My mother being full of trouble, and not knowing what to do, let him in the house. The house, as before stated, was a large one, large enough for two families. My mother's family occupied the west end of the house and Parks' family occupied the east end. Parks was continually urging my mother to get a place and give him full possession of the house.

My father having made the law his profession and having been a judge for fourteen years in succession, well understood the power of retaining possession of the property until Parks should give her the deed of the farm, and probably knowing that if mother surrendered the property, Parks never would give up the deed, which was really the case, and we lost the whole thing in the end, which no doubt father foresaw and came to warn us of. At least either one of these causes was an excuse sufficiently strong to cause his spirit to use extraordinary efforts to come back to us.

The last I saw of my father was as he was laid out. Dying of dropsy, the face was bloated and the under jaw fell down and was tied up by passing under the chin and over the head a gingham handkerchief.

My mother's bed stood against the western

wall of a large room formerly used as a parlor. The head on her bed was to the south, the foot to the north. I slept in a small bed at the foot of her bed with my head to the north. At the head of my bed, in the western wall, was a window and in the northern side two windows. In the north-east corner was a door entering the large sitting room in the east end of the house occupied by Parks. A large chimney with fireplaces in every room occupied the center of the building, and in the south side of my mother's room was a door entering a hall which led to the stairway and to the kitchen.

Always being troubled with catarrh, even in childhood, I drew the coverlid over my head in cold weather. I woke up some time in the night by the clothes being nicely folded back and it aroused me, so I looked out into the room, which was very light with a bright, mellow astral light, very much like our brush electric light, only a softer, more mellow light. It should be remembered here that the tallow candle was the light of these times. As I looked out into the room, there stood father in his shroud and the gingham handkerchief around his face as before described. I looked at him for a long time. I felt the presence of Karmenia and was not afraid, but I wondered what it meant. I finally called to my mother, "Ma, ma, ma." At last she awoke, but as she did so, my father stepped backward, backward, backward and disappeared, and the light faded away. My mother asked, "What is the matter?" I replied, "Pa is here." She answered, "Oh, no, I don't see him; you are only dreaming."

But I insisted. "He is here, but when you awoke the light went out and he disappeared." I finally quieted down and went to sleep. How long I slept I do not know, when I was again awakened the same as before, and saw my father just the same, but for some reason I never thought to speak to him. But I called my mother the same as before and was quieted in the same manner, and my mother insisted I was dreaming, and I insisted I was not; however, I was again quieted and went to sleep, when for the third time I was awakened in the same manner, and for the third time quieted and was not disturbed any more that night. The next morning my dream, as it was called, was the talk of the household, and before night the talk of the town.

The following night I was awakened again in the same manner, when Karmenia told me to be quiet and notice everything.

My father when a young man had been a school teacher in Vermont, and board around at the homes of the pupils, so sometimes was compelled to walk long distances to the school. During some of these long walks in cold weather he had frozen his big toes, and the nails always grew thick and clumsy, like a horn, such as is used on handles of a knife. I had often noticed this and, child-like, had asked him what caused it, and he as often told me.

When he appeared to me he lifted his shroud and pointed to his feet, for me to see it was him. Karmenia told me to look, and I gazed long and earnestly before calling my mother. Finally, when I called my mother, the same thing was re-

peated as the night before; my father stepped back, back, back, the light faded and went out, as my mother awoke. My mother quieted me as before, and she asked me why I did not speak to father, but I could not tell. Three times this was repeated, the same as the night before. Of course the next morning it was the talk of the household as before, and it was declared a dream, though thought rather strange that it should be repeated so often.

Being a child, I was sent to bed before the rest of the family retired. I insisted that they place something in the room, after I had gone to sleep, and take it out in the morning before I awoke. I also requested that my older brother should sleep with me. Karmenia told me to do this. But my mother said, "No," I must sleep with her, for if possible she wished to see my father, so that night I slept with my mother. This brought my head to the south, and when looking out into the room it brought me on my right side, resting on my right elbow. I was awakened as usual and my father did the same as before, but I thought he looked sad, as if very sorry he could not make himself understood. Why I did not speak to him, I do not know. But I noticed everything in the room so to prove I was not dreaming, and I pinched mother under the clothes so if possible to awaken her without driving the apparition away. Finally, after much pinching and shaking my mother awoke, but as she awoke father stepped back and disappeared as the light faded and mother could see nothing. This was repeated three times, the same as the nights previous.

There had been so much talk of fright, and I had been asked so many times if I was not frightened that of course I began to have some fears, though I did not know what I should be afraid of. I told mother that if it was pa I wished he would not come again, as it scared me, and I never saw him from that day to this, and never got in communication through the ordinary channels of spiritualism that was any satisfactory to me that it came from father. Karmenia seemed sad that I wished the apparition away.



CHAPTER VIII.

I Am Converted at a Boys' Prayer Meeting at 10 Years of Age, and Karmenia Approves of It.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."—Hamlet, Act V, Scene 2.

Everybody knows that in all small towns, as well as in most large cities, the church congregations have their annual revivals, to save as many souls as possible, as they call it.

Their revivals are all right, so far as they go, and sometimes a lasting impression is left that proves of great benefit to some poor being, but Karmenia tells me so far as a lost soul is concerned it is all nonsense, for a soul cannot be lost, though it may be saved from much sorrow and distress by certain conditions brought about at these revivals, or in many other ways as well.

Well, in the city of Flint, Mich., during the winter of 1853-1854, the churches had held very stirring revivals, and many a hard-headed old sinner had been brought to his knees and many strange phases of human nature were brought to light. One lifelong professed Christian became conscience-stricken and confessed, before a multitude of people, that he had stolen a sheep of a poor farmer, and though he was rich and the farmer poor, he made no restitution other than the confession.

Another one told how he had received two \$10 bills where he should have kept but one, and he never had told the man of his error until this confession, and never returned the \$10 given him by mistake.

The churches were filled to overflowing at this time, and the young folks held prayer meetings at home. I was invited to one of these prayer meetings and Karmenia requested that I go. This was a meeting of boys from 8 to 15 years of age, and several of the boys spoke with much earnestness, while I all of the time sat thinking of the queer phases of human nature as I saw it both among the boys and their elders in the churches. Karmenia, however, was disposed to call my attention to the fact that human nature was very much alike, the world over, and I must not criticize too closely, that the cause was all right, and I should understand the eternal fitness of things and think soberly and earnestly of the matter in hand.

One of the boys made a very eloquent and earnest appeal to everyone present to join in prayer, and while praying to think of nothing else but being heard by Jesus. Said he: "Do not be like the man who claimed he could never get a prayer answered; a Christian told him it was because his prayers never went higher than his head, as his mind was always on something else. This was denied, and the Christian said: 'If you will pray for five minutes earnestly without thinking of anything else but your prayer, I will give you a horse.' This was agreed to, and the man began praying, but in a few moments he stopped short and, lifting his head, he cried out, 'Will you give me the saddle, too?'"

Said the speaker: "This shows how deep some men's prayers are; the mind is on something of a selfish nature. Now I want everyone here to

keep his mind on Jesus, while he prays." Stopping short, he turned to me abruptly and asked, "Brother Stowe, will you lead us in prayer?"

This request came so suddenly and forcefully that, without stopping to think, I arose and prayed standing. Karmenia must have helped me, for I never faltered, or lacked for words, but prayed with great earnestness and force, asking God's help for my widowed mother, for my brothers and sisters, and strength to bear up and be a good Christian through life. My companions were surprised, but no more so than I was.

When I went home I told mother what had happened. Some of my brothers and sisters were inclined to laugh at me, but mother and Karmenia told me to pay no attention to that, and when I went to bed I felt as though I could take God in my arms, I was so happy, and I have been a praying man from that day to this, and though I sometimes swear, and do things that Christians think are awful, I hate to hear swearing and my prayers have often helped me over many rough places, and my prayers have forever been that I might see the right and gain wisdom and knowledge, and Karmenia is always near me to help me.

In my search for knowledge I have been compelled to not only condemn the churches for much of their folly and error, but I have been compelled to pick the Bible to pieces, and show its weak points as well as its strong ones, but I have never lost my respect and faith for God, or for the ideal character of Christ, though sometimes my faith has been terribly strained, which Karmenia tells

me is to aid me in developing more perfect manhood, until now I feel that I know where we came from, what we are here for and where we are going, and Karmenia will make all things plain, as we proceed.



CHAPTER IX.

Karmenia Causes Me to Forsee an Accidental Tragedy.

"In God's one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves a second to some other use.
 So man, who here seems principle alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see and not the whole."
 —Pope.

After my father's death, my mother bought two and a half acres of ground in the southeast corner of the city of Flint, and had a house built on it.

To the south of this were large fields of a farm. To the east of our property and the east of the farm ran a strip of woods, where in those days were to be found plenty of squirrels, pigeons and other game.

This was in the summer after my 12th birthday.

One Sunday morning my brother Solon and I were out walking in the woods, and we met a young man by the name of White. Notwithstanding Mr. White was hunting on Sunday, a thing not thought so bad in those days, he was a very intelligent, and well thought of young man.

This was just after wheat was cut, and that time is known as the "passage of the wild pigeon." Where such a multitude of these birds came from nobody knew, and though they were in such vast numbers they sometimes darkened

the sky, they are gone; we never see one now; some have since thought they were incarnated angels come to shed their blood to atone for the terrible passions of men about to burst forth in the awful war which soon followed. Vast numbers of these birds were slain, often trapped with great nets, or killed with clubs, at their roosting places. They soon disappeared.

In those days there were no breech-loading guns and Mr. White carried an old styled muzzle-loading smooth bore rifle, a gun used for shot, for small game, and for patched ball for heavier game.

People often adorned the stocks of their guns with beautiful carvings and inlaid work, and on the stock of a rifle was generally found a brass-trimmed box for holding grease and patches. A patch consisted of a small piece of greased linen an inch square, in which the ball was placed, and then forced down the gun with a ramrod. This gun was bright with silver mountings which attracted my attention, and I started to pick up the gun to examine it, as he had set it down against a tree for a moment.

Speaking sharply, he said: "Don't touch the gun. It is a very dangerous gun; it has already killed two men."

I answered, involuntarily: "You should not carry it, then."

Karmenia whispered to me and told me to beg of him to take it home, or he would be killed with it before night. So I said: "Please go home with the gun right away; please do. Or your words

of yesterday will come true; you will be killed with that gun before night."

He grew very pale as he said to my brother: "That is very strange. I am a cabinet maker, and I made a coffin yesterday, and when I finished it, I laid down in it and said, 'That is just my fit; I will be buried in it next week,' and the boys in the shop all told me I ought not to go out hunting today, with that gun, anyway. But," he continued, "as long as I have the gun in my hands I shall be all right."

Again I begged of him to go home, assuring him if he stayed out he would be shot with his own gun.

It is needless to say I had never heard of this young man until we met a few moments before.

Laughing, he said: "I will take good care the gun does not leave my hands, and then there will be no danger," and he plunged into the woods, and my brother and I returned to the house. As my brother and I walked along, he said to me: "You should not have spoken to him in that way; it made him feel bad."

"Well," said I, "he should go home; he will surely be killed before night."

About 6 o'clock in the evening we noticed a large number of people crossing the fields to the south of us, and several carriages were also driving through the fields, and we went down to see what caused the commotion. We soon learned on reaching the fields that my prediction had come too true.

White had met another young man, and they had hunted together until the pigeons began to

flock to the wheat stubble for their supper. Then the young men were walking along, concealing themselves in the brush that skirted the fields. By some means, or for some purpose, they for a moment changed guns, the other young man walking ahead with Mr. White's gun on his shoulder, not knowing of its tricks. The treacherous gun by some means was discharged, and the shot took effect in Mr. White's neck and he was instantly killed. Thus Karmenia's words, Mr. White's prophecy and my prophecy came true, and became the wonder of all who heard of it, and he was buried in that same coffin.

Here I noticed one thing which will be spoken of farther on. This was the third man killed with that gun, and it was one of many inanimate things I have noticed to be possessed of fatality, called by some supposedly superstitious people, "hoodooed."

I say "some superstitious people," because I do not think every person who chances to notice some things that others do not see are superstitious, nor do I believe in putting credence in every foolish sign and imaginative danger.

Of course I know people quickly become superstitious on discovering a phenomena they do not understand, but the person who denies the existence of all phenomena because he cannot understand it is fully as superstitious as one who is ready to attribute supernatural effects to every frivolous thing. But Karmenia will make all these things plain as we proceed.

It is said that the Rothschilds, millionaires, will have nothing to do with a man known to be

an unfortunate man. If misfortune follows a man I cannot see why it should not follow things. Every merchant has noticed certain articles that seem to be fated, and yet if started all at once they all slide off in a hurry. I was once canvassing and selling Bibles on installments, and I sold one \$20 Bible twenty times and received \$1 each time, and was then compelled to take it back, and I left it somewhere and forgot where I left it and lost it. People might say I gained \$20. But I lost twenty good sales and lost more time than the \$20 was worth. I have noticed hundreds of such instances of unfortunate goods and so have other merchants. But Karmenia will make all of this plain, and Karmenia says it is not wise to live in one town, or in one house, too long, especially if luck seems working against you.

I laughed at Karmenia when she told me I was surrounded by an element of bad luck, but she asked me how I accounted for everything coming my way sometimes, even to winning games of cards easily, at one time, and everything going against me at another; yet she said it was good to keep my mind positive there was no bad luck that could harm me, as that acted as a barrier to the evil elements.

"But Karmenia," said I, "every Christian and every wise man knows there is no such thing as luck."

Karmenia laughed and said: "That is true, sweetheart; luck is merely misunderstood law. Learn that law and turn it to your benefit."

CHAPTER X.

The Vision in the Schoolroom.

If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates. Can man do less?"
—Pope.

During the winter of 1857 I was attending the Flint union school. This was in the 14th year of my age.

Attending the same school and pursuing the same studies was the daughter of a Flint hotel-keeper, Miss Agnes G. She was a beautiful, blue eyed, golden haired little miss, I think one of the sweetest, prettiest little girls I ever saw, and as she sat just across the aisle from my desk, we often helped each other in our lessons, and if ever a boy of 14 was in love, I was in love with that little girl, perhaps a year younger than I. But of course she never knew of my love, for I never told her, but often begged the privilege of drawing her on my handsled, or I would rush up behind her and steal a kiss, or it might be, when skating in the schoolyard, which was very large and flat, often covered with ice, I would skate up behind her, seize her in my arms and rush away with her like the wind, pursued by other boys. I was apparently rescuing her from capture—the hero, of course—and I received a kiss for my reward. Though there were plenty of pretty girls, there were several youngsters vying with each other for her attentions. I do not think she noticed my affections to any extent. But the depth of my feelings may be measured by the

fact that I often walked two miles just to see her through a window, not knowing her parents; boy-like, I feared to enter the house. This was the following three winters before I enlisted for the war in 1861.

Summers, while working in the garden or corn-field, I used to plant corn in the form of letters of the alphabet spelling her name. But I seldom saw her to speak to, after I left school, and that irony of fate "that shapes our ends, rough hue them as we will," separated us forever. But to the vision.

One winter afternoon, the sun was shining brightly in the western windows of a large school room. My seat being well back in the southwest corner, a little to the east of midway of the north side of the room was an opening into the main hall running through the center of the large school; the eastern entrance to the hall was kept open, the western entrance always closed. From my seat I could not see the eastern entrance of the hall.

The last class was on the floor reciting in the northwestern corner of the schoolroom, and as I looked straight down the aisle Agnes stood in the class on one foot, the other drawn up under her short dress, as was her habit, like a chicken that draws one foot up under its feathers. I had just picked up her books and mine, and cleared our desks for the night. I still sat with my ruler in my hand, looking at Agnes and thinking how pretty she looked, when I heard Karmenia's voice saying, "Look, look look!"

I saw the school dismissed, and the children going out into the hall. I looked beyond to the outer door, which was impossible for me, in my normal state of mind, to see from where I sat, but now I saw the slanting oak threshold covered with snow and ice. I saw the children crowding out and Agnes slip and fall. I sprang forward, pushing the children aside and caught her in my arms and saved her head from striking the step.

All of this took place in a moment's time, and while I never lost sight of the class on the floor, and Agnes standing before me, as much of a vision as the other, yet as the real vision vanished and I was confusedly brushing my hand before my eyes, Karmenia laughed outright, but whispered, "This will all take place in a few moments."

I was still puzzling over the mystery when school was dismissed and I saw the last of the scholars go out of the schoolroom door, when I sprang to my feet, rushed forward, brushing the scholars aside, and caught the little girl just as she slipped and fell, in the exact way I had seen myself doing not more than fifteen minutes before.

The pupils cried: "How did you know she would fall? You came rushing through the hall flinging the children aside, just as if you knew she would fall." I did not tell them, but I got a kiss for my dexterity, and everybody laughed merrily. I doubt, however, that a single soul besides myself remembers the incident, yet it will never be effaced from the tablets of my memory.

From this forward for a long time, Karmenia and Agnes seemed to blend as one, and I seldom got a glimpse of Karmenia until I saw her on the battlefield mentioned in the opening chapter. This was from 1857 to 1862.

Chapters X and XI may be called a continuation of Chapter IX, though entirely different, yet do not forget Chapter IX while waiting for the next two chapters, X entitled *The Problems of Life*, and XI, *A Lesson in Natural History*. Karmenia causes me to be sorry I killed a rattlesnake, and thirty years later to be sorry for killing a rat.





CHAPTER XI.

**My Acquaintance with Mr. Heather, and My
First Lesson in Evolution.
It Pleases Karmenia Very Much.**

"In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Till for you can, what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults and feel your own;
Condemned in business or in Arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge;
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand,
Painful pre-eminence! yourself too view,
Above life's weakness, and its comforts, too."
—Pope.

During the years 1857, 1858, 1859 and 1860, Spiritualism made rapid headway, especially in the city of Flint, and many evening meetings and Sunday meetings were held at private houses, sometimes at the home of one and then the home of another earnest investigator. I often attended these meetings.

During the above mentioned years there lived in Flint, Mich., a man by the name of Heather. Mr. Heather had been an old school teacher, but was now working at harness making. He was a great reader and investigator in every line of thought. He had read Darwin's works and had become a strong believer in the evolution theory, and loved to discuss it with everybody who would reason with him.

This was too much for the church people; they could not tolerate the idea of an evolutionist in their midst and they branded him an atheist, and a follower of Thomas Paine. Mr. Heather was ostracised and shunned by the very class who crucified Christ and afterward became his most

ardent followers, in name, but not in virtue. I said everybody ostracised him and shunned him. I will modify that by stating everybody except the Spiritualists and even they were wont to cast sidelong glances at him and whisper one to another, "There goes the man who believes our forefathers were monkeys."

I once asked Karmenia what that meant and she replied: "If they were a little further advanced from the monkey they would see that evolution, with our souls rising from monkeys to Gods, or to a God, is much pleasanter and more logical than to believe we were Gods and going down to monkeys or told to love our enemies while God roasts his in an everlasting hell of torment, and he called all wise and all merciful. But evolution does not mean that man merely sprang from the monkey, but still farther back from the blade of grass or still farther the drop of water or the germ of thought sent out by a wise God to gather strength by experience, which must go on through many lives."

The Evolution idea at that time was far ahead of the times, and the spirit of religious intolerance the old church displayed when it drove the followers of the reformed churches to the wilderness existed in those very reform churches and does today, and they have been ready to persecute or hinder every step of advancement—to Spiritualism, Evolution, Christian Science, the New Thought theosophy, modern reincarnation views, Astrology, the Atomic Soul theory—and ready to brand them all the works of his Satanic Majesty, or exploded theories, though they never

tell us who exploded them. Once in a while they will admit Evolution is a truth, but they do not see that if God is the author of all things, He is the author of Evolution, and that experience, the most sacred of all things, must be the true aim and purpose in Evolution, and without reincarnation Evolution must fall flat.

Mr. Heather was in earnest searching after truth, and it did not matter to him whether it was Methodism, Evolution, Spiritualism, or any other ism, if it was only a doorway that promised to lead to truth, he entered that door and followed the hallway until a more promising doorway came to view, and he declared that anyone who tried to prevent him from investigating was an enemy to God, as God must be the creator of the Law of Progress; hence such people were like those Christ condemned who refused even a cup of cold water to one of those little ones, and who stand in the door, neither entering themselves, or permitting others to enter.

At one of these meetings I became acquainted with Mr. Heather, and on hearing his talk on Evolution I became much interested, and as soon as possible I began plying him with questions, seeking more information.

Mr. Heather, on finding I was interested, though a boy of 14, took great pains to explain matters to me, so far as he knew, and this led us into much speculation. In these matters Karmania seemed well pleased and often drew my attention away from Agnes to a conversation with Mr. Heather, yet if I tried to see Karmania it was always the face of Agnes I saw instead of Karmania's.

As between Spiritualism and Evolution, Mr. Heather and myself could never come to a final determination as to whether there was a future existence or not. While Karmenia and Agnes were dancing in and out of my thoughts and before my eyes so much, I could never tell which held my thoughts the longest, except when Karmenia and Agnes seemed blended into one.

Finally, just after my 18th birthday, the war broke out between the North and South. Being very patriotic, I enlisted for the war.

One day, before I started for the front, my friend, Mr. Heather, came to me with tears in his eyes, and said he: "My boy, I am sorry to part with you. I feel that I am losing the only companion that can understand and reason with me. But if the war continues, I will soon follow you, and if we are killed in battle we shall the sooner solve the problem of a future existence, so far as we are concerned."

I replied: "No! No! Mr. Heather. You have a family to look after. The country does not need your services. There are plenty of young men, with no responsibilities, who should supply all the soldiers the government needs."

I do believe my friend was willing to die that he might pursue the investigations, on the spirit side of life, if possible. Alas, poor man, he did enlist in the 8th Michigan Infantry, and soon solved the problem so far as he was concerned.

I must say, for the sake of the truth, I have attended many spiritual circles, but I have never heard a word from my old friend, perhaps because I have never asked for him. He probably rose so high he will not return until I call.

The excitement of the war not only caused my first lesson in Evolution to slumber in my bosom for years, but it nearly drove Karmenia and Agnes out of my mind, except as Karmenia appeared to me occasionally during the war.

I remember once attending a gospel meeting where the preacher, a Methodist, spoke very bitterly against the Catholics, and then against every other denomination, and wound up by declaring not one in a thousand of the Methodists could escape damnation, and as for the heathen beliefs in reincarnation, why that was exploded long ago, before man learned better. Said he: "What good has that heathen idea ever done the world? Look for your answer at the dark continent, and read over the pages of history." This caused me to ask the same question of Karmenia.

Karmenia laughed merrily and replied: "Oh my dear loved one, with all of the many reincarnations, thou hast not yet even got away from the crooked calf-path of mankind."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. Said she: "The mills of the Gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly fine."

Says Herbert Spencer: "It took 4,000 years to evolve four strings to a stringed instrument," and the majority of mankind can never see very far ahead, but follow in the footsteps of one another. The story goes that a calf went wobbling home one day feeding and changing about until he made a very crooked path, and it was followed by a dog, and finally a sheep with its flock, then by men who cursed its crooked way, but never thought to change it. Finally it became a lane,

a street, a crowded thoroughfare, and still men went on cursing the crooked street, but following the lead of that calf three centuries dead. Well, it is so today and, my beloved, you are repeating the words of that preacher who, had he asked himself what has Christianity done for mankind, and not followed in the footsteps of a dead calf, he would have blushed with shame. It is true they claim much, but are their claims well founded?

He should have read in Matthew XXIII, 15: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye compass sea and land to make one proselite, and when he is made ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." I ask the reader to look at the terrible war being waged by (so-called) Christian nations.

Civilization rises and falls like the tides of the ocean. The world has seen a much higher state of civilization than we have today. In fact it was said, thousands of years ago, "There is nothing new under the sun."

The story of reincarnation is truly as old as the history of man, and it has its dark ages just as Christianity has had its dark ages, and just as it is falling into decay now, so did the reincarnation theory have its backward course where we still find it; but the tide has now set in again, and it will bury modern Christianity so deep it will require ages to resurrect it. And why? The answer is very clear. Modern Christianity has no real Christianity in it. Christ taught reincarnation and equal rights to man. He represented the common people, who try to live upright, hon-

est lives, though they, like Christ, have no palatial churches and no homes to lay their heads.

Now go back into history, and note the terrible bloody wars, and massacres, under the name of the cross. Look to the 60,000 Protestants slain by the orders of Bloody Mary, and the 60,000 innocent Catholics slain by Bloody Elizabeth, and tortures by every means that the ingenuity of a diabolical mind could conceive of. Go search the pages of history and follow the trail of blood, sorrow and shame in the track of the cross, and then ask the question. Go look at ancient Peru with 37,000,000 of happy people, not an almshouse or prison, a pauper or a criminal, then read carefully the history of the fall of that happy people and their destruction by the followers of the cross under Pizarro and note Peru has about 7,000,000 of modern, supposed Christians, and keep from blushing for so-called Christianity, if you can. Then try to be a reformer, yourself, even a close follower of Christ, under a new name, and see how you will be ostracised, condemned, and vilified by these so-called Christians. Then ask that question.

It is true they claim credit for every step of progress, but in reality have they not been a dead weight on the hands of the true progressionist?

Was it not their kind that caused Plato to drink the poisoned hemlock?

Did they not murder the beautiful Hypathia, the daughter of Euclid the mathematician? Did they not burn Bruno, the scholar, at the stake? Was it not their class that crucified Christ, and the thousands of the early true Christians? Then

after they got full control of the church, or organized followers of Christ, did they not imprison Galileo for declaring the earth moved? Did they not oppose the analization of matter, the theory of the circulation of the blood? Would you have a printing press or a free school today, if that class had had their way? Are they not to this very hour fighting each other, as well as every step of progress, if it is outside the pale of their church coverings? If you doubt it, go try to further the interests of some real reform or new religious idea, and you will soon find out where the secret knife is trying to cut the heart out of your reputation. Had they the reason of a rat they would see their very unfriendly acts must react upon themselves. But, "those whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

I could only say: "Oh, sweetheart, by the words of their own mouths ye condemn them."

I began to condemn all mankind who were obstructing human progress, and I declared they ought to be driven from the face of the earth. Then I heard my sweetheart's merry laugh and felt her pretty hand placed over my mouth as she said: "Oh, my loved one, methinks you are a proof of the necessity for reincarnation to make the Law of Evolution of any value."

"Why so?" I interrupted.

"Canst thou not see you cannot teach a dog Euclid or a cat grammar?" she replied. Thou must be born again before thou canst enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Indeed," said I, "Reincarnation must be the

true meaning of those words, though twisted and crooked by mistaken religious zealots."

I felt my sweetheart's loving kiss as she replied: "Oh, my beloved, I am so glad you have taken another lesson, and while you can hold up the mistakes of erring men, you look upon their mistakes as an unfinished education and not as a crime, demanding their destruction, as one man should have as much right to his opinion as another has to his, for without agitation there is no progress. The tree will thrive best that feels the pruning hook. The grass grows best that feels the sharp-toothed rake. The steel can be bur-nished only by friction. The mind of man must be agitated with opposition and sometimes by affliction before it is ready to receive a new lesson in progress. Even the pool of Sylome possessed no healing powers until agitated by the angel and the religious, and reformers of today become the scum of tomorrow as new ideas of advanced thinkers are brought forward by the agitators of human thought, though the supposed dead issues of past ages may become the fertilizer of new forms. Anyone who reasons should see that God's law of progress depends upon motion and agitation for its benefits and power.

"The cider will work itself clear, but it must be given vent or the barrel will burst. Mother Earth will not yield her fruits in abundance except there be agitation and a change of crops."

It was this way by celestial sweetheart was forever teaching me the road to progress and new thought and the folly of intolerance.

CHAPTER XII

Karmenia Gives Me a Lesson in Natural History



21. Who knoweth the spirit of man that it goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward.

19. "For that which befallerth the sons of men befallerth beasts; even one thing befallerth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity."

20. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Ecclesiastious iii: 20-21-22 to 25.

In the days of my childhood, in frontier towns, a dog, a gun and an axe were an inseparable trio, in the boy's mind as well as his almost constant companions.

Though there had been no hostility shown by the Indians in Michigan since the war with England and their Indian allies in 1812-14, when our good government taught them to respect our country and our flag, yet there were plenty of Indians, wild beast and snakes, for be it remembered Michigan was a state of swamps and dense forests.

Karmenia had a very odd way of teaching me to philosophize upon every blessed thing and to show me the good and bad side of everything, so odd, in fact, that I often hear her merry laugh, and see her sweet smile to this day, when I can forget the struggle of life long enough.

My older brother was working on a farm some three miles east of my mother's home and had sent word to me to bring to him his double barrel

shot gun, as he wished to join some friends who were going out to see an old school teacher, some seven miles farther east, and no one would think of traveling so far in the woods without carrying a gun.



"WHICH SHALL IT BE, AGNES OR ME?" KARMENIA
ASKS.

Taking my own heavy rifle and his gun and ammunition, I was on my way by the first bit of gray of a November morning.

As I wandered on directly through the woods, my thoughts on Agnes, with a sad tinge, as I wondered why I no longer heard the merry laugh of my celestial sweetheart. As this thought came to me the tears filled my eyes, I staggered and sat down upon a log, all alone, I wept for my absent loved one, and for a moment Agnes was forgotten, when I heard Karmania's merry laugh and for a moment I saw her blended with Agnes, stand before me, when she said, "Oh! sweetheart, which shall it be, Agnes or me?" At that instant I understood why a man cannot serve God and mammon at one and the same time, and why he who tries to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, can never become a millionaire, and why a millionaire gains his millions from the labors of he who increases the blades of grass. When my mind was strongest for Agnes, of course Karmania disappeared and when strongest for Karmania, Agnes vanished. However, Karmania was disposed to give me a more vivid illustration.

As I pulled myself together after my forest vision, the distant bay of hounds broke upon my ear, and at the same time the steady blows of a woodman's axe echoed through the forest. As the wood chopper was exactly on my course I reached him after a short walk. As I came up to him I found, as I supposed, a neighbor boy chopping on his father's farm. Naturally I stopped for a moment's chat, and as I did so a wild deer burst through the forest with great speed and with the hounds in close pursuit. I seized my gun, which I had set down for a mo-

ment, and sprang forward to shoot, but the savageness of the hounds attracted my attention more than the deer, and I drove them off with fierce commands and clubs, dropping my gun as I did so, at the same time my companion was shouting, "Shoot it." I turned toward my companion and as I turned I noticed the tired deer walk deliberately up and place its head in his arms. William Metcalf, for that was my companion's name, had got a large jack knife out of his pocket and was trying to open it, when I cried:

"What are you going to do?"

He replied: "I am going to cut its throat."

He had his knife open when I sprang forward and caught his hand, crying, "Don't, don't, don't."

I took the poor, tired, trembling deer's head in my own arms, and said: "Are you not ashamed to kill this poor animal who has come to your for protection?"

Said he: "What are you going to do with it? It is a wild deer; you can't keep it. It is of no value if you do, while the body is worth a couple of dollars, and the hide one and a half more."

Here was a problem. I must hasten away. I could not take the deer with me. If I let it go it was liable to be shot before night by some other hunter. Finally I said: "Billie, I will coax these hounds with me and you let the deer feed on the brouse (that is on the tender twigs of the fallen trees), which the deer had already begun to do, and I will pay you the three dollars and a half he would bring."

Three dollars and a half was a great deal of money for a poor boy. William agreed and I paid it the next summer in hoeing corn, that is my part of it, for William said it belonged to me as much as to him.

I asked him what became of the deer and he said it broused around all day and finally disappeared.

Let those who fancy this story is a nature fake, such stuff as we often hear nowadays, ask any old frontiersman if a deer, too hard pressed by hounds, will not deliberately place himself in man's hands, too often to find it is misplaced confidence.

I pursued my way, and Karmenia seemed walking beside me, joyfully praising my act.

I began to severely condemn the selfishness of man, when Karmenia quoted to me: "Do not condemn the mote in thy brother's eye until thou hast plucked the beam from thine own eye."

I angrily cried, "Karmenia, where have I ever been so ungrateful?"

Said Karmenia: "Just smooth your ruffled feathers and remember, last summer, or early fall, when on the banks of the big marsh, while walking along you heard the familiar sound of the rattles of an American rattlesnake. Upon looking down at your feet you saw a snake of brilliant colors, coiled and ready to strike, but springing his rattles with all of the power he could. You retreated out of his way, then dropped your gun to an aim and fired, blowing the poor snake's head off. Which was the most God-like, you or the snake.

"The snake with unusual effort warned you, when he could have bitten, and you, ungrateful boy, took his life and without warning, and you had a thousand times more power than he did.

You could have walked away and given him his life and no harm done."

"Oh," said I, "Karmenia, that was only a rattlesnake."

"Yes," said Karmenia, "but it was one of God's creatures, from whom every American can take a lesson, for he is superior to all beasts, birds or reptiles, for that purpose, yes and even to most men."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, Karmenia," I cried, "how can that be? Learn morals from a snake."

Said Karmenia: "Repeat the most patriotic words or lines you can think of."

At once the motto of Thomas Jefferson came to my mind, and I repeated—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

"Exactly," said Karmenia. "Yet, to many men, who recite it frequently, it is a mere platitude. They can only see a danger of the flag when it is dragged in the mud, while a smiling, silk-hatted politician, or a kid-gloved clergyman can do more harm, and is often more dangerous to the liberties of the people and to the principles our flag stands for than ten thousand ignorant ruffians who would drag our beautiful emblem in the mire. The insidious foes of our country are not so much the slum of society, as the hypocritical part of the higher classes. The polished scoundrels who carry their diabolical schemes under a covert smile, or like Judas Iscariot betray

you with a kiss, or a prayer, are a thousand fold more dangerous.

If this were not so, the Bible in Ephesians VI-12 would not have said: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high lplaces."

Nor wuold the following oath be administered to the justices of our supreme courts:

"I (repeating his own name) do solemnly swear that I will administer justice, without respect to persons, and do equal justice to the poor and to the rich."

All the way through history since the Jewish judges sold themselves for filthy lucre, some judges have been known to accept filthy lucre, and Alfred the Great of England hung 72 of them because they attempted to usurp the power to annul the right of trial by jury.

"The rattlesnake is purely American, he has no eyelids, he never sleeps, and he never takes advantage of an enemy, he will warn before he will strike.

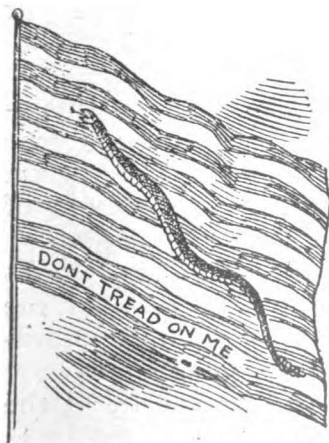
"The first American flag was made up with stripes and the picture of a rattlesnake, and bearing these words: 'Don't tread on me.'

"The colonies were very religious, and all men have been prejudiced against a snake because of the story of the serpent in the garden of Eden. But if that story is true, if it were not for that snake mankind would still be remaining in that garden without brains enough to know the difference between good and evil. In fact, if they had not partaken of the tree of knowledge they

would never have known enough to know they were naked, and some of the preachers of today seem to be trying, with all their might, to keep them naked, or from knowing the truth. Oh, my beloved, what a pity the people do not exercise a little rattlesnake sense, and exercise that 'Eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty.' Perhaps they will do as the rattlesnake does, if he finds he has become remiss, when surrounded by a mat of sharp leaves, by a certain bird of prey, and he sees no escape, he becomes furious, and bites himself." Let me add.

The people should also take warning from this and become more watchful of birds of prey, who will trap them with party and creed, showing that such intense fury as displayed by both sides, as during our great rebellion, is apt to cause the death of the nation, so again we resemble the rattlesnake.

To be continued.





CHAPTER XIII.

KARMENIA, THE SPIRIT, OFTEN HELPS
ME IN MANY WAYS.

"'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truth more mischief than nice falsehoods do;

Here I asked Karmenia how it was our beautiful stars and stripes became our emblem instead of the less attractive but more illustrative banner of the snake?

"Oh, no, no," said Karmenia. "It is not less illustrative, but more illustrative because our banner is really a direct gift of God."

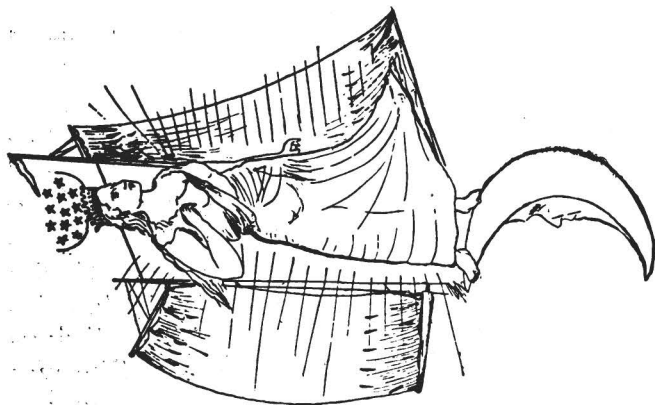
"How is that?" I asked.

"Well," said Karmenia, "first you must remember evolution is a truth, and everything is very closely destined, or subject to guidance as I am giving you. Allowing a very small margin of free moral agency, which is exercised only to a limited degree. Though man generally thinks he is the whole thing. You see it was for the noble purpose I guided the deer to you this morning. First to give you a lesson in Godly mercy and justice and secondly to save the life of the deer for a later period."

"Ho, ho, ho," said I. "Karmenia, please trace that destiny back and if you go far enough the lives of the dogs were destined, the life of the deer, and his generations, the lives of myself and William, and our parents and generations, backward, backward, backward and forward to the end, if there is an end. Then what can man be blamed for?"

"That is true," said Karmenia, "except in a natural way. If we are careless in the presence of an enemy we must pay the penalty for that carelessness. If victorious, we gain the rewards for our vigilance. But we cannot discuss those things here."

She continued: "The fleeing religious denominations to this country is clearly portrayed in Bible prophesies. That book being Astrological. This shows our forefathers were under God's guidance, as you are personally directed by me. As they were praying earnestly for their success, they asked for a flag, an emblem of liberty, for



See My great book What is Coming

which they fled to this country. Their continual prayer was that vigilance which was drawing elements of kind to them. Thus they were unconsciously aiding in making destiny.

"Remember there were twelve sons of Ishmael, twelve princes, representing twelve countries or cities."

Let me call the reader's attention to the fact that in 1776 at the birth of our nation there were 12 states, not 13, as Rhode Island was never recognized by England as a colony, and did not join the colonies until two years after the war began.

At our second war with England our flag had twenty-four stars.

When our great Rebellion was on we had thirty-six stars, now with danger of a great conspiracy we have forty-eight stars. But this subject is treated of more fully in my "What is Coming!"

Jacob had twelve sons, representing twelve tribes. There are twelve signs of the Zodiac. Twelve is a prophetic number. There are twelve apostles, one of them was a traitor, but destined so. Remember Revelation XII-1. "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." V. 2 "And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered." Remember the church is symbolized by a woman. Christ speaks of his bride. In the case of this description, freedom of thought was the child religious liberty was seeking to be delivered of. She was clothed with the sun. Engand, the most power-

ful nation, claimed all of the colonies, though some were settled by the Dutch and some by the French, and in 1716 she sent twelve agents or councils to claim the colonies and settle the affairs of the colonies. France, the next great nation, was the moon under her feet that supported the woman when the man child was born.

This republic of freedom is the man child so called because we have never been permitted to take a foot of ground without paying for it. While Daniel calls the nations beasts of prey. (See my great book, "What is Coming.")

The stars on the woman's head are the twelve colonies.

Remember there were at first but twelve colonies, but twelve signers of the Declaration of Independence, eleven Protestants, one Catholic. The thirteenth colony did not come in at first. Remember all of these came from the mother church, seeking more liberty, yet the Catholic colony of Baltimore, though it seceded at first, it returned to the mother church, which demands of her members allegiance to the church before that of any country, or any flag, thus this colony went back, became the Judas Iscariot.

"Stop," said I. "Sweetheart, is this anything against the Catholic religion or people? For if it is I don't want to hear it." (Too well I remembered at my father's death, though he was a Free Mason, and we needed help, it was neither the Masons or Protestants that took the initiative, and stirred up the people to help my father's family, who had been left destitute by his own generosity in helping others. Dr. Aylward, a

French Catholic, was the first to come to the rescue.) I found in after life as much honesty and more generosity among Catholics than among any of the other churches. I am not a Catholic, but I believe in justice, and in giving just credit to all.

"No," said Karmenia. "And you will find much to commend and much to condemn among Catholics as well as you will everywhere else. But the colonial defenders demanded the flag should bear but twelve stars, representing the twelve apostles, and the additional star was an after consideration. The first flag that was flung to the breeze by the immortal Paul Jones bore no stars. Now remember the first great aim of this country was religious liberty, and second equality of man, and his rights to 'Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'"

"Well," said I, "give me the symbolization."

"Can you not see it?" asked Karmenia. "There were twelve colonies of different religious beliefs, and some free thinkers like Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, yet the blue field represents the blue sky of God's heavens, that extends its canopy over all alike. The stripes represent the stripes the vigilant must expect who stand up for equality and liberty. The white represents that purity of mind and character that all should aim for. The red stripes denote the red blood that flows in all men's veins alike and gives all an equality before the law."

Here she stopped and I asked: "Sweetheart, what about the strs?"

"Oh, yes," said she, "there were but twelve strrs, but there was added another and another, and it will continue until there is no more territory on this continent, and until the principles of freedom and justice extend to every part of the globe, and are covered by God's' blue heavens and lit by his beautiful stars."

Let me add here:

It is a strange coincident that this country started with twelve stars.

At our war with England we had twenty-four.

At the time of the rebellion in our great danger, our flag had thirty-six stars. But we survived it.

Our flag now has forty-eight and some think the greatest danger to our country we ever had, some say Washington's vision foretold this great danger, and that we would reach sixty stars and the end of civilization.

After Rhode Island joined us her flag was used where the double cross of St. George and St. Andrew was in the corner of the flag of stripes.

The flag of Rhode Island was a blue field with twelve white stars, and the infant Jesus standing with outstretched arms. This figure was removed and another star and another stripe added and we have the flag that grew to the present.

I asked: "Dear sweetheart, is there anything more about the rattlesnake?"

"Oh, yes," she cried. "Do you not remember once when you saw a mighty rattlesnake coiled ready to strike and a much smaller black snake gliding round and round him with almost lightning speed, until the generous rattler who warns

before he strikes became bewildered, and then the black snake darted in and wound himself around the rattler's body and crushed him to death. Now, which do you think you had rather trust—the rattler who would warn you, or the slimy, slick, gliding, bewliding black snake which darts in around your throat and strangles you? Again I say look out for that class of men, who tell you there is no danger while they steal your liberties with a smile, and after bewildering dart in and strangle you?"

"One word more, sweetheart," said I.

"Yes, go on," said she.

"Do you believe all men are born equal?"

"Do you believe because a railroad cannot be built without an engineer and a mule, that the engineer whose gentlemanly tastes and refinement needs more of the products of labor and nature than the mule requires, should not receive more for his labor or should be compelled to bring the mule into his residence, thus marring his life and happiness, or should he sink himself and family to the level of the mule, and if not to the mule why to that class of men who persist in living but a little above the mule?"

"Oh, no, no," said my sweetheart. "Neither is it right for the engineer to use his superior power to steal the oats from the mule or to deprive the mule of the rights of training and of his ambitions to reach a higher plain, if he has them."

