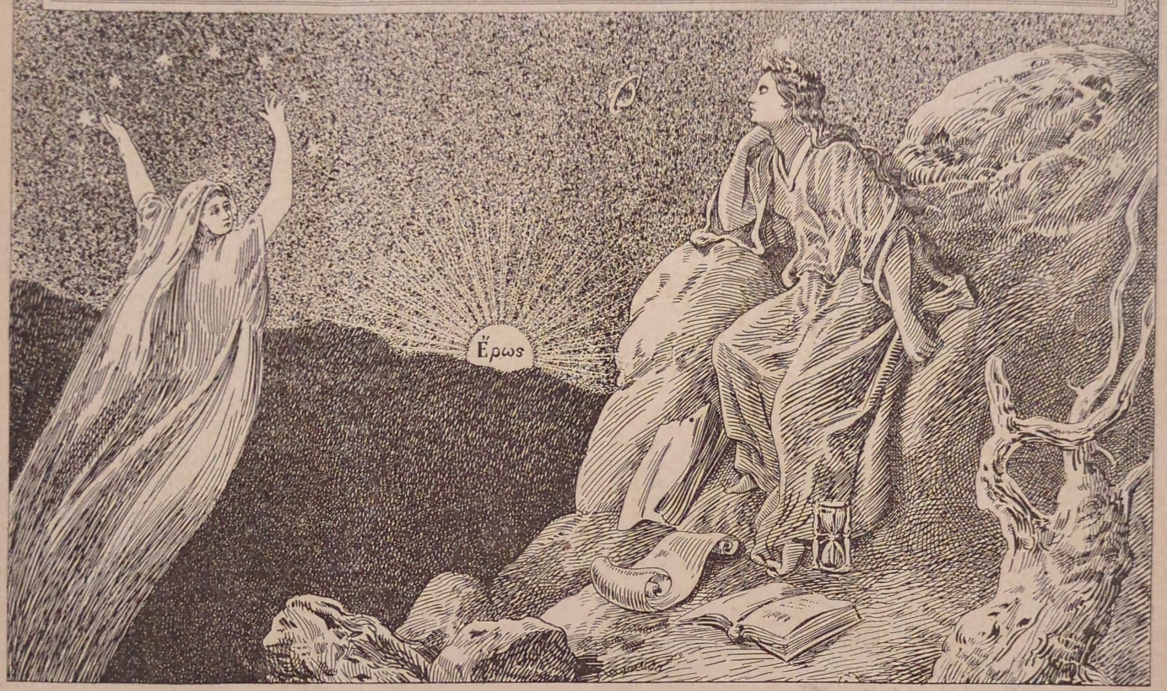
Crookes' Psychic Researches, Demonstrating 12 Classes of Phenomena.
The Fallen Pyramid, or, The Heart of the World, by Willis F. Whitehead.

THE HARBINGER OF DAWN,

A Monthly Review of Occult and Psychic Reviews,
and an Exponent of the Laws Of Life in Time and Eternity.



ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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☆THE☆MYSTIC☆THESAURUS☆

OR

Initiation in the Theoretical and Practical Secrets of

ASTRAL TRUTH AND OCCULT ART.

THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS:

★ THOUGHT TELEGRAPHY. ★ MIND RADIATION AND INSPIRATION. ★

AN INSPIRATIONAL CONCEPTION:

☆ A MESSAGE FROM THE STARS. ★ THE SYMBOLIC CONSTELLATION. ☆
★ RECITAL OF A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE. ★

INITIATIVE EXPOSITION:

★ NUMBER OF ENDLESS EVOLUTION. ★ THE OMNIFIC WORD, LONG ★
☆ LOST, REVEALED IN NUMBER AND GEOMETRY, AND ALSO ☆
★ IN CHEOPS AND THE MASTER. ★ ZODIAC AND SUN. ★

THE ASTRAL BROTHERHOOD:

☆ THE BOOK OF INTELLIGENCE, THE TAROT OF THE BOHEMIANS ☆
★ AND THE CLAVICLE OF SOLOMON. ★ THE INSTRUMENTS ★
☆ OF CEREMONIAL MAGIC OR SPIRITUAL CHEMISTRY. ☆

MESSAGE OF THE BROTHERHOOD:

★ WORK OF THE BROTHERHOOD. ★ THE ASTRAL AGE. ★ TEST OF ★
☆ BROTHERHOOD. ★ CRY OF THE EGO. ★ THE IDEAL LIFE. ☆
★ THE AURA OF POWER. ★ MYSTIC DEVELOPMENT. ★

THE MAGIC MIRROR:

☆ FULL MATERIALS, CONDITIONS AND PERSONAL PREPARATION, ☆
★ WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING AND MAG- ★
☆ NETIZING THE MIRROR. ★ HOW IT MUST BE KEPT. ☆

CELESTIAL COMPANIONSHIP:

★ NECESSARY OBSERVANCES IN DEVELOPING COMMUNICATION. ★
☆ METHODS OF THE BROTHERHOOD IN THE WORK. ★ FIRST ☆
★ APPEARANCES. ★ ASTRAL ADEPTSHIP ATTAINED. ★

"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 TRUE 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."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER ON "THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS."

