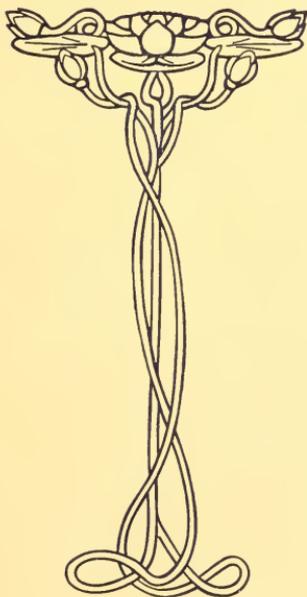


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The Advent of Modern Spiritualism

or

Great Oaks from Acorns Grown



By Mary C. Blasek

The Advent
of
Modern Spiritualism

or
Great Oaks from Acorns Grow
(A PLAYLET)

By
MARY C. VLASEK



Published by
THE AUSTIN PUBLISHING CO.
Los Angeles, Cal.
1918

PS635
.Z9V73

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APR -8 1918

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TMP92-007464

FOREWORD



This play has been written with the thought of presenting to the public in a simple way, *The Manner in Which Spiritualism Originated*. In order to do this the best references have been consulted to serve the historical facts. The plot has digressed as little as possible from these facts.

The play was received inspirationally at 3 o'clock A.M. on Friday morning, Jan. 18, 1918.

There is no part of it changed from the original.

The Author.

THE ADVENT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM
PLAYLET.

By MARY C. VLASEK, January 18, 1918.



Scene: The Fox Cottage. Time: March, 1848.

CHARACTERS:

Mr. Michael Weekman and wife.

Charles B. Rosma, the pedler.

Sam Bowers.

John D. Fox, father.

Mrs. Fox, mother.

David Fox, age 17.

Cathy Fox, age 9.

Margaretta Fox, age 11.

Leah Fox; age 19.

Rev. Samuel Higgins, minister.

Church members who hold prayer meeting: Samantha
Allen, Mary S Smith, Mr. Allen, Mr. Brown,
Amanda Coons.

These hold first circle: Amanda Coons, Rose Smith,
John White, Maggie Black, James Green, Ann Jones,
Patrick Casey, Sam Bowers.

George Fish, who afterwards married Leah.

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAYLET:

Peddler—Should have a pack with straps to fasten it to
his shoulders, cap, short overcoat, mitts.

Sam Bowers—Work clothes, in shirt sleeves, blue shirt
with white stripes.

Michael Weekman—Plain clothes, hair somewhat gray.

Mrs. Weekman—Very plain full skirt and plain waist,
hair put up in waterfall style. Should put on shawl

- and scarf over her head when they go out. Mr. Weekman puts on overcoat and cap.
- Mr. Fox—Has ax and short coat and cap. In-doors he wears short coat.
- Mrs. Fox—Very full skirt. Blue and white apron in first scene, but at prayer meeting she should wear a white apron, hair parted in the middle, combed back and fastened in the back with a comb.
- Leah—Full dress skirt, rather long, and white apron. Hair also parted in the middle.
- Margaretta and Cathy both have full dresses of checked goods. Cathy wears an apron of pink calico over her shoulders.
- David—Wears work clothes. Has pail and armful of wood.
- George Fish—Overcoat, smooth face and mittens.
- Rev. S. Higgins—Long coat, whiskers, glasses, Bible, very solemn voice.
- Samantha Allen—Full dress. Shawl and bonnet on head. Carries a lantern. At first it should be lit and later in her haste she forgets to light it.
- Mr. Allen and Mr. Brown should both be elderly men with whiskers and long coats.
- Amanda Coons and Mary Smith should be elderly women. Both wear shawls and scarfs on heads; full dresses of calico.
- Rose Smith—Should be rather slender and not old, wears a coat and bonnet.
- Ann Jones—Should be dressed as Rose Smith and little stouter but also young.
- Maggie Black—Should be rather large and stout, dressed as the others.
- All should have their hair parted in the middle and brought back and fastened with combs.
- John White—A man about 40, quite well dressed.
- James Green—About 45, hair just turning gray, well dressed. Overcoat.
- Tom Casey—Short coat, a working man and, if possible, red hair.