Just notice the wild beasts, birds and reptiles, who devour each other; they never kill for mere pleasure; they kill only enough for their present wants, and if there be more than they want they

give it up to anything that comes along. It is not so with man; he is never satisfied. If he was only satisfied with the lion's share, he could be excused; but no, he must use the inanimate wealth he has gained to rob somebody else of his earnings, and when asked to return a small portion, in income tax, or even his just share of taxation, he objects and fights it as long as he can, and when the people condemn it, they are met with the declaration that they are opposed to wealthy people, whereas they only want justice. Notice the illustration of a span of horses, one large, one small, the large walking with ease, the small tugging with all his might. How quick you would say to the driver: "You inhuman brute, give that small horse the long end of that evener, and make the large horse pull his share of the load." But it is not so with your fellow man; you make the small man pull the heavy part of the load, and give the big man the long end of the evener by permitting him to use his inanimate property to breed wealth, or as a means to get more than properly belongs to the big man.

Of course the big horse needs a bigger stall, more bedding and more food, and takes more labor for his care than does the small horse. But it is not the needs of either the leaders of society or the workmen that will bring a struggle that, without the intervention of God, will destroy not only our country, but the civilization of the world, and the rich men will go down with their riches along with the blind Sampson who would pull the pillars of the false system down with them. Would to God they could see it before it is too late.

Look back to ancient Carthage, when Hannibal was compelled to impeach the whole bunch of judges for their corruption. They whined as if they were losing what really belonged to them, says Roland's History.

(I thought until long after the great rebellion that Karmania referred to the great war, alone, but long afterward I was awakened from that sad mistake.)

My reverie was broken by the sudden disappearance of Karmania as we came out of the woods in the clearing front of Mr. Chambers' house where my brother worked.

My brother stood looking down the road expecting to see me coming down the road when I came out of the woods behind him so still he did not notice me until I touched him with the muzzle of one of the guns, and then he turned quickly and said, in a half humorous, half frightened way, "You darned Indian, you frighten the life out of a fellow."

The other young men came out from behind the house and hollered, "Can't you see him coming yet?"

They caught sight of me, and we had a merry laugh, when they all gathered up their guns and ammunition and we plunged into the woods together, for our course, for one mile, led in the same direction.

The woods were full of squirrels and several were shot, for no other purpose than to show the marksmanship of the hunter. In fact, all yielded the palm to me, as with my heavy rifle with globe sights came to my shoulder, some one of the boys

would say, "Another poor squirrel's death." Yet I always took chances on very long shots, partly from impulse and partly through pride of my marksmanship.

I was bending over a beautiful squirrel, which was gasping for breath, and seeming to try to tell me something, when I involuntarily said: "Oh, poor thing, my pleasure is in taking your life. I will not kill another squirrel."

Charles Stone, one of the young men standing near, said: "That is funny for you, and blessed if you are not crying."

The other boys came up and he told them of my soft-heartedness, as he called it.

I then related my strange experience of the morning, and all about my vivid rambling thoughts, but never mentioned Karmenia, of course. When I told them about the strange actions of the deer, they all said that was nothing uncommon for a deer to do when pressed by the dogs, but that I should agree to pay for it, to give it its liberty, seemed to them very strange and foolish.

By the time we reached our point of separation and they went on their way, they went over to the road, and kept out of the woods, determined they would not kill a thing that day, and they did not; but as my brother afterward told me, they lugged their guns all day and talked of the superior cruelty of man, even to his inhumanity to one another, and yet of his boasted superiority.

As soon as I left my friends, who I seemed glad to get rid of, I dropped into a sad reverie, when I felt Karmenia's presence and saw her pretty

face peeping over my shoulder and heard her sweet voice as she said, "Come, sweetheart, put



KARMENIA'S PRETTY FACE OFTEN APPEARED OVER
MY SHOULDER.

away your sad feelings and let us talk of the future." We wandered on talking until near home, and she said, "You are tired, dear; let us sit down for a while," and I sat down on a convenient log with my loved one beside me. When at once I lost consciousness of my surroundings and yet I

was bending over that poor squirrel trying to understand what he was saying to me. The whole scene changed and I saw a mighty stage on which a troop of actors were choosing their respective parts.

The whole mighty troop of actors loved each other and would never harm one another for a world, and it seemed the love between Karmania and myself was so great I could not bear to be separated from her, so she said: "Sweetheart, I will be your prompter and then I can be always with you."

The stage manager stepped forward and said: "My loved ones, you know as well as I do, the object of our great drama of life is that we may enjoy more because we know more. Thus the plot of our play in a measure becomes your destiny, and the earnestness with which you put into action trying to make your parts perfect, at the same time helping each other, giving joy and lessening pain, and making the work as light as possible, sometimes even changing the course of a following scene, will bring a reward of love and a less painful and more beautiful part in the next act you are called upon to play, as well as a step higher in the drama."

A loved brother came to me and asked, "Dear brother, why did you choose such a long, hard part, so early in the play?"

I replied: "Dear brother, I need the lesson. For my own pleasures in the last act caused so much pain and sorrow, I must suffer now as an atonement for my carelessness and folly, that I may not have to go back to a small part again." An-

other loved brother came forward, and though an actor as old as any of us, he was new in this drama and was taking a minor part, in which he came on and went off from the stage frequently. As he threw his arms around my neck, he cried, "Oh, don't mind it, brother, don't mind it; you acted your part well, and it mattered not whether you blew my head off or my head was plucked off by brother Asay who takes the part of an eagle, which would have occurred a moment afterward, or whether it was your rifle that brought me out of the tree, this very morning, or whether it was the shotgun of one of your companions, except your bullet was much quickened and less painful than the mangling of my little body the shot would have caused."

"Oh, God!" said I. "Sweetheart, he speaks of the rattler he personified, of whom I shot after warning me, and of the poor little innocent squirrel he personified which I shot this morning for my pleasure, and not of the debt I am trying to cancel, which I incurred in the last act of life."

Sweetheart sprang to my side and tried to soothe me, for I was much agitated, as she asked, "Dear loved one, do you not remember, without pain, we could not enjoy pleasure; this is the true tree of knowledge of good and evil."

Said I, "Sweetheart, do you mean to say I must cause pain?"

"Oh, No! No!" said she. "But—" just then a loved sister came in. I cried, "Why, Pet, where did you come from?"

Said she: "You know that we who take the vegetable and animal parts make our entrance

and our exits on the stage of world life many more times than you who take the two extremes, the mineral and the man. This earth morning when you saved my life you never dreamed I recognized you, but had to play my part and put my head in brother Billie's arms. Yet I enjoyed the rest you gave me. I was released from the more painful death by the dogs. It also tested Billie's powers, who was tempted to steal upon me and cut my throat and thus get the price of my poor body, at the same time exacting the pay you promised, but he withstood the temptation and I lingered in his presence long afternoon and was shot by brother Joe Wells who is taking the part of the farmer hunter Joe Wells near your earthly home, for of course you know I have got to act several animal parts in the great drama of war about to take place."

"Oh, my, my," said I. "I can now see why we do not remember in earth life our former plays and acts, for if we did we would never play our parts, and so we would never go through our parts properly, for not one of us would ever blame another, or give cause for a bit of pain, and yet what a beautiful reward for our efforts to please one another and to avoid causing pain and suffering."

"Yes," said sweetheart. "And I am glad you do not take it so hard, for I feel my part in awakening your consciousness of wrongdoing is causing undue suffering."

"No! No! loved one," said I, "you increase my vigilance and my reward, but poor brother here who played, so nobly, such a small part as a warn-

ing rattlesnake, and I the part of a man, to fall lower than brother's very small part of a warning snake, makes me shudder. Nor is this all; look how often I have through pure hatred for the thistle which pricked my bare feet, with a stick cut the blossoms off just to see them go flying through the air. True when I hoed the thistles out of the corn there was a necessity, but when I held hatred against the thistle for protecting itself, I was hindering one of my loved brothers or sisters from making progress in their minor parts."

"Oh, sweetheart," said Karmenia, "what would your earthly companions say if they heard you defending the rights of the rattlesnake and a thistle?"

I replied: "I do not care what they would say, for they do not know that in the humble form of a snake and thistle a loved brother is playing an important part in father's great drama of life."

Our brother, seeing I still felt very bad, approached me and said: "Dear brother, do not worry about that, for everything is good in father's workshop. I was afraid I overdid my part in warning you that you recognized me in my humble part, and it would hinder you from playing your part as you should."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "and it makes my careless playing so much more glaring."

"Well, said the brother, "I shall not come into your part again for many earthly years, and you will have a sad part to perform. You will be conducting business and have a lot of expensive picture frames flat on the floor. I will take

the part of a rat seeking food, and I will fall into the frames, not being able to get out, in my wild efforts, I will gnaw the frames and destroy many dollars' worth of wealth. When you behold this your selfishness and anger will get the better of you and you will seek my life. As it is impossible for me to escape, I will sit up, putting my fore-paws together in the act of prayer, and beg for my life; but your anger will get the better of you, and you will take my life, and then be sorry for it later on, unless you advance fast enough to overcome your temper and then raise the corner of the frames and let me escape. This plan or act of the drama is why the future can be foretold, and the small portion we can overcome is the reason for the variations in the foretelling of the future by a perfect clairvoyant on the one hand and an imperfect one on the other."

These scenes were too much for me and I burst into tears and sweetheart was trying to quiet me. She sat beside me with her arms around me and was saying, "Wake up, wake up, you have been here too long."

I awoke and a hunter was sitting beside me on the log, with his arms around me and his eyes were filled with tears, while I was blubbering like a baby. He was saying, "Poor boy, you must be very tired to sleep like that, alone in the woods. Are you lost? How long have you been out in the woods?"

"Where is sweetheart?" I cried.

"Who is sweetheart?" he asked.

That awoke me to my senses and then I noticed the carcass of a deer close by. "Did you shoot that?" I asked.

"Yes; why do you ask?" he inquired.

I then told him my whole day's experience including the vision. He called it a dream.

Said I: "You have shot our sister whose life I saved this morning."

"Poor boy," said he, "your fatigue has been too much for you; but you will be all right in a little while, and you shall have a quarter of the venison to take home."

"No! No! No!" I cried, "I could not eat a mouthful of it." And I lost control of my feelings again.

Mr. Wells often laughed at me after that and when he heard I had enlisted for the war, he shook his head and said, "Poor boy, he will never have the heart to shoot a man, unless it is in action where he does not see him, individually."

* * *

Here are a few footnotes to this chapter.

It is over 59 years since I shot that rattlesnake and killed that squirrel, and to this day I regret it.

Now for the story of the rat and later on I will tell some stranger rat stories. All true.

In 1878 I had been stumping the state of Michigan for the old Greenback Party, and in February, 1879, I opened up an installment business, selling books, pictures and looking glasses on installments. I moved from a downtown office into a store at 121 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Mich.

In the fall of 1882 I accepted candidacy for representative in the U. S. Congress, same party. My capital was very small and I had to work very hard, making many of my frames and brackets with my own hands and often helping

a boy out with collections. To assist me in this work of collecting, I used an old steel tire wooden wheel velocipede.

John H. was one of the best hearted Irishmen that ever lived. He was chairman of the county committee and he came to me and said, "Stowe, some of your friends have requested me to ask you to leave that thing out until after election," meaning my old wheel. The safety bicycle was not yet invented, though a few of the high, impractical bicycles were in use.

I replied to the chairman: "John, you tell my friends, if they are such, if they are ashamed of me to take my name off from the ticket, for we are working for the masses and not particularly for aristocracy, for by the eternals, if I am elected I will ride that thing up Pennsylvania Ave. in Washington, D. C. I am sacrificing enough in time and money for a cause of which I can be nothing but a figurehead, for I am more liable to be struck by lightning than to be elected against such odds. But you and they will live to see an improvement on that thing, as you call it, used in Detroit to the value of millions of dollars." (And my prophecy came true. I relate this to show the reader how preoccupied my mind was.)

Late one afternoon I had a lot of valuable picture frames come in and I ordered them taken into the stockroom and forgot them until next morning, when, passing through the stockroom, I heard a rattling in the frames, I looked over and there was a rat. He could not escape and had gnawed all around the edges of the frames, spoiling many dollars' worth of the frames. Of course

I became excited and procured a stick to kill the rat. When he saw the inevitable end he sat up exactly like a person in supplication to a higher being for his life. But my passions were aroused and I did not heed him, and for nearly 30 years have lived to regret it, and to be more careful about letting my temper get the best of me, and to be more merciful and broader minded, so my friends, you can see how a rat or a rattlesnake may teach proud, selfish man a lesson.

This story of the snake called to mind an amusing story of war times.

When our cavalry forces were on a raiding expedition, they could not carry the captured prisoners with them, nor could they shoot a man who had laid down his arms, so they would do what they called "swearing them in," that is, causing them to take an oath they would not take up arms until properly exchanged. Finally, a large rattlesnake warned one of the boys, who got out of his way, and he was about to shoot him, when grateful, kind-hearted Long Bob Rogers said, "Hold on there, Billy, that snake warned you, and I'll be blamed if I shall let you kill him."

"Then he'll bite some of the other boys," said the sergeant.

"Oh, well," drawled Bob, "sewar him in and let him go."

Bob never lost the nickname of "Rattlesnake Bob."

This very morning, and since the above was written, I read in a description of a surveyor's hardships and of the dangerous places, especially dangerous from reptiles, a surveyor is compelled

to visit, yet not one of them was ever bitten by a rattlesnake, which they call the "gentleman reptile," as several other kinds of reptiles have no such means of warning, yet they often imitate the rattler by making a buzzing sound among the dry leaves, with the tail.

My mother complained she had no currants for several years, on account of worms. "And now," said she, "there is a big garter snake among the bushes. I wish you would kill it, for it often frightens me when it comes out of the cucumber vines." This was after I came home from the war. "No," said I, "Mother, let the snake alone; harmless he is, and you will have a good crop of vegetables and currants."

I called the snake Jack and he became quite tame, and we had a fine garden and plenty of currants for the first time in years.

"Said my mother, 'After three years of killing you have become wonderfully merciful, to protect a snake.'"

"Yes, mother," said I, "and if farmers will learn to protect harmless snakes they will have better crops."



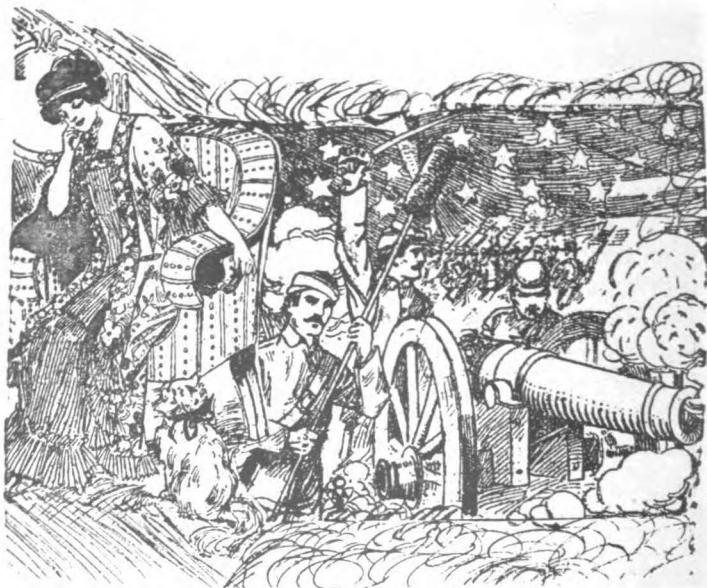
CHAPTER XIV.

KARMENIA AND MY WAR EXPERIENCE.

"Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That hosts with their banners at sunrise were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn."

—LORD BYRON.

Reasons why the following historical and philosophical matter is put in 8-point type is to keep them separate from the narrative proper.

**Karmenia Shows Me Why War Is Necessary.**

As before stated, like nearly all boys, I was fond of a dog and a gun, and before the war I did much hunting and trapping; and I must say my conscience often smote me for wantonly killing the helpless creatures.

I could never refrain from looking at the dying fawn or squirrel, and wonder if they too did not have souls if I had one.

Karmenia was always calling my attention to such things, until time and time again I promised I would kill no more, and then the war broke out, and I enlisted against Karmenia's wishes, for that meant a profession of taking life, and that, too, the lives of my fellow men. But I was so patriotic I suppressed the awful feeling and ignored Karmenia's impressive warning, though she told me I would pay for it in a terrible retribution, if I did not lose my own life by violence, as "He who lives by the sword must perish by the sword."

Since I have become an Astrologer, I see it seems to be my destiny, as at my birth Mars, the God of War, was in the malignant sign Scorpio, Heliocentrically, and in the war sign Sagittarius, Geocentrically, and Saturn in the house of death, denoting a violent or a painful death, caused by war. As I have been a sufferer from such effects ever since the war, it is evident I must die from those effects.

My occult experience was renewed almost immediately after reaching the seat of war.

We were first sworn into the state's service for three months and then the government demanded an enlistment for three years, or our disbandment. Nobody thought the war could last more than three months; consequently when someone read to us a strange prophecy, supposed to be a vision that came to General Washington at Valley Forge, claiming the war would last four years, we were much exorcised, and naturally enough tried to laugh it down as a mere newspaper sensation. Yet it made so strong an impression that Karmenia came to me and told me I had better try to remember it. She need not have cautioned me to do so, for I never could forget it.

We had all hoped as well as believed our trip would be one of sightseeing and strange and not unpleasant experiences; notwithstanding we were ready and willing to do our duty if the opposite was the result.

The reading of Washington's vision took place a few days before the first battle of Bull Run, in which we participated.

I, of course, with everybody else, had expected a short struggle, and then to be able to return home. But Karmenia told me no, the war would last four years, that the story of Washington's vision was a true one, and that very many of my comrades would never see their homes again.

How strange it is, men who go to war seldom think it is they who will be killed; they always seem to think it is the other fellow. If they did not think so there would not be so many willing to go to war.

In consequence of my hearing of Washington's vision so long ago, and of witnessing how truthfully it has been fulfilled so far, and having so much testimony that it will finally be fulfilled to the letter corroborated by my own vision, I reproduce

it here, believing it will be of great interest to the reader, even though he may have seen it before.

My story would not be complete, however, if I did not dispose of a character brought in so prominently as my school-mate sweetheart, Agnes.

Ha, ha, ha! To be in love so deeply that I could walk from my mother's house two miles on a cold winter's night just to see Agnes through a window, too bashful to enter the house, as I was not acquainted with her parents, and then to let a girl masquerading in men's clothing cut me out and rob me of my sweetheart. Did such a thing ever happen before or since?

In the latter part of the '50's there lived, up in Nova Scotia, a farmer by the name of Edmonds. Mr. Edmonds' family consisted of wife and two girls. In those days of hard work and little money, the girls had to do men's work on the farm. Miss Emma Edmonds, a mere child, detested this, and to make matters worse, her father determined she should marry a wealthy old bachelor, three times her age.

Once Emma got hold of a novel, which told of a young girl who to escape such a calamity put on her brother's clothes and went to sea, and finally married her true sweetheart. Emma determined to do likewise, except Emma had no sweetheart.

She got hold of a book canvasser's outfit and determined to become a book agent.

A neighbor boy by the name of Seeley loved Emma, but his love was not returned; yet he held Emma's confidence enough to furnish her his best suit of clothes to run away with.

The marriage supper was on the table, and all awaiting the bride to dress and come in to the marriage ceremony and wedding feast, and so far as Emma is concerned they are waiting yet, though it is nearly 60 years since that event.

We now lose Emma Edmonds and introduce Frank Thompson, the boy book agent.

Frank was very successful and finally appeared at the agency in Cincinnati, where a choice of territory brought Frank up to Flint, Mich.

Frank put up at the Northern Hotel, the home of my sweetheart Agnes. It soon became known that Frank Thompson was a very fortunate young man, making \$25 to \$35 a week. This in the days of scare money and low wages was indeed a wonder.

I, a poor boy working on the farm for \$8 per month, could not hope to compete with the book agent.

Frank took my sweetheart out for a carriage ride three times a week. I would not stand in the way of my little sweetheart's success, nor could I call Karmenia to me any more. This helped to drive me to enlist.

When my company at Detroit had to disband and re-enlist for three years, the regiment had to be filled up, and among the newly-enlisted men came Frank Thompson and a Methodist preacher, 7 feet tall, of broad and flat build, and a foot—Ye Gods, it was bigger than the knapsack he wore!

It was very hard for Frank to get clothes to fit him and shoes to fit those dainty little feet, which looked so very small in comparison with the monster pedal extremities of the preacher, whose company Frank seemed to like. This caused a few of the wise ones to hint "Frank Thompson is a woman, and a sweetheart of the preacher."

Frank was so religious nobody dared say a word to him, but after the battle of Bull Run the minister fell from grace and swore like a trooper, so Frank cut his acquaintance.

One day Frank came to my tent. I had never spoken to him, and I was surprised to see him in my tent, for I am six feet tall and Frank belonged to the foot of the company, and the preacher had a tent of his own.

I asked Frank what he wanted, and his reply was: "You loved Agnes Gibson and she loved you."

I replied: "Yes, but you cut me out."

"No," said Frank, "I did not cut you out." Continuing: "If you knew all! Agnes loved you, and I feel grieved that I had anything to do with breaking you up, and I will yet bring you together."

"Oh, well," said I, "I have another girl I met in Detroit." This is the "girl I left behind me" and married 50 years ago, and still live with at the golden wedding. "But," said I, "Frank, the boys say you are a woman."

A little embarrassed, Frank replied: "If you knew me to be a woman, and wishing to conceal it, you would not expose me, would you?"

I picked up the testament Frank had left on the cracker box when he changed his seat to another. I tossed the testament to Frank and he or she womanlike spread her knees to make a lap to catch the article, as a woman will. Said I: "Frank, you need not tell me that you are or are not a woman. I will say nothing of it."

From that time forward I never had much to say to Frank, except concerning our duty, though Frank and I were lifelong friends. Frank was chosen brigade letter carrier because of his light weight, making it easier for the pony that carried the mail.

Frank was always ready to do any little errand for the soldiers when going to Washington, Baltimore or New York, and was loved by everybody as a model soldier.

Because of the transference of our regiment from the third to the ninth corps Frank lost his position as letter carrier, and because of having a horse was transferred to the colonel's staff as orderly.

One hot day's march from Bardstown to Lebanon, Ky., Frank was taken sick and deserted from the hospital for fear of the discovery of sex. Frank was heard of no more by his comrades until after the war, though Frank became the famous nurse and spy, writing a book of that title giving his wonderful experience.

In 1883 at a reunion of the Second Michigan Infantry at Lansing, Michigan, it was announced by Col. Silvester Larned, our lieutenant-colonel, that Frank Thompson of Co. F, Second Michigan Infantry, now resides at Fort Scott, Kansas, having married Mr. L. H. Seeley, the old sweetheart who loaned Frank the suit of clothes.

Some later, declared this was not the boy lover who loaned Frank the suit of clothes, and Frank never affirmed or denied it as far as I know.

Mrs. Seeley was invited to the reunion at Flint the next year, 1884, and for the first time a number of comrades mistrusted such a thing as Frank Thompson being a woman.

One comrade cried: "Frank Thompson, what are you doing here in a woman's costume?"

Frank replied: "I am helping Uncle Sam raise infantry. I am now the mother of two fine boys."

Frank inquired for Lyman E. Stowe. Someone said, "Here is his wife, Mrs. Stowe."

Frank addressed my wife with many compliments for me, saying "I was the innocent cause of separating Lyman from one sweetheart, and I declared I would bring them together again, but I guess I will have to leave that out now," and so I never saw Agnes again.

The boys of the regiment set to work to get Frank a pension, so Frank Thompson (Mrs. L. H. Seeley) was the only woman known to have served in the ranks as a private soldier for over two years. True to her God, true to her country and her comrades, and true to her womanhood, the greatest hero of two million soldiers of the Northern army.

Here is Frank's picture as a boy soldier in 1861, and as Mrs. L. H. Seeley in October, 1884. Died Sept. 21st, 1898. One of the noblest women that ever lived, and yet beat me out of my sweetheart. I also present a picture of our flag. Frank Thompson followed. It could no longer hold the names of the battles the regiment participated in.

Washington's Vision.

It was during the winter of 1777, when Washington's army was encamped at Valley Forge that terrible winter of deprivation, suffering and discontent, of the American army, when Washington's heart was wrung in pity for his suffering soldiers and their families, where there seemed no ray of hope, unless a Divine Providence reached out a helping hand to the strugglers for American independence. Washington, in despair, walked into the snow-clad forest to pray. After a long and earnest prayer to God for help he heard a voice say: "Son of the Republic, look up!" Washington looked up and beheld a beautiful being, an angel, and she said:

"Behold."

Then Washington saw a picture, and boats and armed men were coming from France to his assistance; and after a long and severe struggle, he saw the British army driven from our shores and peace settle down over the whole face of the country. Towns, villages and cities sprang up, the population increased many millions of souls, and the starry banner floated over many white sails that dotted the ocean with commerce.

This picture faded away and again he heard the voice say: "Son of the Republic, look up." Again he looked and beheld a dark cloud hanging over the whole country, and black men in the bonds of slavery were crying out for freedom. Then he saw two mighty contending armies. His country was divided and engaged in civil strife. This he was given to understand would last for four years. He then saw peace restored and his country more prosperous than ever, and the picture faded out when he again heard the voice say:

"Son of the Republic, look up."

Again he looked up and beheld the mighty cities along the Atlantic coast spreading northward and westward, until he beheld the Pacific ocean under the setting sun, and all the way was thick with population and teeming with industry. He then saw a dark cloud arising in the east, and the south and the west were armed in battle array, and the east divided; and some men had turned traitor to the country and were trying to establish a monarchy, and they were being helped by the nations of Europe and the far east, and he beheld the dusky hordes of India and of Japan swarming over the Pacific coast, while the mighty navies and great armies of Europe were attacking our Atlantic coast; and if this were not enough, he saw armies of traitors among our own people rise up to help the enemy. Just upon the verge of despair our people arose as one man, with China to aid us; with Herculean strength they hurled the foe back into the sea, and their flags went down forever, and our starry banner arose to float over a country in peace and prosperity for at least a thousand years. China was not a yellow peril but an ally.

How truthful has the vision been fulfilled we all know, and the last act will be fulfilled between 1912 and 1953. (This was written in 1896.) When Astrology points to planetary positions which indicate the world will be in the midst of a universal war.

Then again that science called Periodicity, which shows man's or nation's evil period, or their Friday, as it were. Thus a man born Sunday, Friday will be his evil day, and if born on Monday, Saturday will be his evil day, and so on through the days of the week. Then every seventh year will be a man's Friday year, and for a nation, seven years are used as a day; thus every 49 years will bring its seven years of Friday.

From 1810 to '16 was our Friday, and our second war with England. From 1861 to '66 was our second Friday, and the war between the North and South.

From 1916 to 1928 will be the next Friday, and the last terrible struggles Washington saw in his vision will start, i. e., 1916 to 1918. (See my greatt boov, "What Is Coming.")

My Bible Prophecy points to this same time, 1908, as the setting up of the abomination which maketh desolate, which then took place.

Karmenia says that the scriptural passage is true where it says, where three uniting in testimony establishes a fact. Thus Periodicity, Astrology, Bible Prophecy and Washington's vision all point to the great struggle about to take place. And why shouldn't Washington have a vision on such an important matter, when so many great men have had their visions.

Alexander the Great, before he left Athens to conquer the world, saw where he expected great opposition; instead, the High Priests and Levites come out to greet him with pleasure and escort him to Jerusalem, a thing that actually took place.

"Ben Johnson spent the watches of the night, an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought around his armchair until sunrise."

Pope saw an arm, apparently, coming through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner.

Ravaillae, while chanting "Miserere" and "De Profundis," believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and effect of a trumpet.

Swedenborg, while hundreds of miles away, saw the burning of his native city, Stockholm.

Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name, in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city.

Julius Caesar was warned of his approaching assassination by an Astrologer, and by a vision which came to his wife.

Oliver Cromwell, while lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtain open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England.

Volumes might be written citing the vision of great men as well as of men unknown to the world.

My own vision on the battlefield of Malvern Hill referred to the same great struggle that was pictured in the last scene of Washington's vision, and my own destined part in the struggle or what lead up to it was pointed out.

I trust the reader will pardon this digression, and I will continue the recital of my experience in the war, so long as it is connected with my observation along the lines of occult phenomena.

It is a well-known fact that commanders of armies desire to keep their movements a secret as long as possible, that the enemy may not learn of it and be prepared to meet them. But I do not believe it possible for a general of an American army to keep his intentions entirely a secret from his army, with so many bright minds; the whole plan will be foreshadowed and talked over by his soldiers before a move is made. But fortu-

nately the enemy is not likely to seek information of plans of attack from among the private soldiers.

So common was it for men to have presentiments of their own death, that nearly every old soldier can relate some instances of this kind. Karmenia was always warning me that this comrade or that comrade would be killed in battle today, and I so often repeated it to my comrades that they would cry out, "Oh Stowe, don't. You never make a mistake."

I well remember one instance where my foresight in these matters gave myself and others a terrible shock which caused me from that time on to keep my knowledge to myself.

Burnside's army of twelve thousand men was besieged at Knoxville, Tenn., during the month of November and December, 1863, by Longstreet's Confederate forces of forty thousand men. A little black coffee and a small "nubbin" of corn was a day's rations, for some days.

Sudden hot skirmishes and spirited sorties were of frequent occurrence. Horses were in harness and men under arms all of the time. Sleep was caught in fitful naps; often while the soldier stood with gun in rifle pit, he slept for a few moments. Under such strained conditions the men were naturally very touchy and nervous.

It was on the morning of November 24, 1863, and the Second Michigan Infantry had just answered the roll call. The men were parching corn and making their cups of coffee, when someone accidentally ran against Sergeant Hadsted and hurt his mouth.

Sergeant Hadsted was a good-looking young man, well liked, but his front teeth stood out quite prominent, and the two front teeth were noticeably very wide. The soldier who ran against the sergeant apologized, and the sergeant said it was all right, and said he:

"I suppose you couldn't help running against my front teeth. If I ever get a hit of any kind it is over those teeth."

Said I: "And you will get your final blow in that same place today, I suppose you think," I added as I saw a shock of pallor overspread his face. For he of course knew how accurately I read men's premonitions.

In a moment I felt very sorry I had made the remark.

Before we had time to drink our coffee and eat our corn we were called out to make a sortie. One hundred and seventy-two of us were ordered to attack a rifle pit, which had been thrown up in the night, and to level it to earth again. This was by some mistake, for we met a whole brigade of the enemy, and we lost half our number, Sergeant Hadsted being one of the number, instantly killed, and the ball that killed him knocked out those very teeth.

I must not let the reader suppose it was only those evil, sorrowful things that were presented to me, for many things of the bright side of life were presented to me by Karmenia, who often brought me pleasant news from home, both for myself and

for my comrades, when it was impossible for us to get mail from home. But of course the things were not so noticeable and were soon forgotten; besides many looked upon these things a little queerly, and so I kept it to myself, or shared my knowledge with but a few friends.

Karmenia was always weeping because I had engaged in a business of taking life. Finally I got tired of it and I opened a conversation with her which ran like this:

"Karmenia, dear, you know I love you, but you make me very unhappy by your continual weeping because I have chosen to help save my country. Now, Karmenia, the whole of nature is at strife, from the least blade of grass to the towering oak, from the worm to the highest intellect of man, one thing lives off, from, or regardless of the rights of another. Man must kill the lower animals to live, and even nations devour one another; and, Karmenia, I am here to help free an oppressed people and to save my beloved country from destruction. While you, Karmenia, you whom I love so well, are forever complaining because I must use force to kill. Did not that God of nature who made all things, make that law of strife, by which all things that are, live?"

"Oh yes, my beloved one," she replied; "but you are not any longer of that nature. When you entered this life, it was to correct a few errors, and when converted so young, you promised to follow a Master who taught peace, not war, Who said, 'If thy brother smite thee on the one cheek, turn the other also.'"

"Yes," I replied; "but He also said, 'I come to bring a sword, not peace; to set father against son, and son against father.'"

"Again," said I, "Karmenia, did not God help Washington establish this country? Then does he not want his children to defend it? Just see, Karmenia, we have many of Christ's followers in the army, and the churches are praying for our success."

"Yes," she replied; "and do you not suppose the Confederates have professing Christians in their army and their churches praying for their success?"

I was compelled to admit that they did.

"Now," said she, "there are many professing Christians who are earnestly trying to follow Christ who do not comprehend one iota of Christian principles. Do you think a good Christian who believes in a beautiful heaven, a place so much better than his earthly abode, and who is trying to live a Christian life, would be afraid to die? Would he not wish to hasten to that heavenly abode? Yet you have seen many die, and they do not generally die with that quiet fortitude that is displayed by the non-believer."

I admitted all that Karmenia said, and I asked why this was so, and she answered me:

"Because the Christian understands the great obligation he has taken upon himself and he has an inner conscience that he is not doing exactly right, and he feels the future is more dangerous for him than for those who never knew Christ, on the same principle that the government would punish you for desertion, while the person who does not enlist has a broader personal freedom. Because you have taken an obligation they have not taken."

"Hold," said I. "Karmenia, is not that inner conscience you speak of a mere superstition? Just look at the men who never took that obligation, yet the moment we draw near a battle they begin to fear, and strew the way with packs of playing cards they carried for their amusement. The carrying of the cards could be no great sin, for the cards have been known to stop a bullet in a non-believer's pocket, as well as a Bible in a believer's pocket, and both fail to be successful armor more times than they succeed." (I might add today, neither would stand against the modern arms.)

"That is true," said she. "But it is superstition in the non-believer while it is not in the believer. But I am afraid I cannot explain the whole matter to you until you understand more of God's plan."

"Then," said I, "Karmenia, how can I or my Christian friends be to blame for what we do not know? I wish to do God's will and thought I was doing it when I enlisted to fight my country's battles. But now my soul trembles because I am placed between two great contending conditions of mental force. Believing I was obeying God in coming to the defense of my God-given country, and now I am disobeying God in taking life, and I have taken an obligation in both cases. Now, Karmenia, what am I to do?"

"Dear Karmenia, is not all sin rather ignorance than real sin?"

"Yes; but the laws of man or the laws of God cannot admit or excuse ignorance."

"Then, Karmenia, must I and all of my friends, and the untold millions of mankind, suffer torture in an everlasting burning hell for doing what we did not know better than to do?"

"Oh, beloved mortal, no! But the child who does not know what fire is must feel the burn, when he tries to handle it, that he may know better next time, for his own self-protection."

"Then," said I, "Karmenia, what is called sin is but a school of knowledge, and the punishment merely necessary to the development of knowledge."

"Yes," said she. "That is true of all lower life and of man below the Christian. But the Christian is preparing to graduate from this school to a higher one, and he should be more careful that he may not fail, lest he cannot graduate, and so must suffer eternal remorse to think of the failure he had made, just as the

delinquent scholar would do in your schools. Is that not hell enough?"

"But Karmenia, the lower animals must have souls as well as men, and they will all some time graduate?"

"Yes," she replied; "not only the lower animals have souls, but the plants, and even the earth has sleeping souls to awaken. But oh, my beloved mortal, I do love you so because you are seeking knowledge, wisdom."

I never saw Karmenia so lovely, as she drew nearer to me.

"Karmenia," I asked, "If knowledge is so desirable, and I should think it would be, to get near to God, why do the religionists of all times, who seem to know nothing about things, disagree and divide up into so many dogmas and beliefs, and persecute and try to send to hell every one who tries to find out anything about it? They themselves had to go through the same trials they force upon the seeker for knowledge."

"Because," said she, "they have not learned their lesson well, and must learn it over."

"Karmenia, my dear, what am I to do in this matter, as between my country and my duty, in my knowledge of the wrongs of taking life?" I asked again.

She replied: "Pray earnestly to God to be made to see the right, and I will be always near to help you and direct you what to do. But never wantonly take life, avoid it all you can; and if you must take life, try that you may not know it, and pray to be forgiven for it."

The above question was also asked on the battlefield of Malvern Hill, after the vision spoken of in the first chapter.

My beautiful Karmenia has appeared more beautiful, and has been my constant companion since the day of that memorable battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.

A short time after the battle of Malvern Hill, several of my comrades and myself were out on a scouting expedition. We were very hungry and on short rations, and in the enemy's country.

It was often in that country we would find lovely fields entirely surrounded by woods. In these concealed fields the inhabitants would hide their stock for fear it would be driven away.

Our scouting party ran across one of those fields which contained a number of plump cattle. One noble docile ox stood his ground in a friendly manner, casting kindly glances at us from his great brown eyes.

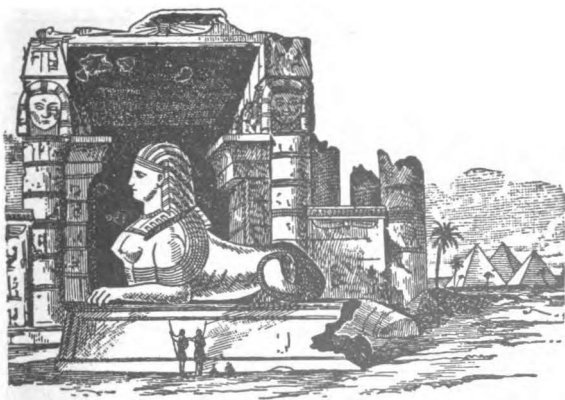
"Here is a chance for a good supper," said Comrade Sickles, and he raised his rifle, aimed at the animal's head and fired. But I threw out my hand and knocked the gun up and the bullet went wide of its mark. There was a general surprise all around. Karmenia laughed outright, and seemed very much pleased.

The animal actually expressed astonishment though he did not run away, and I almost fancied he thanked me.

Comrade Sickles seemed the most surprised as he blurted out: "What in h——l did you do that for?"

I answered: "Look into that animal's eyes and ask me what I did that for. Is he not expressing his thanks? Then think how little of his carcass could seven of us carry; and we destroy a man's team, his means of a living, even though he be an enemy. It would not help to close the war. But lay that aside; the saving of the life of that noble beast alone is reason enough. Look into those eyes, and tell me that you want to take his life, merely for our supper, when we will have plenty in camp in a short time."

All of the comrades walked up to the animal, which stood perfectly still, and received the petting they bestowed upon him, while laughing at the peculiar way his life was saved and at my sentimentality, and the comrades declared I was too sentimental for a soldier. No doubt it was my little plea for the animal's life that saved it and mollified the spirits of my companions, for the tears were streaming from my eyes, and my comrades expressed their sympathy in subdued voices and kindly words, and actually caressed the great docile ox which seemed to appreciate and understand it all.



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CHAPTER XV.

TWO INSTANCES OF SUDDEN MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT FORCE.

"Here the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the victims waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts that once heaved now forever are still."

—LORD BYRON.

Perhaps no regiment in the United States service during the unpleasantness of 1861 to 1865, was shifted around more or saw a greater variety of war experience than the Second Michigan Infantry. The first three years regiment into Washington. The first regiment to pass through Baltimore after the firing on the 6th Massachusetts by the plug uglies, now in the army of the Potomac under McDowell, then under McClellan, then under Pope; again under McClellan, then under Burnside. Now hastening away to Kentucky to drive out John Morgan, then flying away as fast as steam could carry us, over hundreds of miles by car and boat, to help Grant at Vicksburg. Now in hot pursuit of Johnson's forces, tearing up miles and miles of railroads, through the state of Mississippi, we are suddenly called back over mountain, plain and stream into Kentucky, thence to Tennessee and the memorable siege of Knoxville. Now by march by boat, and by rail we are hurried back to Washington to participate in Grant's great campaign which finally closes the war. Oh what volumes of experience comes up before me, at once, heroic, humorous and sad. But I must to my subject in hand.

Whenever a change of commanders took place a review of the army was necessary, and as the soldiers stood in line the general and his staff rode by while the soldiers were supposed to yell themselves hoarse in cheering him.

The 2nd Michigan Infantry was made up of militia companies from the small cities of Michigan. These were chiefly clerks, mechanics and small business men with a sprinkling of intelligent farmers and hunters and trappers who were patriotic and loved the military.

Consequently this was an unusually intelligent body of men, who were very liable to express their intelligence in an independent and striking manner.

Burnside took command of the Army of the Potomac, just after the battle of Antietam and commenced his forward movement at once, consequently there was no chance for a review until we encamped before Fredericksburg. Finally the review came by corps.

A review even of a corps is a stirring sight—the long line of troops drawn up into ranks, sergeants and corporals in their plaecs. The Captains and Lieutenants ten paces in front in line, the Colonel and colors still front of them. The General's staff with cavelry escort generally ride up from the left of the column to the right. The uniforms and equipments of officers and men must be as spick, span, clean and bright as it is possible to make them.

As the General and his escort passes each regiment the drums roll, the flags dip, the officers swing their swords and call out to their men to give three cheers for General ——— mentioning his name.

After our General Kearney was killed at Chantilly the 2nd Michigan Infantry was transferred from the 3rd to the 9th Army Corps, which was Burnside's old command, before being promoted to the command of the whole army.

Finally our time came for review and the 9th Corps stood in line. The 2nd Michigan was at the extreme right of the column. Burnside and staff came up from the extreme left of the line, with the usual roll of drums and dip of colors and the men of every regiment of his old corps cheering lustily. But when he reached the 2nd Michigan, the drums rolled, the flags dipped, the officers swung their swords and cried: "Three cheers for General Burnside," but not a voice was raised to cheer.

The General and staff rode on past the right and stopped. A staff officer was sent back to inquire what the trouble was. He asked the Colonel, "What is the matter with your regiment?" The Colonel replied, "I do not know, I have heard no complaint." He then rode along asking the line officers "What is the trouble with your men?" He got the same reply. He then asked Orderly Sergeants, but still receiving no satisfaction he got off from his horse and asked the first private soldier on the extreme right, "What is the matter with you, young man?"

The soldier replied, "There is nothing the matter with me, sir."

"Then why did you not cheer for General Burnside?" inquired the officer.

The reply was, "I came to fight, not yell my insides out for a man, until he shows himself worthy of it. We have been marching and fighting, yes, and yelling and getting whipped right along. This is a fighting regiment and we never slunk from our duty. Let Burnside win a battle, and we'll cheer him, and help him to win the battle." This question was asked of many men and the same reply received. Then the officer inquired if the men had talked it over among themselves and to his astonishment no two had spoken to each other about the matter. There could be no mutiny where no foreknowledge was manifest. The officer laughed and though somewhat dazed at the phenomena, returned to report.

In this case there was no preconcerted action, so far as could be ascertained; no two men even had agreed they would not cheer. The regiment had never refused to cheer before, and never refused to cheer afterward.

There may have been other instances of the kind, but the thoughtful man will ask what it was that caused this strange phenomena of a whole regiment of several hundred men thinking and acting spontaneously with one impulse.

I asked Karmenia the cause of this and she told me it was the spirit rehearsing its power in the control of many, or opening the way for greater events, which she will make plain at a later period.

Grant's mighty army had moved forward from Washington, crowding Lee's forces backward. We fought the terrible and bitter battle of the Wilderness, striking an impregnable obstacle and glancing off as it were, to rebound on Spotsylvania and gain some advantages, which were checked to some extent, and again checked on the banks of the North Ann, only to meet with a more desperate struggle at Cold Harbor. All day deep into the night of June 1st, 1864, the battle raged. It is said Grant, with his well-known bulldog tenacity, declared in a telegram to the President: "I have fought a bitter battle and lost ten thousand men. But I will take Cold Harbor if it costs the life of every man in my command."

The reporters were not permitted at the front at that time and were in Washington anxiously waiting for news. But such news to send to the weeping fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers of the boys in blue, was too harsh for the sympathetic, diplomatic Lincoln to permit publishing, so he told the reporters: "Grant says he will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It was Lincoln's wisdom and sympathy, but Grant got the credit for the saying.

Let us see how it came out.

The morning of June 2, 1864, the sun shone bright and beautiful. Grant's army was massed and ordered forward; the bugles sounded "Forward." But not a general could give a command! not a man moved.

Who was it, what was it, that influenced the best army the world had ever known to stop instantly and refuse to march on Lee's impregnable position where Grant's mighty army would have been destroyed?

For two years that ground had been fought over and the best blood of a nation poured out from both sides, and as everything, is thought, the blood of those slaughtered men cried up to the living: "Oh don't, don't, don't go into that hell of destruction!" And the army stood still, and a spirit of brotherly love arose from the souls of the boys of North and South and began to grow, and at the final defeat of the South the Southern boys were received with handshakes and joy, and fed by their victorious boys of the North, who had nothing but kind words to offer.

