SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE:

Startling Spirit-World Revelations by German Clairvoyants.--Light from the Upanishads--A Digest of their Teachings.--Crookes as a Psychic Researcher, by Dr. Paul Gibier.--Common Sense Occultism, by Chas. Dawbarn.--The New Era at Hand, as Predicted by Raphael.--Markham a Medium. - Spirit Ingersoll's Discourse through Mrs. Richmond.--Iudex to Periodicals.

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★ NECESSARY OBSERVANCES IN DEVELOPING COMMUNICATION. ★
☆ METHODS OF THE BROTHERHOOD IN THE WORK. ★ FIRST ☆
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"The Mystic Thesaurus" is by Willis F. Whitehead, editor of "Agrippa's Natural Magic," and is a marvel of condensation, yet breadth of scope and completeness, containing, in a nutshell, more information than is often found in a whole library of larger works on the subject, and is especially intended for students.

The chief object of the book is to teach every student how to appropriate the forces of nature to his soul's unfoldment and his material and spiritual welfare. The author is himself a psychic, working under the dictation of the "Astral Brotherhood," a band of advanced spirit teachers.

Further objects of this book are summed up by the author, as follows:

1. To give to the worthy inquirer all those instructions which the Mystic Master transmits to his Chela, or Mystic pupil.

2. To present to the public the practical part of occultism that has humanity as its chief consideration, and by proving the existence and principles of a divine world, show man's true relation to his fellow beings and an unselfish civilization.

3. An explanation of the occult or sealed pages of Agrippa's "Natural Magic,"—the dedicatory cross and symbolic-constellation pages of that volume.

The work is based on the author's personal experiences, supplemented by the best occult and mystic teachings of the ages. The student will find in it THREE books in one. The effect of the first reading is to give ideas which make it a new book if read a second time, and the THREE MYSTIC will discover in it a third book upon a third reading. The first volume relates to the human world; the second to the natural world, and the third reading discloses a volume that deals with the divine world.

"The Mystic Thesaurus" contains the "original chapter" on the Magic Mirror, first published in 1897 by Mr. Whitehead, in connection with a partner, in a work entitled "Agrippa's Natural Magic,"—a reprint of the first of the three books of Occult Philosophy of Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, of which volume Mr. Whitehead was the editor.

Regarding the use and value of symbols, the author says they "constitute the language of the Infinite," and "a familiarity with symbols is as essential to an education as a knowledge of words is to speech."

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THE ASTRAL NUMBER OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL.

The rules whereby every person can find his or her astral number are also valuable to those who have faith in these numbers, and we know those who have tested the matter and who say there is much truth in it. For instance, in renting a room or a business office, one should see that the number of the street or the room corresponds with figures in his astral number, if he would be successful. To have all, or a majority of the figures wrong would be disastrous. With the aid of the tables given, the rules are simple.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER.

The price of "The Mystic Thesaurus" is $1.00; the price of a year's subscription to the Harbinger of Dawn is $1.00; yet to those who send us $1.25 we will send the book, postage prepaid, and the Harbinger of Dawn for one year. Address,

ERNEST S. GREEN,
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☞ For further information concerning "The Mystic Thesaurus," and our premium offer, see page 47.

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VIEWS FROM OUR WATCH-TOWER

[The views expressed in the following columns are not dogmatic, but are the personal opinions of the editor, which are subject to change as new light dawns from beyond the Morning Hills of the New Dispensation. We seek for new light, and will herald it to the world as soon as discovered].

The Rising Dawn.

In the face of predictions of disaster by several local prophets, we pursued the even tenor of our way and completed the arrangements already inaugurated to issue the Harbinger of Dawn. Its success has been greater than we had ourselves dared to believe before it was issued, and our circulation is daily growing at a good healty rate. If present indications are correct we will have twenty thousand subscribers within two years. One prophetic seer, however, predicted success from the first, viz., Dr. Max Muehlenbruch.

A large per cent of our subscribers are lawyers, physicians, clergymen and other studious classes of people, which shows that these classes are interested in occult and psychical literature when it has been thoroughly sifted and its facts and philosophy presented in a readable manner, and free from the rubbish-heaps in which they are usually found.

Although this is only our second number, we already have received yearly subscriptions from every State in the Union, as well as Canada and England, and as we have sent many copies to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, we will doubtless have subscribers from all quarters of the globe by next issue.

We wish to thank the hundreds who have so promptly sent in their subscriptions, as well as the editors who have said so many kind things about our first issue.

We do not seek to encroach upon the ground of any journal published. We believe that every paper has a mission of its own and therefore none should be jealous of the other; none should seek to tear the other down to build itself up, for retribution sure and certain will come if they attempt it, and any Spiritualist paper selling its editorial opinions, and thereby departing from its particular mission, is destined to doom, and no power on earth can save it. If we have criticised any other journal it is for its own good, and not in a spirit of malice or jealousy. Our index to journals of the month is of great value to the periodicals mentioned, and those which return the compliment by noticing the leading articles in the Dawn will never regret so doing, as we will always remember such compliments in our next review.

On page 40 we give some samples of the opinions of editors of our exchanges, prominent Spiritualists and psychic researchers who have read the first issue of the Dawn. Since that part of the Dawn was in press, however, we have seen a half-column review of our magazine, under the head of "New Spiritualistic Enterprises," in the Progressive Thinker, in which the editor says it "is very creditably gotten up and is worthy of success."

Also Lichstrahlen, the able German Spiritualist weekly, has the following to say in the course of an excellent review in German, in its issue of Sept. 6th:—

"It is filled with interesting articles, in part copied from other periodicals and books with digest by the editor. It contains digests, a good collection of facts and solid articles, translations from the spiritual and psychical organs, as well as occult intelligence, etc., giving the reader a good view of the different fields of research. We wish this new journal much success, for it can greatly extend the light and truth, and it will find a good reception by all the friends of truth."

The Lyceum Banner, of London, England, edited by J. J. Morse, has the following in the September number:

"The Harbinger of Dawn is a new monthly journal published in San Francisco, and edited by our old friend, Ernest S. Green. It is full of interesting matter pertaining to all aspects of spiritual and psychic phenomena."

[Bro. J. J. Morse is our London agent, and may be addressed at Florence House, Osnaburg Street, Euston Road, N. W. Draw P. O. on Euston Road, N. W.]

Markham a Medium and Seer.

There is but one way to interpret Edwin Markham's strange, weird poem entitled the "Wail of the Wandering Dead," and that is to assume that he is a telepathist and was writing the words of some unfortunate earth-bound spirit. We will give two verses as examples, which are as follows:—

Death, too, is a chimera and betrays,
And yet they promised we should enter rest;
Death is as empty as the cup of days,
And bitter milk is in her wintry breast.

We wander, wander. and the nights come down
With starless darkness and the rush of rains;
We drift as phantoms by the songless town,
We drift as litter on the windy lanes.

Mr. Markham, like most of the great seers of the ages, is not understood, even by his friends, nor does he understand himself. He writes wiser than he knows, and the effect of his poems will be to give the wheel of evolution a greater impetus in the upward sweep of human destiny. However he admits his seership as well as that of other poets, in his poem called "The Poet," in which he vividly pictures his mission thus:—

His home is on the heights: to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim;
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Fall from the vortice of the spheres.

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks to-day
Will sometime be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!

THE CYCLE ENDING—DAWN AT HAND.

Raphael's Predictions for next three Months.

Raphael, the London astronomer and noted prophetic astrologer, in his predictions for 1899, published in the Christmas San Francisco Call of 1898, gives the following for the next three months:—

OCTOBER.—There will be grave danger of a rupture. Let those in authority take heed, and not be rash or hasty in their actions, otherwise the result will be disastrous. There will be shocks of earthquakes, tida waves and disasters in collieries. The autumn of this year will witness many strange and appalling events, which will strike terror into the hearts of the stoutest and cause a deep-seated feeling of unrest and uncertainty as to what the morrow may bring forth. It will be demonstrated to our senses the littleness of man and man's mind, and the vastness of nature and nature's God.

NOVEMBER.—Toward the close of this month the grand conjunction of seven planets in one sign will be approaching, an event that does not occur once in a thousand years. This conjunction will mark an epoch—the beginning of a new cycle. A great war has yet to come in which the whole of Europe will be embroiled, and in which England will be one of the combatants. Many of my readers will live to see this war, for its advent is not far distant.

DECEMBER.—Strange to say that in this month, the last of the present cycle, seven planets will be found in the sign of Sagittary on the 2nd day, and Jupiter five degrees of the same sign, making the eighth. Following this tremendous conjunction a new era will arise, not immediately, for nature works slowly and surely, and mother earth and her sons and daughters will have to pass through throes of pain and terrific convulsions ere the new era dawns.

Brief Notes and News Items.

The article in this issue entitled "Startling Spirit-World Revelations" should be carefully read by every studious person, as it contains much food for thought and opens out new vistas into the arcana of human life and its unsolved mysteries. To us, the most important of these teachings are found in the chapter headed, "Trust not the Gray-Beards," where some interesting experiences are given to illustrate the law of rewards and punishment, and how they are meted out to us in this life on earth—here and now. While we may not be able to accept all that Mr. Gaul says as truth, yet we must admit that he is a practical and entertaining writer, and has some important observations to offer.

In our article in this issue on "Crookes as a Psychic Researcher" we have a complete refutation of the claim, made by those ignorant of the facts, that Sir William Crookes was unscientific in his methods of investigation. On the contrary, human ingenuity could not conceive of more scientifically-severe methods than those pursued by him in his investigations. We have given some of the preliminary investigations in this issue from Dr. Gibier's book, "Le Spiritisme," and will give the more important observations in our next number.

The California State Spiritualists' Association held its annual convention in San Francisco, Sept. 1 to 3, and elected the following officers: W. D. J. Hambly, Pres.; Wm. Rider, Vice-Pres.; W. T. Jones, Sec.; B. F. Small, Treas.; Mrs. H. E. Robinson, Prof. Richard Young, Mrs. R. I. Johnson, Mrs. M. E. Coleman, trustees; Addie L. Ballou and Mme. E. Young, delegates to N.S.A.

The State Spiritualist Association of Minnesota held its annual convention in Minneapolis, Sept. 5 to 7, and elected the following officers: J. S. Maxwell, president; C. D. Pruden, vice-president; C. M. E. Ridge, secretary; H. E. Lepper, treasurer; N. C. Westerfield, O. J. Johnson, J. H. McDonald, H. A. Masss and P. G. Sampson, trustees.

The Banner of Light says that W. E. Robinson has cancelled a European engagement in order to meet Fred Evans in a test seance, in which Mr. Robinson proposes to duplicate by tricks any slatewriting produced by Mr. Evans under a heavy forfeit. We will watch the outcome of this test seance (if it ever occurs) with unusual interest.

A correspondent writing from San Diego, Cal., says they have a society there above the average. Concluding, the correspondent remarks: "Since I wrote you last Col. Fellows, a member of the society has passed on and bequeathed the society $2,000, giving them now about $5,000 toward a Spiritual Temple."—Dawning Light.

The Arena has been purchased by John Emery McLean, editor of the popular magazine called Mind. Mr. LcLean will remove the Arena to New York, and having shown his ability as editor of Mind, will doubtless infuse new life into that once-poular magazine.

La Revista de Estudios Psicologicos of Barcelona, Spain, the oldest Spiritualist journal in Spain, which was forced to suspend two years ago, has been resurrected, and we welcome it back into the field which it has graced in the past.

Some Features for Next Issue.

"The Evolution of Memory," will be the title of a remarkable article by Charles Dawbarn, which will appear in our October number. It will give the reader an entirely new view of the possible conditions of the future life, and throw new light on the mysteries of spirit communion.

"The Fallen Pyramid," by Willis F. Whitehead, author of "The Mystic Thesaurus," will be of unusual interest to occult and mystic students.

"Crookes' Researches in Spiritual Phenomena" will be a sequel to our article in this issue on "Crookes as a Psychic Researcher," and will give the more important phenomena witnessed by Sir William Crookes.

There will also be many other important articles.

A German Spiritual Hymn.

We have never seen a translation of the beautiful German hymn called "Heimathland," although the music has been appropriated by an English author and adapted to another familiar song, called "Home Again." We will therefore translate the first stanza, which is all we remember of the German, no copy of the hymn being accessible. It is, translated, as follows:—

Fatherland, Fatherland,
How fair thy realm so blest!
With longing heart I look to thee
And to thy holy rest.
The world is not my fatherland,
The world is not my home;
Thou fatherland on heaven's shore,
There will I cease to roam.

The original German—the best we can give it from memory—is as follows:—

Heimathland, Heimathland,
O wie shoen bist du:
Herzinnig sehn Ich mich nach dir
Und deiner selgen ruh.
Die Welt ist meine Heimath nicht,
Mein Herz-lieb ist nicht hier,
Du Heimath uebern Himmelzelt,
Mein Herz-lieb ist bei dir.

The German Lutheran and Methodist hymnals are full of the true spiritual sentiment, some recognizing the nearness and inspiration of friends in the beyond.

Psychical Research and Spiritualism.

It has always been said that if there could be one case of spirit communication scientifically demonstrated to the world, so that no rational being could doubt it, the spiritual philosophy would have as firm a foundation as the Rock of Gibralter. But until that scientific demonstration has been given, our philosophy (though real) will continue to rest upon the shifting sands of the tide-washed shores of the ocean of Time—its temple a mirage which the multitudes behold but can not reach, for what is demonstration to one is not to his neighbor, however much his neighbor may desire that demonstration.

It is the mission of the Society for Psychical Research to do this scientific demonstrating, and to prove and demonstrate every inch of ground covered, and in this they should be, and are being, aided by Spiritualists who can afford to join the Society. All the Society needs is sufficient means to carry on its work and it will be thoroughly done. Dr. Hodgson (who by the way has subscribed for two copies of the Harbinger of Dawn to be sent regularly to the Society's headquarters, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.) is an honest, sincere seeker after truth, and can be relied upon every time to acknowledge the genuine article when he finds it. He is the Secretary of the American branch of the Society.

Flammarion Sound in the Faith.

In the Tribune Psychique, (the organ of the French Society for the Study of Psychic Phenomena), for August, which reached us just before going to press, we find an article by Dr. L. Moutin on "Flammarion and Spiritualism," which is in substance the same as the assertions made by Flammarion in La Revue Spirite, in which he says the press statements that he had abandoned Spiritualism are "absolutely false."

Dr. Moutin (who is president of the above-mentioned society) predicts that Flammarion's forthcoming book, "Psychic Problems and the Unknown," will be the most important book of the twentieth century.

New Literature Received.

"The Mystic World," by O. W. Humphrey, 226 Prospect St., N. E., Washington, D. C. It is a narrative of personal experiences with mediums for various phases; is neatly printed on fine linen paper and sells for 25 cts.

Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Psycho-Harmonic Scientist, a monthly magazine devoted to mental science and the laws of vibrations, is on our desk. It is published by Robert Burns, Box 189, Pueblo, Colo.

WRITTEN FOR THE HARBINGER OF DAWN.

Common-Sense Occultism.

HEALERS AND HEALING VIEWED BY "COMMON SENSE." DIVINE HEALING, MENTAL HEALING AND SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS IN THE BALANCE.

By Charles Dawbarn.

The average man loves the mysterious. He believes in the unbelievable. That is to say, when he runs against something he does not understand, he adds to it something else he does not know anything about, and immediately proclaims that he has a new religion and is ready to die for it.

When the late Mormon President was a young man he saw a gentleman of the name of Smith heal several people who thought they were sick, and restore two who had permitted the doctors to call them "dead." This was a delightful mystery, so he added to it the supposed fact that such a man must be a prophet. Thereupon the Mormon religion proceeded to be born for him, and the lamented Woodruff ultimately made a speech in which he declared he proposed to die in the faith. But just why healing and a special religion should go together is itself an occult fact awaiting explanation.

A lady of the name of Eddy, who, by the way, is supposed by some people not to know that she has been dead for some years, succeeded in early womanhood in persuading several people that they were not sick, and never had been. Forthwith these people—also their heirs, executors and assigns—proceeded to add to this interesting fact the further claim that God, Eddy & Co. wanted a new church, so they built it with faith and many dollars, and proceeded to worship therein. The dollars and the pews have materialized the one fact called "healing," which the believer does not understand, and therefore adds to it faith in Mrs. Eddy as a prophet and special partner with the Almighty. Out of this double ignorance the church of Christian Science was born, and is to-day quite a bouncing young religion.

Such illustrations are offered to the student of Occultism. It is possible he may live to write "The Natural History of the Unblended Twain." But he will have to commence by studying these laws of mind, which seem to enforce this remarkable combination of ignorance and faith.