THE ADVENT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM

Scene I. Small room very scantily furnished. Elderly man seated at a small table.

Sam Bowers: This is an awful night; no one would be out on night like this. (Knock on the door. Goes to the door.) Who is there?

The Pedler (with pack on his back) enters.

Pedler: Would you let me stay all night? I am so tired, and I will pay well for a night's lodging. Now don't turn me away as it would be death of me in this storm.

Sam: Well, you can stay. I will see what I can do for you.

Pedler puts down pack and is seated.

Sam: It is now my bedtime and I will show you to bed.

Pedler goes with him in the other room. Sam comes back and rummages pack.

Sam: Well, I'll just put him down cellar and no one will ever know. Dead men tell no tales.

Scene II. Same room. Cloth on table and another small table. Seated at table Mrs. Weekman knitting, and Mr. Weekman, reading. Raps on door.

Mrs. Weekman: There, that is that rap again. I just will not stay here any longer. I have endured this long enough. I will go beside myself if we remain here this winter.

(More raps.)

Mr. Weekman: (Goes to door, opens it quickly, sees no one.) Well, we have looked this place over from top to cellar and there is no trace of any one or of anything possible that could produce that noise. The neighbors, too, have looked and hunted. (Seats himself). I have come to the conclusion that the place is haunted. (Pauses as in deep thought and looks at Mrs. W.) I think the best we can do is to move. I'm sure that I do not wish to stay

here where one can not sleep and where you hear groans and moans all night long.

Mrs. Weekman: I will not stay the night. Let us go to Smith's for the night.

(They get their things and go out.)

Scene III. Same room with more chairs, a small bed and table. Cupboard. Present: Mr. Fox, Mrs. Fox (knitting). David comes in with some wood on his arm. Cathy and Margaretta are helping their mother.

Mr. Fox: We were fortunate in securing this house, as I looked everywhere for a house in this locality and this is the only one I could find.

Mrs. Fox: I knew that if we trusted, the Lord would provide a way and this seems to be just what we needed. I do hope that it will not be as cold as the one we had in Canada. Let us pray for a blessing to come to us under this roof. Oh, I would that more of the blessed Truth might dawn upon you, John.

(To herself): That he might mend his ways and give his heart more wholly to the Lord.

David: (Enters with armful of wood and throws it down.) Boo, but it is cold outside.

Mrs. Fox: Be thankful, child, that you have a shelter to come to. You should thank the Lord for all your blessings.

(Rap is heard on the door.)

Mr. Fox: (Goes to door and finds no one there.) Well, what could that have been?

Mrs. Fox: There may be a loose board and the wind is blowing it. (Another rap.) What is that? Are you sure that there is no one outside?

Mr. Fox: (Goes and looks again.) No, there is no one there. I can not understand this at all.

Mrs. Fox: Come children, it is time to go to bed. (All go out. Noise as of falling tins, and the moving of chairs.)

Mrs. Fox: (Enters with pan as if to work.) After such a night I do not believe we can ever live here. But

where shall we go? There is no other house to be gotten for miles around.

Cathy: (With her apron in her hand.) Mother, what is it that is always knocking and wont let me sleep? It pulls the covers off the bed. I do not want to sleep upstairs again.

David: (Enters with bucket.) Well, I have the cows milked, but I tell you this is an awful house to live in.

Mrs. Fox: It must be that there is a curse upon us. What have we done? David, you go over and get the Minister and maybe he can tell us what to do. (Exit David.)

Cathy: Mamma, do only bad people have trouble like this? What makes me feel so queer every time that it knocks?

Mrs. Fox: My dear child, you must pray that this be removed from us. Some of us have displeased the Lord, and I can not think that you are old enough to have done any great wrong. (Rap.)

Cathy: There, now, it is again, and in the day-time, not at night this time.

Mrs. Fox: Now run to school. (Cathy goes out.)

(Knock at the door. Enter Rev. Higgins and David.)