Symbols and Symbolism.—The Mystic Symbol of the Zodiac, with Etching.—The Zodiacal Degrees, Quarters.—Houses, Triplicities and Quaternaries, Etc.—Agrippian Cross and Its Mysteries.—Wonderful Crown of Astral Sevens.—Planetary Life Periods.—Quarters of Life.—Book of Life.—The Twelve Polar Periods of the Line of Life.—Seal of Solomon.—The Geometric and Cosmic Word.—Numbers of Perfection.—Relations of Zodiac, Cross and Man, illustrated with Six Large Etchings of old, curious and rare Rosicrucian Symbols.

HOW TO MAKE AND USE THE MAGIC MIRROR.

The original message from the Astral Brotherhood on how to make and use the Magic Mirror for spiritual communion and psychic development, is given in this book supplemented by additional advice to inquirers upon points not fully understood.

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.

THE AUTHOR'S PERSONAL PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

Not the least interesting part of the book is the author's personal psychical experiences. Among them is a quatrain entitled, "A Message from the Stars," which, together with the beautiful symbolic interpretation given, is extremely interesting. The verse, without the interpretation, is as follows:—

I stood at eventide.
  The never-ending plain
All empty looked and void.
  Yet, as I gazed again,
An army bivouacked.
  Unnumbered points of light
Bespoke a force Supreme—
  Invincible for right.

THE NEW OCCULT MONTHLY.

We are glad to be able to announce that we have information from Chicago that the "Star of the Magi," the new Occult Monthly, edited by N. E. Wood, M. D., of Chicago, Ill., will be issued simultaneously with this number of the Harbinger of Dawn.

We understand that all our subscribers who have had the "Mystic Thesaurus" will receive the "Star of the Magi" one year free. This fact we did not make public in our first issue, but held it back for a pleasant surprise. It was understood, however, that the price would be advanced with the appearance of the first number of the "Star of the Magi," and as that time has arrrived, we make the following announcement:—

$3 worth of Occult Literature for $1.50.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—Our former Premium offer is hereby withdrawn, and the following is substituted:—

The Harbinger of Dawn one year; "The Mystic Thesaurus," and the "Star of the Magi," a new Occult Monthly Journal edited by N. E. Wood, M. D., at Chicago, one year,—all for $1.50. Address,

Ernest S. Green,

1804 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

THE HARBINGER OF DAWN

A REVIEW OF OCCULT AND PSYCHIC REVIEWS, and an Exponent of the LAWS OF LIFE IN ALL WORLDS OF TIME AND ETERNITY

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS:—One Year, 4s. 6d. With "Mystic Thesaurus" and the "Star of the Magi," edited by N. E. Wood M. D., for one year, 7s.
LONDON AGENT:—J. J. Morse, 26, Osnaburg Street, Euston Road, N W.
AUSTRALIAN AGENT:—W. H. Terry, Austral Buildings, Collins Street, East, Melbourne.

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Views from Our Watch-Tower.

Some Explanations.

Some of our readers have enquired why the picture upon our title-page was omitted last month. The reason for this was, that there had been much criticism upon certain gloomy features in the picture (which are characteristic of all of Dore's drawings) therefore, at the last moment we decided to omit it and have it re-drawn, eliminating the objectionable features and otherwise improving upon Dore's idea. This time it appears as it will permanently remain.

Another point demanding an explanation, is the change in date. We could never see any reason for dating magazines for the month following actual issue instead of the month preceding; hence we attempted to depart from the custom, but learned from the news companies that the people themselves were to blame. If they wish to purchase a magazine (even if it be at the beginning of the month) the magazine must be dated that month or they consider it a back number. As a large number of copies of each issue are sold through the news dealers, we have decided to conform to the custom of other magazines and issue the first of the month in which our periodical is dated. To do this we date this (No. 3) November instead of October. Our subscriptions are entered by volume and number, hence subscribers will not be affected by any change in date, as each will receive 12 copies for a year's subscription.

The Harbinger of Dawn to Become an Independent Psychic Researcher.

We propose to enter upon a series of independent investigations of psychic phenomena, and when we report our readers may rest assured that we will have discovered unquestionably genuine phenomena, which we will be able to PROVE in our report. We have for several years made a study of the numerous methods of counterfeiting all phases of the genuine phenomena by trickery, having witnessed the thorough exposures by A. B. Coonley, and having read the complete books of exposure by Messrs. Robinson and Garrison, in addition to what we have discovered in our own investigations during the past five years. It is true that our investigations of public physical mediums have thus far been unsatisfactory, but no one can read Prof. Crookes' masterly report in this number of the Harbinger of Dawn, and deny that these phases of phenomena exist; besides we have witnessed several of these phases in the private light circle, with no public medium present. Our former disappointments, though naturally discouraging, will not deter us from further investigation.