Grant's mighty army glanced off from Cold Harbor and moved around by the way of Petersburg, where the wise old General Benjamin F. Butler had warned Grant. If Richmond was ever to be taken, it must be taken from that direction. Yes, and every man of McClellan's forces two years before had agreed on the same thing.

Think of a whole army of a hundred thousand men acting as one man without a word of preconcerted action, and ask yourself if it was not the hand of destiny. Was this the greater event mentioned by Karmenia? But as we proceed she will explain all things.



OUT OF THE DARKNESS KARMENIA OFTEN AP-
PEARED TO ME.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EVENT AT THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride,
While the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf."

—LORD BYRON.

I had participated, with my regiment, in many a reconnoissance, skirmish and hard-fought battle, and had been on all kinds of dangerous duty, but so far, up to the battle of Spottsylvania I never knew for certain that I had killed a man. Though a fine rifle shot, known to be one of the best in the regiment, I never flinched my duty. But when so many are firing, it is seldom known who is an individual slayer, and it is well that it is so. For I do not think any man is ever happy afterward if he knows for certain he killed a man, even in battle where he is supposed to be doing his duty. But, oh God, we offend our brothers, and often kill our superiors for food.

The battle of Spottsylvania was fought May 12th, 1864. My term of enlistment would expire on the 25th, and on account of my peculiar feelings in the matter of killing, I determined not to re-enlist, believing I had done my duty, and there were plenty more who should have a chance to obtain military glory.

There were about a hundred of my regiment who had served faithfully, never had a furlough or been home, who did not re-enlist and were looking rather anxiously for the expiration of their term of service and a speedy return home.

Up from the burning forest and the gloom and terrors of that awful battle of the Wilderness, marching forward in rain and mud which followed the great battle, we finally took our position on the banks of the Poe river near Spottsylvania. Here we held a position at the bend of a horseshoe in the enemy's line, which our forces soon cut, capturing several thousand men and forcing toward us a number who were trying to escape, but they surrendered when they saw they were in a trap.

The Third Michigan Infantry with whom we had been brigaded during the first year of the war were among the troops driving the enemy toward us. As they came beating up the bush for prisoners and we recognized them, a great cheer went up.

One would think the battle was over for the day. But that was early in the morning, and a historical battle between two great armies does not mean these great armies come together in a death struggle and fight until one side or the other is defeated. These armies extend over many miles of country and a number of fierce engagements take place, far apart, yet they are generally known under the name of one great battle.

When my comrades greeted our old friends and comrades of the Third Michigan I noticed something very peculiar in the voices of my comrades, and I began looking into their faces, and then I knew we were about to enter into a fierce and deadly struggle, and that a number of my comrades would leave their bones to bleach on that battlefield.

These comrades also had a half conscious knowledge of that fact, which caused the changed tone of voice.

There was no longer any use for us in this position, and we were moved up in support of a battery of artillery, one of a number which held an important central position of our right wing. We had been lying in support of this battery for some time when all of our brigade, except my regiment, were ordered down in front, to charge some rifle pits just beyond a piece of woods. They, however, met an overwhelming force of the enemy who were preparing to charge the artillery to break the center. Our forces were pushed back into our own guns and the fight was one of the closest and fiercest I was ever engaged in.

As the enemy ran right over our forces and came almost close enough to touch our guns, we arose and fired upon them. As I arose to fire I noticed a very large man in a bright butter-nut suit. He held his gun across his breast as if to be able to use either end of it. I did not seem to notice anyone else, although I saw the line, but I raised my gun and at that short range I fired point blank at his breast. It is needless to say he went down. The enemy at once gave way before the deadly volley of that terrible regiment. Pardon me, dear reader, for speaking so of that regiment, but read the history. In civil life there were no better citizens but in battle they were devils incarnate, until their sympathies were aroused for the wounded, and then their hearts melted and they became as tender and sympathetic as a mother for a stricken child.

After the battle ceased I walked over the ground, a more terrible sight could hardly be imagined. I looked at the dead man I fired at. He was hit exactly where I aimed at him. Here was the evidence I had killed a man, there could be little doubt. What an awful thought!

Karmenia spoke to me. Said she: "Did I not tell you never to try to find out that you had killed a man? Now you must suffer a dreadful penalty for your weakness of giving way to curiosity."

How true was her assertion. I had seen the dead man's face. It could never be fully effaced from my memory and must ever be a burning horror in my thoughts until atoned for by some act of mine here on earth. True I always tried to console myself with the thought that others were firing; maybe it was not my bullet after all.

A few days after the battle I was walking with a comrade of the Eighth Michigan Infantry, and I made a trade with him for

an old brass watch. After I had the watch in my possession he told me where he got it. Said he: "I was one of the burial party after the battle, and I noticed a great big man in a new butternut suit; he was shot right through the breast. A black watch cord hung out of his pants pocket. I twisted my fingers in it and jerked it out of his pocket, but I did not want it, so I traded it to you."

"My God!" said I. "I shot that man. Here, take your watch."

"Oh no," said he, "I don't want it. I should think you would be glad to get it for a relic. You should not feel bad because you know you shot a man, for that is what you are here for."

Mechanically I put the watch in my pocket and carried it home, but it was unpleasant to me and I soon gave it away.

That dead man's face was a nightmare to me for thirty-two years, when it was wiped away in a very peculiar manner.

My motto in life is to reach down to those below me, and try to bring them up where I am, and to reach up to those above to be drawn up to them.

My business for many years was selling goods on weekly and monthly installments. This took me among all classes of people, and I often found myself called upon to assist some poor soul from degradation and shame to a higher level. This I sought to do without ostentation or public show; and I have often wondered whether or not I have not done more harm than good by helping to deprive people of an experience that nature had intended for them. I have generally found an expression of ingratitude for my labor and pains.

In 1896 I took an active part in the heated political campaign, though I did not run for office, or was I known in the movement further than as an agitator. Whether that had anything to do with the affair about to be related I do not know. But about that time I ran across a young woman about to be confined. She needed assistance and I helped her and she sold some books for me afterward and though she was not very fortunate I never regretted what I did for her. There was another case in a measure connected with this.

One evening the latter part of November of 1896 a woman called at my door and called for me. I recognized her as a widow woman and the mother of a young girl I had given some lessons in elocution two years before, when the child was 14 years of age. The lady requested that I call at her house next day, as she desired to have a talk with me. I called upon her the next day at the corner of Sixth and Michigan Ave. I found her living in some large, barren rooms, no carpets on the floor, a bed with a mattress and pillow, but no covering, a stove, a table and a couple of chairs. Her daughter, a girl now 16 years old, but very small for her age, was sitting there and by appearance soon to be confined. The mother said: "I came here from Chatham, Ont., Canada. My daughter was married there but at present we do not know where her husband is,

but we expect him here soon. My rent is due and my daughter is about to be confined and I cannot get out to work, and I wish to know if you will call on our landlord and ask him if he will let us stay until my daughter gets well and I can get work, and then I will pay him. I did not know of anyone else here to call upon and so came to you to see if you would help us."

Said I: "Your daughter should be taken to some hospital, where she can be taken care of."

"Yes," she replied, "but I do not know where to take her."

"Oh," said I, "in this great Christian city full of benevolent institutions there must be plenty of places that will gladly do the kindly act of taking her in."

Well, the next day I mounted my wheel and rode all day long from one place to another, but I found, at that time at least, our benevolent institutions were originated for the benefit of the originators, as a general thing, and were benevolent for what there was in it, and the person without funds found no help in them. Not one of them would take the girl in for less than \$5 per week. A member of the Woman's Christian Association said it was not their business to look after such cases, as they looked after the soul.

I told her to please read Luke VI:35, which says: "Love your enemies * * * do good * * * hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great."

Also Matthew XXIII:15: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

She blushed and told me I better go see a city physician. I did not need her advice for this.

I went back and gave the woman three dollars and told her to get someone to stay with the daughter a while and then go out and look for rooms, which she did, and found some good rooms in a brick building just off First on the alley. I had a quantity of quilts and blankets I had taken with returned goods, which I gave her to make her comfortable. I then told her how to apply to the poormaster for coal and provisions.

There was nothing certain as to their getting the city physician on time, as he was likely to be away elsewhere, and I was afraid the young woman would die in childbirth if not immediately helped, as she was such a small person.

So I told Dr. Gustin, close by, I would give him five dollars if he would wait on her if necessary, which he did, and he told me only for his promptness she and the child would surely have died. I have his receipt today.

I called several times to see how the mother and child were getting along, or to carry something I thought would help to make them more comfortable.

They had shown me the baby, but I paid no attention to it until the grandmother said one day: "Here is something

strange, for a child so young. Every time you come in that door this baby tries to turn and look at you, and just see how it grows."

I turned and looked at the baby. "My God! Was I going crazy?" In that baby's face I saw the dead man on the battlefield of Spottsylvania 32 years before.

Can soul talk to soul? If so the man was speaking to me, and Karmania told me my nightmare was at an end. I had taken a life and I had given it back, for without my aid the mother and child would have died before proper help could have arrived. But I must still suffer to some extent.

Some weeks after the last event spoken of, two young men called at my office and said they wished to see me.

"Well, what is it," said I.

"Well, Mr. Stowe," said one of them, "there is a little scandal about you we would like to inquire into."

"About me?" said I in astonishment.

"Yes, it is reported there are two beautiful young girls, mothers, not wives, and you are responsible."

"Well," said I, "why did you not pursue your investigations where you first got your information?"

"The parties who gave us the information knew no more and the other parties have moved and you are reported as having assisted them to move."

"Well," said I, "stop right where you are. Here is the address of the parties. You go and gather all the information you want right from headquarters." But instead of going near the people they published a scandal charging me with the horrible crime of adultery. The paper was a slanderous, irresponsible sheet, so it was best to pay no attention to it. But for doing an act of mercy and charity I was slanderously punished, and Karmania says it is the end of my punishment for seeking to know I killed a man even in duty. I have often, when agitated, spoken harshly against wrongs and wrong systems and supporters of those systems, and I suppose I would fight desperately in defense of myself and family or innocent ones, but I pray to God I may never be called upon to do so, for, dear reader, it is a dreadful thing to take life, even when duty calls on one to do so.



CHAPTER XVII.

A STRANGE OCCULT EXPERIENCE.

"Gold breaks through every sacred tie,
And bids a friend, or brother, die;
The fruitful source of kindred strife
Gold would not spare a parent's life.
Long wars and murders, crimes untold
All spring from cursed thirst for gold."

Anac, Carm: 46:

It was Sept. 25th, 1890, I first met Comrade Wm. Means, and learned he was a medium of unusual powers. He wished me to help him gather friends for a spiritual seance, which I did at Comrade Thurston's house, on first street just south of Michigan Ave., Detroit. Mich.

There were present 21 strong believers in spirit return.

We were to get spirit messages and spirit drawn pictures under the best test conditions possible, through the mediumship of Comrade Means. We sat in a circle with Comrade Means facing the south. I sat on his right side holding his right hand, Lawyer Edward S. Grece held his left hand. There was a small table in the center of the circle, this would be far from the reach of the medium.

The medium was thoroughly searched for papers of any kind. We procured a pad of papers and placed on the table where it would be out of reach of the medium, were he so disposed, as to wish to take it. We sat in this circle for an hour in the dark and then the lights were turned on and each man had a message from the spirit world. Every one was satisfied.

While every one of the papers contained something startling my own paper was the wonder of the lot, and covered with the most elaborate figures and message of them all. It bears the figures of seven faces. In the upper right hand corner are the initial letters OM, which stand for old man of the mountains. In the lower left hand corner are the letters "Abe," which stand for the spirit artist who did the work. In the right hand lower corner are the initial letters H. C. Above these letters and between the faces is a panel an inch in width and six inches long. On the left hand end is a shaded figure giving the symbol of the ancient society of the Magi, of which I was a member.

The background to this figure looks as though it might be done with a pencil, but on examination it is seen it could not have been done with a pencil, and so far no person can tell me how it was done, or what it was done with, but every one of these 21 messages were drawn on papers we furnished with our stamp cut in the right hand upper corner. I can only give a faint idea of the work in my book, an etching of a drawing of the original. See picture and description

Here is the message:

"Words to our brother in the work—greeting.
 "Yes, success is yours—Recognize your
 Band—be led by your impressions
 when direct instructions are not given—
 100,000,000X00 For the truth, The Band—Y
 930 Y, 817—Y, 751."

Some of the figures I must not reveal and some I could not. But I will say to the world—the light of truth will soon dawn upon you and “A new heaven and a new earth will open to you as the sun traverses the sign Aquarius in the great zodiac.”

Karmenia says these are co-workers in the ancient temples and caves, some of which were in Scotland and Ireland and vicinity and some farther east, and to the society to which I was a member over 6000 years ago, and afterward re-incarnated into a body known as Daniel. Let the reader draw his own conclusion, say spiriti impressions.

That received by Henry Clay Hodges, Detroit's grand old millionaire citizen, was from the spirit of ex-Governor Bagley, and read as follows: “Henry Clay Hodges, greeting: There is no cheap ‘May Flowers’ in this.—John J. Bagley.” It should be remembered Mr. Bagley originated the fine cut tobacco of that name.

The other messages were common place except my own, which is presented at the head of this article, and was the most elaborate of the lot, and represents a band of men who originated the “Brotherhood of Light” 6,000 years ago.

Their descendants became the Sun Worshipers, or theology band upon astrology. Up to this point the rights of man and just government, with equal rights to all, was the purpose of all organized bodies; yet these bodies recognized a Divine Originator and Ruler, but had not fallen so far away from the spiritual, and justice, as to need teachers of wisdom alone.

They recognized in the law of the survival of the fittest, that all is one, that God and man, or the lower order of being, must be a part of the higher order of being, as one thing lives off of another, as the following poem, "Survival of the Fittest," borrowed from my "Poetical Drifts of Thought," will show.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

You are at it again, I see, my boy?
 Whenever this way I pass,
 You have a flower or an insect or two,
 And a magnifying glass.

What do you find to interest you so,
 Or what conclusions draw
 From the petals of a flower so small,
 Or the half of an insect's paw?

Halloo! Frank. 'I'm studying nature's book,
 And it fills my soul with awe,
 When I think of man and these little things,
 And I a comparison draw.

Man boasts of his wonderful powers,
 And prates about heaven and hell,
 And says he has an immortal soul
 In another world to dwell.

For his wanton destruction of animal life,
 Man offers this weak excuse:
 He says God made the world for him,
 And all other things for his use.

Now, whether or not this may be so,
 I'm sure I cannot tell;
 If God made man and made the world,
 He made nature's laws as well.

And now, dear Frank, attention give,
 And I'll prove (if your head is level),
 That a more terrible law could never've been made,
 Even if made by the Devil!

The air we breathe, and the water we drink
 Are filled with animal life,
 And nature's laws have decreed it so,
 That they are in a continual strife.

And their aim and purpose in this life—
 In this world seems to be—
 Like man, and all other animals,
 Is to preserve their identity.

Just watch them close as they skip about
 In an apparent sportive mood.
 Take this stronger glass, and then you will see
 They devour each other for food.

The stronger live on the weaker,
 You can see with your naked eye—
 Now you can lay your glass aside
 And see the spider pounce on the fly!

As the spider feasts on his dainty dish,
 Or on a drop of blood doth sup—
 That the spider may live another day,
 The fly must his life give up!

Before Mr. Spider doth reach his lair,
 Alongside of that rotten log,
 He, in turn, becomes the prey
 Of the chameleon or the frog.



The frog has scarcely finished his meal,
 When, swifter than the wind,
 The swift-winged hawk came soaring down,
 And on his frogship dined.

Before the hawk had picked the bones,
 And had time to soar away,
 The soft-footed fox came up behind,
 And the hawk was Renard's prey.

Renard had scarcely finished the hawk,
 And his dainty chops had licked,
 When a hungry bear espied the fox,
 And Renard's bones he picked.

Now, who should next come on the field,
 Imagine it, if you can,
 Why, the crack of a rifle told the tale,
 And Bruin became food for man.

All suffer and die, that another may live,
 The world is filled with pain and sorrow,
 Even the ox is slaughtered to-day,
 That you may have your dinner to-morrow.

And man, in turn, lives off of man,
 And he's in a continual strife,
 They jostle and crowd each other about,
 In this terrible battle of life.

And when man dies, and passes away,
 And his body lies under the sod,
 Who can tell but his soul flies up
 To become food for a mighty God!!



Yet with all of this, there could be no real death; consequently there must be a right to the least that should be respected by the greatest.

He also recognized the fact that we came to this earth naked and bare, with nothing to live for but sorrow and care. We die, we go to we know not where. But if we do right here we will be right there.

As these lines are schooled into us, there can be no such thing as a lost soul. But, the progress a man may have may be measured by his conduct here, as he builds into his spiritual body. The Sons of Light recognized this, hence a religion of another world cut no figure with them, unless their conduct in this world warranted it. Therefore they never feared God.

"The natural law of the survival of the fittest" was created to help man to overcome self—to build a perfect kingdom—and to assist in perfect government. The Bible and all organizations were originated to work to that end.

The words Karmenia is speaking to me is "Come out of them, O! my people," Rev. XVII:4. "And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

I ask her why and she shows me the churches and the big cities, and they are filled with turmoil, yet I see others, in a glorious light, and they carry banners which bear the words—

"To make good Christians and save the world from the curse of human selfishness, that the spirit and the body may dwell together in harmony, force equality, before the law, mercy and justice on earth. 'Peace and good will to men.'"

This is called socialism.

I am also told I am a messenger to call the unseen brotherhood to the help of the brothers here; and woe to those who persecute the honest spirit-ulaists, clairvoyants and astrologers. Also woe to the fakes who impose upon the public in the name of the occults for money. Yet "The laborer is worthy of his hire" and all may fail at times.

The Bible tells us God hated kingdoms and brought the Jews up under the judges, and the judges sold themselves for filthy lucre, and the people cried, "Give us a king, oh! Lord!" God replied, "I will give you a king, but this is the kind of a king you will get: he will take your sons and your daughters, your lands and your vineyards and the best of all you've got," and they've always been doing it and intriguing against each other and trying to enslave the masses into bonded slavery, just as they are doing today.

Karmenia says their time is up, as the sun was passing through the sign Pisces ruled by the God of Wealth. The wars and intrigues they are in today will prove their last.

The dishonest wealthy class got into the Order of the Suns of Light, and the Magi and the Masons and Churches, for the express purpose

of corrupting them, and it is silly today to set up the cry that this organization or that organization is not out for money, and in the next breath to tell you where you can purchase printed matter on the subject at so much per dime.

It is true the Sons of Light are being reorganized to retain freedom. They have no more fears for the future life than did "Low," the poor Indian who was beset by a score of missionaries, all ready to send him to hell unless he joined their particular creed. At length, upon his deathbed, he was approached by all and asked which church he would embrace. He replied, "It seems I will be damned if I do and I will be damned if I don't join some church; so I will remain contented with my belief in a happy hunting ground, and I will ask you to place on my tombstone these words:

"Here lies poor Johnny Knokumtod,
Have mercy on his soul, Oh God!
He would on you if he were God,
And you poor Johnny Knokumtod."

The present war is being fought by unseen forces to a far greater extent than by the visible forces, and interest on money is the bone of contention, which ever side fights against interest that Christ is with and must win.

CHAPTER XVIII.

-A Trip to the Asteroids.

By Prof. Lyman E. Stowe, Detroit, Mich.

First appeared in the Lutz Express, Pa., Aug. 26th, 1904.

KARMENIA TAKES ME ON A TRIP TO THE ASTEROIDS, AND WHILE ON THE WAY EXPLAINS TO ME A PORTION OF GOD'S PLAN.

"All are parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul."

—Pope.

"Good morning, Professor."

"Good morning, Doctor."

This was the salutation that took place in my office, 8 a. m., February 16, 1904. The following is a report of the conversation between Dr. Barnes and myself, at the time and place above mentioned, as recorded by my stenographer, as the words fell from our lips, and at her earnest solicitation was published in this work.

I should state here, however, for the benefit of the reader, I am a retired business man, and a professor of Astrology and student of Occult Science, in all of its branches.

Doctor Barnes is a neighbor, who frequently calls for a few minutes' chat, as he is also an investigator of Occult wonders.

Dr.—“Well, Professor, you look somewhat perplexed and worried as if you just came in from a journey or have been at work all night. What is troubling your mind now?”

Prof.—“Yes, I have been on a long journey. As to work I should say I have worked, if climbing mountains and delving through subterranean passages, amid fire and rock and slime and ooze, can be called work.”

Dr.—“You must have been on a long journey, if you have visited mountains, since there is not a hill four hundred feet high within two hundred miles of Detroit. I guess you have had another trip with Karmenia, and what planet have you been exploring this time? But before you answer that I wish to ask when you first commenced the investigation of Occult Science, and where you first made the acquaintance of this beautiful celestial maiden Karmenia?”

Prof.—“Oh! That is a long story. But suffice it to say I was born an investigator, and commenced my investigation immediately after I received my bath and a suit of clothes befitting my new station in life.”

Dr.—“May I ask what you commenced to investigate so early in life?”

Prof.—“I began investigating the realms of food land. My mother said I was born hungry and began an immediate search for something to satisfy my appetite.”

Dr.—“What a change has come over you! You never seem to hunger now, unless it is for knowledge, for I can always find you poring over

some book or delving with some chemical experiment or mystical problem. If reincarnation is a truth, in a former life you must have been an alchemist."

Prof.—"Yes, I now eat to live. My hunger is now, and has been for many years, a hunger for knowledge. In fact, it was this hunger for knowledge that brought my introduction to Karma."

"It was away back in the '80's, from a cold, hopeless materialist, that I became a student of Theology, and while trying to define the line between spirit and matter I began the search for the seat of the immortal soul. I soon found if I made any progress I must take up the study of anatomy and chemistry, so at the age of 40 I joined a class of students and became a delver in the mysteries of theoretical and demonstrative chemistry."

Dr.—"For what?"

Prof.—"For the one purpose of analyzing man to find the seat of the soul."

Dr.—"Did you not feel afraid to pry into the mysteries of God?"

Prof.—"Afraid! Of what should I be afraid? Do not the Scriptures tell us: 'Of all of thy gettings, get wisdom, get understanding?' How am I to get wisdom if I am to fear investigation? Had everybody feared to investigate the world would still be in barbaric darkness."

"Well, one morning, while in my sanctum sanctorium I had been foiled in producing a hoped-for result with a chemical experiment, and

the perplexity of the situation led me into the realms of metaphysical philosophy, and I had surrounded myself with piles of books, from which I was trying to extract some desired information when the thought dawned upon me. Ye Gods what a field of wonder. Like a child whose stomach is satisfied, but whose appetite is not, he cries because he cannot eat more of the good things before him. I wept because I found life too short to master even a few of those great volumes before me, much less the mysteries of the universe.

"I fancied I heard a rustling of draperies beside me. I looked up and beheld the most beautiful creature that God ever conceived of. But, pshaw, has not this beautiful being come to me frequently from childhood, and each time she comes she looks more beautiful than ever before. But it was at this time she seemed more dear to me and more necessary to my life and being than at any other time since I met her, and so it is at this point I will introduce her to you."

Dr.—"Will you describe her?"

Prof—"Oh, God! Man, what do you ask? I describe her! I, who have a loving wife I have lived with for forty years, and children grown and fair, I love as my own life. I, who love everything on God's footstool. How can I describe this beautiful one that seems to be filling my whole being with love infinite. No! I will let the description of such a glorious one dwell in the imagination of those whose fancy may lead to a certain type of beauty."

Karmenia extended her hand and said:

"Oh! My beloved, why dost thou weep and ponder over these great volumes; dost thou not know that true wisdom cannot be found in books? Were you to master them all, your mind would only be a reservoir filled with other men's thoughts. Weep not that your life is too short, for the Father, who never made anything in vain, never allows a thing to be lost in the laboratory of nature, will not let your experience be lost or shut up, but he gives you many lives wherein to extend your experiences and gain greater knowledge, than all these volumes contain. So come with me and get your knowledge from the fountain head. Go to your room and leave your body and we will read nature's books among the stars and planets.

Prof.—"Karmenia led the way and after reposing my body upon the bed we went forth into space, visiting planets, suns, systems, whose distance is so far from earth it is inconceivable to the ordinary mind, hampered in this body of flesh."

Dr.—"Professor, by what means did you travel?"

Prof.—"We first gently floated away on currents of air until we reached the upper strata, and then flew along at about forty miles an hour, while looking down at the receding landscape of our earth. We soon passed out of that vision and then took the electric currents to the Moon. After leaving the Moon we boarded a ray of light to visit the Sun, as you know a ray of light coming from the Sun travels nearly two hundred

thousand miles per second, or is eight minutes coming from the Sun, a ray of light going back from Earth to the Sun moves much slower, on account of the friction of the greater current coming from the Sun.

“When we came to visit stars so remote that it has taken millions of years for their light to reach us, traveling at the enormous speed of 190,000 miles per second, it was altogether too slow travel for us, so in such cases we used the wings of thought. In fact, to witness the wonders of these vast bodies we were compelled to keep the wings of thought about us all of the time. Karmenia being equal to the occasion, assisted my dull imagination to comprehend the wonders we beheld. In fact, she has explained life, where we came from, what we are here for, and where we are going to, and it is assigned to me to give this to the world. So I shall relate the stories of my experience from time to time. How we were frequently born on certain heavenly bodies and lived out long lives there, and then returned to find we had been away from earth but a few short hours.”

Dr.—“No doubt that would be very interesting, but I would like to hear about your trip last night.”

Prof.—“O! Last night I retired a little earlier than usual, but could not sleep, when Karmenia came to me, saying she was ready to visit the Astroides, and as we were in no hurry to get there she began a conversation thus:

“My Dear Beloved, you know I have taught you that thoughts are things, that there is noth-

ing in the universe but thought or God. In fact there is no room for anything but God. As "A house divided against itself cannot stand," there is no room for a devil, but good and evil are opposing principles, or, in other words, evil is unfinished good, so it may as well be called devil as by any other name. I wish you to understand that mind and matter are one and the same thing. Mind could not express itself without something to express on, neither can something be nothing. As all matter is divisible into atoms and the atoms are on various planes of vibration and each individual atom a thinker, mind is always the higher vibration expressing themselves on the atoms in the lower plane of vibration. Your soul is one of these atoms, your spirit body, the Kingdom of the soul, made up of these atoms attracted to it. The physical body, the souls on a lower vibration. These you are educating and drawing from to build greater your spiritual body, as you labor to raise their vibrations. Just as God is everything, the Sun a part of God, the Earth a part of the Sun, you are a part of the Earth, and once a part of your mother so is one body a part of another throughout the Universe and all is one. So there are worlds and worlds within worlds, and 'There is nothing new under the Sun.' But what I wish to impress upon you is the oneness of our Solar system. That Astrology is the basis of all religion, that the Sun worship is the oldest form of worship. Our Christian religion is a shadow of Sun worship. The ancient Astrologers worshipped the Sun God as a representa-

tive of the real God. As every sign of the Zodiac gives to the person born under it his characteristics, and nature man was said to be made in the likeness and image of his Creator. Now we must remember that there are 12 signs of the Zodiac, Capricorn running from December 22nd to January 20th.

"In ancient times when mankind knew not how to preserve and store food for winter as now, the winter was a terror, a period to be dreaded. They could not help but see that Sun was the life-giver, and they prayed for his return, and looked for his return for the salvation of men, so at the winter Solistic when the three days are of the same length, the Sun God entered, a new birth, was resurrected and rejoiced. In 30 days the Sun entered the sign Aquarius, the water-bearer—Baptismo. Remember with an Astrologer a day stands for a year, and Christ was baptized at the age of 30 years. After Christ's Baptism he took his disciples from among the fishermen. This is the type of the Sun passing from Aquarius into Pisces, the sign of the fishes.

"Jesus then became the Good Shepherd of the flock in type of the Sun advancing into the sign of the lamb Aries, March 21st to April 19th. Christ now entered into the work of salvation of man, and the Sun God enters into the work of the salvation of men, through warming the earth, from April 19th to May 20th, called Taurus, represented by the bull which was worshipped because it represented agriculture, or seed time.

"Then comes Gemini, the twins, May 20th to June 21st, standing for increase. Now comes Cancer the Crab. This typifies the backslider, or vegetation retreating back into the earth on account of the summer droughts.

"Next comes the much talked of harvest, in the Christian world. The Sun enters the hot sign Leo, the Lion, intense heat, a harvest month. This is from July 22nd to August 23rd.

"August 23rd to September 23rd the Sun transits Virgo, the Virgin, where our Christian friends sup to the vestal virgin.

"We have now reached Libra, September 23rd to October 23rd, symbolized by the balance which typifies the settling up of the affairs of the year, or which stands for judgment day.

"The Sun now entered the malignant signs Scorpio and Sagittarius, the first of winter, where the Sun has lost all power at his weakest point. He is crucified between the two heavenly thieves, Scorpio, symbolized by the Scorpion, October 23rd to November 22nd, and Sagittarius, symbolized by the Archer, November 22nd to December 22nd.

"These were called the two heavenly thieves because they had stolen the power of the Sun. But one of them, Sagittarius, repented, the repentent thief, because at the last degree he gives up and the Sun is reborn. Thus we see the Sun God is crucified the same as the Sun of God, and he descends into hades for three days, the three days of even length, before the resurrection of the new Sun God.

“Notice here the supposed birthday of Christ comes on the 25th day of December, the same day the Sun God is born for the new year and when the days begin to lengthen.

There is one more simile to be noticed, and that is, Christ was betrayed. The Sun God was betrayed in this way. The ancients saw that every year the Sun retreated to the south, and cold and bitter winter followed, notwithstanding all of their prayers and sacrifices. This caused them to look into the heavens for a cause. They saw every fall as the Sun retreated to the south it was followed by a great array of stars coming above the horizon and seeming to follow the Sun. They noticed these heavenly bodies could not be seen at any other time of year. They also noticed a beautiful star in the east in the spring and summer months. This was Venus, which they called Lucifer or light-bearer. But in the fall months they noticed this beautiful star had disappeared from the east and appeared in the west at the head of the array of heavenly bodies they named the dragon, so they wrote:

“‘Art thou fallen from heaven, Oh! Lucifer, Star of the Morning?’ This is the story of war in heaven.

“It is here manifest the story of the Christian religion is enacted by the Sun and stars, every year. But the masses could not understand this great science, so a man, Christ, is sent with a story in allegory as a type to aid in their understanding of the great celestiac principle. But much of this has been lost sight of.

Another phase of the story is just as Christ had his 12 disciples so has the Sun his 12 satellite. Most Astronomers would scoff at this, but it would not be the first time scientists have ridiculed an idea advanced by someone not of their exclusive class and then been compelled to acknowledge their error. But, my beloved, I will name these satellites. They are: 1st, Vulcan; 2nd, Mercury; 3rd, Venues; 4th, Earth; 5th, Mars; 6th, Astroides; 7th, a dark planet between Astroides and Jupiter; 8th, Jupiter; 9th, Saturn; 10th, Uranus; 11th, Neptune; 12th, Celestia. Celestia is a planet not yet discovered but will be rediscovered in 1953.

"I know you would ask me how the ancients could know of these planets when they had no telescopes? I will answer you by telling you the planet Uranus was discovered first by noticing the erratic motion of Saturn, and then by the use of mathematics their positions were determined. We must remember that in over two thousand years the wisdom of man has not been able to add to or disprove one proposition of Euclid. Why? Because mathematics is divine.

"I must also call your attention to the fact that there has been on earth a higher state of civilization than you now have, and you have not one scientific discovery or mechanical invention that was not known on earth thousands and thousands of years ago. At the south pole it never stops snowing and never thaws; thus the snow and ice are piling up higher and higher until eventually it must topple over and deluge the

world in a tidal wave. This occurs every 13,000 years, and every 26,000 years all civilization is blotted out and the earth is renewed. This is caused by the Sun in making his circuit in the great Zodiac.

The Astroides were once a planet which was broken up into hundreds of fragments caused by internal convulsions. This represented Judas Iscariot, who committed suicide, and so destroyed his right as an individual influence in the Godhead of planets.

"It is Ceries, the largest one of these bodies, we call on this time.

"All aboard."

"This cry called our attention to the fact that we had reached our destination, also that this little fragment of a planet is inhabited by people much like ourselves and who speak the English language. In fact every heavenly body, great or small, is inhabited, as everything is mind, composed of individual atoms all bent on forming organisms fitted to their conditions and environment. But as these conditions are continually changing to a higher order, these organisms are continually struggling to improve their organisms.

"When you consider that nature never repeats herself exactly, never makes two things just alike, you will understand we can never find two planets, or two places on one planet, just alike.

"If you will take into consideration that the planet Ceries is only 1600 miles in diameter or but

4800 miles in circumference, against the 8000 miles diameter and 25,000 miles circumference of the earth, and that it is three times the distance from the Sun that the Earth is, you will readily see the conditions are far different from those of the Earth. Then again the Sun should appear to Ceries but one-third the size it does to us. While the fact is, it appears larger and gives greater heat and light. We know it is the density of our atmosphere that the Sun's rays pass through which gives us our heat and light, because above our atmosphere it is very cold and the Sun appears to the observer of a pale, sickly hue.

"The breaking up of the great planet Iscariot into small bodies surrounded those bodies with a nebula of dust and atmosphere, which the Sun's rays and the rays of Jupiter illuminate and heat so there is eternal day on Ceries; yet this is modified by the motion of the planet, to the extent of giving it periods corresponding to our night and day and to our seasons, and this is the only one of the hundreds of asteroids so situated as they all differ somewhat.

"We found just about the same difference between the habits and customs of the people of Ceries and the United States that we find between the States of the far north and far south, except that the people of Ceries resemble the people of the middle states, and are further advanced in civilization than the people anywhere on Earth. Commerce, hotels, railroads, electric lines. In fact we had landed near a depot and it was the cry of a buss driver that had attracted our atten-

tion and assured us we had arrived at our destination.

"We entered the buss and were carried to City Hotel No. 39. How Karmenia satisfied the buss driver I do not know. But I learned the name of the city is New Jerusalem. It sits on the shore of a beautiful body of water called the Sea of Azod.

"The planet being on so small a scale, of course the land, the sea and the mountains are on a correspondingly small scale, and being surrounded as it is by this luminous matter the temperature is very even over the whole planet, no higher or lower at either pole or equator.

"The seasons change, as it changes its relative positions to its sister Asteroids.

"The population is dense, though evenly distributed over the whole planet.

"New Jerusalem, as it is called, is the capitol city of this little world. This city is so called because it is a perfect city. Every inhabitant was once an inhabitant of our Earth who loved justice more than wealth, who banished every particle of selfishness and hatred while on the Earth or after leaving this earth and dwelling on Mars for a time.

"Karmenia introduced me to the Mayor, and he to other officials.

"The Mayor asked me to name the wishes nearest my heart. I replied that I would like to know all about their customs and mode of government."

Said he, "That is quickly told. All power is vested in the people. They initiate all laws and rules, and all matters of government are referred

back to them to be voted upon at our annual elections, so we have no superfluous laws to become a dead letter."

"But," said I, "You must have executive officers, an army and navy." He laughed heartily as he said:

"For what do we want of an army and navy? Since our nearest neighbor is thousands of miles away, and inaccessible to our air ships for any considerable commercial intercourse and we have no rivalry among our districts, for of course we are divided into districts for executive and commercial purposes."

"Well," I replied, "you have certainly escaped great evils in that direction."

Said he: "A few years ago we had a number of politicians sent to us from Earth, but as our Astrologers know the nature of people who come to us, before they are born into this world, these people were watched and as soon as they developed a desire to devise means for the conquest of Pallis, our largest neighbor, they were sent to Mars, the God of War, where they had war to their satisfaction. When they returned they were as meek as the rest of us."

I asked, "Could not these people be taught the evils of war without sending them back to Mars?"

"No," he replied. "In the economy of God, experience is the only teacher. On your earth such things are covered up, not cured, and your earth is a world of hypocrisy. We must travel from planet to planet to obtain experience to enjoy more because we know more."

Said I, "It is now clear to me what Christ meant when he said 'In my father's house there are many mansions.'"

"Exactly," said he. "You can now see why we have no strife here. Those who desire strife or express great selfishness are immediately put into an asylum where they can harm no one until it is their time for a change of planets."

"You of course have a legal, a judiciary and a police system, have you not?"

"Emphatically, No Sir," he replied.

"Having come from Zenda your Earth, we know too well your false systems. For we forget nothing of our former lives when born here, and I remember too well your 60,000 Judges, in the United States, from Justice court to Supreme bench. All receiving from fifteen hundred to ten thousand dollars per year. Then each court must have at least two, sometimes five or six attaches or high paid clerks, stenographers or other officials. Then each are attended by from two to a dozen lawyers, and these are a class of men from which Judges must emanate, and you know that the idea is so prevalent that an honest lawyer does not live, because his very business makes him dishonest, that a professor of a law college when asked if he thought it was possible for a lawyer to live and be honest, replied:

"Yes, if he don't practice law."

"Now add to this large body of men your constable and police force, and you have an army of millions of men, all non-producers, all drawing better pay than the real producer and some draw-

ing enormous salaries, many times greater than they could earn at anything else. If this were not so they would not seek these positions, often at great cost and risk of loss if they do not get the office. Even in this class the man who does the most work, or risks his life, receives the smallest pay.

"With all of this taxation upon the real producer you cannot win a suit against a great corporation or convict a rich man, or if on rare occasions you convict a man of money, his pardon will soon be secured, and for the short time he is in prison he lives in luxury, not on the fare of a poor man who was driven, by hunger, to steal a loaf of bread. There is absolutely no protection for the poor man. No justice for the people who are so heavily taxed to keep up this false system. Even if the rich are taxed, every dollar of wealth must first be produced by labor.

"It is a common expression on your streets, 'We have plenty of law but no justice.' Is it any wonder one of your greatest statesmen (Thomas Jefferson) said, 'The seeds of national dissolution will be found in your Judiciary system.' You are taxed to support colleges to educate a class of people who set themselves up for your masters, who vote themselves privileges, tyrannize over you. They get these privileges not because of their wisdom but because of their selfishness and gall."

I had to admit all he said was too true, for I remember how I had been robbed of \$500 by wrongs perpetrated by a Court of Equity. And

I asked to be further informed concerning the system of governing Ceries. Said he: "In the first place we do not consider one man of any more value than another, but believe what your Bible teaches you that 'To him to whom much is given much will be required of him.'

"You treat your horses with more consideration, in this respect, than you treat your men. You give the small horse the long end of the evener, thus putting the bulk of the load on the large and strong horse, while with your men you put the burdens of life on the poor and the weak, and to the powerful and strong, short hours and light labor are given; you vote them enormous and unreasonable salaries, for their questionable services.

"If it were not for their great selfishness they would not seek it. You honor such people. We place them in asylums as a class dangerous to the interests of the commonwealth.

"As I said before, here all legislation emanates from the people and is voted on by the people. Our laws are few and simple, and any man who willfully breaks them, is immediately confined in an asylum, where he is carefully looked after. But here let me state we have very little to incite men to commit crime. All manufacturing and commercial or business enterprise is conducted by the state. We have a just distribution of the products of labor. There can be no interest on money or bonded robbery, no profits in rents to build up a powerful privilege and leisure class to rule over the weak and enslaves the masses.

"If a man is physically great and needs more food and clothing than his physically weak brother he gets it just as you give your big horse more than you do your little horse. If he be mentally strong and requires more favorable conditions to expand his forces he is given the opportunity, but both are required to return an equivalent to the state.

"As no man here is allowed to work for wages more than four hours per day no serious task can be placed upon any one. So where there is no great advantage to be gained there is no incentive to crime. We have no paupers, no criminals, no poor houses, no prisons except asylums, and one who loses his liberty of participation in our commonwealth by being sent to an asylum, if he ever gains his freedom, it is never necessary to send him to an asylum again."

"For all of that men have passions, jealousies and differences in opinions which cause overt acts, which favorable system can hardly overcome," I cried.

"Yes," he replied. "And we have simple laws to govern such matters and a few chosen men to execute the laws, whose only remuneration above the wage worker is the honor his position gives him."

"You have no inducements to invention or elevation of man?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "Such get honorable records and early retirement from all public work except what their inclinations lead them. Can your rich men whose system, which makes pau-

pers and criminals, slaves and cruel taskmasters, ever get more than a little honor and leisure, which is bought with sorrow, blood and crimes, bringing to them as much hatred as honor?"

"Would to God we had such a system on earth," I said.

He answered: "Our Astrologers tell us it is about to come to you for a time, but not until after terrible wars about to take place when the people will tire of fighting for the benefit of rich men while they get merely the crumbs from the table. The people will turn upon their wealthy masters worse than your Paris commune of 1798, and commercial and bonded slavery will go the way of chattel slavery, and righteous government of and by the people will reign for a thousand years, and then?"

There were many more things I would have liked to speak of, but Karmenia came in and cried:

"Come, beloved, ring off, we must go on with our exploring and return to Earth. You can learn more of the systems and customs of these people at some other time."

So I bid the Mayor good-bye and we went on with our explorations above and below the Earth of Ceries. But this story must be left for some future time.

After a long and tiresome journey Karmenia and I put on our wings of thought and swiftly returned to Earth.

CHAPTER XIX.

Was This an Evidence of a Former Life; If Not,
What Was It?

"Is this reincarnation?

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you."—St. Matthew, VII; 1-2.

"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs; neither cast your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."—St. Matthew, VII; 6.

In 1906 I had a class of occult students developing psychic powers, clair voyancy, psychometric readings and other branches of occult studies.

Among this group of young ladies was a Miss ———, a beautiful and accomplished young Scotch girl. She was a stenographer and shorthand writer and her duties gave her plenty of time for study along the lines she most liked. She was a full-fledged spiritualist with inclinations toward theosophy; with her permission I am telling this story.

With the spring of 1907, my class had finished its winter course and broken up for the spring.

One pleasant spring afternoon Neta came in somewhat frustrated and cried, "Oh, Mr. Stowe, I have come for help."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, the firm I worked for has sold out, I have lost my situation. I have no money ahead and I do not know what I am going to do."

She had a good voice and at that time restaurant keepers were employing singers to entertain their customers while eating their dinners. "And suppose," I suggested, "You give that a trial while you are trying to get a new situation as a stenographer."

She did so, but soon found her voice too weak, and she appealed to me again for help, and begged me to unloose my clairvoyant powers and take a look ahead for her. This I did with the following results, which I gave in the following manner:

"Neta, I see you stopping at a hotel dinner table, where you meet a gentleman, who seems to be a pretty decent sort of a man, pretty well thought of, yet full of trouble. He will take a liking for you and offer marriage, and I believe it would be the best thing you could do to accept him."

"What is his business," she inquired.

"He has a farm, or ranch they call it in California, where he raises blooded stock and he travels to the race courses, where he sells it, and lingers and sells other horses.

"By the way, I begin to see his home. He has a wife and four children, and yet he has no wife; there never was a marriage, yet they lived together, and raised four children, until another man took her and the children and left Mr. H., and he could do nothing, as there never was a marriage, and I believe he will commit suicide unless something happens to take his attention, and that right soon. I think that something else

will be his meeting you."

Here she burst out: "Oh, Mr. Stowe; would you have me marry a man who already has a wife and children?"

I replied: "He is no worse off than you are; both of you are in nearly the same unfortunate position."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed with an apparent shock.

"Well," said I, "you are a young Scotch girl, born in London, England. You were sent to Rome to be educated. While at school there a young German came along and married you, and he had no right to marry you, as he had a wife. He married her for her wealth. She married him for his manly beauty, and he had certain days he was out in public with her, otherwise she paid little attention to him, or he to her, so he more often slept at his business place than at home, and that enabled him to take you right into his business place and to live in rooms in the rear of his office. You were a great help to him in his business, I judge."