Mrs. Fox: I am so glad that you have come to us at this hour in our sorest need. I can not tell you but feel that you are the servant of the Lord, I thought that you might tell us what to do. There are knocks and raps and unearthly noises in the night all about the house. What can we do? What can we do? We can not sleep for it. And my poor innocent girls are so troubled. Surely they have not done anything that is wrong, to be thus tortured. Cathy, my youngest child, is so troubled—it pulls the covers off her in bed, and the poor child feels so strange every time it knocks.

Rev. Higgins: Well, I am very sorry to hear this. There must be one in the family that has displeased the Lord. Some one who has not given his heart to the Lord, and the Devil has this way of letting you know that he is going to claim that soul.

Mrs. Fox (Excited): It must be my poor John, as he has not as yet given his heart to the Lord. But he is such a good father and husband, he lives a very good life, he is so honest; will that not help him some?

Rev. Higgins: No, my dear lady; the Lord exacts from us to be his servants and only his. We must see to have the good brother accept the Lord in order that you may be delivered from the divine anger.

David: I thought that good deeds were pleasing in the sight of the Lord, and father is always doing some kind deed for some one.

Rev. Higgins: But the Lord must have the soul of the man. He must come to the Lord in order to be saved.

Mrs. Fox: What shall we do? I have wanted him to come to the Lord. He has no objection to my going to church and the children go to Sunday school, and sometimes he will go with us, but he does not accept the Lord.

Rev. Higgins: The only way I see will be to hold a prayer meeting here next Tuesday night. I will have some of the Faithful Brothers and Sisters come and pray with you, and we may be able to win his soul for the Lord. In the meantime pray for him and I will pray for you also.

Mrs. Fox: I thank you so much, and we shall try to have all in readiness for the Prayer Meeting. I do hope that John will give his heart to the Lord!

Rev. Higgins: I must now be going as I was on my way to see the sick widow, Mrs. Jones. So, good bye, and the Lord be with you.

Mrs. Fox: Good bye, and may the Lord be praised for all the good you do.

(Rev. Higgins goes out.)

David: That does seem strange that the Lord should permit such things to happen when we have all accepted him but father, and he is so good. I do not understand it.

Mrs. Fox (Excited): What is that you are saying, my child. The Devil is after you, too, putting such thoughts into your head. You should not doubt the word of the Minister. He is the servant of the Lord and

he understands the Holy Book and he should know. Is he not the shepherd to lead his flock aright?

(Enter Cathy with book in her hand coming from school.)

Cathy: Oh, Mamma, that big boy of Jones's met me and said that the preacher said that the Devil was in our house and we had to hold a prayer meeting to get him prayed out, and that his mother was coming over tonight to help them pray him out. What is the Devil, Mamma?

Mrs. Fox (In astonishment): The Devil is all that is bad. He is that thing that knocks around this house at night.

Cathy: Oh, that is Mr. Devil, but he comes in the day, too.

David: I don't know what to think about it. The strange thing is that it never breaks anything and yet makes such awful noises.

(Enter Leah from other room with sewing in her hand.)

Leah: We must get the house to rights for the prayer meeting. I wonder how many will come?

Margaretta (Enters with books in her hand from school.) Mamma, the boys at school make all kinds of fun of me and say we have the Devil in our house and they throw snowballs at me. They say how our father is such a bad man. Is Papa bad? I love Papa anyway. He is so good to me. (Cries.)

Mrs. Fox: Your father is not a bad man.

(Enter Mr. Fox with ax in his hand from cutting wood.)

Mr. Fox: How are all my children? Has it been well with you today? What is the matter, Margaretta? Come, tell Papa all about it. (Goes and puts his arms around her.)

Margaretta (puts her head against her father and sobs): The boys at school say that you are such a bad man; that we have the Devil in our house; that the preacher must come to pray him out. Are you a bad man, papa? I like you because you are such a good papa.

Mr. Fox (Petting her): No Margaretta; papa tries to

live right to his best understanding of right, and I try to love every body for the good there is within them. I do not know what is the cause of the knocks. But you and Cathy are my dear little girls and you must not think wrong of those children. They do not understand. They have heard some one say that. Just think kindly of them.