Here is a very sick man. The doctor, with M. D. after his name, makes several attempts to cure him. They happen to result in nothing but a legal bill for medical services. The sufferer is next exposed to treatment by "suggestion." He is told to believe as little as possible in his sicknes, and to forget that he owes a bill for medical services. The new suggested belief, which is to cure him, varies, and reaches from the orthodox Deity at one end of the line to asserted laws of Mother Nature at the other. It embraces long prayers, periods of devout silence, and what is called "therapeutic suggestions," flavored with hypnotism. Each cult blends with its cures some further belief in the unbelievable, and claims superiority over all other methods of curing the sick.

The reader need not be alarmed. The present writer will not afflict him with a learned discussion on the best way for sick people to get well. That is a fact which is admitted to be, at least for the present, decidedly "occult." But he does want to protest vigorously, in the name of Common Sense, against the additions made to this very interesting and important fact.

Here sits the man of silence who meditates. Yonder is his cousin making a loud and long prayer, and across the street is the practitioner who has hypnotic suggestion on the brain. Each claims certain remarkable cures. The first two smile at distance, and give "absent treatments," with nothing but vibrations between them and their patient. They claim all but omnipotence, and the patient who gets well scatters microbes of faith to the four winds, whereupon more sick people recover. I am not objecting to people getting sick, nor, in some cases, do I object to their getting well, although such cure often adds to the mystery. But I do protest against any one process being counted as adapted to every occasion.

Silence and faith may cure nervousness, but if the interesting patient has injured her health by tight lacing I think I could make a more rapid cure by putting her corsets into the stove. Mental cure is being extolled as almost divine, but if a surgical operation on the hair has become a necessity, give me scissors every time. I do not know that mind cure might not ultimately cut my nails, if exercised with patience, but the friendly knife is quicker, and probably cheaper. I do not deny that mental treatment has, in some cases, cured tumors, after weeks and months of effort. But if a surgical operation of a few minutes could safely remove the cause of suffering, Common Sense would surely give it the preference. When I watch the enthusiast trying to comfort the sufferer with a decayed tooth I confess I think of the skilled dentist as a better friend, and if I met a poor fellow who had just swallowed poison I should much prefer administering an emetic to offering "treatments" by any of the modern suggestive processes.

I have known mental action to so soften the effect of a severe blow that no bruise discolored the skin. But for the million a good liniment would be far more reliable. I have watched several "mothers' darlings" carried safely through repeated attacks of the deadly croup by the timely use of the old-fashioned Hive Syrup. I would not dare to say to such parents, "Cast aside your tried remedy and trust to the unaided power of mind." Yet the silent healer has cures to his credit too, and although I have been startled at cures effected in cases of fearsome disease by mental vibration and suggestive force, I dare not counsel the victim of smallpox, yellow fever, bubonic plague or the deadly leprosy to trust the modern healer who proposes to THINK the sufferer into health. Common-Sense Occultism demands far more evidence of attested cures before it can rely on thought alone as a qualified physician for every ill.

Yet further, great as is thought-power, it will presently be discerned that it must be cultivated and educated, under long discipline and careful training before it is fitted for effective use. It will some day be discovered that the claim to heal and the power to cure are two quite different things. And some are already convinced by experience that thought vibrations can become both mischievous and hurtful under ignorance and misdirection.

The reader will kindly understand that I am not objecting to any single fact in human life in its proper place, or put to its proper use. I believe in mind power in its various forms, as a manifestation of cosmic energy, and the mightiest force wielded by man. Many a poor sufferer has had cause to bless this modern discovery. But I do object to any and every claim that mind-power has removed all necessity for the skilled use of drug or instrument. I would urge the reader to avoid fanaticism, and even if under so-called "treatment," whether present or absent, to stand ready to use whatever means an educated "common sense" may suggest as an aid to recovery. Let us set mind-power to work, through willing hands, to clean our cesspools and purify our homes. Let us each regulate and curb our passions and appetites, and there will be small need for treatments of any kind. And if it be that we, or those dear to us, find ourselves at last face to face with disease that perils life, and threatens further infection, I respectfully suggest that we shall act wisely to call upon gentlemen of the medical trades-union, who are legally permitted to inform a man when he is dead, and tender him a reputable passport to the grave or crematory.

San Leandro, Cal.

The World's Nine Principal Bibles.

The nine principal bibles of the world are:

1. Koran of the Mohammedans.
2. Tripitikas of the Buddhists.
3. Vedas of the Hindus.
4. Talmud of the Jews.
5. Scriptures of the Christians.
6. Five Kings of the Chinese.
7. Zendavesta of the Zoroastrians—Persians.
8. Eddas of the Scandinavians.
9. Tarot of the Bohemians.

Startling Spirit-World Revelations.

A German Seer Discovers Spirit Monstrosities which Explain Dante's and the Cartoon Artist's Inspiration.

FIVE ARTICLES TO THE "SPIRITUALISTISCHE BLAETTER," THE FIRST BEING LATER INTERPRETED AS A "SPIRITUAL ALLEGORY."—TRANSLATED FOR THE HARBINGER OF DAWN BY J. H. SUSS.

Written by Adolf Gaul.

ANIMAL FORMS OF SPIRITS.—[Article No. 1.]

Have you, dear reader, ever heard of the indwelling spirit? Of course you have It is ourself after death.

We all take a great interest in our bodily welfare, but for the indwelling spirit nobody seems to care. This belongs to the riddle of life, and should be a standpoint in religion.

Most people hear of the indwelling spirit with a shrug of the shoulders, and the consequences will be, when many of them pass out of the body they will not have a human form, but that of an animal.

It is curious that in all the Spiritualistic literature under my observation I have never seen this fact stated. We read of ghosts; someone sees an ox or a big dog, but no one explains or gives us a theory.

In looking over the field for two years (and I have conversed with many mediums and seers and collected the material) it is therefore worth while to talk about it. And it is more than talk—it is a fact—a fact which causes the hair to stand on end when contemplating. But if it is only possible for me to awaken some of their sleeping souls I shall be satisfied.

First I shall give observation and then theory.

Two years ago the spirit, Police Judge N., came to our meeting and complained that he had been a long time in the dark and had heard nothing but the howling of wolves, and he looked extremely odd. He said: "The danger is lurking in the office to ensnare my successor in the same trap. Results will be the same."

At another sitting appeared one Helene. She barked like a dog, and a picture of a dog was drawn, which we were told was the way she appeared. In her life-time her whole heart was devoted to dogs. Too much interest taken in animals is fatal, as the soul becomes animated like the animal.

I became acquainted with Brother Gruen. He is blind, but still a seer. He sees human spirits with lions' and bears' heads.

Further, I have found out that a certain society lady, whose specialty was to brow-beat servants, appeared over there as a grasshopper, while a dude was seen as a peacock. A relative appeared who always was of a thieving nature, and he says up to the time of his appearance he wore a mouse skin, so he must have appeared as a mouse. A poet, who often boasted how many people he had won back to Christianity through his writings, paraded over there with a lion-head on his body. These effects do not come from teachings, but from personal conduct.

But what my seer friends (and also Brother Gruen) have seen when coming in contact with a saloon baffles description. They have seen nude men with enormous stomachs and donkey ears; also a frog with long-drawn face, white stomach and rings on his fingers (Judge of the Court), and a man in the wall, with the lower part of his body like a fish—in other words, a merman. In front of the saloon was a goat inviting passers by to come in. From the gas fixture was hanging a huge snake, and behind the bar was a dwarf. These are all half human and have not yet made up their minds to become wholly human. They prefer to live by themselves in cliffs and caves.

The humorist paper, "Seifenschaum," often has cartoons showing people in half human form. The artist imagines that he gets them out of his own mind, but is not aware that he gets his inspiration from the unseen. While yet in the form the indwelling spirit can see in us the physiognomy of the animal, which role we have to play. Here I cannot repeat all I know. Why, I have seen a spirit spiral-shaped, like a snail! There are spirits in the shape of a rock, with short thin legs and a little head. These had in their life-time a rock where their heart should be. In short, our fancy cannot paint the spirit monstrosities to which character will bring us.

Mrs. L. has for the last nine months painted spirit pictures of all kinds of forms and monstrosities. She paints plant-forms, and by close observation it is seen that they are covered with birds, snakes and dragon heads. And we are told that all this is spirit-human.

According to the latest theory our souls are formed from the soul-specific (or spirit-essence) of animals. In the case of many persons, the soul-specific of the particular animal of which he is built is very evident. Do not some walk like a proud horse? another like a clumsy bear? and some have the facial expression of a bull, a sheep, a bird or a dog?

My lady friend N. has eyes like a cat and mews so that the cats of the neighborhood answer her.

Now, it is a question, Has the animal form of the spirit anything to do with the soul-specific? Yes, and no. If someone has, during life, a weakness to assume conduct characteristic of certain animals, and does not cast it aside, then he will take on this form in spirit life.

If he has cast it aside and taken up some other dark instincts and dark teachings, will he then also have some other form of animal as a result of the change? I am not certain about this, as it is merely surmise, but what I know I will not withhold from the world, so that each may take it as a guide. Should someone ever find himself in a form he dislikes, I will give the best remedy—that is, pray, or aspire, for prayer is the only power in all the universe that can help you. It was the power of our prayers (mental vibrations) that restored the woman from the goat-form and the highwayman from the tiger-form.

ORIGIN OF THE CENTAUR.—[Article No. 2.]

Spiritualism is ever developing something new for the investigator. The pictures of Grecian and Old German mythology we have looked upon as phantasies of the mind, but Spiritualism teaches us the real kernel of it.

The story of Prometheus, the man with the fish-body, brings us to the Siren. So has the 27th of July brought light upon the story of the Centaur. We were in a friendly circle, and through Medium M. a very unhappy spirit came and his behavior was bad. Friend Mueller came to medium N. and tried to magnetize him, but instead he received such a kick that both fell. He then disappeared. Friend Mueller says that he had a mouse-head and a horse's body, because of a crime he had committed in life.

It is terrible to think of such news. Everyone has to answer for every deed. It is all recorded in a book. The spirit world is recording everything and nothing slips from them. They let us become guilty and we have the pain later. Can we say, when we have not the consciousness to know, when we have done good or evil? But the inner voice will warn us. Through the wrong done the animals, the culprit, after the death of the flesh, has to assume the form of the animal he has wronged. How awful is life! We all would plunge into the abyss had not the Nazarene, with his teachings, left a rope for us to grasp. For an explanation of what is meant by the abyss, I will relate what happened not long ago in a circle in Berlin:

A lady came to the milliner W. accompanied by a big dog, but when she left, the dog remained. Mrs. R. said to the medium, "Let the dog out; he is left behind." No one else saw the dog, and as they were yet talking, Mrs. N. passed into a trance and barked. She was under the dog's control. They promised to pray for him and he left. On the following night Mrs. W. dreamed that the dog was there in clear form. "Give me your paw," she said. He came and gave her both paws. She told me that in this dog was the spirit of an officer who, in his life-time, had a big dog and those under him had to suffer to favor the dog. News of this kind is coming in thick and fast.

SPORT OF THE SPIRITS.—[Article No. 3.]

To give yourself up altogether to sport is a danger to the soul, as you pledge yourself to the same on the other side where you will not rid yourself of it so easily.

The picture which is impressed the strongest in your soul is the one you take along with you, and it will present itself before your eyes and live when your inner light is gone. But when we need it the most, where shall we reach for it? People are not troubling themselves about Spiritualism, and the doctors of divinity who are paid for giving this knowledge, cannot do it, because they themselves have it not. With their preaching to the faithful; with their teaching of the forgiveness of sins through the death of Christ, they hint at the truth, but which they themselves have not grasped. And so the blind shepherd leads the flock that is also blind. Tell me not that I exaggerate, for I behold these things in every sitting—the empty fruit of our religious systems. There comes a soldier of 1870. He is still parrying off the sabre which split his skull. A departed drummer of 1864 is still drumming. A miser who died December 30, 1823, is still sitting and figuring. A shoemaker who died of heart failure is still mending shoes and occasionally taking snuff. Joseph Meier, who says he fell off the Riesengebirge (a mountain) in September, 1896, is still lying like a block. A mother died in 1868, and she is yet crying over her dead child. A man who hung himself was still hanging on the rope and asked us to cut him down. A young woman who was burned to death was still putting out the fire on her body. One who died of sunstroke was sitting on the trunk of a tree complaining of the heat and still waiting for his friend. Mrs. W. von L. says: "I died in the lunatic asylum, but I was not crazy." A murderer is still scratching up the earth at the place where he buried his victim. The thief is still raking over his plunder. The man waiting for tips is still there, and many others.

Now we will return to the sports. There were two young men, bicycle riders, sitting in a hotel and they talked of nothing but bicycles. And I made a remark about it to a seer. "Certainly," said he, "they ride over there. After every rider is a whole group of spirit riders, all 'scorching.' For every sport here there is one over there for him." But the reader will ask, "Why 'scorching?'" Because over there they must ride without rest, for when one rests he has no more attraction for them, and they are at once after another, for the spirit is in a second where there is work for him. It illustrates the law that like attracts like; therefore let them "go it"—why have they not studied and investigated Spiritualism?

TRUST NOT THE GRAY-BEARDS.—[Article No. 4.]

Unselfish and pure love toward our fellow beings should be the aim of all, both in time and eternity. Even the highest angel has not fully mastered this lesson. He who in his life-time has availed himself of but little of the capabilities of God's love will surely meet with the reverse on the other side, where he will appear black and dwell in the midst of darkness. The gray-beards are a step higher. Their will is for good, but their thought and feeling is earthly, and they cherish the sentiment of revenge. These are the ones (and still more so are the dark ones) who pay back to their enemies with interest and compound interest, when they leave the body and the enemy is still in the flesh. He who is travelling the path of righteousness they cannot harm. We all have some, others a great many, of these gray-beards following us wherever we go, taking notes of every thought and deed. But they will not hurt us; instead, they will hold back for revenge until we get sick, or they empower others to deal it out to us when we do wrong. In the last year this is becoming very plain to me, so that I could see at once where I escaped wrong and the love of evil. And it is surprising with what simple means they work. With the smallest things they produce the greatest results. Their motto is, "Do not reveal it." But that I have discovered their tricks they cannot disprove.

That the reader may understand me better, I will relate my experience. In June, last year, I brought upon myself the wrath of a little Slavonian. Because he was stubborn, I sent him off with some words. He took this very much to heart as he left. But on June 19th I got my punishment. Someone broke into my house at night—damage, 25 marks. On June 25th I roughly reprimanded a youth who persisted in trying to sell me postage stamps, so that he left in anger. I knew at once that I would get payed back, and surely enough, on June 28th I fell over a bottle, which had previously fallen off the shelf, in my own home. In November I refused a customer further credit in a very rough manner, which made a sleepless night for him. As a punishment I lost 53 marks on a note I helped endorse for a friend. Last February a boy, being instigated by the gray-beards, helped himself to my till. In May, over a small personality, I rebuked an acquaintance so as to make him depart sorrowfully. I was at once impressed, upon seeing his condition, that it was an unexplainable mistake. Ten days later, June 24th, thieves broke in an robbed me again. They very slyly made their way into the house, and under the protection of the gray-beards, or the dark ones, they can do it. A spirit at liberty is a hundred times stronger than we, and when they combine their forces against us, what shall we do? We have bound the arms of the protecting spirits of light by our wrong-doing!

My wife has had similar experiences. On May 1st, she became angry at a beggar boy, so that he went away sad. Eight days later she gave him in the dark, by mistake, a ten-mark piece instead of a one-cent piece. Formerly he was around every day or so, but this was the last we ever saw of him.

So many retributions of this kind have occurred within a year under ordinary circumstances, what will the report look like in a life-time? The reader has a right to ask, "How is all this?" The answer is, in the course of my advancement in spiritual studies, I have grown in faith in God—(or goodness, if we prefer to term it). The gray-beards know this, and they will not let me fall back in the old ruts and act against the law of love. ("God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1st Epistle of John, iv.16). Love, broadcast, is strength, fortune and happiness. On this platform the grays desire to see me stand, and that is why they will not permit hate.

A SPIRITUAL ALLEGORY.—[Article No. 5.]

In regard to the article on "The Centaur," I have asked Spirit Friend Mueller if I have written it correctly, "You have written it," he said, "both correctly and incorrectly, in order to bring it before those who cannot see it as you do. You must acknowledge that, standing on the top of a mountain and looking down, you get different views from those who are at the bottom looking up. Looking from the higher standpoint, the brother appeared like a Centaur, with a man's head and a horse's body; but not so with those who have not the spiritual standpoint to look from. The spirit LIFE in the human we cannot see; neither the SPIRIT or SPIRITUAL. That is exactly the way with you; whenever you try to illustrate the spirit you introduce an allegory. When you wish to illustrate peace, you conjure up a female figure and a palm branch; for agriculture, you illustrate with a sickle and sheaves.