"Photography," she quickly replied.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "then it is all true." She was dumb, but showed excitement.

"Well," said I, "this might have gone on much longer but there was a child born. The child died. This exposed him, or would have done so but for a careful handling of the matter and his sending you to America to get rid of you. So I cannot see, my dear girl, that this man is any worse off than you are."

"My God!" she cried. "Can such things be told in detail, so accurately?"

"Yes," I replied, "and no secrets are safe from a good Clairvoyant, though the Clairvoyant may not always be able to prove his statements."

Some ten days later, one evening she came in, followed by a man, and she cried: "Well, here is that man."

I arose and was introduced to a man about 46 years of age. He seemed somewhat excited as he cried: "My God, Mister, did you tell this girl those things about me? Yet it must be you did, for nobody but a wizard could do such a thing, for no one here knows anything about my affairs, and what she has told me is all true, even to my contemplating suicide."

These people were finally married and seemed to get along finely together.

His business affairs carried them away from the city of Detroit for months at a time, but always on their return one, or both would undoubtedly call on me.

I have two offices, one in my home where I generally meet callers who come to see me concerning my literary matters, or my professional work, the other next door, where I prepare matter for the press and meet people on more general business matters; and where I do some other work of preparing work for the press and mailing matter.

There are two doors entering this office, one from the street in front, the other from the rear.

One morning while at work in the front part

of the office I saw Neta's head rise above the banister as she came from the rear door.

Said I: "Neta, I knew you would come in to see me today, for I had a dream about you last night."

She replied at once: "And so did I have a dream about you, and I could not wait a minute but hurried up here. We just came to town and I sent my husband to hunt some rooms and I came up here."

"But," said I, "my dream carried me back to ancient chivalry, in the days of knighthood and brazen arms."

"And so did mine," she cried, "and you had to go to war."

"Yes," I replied, "and I had to take your horse."

"Yes, sir," said she, "because yours was lame. I will describe the horses."

"Wait," said I. "Here is paper and pencil; let us each describe the horses by writing and see if our dreams were alike."

Here is about what I wrote "The horses were mates, a pair of dapple grays; mine was the near horse, but was lame in the left fore foot. I was compelled to take your saddle because mine was out of order."

Here is what she wrote: "The horses were a matched pair of heavy dapple grays; mine, or the one I called min, was the off horse. You had to take my saddle because yours was broken, or in other words, my saddle was a man's military saddle changed over for a woman. On your sad-

dle was an iron staple for the strap that held the lance handle. It was broken but was all right on my saddle and we exchanged saddles as well as horses."

Said I: "Neta, you must have been more to me then than now."

She threw up her hands and cried out: "Oh, Mr. Stowe; I did not see you like an old gentleman, but a much more powerful man than you ever could be in this life—and we lived in a castle on the hills. My God, Mr. Stowe, we were man and wife; you were my husband, and I never saw you again in that life."

My dear reader, was that an evidence of a former life?

These people soon went to California and I never saw them again, and later she wrote me stating they had quarreled and she was divorced.

Less than a year ago she became the wife of a prominent army officer.

One of many strange experiences of

LYMAN E. STOWE.

We Form a Spiritual Investigators' Society, or Society Within a Society.

As these meetings were held at irregular times and places and with no intention of giving our findings to the world, these findings and interesting narratives related here did not take place in regular order, but from time to time as conditions presented themselves, and the earlier stories were told from memory alone, some were accidental discoveries and some of one investigating society and some of another.

I have a vast number of sketches, and stories, and experiences I intended to publish here, but I see the end of life drawing to a close and I must cut them out.

My mother comes to me, many years after her passing away, and with such positive, forceful evidence of spirit return that no one could think of an excuse, or denial of truth. I am cured of a pain in my back suddenly, thirty years after the cause, and a thousand and one other interesting stories. But they must be given up.

I promised some strange rat and cat stories; also some stories of black and white magic, which would have been of immense value to the world, but they will have to be cut out and the reader cautioned that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; that today the mightiest conspiracy is going on to bind the masses of the world into slavery to the classes, but which will destroy the classes. Yet it is God's will and I must keep my fingers off.

CHAPTER XX.

**Karmenia Became Disgusted With Me Because
I Became an Adventist.**

Alas what sorrow may be wrought
Through broken vows and fickle mind,
And what sad lessons may be taught
Through nature's arts, of every kind.
—Stowe.

After my return home from the war my attention was drawn in so many different directions I am afraid I sadly neglected Karmenia. First, I had many messages and mementoes to deliver for my comrades who remained in the field, then I had a great many friends to call on, and sights to see, having been away from home for over three years. Besides I was just budding into manhood and met many charming young ladies who lavished their smiles and attentions on the young soldier just returned from the field of action.

Karmenia was at times quite jealous, and chided me for not paying more attention to study and search for knowledge. Then there was another thing that necessarily claimed my attention. I needs must labor to live and I must choose some profession or occupation for a livelihood. This was no easy task, for I being very ambitious and planetary influence at my birth fitted me for too many occupations, and being born near noon time made me rather unstable, and worst of all I was born in the sign Aries, that sign which produces such strong individuality and independ-

ence of nature that it causes most people, born in that sign, to be naturally rebellious, and I am no exception to the rule. Worse still than all the rest, I have Uranus for a ruling planet, which adds to my independence as well as to my great desire for knowledge of the truth, no matter what it leads to. So many disturbing elements not only led me into many and varied occupations, as well as to investigate every religious theory, and to do strange and unusual things in search of knowledge, not always commendable to those who could not understand my purpose. Then my sympathies for humanity, also for the lower life, has had a tendency to make my pathway a rough, hard and sometimes a very unpleasant one. Thanks to Karmenia, she has often helped me to smooth the way. She even entered into my love affairs, and then laughed at me for my absurd mixups.

I will not tire the reader with my many experiences foreign to our subject, though they might be very interesting in their way, for my experiences have been varied and broad.

In the fall of 1865 I came to Detroit and engaged in table making. My wife was born in Detroit, and we were then keeping company. Her people were Adventists and she exerted a considerable influence over me, and urged me to call on a Mr. Donaldson and become better posted in the Advent theory.

I had not been as much of a student of the Bible as I ought to have been, so my conversation with Mr. Donaldson ran something like this:

Mr. Donaldson: "First of all, Mr. Stowe, do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, sir." I could answer no other way.

"Then sir, your only hope is in the resurrection," and he quoted an endless array of Bible passages to prove it.

"But, Mr. Donaldson, will all men be resurrected?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he replied. "Only a very, very few. Those who accept our faith and are baptized can possibly hope for a future life, and even many of them must perish at the judgment day."

"My dear Mr. Donaldson," I exclaimed, "is not God an all-merciful, all-wise God?"

"Certainly," said he.

"Then do you tell me He created the untold millions of people who have gone before and who are here, and yet to come, to say nothing of the lower animals, to suffer and die, and there be no recompense for it, and only a little handful of people who believe in your theory can be saved?"

"If you believe the Bible, this is the only way," he replied.

"No!" said I. "Other Christians say the wicked live, but—but—"

He laughed and said: "Yes, they claim they live, but live in an eternal hell of torture, and that whole theory is absurd." And he quoted a big lot of Scripture to prove it.

"But," said I, "you think they are wrong and so die an eternal death, and they think you are wrong and are to be damned."

"Well, you must believe the Bible," he returned.

"But how am I to decide between you?" I asked.

"That is for you to decide, you must admit ours is the most reasonable and humane theory," said he.

Of course I had to admit his theory was an improvement over hell. Besides I must believe every word of the Bible; it would be disgraceful to deny it. Alas, how little did I know, the Bible in all of its beauty and wisdom, was like an old fiddle on which could be played a thousand tunes. Then my heart went out to the untold millions who had no hope, even the poor old devil, if there was one, had my sympathy, for an all powerful God could even change him and make him good if he wanted to. So I asked Mr. Donaldson: "Don't you think God is so good He will in some way save all, even the poor old devil."

I must have presented a very pleading countenance, for Mr. Donaldson laughed and said in a kindly tone: "Do you want to shake hands with the devil?"

"Yes," said I. "If he is made good, why not? and God is all wise, all merciful, and all powerful, He will certainly save all."

I distinctly felt Karmenia kiss me as she whispered in my ear, "you are right."

I then asked Mr. Donaldson what would be the occupation of the saints and he replied: "They will sit with Christ and judge the world."

I threw up my hands in despair, then said I, "I cannot be saved."

"Why," he asked.

"Because," I replied, "I would not be fit to judge, I would let every soul go free, including the devil." Just then the words came to me, "Judge not lest ye be judged," Karmenia whispered and said, "That is right, every one shall be judged of their own actions, and if you can be so merciful and just to others you need have little fear for yourself."

Mr. Donaldson showed me my only hope was in the Bible, and in his version of it at that. Not being well posted I was compelled to admit he was right, and so I finally gave way and accepted the Adventist faith and was baptised, but my heart was still with the old Methodist church, as it was through that I was converted, though I never became a member of it.

Karmenia and I held long arguments over my decisions and she upbraided me for, what she claimed, was my folly in letting my love for my intended influence me in the matter, as she said I was forgetting my pledge to her. But I denied it and said, "I am seeking truth as much as ever."

"No," said she, "You have accepted a theory, which you will some day have to renounce or cease to seek for truth, because creeds are inimical to the search for truth and a stumbling block in the way of obtaining wisdom."

God of Heaven, again I had made a sad mistake. I had done just what I should not have done, and Karmenia was always sad. But as my attention was so taken with my love and marriage, I paid little attention to Karmenia, religion, or search for wisdom or truth. So I saw little of

Karmenia for many years. Oh, my beloved Karmenia, how can you forgive my broken vows, my casting you off for another. Oh, loved one, can we ever meet again? Such were my often sad reflections.

Karmenia Brings More Tests of the Truth of Spirit Return, and the Peculiar Phenomena of Spirit Manifestation.

The closing remarks of one of the investigators, a college professor, awoke an entirely new line of thought among the students of our societies, which called forth my best efforts.

All agreed that I had a decided advantage over the professor, in argument, and wondered how it was possible a mere amateur student could possibly get the best of an argument with a college professor, while others declared that if what I had stated were true, (i e.) that I was assisted by unseen beings, the whole matter was accounted for.

Of course this brought out some ridicule, and some war discussion, and I was appealed to for an explanation.

I simply quoted Scripture, and said "God takes the small things of this world to confound the wise." (See Matthew II-25). "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and has revealed them unto babes."

Nearly all of the great achievements of the world have been brought about through the agency of men who never attended a day of school, in a college building. Even the greatest military men were never found at the head of

their class, in a military school, and some of them attempted suicide because of the handicap through lack of early education and social advantages, (Napoleon, the First, for instance), before success began to smile upon them. It was this loud cry to Deity for aid that awoke the spirit who came to their rescue.

The question was here asked, "Do you really believe in spirit return?" My reply was, "I have had some strange experiences I can account for in no other way."

Well, says one, "if spirits can return, why do they not come to any of us, or manifest through some educated person instead of through mediums, always, or nearly always of a lower grade of intelligence?"

My reply was: "If you want to send a telegram to a friend in a distant city, why do you go to a telegraph operator? Why do you not send it yourself?"

"Oh, of course, I am not a telegraph operator," was the retort.

"Neither is the college professor a medium," said I.

I continued, "The telegraph operator may be well fitted for a telegraph operator, but a poor college professor, or teacher, and the college professor may be well adapted for his work, if you tried to make a medium of him the chances are he would be quoting so much Latin, or stale stuff of past ages, or learned lore, he could not grasp the minor details of the telegraph operator, or the spirit medium."

"Ah, yes," said another, "but why do the spirits demand darkness, or other outlandish conditions?" asked another.

I replied, by asking, "Why do you need a dark room to develop a picture, or why cannot you see the stars by daylight as well as by night? They are all up there just the same. If you change the conditions and go to the bottom of a deep well you can see the stars by day light."

Again I was asked, "Why hasn't these things been discovered before?"

I replied by asking, "Why has not all of the many fine inventions, or other great discoveries been made before, is it not because the world was not ready for them, and they were not perfected with the first production?" While my answers to all objections were generally satisfactory, there were members of the club who became very indignant to think our club should so far forget its aims and purposes as to become a mere debating society, to air the views of the supporters of an "exploded theory," as they called it.

Some went so far as to declare spiritualism was condemned by the Bible, and by all intelligent people and if there be such a thing as a manifestation of unseen powers it is surely the works of the devil.

A young lady stepped forward, and in a high pitch of voice, accompanied with a merry laugh, asked the gentleman who made the last assertion, and who seemed to be such a strong friend of a devil, if he would kindly explain why the Great God of the Universe would permit his Satanic

majesty such tremendous powers and liberties for deceiving the people, that He would not exercise Himself to enlighten the people, or permit poor weak man to exercise, to assist his friends in knowing the truth? Would not such a God be even worse than that devil? "It seems to me," she said, "You have more confidence and faith in your devil than in our God."

This brough forth a storm of applause, as well as of condemnation and a club of reasoners became a body of wranglers. As this was after the club had adjourned the hall was quickly cleared. Though not until arrangements were made for calling a body together for the investigation of spirit phenomena.

On the road home Karmenia was full of glee, and said she would have a surprise for me the next day. It came as follows:

I was called on, in early morning, by a number of persons who were present the night before, who insisted on calling a meeting that very evening, for the purpose of investigating spirit phenomena, and all occult matters. I was asked if I could not relate some experiences that would awaken interest, yet lay open for discussion. I replied that I thought I could, but that they should remember that my experiences could be of no value to them, they must rely on their own experiences for satisfaction.

I sold out my business at 121 Gratiot Avenue, before mentioned, and in 1887 to 1894 was at the head of an extensive commercial house, and my office and carpet room was used for meeting purposes.

In the fall of 1862, just after the battle of Antietam, my regiment, the Second Michigan Infantry, was ordered from Washington to Edward's Ferry on the upper Potomac.

In consequence of lameness caused by bad shoes, myself and two other comrades were told to step out of the ranks and report to the orderly sergeant next day, which we did.

We were hobbling along as best we could, and three of us got pretty well behind everything and everybody else of the command.

Before dark, clouds gathered thick and heavy and threatened an all night's rain, so we concluded it best to seek shelter of some sort, so we entered a corn field, where the corn had been cut and stood in the shock. We placed several loose rails up against the top of the fence, running slantwise down to the ground, first placing on the ground several shocks of corn stalks. We now covered the rails with corn stalks, making a thatched roof, so perfect that no amount of rain would soak through. This gave us a splendid shelter for the night. Though the rain had begun falling we built a little fire and fried a few slices of bacon, and made some coffee for our supper, and were fortunate enough to be able to eat our supper under our shelter, and as it was some little time before dark, we passed the time telling stories, and relating experiences of various kinds. Finally our conversation drifted to the possibility of spirit return.

I was then a boy of 20 years. One of my comrades was about my own age, and the other an

Irishman of 40 years of age, said he: "Boys, I am twice as old as either of you, and unless you are killed in battle, in all probability I shall die many years before either of you do, and if I do I shall return to let you know I can come back."

As I was the one to introduce the subject he said to me, "Comrade, I see your stockings are very bad, and I have an extra pair; they have my name stitched in them—'George Freeman.' By that you will remember my name, and I will mention this event, and the giving you a pair of stockings. I am a firm believer in spirit return, and shall surely come to you."

Although this man was a member of my regiment, and I was in the service a year and a half after that event, I do not remember ever seeing the comrade after reporting to our respective companies the next day, and in consequence of the active service and many events crowding on to my young mind, I do not remember ever thinking of the event until the spirit of Comrade Freeman called my attention to it over thirty years later.

While attending to my business, selling household goods on weekly and monthly installments, I did much of the collecting myself. Among my customers was a Mrs. Perry and her daughter, both widow ladies, and firm believers in spirit return. On one occasion when in casual conversation on the subject, the mother stopped short, and then said: "Mr. Stowe, there is the spirit of a man here who wishes me to tell you he has come

to fulfill his promise to return to you. He says he is an Irishman, and was a comrade, his name is George Freeman."

I began thinking as if speaking to myself, "George Freeman; I never knew but one George Freeman; he was a small boy, for a short time a schoolmate, never a comrade."

Said she, "He says he gave you a pair of stockings in a cornfield." I replied, "I do not remember any one ever giving me a pair of stockings in a cornfield."

It may seem strange that I should forget such an event, and such a true comrade, but so many startling events, as come into an active soldier's life, crowded the matter out of my young mind, or covered it up under the debris of more striking events.

It was weeks prior to the day of the meeting just called, and I had considered the incident a mere imagination of an over zealous believer in spirit return, when pondering over what I could recite to our interested people, when, like a shot, as if some unseen power was impressing the scene, in the cornfield, on my memory, caused me to again call on Mrs. Perry, who once more announced the presence of my old comrade; this was the promised surprise Karmenia had in store for me.

That very evening I was called upon to relate some incident of my experience, I, of course, related this when some of these credulous people who are ready to believe a foolish heaven and hell theory, because it has been believed so long, de-

manded to know if there was not some other way of explaining the matter. I replied by asking, "Will not some of these people who can believe an all merciful God will make a devil so very wise and powerful to deceive poor weak men, find an explanation for this phenomena, or tell me how Mrs. Perry, whom I had known but about two years, could have known anything of this event of over 30 years before and of which I had entirely forgotten, if it was not the spirit of this comrade who came to fulfill his promise?"

Of course there was the usual silly charge of the devil. I replied, "It strikes me that any explanation of this matter, other than the return of the spirit of Comrade Freeman, would be a greater phenomena than the return of the spirit itself."

Some one asked, "What good, or what good advice ever came out of spirit communication?"

I first replied by asking, "What good ever came out of any religious meeting?"

This brought up a hot retort saying that we should credit, to the Christian religion, all of the civilization there is on the face of the globe. As there was an outburst of contemptuous disgust from the majority of those present, who were versed in the history of the Christian religion, it was not necessary for me to make a reply only so far as to relate another experience that I had but a short time before.

During my business life I did a good deal of business with a wholesale jeweler, a Mr. Kennedy. This gentleman was well along in years,

and a very fine man, one only had to know the man to love him for his integrity, and kindness of heart. Because of some business reverses he became unbalanced and committed suicide.

I had talked with Mr. Kennedy on the subject of spirit manifestation and as he seemed to think something unusual was soon to happen that would take him off, he said if it did, he would return to me.

I wish to state here that I am passing over a period back and forth of several years, from the date of my first investigations, so that the reader may not be confused with an apparent confliction in dates, later I will be more direct and perfect in my dates, as I learned the necessity of doing so. But when I first began my investigation I had no idea of giving those investigations to the public.

One day a Mr. Hall came into my office, he said he was from Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was a spiritual medium.

I had converted my large carpet salesroom into a meeting place, and there were a number of chairs, and a few tables in the hall.

Mr. Hall and myself frequently went upstairs and held a little seance of our own. Mr. Hall was a fine clairvoyant, and though we might sit at one end of the hall, sharp raps would be heard all over the hall, on the chairs, on the tables or windows.

At one of our society meetings, Mr. Hall said, "Mr. Stowe, here is a man who offers you a tray of jewelry."

"Describe him," said I.

He did so, but I did not recognize him, as I was not thinking of him, or had not seen him for some time prior to his death.

Finally I said, "Ask him his name."

He replied, "He says his name is Kennedy, and that he used to sell you a good deal of jewelry."

"That is true," said I, "but ask Mr. Kennedy if there is anything in particular he would like to speak to me about?"

He apparently asked the question and then said to me. "Mr. Kennedy says he wishes you would do all you can to discourage suicide, for it is very wrong to take one's own life, he has learned for himself, as he committed suicide by cutting his own throat."

At this point one of the young ladies present spoke up and said, "There it is. That ought to be plain to you. This is the work of the devil; this man committed suicide, and he is suffering in hell, and you are listening to the works of the devil."

Another young lady replied, "That is the first evidence I ever had that the devil has turned saint and is advising people what to do to keep out of hell."

Of course this sally of wit and good sense put the crowd in good humor, and I was asked for still one more story of my experience, and so I related the following:

A few years before the date mentioned a number of inquiring minds, like ourselves, had organized a society to investigate certain political matters, and which soon ran into a general investi-

gating society, and we investigated every peculiar event we heard of.

In the city of Detroit, Mich., was a Frenchman by the name of Matt. Mr. Matt was a steady going man, along in years, a sewing machine agent; a Catholic in religion, and a good, honest man, respected by everyone who knew him. He did not own his home, though steady, and always at work, he seemed to barely make a living together with a small bank account. Finally his wife took sick and died, and he took it to heart sadly. Some of his customers, who were spiritualists, prevailed on him to attend a spiritualist meeting in hopes to get in communication with the spirit of his wife and thereby raise his hopes of again meeting her.

Mr. Matt was more fortunate than the majority of investigators, for he got in communication with the spirit of his departed wife, the first time he attended a meeting, and the second time got testimony that converted him to Spiritualism for all time to come.

The spirit, through the medium, told Mr. Matt to look on the upper shelf of the clothes closet, away back, and he would find a bank book, which showed deposits of over \$800 dollars, of Mrs. Matt's savings from his earnings. Mr. Matt could hardly get home quickly enough to prove up this wonderful test, and the proof of the test, or truth of spirit return, was really of more value to him than the money, but he secured both, and was so enthused that he tried to enlist every acquaintance in the great army of truth seekers.

He became acquainted with a medium whose name was Church, who had been a preacher, and of course had brought down upon himself the condemnation of everybody in orthodoxy, and Mr. Church was charged with all sorts of fraud and fake work, so I and my friends were introduced and invited to investigate Mr. Church's work, in every way we pleased, so long as we did not conduct our investigations in a harsh or ungentlemanly manner.

He had been charged in particular, with being caught in his shirt sleeves, waving his coat, to produce heavenly breezes.

Our crowd had determined not to be faked in any way. We knew every member, and felt sure there could be no confederate to the medium.

Whether, or not, Mr. Church was a fake in anything else, he certainly was able to get at people's thoughts, and to give them messages, none but they and their departed friends knew anything about.

At several meetings we used every honorable means to detect fraud, but found none.

The room where the seances were held was a small room, barely large enough to seat our members, with the medium in the circle, so if he got up and crowded through the circle—well it simply could not be done without every member feeling the commotion. Boxes of candy were placed outside of the circle, in the corner of the room, not space enough for any one to get from circle, door, or window to them, yet children's voices were heard and the candy spirited away, and no search

could find it, and no one to this day knows what became of it, unless spirits ate it.

Sometimes an Indian spirit, who seemed to be a giant, would materialize and dance on the floor supposedly in moccasin feet. He would come and place a monster hand over each head, alternately, to show what a giant he was.

The greatest doubters, who were always encouraged to express their doubts and explain matters if possible, declared this might be a deception, and that we could not judge of the size of a hand placed on the head, and that Mr. Church was playing the part of an Indian and dancing in his stocking feet.

I suggested that some of us try to get around in a dark circle and get back again to our chair without tumbling over some one else in such intense darkness. None could do it. So another test was made when someone said, on the opposite side of the room from the medium, the big hand was on their head, I would ask Mr. Church some trivial question, but expressing great faith, to draw from him speech, which all declared was answered from his chair, and those who held his hands declared they never let go of his hands during the seance.

One of the familiar spirits of Mr. Church was a Doctor Lamont, a Frenchman, who said he was killed in a duel 250 years ago. Mr. Matt said he spoke French fluently, which Mr. Church said he himself could not do.

At times my hearing is very bad, because of the nerves being injured by concussion of cannon

in the Battle of Spotsylvania, where I lay sharp-shooting, too close to the big guns and the concussion injured the drum of the ear, or more likely the nerves, as great deafness only bothers me at times. I mentioned this in the circle, and Dr. Lamont said he would cure me, or at least give me great relief, which was done, by a mouth being placed at my ear and a breath blown in my ear. I noticed this difference when the doctor, or spiriti, blew into my ear the breath seemed cool, while when using Mr. Church as a medium, which he preferred to do, the breath was hot. At any rate, I was relieved, but not cured, and I have relieved many others in the same manner. When Dr. Lamont addressed the circle, the voice seemed to come from over our heads, and rolled out in a heavy voice with a rich French accent, unless requested to speak in French, by Mr. Matt.

On one occasion some one asked him if he ever saw Christ. He replied, "No, and there are millions of other people of earth I have never seen."

Thinking of John IV. Ch. 1st verse, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God * * * and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ came not in the flesh is not of God."

I determined to put the test, so I asked: "Doctor, do you believe Christ came in the flesh?"

His reply was, "I certainly do." He then gave us a 15 or 20 minute talk on the beautiful character of Christ, saying if men would try to emulate that humane and kindly nature of Christ it would bring heaven on earth, and then he quoted

from John VIII:3-11, where the woman, caught in adultery, was brought before him and he stooped and wrote in the sand, and finally answered "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And finally seeing the woman alone, he asked, "Woman, where are those thy accusers? Hath no man accused thee?"

She said, "No, my Lord," and Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

Now, said the doctor. "Can any human being give better advice? If there was no Christ, sent direct by God, to give such advice, the novelist who wrote the fiction, giving such advice, became a Christ in spirit, so why split hairs as to the truth of the immaculate conception, or a direct visitor from the throne of God; all men should reverence and imitate the character." Amused and interested, as well as glorified by such beautiful sentiment, I asked with a tinge of sarcasm, "Doctor, are you sure such good advice as you are giving does not come direct from his Satanic Majesty?"

He replied, with a laugh, "Mr. Stowe, we of the spirit world know the work you were destined to do, we love you and we are often with you, and are helping you. But, do you know what Christ wrote in the sand when he stooped and wrote?"

I replied, "I do not, it is not in the Bible."

"Well," said he, "I will give it to you."

This is what he gave me:

"Write the errors of your fellow man and sister woman in the dust, where they can be easily

obliterated, where the slightest breeze will sweep them forever away. But, their virtues, have them engraved on tablets of enduring memory and learn to cherish and imitate them."

I once gave this to a preacher, who had turned spiritualist, and he was to publish it in a book of gatherings of such matter, but as I never saw the book, or heard from him, I do not know whether he published it, or not. But I am sure if such sentiments are to be heard at spiritual meetings we need have no fear of attending them.

Here I was asked, "What became of Mr. Church?"

This is a wonderful and peculiarly sad story, yet as it throws some light on the spirit world I will relate the story as Mr. Matt told it to me. Mr. Matt is on the spirit side of life himself now. I wish to say right here I am using fictitious names for all living people, as I have not been given authority to do otherwise, and most people do not like publicity.

Mr. Matt and Mr. Church, finally took rooms with a spiritualist family and they were holding private seances, for spiritual development.

At the time of which I write the excitement, created by the story told by Father Chenegue, in his book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," in which he charges that church with being implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln, and as he gives sworn testimony to prove certain priests in the west forgetting the difference in time had stated several hours before the

deed had taken place, that Lincoln and Seward had been assassinated.

As I had given strong circumstantial evidence that President Lincoln was assassinated at the instigation of certain class of moneyed men, whose interests he stood in the way of being carried through. I was much interested in every particle of evidence in every direction.

As this is a matter of more than a generation ago, it would not be brought up here only as necessary discriptive matter. It seems to be interesting the spirit world fully as much as it did the people of earth life.

Mr. Church insisted the spirits confirmed Father Chineque's statement, and that a very large sum of money had been raised for Booth, the assassin, and that this money was buried on the shores of Chesapeake bay, and that if Mr. Church and his friends would go to Baltimore, Maryland, the spirits would direct them where to find this buried money.

There were none of these people, except Mr. Matt, who had money enough to finance such an enterprise, so Mr. Matt suggested that if the spirits could spirit away two, or three, pounds of candy they could surely bring some of the money to the interested parties, which they promised to do, and so sittings were held for that purpose. It was claimed by Mr. Matt that bills were actually materialized, but through some mistake, or some cause not explained, that was not a success. Finally Mr. Matt agreed to advance while in earth life and the four people went to

Maryland and located the spot where it was claimed the money was buried. On account of the bay having carried its waters over the spot, all attempts to get near the exact spot were frustrated, even to picking Mr. Church up bodily and throwing him into a bramble bush. This was supposed to be done by the spirits of friends of Booth, or spirits of those who had been strong Catholics while in earth life.

After several severe struggles, the enterprise was given up as a failure, and so all came back except Mr. Church, who had no money to get back with, and a short time after that the papers published an item announcing the finding of Mr. Church's body in the harbor at Baltimore where it was supposed by evidence found and the fact he had no money to pay his hotel bills with, he had committed suicide.

Mr. Church was an old gentleman about 70 the money from that his spirit wife had saved years of age, and I was very sorry to hear of his misfortune, and had I known it I would have raised funds from friends to help him out.

This is the sad story as told to me by Mr. Matt.

Our new organization now elected officers and adopted rules and by-laws under the name of the "American Occult Research Society."

I asked Karmenia if there was any truth in the story of the buried money but she replied: "Never mind, destiny will take care of that; you have matters of more importance to you and to the welfare of the country than to bother your head, and take your time than to stir up dead issues

of a generation ago, as there are thousands of good honest Catholics, and thousands of good and honest Spiritualists who would be worried over matters that had better be let rest. Find no fault with people who differ with you in belief, for they have as much right to their belief as you have to yours, and it is all right."

CHAPTER XXI.

Karmenia Shows Me Why Love Seldom Runs Smooth.—Karmenia Plays Tricks With My Affections to Try Me and She Brings to Me Many Temptations and Plays Pranks With My Affections, and So We Go Back to the Third and Fourth Years After Marriage.

It's claimed from heaven an angel fell,
 Became a man while on his way;
 Then thrice again the stories tell,
 There's more rejoicing, so they say,
 O'er the one that's saved from a fiery hell
 Than for a hundred who never went astray.

Stowe.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. I stayed at home to take care of the baby and my wife went to church.

The baby was playing contentedly on the floor and I began conversation with Karmenia as follows:

"Dear Karmenia, what is love?"

"Love," replied Karmenia, "is that true godly principle, which determines it will not see a mistake in another being, believing all are God's creatures, and errors are but the result of misunderstood conditions, and offense and dislike merely the result of inharmonious vibrations."

"What," cried I. "Do you mean to say my love for my beautiful wife is nothing but the result of vibratory conditions?"

“What is this burning fire within my bosom sufficient to cause me to sacrifice all I possess, even life itself, for my adored one?”

Karmenia laughed outright and asked me if I had not yet lived long enough to note the difference between passion and love.”

I became very indignant, and snatched up my baby and pressing it to my heart I cried out: “Karmenia, Karmenia, are you but the spirit of a she devil, that you can stand there and goad me on to desperation and to the point of condemnation? Do you for one moment mean to tell me it is passion for my child, that causes my love to rise to that devotion, that I would sacrifice my life in defense of that rosebud, plucked from the parent stem, through that ecstasy of the passion of the gods, lent to the quivering forms of two devoted hearts? Out with you! If that most sacred of bonds, the holy unity of husband and wife, cemented together by blood ties in an honorable and legal birth, is not love, in the name of all that is good, what is love?”

There seemed to be a trace of sadness in Karmenia’s voice as she said: “Oh, my beloved, it seems I have stirred your soul to its depths, and yet passion and love are still a tangled mass of incomprehensible fomentation, wreithing and rolling in your brain while seeking that contented rest that true love must find where e’er it chances to be.

“Had there never been passion, there would have never been suns, stars or individual lives. All creation is but the expression of the Godly

passion, manifest through the division of Himself. Those divisions of God we call creations.

Karmenia then handed me a poem on love.

What Is Love?

What are the forces we impart,
 Arousing feelings alike in kind?
 Vibrating chord in another heart,
 Answering back from another mind.
 It may be good, or it may be sin,
 Sunken below, or raised above,
 Sweet as a well-turned violin—
 Ye gods, 'tis sweet, but 'tis not love.

Love is a force of another kind
 Seldom found on earth's green sod,
 If found in a type of human mind,
 'Tis reflex of the living God.
 Love seeks not for a selfish end
 Knowing only one aim in life,
 Love's alike the foe and friend
 Its highest aim, the end of strife.

Slow but sure do the god's mills grind,
 Subduing the things that lead to strife,
 'Till love, a peaceful rest shall find,
 In harmony of spirit life.
 Then will love her vigils keep,
 No slimy depths, no pride above,
 But many in one like an ocean deep,
 That one is God, that God is love.

"Man's love," continued Karmenia, "is nothing more or less, than the expression of selfishness

condensed to lust, and his very offspring is nothing more or less, than a reflection of that selfish lust manifest in the creative powers of the eternal principle.

"Male and female, as positive and negative, are brought together by that bond of harmonious vibration in their physical structures; as soon as this is disturbed one or the other becomes ill, and if continued, it causes the untimely end of one or the other, or else they will soon cease to tolerate each other and separation must be the result.

"If the couple, through chance, or wise selection, are well adapted for each other, this unity will be more lasting and less liable to break up in a life time, or because of an unusual amount of true love and wisdom, the couple see the danger approaching and so mutually sleep apart or journey apart until the magnetic currents have become normal again; the marriage proves a success for life. The lack of display of such wisdom is the reason for so few happy marriages. This is very clearly manifest to astrologers, who have noticed where marriage takes place with people whose planetary positions were badly aspected to each other, or where either contracting parties are transiting an evil year, or cycle, the vibratory conditions are bad and soon become unsettled and trouble begins."

At my birth I had Saturn in the sign Capricornus where he is strong, and in my 7th house, which rules marriage. As Saturn is called the great evil, and that position very evil for mar-

riage, it would not be supposed I could experience a happy domestic life. But, fortunately other positions were favorable, except that I was born in the expressive mental fire sign Aries, while my wife was born in the neutral fire sign Sagittarius, and people born in the neutral signs are not manifestly expressors of their affections.

I soon learned that my wife was the possessor of more good qualities than I had taken stock of, but alas, she could not express that affection for me that I knew she felt.

Aries people are called the overcomers, because most of them are here in this life to complete the course for a graduation they failed in, during the last life before this, so that whatever their greatest failings in the last life they will be most tempted in during this life. I distinctly remembered this and determined to master every obstacle, so wife and I have got on happily. But, my affections were simply starved on account of the lack of expression of my wife, but knowing her nature I could not allow it to disturb me.

Here let me inform the reader that Aries and Taurus people attract the opposite sex as naturally as the rose attracts the bee. These are people born in the sign Aries, the ram, from March 21st to April 19th; and Taurus, the bull, April 19th to May 20th. These are at the head of the Zodiac, both these signs produce very sympathetic, kind-hearted people.

Karmenia, as if desirous of separating my wife and I, was forever using her arts in throwing me in contact with pleasing persons of the opposite

sex. But I learned to master myself in early life, and when I asked Karmenia why she persistently aided in tempting me, she replied, "It is for the same reason that God is said to have placed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and placed a temptation and a tempter there, that man might develop a character, that he may graduate to a higher sphere."

Karmenia often said to me, "I want you to develop a character by overcoming all things." Of course this caused me to think very deeply along the lines of spiritual duty.

For fifteen years my mind was mostly occupied in taking care of my family and looking out for a rainy day. I soon learned a hope of heaven seldom puts flour in the barrel, or pays the rent, and I have noticed when the flour barrel is empty Christianity is at a low ebb. But during these years I was buying books and studying pretty hard. I did not confine myself to any one line of study, but dipped into everything.

The branch of Adventists that I was a member of was called the Christadelphians. They finally became extinct as a body, so I considered I was not really bound to that creed and began searching for broader fields I had become too confirmed in the belief in evolution to give it up. I concluded evolution was the real stepping stone to eternal life, or in other words, I believed that all was matter and that there is no mind outside of organic matter, that even God was an evolved Being, consequently could not be an all-powerful Being, so I wrote a book entitled "Poetical Drifts

of Thought, or Problems of Progress," explaining world building according to the nebula theory, and evolution, and the final destiny of man, from a materialistic standpoint, and here are a couple of stanzas I considered settled the whole thing:

"You'll say matter can't be self-existent,
Of course that seems very odd—
But, if you insist on a maker for matter,
I insist on a maker for God."

If there is such a thing as matter, it must have always existed as something could not be made from nothing, I reasoned, and then I wrote:

"If suffering is a necessity,
A necessity God's power denies, ●
If not a necessity but permitted,
Then God's mercy it belies."

These I thought to be unanswerable, and I hadn't said much to Karmenia about the book, as I had not seen much of her for a long time, only now and then getting a glimpse of her. I was too sure I was right in my own way. But at last, one day I sat down and thought deeply and earnestly, which was a way I had of calling Karmenia to me. This was just as I was about to go to press with my book. Karmenia came and I told her all about the book and finally I asked her opinion.

"Why did you not call for my opinion before, knowing you could conceal nothing from me?" she asked.

"Because I thought I knew what I was about, and I did not need you," I answered.

"Well, why have you called me now since you have ignored my existence?" she inquired.

"Because the thought struck me, 'maybe there is no such thing as matter, and you can give me light on the subject,' " I replied.

"Now Karmenia be pleasant with me and tell me just what you think," I demanded.

"Have you broken your vow and given up your Advent theory?" she asked.

"Well," said I, "The society does not exist any more and I don't see why I should be chained to an error, which keeps me from hunting for the truth, and I am going to keep my promise to you to hunt until I find the truth."

Karmenia embraced and kissed me, and called me her beloved again. But I felt very guilty and asked her if she wanted me to leave my wife and go with her.

"Oh, no!" said she, "I should be very sorry to have you leave your wife, for that would be unjust and put you farther from me, and I am your sweetheart of eternity, so I will always be near you and as long as you are seeking for truth you are seeking for me. Go on and publish your book, you need the experience, but remember you will reverse many of your present views."

This was certainly not very assuring news on the eve of publishing a book I had spent years of

time, large sums of money and much thought to produce. However, I went on and published the book, but never had the courage to push the sale, because it hurt me to think of leading the people astray in anything, and the money had no temptations for me. I found where the book was read it was very favorably commented upon, except among the clergy and the press. This was "Poetical Drifts of Thought," which covers world building, and evolution, together with many other poems.

The editor of one weekly paper I was writing for told me he had been called on by a large delegation of ministers, and high church men, and he was told he must not publish my articles. He continued, however, and finally lost his plant by the foreclosing of a mortgage, and I have always been bothered to get matter published ever since. But—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are her's,
While error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

—(Bryant).

As I turned to attend to my business Karmenia kissed me and said: "Until you see me again keep these thoughts in view:

First—"Nature abhors a vacuum, and you can never get a complete vacuum.

"Second—Nature abhors monotony, or sameness; she makes no two things just alike, and wisdom seeks a change.

"Third—There is nothing lost in nature, she maintains a recompense for all things; therefore ~~the~~ sufferings of all lower life are entitled to recompense as well as are the efforts of the wisest man.

"Fourth—If there is an all-powerful God, He cannot be circumscribed, therefore He is everywhere, in every atom, every atom in Him. Then He is in every individual. You are a part of Him, so is everything else, and there is no thing and no space where God is not.

"Fifth—If there is nothing without God, then He is in evil as well as good; therefore evil must be unfinished good.

"I would also like to have you take up the study of chemistry, and you will find by analyzing the body of man, that every atom composing his body acts under the same law of the survival of the fittest, and it is this law that is our schoolmaster, to force us to learn through experience.

During the great political campaign of 1896, because of the hard times there were many idle people, and for the want of other occupation many took up the study of occult subjects. A number of very intelligent young men met at my office twice a week for discussion and concentration. One Thursday evening a young furrier, William B., and a young artist, George F., and myself were sitting in total darkness, trying to invite clairvoyant pictures, when I heard Karmenia's voice saying: "Tonight you will get testimony of truth."

As the scenes, or pictures, came up before us we described them. The artist said: "Mr. Stowe, I see you dressed in what I would call an Arabian costume, or priestly robes." Mr. B. in an excited manner cried out: "Mr. Stowe, I see two medalion frames about an inch and a half in width, and about two and a half inches long. In one of them is Bryan's picture, the other is a blur. I cannot make out what it is. What do you think it means?"

I replied: "I think it means that Mr. Bryan will be elected; but there being two candidates for vice-president, it is still in doubt as to which will be chosen."

Just then I heard Karmenia's merry laugh, and she said: "Just wait for the testimony." I told Mr. B. it would be explained later. The young man asked: "What do you see, Mr. Stowe?"

I replied: "I see a picture of temples and caves, adorned with astronomical instruments, and beautiful regalia, and precious stones. I see George here invested with a regalia, and I come up before myself in priestly robes." (These were the same I had seen many times before.) I heard Karmenia's voice as she exclaimed, "Wait for the testimony."

Four days later, or on Sunday evening, I was sitting in my office, when Mr. L., another very intelligent young man, and one of our investigators, who had not been present on Thursday evening, came in, saying, "Mr. Stowe, I have something here will interest you." And he threw

down an envelope, and across the left-hand end of it were two gilt frames about an inch and a half in width and two and a half inches long. One contained a picture of Bryan and the other contained a picture all covered up with loose paper except the face. "Whose picture is that?" asked Mr. L. I replied: "Oh, someone has dressed Napoleon, or Washington like Bryan to prove they look alike."

Somewhat crestfallen to think I had guessed his little puzzle so quickly, he said, "Well, since you have tumbled to it so easily, go in the house and get Washington's picture and see how closely they resemble each other."

I did so, and was astonished; but just then Mr. B. and the artist came in. Said I: "B., come here. Whose face is that?"

Instead of answering at once he began dancing around and slapping his thighs with his hands as he cried: "That's what I saw. That's what I saw. That's what I saw Thursday night."

Said I: "Mr. F., what did Mr. B. see Thursday night?"

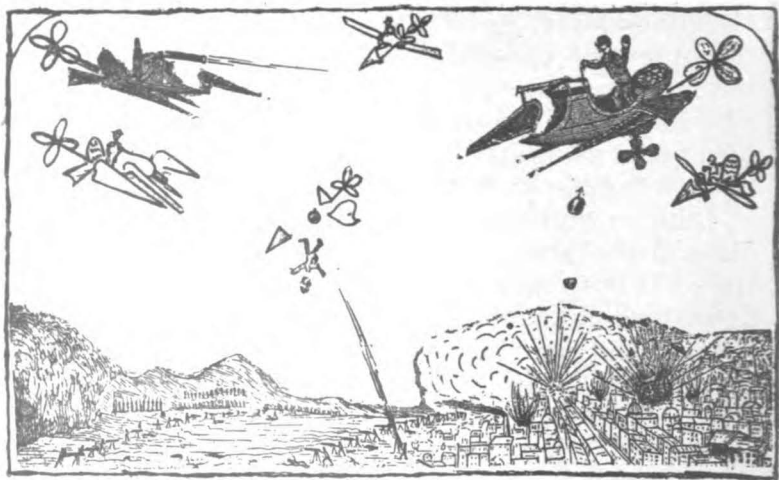
Mr. F. described minutely what I have stated Mr. B. saw four days before.

Then Karmania told me both of these gentlemen had been members of our order of the Magi ages ago, and that I should yet get further surprising testimony later on.

CHAPTER XXII.

World Building, Evolution and Reincarnation
Plainly Described, Chiefly Through Illustration.

"So fleet the works of men,
Back to their earth again
Ancient and holy
Things fade like a dream."—Kingsley.



This cut of the present war was drawn in 1880, by Lyman E. Stowe, and published in "Stowe's Poetical Drifts of Thought," in 1884. The engraver made some bad mistakes, it was a more perfect picture than here denotes.

We will now go back to the beginning of our early investigations.

I could get nothing from this class in chemistry but cold materialism, because, as they said, "Chemistry has proven to the satisfaction of the great thinkers that all supposed matter is divisible into atoms, and Dr. Thomas says, in Zell's

Encyclopedia, that as near as can be estimated, an atom is eight hundred and eighty-eight trillionths, four hundred and ninety billionths of a cube inch in diameter, and this is a mountain compared to an atom of oxygen, and an atom of oxygen a mountain compared to an atom of hydrogen. These elements predominate in all vegetable and animal life.

The human soul can be no larger than one of those atoms, so the spirit must be a compound, therefore the fable of future life has ceased to interest us and when man dies that is the end of him.