Our objects in these researches will be,—

1. To scientifically prove spirit communication through as many phases as possible.
2. To discover the laws governing that communication, and
3. To discoverer the laws of life, of fate and justice, and the mission of mankind upon the planet Earth, as viewed by those who have arisen above "the mists and vapors and the earthly damps."

All we ask is that our readers will assist us in getting as many new subscribers as possible. At present we are compelled to do the typographical, as well as the editorial work and business management, in order to make both ends meet. If each of our subscribers will induce a neighbor to subscribe, we will be able to employ a printer, and then will find time to devote to psychic and literary researches for the benefit of our readers. Heretofore all our subscribers have come through the investment of hard cash—and lots of it—in advertising, or through sending out sample copies of our first edition—which is only another expensive method of advertising. Now let us see what our subscribers can do towards helping us swell our list, and thereby helping us to make the Harbinger of Dawn a perfect wonderland of facts and philosophy that will shake the foundations of Ignorance, Bigotry and Superstition as by the shock of an earthquake.

Practice What You Preach.

There are those who preach about the "divine plan," yet who appear to be devoid of any principles, either human or divine; they warn people of "the trail of the serpent," yet their own trail has a serpentine crook; they tell us of an unsuccessful "search after God," yet seem to have spent all their lives wandering around in the swamps of the other fellow's kingdom. We would kindly suggest that such persons show a little consistence by practicing what they preach, and then the world may give them a respectful hearing.

Our Method of Seeking Truth.

☞ The lily blooms in the mud; gold glitters in the mire, therefore we shall gather the jewels of truth wherever found—on muddy or on solid ground. The man of science knows no obstacles. As the pearl-diver risks his life in plunging into the depths amidst sharks and devil-fish to obtain his treasure, so the seeker for truth must plunge amidst the poisoned arrows of a world darkened by the night of its own ignorance.

The knowledge of the truth is a man's highest attainment, and the object that is most worthy of man's researches. Those who seek this knowledge are termed philosophers; and philosophy consists in the love of truth. What can those prefer who despise this acquirement and are opposed to its pursuit?—Common Sense.

Spiritualism of the West African Natives.

In the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for July, we find an address on "The Forms of Apparitions in West Africa," by Mary H. Kingsley. She tells of some peculiar ideas which the West African tribes have as to spiritual philosophy. They believe that a man is not an individual, but as she expresses it, "a syndicate of souls," (usually four), and all inhabiting the same body.

Another peculiar belief is that regarding Deity. One tribe is referred to on the coast who depend on fishing for their support, and when the sea becomes so violent that they cannot pursue their occupation they think God is angry. To pacify him the entire tribe goes to the water's edge and in a loud voice each one proceeds to explain to God that he must let the waters calm or their larder will be empty. Finally He understands, although sometimes it takes a week's argument to get him to do so. This reminds us of how our primitive ancestors used to argue with their God, Jehovah, according to Old Testament stories. It would thus appear that Evolution has overlooked these tribes and left them a few thousand years behind the times.

Their doctrine of spirit and matter, however, might be summed up in Pope's well-known lines:—

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

An Epoch in Spanish Spiritual History.

With the September number of La Revelacion we received a circular setting forth that on the 9th day of October the Spiritualists of Barcelona, Spain, would celebrate that date with a grand fiesta and with a musical and literary program,in commemoration of the destruction, by order of the Bishop of Barcelona, of 300 books, the first Spiritualistic literature introduced into Spain.

This occurred on October 9, 1861, when 300 Spiritualist books were taken to the place where criminals were executed and publicly burned under an auto de fe of the Bishop of Barcelona. This circular states that when the fire had consumed the 300 volumes and the Bishop had pronounced the anathema against them, there arose from the assembled multitude the cry—"Down with the Inquisition!"

Fernandez Calavida, in a supplement to his No. 5, volume for 1888, of the Revista de Estudios Psicologicos, said:—

"Spiritualists in all lands, do not forget this date—the 9th of October, 1861! It forms an epoch in the feast days of Spiritualism, and should be for us a day of rejoicing and not of sorrow, for it marks the beginning of our next triumph."

More Favorable Press Comments.

THE HARBINGER OF DAWN.—Copies of this excellent magazine have been received at this office with more than ordinary pleasure. Its contents are replete with splendid thoughts, cogent reasoning, and practical suggestions. It deals with occult, spiritual, and metaphysical questions in a most original way, and presents many remarkable facts to the public in connection with these and other vital topics of the hour. Ernest S. Green is the versatile editor, and is in the field to make his journal a complete success. As the subscription price is only one dollar per year, there is no reason why he should not receive a generous share of the people's patronage.—The Banner of Light.