"Now as the soul of the human is shaped, so it appears, allegorically, to the SPIRITUAL observer. UNDER THIS OBSERVATION very little is left of the human form to distinguish it from the majority. The high angel views the earth as a dark spot upon which animals are moving in curious forms, and sees only the purest in human form."

[He sees in us all the SOUL-ESSENCE with which we are born, or which, through habit, we have acquired later on. The question of having it as a gift, or having acquired it, is hard to pass judgment upon.—A. Gaul.]

"You praise your own knowledge of human character. What you know of the character of the people shows itself in faint lines which are hard to interpret and which others fail to see."

In corroboration of this, I would add that not long since I read that a spirit saw a flock of sheep in the distance, and upon approaching them, the sheep transformed themselves into the same number of beautiful young girls. The peculiarity of character illustrated innocence, good nature, religious inclination and absence of higher intelligence. The spiritual symbol for these characteristics is a sheep.

There appeared in our circle (and also in other circles) one who ranked high in earth life, with his head

covered with swords—a symbol of his warlike brain. [This must be Bismarck. A German paper would not give his name under these circumstances.—J. H. S., translator.]

Now, dear reader, you may draw your own conclusions from the above. I cannot plainer explain the abnormal so-called animal form of the spirit. Do you wish to avoid such form? Then let your heart be pure.

ADOLF GAUL.

MORE REVELATIONS.

A German Seeress tells how the Spiritual World is Shown to Her.

HAS EXPERIENCES SIMILAR TO MR. GAUL, BUT A VERY DIFFERENT INTERPRETATION.

[Translated from the Spiritualistische Blaetter for H. of D. by J. H. Suss]

The human soul is composed of material much finer than the ether, and for this reason we cannot see it. If a spirit would appear before us he has to have a human substance which we call fluid. The fluid he takes on forms the human, without any harm to the spirit, absorbing it by a chemical process. Through this process a spirit is able to materialize himself sufficiently to be seen by us. If this fluid only lasts for a minute or a second the spirit will disappear, but he will still be in front of us, only we cannot see him.

Only spirits of strong will-power can materialize, and then they only appear to the material eye when they have to perform a special duty. The higher the spirit the purer is his outer appearance. High spirits often help the lower ones in materialization so they can make a better appearance before the living. Also low spirits will crowd themselves in to manifest, because they are enemies of mankind. The greatest pleasure they have is to be where there is a row and where cursing is indulged in. In these cases they play "sic 'em!" I enjoyed a laugh at their expense not long ago when a window was slammed by the wind. I saw three of them appear at once to see what had happened. When they saw it was nothing of importance they disappeared. They follow good spirits attempting to nullify the good they do.

At times these evil spirits will take fluid from the animals—dogs, cats, horses, cows, etc. At times the souls of mortals resemble the animals, because they are taking fluid from them with which to materialize so as to be seen by the clairvoyant Thus the evil spirits will appear as animals; hence can do nothing but frighten mortals.

It is a great mistake when certain Spiritualists believe that God in his great love allows the human soul to assume the animal form. Such assertions are only the fabrications of evil spirits. In my experience as a seeress, I have positive knowledge that human spirits retain the figure they had in their earth-life. I have seen many departed friends, and my four children, all appear in their normal human form, as well as all other spirits I have ever seen, and while with them I heard them call each other by name. I have only seen one badly shaped spirit, and he had a split forehead, face, lip and chin. His lips did not cover his teeth, which latter were irregular, and occasionally he would snap them together. The others called him "The Snapper," because he was dull and stubborn.

It is true that evil spirits are always after us, but the good ones are also. I can say that I have seen more good ones than bad ones. Even if there are many bad spirits, so are there in my experience a great many good spirits, for to the good belong all human souls who, after death, commit no more sins to their knowledge, as do the evil ones. These bad ones are always contrary to God and his laws.

We can place the human soul in three classes—(1) the best and fully-developed spirits who have already taken the first degree in blessings; (2) the advancing spirits, who are striving for the advancement of themselves, and (3) stationary spirits who prefer to remain where they are.

I have information, contrary to other Spiritualists, that spirits from the highest sphere, at certain times, visit us, protect us, and strengthen our souls for the better. Often in the twilight I wander out in God's natural realm alone and see the high spirits descend. Some come to visit those who were dear to them in life; others come to condole with those just departed and who are yet in the earth's atmosphere. They come to teach these so they may gain hope and courage.

When the spirit is gaining self-knowledge, I have often seen them hit themselves on the head with closed fist, and doubtless they were saying to themselves, "My God! what have I done? Why have I thus conducted myself?" Their expression is earnest and sad, as if they would give their life to undo that which they had done. Suicides and murderers often suffer terribly. The good spirits condole with these and help to uplift them to a happier condition. All sinners must be purified; such is law in the spirit world.

Suicides commit a great wrong, as they send the spirit from the body by force, whereby it is weakened, and it takes with it material which binds it to the earth. Only by the help of higher ones are they ever able to advance. Prayer is the best of help. Spirits under advancement are not always near us, as they have duties to perform and studies to make, all of which is demanded of them in the higher world.

Here is an illustration of how great is the care and love for us of the good spirits: A spirit appeared to me very often in the daytime. He was very affectionate and would control me when in sorrow. Many times he would lay his hand on my arm or shoulder and say, "Look earnestly; I am with you," and his hand would quiver and send life through my arm. One Sunday afternoon he appeared and said: "I have brought some more of my kind here." I looked around for them but could see nothing except himself and some small, white clouds. I was sitting at the table reading a book. Suddenly the table moved, and I was frightened. My guide said, "Do not be frightened; we wish to demonstrate that we are many," and before they left my guide said, "I will give you a poem; write it down or you will forget it." Soon there was a little rapping, and I knew that all had left. Then I tried to remember the poem, but could not. At the same time my friend reappeared and said, "I will repeat it once more so you can write it." And here it is:

So leb dem wohl mein Taufpathleim!
Wir ziehen fort in unser heim,
Und finden wir uns einstens dort,
So lassen wir dich nie mehr fort.

ANTONIJA LADIKA.

[We give below a free translation of the above lines.—ED. H. OF D.]

So live ye well, my friend who roams;
We go again unto our homes,
And once we find ourselves all there
You go no more to scenes of care.

[The theory of the chemical absorption of the "fluids" of various species of living beings in the form, to render the spirit visible, even to clairvoyants, is certainly a plausible explanation of spirits appearing in various forms to clairvoyants, as well as an explanation of apparitions or spontaneous materialization.—EDITOR HARBINGER OF DAWN.]

There is no Death.

[We have often seen from one to four lines quoted from the following beautiful poem, but give it here in full. Strangely enough, although the brightest gem from the author's pen, it is omitted from the popular editions of his supposed complete poetic works.—ED.]

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

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portals we call death.

—LONGFELLOW.

Jas. G. Clark, a Prophet of the Dawn.

By the Editor.

Since the days of King David, the sweet singer of old, history presents no more remarkable character, in many respects, than James G. Clark, "the poet of the people," who departed this life at the home of his daughter, in Pasadena, Cal., on September 17th, 1898, just a year prior to the date of this issue of the Dawn. Although he had received tempting offers to turn his talents to worldly affairs, his great soul, aflame with love for humanity, chose to wander up and down the land, from Maine to California; from the Great Lakes to the sunny South, singing his heart-songs in city, town and hamlet, to comfort the sorrowing souls and inspire with new life and hope those who looked forward to the new era of which he was the prophet and seer.

Mr. Clark was born in Constantia, N. Y., in 1830, and when but three years old, the little poet had learned from his mother "The Star of Bethlehem," and could sing the entire piece without missing a word or note. At the age of 21 he began to acquire fame as a concert singer, and was engaged by Mr. Ossian E. Dodge to sing with his quartette, then the most famous in New England, and to act as musical composer for the troupe. During this engagement Mr. Clark brought out such universally-popular songs as "The Old Mountain Tree," "The Rover's Grave," "Meet Me by the Running Brook," and "The Rock of Liberty." Mr. Clark then, for a time, turned his attention from ballads and lyrics of love and home, to hymn writing, and the result was such famous hyms as "The Evergreen Mountains of Life," "The Beautiful Hills," and "The Isles of the By and By."

Of the latter three songs, Dr. A. P. Miller, (himself a poet of no mean ability, and a keen critic) says, thirty years after their production: "They are the St. Elias, the Tacoma, the Hood, which out-tower all the other song-peaks and reach those heights where the sunshine is eternal and the view universal."

Mr. Clark's next epoch of song-writing was as a composer of war songs, among which were, "Freemont's Battle Hymn," "Let Me Die With My Face to the Foe," "When you and I were Soldiers Boys," "The Children of the Battle Field," and "Minnie Minton." The latter is supposed to be the letter of a young man to his sweetheart whom he has left at home, and as it is short we will give it here as an example of the touching pathos in many of his songs:

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I have waited here alone:
On the battle's gory meadow,
Which the scythe of death has mown,
I have listened for your coming,
Till the dreary dawn of day,
But I only hear the drumming,
As the armies march away.

O Minnie, dearest Minnie,
I have heard the angel's warning;
I have seen the golden shore;
I will meet you in the morning
Where the shadows come no more.

The third epoch of Mr. Clark's poetic career was turned to the toiling millions of our land, with whom his great heart had beat in sympathy from childhood. It was during this period that he wrote several prophetic poems, many of the events foreseen in the nation's history having transpired years later. One of the most popular of these was "The Voice of the People." But the most remarkable of these prophetic poems was—

A VISION OF THE OLD AND NEW.

However, it is given as THREE visions, and is quite lengthy, hence we can only give a brief extract from each vision to show its general trend, but omitting its more particular details:

'T was in the slumber of the night—
That solemn time, that mystic state—
When from its loftiest signal height
My soul o'erlooked the realm of Fate,
And read the writing on the wall
That prophesies of things to be,
And heard strange voices rise and fall
Like murmurs from a distant sea.

The world below me throbbed and rolled
In all its glory, pride and shame;
Its lust for power, its greed for gold,
Its flitting lights that man calls fame—
And from their long and deep repose,
In memory and page sublime,
The ancient races round me rose
Like phantoms from the tombs of Time.

I saw the Alpine torrents press
To Tiber with their snow-white foam,
And prowling in the wilderness
The wolf that suckled infant Rome.
But wilder than the mountain flood
That plunged upon its downward way,
And fiercer than the she wolf's brood,
The soul of man went forth to slay.

* * * *

All nations bore the mark of Cain,
And only knew the law of might;
They lived and strove for selfish gain
And perished like a dream of night.

* * * *

I woke! and slept, and dreamed once more.
And from a continent's white crest
I heard two oceans seethe and roar
Along vast lands by nature blest;
All races mingled at my feet,
With noise and strange confusion rife,
And Old-World projects, incomplete,
Seemed maddened with a new-found life.

The thirst for human blood had waned;
But boldly seated on the throne;
The grasping god of Mammon reigned
And claimed earth's products for his own.
He gathered all that toilers made
To fill his vaults with wealth untold!
The sunlight, water, air and shade
Paid tribute to his greed for gold.

He humbly paid his vows to God,
While agents gathered rents and dues.
He ruled the nations with a nod,
And bribed the pulpit with the pews.
Yet, over all, the regal form
Of Freedom towered, unseen by him,
And eagles poised above the storm
That draped the far horizon's rim.
At length the distant thunder spoke
In deep and threatning accents; then
The long roll of the earthquake woke
From sleep a hundred million men.

* * * *

I woke! and slept, and dreamed again;
A softened glory filled the air;
The morning flooded land and main,
And peace was brooding everywhere.

* * * *

No more the wandering feet had need
Of priestly guide to Paradise,
And banished was the iron creed
That measured God by man's device.

* * * *

And men shall cease to lift their gaze
To seek Him in the far-off blue,
But live the truth their lips now praise
And in their lives His life renew.

There yet shall rise beneath the sky,
Unvexed by narrow greed for pelf,
A race whose practice shall deny
The heartless creed, "Each for himself."
There is no halt or compromise
Between the ways all life has trod—
'Tis downward with the brute that dies
Or upward with the sons of God.

Though he had nearly rounded out his "three score years and ten," up to a year prior to his death Mr. Clark still had the power of voice to draw large audiences once and twice a week to hear him sing, in San Diego, where we last heard him. A peculiar feature of his singing was, that while playing his prelude he would seem to fall into a somnambulic sleep, and with a far-off look in his eyes he sang as one in a dream, and seemed to possess the power to bear his audience with him to those "Beautiful Hills," or "Evergreen Mountains of Life," of which he so soulfully sang. Besides his ability as a poet and music composer, he also found time to contribute occasionally to the prose literature of the country, including some of the leading dailies of the Pacific Coast.

B. O. Flower, in the Arena magazine, has paid some glowing tributes to Mr. Clark in two biographical sketches,* one of which he concludes with these words: "It is difficult to conceive a picture more inspiring than this patriarch of Freedom, whose brow is already lighted with the dawn of another life, fronting the morning with eyes of fire and voice rich, full and clear, now persuasive, now imperious, but never faltering as he delivers the messages of eternal truth, progress and justice."

The following poem was written by Mr. Clark during a period of convalescence near the end of his long and painful illness, and is expressive of the peace of mind and buoyancy of spirit in which his weary soul, blessed with a firm belief in true Spiritualism for many years, passed to the "Isles of Home:"

My soul looks up in voiceless praise
Beside the tranquil sea,
While visions rare of other days
Come drifting back to me,
Sweet echoes of the olden songs
I sang the wide lands through,
To lonely hearts and hungry throngs,
Return with meaning new.

I heard the rush of streams that rise
In memory's mountain springs,
And music born of earth and skies
Around my spirit sings;
All sounds of discord, pain and strife
Have rounded into tune,
And thorns that pierced and vexed my life
Have changed to flowers of June.

I know not when the sun may dip
His forehead in the foam
And beckon to my tide rocked ship
To seek the Isles of Home;
I know not when my sail shall glide
Behind the sunset hills,
But peace—to manhood's prime denied—
My being folds and thrills.

* We are indebted to these articles for much of the data contained in this review.

How to Experience Psychic Phenomena.

Occult Truths, for August, contains some instructions upon this subject, but upon some of its rules psychics disagree, claiming that they experience the best phenomena by disregarding all rules and each living according to his individual nature. The points upon which psychics generally agree are as follows:

Eat and drink nothing a horse would not eat or drink, but be satisfied with his physical strength and his psychic clairvoyance. Nearly all horses can see in the dark as well as in the light. Make your food very plain, very simple, very nutritious and eat as little as possible without loosing your normal weight.

Sleep on the bare ground as often as possible. Soldiers have some visions in spite of violating all the other rules and because of earth contact at night.

The physical body must be in proper magnetic condition. If intending to sleep in a bed, stand with bare feet on the ground ten minutes before retiring and inhale very long, deep breaths so as to recharge the body from the earth.

Light from the Upanishads.

AN EDITORIAL REVIEW OF THE TRANSLATION BY G. R. S. MEAD, B. A., M. R. A. S., AND JAGADISHA CHANDRA CHATTOPADHYAYA (ROY CHOUDHURI), PUBLISHED BY THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Uttishthata jagrata prapya varan nibodhata!
(Arise! awake! seek out the great ones, and get understanding!)

The Upanishads are ancient treatises, written in Sanskrit, and are often referred to as the "mystery" or "secret," as being formerly taught only to those who had gone through a special training and given proof of their fitness to receive them. They are also called the "head of revelation."

The Vedas consist of four great collections: the Rig, Yajur, Sama and Atharva Vedas; the word veda meaning knowledge or science. Each collection is sub-divided into three parts: mantra, or hymns; brahmana, or ceremonial codes, and aranyaka, or instructions for those who in olden times, when they had fulfilled their other duties, used to retire to the forest to follow the life of the religious recluse. The Upanishads generally belong to the last class.

Tradition says that the original Vedas consisted of the "all-pervading will," or thought, which the ancient seers "saw." The universe, it is said, comes into existence through the meditative thought or will of the Supreme. It is said its laws were seen by the ancient seers and translated into appropriate sounds—the expression of the one creative Word. The main efficacy of the hymns does not consist so much in their surface-meaning as in their correct chanting.

The translation here reviewed is an attempt to place the teachings of the Upanishads within the reach of every man and woman who can read English, the price in America being only 25 cents. At the same time every care has been taken not only to produce a faithful and idiomatic version, but also to retain, as far as possible, the spirit and swing of the original. It will not only be pleasing to the mystic and lover of religion, but also will interest the scholar and student.

We will omit the Ishopanishad and begin our review with the Kenopanishad, which principally treats of the nature of Self and lays stress on the fact that this knowledge must be attained here in the body. It gives the fable of Brahman and the powers. Indra is lord of the other powers, fire, air and the rest.