I held to the fact that the work of evolution, with the aid of reincarnation could be traced from the Nebula through world building, evolution and reincarnation to the wisest man, and that when two atoms of matter sought to combine or seek for what they wanted, they display the same wisdom, instinct, or whatever you wish to call it, that man displays, when he seeks what he wants. (See my three lectures in *Cosmos* in the back of this book, price 50c; but I am giving it to you and have placed it in this book to aid the reader to grasp this gigantic subject.)

I called Karmenia's attention to this, and asked her if after all there is no life after death. She burst out laughing in what seemed to be an uncontrollable fit of laughter, until I lost my patience and cried, "Karmenia, what in the world do you find to cause such an outburst of ridiculous merriment?"

Karmenia replied: "Can't you see the funny side of asking me to deny my own existence?"

Surely enough, I was showing the fool side of life we all have tucked away somewhere.

Karmenia explained to me that there is no room in the Universe for anything but God, and that such an intelligence must have something to think about, something to occupy that gigantic mind; also, companionship is very desirable, consequently God lays plans and divides himself into many parts, and tells these parts, "Now go out and let the wiser organize the weaker into all manner of forms, which I will recognize as worlds, and ye as Gods. I have said ye are Gods." Psalms LXXXII-6.

Your experiences shall be your wisdom and all combined shall be my wisdom.

You shall have rewards as encouragement, and loss and remorse to be its opposite.

You shall have governments and rulers, and each shall seek to please those above, and each shall obey the ruler of the kingdom he has become a part of, and the king, or ruler, shall be no respecter of persons, and just as the ruler of the human body would not wish to put his toe in his mouth, he must respect its demands for proper care, or a lame foot will angrily call for recognition, and proper care, and it must be granted, or a rebellion of the soul atoms, will follow, and the ruler will be most to blame, because he is supposed to be wise enough to know how to be just to all, and see there is no favoritism, for if a man grants the palate a privilege he will not grant any other member of his body, and loses a hand, or a foot thereby, he is a bad ruler and his kingdom is on the road to destruction.

When I laid this matter before Karmenia and asked which is the best, a kingdom or a republic, and "what is the best course for a just man to pursue?" she replied: "When spirits or incarnated men join together for mutual benefit, special privilege should be guarded against a thousand times more strongly than against an outside enemy."

"There will always be a selfish few watching for an opportunity to gain privilege to rob the masses; the rulers should be held responsible through the recall."

A president of four, or even eight years, may set in motion the machinery to establish a privilege, whose mischief would not be discovered until long after his responsibility had ceased, and possibly he cannot be found. While a king or president for life, but subject to recall, would be more directly responsible to the community. There are other similar reasons.

"The best course for a just man to pursue is to maintain a perfect balance."

"Should I not try to create laws to govern other men?"

"No, indeed," was the reply. "Most people who cry out for a law to govern others or prevent them from enjoying something they like cannot control themselves, are the very ones who need law most, to govern them."

"Is it not wise to force men to become religiously moral?" I asked.

Karmenia burst into laughter and replied:

"It is unnatural to make water run upstream, and if you succeed it will burst its bonds and

come down at the first opportunity. It is the same with forced honesty and forced modesty, such things are productive of hypocrisy and evil. Tear the veil from your social fabric today and the view of the hypocritical world would be so appalling that a destructive revolution would take place at once. As it is, there is a secret war going on between the classes and the masses, and the masses are being used against themselves.

"You can conceal fomenting cider in a barrel, but you can't conceal the fact that it is working itself clear, and at a certain point it will have vent, or you will have no barrel."

Here we went back to the discussion of the size of an atom, and I ask the reader to go to the back of the book and read "Cosmos," a book I have lent the readers of this book.

Karmenia explained that the reason we cannot grasp the meaning of a body so small as an atom, is that every organic structure from a molecule of water to a gigantic Sun has a soul, perhaps no larger or smaller than that of a man, and he has a spirit body, which he develops through many lives.

Each organic body builds his world according to his conception of a world, and he builds from the material he is able to attract to him, as "birds of a feather flock together" so soul atoms of the same nature flow together, as we make it harmonious for them.

I wish now that you read carefully the article on a pail of water, in Cosmos, page 1, back part of this book. Also the analysis of a piece of loaf sugar.

Now note when anything is burning, it is because two atoms of oxygen have been given an opportunity to grasp one atom of carbon forming a molecule of carbonic acid gas, also whatever hydrogen there has been freed will be taken up into hydro oxyde. You spill some water on the stove and a rust takes place, exactly as the burning occurred, so to burn or to rust out is one and the same thing, only rusting is the slower process. Now you take some fruit, and decay sets it; we call that rot, but it is the same chemical action.

Now we will describe the building up and tearing down of the human form. Man eats the food and it is mixed with the saliva of the mouth, and goes into the stomach; here it is assimilated and goes out to build up one end of a muscle. We breathe the oxygen, and it is sent out in the veins by heart beats, and the oxygen unites with carbon and hydrogen, just as it did in the other process, and tears down the frame, so that we are torn down at the same time we are built up. It is a case of carbonic acid in either case.

Now what becomes of the carbonic acid gas?

Every waving leaf in the sunshine has its little lungs and it breathes in the carbonic acid, which builds up the plant, and it throws out pure oxygen, so that a part of your body may have been a part of my body a year ago, or vice-versa.

We will say that a man was a great thief and trickster. He will attract that kind of atoms to him, and when he is reborn he will be a natural thief.

Some men are so wrapped up in their work they think of it all of the time, and are born natural mechanics, and so you can go through all of the walks of life.



Cut No. 16



Cut No. 17

Cut No. 16 represents two barrels of water, one pure, the other is not, there is a connecting pipe between them, with a stick in the roily water. You stir the stick and the roily water will displace the pure water and both will become roily. Thoughts will act just the same, thus "Familiarity corrupts good morals," and "We are the result of what our thoughts have been."

Now, remember, thoughts are things because you have thoughts come to you which you do not want, and have to drive them away, and thoughts you do want, you have to call to you, and at first they come hard, but later easily; therefore, you have got to watch your thoughts more than your acts, and a man praying to God, with love and respect, can't be thinking of evil things.

Cut No. 17 shows a man with disease congested in his body; he tries to get rid of it by continual fight. He makes it quite uncomfortable for the colonists which have settled there, just as people migrating to a new country. The Ger-

mans will flock together, the English together, the French together. these disease colonies in the same way, and to get rid of them every form of cureopathy will do its work. But the patient should be careful that dangerous habits are not formed in the efforts to get rid of the former habit or disease.

The reason we cannot see the atoms and their worlds is they are on a different plane of vibrations than ours. (See Stowe's Periodicity.) Karmenia tells me all space is filled with these intelligent atoms, or parts of God, so Sir Humphry Davey was right when he cried, "There is nothing in space but thought, impressions of pains and pleasures." The soul atom that organized our solar system, offered us inducements to join his organization. We were not exactly satisfied and rebelled, and became a part of our earth.

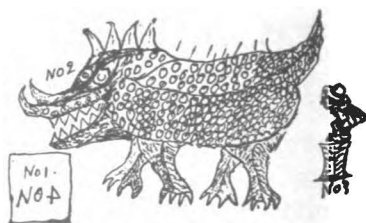
The writer of the old testament understood this, and so they in writing of it called it the Garden of Eden and the Sun became the flaming sword turning every way, so we cannot get back again.

Every organic body is built up by accretion, and passes away by erosion.

The Universe is filled with these atoms and molecules and organic bodies, and each is trying to build his organic body larger through attraction and persuasion, as well as through war, pursuit and capture. I will now call your attention to one of the smallest organic bodies and one of the largest organic bodies.

To assist me in my studies I got a microscope, of a power of 2,000 diameters. One day, while sitting on the front porch I saw a piece of white paper, about an inch square, on one side of my shoes, and a black speck, not as large as one of the periods in the print of this book. The speck was moving, which showed it was life, probably too small to classify by the scientist, but a good thing to study. I went in to get my magnifying glass and Zell's Encyclopedia lay open at the word atom and I stopped and read: "There are insects so small that it requires millions of them in mass before you can see a point sufficiently large to distinguish animal life," and each one of those is made up of complicated parts.

I looked to see if the paper was still on my shoe, and the speck on the paper. It was. I took my glass and went back to the door and put the speck under the object glass, and that black speck assumed the form of the crude drawing of which this picture is a reproduction, and the comparative size drawn here.



Cut No. 18

The above is a crude drawing of a bug not larger than one of the periods in print of this book, yet made of as perfect parts

as any animal of great size, and the ruling atom, which is the soul, is as large as the atom ruling the sun.

No. 1 is a bug, the comparative height under the glass, with things around it to the naked eye. No. 4 is a dry goods box a painter stood on while painting. No. 3, a man nearly 6 feet tall, standing on the box. This as the comparative size, through my naked eye, and the bug under the glass.

This monster was protected by a shell armour and an armament of fearful claws, teeth and a crown of horns. No. 2 are two mighty tusks for ripping the sides of other monsters like himself, or what were they given to him for?

In the folds of this mighty structure of the head were two eyes, as bright as diamonds and as red as fire.

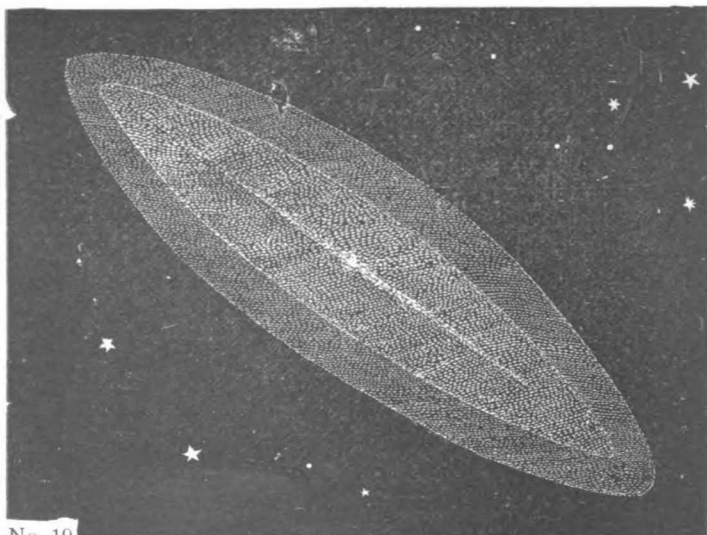
Now think of organic bodies with as perfect parts as this bug possessed, but so small there would have to be millions in mass to make a point large enough to see it is life. Then wonder if the spirits of our departed friends are an invisible world around us.

What could this monster know of the world I was thinking of, and what I was doing with him? Let the reasoner think and reason upon that awhile.

Cut No. 19

The following cut represents our Sun in the Nebula state. It has passed the Comet state, and will never become food for another system, as well as be fed by aerolites. It is

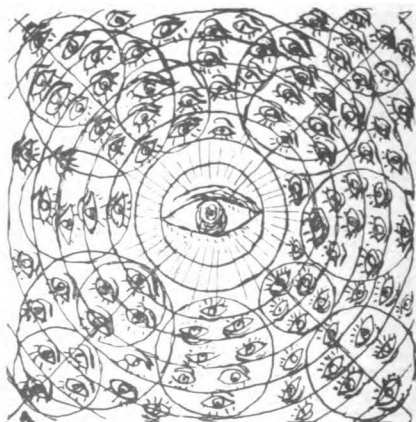
stated our earth is fed by twenty million meteorites every 24 hours. Some of these are very small, others weighing many tons.



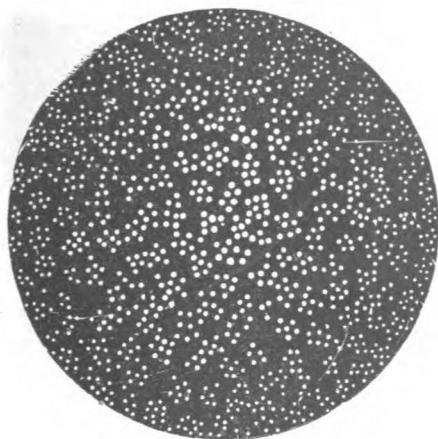
No 19

The satellites are the Sun's children.

Time cuts no figure in the economy of God, thus I have shown one of the smallest organic bodies, and one of the greatest.



The all-seeing eye, because there is nothing but God, each individual part of each eye is a part of himself, who willingly left heaven, and went into chaos to build, or be built, into new forms of creation to work his way back to finally enjoy more because he knows more. Thus the Scriptures will be fulfilled and there will be more rejoicing over the one sinner returned than the ninety and nine who never went astray. Just as there is more rejoicing over Bill's coming home from college than for the other 11 sons who faithfully stayed and helped dad on the farm, because Bill had gone out to learn something.

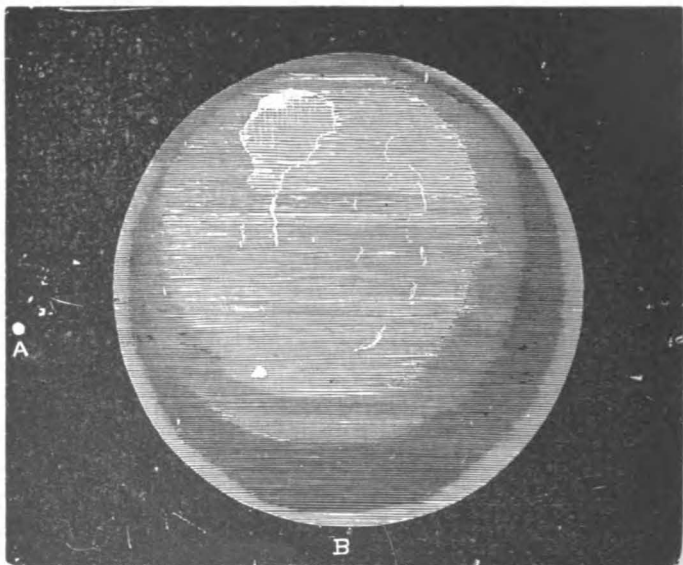


Cut No. 21—Milky Way.

One of the millions of milky ways, or this is our milky way. I call it ours because we can see it with the naked eye. The telescope reveals over 300 milky ways, these are made up of hundreds of suns or solar systems; each sun has its own solar system or satellites, so many together, or seeming together, it is called a nebula, or milky way. So far distant that it has taken five million years for their light to reach us, traveling 196,000 miles per second. Supposed to be a hundred and twenty-five trillions miles distant from earth.

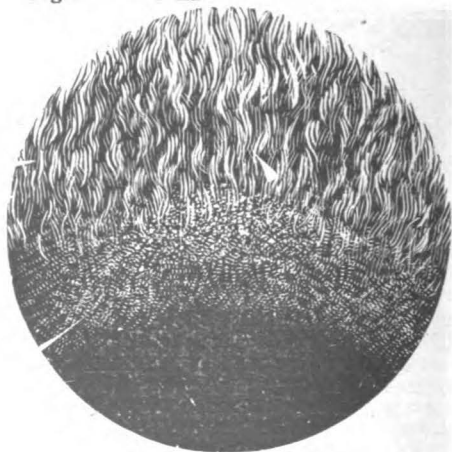
Through this vast space the comets and suns are piling up the food on which they live, and select forming forces, to take the place of others in their systems, who have proved inharmonious, and these are cast off as waste material, just as we cast them from our system in fecal matter, dead skin, yes and even in the breath. See the story of a trip to Canopious and illustration, the Canopion's body.

Our earth was thrown off from the sun.



Cut No. 22.

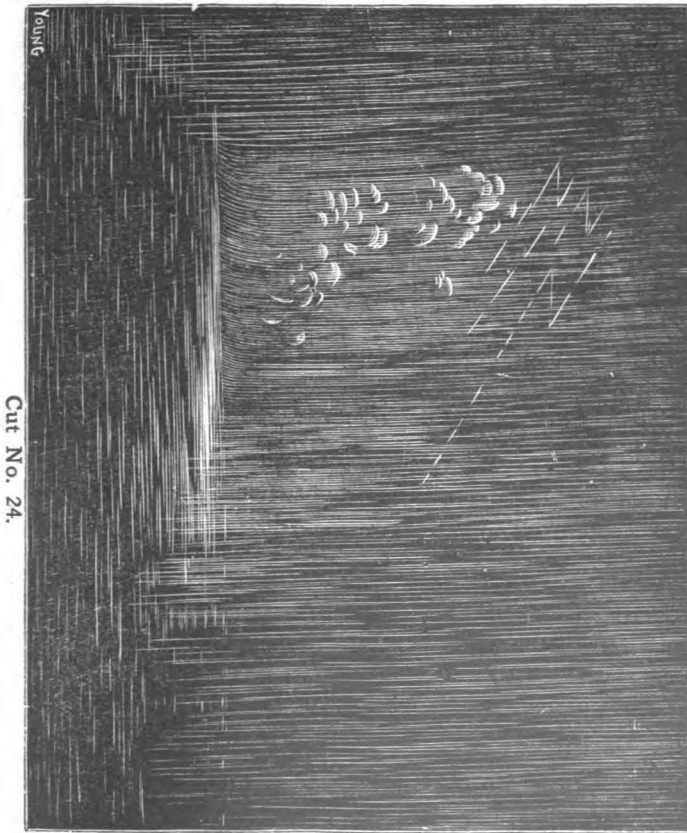
A Comparative size of the earth as it appears today and B as it appears in a gaseous form.



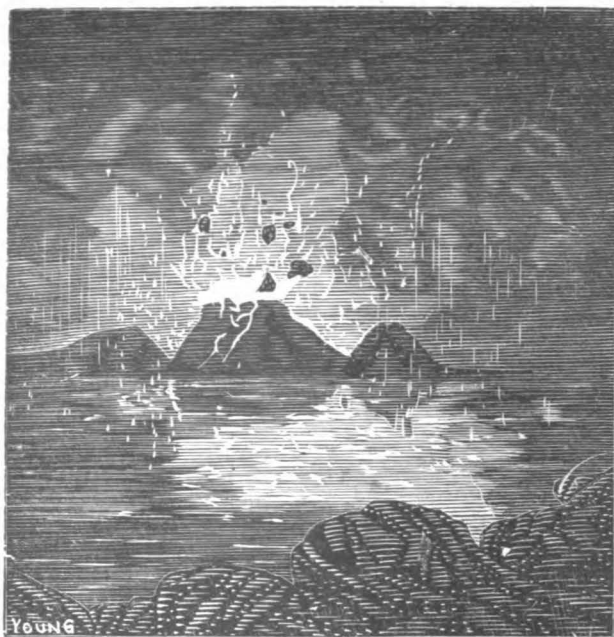
Cut No. 23.

The above represents our earth, in a great fire ball, darting

through space. It requires a vast period of time before the earth becomes cool enough to permit the gasses around it to form aerolites and rain to cool a crust and form volcanic action, and break up the crust.



Cut No. 24 shows a storm period, for ages, cooling a crust. We must remember that we were once in the free gasses, then in the nebular, then in the gaseous substance of our Earth, as we left the Sun with our Earth.



Cut No. 25.

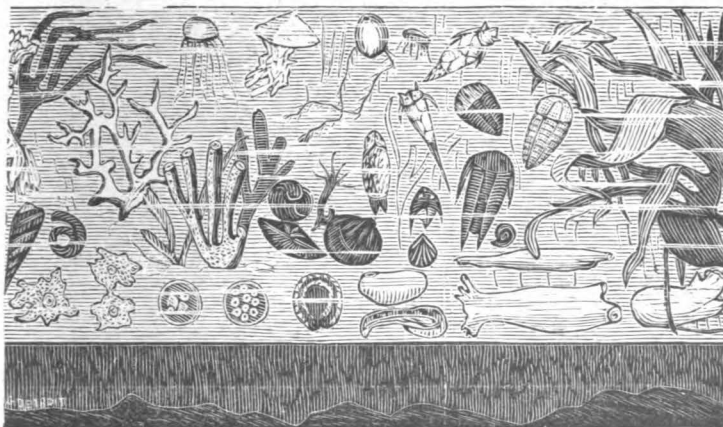
The volcanic period. Eternal fires broke through. Formation of mountain and valleys, rivers and seas, and forming of soil for vegetation.

At length the crust became stable enough to support seas of boiling water, later on cooler seas, fitted to produce certain seaweed.

Now remember the intelligent soul atoms, of which we ourselves were present in the gaseous matter in the fire, in the water, in the first vegetable, forming our kingdoms, and building greater organisms, fitting ourselves to be teacher, Kings, or soul, or rulers over those not so well adapted for the purpose. Thus the Scriptures say of Men, "Ye are Gods." Psalms LXXXII-6.

The first animal life on earth was the worm and insect life, the reptilian life, then the stronger animal life, until the monkey, and lower order of men. See cuts of monkey and heads of men from the savage up to the most intelligent men.

I will ask the reader, if the wise man has a soul, has not the next and the next down to the cannibal got a soul, and if the cannibal who would eat you, has a soul, has not your domestic animal got a soul?



Cut No. 26

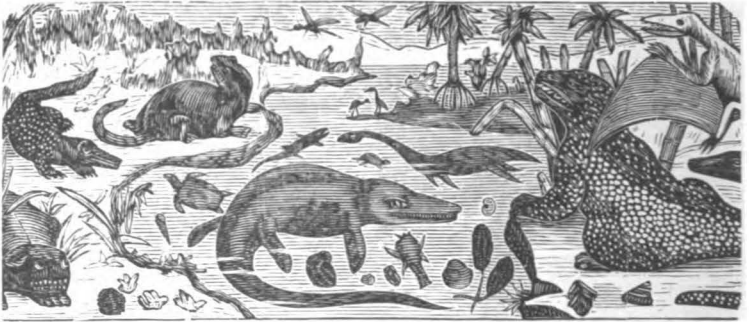
First Epoch or Primordial—Vegetation and Lower Forms of Animal Life Appeared on our Earth.

These periods show the evolution of our Solar system, and finally of our Earth.



Cut No. 27.

Second Epoch or Primary Period on Our Earth.



Cut No. 28.

**Third Epoch or Secondary Period—Animals, Fishes and Birds
Appeared and Vegetation Attained Rank Growth on our Earth.**



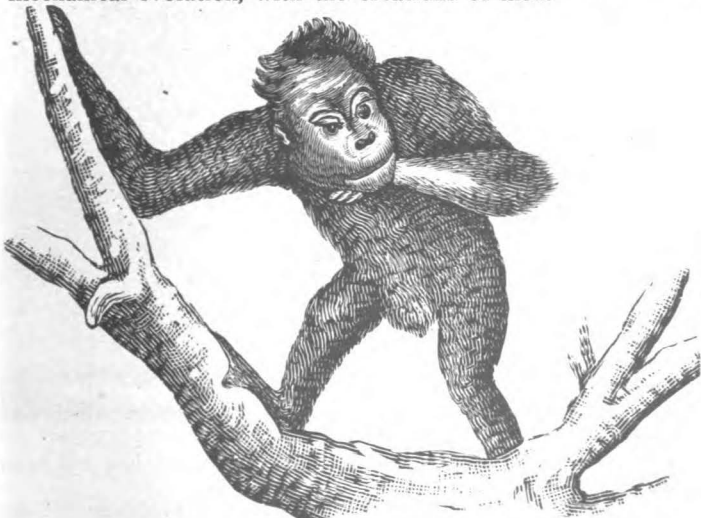
Cut No. 29.

**Fourth Epoch or Tertiary Period. Higher Forms of Life and
Fur-bearing Animals Appeared on our Earth.**



Cut No. 30.

Geologists find these stages of the Earth's history are strong proofs of the truth in Evolution especially when placed beside mechanical evolution, with the creations of men.



Cut No. 31.

One of the the connecting links, proving the evolution theory.



Cut No. 32.
Another connecting link.



Cut No. 33.

The grades of intelligence, in proof of Evolution, which one of these has an immortal soul, and which has not?

If the cannibal who would eat you has a soul, has not your domestic friend, dog or cat a soul?

It does not take a strong mind to trace evolution in our every day life. The tallow candle to the electric light, the wheel barrow to the automobile and a thousand and one things.

Cut No. 33 shows grades of intelligence in men. You rate this intelligence by their wants, and their means of supplying their wants. Has the man on the right got a soul and the others not, or has the second got the soul and the others not, or the fourth or fifth got a soul and the others not? Or has that cannibal who would eat you got a soul and your noble domestic animal who will risk his life to save yours not got a soul?

Even plants have been known to rob their neighbor, and so everything will be held responsible and answer for the crimes of former lives. The great graduation day is here, be prepared at any moment, and I will now tell you how to be ready.

Above all things avoid the desire to possess great wealth, to become a money loaner.

"The love of money is the root of all evil."

"It is easier for the camel to pass the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God." Expose the tricks of money men whenever possible. Frequent prayers to God for help will avail you much, and to sit at spiritual seances will be a great help.

I asked Karmenia if transmigraton of souls is true. "No; only as a means of transfer," she replied.

Anticipating, she said: "There is no such thing as a devil to him who can sift the finished from the unfinished. It is not the spirits of friends who tempt you, but it s the souls and spirits you are daily taking in with the food and drink, who were parts of human beings of former ages, and are trying to get a foothold, by hook or by crook. These you take in while eating and drinking. Therefore, of all times to avoid temptation, is to keep the mind screen pleasant and happy while eating and drinking."



Each atom is a soul, each molecule a spirit body, those who never have reached a high plane and those who occupied high positions in other human bodies but undertook to influence that body to wrongdoing and for their pains were thrown out of the human body in fecal matter, will, through great effort, try to become parts of your kingdom.

They will have their own tastes and desires, and will try to get others of similar tastes and desires to form colonies in your spiritual body, and so will become a part of your world, and do what they think will please you, hoping thereby to be let remain in your body."

To get a better understanding of world building and evolution you should read my "Poetical Drifts of Thought," from which most of these illustrations have been borrowed.

To get a better understanding of the Atomic Soul Theory, do not fail to read and reread "Cosmos," I have placed in the back of this book, free to all.

To get a better understanding of Astrology and its influences on yourself, or men in general, you should get my Astrological Periodicity, besides my study and research it cost ten years of the best of my life's work.

To get a better understanding of the Bible as an Astrological work, you should read "Stowe's Bible Astrology." Notwithstanding newspapers and magazines have returned my money and refused to advertise "Bible Astrol-

ogy," it has reached its fourth edition, and people still send in cheering words like this: "I have read your Bible Astrology and want a copy for myself."

Do you care to put money in a book you have read unless you see great value in it? This is not intended for an ad, but to help the understanding.

Says Karmenia, in answer to my question of mind and matter: "My beloved, stop and think, 'Thoughts are things.' You have thoughts come to you, you do not want, and you drive them away. Did you create good thoughts any more than you did the evil ones?" I guess not. "Thoughts are things," you eat thought, drink thought and breathe thought. Sir Humphry Davey was right—"There s nothing in the Universe but thought, impressions of pains and pleasures." And again DahomaPadah was right, "We are the result of what our thoughts have been."

Let the reader remember this conversation took place eighteen years before "Cosmos" was written and published, and yet Karmenia showed the book to me and said it was destined that I should write such a book. (See "Cosmos" or the three lectures in the back of this book.

A great clairvoyant cries: "How can I describe the indescribable? Time had disappeared; space was no more. I felt that thoughts were the only tangible things." (Footnotes to the unknown.)

Some years ago while pursuing my studies I practiced reading my mail while it was yet in



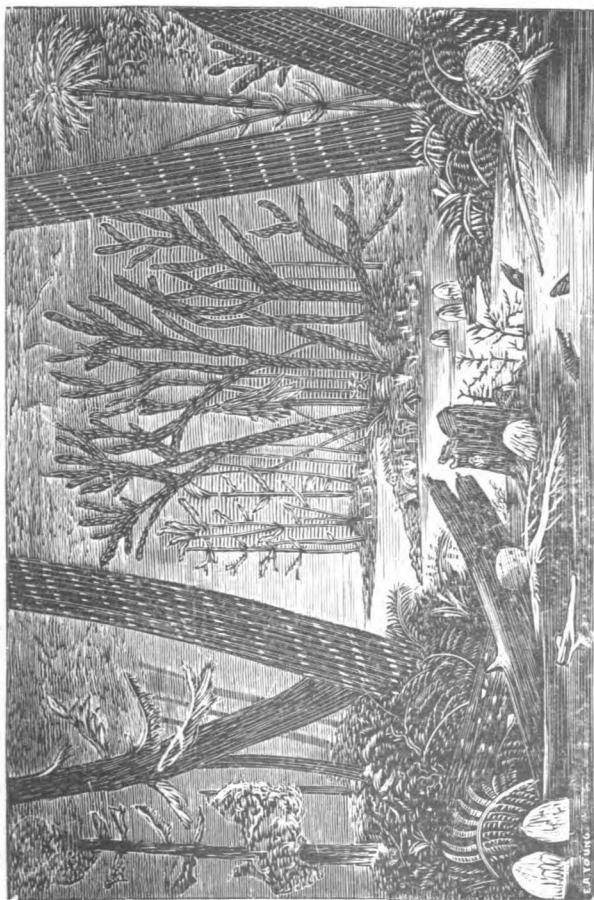
the hands of the letter carrier, before it reached me. On one occasion, nstead of seeing my mail I saw a lady's bedchamber, and a lady was before the dresser, evidently doing up some mail matter; when I got a chance to examine it properly I saw a lady friend doing up a picture of herself holding up her baby to be photographed. I immediately looked at the time of day and wrote a note, saying you are doing up a picture of yourself holding up your baby to be photographed; by the time you receive this letter I shall have your picture. She now has my letter and I have her picture. She lives in Chicago and I live in Detroit, over two hundred miles apart. Time and space were no more.

Let the reader remember this when reading the last chapter of "A Trip to Canopious."

The object of this work is to give the experience of the writer in proof of the fact that there is no death. That all is one great intelligence, yet divisible into parts, and that each organic body has a world of his own, and he cannot understand the worlds above him, or below him, and that what he knows of this world he must learn by experience, and he cannot judge another form of life by this world and form of life.

After man learned of the divisibilty of matter down to so small a point as an atom, he began to reason that the soul of man must be one of these atoms, and then he began to speculate as to how many human souls could dance on the point of a cambric needle. Man then began to reason

about the compound, or spirit body, and this carried his mind back to his friends that had gone before and this brought the desire of the spirits



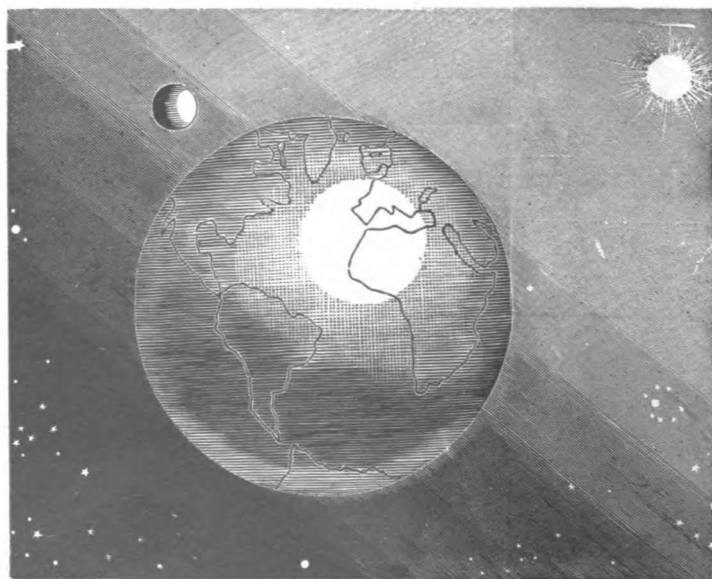
Cut No. 34.
In a period of coal formation, or Devonian period.

of communication with their loved ones here. This brought us to spirit communication. This

had to be very slow as the spirit world is another world, and the initiative and signals. But we do not know one iota of their world codes or signals, except what they will tell us.

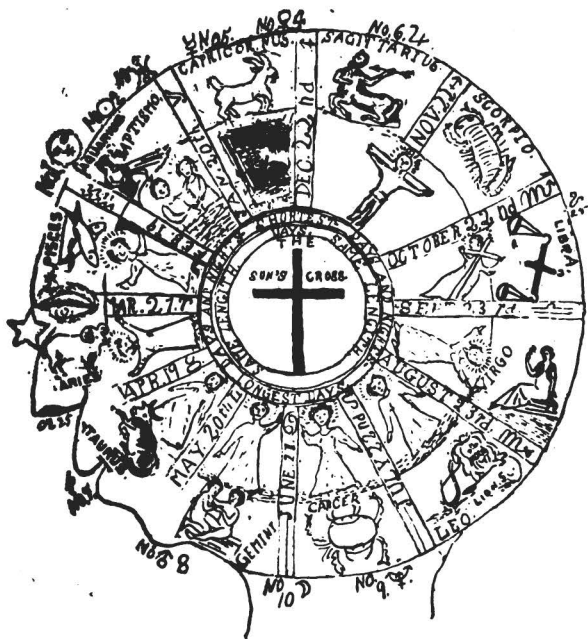
The whole process of world building, evolution and destiny of man is to give a great mind something to do.

The offering of a reward and punishment to man to cause him to attend to his duty is merely the reminder within himself that he has a duty to perform.



Cut No. 35.

Our Earth at the present time.



1

**.THE ZODIAC, AND STORY AMONG THE STARS.
AND SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.**

Cut No. 37.

Is the Zodiac, in the form of the human head. "Man was made in the likeness of his creator." The Zodiac.

No man is fit to be a ruler, statesman, doctor, lawyer, in fact anything unless he thoroughly understands the Zodiac. The whole Bible is in that one illustration. See "Stowe's Bible Astrology." Write to the Stowe's, 131 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich.

To read the Old Testament start at the top of the head and read to the right, counting by weeks between the air signs

"We are now just entering a Sunday morning of a new week of 7,000 years. "A day is a thousand years with the Lord, and a thousand years is as a day."

To read the New Testament begin at the top of the head and read to the left. But get Stowe's "Bible Astrology" and "What Is Coming" to see it quick.

I beg the reader to go to the back of this book and read "Cosmos" before reading these stories.

Remember:

Man tires of labor, he tires of pleasure and wants a change.

Man retires at night because he is tired and wants rest, but he tires of the bed and rises and goes to work.

We could do nothing without experience. That experience that costs us an effort is the greatest pleasure in the end.

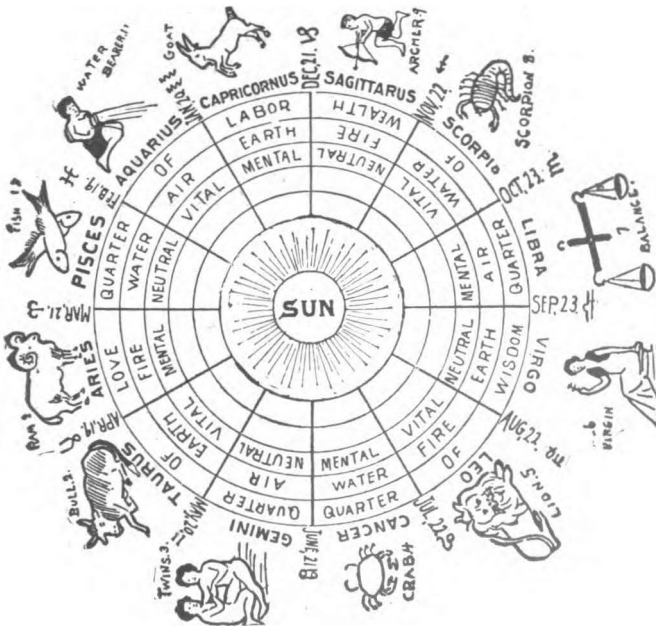
I placed Mr. Hodge's great question before Karmenia and asked her explanation. Here is the great question:

"Why are some born to honor, others to dishonor, some to wealth and some to want, some in the midst of crime, ignorance and sorrow, others involved in happy conditions. When and where are the compensations?"—Henry Clay Hodges.

Karmenia replied: "This is the law of Karma; these people are receiving the reward for their acts, as for instance, they retard or increase the speed of their progress. Here is an illustration.

THE ZODIAC.

THE TWELVE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.



Cut No. 38.

When a child and going to school and desirous of passing or graduating, but you spent too much time in pleasure and did not pass, what a sad blow to you. Well, notice Cut No. 38, the Zodiac. Gemini, Aquarius and Libra are air signs, or God's Sundays or days of rest. The last millennium was when the Sun passed through Gemini. Then from creation to the flood or Sun passing through Taurus 2,000 years. From Flood to Christ 2,000 years, and a change of dispensation; from Christ to the present time 2,000 years and

a change of dispensation or a Sunday. Great changes must take place and at another Monday morning, or when the Sun enters Capricornus, many will graduate to a higher sphere. But there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, because they could not graduate. Here is a strange story Karmenia is telling me, and we will return to the story of the millenium, and the Sunday morning about to be ushered in.



CHAPTER XXIII.

**KARMENIA'S STORY, OR
THE SPIRIT'S EXPLANATION.**

Away back in 1858 this country was visited by the passage of the pigeons. From whence they came no person ever knew, and where they went no one ever found out. There were millions upon millions of them, and the flock would often darken the Sun. These birds were a little smaller than the tame pgeon, much prettier built, very graceful. All dressed one just like the other, a beautiful light blueish dove color, red legs and red eyes. A graceful bird on the wing, and swift as lightning. They were captured and killed by the millions and fed to the hogs to get rid of them because they destroyed the farmers' grains.

In 1870 they disappeared as suddenly as they came and no one seemed to be able to tell where they went, as it was claimed a \$10,000 reward was offered for a pair of them. They made good food, but food was so plentiful they were not appreciated.

The story that Karmenia is telling me is that every atom is a soul, every molecule a spirit body of the least to the greatest organic body. That which has been thrown from the human body is mostly in fecal matter, dead skin or bad blood, or any other form is that, for the most part which was never before a part of the human body, or if so, exerted no intelligent part, whence once a spirit body has been a part of some human form

they are very anxious to get back, and will sometimes resort to obsession. Karmenia says there are many throughout space who are condemned to wander for ages before they can enter the human family.

God says when he subdues all to himself again he will take a rest, and he has given us an example. The night is a rest to the day, the winter to the summer, the spirit state between incarnated lives. Now let us take God's week, a thousand years is as a day, and a day as a thousand years, with the Lord."

Let the reader examine the picture of the Zodiac, there are twelve signs, three water signs, three fire signs, three earth signs and three air signs.

The Sun in his apparent daily motion is two hours in a sign, and there is a refreshing morning, to start a new day's work. Now let us notice between each air sign, or three signs, one fire sign, one earth sign, one water sign, or two thousand year days, for labor, and one air sign for millinum or Sunday, and this gives us a day of rest. Karmenia says that each of these three signs rule for two thousand years, and the planet that rules the sign is very powerful in the effects of its nature.

She says that at the end of the rule of each sign, there is an advancement for the fortunate, or diligent, or wise spirits, whichever you wish to call them, and a retrograde for the others.

Every 26,000 years, or thereabouts, when the Sun has made a circle of the Zodiac, there is a great graduation day, and those who are fit to go

to a higher sphere, those who are not must learn they are bound to earth for 26,000 years more, and that they must be born again, before they can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. (Oh, get "Bible Astrology," anyway).

Karmenia says that just the same as on Sunday morning everything is quite untidy until the family is ready to settle down to a day's rest, and so it is on the millennial Sunday, there are wars and rumors of wars and disturbances of all kinds. It is here that the spirits of the past wish to get an opportunity to atone for the past, if possible graduate.

During the past 2,000 years Pisces, the fishes, has ruled, and Jupiter, the God of wealth, rules that sign, and human hoggishness, or selfishness, has been the greatest sin. "The love of money is the root of all evil." What the sin of Taurus people was I do not know, but I think Karmenia said adultery.

The sin of Aries people was provoking war, though today the ram is a docile animal, but if in defense of his flock, bold and desperate, he has been known to whip a lion and a panther.

A few years ago, in the stockyards of Detroit, Mich., was a sulky, lone bull. Nobody dared approach; they were waiting for a gun to shoot; finally a flock of sheep with the ram at the head was let in the yard and the bull charged the flock with a bellow. The ram squared himself and knocked the bull down by butting him square in the forehead. This was repeated thirteen times, when the bull turned and ran to the other side of the yard, bellowing his surren-

der. It was found, later, that the bull weighed just thirteen times as much as the ram. There is no animal can stand before the ram, if the ram has a fair chance.

For the past 2,000 years Pisces, the fishes, ruled by Jupiter, the God of wealth, has ruled, and there has been a continual strife between the upper and lower classes, which is now about to end with a total destruction of the upper classes, and looking upon the millionaire as a dishonest, dangerous man.

During the 2,000 years that Aries ruled, men cultivated the war spirit, which they wished to get rid of, and balance up their spiritual bodies, the selfish class of their times, as well as of the past 2,000 years, also saw their mistakes and wished to correct the matter, so that they can graduate during the millennial Sunday, therefore they got the privilege of coming back to earth to rebuild, to help the lower soul atoms and spiritual bodies within themselves, and to let the dissatisfied go. But they must come through man in the ordinary way, therefore they came in great force in the form of pigeons, which were slaughtered by the millions, and have come up as food for men direct, or through other animal life, and then to man more indirect. In taking their lessons of experience during this great war, millions of them have been shot down, just as they had done for others in the many ages past.

The money ruling class who now own the earth are the rebirth of the past 3,000 years, and those who are the most persistent in grasping the earth and robbing the masses, will lose the

results of all past experiences and have to start at the first molecule in forming a new Kingdom.

Many of the pigeon souls and spirits are noble beings, but the letting loose such vast multitudes of spirits of criminals of past ages has filled our poor earth with thieves and trouble-makers of all kinds, as never before known, and is sure to bring destruction upon themselves, unless they hasten to reform, and help the people.

to do, but warns me to be prepared to fly from the wrath of the outraged masses, and burning cities, to the quietitude of rural life, if possible.

Cut 39.—A perfect man, if you could see him with a glass strong enough he would look like a swarm of bees gathering around the Queen Bee, coming and going, all bringing honey, and no one empty or bringing false stories. But listen, Smith and Jones stood near the corner talking, when Smith cries out: "By the way, Jones, have you seen Adams lately?" "Indeed, no, but how strange that we should both think of Adams at the same moment." They go on talking, when

Karmenia will not tell me what they are going Adams appears, and both exclaim: "Well, well, speak of the devil and his horns appear."

Now, then, there must be an answer to that. What is it? It is simply this. Smith and Jones were busy and some of their soul atoms took the liberty of running around, coming across Adams, who was also busy. They made inquiry and found Adams had just thought of them.

They hastened back and reported. It proved Smith was the strongest clairvoyant, and got the report first, and so an old mystery is cleared up.



Cut No. 39.

Cut No. 39 is also found in *Cosmos*, in back part of this book. It is used here to more forcefully impress on the reader's mind that he is not one person, but many in one, and that each of these entities may have a world of his understanding, as distinctly a world to him as ours is to us, just as your dream was a different world to you last night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

**Karmenia Takes Me on the Longest Journey
Ever Made by Man.**

He who through immensity can pierce
 See worlds on worlds compose one Universe.
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns.
 What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
 May tell us why Heaven has made us as we are?"

And this is but one of a series of trips while explaining the mystery of God's universe, in all of its ramifications. I see the imaginary universe and I see the imaginary God and the real God, the imaginary hell and heaven, the real hell and heaven, the imaginary universe and the real universe.

The little taste I had of the trips with my beautiful sweetheart by travel and vision had sharpened my appetite for more, and I begged Karmenia to take me with her in the realms of space and show me the wonders of other worlds.

One morning, just after my discussion with Prof. Owen and prior to my second lecture before the investigators and students of chemistry, I sat wondering over the great problem of life, when my thoughts reverted to my loved Karmenia, and I cried, "Karmenia, Karmenia, Karmenia, thy name, thy name, why didst thou not give me thy real name?"

At my call Karmenia appeared to me, all radiant with smiles, cheerful and happy as a lark in a summer morning.