THE HARBINGER OF DAWN.—Ernest S. Green has launched a new magazine upon the sea of literature. It is destined to become what the Review of Reviews has become to other literature. The editorial announcement in the August Number begins as follows: "Few people have either the means to subscribe for, or time to read, all of the scores of periodicals now devoted to Psychic Science, Occult Lore, or Spiritual Philosophy and Metaphysical Problems; therefore it is our purpose to give in a nut-shell the choicest cullings from the whole field of literature on these lines." To say that Brother Green has a wide field open before him and that his enterprise should be well sustained is only to repeat what everybody knows.—The Sunflower.

The Prophetess (Seherin) of Ferriem.

We have received a missionary pamphlet from Frederic Godefroy, Berlin, Germany, (Cuxhavener str. 3,pt.) containing the prophecies of the Seherin de Ferriem, which shows that she predicted the death of the members of the Andree north polar expedition; also on April 26, 1898, the release of Dreyfus; on April 18, 1899, the falling of a church bell in Berlin, which occurred April 19, at 2 p. m., and the fire at Budapest, May, 1896.

This pamphlet alsocontains several interesting articles on various psychical subjects, clipped from the German periodicals. One article says that the famous "white woman," who shows herself at the Hohenzollern castles is not a woman at all, but Kurfuerst Joachim, who died 500 years ago. When in the body he was accustomed to walk about with the lower part of his face covered, and dressed similar to a woman. In the future he will show himself again (according to the Seherin de Ferriem, who made this discovery), but only on special occasions. The Empress of Austria saw him a week previous to her assassination.

This pamphlet also contains an article concerning a pigeon which shows many indications that it sees the spirit of a man.

A Spiritual Temple in San Jose.

Many prominent Spiritual Seers have predicted for the past 40 years that the Spiritualists would build few temples themselves, but eventually they would acquire possession of the property of the churches. We have seen it stated in print that such a prophecy was recorded by Emma Hardinge Britten, (recently deceased), in one of her books some 40 years ago. The first indication of the fulfillment of these prophecies occurred on October 9th, when a deed was recorded in San Jose, Cal., whereby the Spiritualists came into possession of the Y. M. C. A. building of that city, it having been purchased by the Sleeper Trust from the Security Bank of San Jose to Satisfy a mortgage, for $16,500.00. The building originally cost in the neighborhood of $25,000.00. The First Spiritual Union of San Jose will occupy the building as its home, the same having been dedicated on October 26 by a reception to Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, the donor, whose 85th birthday occurred on that date. We learn that the talented and accomplished orator, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, has been engaged by the Society for the first year as pastor

A Tombstone Inscription by Franklin.

In our September issue we quoted some of the Spiritualistic sentiments of Benjamin Franklin. We have just received the October number of Het Toekomstig Leven (The Future Life),published at Utrecht,Holland, which contains an inscription (translated into Dutch) which is said to have been written by this pioneer of electric inventors in his 23rd year. Following is a translation of the epitaph, back into English, preserving the sentiment, but of course the exact phraseology would be changed after two translation:—

"Here lies, food for the worms, the body of Benjamin Franklin, printer of books, like the cover of an old book from which the outside is worn and the binding torn. But the work is not lost, for in due time it will come out in a bright new edition by the author."

Lives in a Haunted House.

S. Kessman, of Red Bank, N. Y., writes how he contrives to live in a haunted house, to Lichstrahlen, the German Spiritualist paper, published at West Point, Neb., as follows:—

"The house where we now live, and have lived for the past eight years, was reported to be haunted. In it three women became insane. When we first moved in I was there alone for several nights. I am not afraid, and was reading by a lamp. Opposite me lay our Newfoundland dog. Suddenly he would growl, bark and snap his teeth, The cats ran out, and all were looking in one direction. I looked, but could neither see or hear anything. I prayed aloud, sang a song and the animals were pacified. Since then I hear knocking and when I have time I talk to the invisible ones—which everyone should do."

Evolution in Memory.

FACTS IN HUMAN NATURE MORE STARTLING THAN THOSE DISCOVERED BY DARWIN.

By Charles Dawbarn.

I notice various criticisms from time to time hurled at my devoted head which seems always based on the idea that certain efforts of memory by spirits annihilate my claim that such spirits, "as normal spirits," have not, and cannot have memorized details of the incidents of earth life. It is not very complimentary to me to assume that such every-day incidents in spirit return, as are quoted, are unknown to me. And when an occasional critic complains that I do not notice some pet objection of his I beg respectfully to assure him that I passed it by because it was not founded on a careful study of the subject. The real trouble is that not even one of my critics, male or female, so far as I have yet noticed, has thought out what memory really means and is, in its relation to human life. Most of them would be quite indignant if asked whether they believed in evolution? Yet it never seems to have occured to even one of them that if evolution be a law of Nature, memory itself, like everything else, must go on and evolve into something higher. They persist in supposing that memory becomes gradually a gigantic sum in addition. The archangel has a bigger and longer sum to do than the mortal, because he has got a fearful array of items stored away somewhere, but always at his disposal. It is this neglect to apply a natural law to an eternal fact that prevents the Spiritualist of to-day from commanding the respect of the outside world of thinkers.