Then follows a summary of the teaching as to the powers. The Self, it is taught, can only be approached by mind and not by the senses. The mind must store up the memory of the "flashes" of illumination received in "ecstasy." One who knows Self (the light within) is to be venerated by all men. This Upanishad begins:

At whose behest doth mind light on its perch? At whose command doth life, the first, proceed? At whose behest do men send forth this speech? What god, indeed, directeth eye and ear?

He who is ear of ear, the mind of mind, the speech of speech, he too is life of life, the eye of eye. Departing from this world, emancipate, the wise become immortal.

After pupil and master have gone over the argument regarding Self, as given in our summary, this Upanishad closes with these sage remarks:

Practice, [and] self-control, [and right] performance, its pedestal; the sacred sciences its limbs; truth is its resting place.

Who knows this thus, indeed, destroying sin, in endless, highest heaven-world he stands immovable—immovable he stands.

The Kathopanishad tells the story of Nachiketas and his instruction in the sacred science by Death, that is, by one who has knowledge of all the subjective states of spirit-life. Before disclosing the great secret, Death tempts Nachiketas with all the allurements of the sensible universe; but he indignantly rejects them all. [May this not be the origin of the story of Jesus having been taken up into the mountain and tempted by Satan with similar allurements?] Death praises Nachiketas and his fortitude. Death invokes the aid of the mystic fire to help him expose the supreme secret.

The universal and individual souls are spoken of.

Three classes of devotees are mentioned; the "five-fired" are householders who practice the lower rites; the three-fired are called the knowers of Brahman.

Here is the ancient Hindu idea of re-embodiment:

If here he fails to know, ere casting body off, then is he counted in creation's worlds to re-embodied be.

Returning to the Ishopanishad we also find their teaching regardeng suicide, as follows:

Sunless they call those worlds, wrapped in blind darkness; to them at death go they, what people slay the Self.

Again, returning to the Kathopanishad, we find this instruction as to the value of spiritual knowledge:

The man who knows the being of the senses as apart, and how they rise and set when they come forth apart—wise, grieves no more.

Beyond the senses is the mind; beyond the mind, the highest essence; beyond the essence, the Great Self; beyond the Great, the highest Increate.

Beyond the Increate is verily the Man: all comprehending he and far beyond distinction's power. Him, if he knows, the mortal's free—to deathlessness he goes.

His form stands not within the vision's field; with eye no man beholds him. By mind, mind-ruling in the heart, is he revealed. That they who know, immortal they become.

Thus having learnt the wisdom taught by Death and all the yoga-rules, free from all stain, possessed of Brahman, free too from death did Nachiket become. So verily will he who knoweth thus the highest Self.

Thus the Upanishad has ending.

This is followed with the Prashnopanishad, or the Upanishad of the questions. Six questioners come to the teacher, who promises, after the necessary discipline, to resolve their doubts.

The first question is concerning the creation of the universe,and the answer shows its dual nature, life and substance, subjective and objective. Instances of this duality are given. The sun and moon are its symbols. The northern and southern paths of the sun are also taken as symbols of the same dual nature; hence two paths, one leading to the state beyond rebirth, the other to the after-death state which is still under its sway. Day and night are other dual symbols.

The second question is propounded, the answer to which treats of the several powers of the body and the one life, and gives the fable of life and the powers.

The third question and answer is as follows:

Then next Kausalya Ashvalayana to him the question put: Whence, Master, does this life arise; how to this body come; how self-divided does it stay; by what does it depart; how does it keep the outer world; the inner [how]?

To him he answer made: Hard questions dost thou ask. I think thou art most earnest as to God; therefore, I'll answer give.

From Self this life proceeds; as man a shadow [casts, so] this casts that; by act of mind it comes into this body.

Just as a king his ministers appoints, instructing them, "These townships here rule over, and those townships there," in just the self-same way this life the other lives in various stations sets.

He sets the lower life in lower parts; in eye and ear the upper life sets out itself through mouth and nose; the equalizing life again is in the midst; it equally this offered food distributes; hence seven flames arise.

Now in the heart the Self [abides]. This is the center of a hundred ways and one; of these a hundred is in each; in each of these seventy and two branch-ways a thousand times. In these is active the pervading life.

Now by the one the up-going upward life with purity leads to the pure; with sin unto the world of sin, but with the two unto the land of man.

It is the sun which is the upper life of the external world; for he it is who, rising, sheds his favor on the upper life within the eyes. The power that is on earth, that, in the case of man, is what supports the lower life; æther, which is between, is equalizing; air is pervading life.

And fire again is upward life; therefore a man whose fire has been put out goes to rebirth, his senses still inhering in his mind.

Whate'er his thought, with that he goes unto the upper life; the upper life joined with the fire, united with the Self, leads him unto his world as he has built it up.

The rising, coming, staying; the fivefold separation, too, and inner nature of the upper life, thus knowing, a man wins immortality—yea, immortality he wins.

The next question concerns multiple personality and dreams, and is, in part, as follows:

Then next to him Sauryayani Gargya the question put: How many in this man, O Master, sleep; how many wake in him; which of them is the power that seeth dreams; in which again is all of them established?

To him he answer made: Just as the sun-beams, Gargya, to setting going, in that bright orb all one become, and once again, when once again it rises, the same come forth; just in the self-same way, all this at-ones itself in mind, the higher power. * * *

In this dream-state this power enjoys its greatness. Whatever has been seen it sees again; whatever heard it hears again; whatever its experience has been in different lands and climes, it passes through again.

We can not give space to a detailed review of the remaining Upanishads, but will quote a few mantras particularly apropos to the present age.

Following is the awful fate of the creedalists:

Rafts insecure are these, made of the eighteen logs [or forms] of sacrifice.....They who praise this as best, deluded ones—these to decay and death come back again and yet again. Abiding in unwisdom's midst, self-wise, themselves sages believing, slain over and over again, they circle, deluded, about, blind led by the blind. [Here is the parallel to another biblical phrase—"Blind leaders of the blind."]

The creative power of mind, and its evolution from the lower orders, is shown as follows:

This subtle Self is to be known by mind, when life five-fold has been absorbed by it. The creature's mind is mantled o'er with lives, which, being cleansed, [then] spreads out wide this Self.

Whatever world the man of essence pure makes come to light by means of thought; whate'er desires he longeth for, that very world and those desires he doth obtain. Therefore, let him who longeth to fare well, pay honor verily to him who knows the Self.

Here is the teaching regarding the origin and destiny of the soul, as found in the Mundakopanishad, which comes from the word mundaka (a razor) and the meaning of the title of this Upanishad is, "the razor which cuts the knot of ignorance":

This, too, is true: As from a blazing fire, a thousand ways, fly forth, of one same nature, sparks; just so, my dearest sir, do creatures manifold from That beyond decay come forth, and thither go again.

Ancient Alchemy and Psychic Science.

Lost Arts and Occult Secrets of the Middle-Age Alchemists.

TRANSLATED FOR THE HARBINGER OF DAWN BY J. H. SUSS.

[In 1730 there was published in Tubingen, Germany, a book entitled, "Die Edelgeborne Jungfer Alchymia," which may be expressed in English, "The Royal-Born Holy Alchemy." It is by a man who devoted his life to researches among the Alchemists, and travelled all over Europe to learn their secrets. He describes these in his book and gives sworn testimony to what he saw. In the back of the book is a summary of what he claims to be facts, and which are mentioned in detail in the book. This summary, as translated by Mr. J. H. Suss, the owner of the book, is given, in part, below.—ED.]

1. All books on [alchemical] philosophy affirm that the knowledge to make gold or silver is not alone their main object, but that they have other secrets, viz.:—
2. An elixir, or medicine, which will preserve the body healthy to the end.
3. An artificial lamp which will foretell the death or sickness of a dear friend at a distance.
4. A secret magnetized electrum, to fix in several sealed vessels, which conveys thought to a distance. Also make a dial, but instead of the hours, make the letters of the alphabet, with the aid of which you can convey thought 100 miles to correspond with a friend. The indicator will point to the letters which you are to write down as pointed out.
5. To prepare a motor, by the color of which you will know the circumstances of the friend at a distance.
6. To fix a magnetized ball so that it will run to,and point out the buried gold and silver.
7. To prepare a ball to move as the earth moves.
8. To prepare a ball which foretells changes in the weather—storm, rain, lightning, clear, cold or warm.
9. To fix a ball which in case of poisoning is placed under the head, when it will turn black. It absorbs the poison, and fire will again purify the ball.
10. A powder which acts as a preserver and preventive, when carried, against contagious diseases.
11. To fix the May-dew in a few days so you can see the world in it after the six days' creation.
12. To transmute drops of this dew into pearls of different colors by coagulation.
13. To see in a vessel the stars of the skies; the growth of all creatures from the ovum, and the resurrection of the purified body from the earth.
14.. To fix a liquor in which to throw metals which at once grow into bushes of different kinds and colors.
15. To make a liquor which will correspond to the movements of the moon and tides.
17. To fix a water which if poured on wood will make it burn.
18. To make a water which when in an uncorked bottle will project a flame.
19. A certain effervescent water where the burnt ashes of an herb, when thrown in, will grow again into this plant.
20. To make a water which will cause the grapes to ripen in June.
21. To fix spring-water in a few hours so that by putting in quicksilver it will grow like a bush of fine silver.
22. To fix a clear liquor wherein a strand of gold will shine and radiate light.
23. To coagulate water to stone or powder.
24. To make pearls, rubies and diamonds.
25. To see diamonds grow.
26. To make all immature, precious gems good.
27. To change glass and crystal to turquoise, chrysolite, garnet, rubies or topaz.
28. To change gold into a red glass drinking cup.
30. To transmute the finest glass into gold, stone and pottery in all colors.
33. To change in a moment brandy or spirits of wine into a crystal.
37. To change all metals to their original elements.
40. To sow dirt and harvest gold.
41. To make water out of earth and vice versa.
45. To take the green color from a plant without harm to the plant, change it to another, so it will have double the amount of seed, and to change the dried plant into a green one again which will grow and bear seed.
48. To make appear small trees, herbs, flowers and animals which you have never seen before.

[We have not space to further enumerate, but will say that many of these ancient mysteries are now demonstrated to be scientific facts.—ED.]

A Psychically-Produced Electric Storm.

The following case from Occult Truths is the strongest evidence we have seen in substantiation of the theory that the mental vibrations of the multitudes are responsible for storms, although a volume of facts might be given as circumstantial evidence. For instance, we have often heard old soldiers relate the fact that every fierce battle was either followed or accompanied by a heavy rain—either the result of the intense excitement of the combatants, or of the heavy firing of artillery. Then again, if there be cases where rain has come in answer to prayer, may it not be the result of the concentrated power of mind exerted by the mutitude? But to return to our subject, the following are the facts as summed up by Occult Truths:

On Sunday morning, July 16, 1899, some District of Columbia suburban trolly lines put into effect a new rule regarding fares under which persons going beyond the District line would pay a cash fare of five cents in lieu of a ticket such as the same companies receive inside the District and formerly received outside where cash is now demanded. The Maryland inhabitants are also compelled to pay cash now instead of tickets as formerly in order to get to the District line.

The day was hot and thousands of city people sought country air at Glen Echo, Cabin John Bridge, Sligo, Takoma and Forest Glen. They silently but grudgingly paid their nickels and in irritation saw their tickets refused. It was a pent-up displeasure over the smallness of the management which for half-a-cent per passenger enacted this scheme,—too petty to fight over. This held-in feeling grew as the added hundreds met the demand every half-hour till six o'clock when about all who were going to the suburbs had arrived there. At that hour the positive magnetism in ten thousand people had reached its culmination and produced the greatest magnetic-electric disturbance of the season. Over Cabin John Bridge where one mass of people were gathered, and beyond Brightwood where there was another lot of people, thunder-storms of great intensity gathered and broke with fury almost equal to a tornado. The electricity played wild havoc with the cars of both lines burning out the motors and rendering the cars useless. It also short-circuited the track at various places on the Great Falls line making motions of cars impossible. At Brightwood, it struck the power-house, brought down the chimney and disabled the dynamos. The companies were damaged hundreds of dollars. Thousands of people who had thus unconsciously helped produce these events were stranded six to nine miles from home and had to walk back, stay all night, pay exorbitant carriage hires, or cultivate patience. Of course, no one of them, nor of the management chose to believe that cause and effect existed in these remarkable co-incidences.

The facts are still more interesting when it is remembered that the Chevy Chase line located midway between the disabled line had not participated in the change of fares and did not suffer from the storm, nor were its passengers involved in psychic or electrical disturbances. When people learn that all electrical disturbances are caused by people's feelings getting upset, they will understand how to control them and know why it was said of the Nazarene, who differed from us by knowing more, that "even the winds and the seas obeyed him."

The Remarkable Experiences of Dr. Bernhard Cyriax.

Formerly Editor of the Neue Spiritualistiche Blaetter. Translated from Lichtstrahlen for Light, of London.

On April 27th, 1896, at Fridenau, near Berlin, Dr. Bernhard Cyriax died, in his seventy-fourth year. He was one of the pioneers of Modern Spiritualism, and devoted all his energies and talents to the propagation of Spiritualism among Germans in every country. His experiences in this career were so extraordinary, as related in his work, "How I Became a Spiritualist," that we will give the following extracts:

A REMARKABLE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

"In the year 1853, when I was staying in the town of Baltimore, one Sunday evening I heard an address delivered by a quondam Catholic priest, in the Hall of Concord, on 'Spirits and Spirit Teachings,' and the marvels which, according to his belief, spirits were able to accomplish on earth I remarked that the man spoke as if under some powerful influence, but the ideas he gave utterance to were, to me, so extravagant and absurd that the strong impression made upon me by his appearance and the peculiar style of his address was obliterated. He said that the spirits had selected him to reform the whole world, and that they had written some volumes through his hand, in which the Pope and the Emperor of Austria were commanded to give up their power into his—the quondam monk's—hands, and that then the true Christian religion, that is, Spiritualism, would be spread over the whole earth. It would be impossible that this should not come to pass, for hundreds of thousands of spirits would support him and smooth everything before him, etc. As was to be expected, such an address called forth great merriment, as well as hissing and insults; but the matter seemed to me too serious for joking. I pitied the man, and spoke a few words afterwards, in which I begged him in his own interest to give up such mad ideas, which only made him appear ridiculous, as no one now-a-days believed in ghosts or ghost stories.

"The man stood silently looking at me for a moment, and then he said, 'You are worse even than the Pope, you will not allow a man to assert what he believes to be true; but you will live to repent this, for my spirit guides have just told me that before a year has passed you will be standing where I now am, and from this same platform will acknowledge the truth of these facts. Yes, you will be yourself a Spiritualist before the end of a year, and then in this very hall you will be exposed to contempt and insult.'

"I naturally laughed at this prophecy, for I felt myself quite proof against any spirit control, and this I told the apostle of the new gospel, when, in a private conversation with him, he repeated his prediction."

Several circumstances induced Dr. Cyriax to examine into spiritual manifestations more closely, in order, as he publicly declared, to "discover and expose the whole humbug." But in consequence of these close and exhaustive inquiries, he not only became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, but, at first quite against his will, he himself became developed as a remarkable medium, and afterwards made public the results of his experiments. He says in his book:—

"Naturally I did not hide my light under a bushel, but avowed my conviction of the truth of spiritual phenomena everywhere; and I likewise delivered an address in the Hall of Concord on Spiritualism; but this was so ill received that one of the members tried to prevent my finishing it. There was a regular uproar about it, for and against, but at last those who declared it was a perfect shame in this 'enlightened' nineteenth century to have to listen to such rubbish were victorious, and I had to leave off my address.

"My readers will remember how in this same Hall of Concord, a monk had prophesied that ere a year had passed I should be standing as an advocate of Spiritualism on the same platform from which he had been hooted, and meet with a fate similar to that which I had meted to him, which prediction was fulfilled to the letter....My publicly acknowledged conversion to the so-called 'spirit rapping' drew upon me universal obloquy; I saw myself avoided in society, deserted by my old friends, and I tasted for the first time the bitter cup which those must drain who have 'courage enough to swim against the stream, and to advocate an unpopular cause."

EXPERIENCED WONDERFUL MATERIALIZATIONS.

He then writes about the wonderful development of his materialization mediumship:—

"The way in which these manifestations proceeded was always the same. As soon as I extinguished the gas and got into bed, there appeared in the corner of the room a luminous cloud, which became condensed till it seemed to form a sort of gateway leading into another room. Out of this cloudy entrance issued the figures, who advanced towards me, sat down by the side of my bed or on a chair, apppearing just like persons of flesh and blood, conversed with me in their own language and dialect, and showed all the peculiarities they possessed in life. My little dog soon became so accustomed to this state of things that he sprang upon the bed as soon as he saw I was undressed, and there he crouched, looking at the corner from which he expected the forms to appear. If a figure issued from the mist that he had seen before, he would go to the edge of the bed, shake his tail, and greet it, just as he would do to a mortal, only he seemed afraid of their touching him, and if one tried to stroke him he would tremble and draw back; but as soon as the hand of the spirit was withdrawn he shook himself twice or thrice and then sat down, observing his speech and gesture just as he used to those of my earthly friends. But if there came figures he had not seen before he would sit quietly at the foot of the bed, without any sign of recognition, even sometimes growling and barking till he became used to them, when he would welcome them as he did the others."