(Cathy comes and puts her arms around her papa's neck).

Cathy: But papa, they say that you are so very bad and that the Lord is punishing all of us until you are better; they don't know what a good papa you are.

Mr. Fox: Never mind, little ones, the God I worship is a just God—a God of Love and He would not let his children suffer because they did not love him.

Cathy: I knew, papa, that you loved God, but the boys say that you do not love the Lord?

(Leah enters from other room with a lamp in her hand and sets it on the table).

Leah: I do wish that there will be no unpleasant things happen to-night when the folks are here. How I wish that it was all over.

(Knock at the door. Enter George Fish. Leah goes to the door).

Mr. Fish: Good evening; I was passing and thought I would come in and give you a call.

Leah: O, you are welcome. Come right in. We are to have a Prayer Meeting tonight; I hope that you can stay. (Mr. Fish seats himself.)

Mr. Fish: Yes, I will stay, but as a rule I do not attend Prayer Meetings very often. I think that we can do good if we live the right kind of a life.

(Knocks at door. Mary Smith enters).

(Mrs. Smith is welcomed): I am the Widow Smith, and I came being as I heard that you needed the prayers of the faithful and of those who can pray to the Lord.

Mr. Fish: I think that there is much in prayer when rightly prayed from the soul.

Mrs. Smith: Another one that we will have to convert tonight. You should not talk that way. You can never tell what imp may be around to put things in people's heads.

(Knock at the door. Mr. Fox goes to the door. Enter Rev. Higgins, Samantha Allen and Mr. Allen. While these are taking their seats and removing their things, Mr. G. Fish takes his place next to Leah and thus remains all the evening).

Rev. Higgins: I do hope, Mr. Fox, that we shall be able to so call upon the Lord that he may deliver this house from all the Devil's power. (Rap is heard near the fireplace. All look frightened).

Mr. Fox: There has been some unseen force trying to make itself known, but what it is we are unable to find out.

Mrs. Smith: It's very plain to see what it is; it is the Devil trying to get the souls of men. Does not the Holy Bible say that he is going up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour?

(Knocks. Enters Mrs. Amanda Coons and Mr. Brown. Greetings to all. Mr. Fox is introduced to them by the Rev. Higgins.)

Rev. Higgins: As we are all here, we had best begin the meeting. (Takes the Bible from the table and places it on the chair; getting it ready to read from. All kneel in prayer.)

Rev. Higgins: (Repeats. Tune Arlington.) A charge to keep I have, a God to glorify. (They all sing.)

Rev. Higgins: (Repeats.) A never dying soul to save, and fit it for the sky. (All sing.)

(All kneel at their chairs or where they are, and Mr. Fish kneels at sofa.)

(David kneels at a box near the fireplace; somewhat to himself.)

Rev. Higgins: (Prays.) Oh, Lord we have come to ask you to take away from this house this Devil who is so strong with one of the members. Turn his heart to the Lord (Mrs. Smith groans) and bring Thy power to rest on all. (Raps heard in other room; Mrs. Allen very restless.) Thy power is greater than his. (Loud rap. Mr. Allen gets nervous.) Mr. Brown shouts, Amen! Amen! (Another rap. Mr. Fish takes Leah's hand.)

Rev. Higgins: We thank the Lord for all that you have

done in the past; but we plead with you to save the soul of him who is the sinner to-night. (Loud raps. Mrs. Fox clasps her hands and bows her head. Mrs. Allen groans. Mrs. Smith wipes her eyes. Cathy leans over to her father who tries to soothe her. Loud raps. They all get up.)

Rev. Higgins: May the Lord come with his host of angels and overpower the Devil and his imps. (Loud raps. Mr. Brown shouts, Hallelujah.) We know that Thy power is greater than the Devil. (Raps.)

Mrs. Allen: Praise the Lord. (More raps.) They all rise.

Rev. Higgins: Let us sing. (Reads the first two lines, the others sing after him. They sing the second song.)