THE TERM, MEMORY, DEFINED IN A NEW WAY.

Once again, and from a somewhat different standpoint, I will ask the student to examine what we call the faculty of "memory," and try if it be possible to get our critics to realize how little they have really grasped the subject they are criticising.

Of course memory as a vibratory fact is eternal. But man does not own his memory. It is only loaned to him for a brief period by Nature; her ultimate object being, as we shall presently see, something very different. As I write I happen to glance at my left thumb. It bears, or shall I say "wears" a long scar, dating back to my boyish encounter with a hatchet or knife. I have no rocollection of the incident. Nature has made no objection to my forgetting all but the lesson, which became, not a memory but, a state of consciousness. I thus learned to recognize that a sharp edge must be guided by a keener wit. It is only a few prominent incidents in my mortal life that have not more or less faded away. That is universal experience. The child learns his alphabet, and slowly accumulates words. Presently he is a student of some profound ancient or modern thinker. The letters of the alphabet, and the lessons of his child's primer have forsaken him as details. Nature has locked those particular memories in her "vibratory safe deposit." But out of those facts he had to evolve an automatic grasp of the thoughts those symbols represented, and rise into a higher consciousness. The skilled mechanic has lost memory of how he slowly learned to use his tool. It has become in automatic fellowship with his soul as he evolves the invention for which the world is waiting. The astronomer has no memory of having learned his multiplication table. It has become an automatic adjunct of the grand consciousness he is evolving by thought power. Every human life has its a. b. c. that is presently forgotten because merged into something higher. And, mark this, until the memory is lost the Ego is living largely on his old level. Evolution always demands that the past shall be merged into the present.

Such facts

DO NOT MEAN OR IMPLY ANY DESTRUCTION OF MEMORY.

Memory is itself simply an effect of vibration upon mind, induced by the action of mind upon matter. It is, of course, eternal. Whether a man is hunting for his collar button or for a missing thought makes no difference. Nature has the fact in her keeping, and may be coaxed to lend it to you, but she will presently once again stow it away in her secret vault. Facts of any kind become memories the moment you have recognized them. Sometimes by a strong effort you strive to clinch certain facts, or thoughts, and make them your very own. Yet, to your surprise, every now and then, it is what you have not cared about which comes to the surface, whilst the really valued thought has disappeared. You have placed yourself in vibratory harmony with the one, and lost touch with the other. A fact is yours to-day, and perhaps to-morrow. But you had better hasten to turn its lessons into consciousness, for Nature has loaned it to you for that purpose and for no other. Memory is always the infancy of a growing manhood, and the manhood that stops turning its memories into consciousness presently dies out.

HOW THIEVES, AND OTHER CHARACTERS, EVOLVE.

I once saw a child, while creeping on the floor, grasp a glittering safety pin and immediately hide it from its mother. That child has no particular memory of that particular incident, but, unchecked and untaught, he evolved that and a long series of such facts into the consciousness of a first-class thief. What does it matter whether he remembers the steps?

I confess I often feel disheartened at the inability of those acting as teachers to realize that if evolution be a truth everything must evolve into something higher. For lack of this grasp they are always assuming that what we have in this life is final and cannot be surpassed. Love may be founded on memories, but if it linger there it will have many a dark and dreary hour of lonesomeness. The man who begins with hate evolutes into a fiend who glories in cruelty and crime. He no more remembers each quarrel and fight than the child remembers his rough-and-tumble battle over a coveted toy. The aggregate, evoluting into consciousness, has gradually made him—and will do so every time—into an arch devil. It is impossible for the man who grasps everything he sees, regardless of others, to remember even one week's petty details. But all together, sooner or later, they make for him a self-conscious hell. Yet every such experience is only the shadow of an evolved reality.

EVOLUTION IN LOVE.

It is necessarily the same with love. Is love to be the only thing in the universe that cannot evolute into something higher? That seems to be the assumption of those playing the part of teachers to-day. The love that cries and wails and sobs now over its own selfish loneliness, because of some bereavement, is but the shadow of a love that will have evolved out of all self. It is the kind of love that is tied down to memory. It has drawers full and trunks full of memories—not outgrown, and therefore not evolved into love-consciousness. Our teachers, each in the name of his religion, have always counted memories as personal belongings, to be worn like the beads of the Catholics and counted one by one lest you forget them. Yet the object of Nature is to have us learn the lesson of each, and then immediately pass on to something higher.