The materialization Dr. Cyriax witnessed on board the steamer when he left New York in 1881, was a most remarkable one. He sailed from New York for Germany at the desire of his spirit guides, in order to found the Neue Spiritualistische Blaetter, which he successfully edited till his death in 1896. His account is as follows:—

"When the vessel had left the dock and was slowly making its way through the ice into the bay, I went into my cabin and sat down with my head upon my hand, sunk in meditation. I felt anxious, for I had taken a very important step. I had, at the instigation of my spirit guides, given up my whole life in America, the country in which I had passed 38 years, in order to fulfil the mission they had imposed upon me years before, viz., that of spreading the truths of Spiritualism in Germany. I questioned whether I had done right in complying with their wishes, and, as I said before, I was feeling very sad and anxious. Suddenly someone tapped me on the shoulder, and, thinking it was the steward who had come to look at my ticket, I put my hand in my pocket to get it out, when I heard a voice speaking to me, and looking up I recognized my spirit guide, 'Hans Alexander,' who, shaking his finger at me, reproached me for my lack of courage, and reminded me that they had never advised me to do anything but what was right, or promised me anything they had not performed. He bade me be of good courage, and said that all would turn out well, and then passed his hand several times across my forehead, when all my anxiety vanished and I went forward to my destiny cheerfully, confiding in the intentions and guardianship of my good spirit friends." M. T. (TRANSLATOR.)

Benjamin Franklin as a Spiritualist.

It would not be difficult to prove that all great scientific discoverers are psychics, and that they have had glimpses of the life immortal, and have felt the presence of the great souls who inspired them. We have been told that Franklin was an exception. But let us see! These are his words:—

"The earthly existence scarcely merits the name of life; it is purely a state of embryo—a preparation for the life to come, and the birth of man is not complete until the day of his death."

Crookes as a Psychic Researcher.

Dr. Paul Gibier's Record of His Scientific Discoveries, and Estimate of the Value of His Psychical Researches, with a Summary of the Same.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATE REVISTA ESPIRITISTA, OF HAVANA, CUBA, BY THE EDITOR OF THE HARBINGER OF DAWN.

We have already given the opinions of Wallace and Oxon concerning Spiritualism; we will now hear Sir Wm. Crookes, but before studying his works, we will consider his personality.

Here is what Dr. Paul Gibier tells us concerning him in his work, "Le Spiritualisme:"—

We have spoken until now, in a vague manner, of what different authors have said concerning apparitions of bodies set in motion without contact, etc. Yet we recognize the fact that in all that has preceded there is nothing that would create a conviction, but now we shall enter into the domain of facts before which, if we may draw philosophical deductions from them, they are at least interesting. We have already seen that poets, writers and philosophers have pronounced in favor of Spiritualism, but here is one of the first wise men of the earth, one who adheres to the most positive methods, assisting with experimental proofs in favor of these facts of darkness which have appeared to be relegated to the most obscure night of the middle ages.

And because Mr. Crookes has dared to affirm as certain that tables move and rap; that ponderable objects and persons have been levitated from the floor without visible force, that phantoms have appeared which conversed with mortals, as shown in his treatises by permanent records, can we say that he is either an impostor or a lunatic?

But nothing has transpired to prove the irresponsibility of Sir William Crookes, whose works bear the seal of the most brilliant intelligence.

Some 20 years ago he published interesting papers upon polarized light, and was one of the first in England who studied, by means of the spectroscope, the properties of the solar and terrestrial spectrum. He also gave us important works upon the measurement of the intensity of light, and ingenious instruments, such as the photometer and the spectrum microscope. He is also author of a now classical treatise on chemical analysis. Also his investigations are numerous in astronomy and celestial photography. The Royal Society of London presented him with a sum of money to prosecute his labors in photographing the moon.

But above all, two discoveries have alone placed Sir William Crookes among the great masters of modern science. The illustrious gentleman had already distinguished himself by a process of amalgamation, by means of sodium, which is employed to-day in Australia, California and South America in the industry of metallurgy of gold, when a new composition is formed, called THALLIUM. His other discovery was MATERIA RADIANTE.

Matter appears to our senses under three distinctly different states—solid, liquid and gaseous, although there are probably an infinitude of other forms. Mr. Crookes has demonstrated to us a fourth....He found that all the various states of matter could be resolved into an absolute unity which he gave the name of RADIANTE. He demonstrated by a series of experiments of perfect exactitude the existence of this state.

All this will give us an idea of the scientific value of testimony from the man who has dared to enter upon the study of spiritual phenomena.

When this illustrious member of the Royal Society announced in his periodical, the Quarterly Journal of Science, that he was engaged in the investigation of Spiritualism, the cry was unanimous, "At last it will be thoroughly exposed!" But when, after the first articles, they could see that Crookes admitted the reality of the phenomena, declaring that he had observed them, weighed them, measured and autoregistered them, it was another thing, and reprobations, more or less sincere, were not lacking. This constitutes one of the most curious incidents in the history of Modern Spiritualism.

CROOKES' SEVERE METHODS OF INVESTIGATION.

Sir William Crookes has, nevertheless, exercised the greatest severity in the course of his investigations, which were undertaken in a truly scientific spirit, and it is easy to see that he was not afflicted with an excess of credulity.

"The Spiritualist," says Mr. Crookes, "speaks of bodies, weighing from fifty to a hundred pounds, levitated in the air without the intervention of any known force; but the learned chemist is accustomed to make use of a sensitive balance so delicate that it can weigh a particle of which it would require ten thousand to make a grain. He has the right to ask that this power, which claims to be guided by an intelligence, and which raises to the roof a heavy body, will cause to move, in determined conditions, this delicately-adjusted balance.

"The Spiritualist speaks of raps given in various places in a room, when two or more persons are seated around a table. The scientific experimenter has the right to demand that they be given on the membrane of his phonautograph.

"The Spiritualist speaks of houses being moved by a superhuman power. The man of science asks that a watch be made to vibrate when placed beneath the solid base of a lantern.

"The Spiritualist speaks of heavy furniture being moved from one place to another, without the action of man; but learned scientists have invented instruments that can divide an inch into a million parts, and they have the right to doubt the force cited if it is impotent to perceptibly move the indicator of their instrument.

"The Spiritualist speaks of flowers, wet with dew, of fruit, and even of living beings passing through closed windows and even through solid stone walls. The scientific investigator solemnly desires that they add an additional weight, even though it be only a grain, in one of the plates of his scales, closed in a box; and the chemist asks that they introduce the millionth part of a grain of arsenic through the walls of a crystal tube in which pure water has been hermetically sealed.

"The Spiritualist speaks of manifestations of a power equivalent to millions of pounds, which is produced without any known cause. The man of science, who is a firm believer in the conservation of force and the impossibility of its production without the corresponding drainage of something which replaces it, simply desires that these manifestations will materialize in their laboratories, that they may weigh them, measure them and summons them to their own conditions."

In this frame of mind Crookes entered upon the investigation and study of the phenomena, the examination of which he placed, according to the methods of science, in a peremptory manner. After his profession of scientific faith, he adds:—

"To be just, I must say that upon stating my method of investigation and manner of thinking to many eminent Spiritualists and mediums who were the most worthy of confidence in England, they have manifested complete confidence in my mode of procedure in the investigations I desired to make, if made in the faith indicated by my sentiments. They have offered me their assistance, placing at my disposition their special faculties, and I will add that the preliminary experiments have been satisfactory."

In the Quarterly Journal of Science for July, 1870, Mr. Crookes says:

"I have both seen and heard, under conditions which make incredulity impossible, phenomena called spiritual, the production of which no one can attribute to trickery, nor to imposture, nor to coincidence or error.

"Thus far I stand upon solid ground; but when one treats of the cause of the phenomena, it is impossible for me to accept any of the theories given as such. There have been found simple natural explanations, but they are insufficient; yet on the other hand, the spiritual hypothesis is the most satisfactory but the most difficult to admit."

[Dr. Gibier then quotes from the Quarterly Journal of Science for January, 1874, and the number following, giving Mr. Crookes' experiences with Home and other mediums. From these we quote briefly the following paragraphs.—ED. HARBINGER OF DAWN.]

"I have said that darkness is not necessary. Nevertheless it is incontrovertible that when the force is

weak, the most brilliant light renders difficult the production of certain phenomena. The mediumistic power of Mr. Home is sufficient to conquer the adverse influence, and therefore he does not generally admit darkness in his seances. With two exceptions, all the facts to which I give testimony occurred in full light.

"I will proceed to the classification of the phenomena observed, beginning with the most simple and leading up to the most complex."

[Mr. Crookes begins with a description of phenomena ranging from the trembling of a room, with all its contents, to the elevation in the air of heavy bodies with a hand placed lightly upon them; but says he places little importance upon them and only mentions them as a preliminary to other and more important manifestations of this class, where objects were lifted in the air without contact. However, he discovered some important scientific facts in connection with these phenomena which we will give in the next paragraph.—ED. H. OF D.]

"Many of these phenomena were preceded by a particular chilling of the air, and some occasions, by a distinct wind. I have seen sheets of paper waved under the influence of the wind, and the thermometer fall several degrees. In some instances I have not noted any real motion of the air, but the cold was so intense that it can only be compared to the sensation one feels when placing the hand against several inches of frozen mercury."

[The above is condensed from a series of articles under the title, "A Contribution to Progressive Spiritualism," which began in the number of La Revista Espiritista, of Havana, Cuba, for March, 1898, and was terminated in the June number—the last issue—on account of the war. It is to be regretted that the magazine suspended at that particular time,as the July issue would have contained Mr. Crookes more important investigations.—EDITOR HARBINGER OF DAWN].

New Honors for Prof. Streight.

The Painter of Spirit Pictures Also Recognized as a Great Master of Scenic Art.

Many of the older Spiritualists will remember Prof. H. A. Streight, the spirit-developed artist, who used to allow himself to be blindfolded by a committee, and in a few minutes would paint beautiful spirit pictures on the canvas before his audiences. Later he began to paint inspirationally, viewing his subject clairvoyantly, and soon found himself high upon the ladder of fame with the world's great artists, one of his paintings having sold for $15,000.00. He is now living at Mountain View, Cal., and the Mountain View Register says he is kept busy transferring Santa Clara Valley and mountain scenery to canvas.

The New York Art Interchange, a standard art journal, has the following to say regarding Prof. Streight and his work, in a recent issue:—

A scene on Eagle River, northwest of Leadville, is one of the latest of Prof. H. A. Streight's pictures, and is one of his inimitable Colorado sunsets, for which he is world renowned. If it was hung in the Turner gallery, it would probably be one of the first to attract the attention of connoiseurs.

It has been said by some of our best American art critics that Streight was more Turneresque than Turner himself. If this be so it is probably due to the fact that while either dare follow nature in her boldest charms and wildest chimeras of creative fancy, their associations were widely apart, and the one had an acquaintance with her in her more sublime aspect, or was possessed of greater vivacity of comprehension than the other. Turner has passed away, and like other men of great genius he has been bequeathed a place upon the immortal records of fame. Streight still lives and will continue to live with the great masters of the present and past. His life has been one of close application to art. He has reached its higher lessons and his name, too, must become immortal. One of his pictures that is in the possession of Sir Wm. Hay of London, has attracted great attention and made an enviable reputation for the artist across the waters that divide England from America.

This picture is now in the National Gallery of England. When Prof. Streight transfers a scene to canvas he never leaves out the real life with which it is endowed, but from it the soul of nature gleams out everywhere. To him, as to everyone, there is no such thing as a dead canvas after his brush has completed its work upon it.

He has taken the most inviting opportunity to bring out "Up the Canyon."

The golden halo of an evening sky gilds the pathway of the receding day and shimmers its reflected rays upon the landscape. There is a depth and richness of color peculiar to mountain sides at the hour when the heavens unbar the western gates for the day-god with his far-trailing robes of light to pass through. The purple clouds interwoven with brilliant lights drifted over this molten sea of gold bordering the clear azure above. The wind seems still at work rifting them here and there as the eye takes in the more obscure intricacies of light and shade. One easily notes their direction and approximates their height while they cannot resist the impression that the exact force of the wind is clearly indicated. The distant mountains below seem but the shadows of the nearer range, so unreal are the real heights as they fade away from sight.

Coming down the range to timber-line the scrubby pine appears as a scrub or dwarf of its species, somewhere isolated, in other places cresting a mountain top or projecting from a mountain crevice.

At the head of a canon a veil of water drops over and adown a precipice and is lost to sight in the winding defile near the entrance. Upon an embankment the tall pines arise to their greatest height, and are developed in their rarest perfection. The boulders at the gateway rise far above them, boldly outlined against the sky and covered with a mosaic of evergreen and gray. The foreground is made up of aspens, rocks and fallen pines which catch the reflected light of the evening sky.

The artist wears his laurels with ease and amiable grace. His studio in Chicago was visited by artists and savants of this and other countries who concur in placing him in the foremost ranks of landscape artists in the world. His work has never been successfully copied.

Dr. Babbitt on Dawbarn as a Psychometrist.

E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D., in a discourse before the Theosophical Society of Los Angeles, (published in the Banner of Light for Aug. 26), relates an interesting incident regarding Charles Dawbarn's public work as a psychometrist in New York years ago. Dr. Babbitt says:

"Psychometry shows that the forms of all objects are radiated outward and impressed upon all surrounding objects, so that the psychometer can read the very soul of everything he touches, tell its innate character and the nature and history of all surrounding objects or persons.

"Mr. Dawbarn, formerly of New York, now of this State (California), was asked by a gentleman to psychometrize a letter from a lady in whom he was interested. Among other things about her, Mr. Dawbarn said she was an opium-eater. The gentleman doubted this, said he had never seen any signs of it, and later he wrote that her parents utterly denied the matter. Still later, however, the gentleman wrote that he was married to the lady; that she had been an opium-eater for years, and that he would have given $50,000.00 if he had heeded the psychometer's warning."

Dr. Babbitt then gives the experiments of Prof. Wm. Denton, showing pieces of rock, lava, etc., given to a psychometrist, always resulted in an accurate description of the locality whence it came. He also refers to the pioneer researches of Dr. Buchanan in that line.

Comments of Press and Writers.

What they Say About the Harbinger of Dawn

To quote all the good things said about the Harbinger of Dawn would require several pages of this issue; therefore we will give only a few extracts from the press notices, but thanking all the editors for all they have said in our favor.

PRESS COMMENTS.

ANOTHER "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."—The constantly increasing number of journals devoted to Psychic Science, Occult Lore, Spiritualism and Metaphysics has resulted in another "Review of Reviews." This is called The Harbinger of Dawn ...It is of good size, thoroughly well edited, and it covers reviews published in other languages than English, and therefore is a complete record of the world's progress in its chosen field. Dealers who find sale for any publication of this class will find The Harbinger of Dawn sells to a surprisingly large number of persons.—Book and News Dealer.

[As the editor of the Book and News Dealer (a high class monthly magazine, edited by W. E. Price, of San Francisco), is himself a book and news dealer, he speaks from experience regarding the demand for the Harbinger of Dawn.]

The first number (August) of the Harbinger of Dawn is before us. Ernest S. Green, the well-known writer on occult themes, is the editor. Its 24 pages of selected and editorial matter are all good. The translations from foreign psychical and spiritual papers are not the least of the many interesting features it contains. A very valuable occult work—"The Mystic Thesaurus"—is given as a premium for an extra 25 cents to all who subscribe. The occult student will find this magazine and the premium of great value in teaching him how to appropriate the forces of Nature for his unfoldment. —World's Advance-Thought.

It is a valuable concept of the most interesting and instructive expressions of the progress of spiritual thought and psychic unfoldment all over the world. It is a beneficent undertaking, as it gives for a small amount of money, the result of a great deal of conscientious painstaking research and study; only translators understand the great labor involved in such an undertaking. Spiritualists should sustain Mr. Green, and benefit themselves by subscribing for his magazine.—Medium.

The initial number of The Harbinger of Dawn, a monthly review of occult, psychical, spiritual and metaphysical reviews, edited and published by Ernest S. Green, is at hand. It shows careful attention and ability.—Light of Truth.

It is with pleasure that we welcome The Harbinger of Dawn, the latest venture in spiritual journalism, to our exchange table. Its editor and publisher, Ernest S. Green, is to be congratulated on both the appearance and contents of the initial number of his publication, which is a veritable cornucopia of good things in the way of bright editorials and excerpts from the world's spiritual press. We extend to The Harbinger of Dawn our hearty wishes for the success it unquestionably merits.—The Lyceum.