Rev. Higgins: Let us sing (G. H., 1, 2, 3, 4.)

“DEPTH OF MERCY”

Depth of Mercy can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me!
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

CHORUS:

God is love; I know I feel.
Jesus lives and loves me still;
Jesus lives, he lives and loves me still.

I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face.
Would not hearken to his call,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

CHORUS:

Now incline me to repent, (Raps)
Let me now my sins lament; (Raps)
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. (Raps.)

(All are excited. Mrs. Allen starts to go home.)

Rev. Higgins: May the blessing of the Lord rest upon this house and protect it from all harm. (Rap.) Now, Sister Fox, I think that you will have no trouble to-night.

Mrs. Smith: I am going home, as I do not wish to

remain under this roof any longer. I do not think we can do more.

Mrs. Allen: I tell you I am nervous. Let's go. I pity the poor sister. What do you think they could have done, to draw the Devil to them with such power? (Another rap.) Come, let's be going home. (Forgets to light lantern.)

Mrs. Fox bids them all good night, in the name of the Lord.)

Mr. Fish (lingers with Leah): Good night, Miss Fox; I will come over again. I am deeply interested. I think that there is more to this than just raps. Good night. (Goes and shakes hands with Mr. Fox.) Good night!

Mrs. Fox (after all had gone): Well, children, it is time we went to bed. (Leah and David start for the bedrooms; Mr. Fox also.) Yes, my children, let us seek rest, and in the morning we shall all be able to do our work. Good night, Cathy!

Cathy: I will not sleep upstairs; that noise won't let me sleep.

David (Returns): Cathy, that's just the wind in the rafters.

Cathy: Rafters nothing, I guess the winds don't pull the covers off you and let you get cold. I guess I know; I am not going up stairs.

Mrs. Fox: Well, Cathy and Margaretta, you can sleep where mother will be near to hear you. I know that if you pray to the Lord he will protect you. I will get this bed ready for you.

(Mrs. Fox brings in a pillow and quilt. Proceeds to make up bed. Cathy and Margaretta take off shoes and put on nighties.)

Mrs. Fox: (Tucks them in bed.) Now, good night, dears, and ask the Lord to keep you thru the night.

Children: Good night, mamma.

Mrs. Fox: (Exit.)

(Girls turn over in bed and cuddle to sleep. Blankets are pulled off. Silence. Raps and noise of falling tin. Raps.)

Cathy: (Jumps up in bed.) Splitfoot, you do as I do.

(Claps hands. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Raps answer as she claps.)

Cathy: Mamma, mamma; it hears. (Enter Mrs. Fox hurriedly.) Oh, mamma, it hears. Splitfoot, do as I do. (Moves her fingers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, but does not count out loud.) Oh, mamma, it sees!

(Enter Leah and David partly dressed. Mr. Fox now comes in.)

Margaretta: Splitfoot, how old is Cathy? (Raps 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.) He knows how old she is. How old am I? (Raps 11 times.)

Margaretta (getting excited): How old is David? (Raps 17 times.)

Mrs. Fox: Count ten. (Raps 10.) Count 15. (Raps 15.)

Mr. Fox: If you are a human being who is making this noise, rap. (Silence.) It certainly knows what it is doing. Are you the Devil? (Silence.) Are you a man? (Silence.) What are you? (Raps.)

Mrs. Fox: If you are the Devil why are you here? (Silence.)

Cathy: Splitfoot, are you good? (Raps.) Did you come to tell us things? (Raps quickly and many times.)

Margaretta: Can we sleep tonight? (Raps. All are excited.)

Mrs. Fox: Children, let us all pray to the Lord to protect us from this Devil. (Raps.) Now children, let us go to bed. Girls, you had best come with me tonight. (All go out.) (Raps cease.)

(Morning—Mrs. Fox enters. Also the family, one by one.)

Mr. Fox: Good morning, my dear ones. I trust that during this day we shall all be able to do some good.

Mrs. Fox: Praise the Lord. I do hope that the Devil will not come again. Here, David (gives him a pan), take this pan and get the candle and go down cellar and get the potatoes for dinner. (David goes to mantle and gets candle. Goes out. Curtain.)