MEMORY AND "SPIRIT RETURN."

So much I present for consideration and reflection to those who have been trying to harness man to his memories, and drive him on and on for all eternity. Now let us see what this means to "spirit return."

Man the mortal is perpetually trying to fence himself inside memories, often making artificial attempts to build them yet stronger. There are many things in a man's life he does not want to remember. But they are alive as ever when he happens to pull the right string. So he tries to keep other memories so active as to smother the unpleasaut ones. He thus recognizes that memories are eternal, but on their own plane and on no other. Presently that man dies and finds himself as much alive as ever. Now, what is his status? That entirely depends upon whether his memories still dominate, or whether he has commenced to evolve them into consciousness. If he is all memory he is earth bound.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF SPIRITS.

One critic, of the domestic sex, tells me a spirit came and told her where to find pads for her stair carpet which had been hidden away in a garret. So she triumphantly demands to know how any sane man can deny the fact of "spirit memory?" Bless her dear soul! No one with whom I am acquainted denies such memories to the class of spirits she is attracting. They are of the earth, and of course smell of the soil. They have just enough of the graveyard ghostly glimmer to make the chase interesting. I am not talking and writing of semi-mortals, who have sloughed their skin, like a snake, and are all ready with a new one, slightly intangible, and moderately invisible, on the other side of death. But such, I admit, are fathers and mothers of about nine-tenths of the genuine phenomena on which Modern Spiritualism is striving to build its new temple. Plenty of memories on that plane.

In these articles I am, with my whole soul, pleading the cause of mothers, fathers and loved ones ever evolving a higher consciousness in the home of the soul. I plead for the grand unselfish workers who plunge into the FOGLAND atmosphere that they may thereby reach the mortal and stir him to an upreach of his own Ego. I am demanding that such return shall be received for what it is, and not for what it seems. Such spirits, as they evolve their higher manhood, are necessarily outgrowing memories. They have

NO OCCASION TO REMEMBER FOR THEY KNOW,

because they have uncovered the God within until their own consciousness partakes of the divine. That is their dower in the home of the soul. It is quite different when they start earthward to help the mortal to uplift. When Imperatur would visit Mrs. Piper; Kate Field, her Lilian Whiting; John Pierpont, his Mrs. Longley; and the hundreds of like-minded spirits who inspire, direct and control mortal workers, their higher consciousness is perforce left behind. They

MUST PLUNGE INTO FOGLAND,

because therein is the very nearest they can approach mortal vibration. So, leaving their higher consciousness where alone it vibrates, they approach the scene of old memories and mortal happenings. I say "approach," for they are no longer mortal, and how near they come to earth-life depends upon their mortal instrument. Sometimes, through entranced lips, they recall many an old memory, and evolve practical teachings, but always from the standpoint of the mortal. That is the highest privilege and power to which they can attain. Having placed themselves amid these conditions they meet hungry cravings from mortals for details of spirit life.

Now let the student remember that it is not a normal spirit telling his own normal experiences in spirit life. The spirit visitor is befogged in vibrations of memory that cannot recall a single spirit experience. He cannot do more than dream of his higher life, for his very consciousness is befogged. He is almost a mortal, but on a somewhat higher plane.

Now let us ask how do we as mortals go to work when we want to picture our own hereafter? We just think of everything most lovely and attractive in earth life, and then idealize it. By an effort of the imagination we place our picture in the hereafter. Our conception of mortal manhood demands "memory," so we infuse that into our vision. We all have some conception and experience of love. So without dreaming that our mortal love is only a miserable shadow founded on self, we picture that as on a royal throne in the beyond. Because we love a father, mother, wife and child with the strongest emotion of our mortal manhood we have supposed there can be no higher, grander expression of love "over there." The very possibility of love evolving into something higher than we can realize to-day has never occured to us. That is our position as mortals. Now let the student remember that the brightest spirit, when he has once entered FOGLAND is very nearly on the mortal level. He will remember everything that the vibrations he finds will permit. He may show superior wisdom in collating and placing the facts and happenings of earth life. He may shine as a teacher, from our standpoint. And he will, if we ask him, give us his very best attempt at picturing his spirit life. But his pictures will be—must be—unconsciously all drawn from very nearly the level of our own. He knows he is a spirit to come and go, but Nature has placed a barrier to open intercourse of such a nature, between the two worlds. It is a barrier which neither mortal nor spirit can break through. It is well to know we are immortal, and to rejoice in spirit return, but it is not profitable to dwell upon scenes of celestial life in which we can take no part.