THE HARBINGER OF DAWN.—The initial number of the above monthly publication is before us, and we must admit to a sensation of pleasurable surprise at the very able manner in which the publisher has fulfilled his promises in the prospectus of the work. The Harbinger of Dawn is a monthly review of Psychical and Occult literature, and contains the gist of what is said in the papers during the current month.—Dawning Light.

The initial number is a very creditable one.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LETTERS FROM LITERARY WORKERS.

Your magazine is just such a thing as we need.—JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, and several other subscribers.

The Harbinger of Dawn is bound to succeed. It carries with it immense soul power.—CARLYLE PETERSILEA

I congratulate you upon the excellent quality of your first number of the Harbinger of Dawn. One wonders whether you can maintain such excellence month after month. If you succeed in that, your magazine will become indispensable to the cultivated student of occultism in any of its branches.—CHARLES DAWBARN

Thinkers will hail it as a new star in literature. The time has come when old things shall become new and the secrets of nature be revealed, and the forces of mind and matter made to unfold the highest destiny of man upon this planet. You, with others, are standing at the helm of these great powers, changing and guiding the world towards a higher life. May success attend you.—L. HUTCHINSON, Casey, Ill.

I receive all the leading Spiritualist papers in the English language, but being very busy in my office with my psychometric correspondence and patients, I only find time to select about one-tenth of the matter contained in them to read. However I found the contents of the first number of the Harbinger of Dawn to be of such an extraordinarily interesting nature that I read it with interest and was much benefitted thereby. —DR. MAX MUEHLENBRUCH.

GLEANED FROM PRESS DISPATCHES.

The following two cases are of unusual interest, and Theosophists will point to the first as another proof of their theory of reincarnation:—

An Infant Who Knows More than Graduates.

Viola Rosalia Oberlich, of Lake City, Iowa, is the youngest and most wonderful scholar of the world, being a two-year-old baby with more knowledge at her command than the average High School graduate.

The extensive range of her language is almost incredible. By actual examination, held when Viola was one year, 11 months and 25 days old, it was found that she knew over 2,500 nouns, by having either the objects themselves or the pictures of them brought before her.

The child can understand things which do not come into the mind ordinarily until the age of 15 or 16 has been reached. She knows by heart and can name the flags of 25 nations of the world, the portraits of over 100 famous men and women, representing nearly all the schools of thought; the leaves and seeds of a large number of plants, all the prominent colors, tints and shades; all the States and Territories of the United States, their capitals, nearly all the countries of the world and their capitals, all the prominent bones, organs and tissues of the human body; a large number of botanical terms; over 500 pictures of animals in zoology, twenty punctuation marks, Webster's diacritical marks, all the money now coined and printed by the United States, both coins and bills, except bills over $1,000; the sun planets and satellites of the solar system when represented by an orrery; all numbers not over 1,000 and the pictures of over 1,500 common articles of life.

A Murderer Revealed in a Dream Confesses.

CARTHAGENA, MO., Aug. 9.—Mrs. John Thornton, who has been under arrest in this city for several days for the murder of her husband, John Thornton, a mining engineer, has created a sensation.

She reported to Sheriff Nate Smith of Jasper County, that she had a dream in which her murdered husband appeared before her, and when she asked, "Can you tell who murderad you—let me out of this trouble?" it was revealed to her that George Roy, her cousin, had committed the deed. Sheriff Smith, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Thornton's suspicions might prove correct, placed Roy under arrest. Roy to-day confessed to the crime, saying he and Thornton had been at outs for some time and he killed him in cold blood. Roy presents a sickly aspect, and is evidently a consumptive.

Ingersoll in the Spirit Land.

His Alleged Discourse through Mrs. Richmond, which bears Strong Evidences of its Genuineness.

The Sunday following Colonel Ingersoll's death, Cora L. V. Richmond, the noted trance orator, delivered a discourse at the Spiritualist camp meeting near Springfield, Mo., and her "control" claimed to be none other than the Great Agnostic. The Springfield Republican says that "the elite of Springfield was out in force, and every word of the noted medium was listened to with great eagerness by the vast assemblage. She held her audience spell-bound." The lecture was especially reported for the Progressive Thinker, which published it in full in its issue of August 5. It contains some lofty flights of eloquence which bear a close resemblance to the style of Colonel Ingersoll,—mingled of course with that of the channel through which it came. It gives what purports to be a description of his experiences in passing the portals and his views thus far from the great Beyond. Following is the noted orator's message, as given through Mrs. Richmond:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:—Through an unaccustomed brain; in manner of speech that is unusual; with a voice that is not my own, but borrowed for the occasion, and from the confines of another world, into which I was ushered suddenly. I greet you at this hour.

All that was of me in the earthly state, from which I have just arisen, lies behind me; all that IS, has not been sufficiently in consecutive consciousness for me to declare, while all that IS TO BE, lies before me still unexplored, and the great realm of immortal life is still a mystery. But when suddenly that shock came which cut off, as with a blade of lightning, my physical form, my spiritual and mental being was not for a moment lost; not for one instant was there cessation of consciousness in the brain; not for one instant was there any lack of throbbing, pulsing life. It is true that before and beneath me I saw the mortal body. All that was known of me in mortal life was lying there, and to my great surprise I, conscious, thinking, living, wondering Robert Ingersoll, stood outside of my body. There it was just the same as when I occupied it, excepting that it was prostrate and lifeless. In an instant I had been transferred into another body. There was the brain which I had supposed was the seat of all intelligence that I possessed, now powerless within that cranium, not a cell of which could give forth a thought. There were those lips with which I had been accustomed to respond to words of affection. Now when those words called my name I could not answer with those lips.

"Oh!" I said, "is that you; that thing that lies there helpless and without possibility of speech or heart-throb, or language, or affection; is that the boasted thing that you called yourself lying there so prone and powerless Have we parted company then? Am I alive and conscious to go on without you? Why, you were my hands, my feet, and you, tethered and encased in that clay, were my heart, and I thought you were my intelligence and my life. Poor body, what shall I do with you now? I cannot again reanimate those nerves; I cannot again cause that heart to pulsate; I cannot again think with that brain; I cannot again move that body to do my bidding. It is dead."

But who am I then? What form is this that I possess? What is the semblance of this form? What is this that is thinking now? What are these heart-throbs which go out with such ineffable and wonderful compassion? Oh, I am not dead!

There were the beloved, into whose presence I will not introduce you to-night, excepting to say that they thought me dead. I myself had taught them that it would be so. Save for that ineffable hope—that divine prompting in every heart that seems to yearn toward a higher and diviner life—did I know otherwise? Now, by all the powers of earth and air and sky I did not.

I have heard it said in this convention, and in many councils of Spiritualists while I was still on earth, that had I been true to my convictions I would have avowed a knowledge of spirit life and spirit communion. I did not know of it. I knew what Spiritualists think; I knew what they believe; I knew that there were many of them honest and true to their convictions. I spoke upon their platforms and in their camp-meetings, because we were engaged in a common cause, viz, that of breaking down the errors and bigotry of a blind theology, but I had no knowledge concerning the future life. However I will say now, as some of you may have heard me say in human speech in my own particular person, that I never stood before the lifeless form of a friend; never bent above that image of clay from which the breath had taken flight, that all the yearning of my nature did not go out in one great hope for immortality. I never stood beside the casket containing a loved one that I did not remember that the great, beneficent life of nature holds all life in her keeping, and I believed that somewhere and sometime those beautiful thoughts and images would be conserved, but had no knowledge of the life beyond death. I had no evidence that appealed to me as many of you have. There were my affections—my intuitions, if you please—that led me through the divine gifts of the imagination and poetry to dream of a future life. There was the intellect, however, and it was trained in such a school of logic and evidence that nothing could be accepted which was not passed through that particular training school, and that part of me never had the proofs which Spiritualists claimed to have.

That is why I am here. That is why the first moment it is possible I come to declare my error. I have not found that I was mistaken in my estimate of what was NOT true, because I have found that the future life was not guarded by wardens upon either side who were waiting to conduct me either to Hades or Heaven. I have not found a yawning abyss opening to receive and devour me with its everlasting flame in the midst of torturing devils. I have not found a far-off heaven with walls and gates of precious stones; with an alabaster throne upon which a personal God is set, whose angels forever sing his praise and play upon harps of gold. I have not found any condemnation from any angel or spirit with whom I have come in contact since the cessation of my mortal breath. But I have found, oh, joy ineffable! such a light as comes to the mariner when out upon the storm-tossed sea he has battled with the elements and has almost been engulfed by the waves—no star shining above to guide him; when the polar light refuses to shed its radiance across his pathway, and then in the gray dawn of the morning, over the mysterious, beckoning, storm-tossed waves a ray of light is seen—at first through the long, gray, trailing mist of gloom, then one by one piercing shafts of light rise toward the zenith, and at last the world is thrilled and the waters are pervaded with the sense of approaching day; and then from the great, throbbing bosom of the sea; from the storm-crested waves; from the billows which seem to blend the earth and sky, at last the chariot of the day is seen, and Phœbus, the mighty god of light, rises in triumph above the waves, and the world rejoices that it is day. Suddenly, in the midst of the great, solemn silence of death; in the midst of the whirling thoughts that went surging through the brain into a shadowy something unknown; in the midst of the pulsing tides of affection that sought to reach the loved ones who were left behind; in the midst of this which shut off the mortal breath, came the surpassing glory of spirit life. This sun of splendor rose suddenly, clear and cloudless. There was nothing that could mar its beauty or its perfection, and sweet strains of music, such as those that Apollo might have given on his harp of light among the stars, floated toward my consciousness and seemed to upbear me from the mortal thought. Wonderful thoughts came pulsing like argosies of light freighted with dreams of prophecy and hopes of immortality, and these bore the images of loved ones whom I had known in childhood; those who had gone into the white silence of death, and from whom I had heard no more. They came toward me, not as strangers, but as those who were aware of my coming and hastened to welcome me.

We did not pass through space; we traveled to no distant land; we did not enter any sphere that I am aware of, but remained right there in the wonderful awakening of all our attributes and powers. Instead of fading when the senses faded, it seemed to me that every pulse was quickened; every nerve was performing a thousandfold more duty. I could hear the voices of the loved ones saying softly and tremulously, "Is he really dead?" I could also hear their hearts beat and and felt the throbbing of their minds as, with intense eagerness, they asked the man of medicine if he could cure me.

Ah! but I could hear more plainly the music of the bending spheres: that sound of beloved ones calling me to this wonderful realm, and those whom I had loved, in restored youth, welcoming me to the spirit realm.

Was it a dream? Could this be another phantasy of the brain? Was it possible that my indisposition had taken on such shape and form? Was I really not out of my body but imagining all this? Sometimes it would flash upon me: this is not music I hear; these are not my friends who have died that appear before me, but only the memory of them. But as soon as this thought would come to me, there would be the body prepared or being prepared for the sepulcher; and there those spirits pointing me to that form and saying: "No, you will no longer rehabilitate yourself with that form; you will no longer pervade that brain; you are alive in the realm of spirit."

Then, oh! such vast areas as seemed to sweep before my vision. The sun-kissed rainbow that crowned the universe seemed throbbing and pulsing with light, and thoughts greater than I had dared to think in that house of clay came teeming through my mind with the realization that I was no longer an inhabitant of the dust, but an immortal human spirit.

Have you ever been in the confines of a closed room, or in the mines in the depths of the earth, scarcely able to breathe from an atmosphere so close and damp? If you have, you know what it is when you set your feet upon the broad, green earth, and can breathe the air of heaven and see the mountains beyond, and all the bright verdure, and know that you are free. Not one thousandth part of this freedom was ever felt by me before!—not one millionth part of this great joy! I seemed to be let loose from the fetters of the dust; seemed to let something fall that was a clod, and entered the realm that was my native element.

Have you ever let a bird free from the cage where it was reluctant to sing its song, and then heard it warble in its native air? Have you set free a soul that was in sorrow or in bondage in the earth-life, weighted down with human cares and, perhaps, with poverty and want? Then you know something of the great tide of freedom that swept in and through my consciousness.

It seemed to me that the chain of thought was limitless; it seemed to me that retrospect and prophecy were one; it seemed to me that all the things seen or done by me were before my consciousness, and each unworthy act burned into my soul with a bitter pang; and much that I had done was brought to my consciousness with added joy, for there were those who seemed to think I had done them good. Whomsoever had been helped by me in any way came toward me with added love, and upon whomsoever there had been bestowed a benefaction, even with my feeble earth-hands and brain, that benefaction seemed doubled a thousand fold. Everything that bordered upon selfishness; everything in human life whatsoever that I had thought or done came before me as a part and portion of my spiritual inheritance; came before me like children saying, "I am yours; you have thought me; you have acted me;" and if it is not worthy it proves a shadow and a barrier to my further joy in this realm of spirit.

So I find myself here upon the threshold of immortal life; not with any great spiritual possessions, for I had none; not with much understanding of the life that opens up before me, for I did not have it. But I find that the dreams that I dreamed, even from early youth and manhood, and the great tides of hope that have uplifted me, even in the hour of contact with mortal death, are realities, and this the fulfillment of that hope in the reunion of beloved friends, and the fulfillment of that aspiration and dream in the great realm upon which I have entered.

I cannot tell you, as other spirits can, of added experiences in the spirit state. They must come to me. I must wait until the last sorrow has been hushed; until the tears over the casket are dried; must wait until I can take up the great inheritance of spirit life worthily and understand its true value and meaning.

But friends, I realize at this moment; in this the first hours of my spiritual existence, that I am not separated from my kind because of death, and hasten to remove any barrier that a word or thought of mine may have placed upon the mind of any of you concerning that future life.

I retract no word ever spoken by me concerning the degrading nature of theological fear; retract no word ever spoken by me against that fear which enthralls mankind and refuses to let him go free in the realm of thought and active human life. But the difference between the theological heaven and hades, and this realm into which I have now entered, is the difference between darkness and light; between death and life; between annihilation and existence forever. I still say, as often in human life, that between the hades of orthodox theology and the limited heaven into which only a privileged few could enter, give me hades, for my friends would be there. But we are not there; we are neither in hades nor the burning pit, nor are we in the heaven that would dwarf our hearts' sensibilities by a selfish immortality based upon the foundation of perishing souls. We are in the midst of the universe of boundless life; we are in the midst of all the souls in the universe which are related to us; we clasp hands with infinite and eternal possibilities; we approach the great mountains of life, which are spiritual thoughts, and there, sun-kissed and sun-crowned, with the immortal splendor of truth stretching far away before my vision, and ever and anon turning earthward for the consolation of those who are in human life, stretching far away, are these wonderful legions of spiritual consciousness. I see them, rank and file in serried columns, advance—not like armies of might upon an unsuspecting world, but with messages of peace, joy and love divine.

In my feeble way; at this time and at this hour, I promise you that I will enjoy no heaven; will depart to no far-off realm; will not separate myself from human existence, until I, too, have made people aware that death is not death, but eternal life.

TRIBUTE TO INGERSOLL.

A light has gone over the border—
Brave Ingersoll goes to his home;
His heaven and God set in order,
In Nature's bright fields he will roam.

The seed has been sown by his valor,
Majestic and simple and grand,
And rooted, deep rooted the harvest
Through the length and the breadth of the land.

Oh, life! with the gait of a giant
That thunders with cannon and guns,
You know, in the glorious presence,
The light that shines down from the suns.

And cycling the paths of the ages,
Where heroes their victories won,
See! Ingersoll's name gilds the pages
In the land of our own Washington.

Oh, people! wake up to the rescue
From ignorance, crime and despair;
Each heart-beat will make for the future;
Each feeling and thought is our care.

The angels are guiding your conscience,
And watching to guard earth's ball;
Let us each work for all like our brother,
The great and the good Ingersoll.

MRS. S. A. R. VAN BLARCOM, in Progressive Thinker.

The Old and the New.

Editorial Review of an Epic Poem by Addie L. Ballou.

We have before us a handsomely-printed and bound volume of poems, of 238 pages, entitled "Driftwood," by Addie L. Ballou. It contains a large collection of poems covering nearly the whole gamut of human experience; but we have been particularly impressed with a short epic entitled "The Old and the New," from which we will give a few extracts to illustrate its lessons. It begins:—

As dark as the shore-hidden lake of Avernus,
When storm-crouching clouds run the billows before,
While a spectre leads onward wherever we turn us,
Where, forever recoiling, the voice of the thunder
Makes moan till the caverns seem riven asunder,
Recur to my thought the strange visions of old,
And the rythm of the story the sages have told
Wails out like a sob on the night evermore.