(A step ladder should be so arranged that David could be seen coming down the ladder, with pan and candle.) Half way down, raps are heard. David sits on steps and

puts his head in his hands, pan on his knees, candle on step. Rap. Raises his head quickly, as if thinking, and asks: Are you a spirit? If you are, rap three times? (Three raps.) If you are the spirit of the dead, rap three times; if not, rap once. (Three raps.) If you are the spirit of a human being who once lived on the earth can you give me your name? (Three raps.) If I call the alphabet, will you spell your name? (Three raps.)

He repeats a, b, c, (Three raps). David gets paper out of his pocket and a very short pencil and writes "C". Repeats d, e, f, g, h, (Three raps). Writes "h". Repeats a, (Three raps). Writes "a". Repeats b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, (Three raps). Writes |"r". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, (Three raps). Writes "l". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, (Three raps). Writes "e". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, (Three raps). Writes "s". Repeats a, b, (Three raps.) Writes "B". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, (Three raps). Writes "R". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, (Three raps). Writes "o". Repeats p, q, r, s. (Three raps). Writes "s". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, (Three raps). Writes "m". Repeats a, (Three raps). Writes "a". All excitement, he runs upstairs and forgets the pan and candle. (Draw curtain quickly exposing the other room.)

David: (Rushes in with paper in his hand.) I know who it is that makes that noise. Look what it told me. Here is its name. (Spells: C-h-a-r-l-e-s B. R-o-s-m-a.)

Mr. Fox: Let us see, son, what you have. (David hands over paper to his father who looks at it.) Why, that is Charles B. Rosma. I wonder who that could be?

David: (Much excited.) It told me that it was the spirit of a dead man.

Cathy: Then it is not the Devil, or even Splitfoot. Let us call it "Charlie".

Mrs. Fox: Oh, what will become of us. A dead man come to disturb us like this! We will have to have the minister here again.

Enter Mr. Fish: Good day, my good friends, and how are you all today?

Mr. Fox: David has solved the problem and he has found that the cause of the noises is a spirit of a dead man and that his name was Charles B. Rosma.

Mr. Fish: I have always thought that there was some wonderful thing to be revealed to us. Maybe there is some important message that he would give us, if we could only know how to get the rest of it.

Cathy: I know "Charlie" will talk if I ask him. I feel so queer again. Let's be still. (Raps.) Bows her head. Quickly raises her head and says: "I know. Let's have a new kind of prayer meeting tonight."

Mrs. Fox: Child, what is it you would have us do? Pray to the Devil never to come into this house again?

Cathy: Mamma, it is not the Devil. It is "Charlie".
(Knocks at door. Mr. Fox opens it. Enter Tom Casey.)

Casey: Good evening to ye. I thought I'd be comin' to see the ghosts that they are all talking about as to how they groans and makes noises.

Mr. Fish: Are you not afraid?

Tom Casey: Afraid, is it. I was that. But me curiosity is greater than me fear.

(Knocks at door. Enter Amanda Coons. Leah goes to door. After greetings to all, takes off her things.)

Amanda Coons: I came tonight to see if you were to hold another Prayer Meeting.

Cathy: Yes, we will hold a new kind of meeting and "Charlie" will come.

Mrs. Fox: Hush child, you don't know what you are talking about.

Cathy: Yes I do; he told me so.

(Knocks at door. Enter Mr. John White, Rose Smith, Ann Jones.)

John White: We came on a dare with these ladies. They are very desirous of hearing the ghosts talk.

Mr. Fish: It has been discovered that there is intelligence back of these raps and knocks.

Ann Jones: Do the ghosts talk? Will we see them?

Cathy: "Charlie" is no ghost. He can talk. He said he would talk.

(Knock at door. Enter James Green. Exchanges greetings with all.)

Rose Smith: So you have forsaken the narrow path and have come, too, to see what you could see and hear from this unseen power?