The reader has before noticed my domestic life, while a happy one, was not just roses, as I would like to have had it, yet the reader may not

be surprised to find my sweetheart, Karmenia, at times blended with my own sweet wife.

My wife, poor woman, is not to blame for having such a cold, morose disposition any more than I am to blame for being over-affectionate, and forever worrying for the safety of my loved ones, while starving for affection, so you may judge when Karmenia did come to me where I could chat with her while gazing upon her loveliness, I did not like to be disturbed, especially by my wife breaking in upon us so suddenly, as she oftentimes did. Though my wife could never see Karmenia, she could hear me talk to her, and wondered what had become of my companion, and you can see it would be natural under such conditions that she should become jealous and annoyed. Yet, someway I thought it was serving her right. But when the neighbors began to interfere and a vinegar-visaged old maid said, "If I was you I would find that hidden woman and beat her brains out, or have him shut up in an insane asylum, for he's certainly going crazy, or he has a woman hid somewhere." It was a little more than my patience could endure and I requested my wife to keep out of my study when I was at work.

Matters were becoming quite unpleasant, and it is possible a divorce would have taken place, but Karmenia would not hear of it. So my only real joy was when Karmenia would come to me for a pleasant chat or for a long journey through space. After a while these trips became very frequent. Some times seated upon a ray of light with my celestial sweetheart, traveling two hundred miles per second, I longed for an eternal

life of such sightseeing, but this was often too slow, as we visited stars which took three millions of years for their light to reach us, at that rapid process, so we were often compelled to take wings of thought to reach the remote stars.

Karmenia had just asked me if I would not like a trip through space to see the universe and I had replied I would when my wife interrupted us, and wanted to know who I was talking to.

I replied in a snappy manner, "I don't know as it makes any great difference to you; since it is seldom or never you ask me a question on the subjects so near to my heart." And I followed Karmenia's beckoning to my room, we entered and I locked the door.

Said Karmenia, "Lay your body upon the bed and we will take a trip through space and see the universe."

I caught Karmenia in my arms and gave her one long, loving embrace, and then stretched myself upon the bed and left the body and started with Karmenia on the longest journey ever taken by man.

As we rose from Mother Earth, high into the heavens, and looked back upon the fading landscape, my soul was filled with amaze at the awe-inspiring grandeur. The earth did not look like a ball, but like a great saucer, with the sky coming down to meet the outside rim of the saucer. It was a beautiful sight. But it was only for a moment, and then it began assuming the form and color of a gray ball, but as we reached the Moon and were about to alight, I looked back and saw the earth, spread out in a great white disk of dazzling brightness, and yet there seemed to

float over the face of the earth a fleecy white cloud hardly discernible, which was our atmosphere, of course.

I was surprised to find the Moon entirely different from what I expected. I expected to find the Moon without an atmosphere, uninhabited, possessing huge, rocky crags and peaks, without a vestige of verdure, and to look down from these mountain peaks upon great sandy plains and craters, which radiated and reflected back the sun's rays with such intense heat it would remind one of a fiery furnace.

I found the Moon with an atmosphere very light and pure. The surface of the Moon appeared much like a honeycomb or a sponge, and far down in the cells I could distinguish an abundance of pure, clear water, which every now and then arose in light mist above the surface and fell back in delightful showers, and this was so very light it was more like the Earth's dew than like a misty rain. But it was sufficient to supply the Moon's surface, between the sponge-like cells, with a rank and beautiful growth of verdure, superior to anything we ever had on earth, yet differing so widely from Earth's verdure as to be no comparison, as the verdure was so ethereal and light it seemed itself but a mere shadow or ghost of vegetation.

I was about to ask Karmenia if the Moon was inhabited, when I beheld shadowy forms flitting here and there among the light, airy and graceful verdure. These beings were beautiful creatures, and their only occupation seemed to be lovemaking, laughing, chatting, or flitting from

place to place like humming birds over a flower bed. They did not walk or fly, but simply seemed to float from place to place.

I was about to ask Karmenia to explain matters concerning the Moon when she anticipated my desire and shook her pretty head and said, "No, not yet."

So we passed on and would have been unobserved by the inhabitants only for the fact that a child, beautiful and sweet, came and sat upon the leaf of a gigantic lily right beside me; its attractions influenced my mind beyond reason.

The scene was so tempting that I caught the child in my arms and caressed and kissed it.

The act was a foolish one. The child seemed terribly frightened and gave an electric tremor, but emitted no sound, or if it did the atmosphere was too light to carry a sound wave to my ear, but every flower and bit of verdure took up the tremor and vibrated and re-vibrated until the very heavens was rocked with vibrations, and I feared I should lose my balance, which I certainly should only for the wisdom and power of Karmenia, who set up a counter-vibration, and brought harmony out of chaos. Just at this moment we found ourselves surrounded with vast numbers of the Moon's inhabitants, who gazed at us in half fright and half curiosity, something as we of earth would gaze upon a spirit.

Karmenia took me by the hand and we left the Moon and its inhabitants in amazement to puzzle and wonder what were the strange figures which appeared and disappeared so suddenly.

Karmenia now produced the wings of thought and we continued our journey. On through



space we sped, past our Sun, past old Neptune, three billions of miles from the Sun, yet on, on we sped through space. Karmenia would not even give me time to make a mark in my notebook. We never stopped until we reached Alpha Centaura, the nearest fixed star to our system, which is twenty billions five hundred millions of miles away. Now you can get a faint idea of its distance from our system by noting these few facts. Light travels from the Sun, ninety-five millions of miles, in eight minutes; yet light requires three and a half years to travel from Alpha Centaura, so you can see light was too slow for Karmenia and myself to travel on. It is true our course led us in a different and almost opposite

direction. Perhaps the reader can get a better idea if he stops to think if he had an arm long enough to reach the Sun and burned his finger there, it would require a hundred and fifty years for the sensation to reach the brain. Now, if you stretch that arm to Alpha Centaura and burn your fingers, it would take thirty-five millions of years before you could feel the burn.

If this is our nearest fixed star, the reader can get a faint idea of the enormous distance it is to Sirius, which is one thousand times brighter than our Sun, yet so far distant it is a mere twinkling speck in the sky. We cannot comprehend the great distance we are from some of those mighty suns. Although we traveled with the speed of thought we visited suns so much further away than Sirius that no astronomer has ever conceived of the great distance, much less to calculate it and make it comprehensible to man. Although the crucifixion of Christ took place nearly two thousand years ago, and the story must be sent out to every part of God's universe, and though it traveled with the speed of thought it never has and never can reach the far distant suns in any one direction. Then think of the untold millions of stars to visit.

Recently the French Academy of Science had a map made of the firmament, which faithfully represents the heavens, with stars up to the fourteenth magnitude, and which embraces thirty million stars.

Oh, God of Wonders, why did you make man so small and your universe so great?

The Scriptures tell us the very hairs of one's head are numbered, and the fool cries out: "How ridiculously impossible." Yet man seeks to number the stars in God's universe and to aid him to understand he draws such comparisons as follows:

"To form some idea of the largeness of the earth, one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church steeple, and then bear in mind that one must view nine hundred thousand similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth.

"Place five hundred earths like ours side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand globes could be stored in the Sun, if hollow. If a human eye every hour were capable of looking upon a fresh measure of world material five thousand miles large, that eye would require fifty thousand years to overlook the surface of the Sun." Yet our Sun is as small in comparison to suns Karmenia and I visited as our earth is to it. Take Canopus, for instance.

Rigel, a star of the first magnitude, in the constellation Orion, we found so far distant that our scientists had no means of estimating its distance, yet men tried to estimate the number of stars in a given space, and looked upon the statement of God's numbering the hairs of a man's head as ridiculous.

Says the authority before quoted:

"The magnitude of the number of stars in the heavens is appalling. Besides single stars, we

know of systems of stars moving around one another. Still we are but a short ways into space as yet. Outside our limits of vision and imagination, there are no doubt still larger spaces. The Milky Way holds at least twenty million one hundred and ninety-one thousand stars and as each is a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least fifty planets. Counting up these figures, we arrive at the magnitude of one thousand million stars. Who can comprehend it? Still this is only a part of the universe. The modern telescopes have discovered more and similar Milky Ways still further away. We know of some three thousand nebula which represent milky ways like ours. Let us count two thousand of them as being of the size of our Milky Way. then multiply a thousand million by two thousand and you have two trillions of stars, and yet we have not begun to comprehend the possibilities of man's enumeration and calculation; then to think of the infinity of individuality counting downward among the atoms, which are thinking entities, all environed in worldly conditions of their own.

It would take thirty-seven thousand of our years to count an English billion, at one every second. So you can get a glimpse of the comparative weakness of man in his endeavor to grasp the wonders of the universe.

Although Karmenia gave me extra powers to grasp the vastness of the universe, I saw how utterly impossible it was for us to visit every sun and its sattelites, yet Karmenia again called my attention to the fact that nature abhors

monotony or sameness, and as she never makes two things just alike, Karmenia assured me that no two of these heavenly bodies were exactly alike, and as she had enabled me to prove every atom was an atom of mind or point of force, capable of organizing kingdoms, of great power of intelligence, I could readily see that if a great God of organic power did not always exist to sway the universe, evolution which the materialist admitted to be true, and which had eternity of the past to work in, would surely have evolved a God. Karmenia acknowledged this to be a fact, and said God always existed.

We now landed on Canopus, a star in the constellation Argo, which is thousands of times brighter than the Sun. Though here I could not help noticing the resemblance in some things of these mighty heavenly bodies, to poor, puny men. How often we notice how some men, on account of their greatness, are given credit for the wisdom or power of others, who are far wiser and greater than they are, though not so well known. I found it just so with some of these great stars. They sparkle with borrowed splendor of stars far greater than they, yet in range, but so far distant they could not be distinguished as separate bodies. To use the words of Prof. Newcomb: "You can better understand my meaning if you imagine a candle in the darkness an eighth of a mile away; then place lamps in range one exactly behind the other an eighth of a mile apart, increasing the size until the largest one is a mile away, and then you may notice your candle will

be shining with borrowed plumes of greater bodies far beyond it." This I found to be the fact with some of the great stars. Though God knows, Canopus I found great enough of itself. To give you some idea of its magnitude, if it were hollow there would be room for thousands of suns like ours to be stored inside of it, and it is an old and finished sun like ours, with many more sattelites revolving around it. Though it is not as dense as our earth.

Let me here tell you, dear reader, as I have shown you, everything is mind; life, composed of atoms or points of intelligent force, various bodies or kingdoms are continually forming, so every one of these heavenly bodies, small or great, vapory or condensed, are inhabited by beings fitted to their conditions.

Karmenia and I undertook to circumnavigate the exterior of Canopus, and we slowed up to the speed of a railroad train at a mile a minute, but this we found would consume too much time, so we continued on the wings of thought. The reader can get a better idea of that by suddenly transferring himself from point to point over space he once traveled, by suddenly thinking of first one place and then the other. He will naturally suppose we did not have time to observe conditions and landscapes while traveling at that great speed. But Karmenia was equal to all occasions, and she produced conditions whereby we were able to see and understand everything as we proceeded. After such a trip I no longer doubted that all things are possible with God.

The atom, I always found, expanded according to the density of the heavenly body it was a member of. And so the physical structures of a body were always in corresponding size to the body itself, so that all organic forms on the mighty Canopus were as gigantic in proportion to the body as itself. Although we ourselves found we were wonderfully expanded, we were mere specks in comparison to the gigantic forms ranging over the vast surface of Canopus. The body magnified two thousand times.

I remember once on earth I was using my microscope, when Karmenia called my attention to a little bug about the size of the point of a pin, and when we brought it under the object glass of the microscope I found it appeared like a monster with a great armored shell and scales, monstrous claws and nails, a head and snout, with powerful jaws, teeth and tusks, eyes of fiery red, and protected by enormous folds in the structure of the head. Though this to our outer sense was too small to be classified by our scientist, a mere speck to the naked eye, it was composed of as perfect an organism as any monster I feared to face. And as perfect as the giants I found on Canopus, and it fought, mastered and devoured as perfect organisms as itself, invisible to my glass of two thousand diameters. Karmenia assisted me, and I assure you while posing as the bug I felt myself of as much importance as any of the big bugs of your social world.

While on Canopus I felt myself as small in comparison to the inhabitants of Canopus as that bug seemed to me.

Karmenia and I stood upon a mighty rock, looking down an abyss thousands of feet, when some of the inhabitants strode over the very uneven surface of Canopus. I was terribly frightened, but Karmenia, with the quick wit of a woman, pulled me down into a crevice, and the monsters straddled over the space, and one planted his gigantic foot directly over us and passed on, but we lay snugly in the crevice, as you have seen a bug in the crack of the floor remain in perfect safety while a man's No. 10 foot stood directly over him, but we were not so fortunate when the birds came looking for food, and one of them swallowed a berry which we were standing on, and we were imprisoned and passed through his gizzard and intestines of the bird, and out with his excretia. Although this was rather unpleasant, I was not sorry for it, as it gave me a chance to study the nature of the bird, and his process of digestion, for you see we were a part of the bird for the time being. There was one serious thing connected with it which came near binding us to that sphere, for God knows how long. We came near losing our wings of thought, which, if it had taken place, we could not have left that vicinity for many ages. But, after all, it was the best thing that ever happened, as the following story will prove. We had traveled nearly all over the face of the great globe, ~~some~~ things passing through indescribable fissures and caverns, which ran in all directions through the Canopian mountains, of which the mountains of our earth would appear like mere mole hills, but unlike such places on our earth

they were never dark. You cannot find a dark place on Canopus. The fact is, the giant Globe, the Globe of the Giants, is surrounded by a vast luminous mass, which shoots out jets of light both ways from the sphere and inward, reaching and lighting up every crevice.

This is a body of highly advanced soul atoms.

Notwithstanding the difference of vegetable and animal life on Canopus, of which I am sorry space will not permit my going into details, in many ways, it resembles earth on a gigantic scale. Yet there is more beauty and harmony there than on earth, judging from a native's standpoint. That is as "distance lends enchantment to the view," so does the closely formed compound reveal less imperfections to the human eye. Therefore, the eye of a Canopian, accustomed to the expanded, loose and mighty structure, does not notice the unevenness that our eyes, accustomed to things of smaller and more compact build of earth, would notice. We were like a microscopic bug crawling over a man's hand, porous and hair-clad, where streams of perspiration threatens its destruction.

The becoming a part of the bird's structure enabled us to more readily enter into the understanding of the things and affairs of Canopus. We saw a number of people in bathing, and it was very amusing to me, for the people were so very large the molecules of water were as big as marbles, and appeared more like gas balls, or soap bubbles, than anything else. Yet they were soft and pleasant to the touch.

Karmenia and I found a pretty pool of water

as clear as crystal and we determined to enjoy a bath. We found it so exhilarating it was almost intoxicating. We were enjoying it immensely when all at once we felt ourselves lifted out of the pool, and yet we were in a large body of water. I was about to ask Karmenia what it meant when she spoke quickly and said: "Remember the bird and hold your identity. Forget nothing." The next thing I noticed we were passing the lips of a giant Canopian.

As you could store three hundred millions of globes like our earth in the great sphere Canopus, and vegetation and animal life, including man, is built on this gigantic scale, you may imagine our comparative size to the giant Canopian who swallowed us in a great gulp of water. He drank from a cup as large as a hundred railroad tanks.

Karmenia and I clung together hand-in-hand as we ran down the gullet of this mighty being, and though we maintained our identity we could not entirely resist the influence of the surrounding conditions and associates, for now we were a part of the Canopian we felt the influence as much as an Englishman feels the influence of his surroundings when he comes to the United States and finally loses his identity as an Englishman and becomes an American citizen, and if he came here a child he forgets or nearly forgets his birthplace. It is very much so in reincarnation. Just so with us. We took on so much of the conditions of the Canopian we should have lost our memory of past events only for a tremendous effort to retain it. We soon became a

part of the Canopian system and sympathized in a measure with his every act. He was a great warrior and hunter, yet a loving husband and father.

So much did we partake of his feeling that I was surprised to find Karmena expressing joy over his success and conquests, and I certainly know I felt proud of his achievements as if they were really my own.

Instead of passing away from him as we did from the bird, we entered his blood vessels and went whirling through his veins. We now looked upon his children with endearing kindness, for he was the father of several. We also looked upon his wife with great affection, yet while we remained with him seemingly a great length of time, actually taking part in all of his sorrows, joys, hopes and fears, we were still able to comprehend we were experiencing worlds of our own

While we were a part of the Canopian's system he went on a great hunt and sort of summer outing, with several others of his class.

I must call attention here to the fact that whether it was an atom of oxygen capturing two atoms of hydrogen to form a molecule of water, or whether vegetation building its structure from captured soul atoms from atmosphere and earth, or whether a bug too small to classify, or man engaged in the chase, or a gigantic sun attracting from space the entities of less size and power, war and capture is the legitimate law and love of nature.

In this case a long period was spent in killing and eating the wild game, also of drinking the juice of a berry called the avia berry. This was very pleasant to the taste and very stimulating and the soul atoms of the berry were very active and continually urging the Canopian to bring more of their kind into his system, just as foreigners of any nation colonize and try to get more of their people with them. (This explains inordinate habit).

Instead of using his self-control and denying them the right to make it unpleasant for the older inhabitants of his kingdom, he acted like a petty politician and encouraged the colonization, until he corrupted his whole system. He pleased himself and the avia berries and lay drunk for days. This made him sick and many of his faithful soul atoms left him. But Karmneia and I joined others and fought hard to control his king soul atom in the solar plexus to stop his takin gany more of the drink and to expel those soul atoms from his kingdom.

He had also overloaded his stomach with the foods he carried with him, together with the slaughtered wild game, and the influence of these soul atoms in his system was like too much immigration to the United States. They could not be assimilated fast enough and disorder was the result. Instead of his blood flowing in unbroken harmony, the soul atoms congested in colonies desiring to leave his kingdom and undertook to break out through the skin in sore boils. We finally got him to let the avia berries

and their juice alone, and stop eating, and only to drink pure water, and we finally saved his kingdom—his body—from destruction. I could then see how a man is a god, and how he can be a very good god, making his kingdom harmonious and happy, or how he can be a fool god and make his kingdom miserable and finally destroy it. Therefore, no man has a right to complain of the rulers of his country, his God or his destiny, until he learns to rule his own kingdom and discipline and direct the soul atoms of his kingdom in harmonious accord.

Karmenia and I had now become very dear to the soul atoms of his kingdom and we sat in council on the throne, with numerous other soul atoms, even having won over some of the soul atoms who came into his kingdom with the avia berries. Some thought that we had such an influence over the king that his kingdom would always last. But we warned them that the time would soon come when, through uncontrolled passion, he would expel us from his kingdom. That time soon came, for he returned home, and though his system had not entirely recovered from the shock and disorganized condition, the remaining soul atoms of the avia berries were still active and urging him on to passion.

His wife was a quiet, beautiful woman, and he loved her dearly, and of course, we shared in his feelings until at last in an outburst of uncontrolled affection he expelled us from his kingdom and we became for a time a part of Mrs. Canopian's body.

I must here relate a thing I had often noticed on our earth. A woman may have an absolute dislike for certain fruit or other food or drink and determine to never touch it, believing it wrong to partake of it. Yet during the period of gestation she may be seized with a morbid desire to partake of that article; never had the desire before, and never does again after the child is born, but believing it wrong, she will never touch it. The consequence is the child will be born with an everlasting desire for that food or drink. While, had she tasted it, the desire of the child would never be manifest. Well, while Karmenia and I were dwelling in the kingdom of the Canopian's wife, I longed for the pleasant companionship of some of the soul atoms of the avia berries, but she, believing it was wrong to partake of them, would not touch them, consequently I was born into the Canopian world with an inordinate thirst for the juice of the avia berries. Even now, since I returned to earth, I have such a desire for that berry that I fear when I die I shall wing my way to that distant sphere to once more taste the intoxicating juice of the avia berry, which I never knew except while dwelling in the kingdom of the Canopian's body.

You can see by this, dear reader, the power of environments and conditions, and have pity on your brother, born under unfavorable influences, and try to correct the conditions and false systems rather than the individual.

At this time a difference arose between Karmenia and myself, which for a brief time, looked to me as if it might destroy the harmony be-

tween us forever.

I have often called the reader's attention to the fact that an organic body is divided into molecules and atoms. A molecule is the smallest indivisible form of an organic body. An atom is the smallest indivisible element in existence, while an atom is so infinitesimally small to our senses, every atom is a thinking entity, and uniting with other atoms, forms a molecule, the molecules unite and form organic bodies. Thus from a grain of sand, through vegetable and animal life, to the most gigantic Sun, are nations or kingdoms, presided over by a ruling atom, which is the soul.

Every organ of the body has its commander, who reports to the next commander above him, and so on to the supreme ruler, whose home is as near the center of the structure as possibly can be. That in man is in the solar plexus, or abdominal brain, which lies between the stomach and spinal column.

It is these commanders that constitute the spiritual body of man.

Let the reader remember, Paul says we have a spiritual body and we have a material body.

It is these commanders that select the atoms for rebuilding each separate organ of a body, and when a body is materialized at a spiritual meeting, it is these commanders who borrow the soul atoms and molecules from the medium, and from all present, even from all substances in the immediate vicinity, which can be used for the temporary body.

As these molecules and atoms must be bor-

rowed from other bodies the organism cannot last long, as the greater number of them must be borrowed from the medium, the strain is very great on the medium, and if some skeptic grasps and holds the materialized body, the shock to the medium is so great that every atom of the remaining body and clothes fly instantly to the rescue, and the skeptic finds he holds the medium, and so the medium is denounced as a fake, whereas a great damage may be done to the medium's physical body, as well as to his reputation, and to the cause of true investigation.

This is not written to hinder investigation or deny there are fake mediums, but to explain the necessity for a milder and more searchnig manner of investigation.

To reorganize and perfect a spirit body, it must be done by a new birth. That is the meaning of the passage in John iii., 5-7: "Except ye be born again ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," (i. e.), cannot form a perfect kingdom.

Some of the ancients could not understand that and so the priesthood substituted baptism, and called it "born of water."

If the commander of any function of a body becomes selfish and tries to build his particular function too fast, or is indolent and does not built fast enough, the next physical kingdom will show some function with abnormal growth, which may cripple the whole form, or it may show the work of a selfish or indolent commander who, because of his neglect of his own command, may, to please his fancy, have been help-

ing the commander of another function, thus building an abnormal growth of one function at the expense of another, and this will cripple the whole organism.

When a man's spiritual body is freed from the worn-out material body, it at once seeks congenial conditions. If the mind and spirit is of a high order, it may float from place to place in the spirit world, seeking pleasure for a long time, until this becomes monotonous, when it will wish to make a farther progress to a higher plane of God's plan, then, noticing the mistakes it had made in a former life, the spirit seeks the individuals in earth life that are strongest in that particular function of which he is lacking, and attaches himself or herself to that organism, and dwells with it until expelled from the positive organism to a negative organism, which permits and assists in rebuilding another independent body.

It will be seen here that a spirit body may unconsciously be swallowed and remain a part of another organism for a long time before it recognizes that it is a part of that kingdom.

Here I must admit my personal weakness, for several previous lives to the present earthly condition I had been attached to the household of kings, priests and politicians, and had indulged the commander of my stomach, consequently by overfeeding I had so disorganized that organ that while dwelling in the bodies of my Canopian parents, I permitted the commander of the stomach too great a latitude of action, and he insisted on making too much of the acquaintance

of the soul atoms of the avia berries.

Karmenia continually warned me against this folly, until I became angry, and as this enlisted the atoms composing both the soul atoms of the spirit bodies, as well as the new forming material bodies, also exciting the soul atoms composing the material body of our Canopian mother, until it threatened the destruction of all.

At this point Karmenia called my attention to Genesis xxi, verse 22: "And the children struggled together within her, and she said, if it be so, why am I thus? And she went to inquire of the Lord."

Twenty-third verse: "And the Lord said unto her: 'Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels, the one people shall be stronger than the other people, and the elder shall serve the younger.'"

Here with Karmenia's help I readily recognized the meaning of that passage, for she was raising hob with me for building so many of the soul atoms of the avia berries into my kingdom, as she said it would surely corrupt my whole organism and I would fall back to the lower animal life, or possibly to inanimate form, as the wife of Lot, for the folly of looking back, lusting after the pleasures of past experiences instead of using the short time she had to perfect her kingdom, went back to the inanimate form of a mineral, or a pillar of salt.

Any human being who lusts for a thing he has learned is not good for him, and indulges that

desire, forms a habit that may destroy his kingdom body; thus an indulged thought may set in motion conditions that may bind him to a sphere for a great length of time, or by carefully controlling his thoughts he may make his next incarnated life such a success that it will prove to be a heaven. After a length of time he learns this an drises anyway. This answers Mr. Hodges' great question: "Some are born to honor, others to dishonor; some to wealth and others to want; some in the midst of crime, ignorance and sorrow, others are born in happy conditions. When and where is the law of compensation applied to equalize these conditions, or why should these things be?"

It does not matter whether it be two atoms, or two suns, friends will differ, and likes and dislikes arise, just as hydrogen and oxygen cling together, forming water, and it requires great force to drive them apart, while hydro-carbonates, such as gasoline, fly apart easily, and if you add nitrogen you make a kingdom of nitro-glycerine, which flies apart at a mere jar.

It was forming inharmonious combinations that caused Jacob and Esau to contend with each other before birth, and it nearly separated Karmenia and myself, and often causes great inharmony between brothers and sisters, thus conditions make man what he is, and natural selection has as much or more to do with man's nature before his birth as after.

Had Karmenia and I not felt at home in the Canopian's body we would have passed from him

as we did from the bird, but feeling at home and anxious to explore the new surroundings, we saw his body as a new world. We died—left his body, to be born in a new world, when again we died in the new world of our mother's body, to be born as babies in the Canopian world.

At last the hour came and we were expelled from the lady's kingdom, and the joyous report was spread abroad that Mrs. Canopian was the mother of twins, a lovely girl and boy. Then the neighbors came rushing in to see the newborn children, and we were tossed around from one to another, and the pretty young girls cuddled and kissed us. I remember I could see and converse with the soul atoms of both Mr. and Mrs. Canopian's kingdoms, and one of the pretty girls cried out: "Just see, this baby laughs as if he saw some person from an unseen world." Which, of course, was a fact, for I was virtually beholding friends of three worlds. I now remember of witnessing just such appearances with my own children, as I believe they were in transit between two worlds.

Karmenia and I could converse with each other readily at all times. We noticed our father, Mr. Canopian, seemed weaker and not so regular and happy, as when we were a part of his kingdom, yet he often came in to see his babies and seemed much pleased with them.

We grew very fast and were quickly recognized as rulers of the household by our Canopian father, mother and brothers and sisters. Everybody gave way to the promising babies and

great hopes were expressed of the influence we should sway in the Canopian world. As this was a family of very high standing, there is no doubt we might have swayed a tremendous influence on this monster sphere if we had cared to stay. But we had determined to leave.

We had now grown to be children of five years of age, as Canopians, yet with Karmenias power we were gods. So one day we strayed out to a cliff near our parents' house and suddenly left our Canopian bodies and they fell over the cliff. It was soon discovered and the little bodies were taken up and much sorrow expressed over the painful accident.

The reader will notice this accounts for accidents and sudden deaths. The soul awakens to other duties and departs.

Here is an experience I wish every reader would notice. We had a Canopian father, mother, sisters and brothers, who had been very kind to us, and would either of them willingly sacrificed their own lives to save ours. Could we help but love them? As we now remember them can we help but love them now? This act of ours was a link of love between our earth and the far distant sun, Canopus. You poor earth-bound souls, who fear you may not meet your loved ones of earth, remember you have untold millions of loved ones of the ages past, and when you learn to love God, you love your loved ones of the past and love yourselves, and that love is the harmony of the universe, you will be very near to God's kingdom.

Karmenia soon had our wings of thought in working order and we left Canopus and wheeled out through space. We now visited the pole star, Spica, Rigel, Sirius, and the seven stars called the Devil's Cup, or the Hyades; also the superb Aldeberan, or Bull's Eye. Vega and Thuban, which was our pole star about 2500 B. C. We also visited that mighty and malignant star in Scorpio, Antares. He appears from earth a bright red, suffused with green, but looking from earth he is shining with borrowed glory, as several other great stars far beyond him add to his light, and they are all as malignant as he is, so when the signs and constellations were together, the sign Scorpio, astrologers put down as a very malignant, or an evil sign, it is not so considered now, since the signs have moved thirty degrees west of the constellations.

We also visited Arcturus, which is said to be the only star spoken of in the Bible by the same name by which we know it.

Karmenia and I had a varied experience as we moved from star to star, examining each with a critical eye. On, on, we went, far beyond the bounds of earth's best telescope.

When first I laid my body on the bed I did not expect to be gone long, or at least did not think about it one way or the other. But as we sped on through space and minutes slipped into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, months, years, and we were often imprisoned on some planet or star, just the same as we were on Canopus, and as the revolutions of no two planets were

just alike, one felt as if he were with a thousand clocks, all set at different times, and some running fast and some slow, while between the heavenly bodies in space there was nothing to regulate or judge time by.

The distance we traveled, the wonders we saw, the experiences we passed through, spending great lapse of time on some of the large bodies, where we became imprisoned in the kingdoms of some of their inhabitants, was the only possible way we could estimate time. I say we, I should say I, for time did not seem to trouble Karmenia in the least.

One day we were sitting on a mountain peak of a small planet, the hundredth satellite of a sun, untold billions of miles beyond our earth's best telescope, while noting the points of resemblance in vegetation and animal life to our earth, when recollections of the past came before me. I cried out, "Oh, Karmenia, thy name, thy name, thy name; what is thy name? Ever since I first saw thee, have I followed thee amid sorrow and amid pleasure have I followed thee, thou mysterious one, and yet I know not thy name. It seems but yesterday on the battlefield I pledged thee to seek truth for thy sake. Then did I become the husband of another, eye, and a father, a business man, seeking earthly treasures for my loved ones, and all the time I sought for truth, and thou, oh, mysterious one, thou bade me not to leave my wife and children to follow thee, and then thou biddest me to follow thee into space, and in a thoughtless moment I followed thee, out

through the boundless space have I been roaming with thee, these untold ages; where moments have slipped into hours, hours into days, days to weeks, weeks to months, months to years and years to ages, ages to cycles of time, and yet, oh Karmenia, Karmenia, we have not began the search for truth! Look at the untold myriads of suns and planets before us; must we visit them all in search of truth, and then behold the scene repeated and repeated time without end, oh, loved one, can we ever reach the end? Can we ever find the Truth?"

Karmenia laughed merrily and said: "Did I not tell you my name is Truth?"

"Here," said she, "is a little allegory which will show you, you need not to have gone so far in search of truth," and she handed me the following verses:

ALLEGORY TO TRUTH.

Man dwelt with Truth in Eden's lovely bower,
Truth was his queen, until the fatal hour,
When reason tempted and man fell to earth.
The fall of man gave Discontent her birth.

Truth fled from home and left her loved alone.
Then for a time Faith occupied the throne.
But reason woke ambition in man's breast,
Faith plead with man; she failed; we know the
rest.

With Discontent man sought for Truth in vain,
While reason mocked and mocked and wrought
him pain.

Whenever Faith caused man on her to smile,
Then Truth came back to dwell with man awhile.

But Reason, ever a mischievous jade,
Led man astray with wicked plots she laid.
With labored effort Reason mounted high,
With ease Faith placed her banners in the sky.

Unhappy Truth ne'er had a place to dwell,
'Twas sometimes Heaven or 'twas sometimes
hell;

So Truth, with man, could find no place to rest,
For Reason said: "Man never is but ever to be
blessed."

I read the poem and then cried out: "Oh, Karmenia, Karmenia, where shall I search for truth now that you have taken me from my loved ones, from my home, and I am lost in the wilderness of heavenly spheres?"

Said she: "Oh, weak man, why doest thou imitate Lot and look back; wouldst thou return to thy home and thy loved ones and leave me?"

I became excited and weeped bitterly as I cried: "Oh, Karmenia, Karmenia, think of the changes untold cycles of time have wrought."

"Where are my friends, long passed away?
Where is my home, that's seen decay?
Has not My Earth, too, died like man?
Where are they? Tell me, if you can."

Karmenia sprang to my side and embraced and kissed me and then cried: "Behold!"

Dear reader, imagine my surprise, on suddenly finding myself standing beside the bed on which my body lay.

As I stood gazing at my body the room and surroundings, all perfect, after this mighty lapse of time, and experiences of wonders, in astonishment I cried: "Karmenia, what witchery is this?"

Karmenia smiled and said: "Oh, my loved, search after truth, canst thou not see there is no such thing as time, space or matter in the economy of God?"

"Last night you had a dream. Was not the matter real? Was not the space of your dream real? Did you mark the time how long, how real? Remember when you came near drowning, how every event of life flashed before your vision. There is no time, no space no matter. Sir Humphry Davey was right when he said, 'There is nothing in the universe but points of thought.' Beloved one, thou art nearer to Truth than you think. I am thy sweetheart of eternity."

Oh, reader, can you wonder that I love my celestial sweetheart, my glorious, my loved, my beautiful Karmenia. I know you wish to be introduced to her, but you must wait awhile.



KARMENIA, MY SPIRIT SWEETHEART,

CHAPTER XX V

Karmenia Gives Me Her Real Name.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet,"
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give
 Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling, on abuse,
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometimes by action dignified."
 —Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Again I call: "Karmenia, Karmenia, Karmenia! Thy name, thy name, oh, loved one of eternity, thy name, thy name; what is thy name?"

Karmenia came at my bidding and right here, on my 75th birthday, 8 a. m., April 2nd, 1918, and this is what she says:

"Oh, my loved one of eternity, your many friends will send to you for this book, knowing it is a mark of honor to have it lying on their table, for none but the wise, the lovers of Truth, will call for this book, to have the book lying so near them, on their table. But my name must be the talisman that leads them on. For they will wish to ask me questions. What is your first question?"

"Karmenia, what constitutes the universe?"

Answer: "My beloved, the universe is all that is knowable or unknowable to the finite mind."

When the finite mind can grasp the infinite, or know all, it ceases to be finite and becomes infinite, or joins the infinite, consequently at death the man ceases to be, and God is, for "What so ever ye desire pray for (wish for), believing that ye have it and ye have it," say the Scriptures. Thus when a man dies, he goes back to the eternal whole, he knows everything because he is a part of everything, and he does not come forth from the whole, except as he is called forth, as was Samuel, by King Saul. Of course, Saul had to find a medium, one gifted by the Spirit. The Woman of Endor, like Christ, was so poor she had no place to lay her head, and she killed her only fattened calf to save the life of her reprobate King, who had made laws against her kind, to please the wealthy priesthood.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." See I Timothy vi., 10.

Now, let that poor, ignorant, foolish person, who speaks of the Woman of Endor as the "Witch of Endor," go study his Bible, and especially to read the first chapter of I Corinthians, 10th verse, and ask himself if there are no spirits to discern why was a man given such a gift.

Of course, you may go to a Spiritualist meeting and call for a friend who comes to you, and the medium is gifted as a discerner of spirits. See I Corinthians, 1st chapter. It is your presence that brings the spirit out, who may not wish to come. If this spirit carried too strong a memory of the past with it, it will be unpleasant for the spirit, just as your last night's dream,

if unpleasant for you, you had rather forget it as long as possible. Thus, you see, the searchers after spiritual communication should be careful that he or she does not invite more trouble for both self and friends than they gain pleasure.

“Oh, my beloved, you have been searching and longing for a spiritual companion, and I came personified, out of the great sea of thought, and I blend with all you love on earth, and yet I am an individual character, because you want it so. I am a part of yourself or I become for a time a part of anything else, and come back and tell you of what I saw. I love you because I love myself, and I love myself because I love everything else; this leads us both to love every atom, or a universal harmony. We are part of the eternal whole. An individual who wrongs another wrongs himself and must pay the penalty by having to live the same life he causes that other to live. You and I are happy because we ignored inharmony in those ages past. So, behold the ‘Truth,’ for my name is ‘Truth,’ which nothing but wisdom, experience, knowledge of true wisdom and faith that the Carma, or ‘Karmenia’ wisdom. Truth Karmenia brings. Oh, my beloved, let us live together forever. ‘Karmenia,’ ‘Truth.’”

ALEGORY

Eternity once more conceived,
 And from the depths came brilliant day.
 The sun burst forth with streams of light
 To drive the gloom of night away.



Man came with the blooming morrow,
 Hope led Ambition in her train;
 Smiling Folly led in sorrow.
 Falsehood came tripping forth with pain.



Wit and Joy now came together,
 Falsehood stalked in with grim Despair;
 Truth came sadly forth with Pity,
 Then Valor led in Fame, the fair.



Last of all a grimy monster
 Came slyly forth with bated breath,
 Friend or foe man knew not whether
 All called this grimy monster Death.



Man took a walk with Truth and Joy,
Falsehood stole forth on mischief bent.
Selfish Greed, with man's ambition,
Now led him on with Discontent.



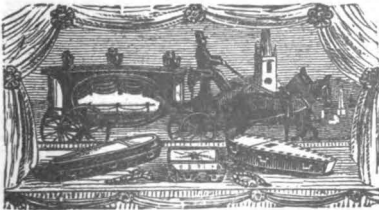
Truth disrobed to bathe with glory,
Weak man with joy was much pleased.
Falsehood saw Truth's robes of beauty
And quickly on the garments seized.



Truth, naked, foolish man despised her;
He now pressed Falsehood to his heart.
Pity shed her tears with sorrow;
Poor Hope now felt Wit's keenest dart.



Fate and Man were next to quarrel.
Ambition urged Man on to fame.
Folly and Pain joined hands with Valor,
Poor Joy now hung her head in shame.



All too late man sees his error,
Truth, naked, mates with grim Despair,
Falsehood exposed, Ambition flees;
Death ends all mans' earthly care.

PLEASE READ THIS PREFACE?

I started out to publish one lecture but so many friends asked "will you mention this and will you mention that?" I concluded to give the bulk of three lectures. I sometimes erroneously use the term Christian church where I ment authorodoxy.

Some times I may seem harsh in my criticisms, I beg pardon, I do not wish to offend, please over look and accept what seems good to you..

I know there are many intelligent people who have a faint memory of past lives, and will find their own thots reflected here and would like to have their friends read this little book. To such I will say I will mail you three for fifty cents. eight for a dollar. Some may even find it profitable to handle the work. Hoping you and I may become better acquainted I am yours truly, the author.

Registered with the Librarian of Congress,
Washington D. C. 1909.

By Lyman H. Stowe.

TITLE PAGE

THE COSMOS.

IS

A BOOK OF PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND
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WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR? WHERE ARE
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THE HAND OF DESTINY OR

WHERE DID WE COME FROM,

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR,

AND WHERE ARE WE

GOING TO?



A LECTURE DELIVERED BY PROF LYMAN E STOWE.
BEFORE THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST CHUCH OF
DETROIT MICH AT THEIR TEMPLE, SUNDAY
EVENING MAY 16th 1909.

Ladies and gentelmen while this is my subject to night I shall take for my text Proverbs 5 - 7. "Wisdom is the principle thing; therefore of all thy gettings get wisdom, get understanding."

My friends how can a man get wisdom, get understanding if he is bound to creedes and dogmas?

Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst thereof."

He did not say two or three of any particular denomination but two or three in his name, which stands for wisdom, for understanding, for all that is good. Thus when a person honestly and earnestly seeks the truth in Christ's name, Christ is there. He favors it

Creeds and greed have been a stumbling block in the way of human progress for all ages. The many branches of paganism were continually fighting about whose idols were the best. Catholicy was forever contending with paganism, and finally adopted most of their forms and ceremonies.

Between Mohammedanism and Budhism on the one hand and Catholicy and Proetstantism on the

other, they have deluged the world in blood with their religious wars; nor is that all, each of these religious classes are divided into sects and factions, who are contending with each other, a unit in little, until a step of progress is taken and then they unite in branding it the work of the devil, as they did Galileo's discovery of the motion of the earth. They condemned the discovery of the circulation of the blood as ridiculous, the discovery of the divisibility of matter, they ridiculed, and condemned printing as the work of the devil, and you still have the printer's devil and the hell box as a reminder of it. We have records, even so late as 1854 of towns in Ohio where the church people objected to the use of the school house for public meetings to discuss the merits of a projected railway, as they claimed railroad and telegraph lines were the works of the devil. They said if God had wanted such things He would have spoken of it in the bible, yet as soon as railroads became an assured fact these superstitious objectors to human progress claimed the glory of leading civilization and pointed to bible passages to prove railroads were predicted in the bible.

A creedless church is needed, where the people who love truth better than forms, better than creeds, better than show, can find rest. We want people for such a church who can recognize, "There are tongues in trees. Books in running brooks, sermons in stone and good in every thing." instead of telling us God teaches us to love our enemies and to do good to those who spitefully use us, while He builds a hell to roast his. Again, while they pacify people, who are without homes, by telling them Christ had no place to lay his head, while they continue to build stone temples to a god who

can build worlds by a mere command. They never think such inconsistencies destroys faith.

Ecclesiastes tells us, "In much wisdom is much grief; he that increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow."

If we ask the reason why knowledge increases sorrow, we will quickly find it is because it opens our eyes to the depravity and weakness of man, increases our wants and fills our souls with longings, which may or may not be for our good.

Ecclesiastes-9th-20th tells us "Wisdom is better than strength, never the less the poor man's wisdom is despised and his words are not heard."

The truly great men of all ages have come from the ranks of the poor and the lowly. Washington could not spell well yet he was the father of his country. The great Lincoln, a back woodsman, self educated and was expected to merely act as a figure head and to step aside and let the wealthy wise run the government, but he quickly taught them their places and that he was not only the greatest statesman but the greatest general of them all.

Columbus was robbed of the glory of his discovery and our continent bears the name of a wealthy pretender. At a banquet some of the wealthy dignitaries, in a sneering way, declared it was not such a great thing to discover a new continent.

Columbus replied, "No, neither is it a great thing to make this egg stand upright on the small end, but which of you gentlemen will demonstrate your ability to make it so stand? After all had tried and failed, they declared it could not be done. Columbus took an egg and cracked the shell on the small end, thus making a flat surface, he stood it up with ease, and then all cried out "it is trick." "Yes" said Columbus, "but why did you wise gentlemen not discover how so simple a thing can be done?"

Christ had no creeds, no church, no place to lay his head yet his pretended followers continue to stick to creeds and to build magnificent temples and to trample on truth.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Down thru the ages of the past
Since man knew man, from first to last,
Each age has asked, from sage to youth
Why are we here and what is truth?

No matter, whether king or priest
They were no wiser than the least.
When Pilot asked Christ to release
The truth to him. "Christ held his peace.

The truth was left for man to find
That all is God, and God is mind,
If matter does exist, at best
It is God's will made manifest.

When ere the plan of God was laid
And all that is, from God was made
He destined when his work is done
Truth shall be known, that all is one.

In listening to what I say to night, I want you to forget your creeds and beliefs, and listen to reason alone, and if station in life has any bearing in your minds, forget that I am a poor man, like your selves, seeking truth.

Pope, the poet tells us "The proper study of mankind is man." He also says-

"In parts superior, what advantage lies
Tell for you can, what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known-
To see all others faults and feel your own,

Condemned in business or in arts to drudge
 Without a second or without a judge;
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preeminence your self to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too."

In these days of scientific research, when we begin the study of anything, what is the first thing to do? Is it not to analyze the subject matter in hand?

If we are to analyze man we must begin with his physical and mental structure. Man's physical form, we say, is made of matter, and receives his impressions thru vibrations, as follows. Light and heat are the result of accelerated motion of the ultimate atoms. Light, heat, sound and color are closely allied expressions of vibrations upon the human mind.

That sound and color are produced by one and the same cause or vibration, on slightly differing planes, has been scientifically demonstrated

The five senses are feeling, seeing, hearing, tasting and smelling. That these are each and all differing phases of one and the same cause is manifest, when we reason from cause to effect

If light is manifest to us thru vibration, and color is the result of rays light and differing shades of color can be produced thru the manipulation of a sounding board, we have traced the expression of three of the senses to one cause - vibration.