Of course the world has received visions innumerable from honest seers claiming either independent clairvoyance or divine inspiration. The student will see that such visions can only be pictures thrown upon mortal brain, and therefore shaped and colored by mortal memory. He will, I hope, realize that the faculties of the higher life must have evolved into something very different from our limitations; therefore experiences through such faculties could not be interpreted into our thoughts and languages. The sensible man and woman will be content to aim at the highest possible for him, or her, in earth-life. And as the student himself upreaches he will ever be making it easier for bright spirits to visit him. Often their old memories will reappear with startling fullness; but their real object, be it remembered, is not to revive old memories, but to stir us to manly efforts in soul growth.

Such is my conception of the limitation of spirit memory, which I now offer to the student. Such memories cannot be needed in advanced spirit life, for therein, under the law of evolution, they have evolved a consciousness which KNOWS, without dependence on the fickleness of memory. And when they return to earth-life their grasp of old memories must ever depend upon the conditions they find at their disposal.

San Leandro, Cal.

The Poet Shelley's Spiritualism.

Although Percy Bysshe Shelley died a quarter of a century before the "Rochester Knockings," he was a Spiritualist in every sense of the word. We endeavored to show this in a page review of his poems in the Progressive Thinker of January 7, 1899. From that article we quote briefly as follows:—

In the poem, "Adonais," Shelley expresses a positive belief in the immortality of Keats as a separate individual soul. We read in this poem, for instance, that Keats "is not dead," but "hath awakened from the dream of life," and that his soul "beckons from the abode where the eternal are."

In the poem, "Queen Mab," the spirit, Ianthe, is quoted as saying to the mortal spirit (which has temporarily left its body to go with Ianthe on a visit to spirit spheres):—

"Yet, human Spirit, bravely hold thy course.
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change;
For birth and life and death, and that strange state
Before the naked soul has found its home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal.
* * * *
"Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,
And happy regions of eternal hope.
* * * *
"Fear not, then, Spirit, Death's disrobing hand—
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns—
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep."

Shelley's inspiration was of a high order, and it has taken the tardy car of human evolution nearly a century to gain the heights whereon he stood.

Researches in Spiritual Phenomena, by Sir Wm. Crookes, F. R. S.

12 Classes of Spiritual Phenomena Scientifically Demonstrated, with Mr. Home, and other Noted Mediums as Subjects.

In our last issue we gave Dr. Paul Gibier's estimate of Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., as a psychic researcher, showing that human ingenuity could conceive of no stricter or more severe methods than those employed by this distinguished scientist and inventor.

We now have before us a complete record of Mr. Crookes' researches in Spiritual, or Psychical, phenomena, as published by himself in his Quarterly Journal of Science, and reprinted therefrom by James Burns, the London publisher. The book is fully illustrated with wood cuts, and although not a bulky volume, is a perfect arsenal of the most astounding facts in the history of Spiritualism—we say "most astounding" because they occurred under such absolutely delusion-proof conditions and are,at the same time, so lucidly set forth.

Below we give a summary of some of the most remarkable of these researches, as reprinted from one of the articles in the Quarterly Journal of Science. Those who wish full details of these investigations can obtain the book for $2.00, either from the publisher or through this office, at publisher's price.

In republishng this summary we give, as an introduction, the last paragraph of the introduction written thereto by Mr. Crookes himself, which is as follows:—

I now proceed to classify some of the phenomena which have come under my notice, proceeding from the simple to the more complex, and briefly giving under each heading an outline of some of the evidence I am prepared to bring forward. My readers will remember that, with the exception of cases especially mentioned, the occurrences have taken place IN MY OWN HOUSE, IN THE LIGHT, AND WITH ONLY PRIVATE FRIENDS PRESENT besides the medium. In the contemplated volume I propose to give in full detail the tests and precautions adopted on each occasion, with names of witnesses. I only briefly allude to them in this article. [These details are given elsewhere in the volume from which we quote, they having been published later.—ED.]

CLASS I.—THE MOVEMENT OF HEAVY BODIES WITH CONTACT, BUT WITHOUT MECHANICAL EXERTION.

This is one of the simplest forms of the phenomena observed. It varies in degree from a quivering or vibration of the room and its contents to the actual rising into the air of a heavy body when the hand is placed on it. The retort is obvious that if people are touching a thing when it moves, they push it, or pull it, or lift it; I have proved experimentally that this is not the case in numerous instances, but as a matter of evidence I attach little importance to this class of phenomena by itself, and only mention them as a preliminary to other movements of the same kind, but without contact.

These movements (and indeed I may say the same of every kind of phenomena) are generally preceded by a peculiar cold air, sometimes amounting to a decided wind. I have had sheets of paper blown about by it, and a thermometer lowered several degrees. On some occasions, which I will subsequently give more in detail, I have not detected any actual movement of the air, but the cold has been so intense that I could only compare it to that felt when the hand has been within a few inches of frozen mercury.

CLASS II.—THE PHENOMENA OF PERCUSSIVE AND OTHER ALLIED SOUNDS.