James Green: Oh, I don't know. If there is anything to learn I am there. I think that there are powers greater than we understand about the human mind. And it may all be just the reflection of our thought. You know Mesmer has discovered that we can place one in a state of subjection where he will do just what we tell him and this may be only another way to give out our own thought. Who can tell?

Mr. Fish: I have read something about that. But in Mesmer's discovery you must have a living human being on which to operate and that person can then do your bidding.

Margaretta: But David talked to it down in the cellar.

(Knock. Enter Maggie Black a little out of breath. (She should be fat.) Exchanges greetings with all, takes off her things, gives them to Leah.)

Cathy: This will make a nice Prayer Meeting.

Mrs. Fox: Child, did I not tell you to be still about that prayer meeting.

Mr. Fox: The child may be able to give us instructions. Is it not written that "a little child shall lead them."

Mr. Casey: Now in my grandmother's time in Ireland they'd say as ghosts will talk to you, if you ax them in the name of the Lord, and pray that no evil come to you. And the chile may be right.

Cathy: I know. Let us sit at the table.

David: Let us get some paper so it can answer questions.

Cathy: Put your hands so. (All place their hands on the table as she directs.)

Mr. Fox: Let us sing "Beulah Land." (All sing first verse.)

Cathy: Is Charlie here? (Three raps. Claps her hands.) I knew he would come.

David: Will you talk to us? (Three raps.)

(David repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, (Three raps). Writes "I". Repeats a, (Three raps). Writes "a". Repeats, a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, (Three raps). Writes "m". (Ann Jones gets excited. Casey smiles and says that is: "I am". I wonder who he is?) David: n, o, p, q, r, s, t, (raps). Writes "t". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, (Three raps). Writes "h". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, (Three raps). Writes "e". Repeats: a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s. (Three raps). Writes "s". Repeats f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, (Three raps). Writes "p". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, (Three raps). Writes "i". Repeats j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, (Three raps). Writes "r". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, (Three raps). Writes "i". Repeats j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, (Three raps). Writes "t". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, (Three raps). Writes "o". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, (Three raps). Writes "f". Repeats a, (Three raps). Writes "a". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, (Three raps). Writes "p". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, (Three raps). Writes "e". Repeats a, b, c, d, (Three raps). Writes "d". Repeats e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, (Three raps). Writes "l". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, (Three raps). Writes "e". Repeats a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, (Three raps). Writes "r".

Tom Casy: What did it say? I tell you me curiosity is getting the best of me.

James Green: Tell us, David, what you have written?

(David hands him the paper. Green looks at it and then reads: "I am the spirit of a pedler.")

Mr. Casey: What can a pedler be after telling us? A pedler, what does he want? May be he cheated some one and he'd be after askin us to have a Mass said for his soul. (Very loud raps.)

David: That's not it. One rap means "no."

Cathy: Let "Charlie" talk. Put your hands on the table and see what he will say. (Raps on the table and the table moves slightly.)

Ann Jones: Did you feel that it is moving the table? Oh, I am really afraid.

Casey: Afraid of what? Sure that pedler could not hurt anyone. I have me curiosity so aroused that I want to know what he will have to say for himself.

Mrs. Fox: (Who has not been at the table.) I feel that we should not try to meddle with these things. We are, I fear, meddling with the Lord's work. He has charge of the dead.

David: See it is moving Cathy's hand. It wants to write. Here, take this pencil and paper. Maybe it will write. (Three raps.)

Cathy: I feel so queer. (Takes pencil and her hand trembles; then slowly makes marks, then starts to write.)

Margaretta: I see it is writing. (All watch her hand.)

Mr. Green: (Reads the message.) "I was murdered and buried in the cellar of this house."

All: "Buried in the cellar. No wonder that he made noises."

Ann Jones: I would not live in this house with a pedler buried in the cellar.

Cathy: Look, it is wanting to write again (Showing her trembling hand).

David: (Gives her the pencil.) There, maybe he will say something more.

Mr. Green: This certainly was not in our minds. I wonder who thought that? I wonder if it could have been that some of us did think what the child wrote.

Mr. Fish: I think that there will be many things for us to learn. It seems to me that we have tapped a fountain of knowledge and no one can tell what may be the outcome.