We know that sound produces a sense of feeling, hence we have disposed of sight, sound, and feeling. Let us now show taste is but one phase of the sense of feeling or vibration.

The tendency of oxygen is to fly away from heat, the atmospheric pressure of 14 pounds to the

drives it back, and this causes a rapid motion of the atoms. Sugar being composed largely of carbon and oxygen, held lightly together, it disintegrates quickly and the oxygen attacks the first carbon that comes in its way, which in this case chances to be, in that of the tongue. The tearing away of the atoms, or cutting sensation we call sweet tho, as in some cases in childhood, when we ate too much sugar the tongue got sore. Enough light is pleasing and a necessity while too much light is blinding, A harmonious sound is music to the ear, but loud discordant sounds may break the drum of the ear, so becomes a dangerous touch, just as a little cutting is sweet too much a sore.

Scent or smell is but the tickling of the nostrils by volatile gasses.

Having shown that every one of our five senses depend upon the material plain for its impressions we are compelled to admit man's spiritual, as well as his physical body must be organic.

Here we are compelled to stop and ask our selves, what is matter, and where did it come from?

Unless we can reasonably dispose of this part of our subject we can never hope to analyze either the physical or spiritual structure of man.

Shall we admit that mind created matter? If so, out of what was matter created? Or shall we say mind is the outgrowth of matter, or are they co-existent?

Most people believe there is a creative principle we call God, and why do they believe this? I will not attempt to tell you why others believe it but I will tell you why I believe it.

I am compelled to admit that man is here, in various stages of mental capacity and I ask where did he come from?

I find man must have got here by one of two processes, either he was created by spontaneous mental action, or he came thru a process of evolution.

If man came by spontaneous mental action it necessitated a special creative mind:

I find plenty of evidence to show that man has slowly risen from a barbarian, I find thru a process of reasoning that he must have evolved from the lower animals, aye from the reptile, from the worm, from vegetation; shall we stop here? No! No! No! We must go back to the elements of which man is composed, and here we are compelled to analyze matter. Why must we analyze matter?

Before we answer that question let us bring some of the many evidences, that go to show man is an evolved being. I need not caution the wise that without reason there never would be any other worship than that of fire or sticks and stones, or similar idol worship. It is the superstitious, led on by the interested selfish, who keep the world in darkness, by condemning and ridiculing every advanced thought and thinker, while they quarrel over whose idols are the best, just as did the idol makers of old, which the bible speaks of. It is creed and greed, of indolent church people, coupled with superstition which is opposing Prof. Elliot, and his kind and hindering the progressive preachers of to day. Dr. Dods' says "He who can't reason is a fool, and he who can and won't reason is a bigot." He who, thru reason enlightens his fellow man should be honored by all.

As before stated we find man is slowly and painfully rising from a barbaric state, and it is his nature to continually evolve something better, from a crude form. From grass he has evolved wheat, from a small love apple he has evolved the luscious tomato, and the scientific agriculturist is continually evolving better kinds of grain and fruit and breeds of stock. The horse was once a five toed animal, he has the splints in the hoof the evidence of it; just

as man has the muscles behind the ears, which show he once used them to waggle the ears, when he ran on all fours. He has the coxigeous, or the remains of a tail, the appendix, the spleen and other organs which show he is an evolved creature.

Man shows evolution in his taste, in his dress, in his language and in his mechanical creations.

Man has evolved the shoe from the sandal; you find the process in the button shoe, which passed away and left the buttons, for appearance. We still find in the little neck tie the remains of a stock or large muffler, our forefathers wore, which has come down to a small neck tie worn for appearance.

We have the buttons on the back of a frock coat; who can tell what they were put there for? A hundred years ago our forefathers wore swords with a dress suit and the buttons were put on the back of the coat to keep the sword belt up trim. The sword is gone, the belt is gone but the buttons still remain.

I need go no farther, every one who looks may find plenty of evidence of the effect of the laws of evolution

Perhaps some of my audience are getting impatient and wish to ask where to find the connecting link between man and monkey.

I will answer that question when you show me all of the connecting links between the most modern railroad train and a primitive wheel borrow.

Perhaps there are others who would admit evolution of kinds and classes, but not from one kind to another.

The wood in a hammer handle is chiefly carbon. A piece of maple sugar is chiefly carbon. it is just as reasonable to declare the hammer handle was

always a hammer handle and the sugar always sugar and that they did not spring from one tree, or the same parent stock as to claim the ape was always an ape and the man was always a man, simply because there is a trifling link between them which has never been found.

I seem to hear some one cry "Now we have you. allowing evolution to be a fact, who created the first germ of life?"

Truly here is the meat in the cocoanut. Here we arrive at the real question of creation.

We are forced to ask our selves is there an intelligent creative principle? To answer this we should first look at man and his works. We see that man shapes the course and destiny of lower animals and uses, what we term, matter, and shapes it into a multitude of forms, not all perfect by any means, but each form created to serve some purpose other than its own.

What conception could the domestic animal have of the part man takes in the propagation of his species? Could he reason upon it would he not consider in man the attributes of a God?

Now ask yourselves if man was evolved from what we call matter, with the powers that we see he has over matter below him; we then ask has he not had eternity of the past, somewhere more favorable than we know of, to evolve a God whose power and purpose would seem as mysterious and unknowable to man as man's powers are to the lower animals? That is providing this God did not always exist.

If a man finds a God above him will he not keep on going until a great universal mind controls all?

Reason as you will upon this matter, you must

admit of a mighty controlling mind, the master of the Universe. Here we are likely to find a stumbling block.

If there is an all powerful God, where is He and what is his purpose?

When the old religious teachers were asked that question, they flippantly replied "Every where."

If you followed this up you were told "We must not inquire into such matters," and it is such teachings as that which has kept the world in darkness for ages. But, everywhere means there cannot be an atom, ever so small, but what God is there, or if there be one atom where He is not, then there must be more, consequently there is no room for anything else but God, otherwise He is, only, like one of our selves, but on a larger scale.

We here come to a point where we must admit, if there is no room for any thing but God, mind and matter are one and the same thing, except as to quality. Now let us bring up the evidence to prove that it is so; then we will see where man came from, and we will try to find out what man is here for.

We will now go back to our starting point and analyze matter; theoretically we will analyze a piece of sugar; to do this we must dissolve it in a little warm water, and then we have a transparent fluid we call syrup, sweet to the taste. we then add to that a little sulphuric acid, also transparent, tho slightly yellow in color and sour to the taste when diluted, so we can safely admit it to the mouth.

After adding the sulphuric acid we wait a few moments and the mass becomes as black as a piece of charcoal. We taste it and find the nature has entirely changed there is no longer sweet there,

but it is as insipid as so much water and charcoal, which it virtually is, or is carbon in its purest state; tho the diamond is the same thing crystalized.

We will now find a little yellow substance in the bottom of the glass, this we find to be sulphur which went in with the acid.

We can now see nothing but water, that we may continue the analysis we place in the water the two poles of an electric battery. The water begins to dissapear, we now place two fruit jars over the poles and cover the glass so nothing can escape. After a while the water has all dissapeared. We know it cannot have got away so it must have gone up in to the inverted fruit jars. We can see nothing and feel nothing in either jar, but upon bringing one of the jars in contact with the noistrals, it causes us to throw back the head, in disgust, for a pungent odor is found there, where we know we placed none. This odor we call, Hydrogen gass. Until the Carthoid ray was produced Hydrogen **was considered** the lightest gass known to science. We cannot see feal or smell anything in the other fruit jar but when brot in contact with the mouth we get a sweet taste, this is the oxygen. I have before explained to you why we call it sweet.

If we pour the two gasses together we aught to get the water back again. we do not and why not?

The answer to that question is, because it requires force to sepearate the atoms of gasses composing the molicules of water and it requires force to drive them close enough to form the visible substance we call water. If we light a match and touch the gasses, the attempt of the oxygen to fly away from the heat, which it seems to dislike, causes an expansion, creating a vacuum in which the tenden-

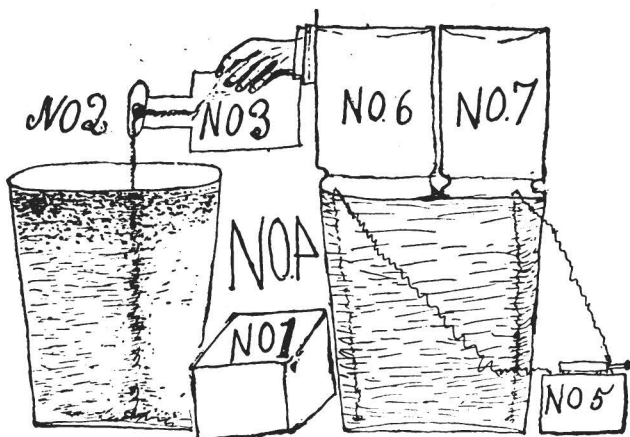
cy of the atmospheric pressure of 14 pounds to the square inch drives it back and with a mighty explosion two atoms of hydrogen are driven within the orbit of one atom of oxygen, thus a molecule of hydro oxide, or water is formed.

Repeating; it is supposed, 2 atoms of hydrogen are held within the orbit of the atom of oxygen, just as the Earth is held in its orbit around the Sun, so it cannot get nearer, nor can it get away, as it is held by the law of centripetal and centrifugal force. Thus if you could look into a pail of water with a glass, strong enuf, it would look like a pail of shot, each revolving upon its axis and no two touching each other, and then if you could use a stronger glass it would look like a pail of large shot with two small ones revolving round it. All organic bodies are built up in a similar manner. The human body would look like a swarm of bees. Allowing each atom is a thinker it requires but a small stretch of the imagination to find a logical explanation to every spirit phenomenon.

The above analysis shows us water is composed of two invisible gasses which under our manipulation has become the visible solid substance we call hydro oxyd or water.

On following up the analysis of the sugar we find that cane sugar is composed of 24 parts carbon and 22 parts, each of hydrogen and oxygen,

I think I have made it plain that all organic bodies are made up about the same as the water and sugar, that is of atoms of various natures, united in molecules, forming the general body, and man like the water or sugar is not as he seems an opaque mass or solid body, but more like a swarm of bees. This is proven by the fact that by the use of the X-rays a photograph of a substance may be



ANALISING A PIECE OF LOAF SUGAR

The above cut represents process of analysis of a piece of loaf sugar, No 1 a piece of sugar, No 2 a glass of water, No 3 sulphuric acid, No 4 a glass of water with the poles of a battery in it, No 5 an electric battery, No 6 fruit jar to catch the Hydrogen, No 7 a fruit jar to catch the oxygen gas, see description

A pail of water, Page 12.

ANALISING A PAIL OF WATER,



Two atoms of Hydrogen unite with one of oxygen forming a molecule of water, If the pail of water could be seen with a strong glass, it would appear like a pail of shot all revolving upon their axis, and if it could be viewed with a stronger glass, it would appear like a pail of large shot with two smaller shot revolving around each one of the large shot.

These are the two atoms of Hydrogen, held in their orbit around the atom of oxygen, just as the earth is held in its orbit around the sun.



THE UP-BUILDING OF MAN, MANY IN ONE.

Cut No 4. shows an orator, or a man of talent, who has been re-incarnated many times, and his kingdom is in harmony with the soul atoms he has drawn to him, and they are helping him to become successful and great. [See pages, 13-14 & 15.]

A little study along this line will convince the reasoner, that world building is the foundation for evolution that is incomplete without re-incarnation, and that the spirit state is a period of rest between incarnated lives.

Each one of these soul atoms, is as proud of his world, or kingdom, and independent life, as we are of our country.

Keep your thoughts pure, and you will not only benefit in a future life but here and now. "I will be, what I will to be."

taken thru the body, and thru a closed leather pocket book besides. This proves two important points, first that the human body is not a solid opaque mass and secondly that the atom of hydrogen is not the smallest indivisible atom but the X-ray is still smaller, and still an atom, call it ion electron or what you will.

I will now proceed to show that there is no such thing as inert matter, but that every atom is an independant thinking entity, which may some day become the ruling atom, or directing atom of a solar system, ave of the universe. We understand all organic bodies are built up by accretion and pass away by erosion, this is just as true of a solar system as of a man or of the least organic body.

Let us note how a part of your body may have been a part of my body a year ago or visavis.

Animal or plant life, put in the fire, decomposes by the action of the oxygen of the air, when it comes in contact with matter under sufficient heat pressure. The oxygen seems to dislike heat and tries to fly away from it, thus expansion takes place and the force that holds the molecule together is overcome by a greater force and the organism is broken up, leaving the elements free to form another body, when the conditions are right, which immediately occurs in this way. The atmospheric pressure of 14 pounds to the square inch forces two atoms of hydrogen within the orbit of one atom of oxygen forming a molecule of hydroxide or water. Two atoms of oxygen are held in the orbit of one atom of carbon, thus forming a molecule of carbonic acid gas. It is the same process in rusting or decaying matter, thus when you eat the food it assimilates in the stomach and goes out and builds up one end of a muscle; you breath

the oxygen of the air in, and the heart and lungs force it out thru the blood vessels and two atoms of oxygen grasp one of carbon on the other end of the muscle and bring it out of the mouth in the form of carbonic acid gass. This is an invisible substance. What becomes of it?

Every waveing leaf in the sun shine has its little lungs which breath in this gass, and the plant throws out the oxygen, and builds the carbon into its own structor; you eat the plant, or eat the animal which ate the plant, and build that carbon into your system, thus a part of my body may have been a part of your body, a year ago, or viseavise.

If it be true, as I shall attempt to prove that it is, each one of these atoms is a thinking entity.

I may well ask, what impressions did I leave on those atoms while they were a part of my system?

Indeed, am I not my brother's keeper?

The bibl tells you, "Man was made in the likeness and image of his Creator." If so man is a miniture universe, and if that be true the spirit can easily see what you have built into your system, will you be ashamed or proud of what you have attracted to you? Remember "birds of a feather flock together."

As man stands at the head of all known animate life and that he "Is wonderfully and fearfully made," is readily understood when we consider that the organs and functions in man are almost innumerable. He has 240 bones, 63 of them in the head, 24 of them in the sides, 16 in the wrists, 14 in the joints and 108 in the hands and feet.

Of chords, muscles and fleshy organs, want of time forbids my attempting to discribe, as these are made up of untold millions of self acting organic bodies, which obey the command of the soul of man, according to its ability to govern. This

idea is substantiated by the Bible assertion "Ye are gods."

The Lungs alone contain millions of air cells, which are composed of organic bodies or molecules made up of atoms. These cells in the lungs of an ordinary man, if spread out would cover a surface of 14000 square feet. Every nerve, every function, every convolution of the brain, is an organic body of thinkers, preside over by a parent, president, king, soul or a God, which ever you wish to call it.

The heart of man, an organ less than 6 inches long and 4 inches wide, beats 70 times a minute, or over 100 000 times per day, and forces thru it 7 and three fourths tons of blood every day; in a process of purification. The weight of blood in a common man is from 30 to 40 pounds, so you see with what mighty speed it must be driven thru the arteries to reach a volume so great.

Every square inch of human skin contains 3,500 pores, thru which the sweat roles in torrents. Each pore is a pipe a quarter of an inch in length, if all in an ordinary man were united, would make a canal 201, 166 feet long

The body is a kingdom, with its many departments. The flesh, bones, canals, skin hair, nails and other exterior organs are made up of the common people or laboring class, who are always the most numerous as well most ready to sacrifice self for the benefit of the kingdom, at the first call.

The mouth represents the milling interests, the stomach the chemical and manufacturing interests, the heart and lungs is the power house, the blood is the transportation department. Desire is the means of communication, and the five senses are transmitting and receiving bateries, the head is the legislative hall; the eyes the windows; the brain the

legislative assembly. The Pineal gland, just over the eyes, is the new hall. The old hall at the base of the brain, called the cerebellum, is given over to the executive commites, where all demands are made, accounts audited, and wants of the kingdom looked into.

The nerves are the trusted officers of the ruler and detective force, also the educators.

Every department of this mighty complicated body, yes every function, is governed by a ruling officer who telephones the desires of his constituents to head quarters, thru the law of vibration.

Necessity being the mother of desire, calls for the supply to be equal to the demand, the department making the loudest call will get more than its share of the desires filled. If the total supply is not equal to the demand, the department makeing the loudest call will get more than its share, and an abnormal growth is the result, and it is at the expense of the more modest.

The process of evolution is this; there is nothing in the universe but God, becaus if there is but one atom where He is not He is circumscribed and is only like one of ourselves, but, on a larger scale, just as one man has greater powers than another.

If all is God mind and matter are one and the same thing, and that matter on a lower plain of vibratin than our own conception of life we call matter that on a higher plain we call mind. As before stated, we can understand nothing except thru the laws of vibration, but what laws there may be, above our sphere we do not know, so we must deal with creation as we find it. If as reason shows it to be, one, eternal whole; Nature is a unity, of which, diversity of manifestation the body is and God the soul, or invisible part.

Thus the scriptures are fulfilled "I the Lord am one God, and besides Me there is none else."

All being one, and that intelligence or God he must have something to do. There being nothing for him to do, except to think, his thoughts become reality, thus creation is going on all of the time, each that an intelligent atom, an entity. When these atoms begin to unite in molecules they become the first seed, or germ of life; the religious opponents of the evolution theory have so long worried about. They could not recognize that every thing in nature is life and variety is the result of changing conditions. In their religious zeal they belittle God by describing him as they would an exaggerated human being. It is that class of religious prejudice which has kept the world back from more rapid progress. They do not recognize the fact that their particular form of religion is but an evolved relic of a more crude form and that it is obeying the law of self preservation, and that it in turn must give way to more advanced theories, and their religion become extinct, just as many species of the lower animals have become extinct. This is the law, we call, "The law of the survival of the fittest."

Man has slowly developed from the elements, or first principle, which started out creating large bodies or suns, who gather their food from space; a waste matter sent out in light and heat, to be gathered in again for new building material.

The suns become the fathers of families or solar systems. (see process of building, in Stowe's Poetical drifts of that \$2. 50

Bible Astrology, 1.50 Astrological Periodicity \$5. Where more fully explained than space will permit here.)

The satellites of the Sun are its children, and

the planets also draw food from space and magnetic force and heat and light from the sun. Vegetable and animal life draw their substance from the earth or by appropriating that which some other body has taken from the earth

The process of the up building of any self organized structure is more mental than mechanical. Just as the pugilist eats raw beef and other fiber building material and then goes into training, that he may develop the muscles which will make him a perfect brute man. Tho he ate ever so much did he not exercise and keep his mind on what he wants to build he would merely become a useless hummock of flesh.

When man began to build his first structure, it was the formation of a molecule of water, formed because the conditions made it desirable for two intelligent atoms of hydrogen to unite with one intelligent atom of oxygen, forming the molecule of Hydro-oxyde or water. This is intelligence, the first germ of life on this world plain. The directing intelligence in the water began to subdue the fire, which had been created thru a war of the elements in the formation of the crust of the earth.

As the water mastered the fire and the tired and sleeping elements in earth and water became an easy prey to the more active elements, the second attempt at forming an organic body was the weakest form of vegetation, a little shifting sea weed.

Vegetation found every thing conducive to its rapid growth, there was no competition and the sleeping elements became an easy prey, the rapid growth of vegetation soon caused a strong competition as the ready material was used up the more intelligent acting organic bodies became the pioneers and broke away from the parent stem and

floating vegetation, the protoplasm which was the father of so called animal life. Tho the germ of life was found in the atom forming the first molecule the first vegetable life started the first spirit body that was finally to develop the spirit of man; at the destruction of each organic body the ruling atom held enough of the atoms together to form the spirit or nucleus of another earthly body, and this is what Paul meant when he said, "We have a material body and we have a spiritual body," The soul is the atom who has, from the start, been the ruling atom of each successive earthly body. This was understood by the ancients, which gave rise to the idea of "The divine right of kings." The location of the soul is in the solar plexus or abdominal brain, this is a gray matter lying at the pit of the stomach and between that organ and the spinal column.

The Chinese idea, that the seat of the soul is in the stomach, no doubt, got its origin from a knowledge of the atomic theory.

Let us follow up the line of development and we shall find a scientific reason to show that it is in the proper location. From the formation of the first molecule the leading soul atom became the builder of the temple of God this is what is meant in I Corinthians III 16th "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Every time a vegetable or animal body died the atoms of that returned to the great whole, each in its station according to merit, there to rest until reincarnation, unless called forth by some of our spiritulist friends as was Samuel, of old. Of course every time an organic body died and kissed the earth it had gained by its experience and became the Hercules of Methodology, who was,

no doubt, an allegory of this very thing.

As the first movable vegetation began its search for food, and attracted the most congenial elements to its self, it was compelled to appropriate such food by closing its self around the mass, and after selecting what it wanted it unwrapped and cast the waste material away. We find a similar thing in the nutlus or polypus growth of today.

As conditions changed economy demanded a more practical form and an alimentary canal. As the tendency of every atom is that of a good citizen or soldier wishing to serve the soul, king or community, therefore they are ever ready to sacrifice self for the good of all and too often wantonly sacrificed to gratify pleasure. They died and became, what we would call, waste matter, but in reality to take a higher position in a new body, having gained thru past experience.

The new form was merely a tube, in which the soul or king would, naturally, take the inside or most sheltered position, where it has held its position ever since, tho it has an assistant at the base of the brain in the cerebellum, and another in the pineal gland, more directly in the top of the head and these three form the trinity, tho every muscle and every faculty has its commander who must report to those above him.

Upon finding food growing scarce and with a desire to improve the structure, the soul telephoned, thru the law of vibration, to the hardy soldiers or atoms on the out side, to try to move to better quarters, slowly but steadily a wriggling motion took place and muscles were formed, the result of desire.

As the formation became more and more refined the soul telephoned to the hardy soul atoms on

the out side to send in finer matter, these intelligent atoms drew them selves together and puckered up the end of the tube, thus forming the first rudiments of a mouth. Still the soul called for more refined matter, when some of the expert atoms claimed they could smell the difference between the proper and improper material, consequently the mouth was contracted still more and a projection extended over This was the first rudimentary nose and its mission was to telephone to the mouth, "Something not wanted close up." Or it might be, "Open to the fullest extent a fine catch coming." Still finer material was called for and some of the more expert atoms showed they could see farther than the others could smell and so the eyes were added. Still the call went on for finer material and food growing scarce they began devouring each other, this demanded a breaking up of the material, the effort to do this not only developed the muscles of the jaws and mouth but developed the teeth and glands as well, and always by the same process, (ie) the intelligent atoms filling the place where they are most needed. In this way bones, limbs, scales, hair, glands, nerves and not only every organ but every function and faculty were formed. Changing conditions not only created a demand for a greater variety of organic functions but a greater variety of animal forms.

A pretty illustration of the truth that each organ is an independant, living, body may be found in the horse hair placed in a barrel of rain water soon developes independent serpentine action.

This has been denied but thousands of country lads can testify to the truth of the matter.

Let me now bring evidence to show that a continually improving organic structure is an evidence

of the intelligenc of the atoms and that intelligence the result of experience gained in the many incarnations, and showing clearly evolution and reincarnation are corollary and a necessity to God's plan, it is also a strong evidence of a certian amount of free moral agency else why do we reason or why develop the independent organs and functions of our physical system? At the same time I will relate the strange fact that a Mr. Albert J Stanley a psychic foretold my future even to the words I would speak and the thots I would think On Feb. 4th 1903 he said, " I see you go out with a neighbor to see some of his carpenter and joiner work, you are so well pleased you exclaim 'I have seen some of the finest buildings in our city but I never saw finer work.'" Continuing, he said, "I see you stop and gather some Burr Oak acorns I also see you go thru the Grand Circus park and as you pass on to Madison Av. you see Mr. — commit suicide by shooting himself." At the date of delivery of this lecture these events had not taken place, but Sunday Oct. 10 1909, 6 years after they were foretold me they did take place very nearly, as described, even to the name of the suicide given tho I did not know him and did not hear the name until I read it next day but it was the same as that given. While an experience of this kind is a staggering blow to the belief in free moral agency, yet it is no more so than is the Bible story of Christ's telling Peter, "You will deny me thrice before the cock crows." Peter declared he would not but did and then remembered what Christ had told him.

If man is made in the image and likeness of his creator man must be a minature universe, and has many intelligent forms within him Thus, the scriptural passage is made plain, "Ye are gods."

Pardon this long digression, and I will come back to the organism of man, a miniature universe, the arteries, veins and pores are the rivers and torrents in man's system, and so I might go on enumerating the likeness of man to his Creator but this will do, let us now, more closely

DEFINE MATTER.

Matter is said to be divided into 71, some say 73 elements. Oxygen is the most abundant of the elements, as it composes one fifth of the air, eight ninths, by weight, of water, one half of the crust of the earth and three fourths of all animal bodies.

While man is tactiously said to be composed of twelve pounds of solid matter wet up in about six pails of water, it is claimed by some that in man's body may be found a trace of every element, I here give a physicians analysis of a man's body weighing 226 pounds. Oxygen 158 pounds, Carbon 43 pounds, Hydrogen 14 pounds, Nitrogen 4 pounds, Calcium 3 pounds, Chlorine 23 ounces, Fluorine 4 ounces, Sulphur 2 ounces, Potassium 2 ounces, Sodium 2 ounces, Iron 1 ounce and phosphorus 24 ounces, chiefly in the bones. Let me now proceed to show that each atom is a thinking entity Ofcourse this must be done thru a process of reasoning.

MIND AND MATTER ONE.

First we must admit of a Supreme intelligence, because we find intelligence in man and lower animals, and this intelligence must have been created or evolved, if created it admits of a Supreme being, if evolved there is no room to doubt that in the eternity of the past a supreme being has been evolved. We must then assume there is no room for any thing else but God, for if there is one atom

where God is not, he is circumscribed and becomes like one of our selves on a larger scale, if one eternal who's He is many in one just as we know man to be many in one.

THE ATOMIC THEORY.

The atomic theory is very old. The Egyptian sages and Hindoo philosophers taught that all substance came from water. In other words water is the basis of all material formation. That water itself is divisible into atoms. Seeing water vaporize must have led them to that conclusion.

Lucippas, a philosopher of Abdera, 450 B. C., is given credit of being the first to propound the idea of the divisibility of matter into atoms. It was afterward adopted by Democritus, in his Cosmogony but its greatest celebrity is ascribed to Epicurus at a much later period. Tho its real antiquity is beyond our calculation it is men of our times who trace the atoms to various elementary conditions, and thru the compounding of the elements trace the molecules, and that organic bodies are the Kingdoms of advanced soul atoms. The Atomic theory, supposes all substance, visible or invisible, to be divided into molecules and atoms. A molecule the smallest organic body and an atom the smallest indivisible portion of any thing, an ion or an electron is merely a strain of a -- well a man to split an atom. An atom of lead is supposed to be eight hundred and eighty eight trillionths four hundred and ninty billonths of a cubic inch in size, yet this is large in comparison to an atom of Hydrogen, and a mountain to a Rontigen ray. We cannot know that an atom exists, except thru its chemical action, yet all philosophy all reason all chemical experiment go to prove the existence of

the atom, and still the greatest minds for two hundred years have seen the possibility of the desolving of those atoms into a sea of mind and that each atom is an individual thinker.

Said Sir Isaac Newton, "I believe all of the matter in the universe can be compressed into a globe one inch in diameter, and if to that why not to the size of a cherry, a pea, a grain of sand, there is nothing in the universe but mathematical points,"

Faraday went Newton one better, he declared there is nothing in the universe but mathematical points of force.

Emerson said, "Matter exists, for us, only because our minds can perceive it."

Twenty five years ago, Cook, in his New Chemistry, gives us to understand he believes every atom possesses its proportion of directing mind, this however, is a very weak statement as it is, in that case, no longer an atom but a molecule.

From an article published in the N. Y. Herald., some years ago, under the caption of 'PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. BELIEFS OF THOMAS A. EDISON, THE ELECTRICAL WIZARD. Every atom of matter is imbued with intelligence. An Interesting Interview With the Great Inventor.' I quote the following. 'I leave theoretical study to those better fitted for it. It is my belief, however, that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ. The intelligence of man is, I take it, the sum of the intelligence of the atoms of which he is composed.'" There is much more I would like to quote, but must refrain for the sake of brevity.

Earnest Loomis, one of our best students and writers of to day, says "Every atom is a thinker."

The most eminently recogized scientist of to-day Camille Flammarion, of Paris France says, "That which we call matter vanishes when scientific analysis believes it has grasped it "

It was left for Lyman E. Stowe to declare "That which we call matter is that mind on a lower plain than that mind acting up on it."

Sir Humphrey Davy, the noted English chemist, was the first man to experiment with protoxide of ozone (in 1799). During his first experiments he breathed too powerful a dose and lost consciousness. During this brief space of apparent annihilation, he experienced extraordinary cerebral impressions, which he remembered on awaking, at least so far as concerned their metaphysical consequences. His ideas recalled with energy burst forth in this sudden exclamation, which he uttered in tones of vehement astonishment, "Nothing exists but that. The Universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains." -- In the last days of a philosopher.

A great clairvoyant cries, "How can I describe the indescribable? Time had disappeared; space was no more. I felt that those were the only tangible things." -- Foot notes In The Unknown.

Christian Science has for a long time held that there is no matter, and been laughed at by the superstitious wise class who have ever blocked the way to human progress and then howled "We told you so," after a discovery became popular. I do not agree with Christian Science in ignoring medicine, for if the human being is made up of an aggregation of atoms of various elements it may become sick because of a disarrangement brought about from a lack of the very elements the medicine would supply, or would aid in expelling it if in excess of the necessities of the body; tho a chearful mind, full of faith is good.

This recognizing the soul in the beast is not a new thot. Says Ecclesiastes "Who knoweth the spirit of man that it goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that it goeth downward to the earth?"

Wise men and thinkers of all times have believed the lower animals have souls. Here are a few names of the thousands of thinkers who believed the lower animals have souls.

Martin Luther, John Wesley, Toplady, Cowper, Southey, Bishop Butler, Pollock, Keble, The Poet Tennyson, Rev. Dr. Chalmers, Rev. Horatious Bonar, Gen. Gordon, Prof. Agassiz, Byron, Pope, Dean Alford, and I could quote at great length the names of thinkers who believed the lower animals have souls, and why should they not have? Do they not display the same intelligence and methods in supplying their wants that man does?

We judge of the wisdom of man by his wants and his means of supplying his wants. We cannot judge by the individual but must judge by races and nations. The wants of an advanced people are many and their means of supplying their wants complicated. They want beautiful grounds, palaces, rail roads, steam boats, scientific instruments, art, music, books and the thousands of things that an inlightened people need for the elevation and happiness of a rising generation. The next lower down will want less and their means of supplying their wants are less complicated, and so on down the line until you reach the cannibal, his wants are very few, he can sleep under a tree or a leaning stone, and for food, if he can get nothing else he will eat his fellow man. Now draw the line for the imortal soul, has the wise one got it and the next not, or has he got it and the next not or has the cannibal, that monster who would eat you, got a

soul and your domestic animal not got a soul, he who would save your life, who would make a better companion than that monster you deny a soul, and it a part of God, for shame, for shame.

If the domestic animal has a soul so must the wild animal have a soul, for he too has his wants, and his means of supplying his wants, and if the wild animal has a soul so must the reptile and insect have souls, they each have their wants and their means of supplying their wants. The little earth worm, who is said to be the lowest form of animated life, crawls out of the ground, and seeks companionship because it wants it; nor can you stop here the tree sends its roots in the right direction for water, never in the wrong direction, it makes no mistakes; all you and I can do is to go for what we want, tho our means of obtaining it may be more complicated. The tree has been known to crook its roots, two feet before it reached an object it could not avoid otherwise, seeming to use reason in doing so. The Star Fish is as much animal as vegetable as it uses enough reason to insert its roots in the earth to draw sustenance and to pull them out and move to better feeding grounds, not only this but they exhibit some skill in capturing other food they take in thru the mouth in the ordinary way. I quote the following from the daly press.

'PLANTS HAVE EYES, CONSCIOUSNESS AND MEMORY,' SAYS DARWIN.

DUBLIN, Sept. 9. 1903.- That plants really have eyes which see, as well as consciousness and memory and that they form habits much as the animals do. is the decisive statement of Prof. Sir George H. Darwin, second son of Charles Darwin and president of the Association for the Advancement of Science, now in session here. The claim receives warm support from no less a scientist than Prof. Wager, who introduced what declared is proof positive that plants can see and think.

Prof. Wager startled the gathering of scientists by exhibiting photographs taken thru lenses formed by the "eyes" of plants. He showed that the outer skin of many leaves are in fact lenses, much like the eyes of many insects, and that they are as capable of forming clear images of surrounding objects. This is especially the case, he showed, with plants that grow in the shale. These lenses are so good and focus the light that falls upon them so carefully that photographs can be taken by means of them.

Some of Prof. Wager's remarkable photographs include reproductions from Darwin and Huxley, in which the features were distinct and unmistakable, as well as direct photographs of landscapes and people. Even colored photographs were exhibited, and these like the others were clearly defined.

Not only do these plant-eyes see well, but the rays of light which are focused on the interior of the leaf are carried to the brain of the plant and effect its subsequent movements. It has long been known that the leaves of plants move so as to let the maximum of light, and the movement is almost identical with the movements of animals, but the close analysis of the eyes proves them to be highly developed organs.

I think I am making wonderful progress in bringing up evidence of intelligent action in plant life, which goes a long ways to prove the truth in evolution, as well as that mind and matter are one.

We must not suppose we shall not have opposition because men will bring up opposition, if for no other reason than for the sake of argument, and it is well to do so, however, the other side have some show in the matter, but it is only on the materialistic side.

Prof. Bohn, tells the Congress of Phychology that the impulse of plants and animals, including man are mechanical, in other words man is an intellectual cog, in a great machine yet who is permitted to think he is the wole thing. The declaration, by Christ, that he was born to be crucified and that Judus was born to betray him, also that Peter would deny him thrice before the cock

crowes, would seem to lend force to this idea, yet as the following quoted parragraph shows, the Prof. seeks to find an embrio moral facculty in the lower animals. I am sorry space will not permit me to quote the whole of this interesting article; it is evident, however, that Prof. Bohn is not at all sure of the free moral agency of man, is clear.

RAPHAEL DUBOIS RESPONDS.

"A significant response to M. Bohn's paper was made by Raphal Dubois, of Lyons, who took the debate to a new field by asking whether it was more legitimate to say: "See this world of apparent freedom, morality and beauty. It is really nothing but the product of mechanical laws," or to say. "See these apparently mere mechanical laws. They are really the germs of a complicated and beautiful world of freedom and morality." It was just as proper to explain the material in terms of the spiritual as the spiritual in termes of the material, he said. The scientific tendency was now to reduce everything to materialistic terms. The future would, perhaps, elevate everything to a spiritistic expression. Then it would be seen that the two things are identical, were points in his argument.

Bohn was busy explaining human behavior by studying a fishing worm wriggling; he himself was busy in finding embryonic moral faculties in the lower animals. The two methods would come out at the same place. This ended the debate.

An extract from an article in the Detroit News Tribune.

Prehaps, one thing neither of these gentlemen thot of is, the impressions of pain and pleasure we must endure or experience, whether it be the result of free moral agency or mere mechanical force. In either case what is it for?

From the evidence so far deduced we must agree with Dahoma Pada, who says "We are the result of what our thots have been." In other words thots are things, and the sum total of that thot we attracted to us in a former life we must inact in this life, and those thots we attract to us in this life will become our acts in a future life. I find very much to uphold this theory, and if it be

true, we should be very careful of what kind of thots we invite to us, by holding on to those thots which will become our acts of a future life to make us trouble, and how beautiful becomes the law of evolution and reincarnation.

Pardon the digression and I will relate an experience which adds weight to this theory of mechanical control of our actions.

In 1890 I was at the head of a pretty extensive commercial house when one day a traveling man from Boston entered our store and engaged me in conversation, which drifted out side our line of business, and into the relms of the spiritual. Said he, "I can fore tell some of the future events of your life.

"Well" said I "go on," and he went on.

"I see you replacing a conductor on your house, in place of one you just put up."

"Why not the other one, on the other corner, which has been there for twenty years," I asked.

"No. Said he, That's of better material." I knew it was, but how could he know any thing about it as he did not know where I lived?

Said he "You will build a ladder, out of inch stuff, for the purpose of putting up the conductor, finally a cap will blow of from your window and you will try to use the ladder to put it up, the ladder will be to short and you will run a board out of the window and call someone to stand on the long end while you stand on the other end to, put up the cap, the person will step off, the board will tip up and you will fall and be seriously injured.

Not untill 10 years after did this take place, and then it took place in exactly that way, up to the point of running the board out of the window when I remembered what he told me and I with-

drew the board and the cap was not put up untill two years later when it was put up by the painter, I would not take the risk.

An event of this kind leads us to suppose we have some free moral agency. But. As every thing is thot, even the Suns and their satelites, are thinking, reasoning, animate beings, yet compelled to run in their orbits, thus curcumscribed by certain laws, so are we, yet we have a certain amount of free moral agency. He went on, "I see a man setting out a shade tree, you stand with your watch in your hand and tell him he may set the neighbors trees first, as you want the Moon in the right place. Finally you tel him to cut the top of the tree. He remonstrates but you will tell him you will be responsible for its living. As he cuts the top off you hand a small limb to your wife and tell her to put it in the ground and it will grow; she hands it to a neighbor. repeating what you said. The neighbor plants the tree. your wife plants a much smaller branch, both will grow well, but you will dig a small celler and throw the dirt on the plant and kill it. A large tree now front of your house will blow down and your neighbor will give you their plant to replace it."

All of this took place up to the point of throwing the dirt on to the plant, but I cleaned it off and the tree became too large to move. The large tree mentioned was destroid by wind, but my neigha- bor mooved their tree three miles away, so there has no tree taken its place.

This experienc goes to show that plants have a destiny that may be read, in part, tho subject to change by the will of man.

The strangest part of this story is yet to come.

Said he, "Your cats will all take sick and die,

the rats will eat you up: your daughter will hear a cat cry and she will go get it, some where between a barn and a fence, it will prove to be a very good cat, then an exelant cat will come to you, they will clear out the rats pretty fast. One day a rat will try to cross the street in the middle of the day that intelligent cat will take after it; a truck will be passing your house and the rat will run under the truck along side of the wheel, the cat on the out side, then the cat will drop back and then jump forward and catch the rat: it will be witnessed by number of people sitting on your poarch."

There was much more, very interesting matter, that he told me, I would like to relate, but it is irrevelevant to our subject. These things occured ten years after predicted. It must have been ordained, or he could not have seen it. If a part was ordained the whole was ordained. It was ordained the rat should be there; the cat should be there; the truck and driver should be there, and that the people should be there for witnesses. It was destined the rat should reason that it was safest for him to keep the wheel of the truck between him and the cat, and destined for the cat to reason stronger and to drop back and then jump forward and catch the rat, and if it was destiny was it reason at all? It was also destined for the rat to experience pain, and for me to sit here reasoning upon the whole matter, and to cry out "Oh God! Is this whole life's experience a mere dream?"

Last night I saw new places, new faces, I walked, I road, I ate, I drank. It was only a dream yet all was as real as any thing in real life; why?

The biggot cries, I do'nt believe! Bah. What is any one's opinion worth without investigation?

I will run the risk of being called tiresom and digress a little farther, and relate other experiences.

ONE EXPLANATION OF SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Every investigator of Spiritualism, who has conscientiously sought the truth, without partiality or prejudice, has no doubt reached the conclusion that it is not all fake or trickery. But at the same time he has been perplexed at the contradictory and unsatisfactory results. It seems just as easy to get the spirit of a live man as the spirit of a dead man. Or it seems often perfectly easy to get the spirit of a person of the imagination. Our friends of the spiritualistic faith always have the ready answer, it is the work of lying spirits, but why lying spirits should be so over anxious to deceive us they never explain. I think I can give a better solution of the subject.

If, as I maintain the Atomic Soul Theory be true, man has not one soul but thousands. In fact, he is continually throwing off conscious entities who have been part of himself and may have power under certain conditions to organize a body and present himself as the original.

The Hindo Adepts claim a man may appear in a number of places, at one and the same time.

A work of so undoubted authority as Encyclopedia Britannica, under the head of mysteries, cites a case where a certain Catholic Priest had promised to be present at a friend's funeral, some hundreds of miles distant. The Priest was taken sick and felt very badly because he would not be able to attend his friend's funeral. But a large number of people testified that they saw the Priest officiate at the funeral, while as large a number testified they saw him in his sick bed at home.

The only answer to this is, these people were mistaken, which is improbable; or that they lied, which is unreasonable; or that the Priest had some means of appearing at two places at one and the same time, which is very remarkable.

Some years ago I read an article said to be an interview with Kelleer, the Magician, in which it was claimed Mr. Keller made the statement that he was told by an Adept in India that he would be forcibly carried to Australia and held there for a year. At the date given, Mr. Keller went on board a ship to bid some friends good bye, and by some mistake, before he was aware of it, the ship was out to sea, and Mr. Keller was finally landed in Australia, where he was taken sick of a fever, which confined him in bed for the most part of a year in a delirious condition, but the strange part of it was that after he got home to England, his friends declared, they had seen him and talked with him several times while he had been conducting business at home during the same period he lay sick in Australia and that he knew nothing of it and was very much worked up over the matter.

There are many other strange things I could recite, which I have gathered in my many years of research, but this is enough for our purpose.

If a man can appear in several places at one and the same time, then the idea of a single sub-conscious power will not answer this problem, but that he must have more than one entity, able to perform the feat.

It is also true that an entity which organizes a body, by attracting harmonious soul atoms, has the power of organizing atoms to clothe the body.

If all this can be done, and I believe it can, then much more in the same line may be done, and it is no wonder a hundred spiritual circles all calling for the spirit of Daniel Webster should each get a Daniel Webster, and as all men of the United States have not the same caliber of mind so all of the soul atoms of matter would not have the same capacity, hence we get some Daniel Websters who seem inferior to the original Daniel Webster. Yet they were a part of his organism.

I have attended Seances where materialized hands came out, with shape and color, scar and blemish, that were sworn to as belonging to friends of those present. On one occasion, my son-in-law and several business men, friends of ours and myself, attended a Seance in which we put the medium under severe tests, and we examined the surroundings critically. On this occasion we got materilization of hands only. My son-in-law called for the hands of his father. When the hand appeared he grasped it and called to me, saying, "Is that not Pa's hand? See the forefinger is off; I know my father's hand, besides there is no one here with a part of the forefinger gone." Thomas Crane, an old familiar friend, thought to have one test that none but himself should know, not even I, and he wore his dead brother's vest. When the time came for his brother's hand, the hand came out of the cabinet, and, mind you, there was no one in the cabinet, or trap doors, or possibilities for fraud. "There," cried my friend, "is that not my brother's hand?" His brother had been a lake captain and had a very rough and peculiar shaped hand caused by his rough sailor experience. I remarked, "That looks very much like your brother's hand."

Said my friend, "If that is my brother's hand let him take hold of something I have of his." The hand reached out, took hold of the overcoat and pulled it, and then pulled his vest. "There," cried my friend, "there is a good test. I have my brother's vest on and not another soul knew it."

"Well," said I, "Tom, if that is your brother's hand, why should he not know the coat from the vest? Why did he pull the coat first?" "My goodness," exclaimed my friend, "I have got my brother's overcoat on and I did not think of it."

Now there was a Mr. B. present who said, "Now I want my brother's hand, a small white hand to come and take a memorandum book out of my pocket I have in mind and write his name in it. Immediately a small, white hand appeared, took the memorandum book from a number and wrote William B. in a very distinct and pretty hand. "There," exclaimed Mr. B. "There is a beautiful test. How he should know which book I had in mind I do not know, but I have no brother William, dead or alive!"

Now here is a strange phenomenon, all right enough, but how are you going to explain it?