This is followed by several verses picturing the gloomy conditions of man in the dark ages, and showing how he was tortured and persecuted by priestly bigots and priest-moved potentates simply because he dared to think. The author then passes into the present and future, showing a more hopeful and happy condition for mankind, while illustrating the lessons of sorrow. Here are some excerpts from the closing verses:

Thus backward in shadow, my sad soul, reviewing,
Wove dark in the background the woof of the old,
With naught but the sorrowful measure construing,
And all discontent that my tho't could engender;
And naught in the present seemed blissful or tender.
Then the plume of a sceptre my vision o'erdrew;
An angel rebuked me,—"See, here is the new!"
And traced on the meshes in letters of gold.

And where perished the prestige of leader or nation,
There uprose, like a phœnix, illumined and white,
Transfigured in death, into life's consummation.
And they who have patiently suffered their losses,
Have dared to do right, still enduring their crosses;
And they who for love of their fellows have died,
Who with right on their shields have all error defied,
As the stars, shine forever as guides of the night,

Till upborne, and upborne on the purple of morning,
With shafts of gray splendor is illumined the day,
And the wrecks of the ages in glory adorning,
Till in peans of gladness all nature is voicing,
And the wail of the weeper is lost in rejoicing.

* * * * *

So placid and blue is the ocean eternal,
Where an island of souls lies forever and fair,
Where the palm trees of hope blossom deathless and vernal,
Where the sands of the ages in bright heaps are drifted,
And the domes of the city immortal are lifted,
And white ships lift anchor, and pass and repass,
Trail silent their sails o'er its bosom of glass,
And the mariner knows never tempest or care.

And ever and aye, when our hearts are aweary
With sorrows too heavy for mortals to bear,
And the deserts of life become arid and dreary,
When our hearts have grown bitter with constantly breaking,
Lo! our angels return with love's sweet undertaking;
And soft as the falling of snow upon snows,
As the wing of the bee o'er the heart of the rose.
Is the tread of their feet on life's love-lighted stair.

And we know that, whatever life's withering sorrow,
The good shall survive, that our dead live again!
O'er the darkest of nights wakes a happier morrow,
And wrongs of the old in the new shall be righted,
And might with the right shall be justly united.
The world shall have learned it is better to give;
Through cycles eternal the spirit shall live;
And forever the angels are walking with men.

Charles Dawbarn and His Critics.

It is curious to note how many scholarly critics there are who have attacked Mr. Dawbarn upon a theory which he has never intentionally advocated. it is true that he has made an assertion which, taken by itself, would make him deny "spirit memory of earth-life," but when the article containing that statement is read as a whole, it is plain that he meant nothing of the kind. What he really MEANT was that spirits WHEN COMMUNICATING are in an abnormal state and at that time have no clear memory, except in rare cases; yet in their normal condition, as a spirit, the memory is clear and unimpaired. This theory is corroborated by Spirit George Pelham, through Mrs. Piper, as is shown on the next page of this issue in an article from Light, London.

We quote the following from Mr. Dawbarn's recent reply to his critics in the Banner of Light and Progressive Thinker:

Here is one of my critics beseeching me to seek spiritual truths from two celebrated mediums, and of course to stop these scientific examinations, which he terms "fads." So to oblige him, and for my own benefit, I will apply to Mrs. Richmond and to Prof. Clegg Wright for information direct from headquarters as to whether I must perforce return to earth and live all over again one or more mortal experiences. To my sorrow and perplexity one says "yes" and the other says "no." Yet these "grand instruments" are to be my guides into spirit facts, according to my critic. But he assures me that is only a trifling difference. They really agree on some other questions of fact. I have no doubt of it. But how is it when other spirits, through other mediums, contradict them both? For instance, there is the control of F. A. Wiggin, whose lecture "Features of Spirit Life," apppeared in the Banner of Light of April 29. The subject attracted me. I am anxious for just such knowledge, so I at once became a humble student. The spirit talker began quite rationally from our standpoint, but soon ran wild. He told us there were two kinds of memory —one which lasts, and one which doesn't. For fear this should not be sufficiently startling, the worthy spirit next informs us that never in a single instance has man the mortal done anything of consequence or made any invention save by spirit aid and direction. Even this pill is too homeopathic, so he provided one several sizes larger by telling us that spirits—good spirits, mind you—planned and originated VIVISECTION. Their amiable object was to disgust mortal man with doctors. What the dogs and rabbits gained by it is left untold. It happens that Bro. Tuttle and his talented wife are especially interested in protecting animals from cruelty, so I prophesy that if they could get at those spirits for just half an hour, there would be silence in heaven for a whole week. Yet he should remember this is part of the fifty years' teachings of spirits which he accuses me of overturning. It is true the rest of that lecture was of the usual "good, gooder, goodest" variety. But surely there is harmony of teachings somewhere. Suppose we turn to Hudson Tuttle himself who enters before high heaven his complaint of my irreverent attacks upon spirit teachings that are fifty years old. For fifty years, through himself, the spirits have proclaimed that there are no animals in heaven. (When I am thus speaking of "heaven," of course I mean the spirit world.) Now I should like to attack such teachings a little more, every time I think of a pet dog of mine. But the strange thing about it is that almost every other spirit I have ever talked to or read denies the statement given through Bro. Tuttle. Surely no more such illustrations are needed to show that those who would send me to spirits for sublime teachings are really offering me a first-class wild-goose chase. The world is demanding that these contradictions shall be analyzed. I for one have accepted the task. I want "truth." I want it with my whole soul, but I have yet to learn that it is to be found in an excursion among mediums who flatly contradict one another.

Both Spirit and Medium Abnormal.

So Says Spirit Pelham through Mrs. Piper.

(From Light, London, England).

The subject of mediumship is always with us. Its mysteries, possibilities, perplexities, and limitations engage our most serious attention. Among the writers who have devoted considerable thought to the philosophy of spirit control, its nature and extent, Mr. Charles Dawbarn takes a prominent place. He advocates a theory which was ably summarised by Mr. Ernest S. Green in a recent issue of the Banner of Light as follows:

"Mr. Dawbarn assumes three states of consciousness: (1) the material world in which mortals dwell; (2) the sphere where the immortals have their abode, and (3) an intermediary sphere of consciousness where the two worlds meet.

"The argument is this: The medium is unconscious to mortal surroundings when in the trance condition, but conscious in the intermediary state, while the communicating spirit is also conscious in the intermediary state, but unconscious to the spirit-sphere to which it belongs; in other words, both are communicating in an abnormal condition, though normal in the sphere in which they meet. Both take with them indistinct memories from their normal spheres, much as we take memories of the day into our dreams of the night.

"Now comes the explanation of the mystery: These two instruments—one from the mortal and one from the spirit side—while in their abnormal, sensitive condition, are subject to thought-waves or will-force exerted from either the spirit or mortal spheres, and what they receive in these thought-waves they are likely to believe to be their own thoughts or memories, whereas they emanate from many sources, both on the mortal and immortal planes of being, hence the confusion. When all interested thoughts on both the mortal and immortal side are harmonious and negative, then—and not till then—shall we have perfect communication with the immortals."

This theory accords with the testimony of Dr. Hodgson's spirit friend, called George Pelham, through Mrs. Piper's mediumship, as pointed out in the article on "States of Consciousness," on page 347 [of Light].

The following extracts tend still further to enforce the accuracy of the claim that the spirits are frequently groping in the dark, so to speak, when they try to communicate with us:—

"'Pelham,' and other spirits, often complain of lack of str engtli, say they can't hear, or break off suddenly with the remark, 'I must go now.' 'Pelham' has tried continually to explain his present mode of life, and the scientific basis of immortality. He once wrote:—

"'Remember we have, and always shall have, our friends in the dream life in your life, so to speak, which will attach us forever and ever, and so long as we have any friends sleeping in the material world. You to us are more like, as we understand, sleep. You look shut up, as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you we have to get into your sphere, as one like yourself, asleep. This is just why we make mistakes, as you call them. Yes, you see, I am more awake than asleep. Yet I cannot come just as I am in reality, independently of the medium's light.'"

A Wet Blanket from the New York World.

Some obscurantist connected with the New York World has contributed the following wet blanket:—

"Supposing Prof. Hyslop, Dr. Minot J. Savage and other believers in the possibility of establishing regular communications with the dead are right. Is it desirable?

"Emanuel Swedenborg was just as positve and far more circumstantial about it. John and Charles Wesley, founders of Methodism, heard often from the other world. Lord Chancellor Brougham left a written record of his interview with the shade of a dead friend. Editor William T. Stead, of London, is as satisfied as Dr. Savage that the dead come back and talk with the living.

"And yet—is it desirable?"

And that is the thing offered to New York! It is "the voice of the sluggard." It is worse: it is the voice of the Dark Ages.—Light, London, England.

Bryant as a Spiritualist.

In the last issue of the Dawn we requested some of our readers to supply us with the name of the author of the famous quatrain, beginning, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and as a result learned that the lines occurred in a poem called "The Battle-Field," by William Cullen Bryant. We at once visited the Public Library and secured a volume of his poems, which, though mostly written before the advent of Modern Spiritualism, we found to be full of accounts of visions, dreams, and Indian legends of communion with the departed, as well as an expression of his own belief in the spiritual philosophy in a poem on "The Future Life." Following is an example of his method of putting current psychic events in rhyme. It is the story of a father and son who stepped under a tree to await the passing of a shower, and is called "A Presentiment."

"Oh father, let us hence—for hark,
A fearful murmur shakes the air;
The clouds are coming swift and dark;—
What horrid shapes they wear!
A winged giant sails the sky:
Oh father, father, let us fly!"

"Hush, child; it is a grateful sound,
That beating of the summer shower;
Here, where the boughs hang close around,
We'll pass a pleasant hour,
Till the fresh wind, that brings the rain,
Has swept the broad heaven clear again."

"Nay, father, let us haste—for see,
That horrid thing with horned brow—
His wings o'erhang this very tree;
He scowls upon us now;
His huge black arm is lifted high;
Oh father, father, let us fly!"

"Hush, child;"—but, as the father spoke,
Downward the livid firebolt came;
Close to his ear the thunder broke,
And, blasted by the flame,
The child lay dead; while dark and still
Swept the grim cloud along the hill.

In "The Hunter's Vision" Bryant tells of a hunter who had sat down to rest on a cliff, when—

He looked, and twixt the earth and sky,
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.

* * * * * *

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain—
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died:

Bounding, as was her wont, she came.
Right toward his resting-place,
And stretched her hand and called his name
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise;

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
An instant in his fall;
A frightful instant—and no more,—
The dream and life at once were o'er.

Evidenly he lived long enough to tell his vision.—ED.

Index to Journals of the Month.

Leading Articles of the Month Likely to be of Interest to Our Readers.

☞ The prices given are for single copies. The prices of foreign periodicals are their equivalent in U. S. currency, including postage to U. S.

Reviews in the English Language.

THE ADEPT, Minneapolis, Minn.—Monthly.—5 cts.

Sept.—Forecast for September. The Idea of Evolution, by J. C. Chatterji. Creation, by W. H. Chaney. The Living Truth, by Common Sense. Universal Planetary Positions, by Fredrick White.

BANNER OF LIGHT Boston, Mass.—Weekly.—10 cts.

Aug. 5.—Spirit Memory, by Charles Dawbarn. Spirit Guides, by Major A. M. Bellasis. Do Fake Mediums Exist—a circular advertising fake supplies and receipts, reproduced, suppressing name of venders.

Aug. 12.—Dangers and Blessings of Investigation, by F. P. de Gournay. Usual Letter from Abby A. Judson, etc.

Aug. 26.—The Greatness of the Minute,or the Higher Forces, by E. D. Babbitt—a discourse delivered before the Theosophical Society of Los Angeles.

Sept. 2.—Psychical Research—Limitation in Spirit Return, by Lilian Whiting, from Coming Age for August. Spiritual Work, by E. J. Bowtell. Why we are Undersized, by Annie S. Clark. Psychism—Dr. Gibier's Treatise. Baron Du Prel. Exposing Wrong. The Local Societies.

Sept. 9.—Steps in Spiritual Experience, by Charles Dawbarn. Echoes from England, by J. J. Morse. A Letter from Camille Flammarion and a translation of an interview with him from La Revue Spirite. The National Convention.

Sept. 16.—Marion Goldsboro; or What one Woman Accomplished,a psychic novel by Carlyle Petersilea. An Ideal Reality, by Bertha J. French, and the usual weekly letter from Abby A. Judson.

THE COMING AGE, Copley Square, Boston Mass.—Monthly.—20 cts.

Sept.—Edwin Markham and the New Conscience, by B. O. Flower. The Poems of Emerson, by Charles Malloy. Emanuel Swedenborg, by Ruth Gibson. The Evolution of Man, by M. F. Brooks, D. D. S. Dreams and Visions, by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider.

THE DAWNING LIGHT, San Antonio, Tex.—Weekly.—5 cts.

Aug. 27.—Yarcus, an Eastern Romance (continued). Ever Upward (Poem), by R. H. Kneeshaw. Under the Stars (Poem), by Cynic. Human Needs, by Naida. Her Husband's Spirit, from the Young Ladies' Journal.

Sept. 3.—Self-Abnegation, by Wm. Ellery Channing. Programme of Texas Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

Sept. 10.—Obsession, by Spirit Festus. Psychic Class Department, conducted by John Ring.

Sept. 17.—The River, (Poem), by Lucy Larcom. An Adventutre in West Texas, by W. H. Carey. Psychic Class Department, and Yarcus, continued.

THE FLAMING SWORD, 314 W. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill,—Weekly.—5c.

Aug. 18.—A Study in Cerebral Anatomy. The Individual Man. The Race Problem. Education of Children. The Famous Dreyfus Case. Volcanoes and Earthquakes. Conscious Atoms. Editorial Topics.

Aug. 25.—Physiology of the Brain and Law of Cerebral Circulations. Fundamentals of Psychology. The Scientific Prophet. Overcoming Death.

Sept. 1.—Analysis of Cerebral Functions. Fundamental Koreshan Phrenology and Psychology. The Coming Messiah.

Sept. 8.—Intellectual Illumination a Proof of Successive Re-embodiment.

Sept. 15.—Structure and Function of the Human Brain, Part IV. What would Jesus do to Reform the World? by Prof. O. F. L'Amoreaux, Ph. D. In Editorial Perspective, by Prof. U. G. Morrow.

THE HUMANITARIAN, 3, Henrietta Street, Convent Garden, London, W. C.—Monthly.—10 cts.

Aug.—Outdoor Exercise for Women, by Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. Mind and Morals in Animals and Savages. Hands as an Index to National Character.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT, Austral Building, Collins Street East Melbourne, Australia.—Monthly.—12 cts.

July.—The New Spiritualism. Spirit Spheres. The Conqueror's Dream. Time and Space Annihilated, by Ernest S. Green.

Aug.—The Latest Anti-Spiritualistic Theory. Hudson's Argument for Immortality. The Condition and Occupation of the Dead.

HUMAN NATURE, San Francisco, Cal.—Monthly.—5 cts.

Sept.—Departed—a sketch with Phrenological Delineation of Ingersoll. History Repeated, by C. P. Holt.

LIGHT, 110 St. Martin's Lane, London, W. C.—Weekly.—5 cts.

Aug. 5.—Notes by the Way. Spirit Teachings, through the mediumship of W. Stainton Moses. Trance and Inspirational Speaking, by G. H. Bibbings.

Aug. 12.—A Real Ghost Photograph. German Psychical Journals. Original Constitution of the Theosophical Society.

Aug. 19.—Trance and Inspirational Speaking, by Mrs. M. H. Wallis. Will Mediumship Disappear? An Ancient Scientific Religion. Experiments in Crystal Gazing, by our old friend, Reginald B. Span, now of Salcombe, S. Devon, England.

Aug. 26.—Belief in Witchcraft. Conditions of Spirit Communion, by Dr. Hodgson. The Dying of Death.

Sept. 2.—Supplement portrait of Mrs. Leonora Piper; also the testimony of Dr.Hodgson, Prof. James and Minot J. Savage as to her proofs of spirit communion. Between the Animals and the Angels. Spiritualism a Leaven, not a Sect. Notice of the Harbinger of Dawn.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, Columbus, Ohio.—Weekly.—5 cts.

Aug. 12.—Portrait of Willard J. Hull, the Editor. Some of my Psychic Experiences, by Moses Hull. Vision of Joseph Hoag. Does Death Destroy Memory? by Lois Waisbrooker.

Aug. 19.—Portrait of Camille Flammarion. The School of Psychic Philosophy Celebrates July 4th on its own Grounds in New York. Last words of Poets.

Aug. 26.—Clairvoyance—What it is and what it is not. Apollonius of Tyana, or the "Pagan Christ," by John Rutherford. Shaker Psychic Experiences, by G. B. Stebbins. The Testimony of the Mystics, by J. P. Cook,

Sept. 2.—Portrait of B. O. Flower, editor of the Coming Age. Beyond the Range of the Senses, by B. F. Underwood. Process of Dying, by C. W. Hodgson.