David: Look how it is writing. I'll watch the writing. (Rose Smith has her hands clasped as though afraid.)

(Maggie Black looks under the table to see if anything is wrong. Raps are heard.)

Maggie Black: Oh, that thing saw me looking for it.

Tom Casey: Did you think that you saw a ghost?

I don't understand myself how it talks and you can't see the thing.

Mr. Green: Well, little girl, what has it written? (Takes the paper and reads.) "We come to the children of earth to bring peace to their minds, to overcome fear, to overthrow superstition, to awaken them to the power of the mind, to prove the existence of conscious life beyond the grave. There is no death. We live and are with you watching over our dear ones. Proclaim the glad tidings that all live and love. Men shall be freed from fear. Many shall teach and heal the sick, and bring joy where sorrow now exists. Come together often in love and we shall come to you."

Mr. Green: This is not from any of our minds; it must be what it says it is. (Three raps.) If it can write I wonder if it will tell us more. (Three raps.)

Maggie Black: I wonder if that is for me? (Three raps.) Who is it?

Cathy: Maybe it is your mother. If a pedler comes back why not your mamma?

Maggie Black: Is it father? (One rap.) Is it mother? (Three raps.) So Mother lives. Can you tell me something? (Three raps.) Are you happy? (Three raps.) Oh, what a comfort. Are you at rest? (Three raps.)

Tom Casey: If a soul is in purgatory how can it come here? That sets me to thinking. Is me father here? (Three raps.) Are you in heaven? (Two raps.) Why, that is neither yes or no. Where can he be then?

Michel Riley, are you in suffering? You were such a rough here. (One rap.) I thought sure you would be in the hot place.

Cathy: I feel so queer. I am so sleepy. (Raps are heard on the floor.)

Ann Jones: Is John here? (Silence.) Frank? (Three raps.)

Rose Smith: I shall try to see if some will come to me. Is mother here? (Three raps.)

David: I think they wont rap much longer. Cathy, see if they will rap.

Cathy: I hear "Charlie" say "Good Night."

Mr. Fox: Will you rap for us? (Silence.)

Mr. Green: We shall come again tomorrow night and see if they will talk to us. Just see what time it is. Here it is 11 o'clock.

Mr. Fish: I am so glad I came as we have discovered something that will be the means of overturning many ideas of life concerning the future state.

(All get their things and start home.)

Mr. Fish: Leah, I shall come often to see what wonderful things can be revealed to us, and rest assured that I shall always be your friend.

Mr. Fox: I now know that we live on and that this short span of life is but a preparation for something greater. Let us all so live that we may be worthy of the presence of dear ones with us at all times. Good Night. (Shakes hands with all as they go out.)

Leah: Well, Cathy, your Prayer Meeting was a success. Can it be there is life beyond the grave?

Mrs. Fox: Now, children, let's not talk about it for fear it may come back. It is time we went to bed.

Mr. Fox: I feel like praising God for letting this wonderful power come to our dear baby girl. What a field of thought this will open to many sorrowing souls of earth. And if they can heal the sick that will be like it was in Christ's time—healing by the spirit. Surely God is good to us.

David: I wonder if there will be different ways that this power will make itself known.

Cathy: I guess that every mother and father will try to come to their children in their own way. I have seen "Charlie." And I can hear him. He writes and raps and moves things, so why not in other ways.

Mrs. Fox: Come, children, let us go to bed.

Mr. Fox: Yes, we must retire and praise God for all these blessings that will come to others.

Cathy: I wonder if "Charlie" will pull the bedclothes off tonight.

Margaretta: We will say, Good night.

Mrs. Fox: I feel so thankful to God that I want to

sing before we retire for the night. All sing the "Other World." No. 27 in Spiritualist Hymnal.

- 1 It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see,
Yet the sweet closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be.
Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.
- 2 Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathing almost heard.
So soft, so sweetly do they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.
- 3 And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet a pass,
The hour of death may be.
Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are;
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.
- 4 Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide,
Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream.
Your joy be a reality ,
Our suffering life the dream.

(Curtain.)