Our Spiritualist friends would cry, "Oh, lying spirits, of course." But a better answer is, just as every king has sycophants ready to do anything the king asks. Just as the Lord says, "Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead?" "And there came forth a spirit," who was ready to act the lying spirit in the mouth of the prophets." See 1 Kings, xxii: 19 to 23. Now Mr. B. did not have faith, though an honest gentleman, he called for a lie and a liar. He got it and he had enough soul atoms of his own under the existing favorable conditions to perform just what he had called for.

I have a friend—Prof. Hutchings—who is a hypnotist, with a vast amount of magnetic power. He is also a traveling salesman. He had been working some time for a bicycle house, and got acquainted with Tom Cooper and several other champion bicycle riders in the summer of 1900. He was traveling through Ohio. He put up in a hotel at Lima, Ohio. He was much worn out and immediately fell asleep on retiring. How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by a number of shadowy forms around him, who seemed to be bending over him to wait on a sick man who lay in the bed behind him. After watching the forms for some time, he pinched himself and did other things to satisfy himself that he was awake and not enduring a case of nightmare. He then tried to distinguish the shadowy forms and he recognized his friend Cooper and one or two others. They all seemed to be expressing sympathy for the sick man whom he could not recognize. Knowing his friend Cooper was still living, knocked the ghost theory out of his mind. He then grasped at the shadows, and they dissolved and disappeared. This was repeated several times before morning. Finally, in the morning, he says to the landlord, "If I stay here tonight and must sleep with someone, I had rather you would put a well person in bed with me than a sick one."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the landlord, and my friend related what had taken place.

The landlord, in great surprise, exclaimed, "What room did you occupy?" The answer was given, when the landlord hastened to the register and exclaimed, "My God, that was the very room that bicyclist died in last summer!"

So the vision my friend saw had actually been enacted in that room the summer before.

Now the spirit of the dead might have taken the place of the sick man, but who represented Tom Cooper and the champions? If other spirits personified these gentlemen, for what purpose could it have been? On the other hand, while this thing was first enacted the interested parties threw off soul atoms which still lingered in the room, and when my friend with his strong magnetic force rested there, the individual soul atoms of his kingdom or organism, recognized their friends they had come in contact with, and hastened to relate the matters to their King. Not being able to get him to understand it they united with their friends, drawing assistance from the soul atoms of wall, carpet, bedding, furniture and all substance thereabout, making shadowy bodies visible to the condition of their king, and so re-enacting the things which had taken place there before. But as soon as my friend exerted physical energy to reach out to grasp the forms, the exertion recalled his soul atoms to duty, and of a necessity the forms dissolved, each atomic soul seeking its original positions.

How long such organic bodies might maintain their organisms would depend upon the wisdom and strength of the organizing atom, and the condition under which the body was organized.

We read of the angels appearing to Abraham as men and of taking dinner with him, but they had to hasten, they could not remain long.

There is no other such a reasonable and logical manner of explaining these things and every perplexing phenomenon and mystical problem may be easily solved through the Atomic Soul Theory. Besides what a mighty power it places in the hands of man who learns to concentrate, attract and organize the desired unseen forces of nature, and what an argument in favor of the necessity of keeping the thoughts pure to avoid building into your spiritual kingdom that which you will be ashamed of when you get on the spirit side of life, for, of course, the Hell doctrine as has been taught is ridiculous, and as one reformed preacher puts it, "There is more danger from the men who preach hell than from that hell they preach of."

THE ATOMIC SOUL THEORY.

I have pretty clearly demonstrated that all is mind, and that what we call matter is but mind on a lower plane than our own. I not only, philosophically and logically, proved it, but I quoted the opinions of such talented and worthy authority as Newton, Farady and others. But what does your average man care for the opinions of thinkers and philosophers? Has he not got a body made up of matter? Can he not feel it and sense the fact that matter really exists?

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Let us see how much we really know. Who can swear he is not dreaming this very moment while he seems to be reading this article?

Last night you had a dream; you saw new faces, new places, you walked, you rode, you flew, if necessary. The space you looked into was as real as any space. The food you ate tasted natural. The people of your dream were real people. The hurt you received was real. The substance you handled was real as any substance you ever handled. But you say, "I know I was dreaming because I awoke. O pshaw, you would not have believed you were dreaming then, and how can you tell but you may wake out of this life, and laugh at the absurdities of this life. Then how can you swear you are not dreaming now? Or are, perhaps, in some insane asylum?"

Shakespeare says, "Of such stuff as dreams men are made." Well! then may we believe the dream is a condition of mind.

If the dream is a condition of mind, and no one will deny it, what is the hypnotic state but a condition of mind?

I will take two hypnotic subjects, and one I will place in the torrid zone of Africa enjoying the tropical fruit, while perspiring at every pore, throwing off his outer garments, because it is so warm, and this in a comfortable room. The other I will put on mountains of ice, in a frigid zone. He will shiver and put on the garments the other threw off, and his hand will become too cold to hold in yours with comfort. Now, the audience I will make appear to one, a burning forest, to the other mountains of ice. Here are three worlds in touch with each other. Neither one of the three can see the world of the other two, then who can say there may not be a world, as tangible as our world, in a piece of coal or any other substance.

But you say, "It is only in the imagination of the hypnotic subjects." O no, my friend, it is so real to them that I can run down the pulsations of the heart until I kill my subject with thought. Then what a mighty power is in a thought.

If I remove my subject outside of your condition of mind you go bury the body, a thought which may linger with you for a long time. But what has become of my subject? He has entered another world, even beyond my control. Surely hypnotism is a condition of mind, as well as a dream is a condition of mind.

Christ said, "The kingdom of God is within you."

What, no place for the kingdom of God? But the kingdom of God is a condition of mind.

O, my friends, if the kingdom of God is but a condition of mind, then life itself must be a condition of mind for the great eternal God would not make his kingdom less tangible than this life.

If the above is true, and all reason shows us it must be true, what wonders may we not perform by learning to control the conditions of our minds. May we not bring our heaven right here?

We are placed here to develop character, and all the good things of the Universe are ours as soon as we learn our powers and how to evolve out of mind the heaven we are seeking in a distant somewhere. Why then should we insist on being tied down to vulgarmatter. Why not soar up with the Gods, and be free? Free from what! Free from fear, free from pain, free from want, free from all that is disageeable and disgusting.

"Oh! But this is matter I know too well, and this is real pain and real sorrow." You cry.

O, yes, I know just how hard it is to let go.

You put me in mind of the boy that thought he would have a sleigh ride, and he got on his sleigh and took hold of the old bull's tail. The bull got frightened and ran around and round the barnyard, dragging the poor foolish boy under the straw stack, through the manure pile and over the fence to the door yard, and the poor foolish boy crying at the top of his voice for help. His father was shouting to him to let go, but he hung the tighter until exhausted he was compelled to let go of the bull's tail. The father, provoked, cried: "You foolish boy, why didn't you let go?" But the boy said, "Father, I couldn't; it was all I could do to hang hold."

Now, my friends, it is all you can do to "hang hold" of this old idea of matter and its rottenness and the diabolical theory of a future hell and a future heaven, when hell is here; ignorance, ignorance brings hell. Heaven is within your reach. Let go of hell and reach out for heaven. You always lived, you have simply lost heaven for a little time; you are like the Indian wandering in the woods who asked the white man where his wigwam was. The white man asked, "What, Indian lost?" "No," replied the Indian. "Indian here, wigwam lost." "There is your wigwam," says the white man. "Ugh," grunted the Indian. "Been right around here all the time." So is truth, heaven right around here all the time.

Though Herbert Spencer calls God "the great unknowable," he admits we are forever in his presence.

That my ideas and investigations will be ridiculed and poo-pooed is certain, if even given any attention by the very wise ones, for like Tyndall, Alcott, Herbert Spencer, and our own Edison, I lack the opportunities of a college education, but not of vast experience; but when we stop to think it was not until the 14th century that anatomy began to be placed upon a purely human basis, by dissection of dead bodies, and that the heart is a mechanical organ instead of a brain cell of emotion, and that the clearing up of this matter by Harvey, who opened the chest of a deer and that of a frog and watched the heart throbs, and found those organs actually pumping blood, even then he was scoffed at and ridiculed by the wise and condemned as a sacrilegious devil by the superstitious.

We know that every step of advancement must be fought over the heads of over-wise people and superstitious objectors.

Today there are two classes of scientists disputing as to which, the Sun or Moon, has the greatest pull on our earth, while both admit the Moon will cause the rising of the mighty tides, and that these tides vary with the varying position of the Moon. Both parties will geer at the Astrologer when he claims the Moon's pull will affect the growth of a hil of potatoes if placed in the ground the right time, notwithstanding the potatoes are 90 per cent water.

It is true some men do not like to have the light turned on, as the following extract will show:

THE ERA OF LIGHT.

Not 200 years ago Broadway, New York, after nightfall, was almost pitch dark and infested with rogues and thieves. It was not safe to travel it by night without armed guards and boys carrying torches. Today this great thoroughfare is famous as the "Great White Way," because of the brilliancy of its night illumination.

Less than a hundred years ago street lighting was opposed by the very best men of that day on theological grounds as being a presumptuous thwarting of the intentions of Providence, which had appointed darkness for the hours of night. It was opposed on medical grounds, as gas and oil were declared unwholesome, and they argued that it was a bad thing to encourage people to stay outdoors nights and catch colds, pneumonia and fevers. On moral, philosophic grounds it was held that the people's moral standard would be lowered by street lighting, as the drunkard would feel there was no hurry to get home and late sweethearting would be encouraged, whereas black night sent people home early, thus preserving them from a multitude of sins. They also argued that lights would make thieves alert and that national illuminations would lose their effect if there were street lighting every night.

Seventy-five years ago streets were being lighted with oil and gas. Twenty-five years ago the electric lights were introduced and the systematic lighting of streets began; now there is scarcely a hamlet so small it cannot boast of lighted streets. And the men who are studying the subject say that the dawn of artificial light is just breaking.—From an article in Review of Reviews.

These experiences are not mere Fairy tales but real experiences, and this article is scientific as well as Biblical evidence that mind and matter are one, for if "The Kingdom of God is within you." It is a condition of mind. Again, Christ tells us, Mark. X. 24. "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them."

Thus I answer the question **WHERE DID WE COME FROM?** If, as before stated, "There is no room for anything else but God, there must be something for such a great intelligence to do: there being nothing but Him self, there is nothing He could do but think out plans. This plan necessitates contrasts so that even He could not know the difference between bitter and sweet, or pain and pleasure if He never thot of the opposites; we being a part of him are his thinking facculties' consequentaly must feel these expressions, as we pass thru the various phases of his thots. We have but little free moral agency, : what we have is, chiefly, in our willingness to cheerfully endure, while making strenuous efforts to reach a higher plain: and the reaching that higher plain is our reward, and the willing, and intentional, hindrenc of such progress a great sin; and the expression of selfishness, and cruelty, beyond necessity, draws a punishment in kind. Thus the Bible passage- "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," becomes rational. We came from God, we existed in the God head in the eternity of the past. We plunged from the parapets of heaven, down to the chaos of forgetfullness, that we might come up thru a new plan, learning and perfecting our selves under the laws of evolution and reincarnation.

To get a better understanding of this great subject, you should read Stowe's Bible Astrology, and Periodicity. Send for discriptive matter.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?

It is evident we are here for experience; each one a little unit, yet composed of untold millions of other units, and in turn a part of a succession of greater units, until centering in the great, and only God of the unievvrse.

If as before stated "There is no room for any thing else but God. Such a great intelligence must have something to do, there being nothing but himself, even He could not know the difference between pain and pleasure or bitter and sweet if He never thot of the opposites. He must for ever be thinking (ie) laying plans and we being a part of Him, are experiencig these things as we pass thru the various stages of 'is plan', from life to life, increasing in knowledge and power as we advance thru evolution and reincarnation, which are essential to a reasonable plan of so great a mind. This is manifest in our own natures, tho we kick against strife and villainy, we do not care to see a play or read a book unless it has suffering and villainy to over come. Not only this but we are forever getting up games of strife to get the best of each other, as we say "To kill time." If "Man is made in the likeness and image of his creator," his nature too should be taken into consideration.

Let me draw a picture. Suppose, if you please, a number of us, all friends, possess the most beautiful homes that thot can conceive of or heart wish for, palaces, grounds, fruits, flowers, books, games, music, birds, every thing beautiful. Would we not soon tire of it? That which has been our heaven has become our hell; we look out, a cross the street, we wonder what are they doing? You cry "Come, let us cross the street and see what they are doing? but I say "Look, look at the storm, the slush, the hell between here and there." You answer back, "It is no worse than this hell here." What this, which was once our heaven, now a hell?" "This is no longer heaven." You cry, and we plung out in the storm, to get on the other side, to enjoy more because we know more.

Thus it is experience we are here for. Think of it, we old soldiers who knew we must suffer, if we went to war, yet we went to war and we did suffer and we suffer still, but where will you find one of us who would sell his experience for gold?

Some years ago, Lee Hamilton, a poet, who for twenty years lay stretched upon a sick bed, found solace in writing this beautiful sonnet, so illustrative of discontent, and of schooled patience.

A PROPHET OF THE SOUL.

Once from the parapets of gems and glow
An angle said "O, God, the heart grows cold;
On these eternal battlements of gold
Where all is pure, but cold as virgin snow.

"Here sobs are never heard: no salt tears flow;
Here there are none to help; nor sick; nor old;
Nor wrong to fight, nor justice to uphold;
Grant me thy leave to live man's life below."

"And then annihilation?" God replied.

"Yes," said the angle, "Even that dred price.
For earthly tears are worth eternal night."

"Then, go," said God. The angle opened wide
His dazzeling wings, gazed back on heaven thrice,
And plunged, forever from the walls of light.

Is this not illustrative of discontent, and a desire for change, for new experiences, for periods of labor and of rest? This is a good explanation of the necessity of pain and sorrow.

When, next you wonder why you are here, write in gigantic letters of fire "I came here of my own free will, to gain experience and to escape the monotony of a heaven that had become my hell. So glad to escape that I left memory behind."

This world is one department in God's work shop, the spirit state His bed room. The night is for a rest after the worry and toil of the day. The winter is a period of rest after the exhausting experiences of summer, and even in the tropical clime, where man forces the soil to respond to his demand, the trees lay off their summer garb and rest. God says after He has subdued all things to himself He will rest. He did His work in six days and rested on the seventh. The spirit state is a rest between re-incarnated lives. Our spiritulist friends make a great mistake in supposing there is progression on the spirit side of life. What is mistaken for progress is that natural unrolement of the developing life, Just as a growing child takes the food into the body during the day, and while the child sleeps the food is being assimilated and carried out to those parts of the body that are calling the lowdest for it: and the child awakes a stronger better developed being for having slept. But. He cannot expand more until he exercises and creates an appetite, and takes on more food, from which to build a greater statue. It is so with the spirit, it will unrole that which it has gained here, but it cannot unroll more untill it has come back to another earth life for more experince, on whichto build.

The soul of man can never be old-or young; but as Paul puts it, "We have a spiritual body and we have a material body." man builds up his material body thru a process of physical digestion, and he builds up his spiritual body thru a mental process: thus our material body is the result of what our physical exersise, and food, has been: so must the spirit body be the result of the mental forces attracted to us thru the thots we have held while in an earth life. If he leaves this life in childhood, it will

be some time before he understands the changed conditions, and when he does he is likely to mix the memories of a former lifewith the last one, and this may be taken for progress, as in this case he seems to have expanded in statue. This apparent development is spoken of as a growth where as it is merely the unrolement of what has been developed during earth life.

Some spirits are so interested in some things in earth life that they cannot be led from their folly, to their own better nature until assisted by some one in earth life, and this is mistaken for spiritual growth, where as it is merely unrollment.

The earth life is God's work shop, the spirit state his bedroom; otherwise it would have been no use of our coming here in the first place. Would it be wise to take your work bench to bed with you?

How shall man best improve his time on earth?

I think I have shown pretty clearly that thots are things, that we eat thot, we drink thot and we breath thot, and we are building thot into our physical as well as our spiritual bodies.

To labor in thot is to burn, to consume the thot atoms in the physical structure while attracting other thot atoms to the spiritual kingdom, an other reason why there is no progress in the spirit state is it would consume the spirit body.

We know if we become tired and hungry, we must rebuild the physical forces, or the brain gives out, the man becomes worthless and dies. Shall we go on consuming the spirit body in that world, or shall we rest in contemplation of our past experiences until, our own conciousness of the mistakes of a former life force us to come back to earth, to Gods work shop, to rebuild? Is this not more reasonable than the hell doctrin?

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO?

This question involves all that has ever been said on the subject. First to the Atheist, you admit we are here, and must have got here by one of two processes. We were either created by an intelligent designer or else we came thru evolution, and if by the latter process, it is reasonable to suppose the same law that evolved us, making it possible for us to control the lower forms of life, might just as well evolve a god who controls our lives, if so He has had eternity of the past in which to develop a perfect, merciful and alwise being. Simply because we do not understand God's plans is no more evidence that He does not exist than it would be that a farmer does not exist because some of his stock never saw him and know nothing of him.

Again, it is unreasonable to suppose that, nature which is so careful that nothing, in the material world, shall be lost, will let our experience be lost.

We look about us and we see a complicated piece of machinery, or any other great work of man, and we say, that is the result of much study, and years of labor, and is a product of evolution, then can you believe that man was always as you see him? Is he not the result of many lives of experience?

Should not every pang of pain have its recompence in joy? If so should not the lower animals be recompensed for their suffering? Can you believe that "God is love," and then believe He will build a place of everlasting torment? A punishment out of all proportion to any crime man could commit. Even our rich men who are caught defrauding the public out of millions of dollars, causing suffering suicide and crime, among the lower classes and the clergy hardly mention it while

wageing bitter war against the slums, the selfishness of the, dishonest portion, of the rich has created, and the law can find no punishment greater than the giving up of a small portion of their plunder, or their fines for law breaking. Is God less forgiving than man? Or are the cleirgy hypocrital in assailing the wickedness of the lower class while ignoring the greater cause, or the greater crimes of the rich?

Let me quote a few verses from the 5 th chapter of Matthew, v. 40. "And if any man will sue the at thee law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.

v: 41 and whosoever shall compel the to go a mile, go with him twain.

v: 42 Give to him that asketh the, and from him that borrow of thee turn not thou away.

v. 43, Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

v. 44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you:

v: 45th That ye may be the children of your Father in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

v: 46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans do the same?

Now compare the above quotation with the following news paper clipping, and then wonder, if you can, why the people have lost faith in church.

CHURCHES SQUABBLE OVER A \$1, 000,000

"PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 7. — A demand for \$1,000,000 will be made by the Pittsburg synod of the Reformed church the First German Evangelist Protestant church of this city. In 1788 the Penn heirs granted to the two congregations a piece of ground in what is now the center of Pittsburg. For years the congregations held union services and only one building was erected. When the civil war broke out many members of the German Reformed church enlisted and soon the German Evangelical Protesants controlled the property. They have been in control ever since. The property is worth \$2,000,000."

The object of quoting that on the preceding page is to show the church practicing one thing and the bible teach quite another thing. After reading of the great riches of the churches, described in Stowe's Bible Astrology, and the still greater crime spoken of in his great book "What is Coming," we need not wonder at the un-Christ like savagery of their hell doctrine. Without dwelling upon the awfulness of such a punishment, let us ask them, in all kindness, why are they trying to raise one billion two hundred and fifty million of dollars, to convert the world, for what? That my question may be better understood I will quote from a magazine article on the estimated population of hell.

POPULATION OF HELL.

A Genius Figures It Out to Be 175,000,000,000.

Certainly an endeavor to arrive at a correct idea of the population of hell, assuming the orthodox idea of it to be sound, has at least the element of novelty to recommend it. A recent writer has computed that in round numbers the earth has a population of 1,300,000,000, of which 300,000,000 are professed Christians, the other 1,000,000,000 being Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, pagans, and heathen. The whole race was condemned to eternal punishment for the sin of Adam. This was the fall of man, from which there was and is no redemption save through the death of Christ.

Biblical chronology gives the earth a period of about 6,000 years. From Adam's time to Christ was 4,000 years, during which period no human souls were saved. The population then may have averaged 1,000,000,000. Three generations, or 3,000,000,000, pass away in each century. Forty centuries, therefore, consigned 120,000,000,000 of men to eternal fire, and, for all that is known, they are there now. In the 1,900 years which have elapsed since the birth of Christ, 57,000,000,000 more of human beings have lived and died. If all the Christians, nominal and real, who have ever lived on the face of the earth have been saved they would not number more than 18,000,000,000. Now, if is deducted the latter number from the grand total of 177,000,000,000, there is found 159,000,000,000 souls who are suffering the torments of hell-fire, against the 18,000,000,000 who have escaped. But this is not the whole truth. Nobody believes that more than 10 per cent. of the professed Christians are saved. Calvinists themselves say the elect are few. If that is a fact heaven contains but 1,800,000,000, against a population in hell of 175,000,000,000.

Of course the foregoing estimate is a fanciful idea, but to my mind no more so than that of converting the world, considering the following.

Allowing 74,000,000 of people who make no profession and 84,000,000 of the Greek church, they would be divided up in territory, by comparison, about as given between these rules.
116,000,000 Protestants,
Jews and Mohammedans 170,000,000
Roman Catholics 190,000,000 millions.

Of heathen 856, 000,000, Or 10 times as many as either Greek or of the non religious. There is 7 times as many heathen as of Protestants, and over 5 times as many heathen as Mohammedans. There is nearly 5 times as many heathen as of Roman Catholics, and a third more heathen than of all others put together. This is taken from a religious paper, urging the necessity of more strenuous missionary work: and if they can show a great benefit in it, far be it from me to want to oppose it. But, what I want to ask is this: it is not long since each creed taught that every other creed was a thing to be opposed if not put down by force of arms, and but very few could be saved, so tell me please, if God is more loving and forgiving than it is possible for man to be WILL GOD PUNISH THE HEATHEN OR CAUSE THEM TO SUFFER, ETERNALLY, FOR WHAT THEY DONT KNOW? If so is not man an improvement on such a god? If not is it not unwise to convert them, seeing a majority of them must suffer eternal torments if you do? Please don't get angry, this is not asked for idle pass time but that I may know the truth. In the religious columns of the Sunday paper, Dec. 5th 1909, the following may be found. Under different headings. First an account of an enthusiastic Laymans meeting to raise that big pile of money to convert the world

This seems like a grand idea, but when we look back over the pages of history and note the terrible wars, murder, misery and torcher, by rack, fagot and by every means the ingenuity of an infernal mind could conceive of, and that in the name of religion, it makes one shudder, especially when he reads that the same thing is going on to-day. The second is an extract from an artical in that same paper, under the caption of "HOLY" WAR. "The hardest problem the Young Turks have to solve is to secure peace and order between the factions representing Christian sects and the Moslems. Whether the new Turkish government be sound and sincere in its purpose or no it is too soon to say conclusively. But no one can read Mr. Creelman's serious and detailed account without feeling that the difficulties are not all on the side of the Moslems. Where religion becomes a matter of bitter partisanship and race animosity, there is nothing that can surpass the cruelty of the passions aroused. And we may be lenient in our judgment of the Moslems when we know that it is their bayonets that keep the Latins, the Greeks, and the Armenians who call themselves Christians, from cutting each other's throats about the tomb of the 'Prince of Peace.'"

The black face type are mine. But, it makes one think when we see so much, a perient solicitude for the conversion of the world that there may be some other motive behind it, at least on can't help quoting Matthew XXIII v. 13-14 and 15.

But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer them that are entering to go in.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

Woe unto you, scribes and, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

I do not wish to impugn the motives of the zelots. But, when I see so much effort made to convert heathen and to suppress Spiritualism, clairvoaynts, astrologers and others for trying to foresee the future: where as all business would stop if attempts to look into the future ceased. It is like making war on the petty gambler and letting the big fellow go free, or like making war on the slums and saying nothing a'out a social atmosphere wreeking with rottenness in high places. It is like trying to purefy a filth layden stream at the mouth.

Pardon the digression, and we will proceed,

Many of our orthodox friends say they do not teach the former hell doctrine. Well if they admit of former mistakes, may we not ask are they not mistaken much farther in their teachings?

WHERE ARE WE GOING TO? At death we go in to a spirit state, where we rest untill anxious to correct the mistakes of a former life we come back, under the proper signs of the zodiac and under proper planetary influence to produce the desired effect; not for the purpose of punishment, in that sense, but because a new experience is necessary to our more complete development. To sum it up

THE ASTROLOGERS RELIGION is a belief in one God, one universal intelligent whole who permits no interference with his plans. If there is no room for any thing but God, one great eternal intelligence, man is as much a part of that God as his finger is a part of himself. That, so called, matter is mind on a lower plain than that acting upon it. That experience is a necessity to man's happiness. That evolution and reincarnation are necessities to and parts of a divine plan: evolution, because it, and it alone furnishes evidence of aspirations and upward tendencies, from the vine that clings to the oak and crawls upward, to the giant intellect that sees only by a Godly plan can man hope to get nearer to the Godhead in the great plan.

Reincarnation is shown to be a corollary, and a necessity to the plan, by the fact that experience would be worthless without it. That nature who is so careful that nothing in the material world shall be lost will not let experience, the most sacred of all things be lost.

It may be asked. Why have we no memories of our former lives?

There are two ways of answering that.-

First, there are many things we are only to glad to forget, hence memory is blotted out, except in such things as are necessary to our farther development, and this we call "hereditary."

Tell me who taught the tendrils of the vine to find a foothold in, almost, inaccessible places?

I answer- experience in former lives.

Who taught the chicken to break its way out of the shell, or to run to the mother when he hears the hawk, he has never heard before, in this life?

I answer, experience in former lives.

Who taught the musical prodigy to know music, or the mathematical prodigy to know mathematics, before taking a lesson?

I answer, experience in former lives.

Who gave one man more brain convolutions and greater brain power than another?

I answer, experience in former lives.

It is plain, progress is God's plan and man is seeking greater happiness thru it: woe to that man or that institution that stands in the way of God's progress. But how is man to increase his soul power? I answer, by rebuilding his spiritual body thru higher and better thots; just as the pugilist seeks to make a more perfect physical man, thru physical exercise, and careful diet.

The pugilist would never think of using pastry and other palatable food, which has no fiber building strength, when training: such food must really tear him down instead of building him up. To build a perfect physical man, he eats the strongest fiber building food, and vigorously exercises the muscles he knows will come most in use. It is the same with the building up of the spiritual body. You come back to earth for spiritual training under astrological conditions that will produce the desired

improvement in the spirtual structure, and this is done by attracting the proper soul atoms to you.

In my Universe, published in 1898, I call attention to the cause of dreams and to the fact that thots are things and have been photographed, and more recent discoveries have gone so far as to analyze the breath and the respration contained a volatile poison characteristic of the emotion.

A prayer has been photographed while ascending, and the thots of sadness and despar appear like an etherial whirlwind. The camera cannot be decieved but shows just what is placed in front of it and if thots are registering such wonderful effects we should be very careful of what thots we let in, or at least what thots we make it harmonious to remain with us. You cannot create a thot: you can only let them in or keep them out. You have had thots come to you, you did not want, you had to fight them away, and you must labor to commit to memory, to build into your structure those thots you do want. Birds of a feather flock together, so when you make it harmonious for good thots, they flock to you and you build into your kingdom that kind of thot that will give you a longer peace and happiness, while resting in the spirit state, and a higher form of being at your next reincarnation.

Whatever you attract to the spirit body becomes your carma for the next life, selfishness, strife, wronging another, will bring the same thing back to you in your next incarnated life, and that is what the writer, in the old testament ment by, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And again, S. John IX 1st and 2nd "And as Jesus passed, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. 2nd v. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" How could his sin cause him

to be born blind, unless he had lived before? It should be remembered that when the world was ready for faith, Christ came with a new commandment, "Love ye one another." Christ said he did not come to change one jot or tittle of the old law. He came to give those who really repented of their sins, thru faith in him, a chance to avoid the second death. (This will be better understood after reading Bible Astrology.) Galatians III 23 But before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

34th v. Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith."

Yet we are told "Faith without works is dead."

That these many lives are so many school days, and that man is given an opportunity to graduate, when ready for it, is clearly shown in Mark, IV.- 10 11 12 and 13th, which reads,

"And when he was alone, they that were about him with the twelve asked of him the parable.

And he said unto them. Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but to them that are without, all these things are done in parables.

12 v. That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."

At another time he exclaimed, "Poor souls their time is not yet." As much as to say, it is not time for them to graduate.

Let any one hunt up the whole story of John, the Baptist and he will find that John was Elijah reincarnated Malachi IV and 5th Behold I will send you, Elijah, the prophet before the coming of the great day of the Lord." II Kings 2nd to 12th, tells us Elijah ascended in a whirlwind of fire which was 880 years before Christ. Luke 1st you will see the same angel who made arrangements for Christ's coming made arrangements with Zacharias and Elizabeth for an earthly father and mother for John. Now note Matthew XVII. 10 to 14th. "And his disciples asked him saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? (Elias is the Greek rendering for Elijah.)

11th And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things.

12 v. But I say unto you. That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done with him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them.

[Remember, they took John's head off.]

13th Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." [That shows John and Elijah were one.]

The matter on the foregoing page shows clearly that Christ wished the disciples to understand you can't teach a dog Euclid or a cat grammar, yet it is no fault of those noble animals and their time will yet come, for our many incarnated lives are so many school terms. Evolution is a truth. Spiritualism is a truth. Reincarnation is a truth, a man who can find no recompense for the sufferings of the lower animals, but can accuse an all wise and loving God with providing an endless torment to punish poor weak man for the mistakes of a moment, is better fitted to deal with savages than with intellectual people. This does not mean the careless and the vicious will escape responsibility; right the contrary you will be served measure for measure. An examination day is close at hand, those who are fit to go to a higher sphere will graduate, those who are not must suffer a second death, in 1000 years' and those who do not then graduate must return thru another series of life and death for another 26,000 years. (See Stowe's Bible Astrology.)

Who will judge you? Each will judge him self.

What shall a man do to be saved, (ie) graduate?

Look inward at your self and understand that thots are things being built into your spiritual body, keep your thots pure, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." And then faith in God or in Christ will have some meaning. Greed, pride, selfishness, lust must be conquered, he who does not conquer this must go down again before he can understand how to take an enjoyable position in the God-head, and understand the truth-

That when the plan of God was laid

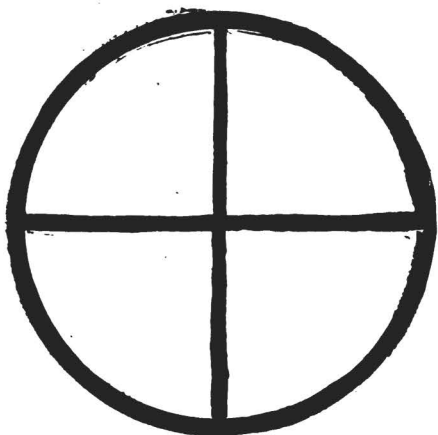
And all that is, from God was made,

He destined when his work is done

Truth shall be known, that all is one.

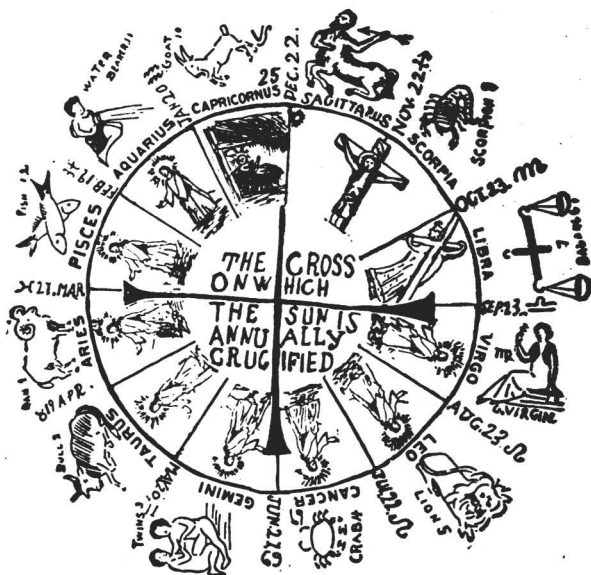
THE CIRCLE WITH THE CROSS INSIDE
 is the symbole of the earth and the cross is the symbol of the Christian religion and has been the symbol of some religion since time immemorial.

We often hear christians say they are beairng the cross for Christ's sake.



THE STORY OF THE ZODIAC.

THE TWELVE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

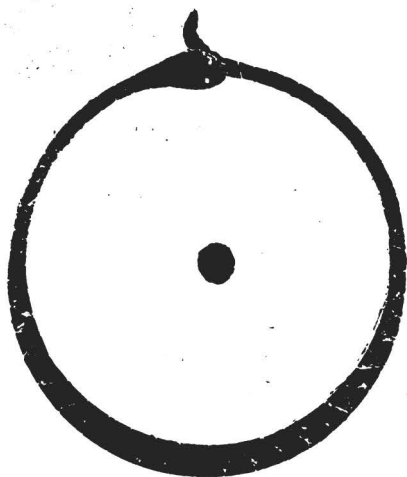


All ancient formes of religion are stories of the Zodiac and our Solaar System in allegory, and all later formes are but modified ideas of old formes. ["See Bible Astrology."] \$1.50

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLS.

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Stowe's Astrological Blanks are a horoscope of themselves.
1c each.

BIBLE STORIES

Written by C. Tousey Tayler

A pamphlet of a few pages, 4½ inches by 8 inches. 25c.

Though in my estimation this contains some mistakes. It was not written to cover points covered in Bible Astrology, it digs up some very pretty points not touched in Bible Astrology.

Bible Stories will be mailed free on receipt of 25c.

What You Should Do When You Write for a Horoscope.

Give your name and place of birth, the year, month, day of month, hour of day of birth, if possible. See form.

My name is.....

I was born in.....

In the year of.....

Month and day of month of.....

The hour of day of birth: A. M.....P. M.....

If the hour of birth is not known, give date of birth of married partner, if there be one.

State what part of the body you receive hurts of any kind, or where sickness first attacks, or weakest part of body, or send small picture of yourself if you have one. (Say return if you want it returned.)

You are entitled to 10 questions. Do not be afraid to ask reasonable questions or tell what you wish to know.

If you call on a doctor you tell him all you can to help him, and he must lose his case some day.

You call on a lawyer and he wants to know everything of your case—and loses as many as he gains.

If you put a hound on the track you expect to help him all you can, and he will fail you sometimes.

But a fortune teller must be a God or he is a fraud. Why? Because a measley class of humbugs that have been deceiving the world for ages, with a promissory note on a golden paved pearly gated heaven in the isle of misty somewhere, while they take theirs where they get the loudest call at the rate of so many \$\$\$\$ per.

I don't pretend to make no mistakes. I am a scientist, and scientists sometimes make mistakes.

But, WHAT IS A FORTUNE TELLER?

Webster says a fortune teller is one who tries to peer into the future. VERY WELL.

The farmer tries to peer into the future when he plants his seed.

The merchant tries to peer into the future when he buys his goods for the coming season.

The lawyer tries to peer into the future when he tells you he can win your case.

The banker tries to peer into the future when he buys and sells stocks at a margin, and he has succeeded in enslaving the world to a bonded debt of fifty billion dollars, and if he could see into the future as far as a runtling calf can see he would see those debts have brought on this great European wholesale murder, that will end in a universal overthrow of his class.

The preacher, whose teachings are so uncertain it is called theory, is trying to peer into the future when he promises what he cannot assure, yet laws are passed against the astrologer, palmist and clairvoyant.

Price of a horoscope is \$ 5. If you want a real good horoscope, send \$5.

Yet I don't care whether you send for any or not—I am busy all of the time.

The little key to astrology is simply a sheet of paper with the number of signs and houses and the planets in them, showing the effect of the planet in each sign which becomes the house in another sign, thus you mix the effects in signs and houses.

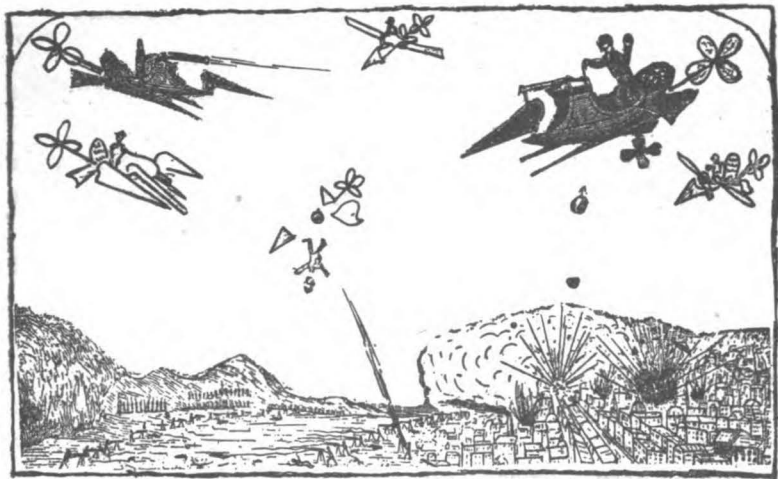
I charge for my work not for what I say, and I must soon stop as my age, 77 will not permit it longer. I have many testimonials similar to the following.

1638 Annin st. Philabelphia. Pa. April 27 1915.

Prof. Lyman E. Stowe. Dear sir the horoscope you cast for me, July 1912 is the best I ever had. You told me what would happen, and every thing came out as you stated in the horoscpc. Ministers, Statesmen, and Diplomates have indorced astrology as the greatest science of the ages, I am a firm believer in it. Please publish this to the public Thomas N. Moon.

The old 50 ct edition of What is Coming is out of print. The new edition is \$ 1. in paper \$1, 50 cts cloth. The new edition is better bound, better paper, and contains more elustrations and 100 more pages.

LYMAN E. STOWE, 131 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich.



This cut and prophecies of present war published in Stowe's Books in 1884 .

BIBLE ASTROLOGY IS

♥The most wonderful book of the age. It clears away the mist, and humbug, thrown around the truly great and scientific work, The Bible, by a class of people so blinded by their superstitions they could not see a scientific truth.

BIBLE ASTROLOGY answers many puzzling questions, such as the few mentioned below :

WHAT was the Earth made of?

WERE Adam and Eve the first people?

WAS the Garden of Eden a place, or a period in the world's history?

WHAT was the forbidden fruit?

WHERE did Cain get his wife?

WHO were the sons of God?

Did the sons of God take wives from the daughters of men?
OVER

WHY was woman blamed for the fall, and not man?

WHO WAS CHRIST and why was he crucified?

ARE ASTROLOGY and SPIRITUALISM true religious principles?

WHO are the two witnesses who have to prophesy in sack cloth for times, time and a half a time, and what is that time? See Revelations XI—3.

This wonderful book of less than 200 pages, 12 mo., good paper, well bound in cloth, contains nearly half a hundred illustrations, one in colors and a beautiful chart 20x28 inches in size.

A description of the meaning of Astrology and your own characteristics and nature and when your married partner should be born. Price \$1.50



LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

Every man, woman and child should read "What Is Coming." That the author is a prophet of no mean powers is manifest in the illustration above, which shows he foresaw and described the flying

machine in his great book, "Poetical Drifts of Thought," published in 1884, 30 years ago.

Are we at the prophetic times spoken of in the Bible? "And there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time"—Daniel XII—1.

"But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book even to the time of the end, many shall run too and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—Daniel XII—4.

LOOK at the running to and fro, and the increased knowledge.

Remember the Bible was written by Astrologers. Daniel was sent to Chaldea for three years, to study clairvoyancy and astrology. See Daniel I—4-5.

The writer of the books "What Is Coming" and "Bible Astrology," which makes all things plain in the Bible, is an Astrologer, Lyman E. Stowe, of Detroit, Mich. Bible students especially and all doubters should read these two books.

Now look at Nahum II—4. "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: They shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Describe an automobile better if you can.

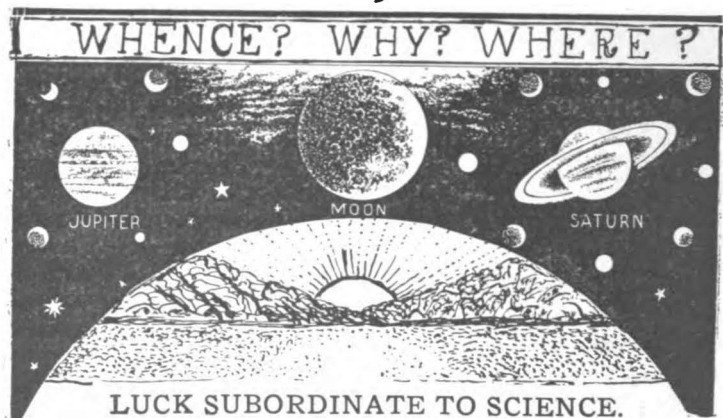
WHAT IS COMING?

A book of nearly 500 pages and two charts 12 x 16 each. They make the Bible so clear a child can understand the books of Daniel and Revelations.

This masterpiece of prophetic lore was first published in 1895 and so startled thinking people who read the book, and who sent many letters of thanks and congratulations to the author that he determined to revise and enlarge the book, which has been done.

"WHAT IS COMING" contains a large number of illustrations. It is printed on good paper, well bound in Manila board, written by Lyman E. Stowe of Detroit, Mich. Price, \$1.00. Cloth, \$1.50.

"BIBLE ASTROLOGY," 12 mo. cloth, good paper, many illustrations, including a beautiful chart 20 x 28 inches, chases away the mysteries of the Bible. Price \$1.50



Have you noticed that 95 per cent of all business men fail sooner or later, and that these failures come at about the same time in life, that is at certain ages in men's lives?

What is the cause and what is the cure?

Ans.—Step up to an old style piano, and speak into it, with a heavy voice, without touching the piano, and note the vibrations of the bass strings tuned in harmony with your voice. Now suddenly change to a sharp voice, and note the sudden change from bass strings to the high notes. If your puny voice can affect the solid matter in those taut strings, what effect do you suppose the mighty heavenly bodies would have on vegetable and animal life when they were brought in direct line with earthly organism. Or if the Moon, at times, will raise the tides in the Bay of Fundy to 70 feet why should it not affect vegetable and animal life, since they are from 70 to 90 per cent water.

Vibration is the Keyboard of the Universe. He who understands it will play in harmony by directing planetary vibrations. Man cannot stop planetary influence, diminish, or increase the power, but he can direct or shun such vibrations, if he learns the secret.

It has been ascertained that certain years produce certain effects in every man's life according to date of birth.

Many years ago Professor Lyman E. Stowe, on noticing these effects, at given periods of the life of vegetable and animal life, also of structures, and of nations, and sought out a system whereby advantage might be taken of such knowledge.

Hence his book *Astrological Periodicity*. On finding other inferior works on the market he sought to also give to the public a cheap and handy method of applying the work to every day life, and so got out the *World's Wonder Cycle Chart*, by which you can trace your good and evil cycles, years and months, so man will know when to act and when to keep still.

You will subdue a raging fire, and
Quiet the floundering horse in mire;
You'll kill the insect ere it's born.
But cultivate the growing corn.

You know the seasons come and go,
Some are good and some are slow;
If you know just what is best,
You'll push when good, when slow you'll rest.

But, if you know not when to work,
You'd even better duty shirk
Than pile more fuel on the fire
Or lash a poor horse in the mire.

This chart—a revolving mechanical device—with instructions may be had with the great book of books, \$5.

The chart may be used with any other book on Periodicity though all other books on the subject are inferior works to this masterpiece *Astrological Periodicity*, by the world's renowned Astrologer and author, Lyman E. Stowe.

All those who have read "Stowe's Bible Astrology," or "What is Coming?" a marvel of prophecy, tracing the American flag back to Genesis, will recognize this fact.

Nobody can afford to be without this marvel of the 20th century.

I want it distinctly understood that \$5 is a small price for my great book *Astrological Periodicity*. See what Mr. Settles says.

LYMAN E. STOWE, 131 Catherine St., Detroit, Mich.