Sept. 9.—Portrait of H. W. Boozer. A Study in Apparational Mediumship, by H. W. Boozer. A Declaration of Principles, by Prof. J. S. Loveland.

Sept. 16.—Spiritualism in the Bible, by Ira Moore Courlis. Strange Case of Obsession, by G.H.Scofield.

THE LYCEUM, 1905 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.—Weekly.—5 cts.

Aug. 26.—Paul Felden, by Hudson Tuttle. Song of Angels (Poem), by Jas. C. Underhill. Tragic Story of Tom and Fred. Too Beautiful to Kill.

Sept. 2.—The Ruined Hearth, by Hudson Tuttle. Life in the Spirit Land, by "Etta," thro' J. H. Young, medium. Flying under Water.

Sept. 9.—Crispus, Son of Constantine, by Hudson Tuttle. The Journey of Death, by Hudson Tuttle.

Sept. 23.—Waiting by the Gates of Paradise, by Hudson Tuttle. By the Seaside, by Sydney Dayre. A Little Hero. What William Henry Did, J.L.Harbour. The Drummer's Last Call.

THE LYCEUM BANNER, 26 Osnaburg St., London, N. W.—Monthly —5c

Sept.—In "Dutchland," by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader. Lord of Himself. Our Guardian Angels. Lyceum Recitations. Sunday School vs. Spiritual Lyceum—a dialogue. The Golden Group, conducted by Aunt Editha.

THE MEDIUM, Los Angeles, Cal.—Weekly.—5 cts.

Aug. 10.—Practical Palmistry, by Prof. Segno, (beginning a Series). Amy Lester, by Carlyle Petersilea, (continued). The Co-operative Spiritual Workers, by Carlyle Petersilea. The Woman from Jupiter.

Aug. 24.—The Homes Over There, by H.H. Hutcheson. Sunday Meetings, etc.

Aug. 31.—My Favorite Theme, by T. B. Cotton.

Sept. 7.—Co-operation, by Karl Falk. Co-operative Spiritual Workers. Sunday Meetings.

Sept. 14.—Oh. its Efficacy, by Ella Lucy Merriam. Harmonial Camp-Meeting.

MIND, Alliance Pub. Co., Life Bldg., New York.—Monthly.—10 cts.

Sept.—Eliminative and Constructive Mentation, by Jos. Stewart, LL. M. A Defense of the New Thought, by Horatio W. Dresser. Bodily Immortality and the New Thought, by Paul Tyner. New Problems of Immortality, by Austin Bierhauer. The New Education, by Jas. U. Spence.

THE MORNING STAR, Loudsville, Ga.—Monthly.—5 cts.

Aug.—Fragments Upon the Soul. Ancient and Modern Prophecies (concluded).

Sept.—The Vision of Imaum Mahidi. The Voice of the Christ, by Willis F. Whitehead. Hints to Attain and Preserve Bodily Symmetry, by Wm. Sharpe, M. D., (continued from Aug. No.).

OCCULT TRUTHS, 943 Mass. Ave., Washington, D. C.—Monthly,—10 cts

Aug.—Portrait of W. J. Colville. The Rosicrucians. The Mystical Name or Word. To Experience Psychic Phenomena. Psychic Phenomena.

PROGRESSIVE THINKER. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.—Weekly.—5 cts

Aug. 12.—The Intuitional Life, by the Rev. Holmes Slade. Religion and Science—a reconciliation effected, by A. Chesboro.

Aug. 19.—Dr. Peebles reviews Moses Hull's "Friendly Review" of his book—"The Christ Question Settled." Heart-Cry of Ingersoll's Family, by Helen H. Gardner.

Aug. 26.—Man Immortal—a series of discourses by D. W. Hull. What Shall be done about Fraud in Mediumship? by E. W. Gould.

Sept. 2.—Where we have Come; Whence we have come; and why we are here, a discourse by Cora L. V. Richmond. Nature's Teachings, an address by Judge J. M. Kennedy. Spirit Control, by Dr. Max Muehlenbruch.

Sept. 9.—Mediumship, a lecture by J. Clegg Wright. Ethics of Socrates, by E. J. Shellhaus, M. D. Barbara Roschlau, the Human Magnet, from Cleveland, (O.) World.

Sept. 16.—Steps in Spiritual Experience, by Charles Dawbarn. Our Sister Planets, are they Inhabited by Mortal Beings, an address by Hon. A. B. Richmond. Studies in Spiritual Thought, by J. C. Underhill. New Spiritualistic Enterprises.

Sept 23.—What is Spiritualism? a lecture by Mrs. Helen Palmer Russegue. Birds and Animals in Spirit Life—Birds as Prophets. Steps, etc., by Charles Dawbarn, concluded.

THE PROPHET, Oaklyn, N. J.—Monthly.—5 cts.

Aug.—Greeting and Some Principles to Live By (Poem), by the editor, Kenneth Sylven Guthrie. The Greek "Pilgrim's Progress." The Picture of Kebes. First Degree Manual. A Sequel to the Book of Acts. Solar-Plexus Persons. The Parable of the Bicycle Instructor.

THE PSYCHIC DIGEST, Cleveland, O.—Monthly.—10 cts.

Aug.—The Mental Cause and Cure of Disease. Hints in the Practice of Suggestive Therapeutics. The Dynamics of Silence. Hypnotic Method of Producing Telepathic Phenomena. Telepathy or Clairvoyance, Which? Sources of Psychic Phenomena.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, San Francisco, Cal.—Weekly—5c

Aug. 10.—Portrait of Flammarion and his denial that he had abandoned Spiritualism, from Paris Figaro and New York Journal.

Aug. 17.—Lincoln's Prophetic Dream, by Sara A. Underwood. Some Questions Answered, by Ulysis G. Figley. Organization, by Herman Snow.

Aug. 24.—Prof. Falb's Predictions. About the Hereafter, by A. H. Nicholas. Truth, by W. T. Jones. One Truth of Spiritualism, by "Stella B."

Aug. 31.—Wonderful Little Girl. Automatic Writing, by Mrs. M. Klein. Deep Breathing, by Mrs. Jessie White.

Sept. 7.—Seen in a Magic Mirror, and other interesting clippings from the press. Divine Spiritual Atmosphere, by Mrs. M. Klein. The Power of Will. California State Convention. Mental Science in Spiritualism, by M. S. Norton. The Slavery of Custom, by A. H. Nicholas.

Sept. 21.—Breathing for Development, by Joseph Rodes Buchanan. Mediumship Forty Years Ago, by Herman Snow. The State Convention.

THE SUNFLOWER, Lily Dale, N. Y.—Semi-monthly.—5 cts.

Sept. 15.—The Three Known Spheres of Adeptship, by Julian Segundo de Ovies, with portrait of author. Dedicatory Address at the First Spiritual Church, Battle Creek, Michigan, by J. M. Peebles, M. D.

THE TORCH, 27 Claypit Lane, Leeds.—Weekly.—3 cts.

Aug. 26.—Conformity and Conscience. Spiritualism Cut and Dried. Torchlets.

THE TWO WORLDS, 18, Corporation St., Manchester, Eng.—Weekly.—5c

Aug. 4.—What are Dreams? by Annie Bessant. Colonel Ingersoll—a brief biography. Light Through Darkness, or, the Gypsie's Prophecy, by Mrs. H. M. Rathburn. A Ghost in a Liverpool Hospital. The Human Form Divine, by William Sharpe, M. D.

Aug. 18.—Spiritualism—its Utility. Two Voices from the Scriptures. Theosophy or Spiritualism—which?

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT AND UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC, Portland, Oregon.—Monthly.—5 cts.

Sept.—Harping. The Church Universal. Key Tho'ts. The World's Advance-Thought Free Reading Room. The Oversoul and the Mystics. A Prophetic Vision.

The French Reviews.

LE SPIRITUALISME MODERNE, 16 Rue Seguir, Paris—Semi-monthly.—10c

Aug. 10.—The Necessity of Education, by Beaudelot. Some Hypotheses upon the Origin of Beings according to Occult Teachings. Spiritualism from a Scientific Standpoint. Voices from the Beyond.

Aug. 25.—General Principles of the Spiritual Philosophy, by M. Leon Denis.

LA TRIBUNE PSYCHIQUE, Rue Chateau d'Eau, Paris.—Monthly.—15c

Aug.—M. Camille Flammarion and Spiritualism, by Dr. L. Moutin. The Universal Spiritual Federation—its Origin and its Aim. Effluviography—colored plates, by Commandant Tegrad A Review of Gabriel Delanne's "The Immortal Soul," by Ernest Breen.

Sept.—Psychic Records. Flammarion and Spiritualism.

German Periodicals.

LICHTSTRAHLEN (Rays of Light), West Point, Neb.—Weekly.—5c,

Aug. 9.—Spiritualism in Texas—letter from the editor, Max Gentzke, who was on a lecturing tour for the German Spiritualists of Texas. Mme. de Ferreim. Illustration of Supersensitiveness.

Aug. 16.—Demonstration of Clairvoyance by an animal.

Aug. 23.—"What Fools these Mortals Be?" by J. Meives. The Psychical Condition of Mediums, by Albert Kneipf, of Hamburg.

Sept 2.—Psychism, Analysis of things that Are, by Dr. Paul Gibier. Spiritualism in Texas, by Max Gentzke. Baron Karl du Prel. Somnabulism, by Willy Reichel, the well-known German magnetiseur.

Sept. 16.—Is there an Eternal Sunrise? an address before the Copernicus Circle of Brooklyn, N. Y., by H. Handrich.

Spanish Journals.

LA REVELACION, Calle de Deluvio, 23 dup., principal, Alicante, Spain.—Monthly.—10 cents.

August.—Victor Hugo as a Spiritualist. Our Select Library Judged by the Press. News Items.

Italian Exchanges.

IL VESSILLO SPIRITISTA, Vercelli, Italy.—Monthly.—10 cts.

Sept.—Twelve Converts to the Theory of Life Beyond the Tomb, giving such names as Dr. Hodgson, Prof. Hyslop and other noted scientists. The editor has a fine notice in this issue of the Harbinger of Dawn, and sent us a copy of his book, "The Life of Jesus," a mediumistic work dictated to Signora X.

All Periodicals Received at this Office in the Line of Spiritualism, Psychic or Mental Science, Occultism, etc., will be noticed in these Columns, by quoting One or More Leading Articles. All Editors of such Periodicals are therefore kindly reqested to Exchange.

A Few Words About Our Premium, THE MYSTIC THESAURUS.

One of the Most Remarkable and Noteworthy Books of the Century.

The Mystic Thesaurus is not a bulky volume, except in startling demonstrations and facts that challenge the world of skeptical thought. It is a book that we believe would have enlisted the earnest attention of Ingersoll, the warm commendation of Beecher, the enthusiastic praise of Channing and Parker. It is claimed by some of our readers that this work contains in its modest size more EVIDENCE of the existence of the spiritual world and the relation of man thereto than any other book of the century. In fact it claims to mathematically demonstrate the claim of the old Rosicrucians and Cabalists that

THERE ARE THREE WORLDS—

the Natural World, the Human World, and the ASTRAL WORLD. Its method of demonstration is by means of that science which alone obtainsin these three worlds—the science of number. As 2 and 2 make 4 throughout Infinity, so 2 and 2 must make four through all the worlds of Infinity. There is a science of spiritual mathematics as well as a science of material mathematics. Building carefully, step by step, the author proves that an Astral World exists and that many truths which the clergy have preached for hundreds of years are demonstrable facts. He has no theory hid beneath a mass of abstruse and technical words, but gives in language readily understood by all, the steps that lead from the self-evident basic truths of Nature to the ultimate fruition of the soul's immortality and the dawn of the Cosmic Era of mankind. What hundreds of thousands of divines have failed to prove, he here puts in incontestible form. What man constantly asks himself he here answers satisfactorily and conclusively.

If we were to analyze all the so-called occult orders and take therefrom the pure gold we desire, we would have little as compared to the wealth of

INITIATORY EXPOSITION

this book affords. As an illustration of its many expositions we here give the following extracts regarding the Great Astral Number and Magic Square of 142857 and some things the author says concerning it:—

HOW NATURE AND NUMBER EVOLVE 142857.

"Seven, being the sum of the Primary Numbers, is a diameter of ALL number. A diameter OF 7 has a circumference, in whole numbers, of 22. The action of life is a dividing of this circumference of 22 by its diameter of 7, resulting as: 3.142857,142857,142857 ∞,—the residium eternally repeating 142857.

"Seven is the number of the week days, the planets, the colors, and the notes of music. It therefore corresponds to Nature and her primary harmonic scale. When numbers of SEVEN places are made to represent time, space, matter, law, motion and form, their exact correspondence to each other will be shown by such numbers. Seven, therefore, interprets Nature.....

"The Earth and Planets give the eight great bodies that revolve around our Sun. The sum of their conjunctions is 28, or 4 times 7, and, starting them in line together at the first point of Aries, their several solar movements cause conjunctions that give, in the sums of their periods, the number 142857,142857,142857 ∞.

"This number, 142857, is the numerical expression of life, light and love. It is a number formed by the sum of the primary numbers working or evolving through all other number. The three primaries represent the Infinite principles of POWER, GOODNESS and JUSTICE They exist through all time, permeate all space, and act in all matter. They fill all space with Light, all time with Life, and all matter with Love. Their combined action constantly expresses this number. Every motion is a part of its infinite movement and every form is a part of its infinite shape. It is the number of Eternal Evolution of the Infinite Cosmos. Thus it is made evident that 'to every thing there is a SEASON, and a TIME to every purpose under Heaven.'"

Later on the author gives the mathematical rule for finding the Magic Square, 142857, and among other things concerning it he says:—

"The square, being in perfect accord with every part of the Cosmos, must elementally hold within itself the solution of every numerical problem of Nature, and is thus the UNIVERSAL SOLVENT. It Squares the Circle."

THE BOOK OF HERMES.

One very scholarly part of the work is found under the caption of "THE ASTRAL BROTHERHOOD." Here will be found, in a very concise and condensed form, the most remarkable and trustworthy account of the Book of Hermes extant. This book is KNOWN to the entire world. The persons who can read it understandingly may be summed up on the fingers of one hand. It is partially read by thousands, however, and each one knows it is the valid book of Hermes—a book that contains every secret of the ancient mysteries, and the secrets of the later Rosicrucian fraternity. The author gives a number of keys to the book which can be readily procured wherever cards are sold, for the ordinary pack of playing cards is the natural part of this wonderful book. It is safe to say that the origin, purpose and history of cards, as we know them, is here given for the FIRST time by any author of history.

The Mystic Thesaurus is full of Astral Science and Philosophy. To keep up with the great wave of astral knowledge now sweeping resistlessly over the globe, no earnest searcher, student, or spiritually-inclined mind can afford to be without it.

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Remarkable Record of a Seer.

The Religio-Philsophical Journal, San Francisco, says:

Out of three groups of prophecies recorded by Dr. Max Muehlenbruch in the Philosophical Journal within the past year, so many have been fulfilled with such accuracy of detail that Spiritualists as well as investigators, in all parts of the world, became sufficiently interested in his powers to write him for psychometric readings on a lock of hair, ore, etc.

As a result of these readings to total strangers, he has hundreds of letters filled with enthusiasm and astonishment at the remarkable results.

The Doctor also has a large number of letters acknowledging his accuracy in the diagnosis of disease from lock of hair, by mail, without any symptom, age, or sex being given, and regarding his treatment of diseases thus diagnosed. These diseases he treats with a variety of strange-smelling herbs, which are gathered from the mountains, at a height of 6000 feet above sea level, and compounded under the direction of his guides who do the diagnosing.

Although less than four years before the public as a Psychic, Dr. Muehlenbruch numbers among his conversts a list of clergymen, M. D.'s, Ph. D's, LL. D.'s and other professional men, which is a record of which but few other Psychics can speak.

Light, of London, England, says:

We have had laid before us a very remarkable psychometric reading of life and character, by Dr. M. Muehlenbruch. We know the subject well. A very short letter was sent by him to the Doctor (P. O. Box 118, Oakland, Cal., U. S. A.) and he received in reply a letter covering six very large pages, giving a really astonishing summary of our friend's life, character and faculties.

Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

Noticing the high encomiums which appeared in the San Francisco exchanges on the psychometric powers of Dr. Max Muehlenbruch of Oakland, we sent a short note to him. We have just received his psychometric reading, which is certainly to us a demonstration of his lucidity as regards the past, also with regard to our temperaments and characteristics. There are at least eight distinct events in our past life referred to by the Doctor that have never appeared in print and half of these are not known of by our most intimate friends. We doubt if the few persons who knew of the other half at the time of their occurrence have any recollection of them now, as they occurred many years ago.

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