The popular name of "raps" conveys a very erroneous impression of this class of phenomena. At different times, during my experiments, I have heard delicate ticks, as with the point of a pin; a cascade of sharp sounds, as from an induction coil in full work; detonations in the air; sharp metallic taps; a cracking like that heard when a frictional machine is at work; sounds like scratching; the twittering of a bird, etc.

These sounds are noticed with almost every medium, each having a special peculiarity. They are more varied with Mr. Home, but for power and certainty I have met with no one who at all approached Miss Kate Fox. For several months I enjoyed almost unlimited opportunity of testing the various phenomena occurring in the presence of this lady, and I especially examined the phenomena of these sounds. With mediums, generally, it is necessary to sit for a formal seance before anything is heard; but in the case of Miss Fox it seems only necessary for her to place her hand on any substance for loud thuds to be heard in it, like a triple pulsation, sometimes loud enough to be heard several rooms off. In this manner I have heard them in a living tree—on a sheet of glass—on a stretched iron wire—on a stretched membrane—a tambourine—on the roof of a cab—and on the floor of a theatre. Moreover, actual contact is not always necessary; I have had these sounds proceeding from the floor, walls, etc., when the medium's hands and feet were held—when she was standing on a chair—when she was suspended in a swing from the ceiling—when she was enclosed in a wire cage—and when she had fallen fainting on a sofa. I have heard them on a glass harmonicon—I have felt them on my own shoulder and under my own hands. I have heard them on a sheet of paper, held between the fingers by a piece of thread passed through one corner. With a full knowledge of the numerous theories which have been stated, chiefly in America, to explain these sounds, I have tested them in every way that I could devise, until there has been no escape from the conviction that they were true objective occurrences not produced by trickery or mechanical means.

An important question here forces itself upon the attention. Are the movements and sounds governed by intelligence? At a very early stage of the enquiry, it was seen that the power producing the phenomena was not merely a blind force, but was associated with or governed by intelligence. Thus the sounds to which I have just alluded will be repeated a definite number of times, they will come loud or faint, and in different places at request; and by a pre-arranged code of signals, questions are answered, and messages given with more or less accuracy.

The intelligence governing the phenomena is sometimes manifestly below that of the medium. It is frequently in direct opposition to the wishes of the medium: when a determination has been expressed to do something which might not be considered quite right, I have known urgent messages given to induce a reconsideration. The intelligence is sometimes of such a character as to lead to the belief that it does not emanate from any person present.

Several instances can be give to prove each of these statements, but the subject will be more fully discussed subsequently.

CLASS III.—THE ALTERATION OF WEIGHT OF BODIES.

I have repeated the experiments already described in this Journal, in different forms, and with several mediums. I need not further allude to them here.

CLASS IV.—MOVEMENTS OF HEAVY SUBSTANCES AT A DISTANCE FROM THE MEDIUM.

The instances in which heavy bodies, such as tables, chairs, sofas, etc., have been moved, when the medium has not been touching them, are very numerous. I will briefly mention a few of the most striking. My own chair has been twisted partly round, while my feet were off the floor. A chair was seen by all present to move slowly up to the table from a far corner, when all were watching it. On another occasion an arm chair moved to where we were sitting, and then moved slowly back again (a distance of about three feet) at my request. On three successive evenings a small table moved slowly across the room, under conditions which I had specially pre-arranged, so as to answer any objection which might be raised to the evidence. I have had several repetitions of the experiment considered by the Committee of the Dialectical Society to be conclusive, viz., the movement of a heavy table in full light,

the chairs turned with their backs to the table, about a foot off, and each person kneeling on his chair, but not touching the table. On one occasion this took place when I was moving about so as to see how everyone was placed.

CLASS V.—THE RISING OF TABLES AND CHAIRS OFF THE GROUND, WITHOUT CONTACT WITH ANY PERSON.

A remark is generally made when occurrences of this kind are mentioned, Why is it only tables and chairs which do these things? Why is this property peculiar to furniture? I might reply that I only observe and record facts, and do not profess to enter into the Why and Wherefore; but indeed it will be obvious that if a heavy inanimate body in an ordinary dining-room has to rise off the floor, it cannot very well be anything else but a table or a chair. That this propensity is not specially attached to furniture, I have abundant evidence; but, like other experimental demonstrators, the intelligence or power, whatever it may be, which produces these phenomena can only work with the materials which are available.

On five separate occasions, a heavy dining-table rose between a few inches and 1½ feet off the floor, under special circumstances, which rendered trickery impossible. On another occasion the table rose from the floor, not only when no person was touching it, but under conditions which I had pre-arranged so as to assure unquestionable proof of the fact.

CLASS VI.—THE LEVITATION OF HUMAN BEINGS.

This has occurred in my presence on four occasions in darkness. The test conditions under which they took place were quite satisfactory, so far as the judgment was concerned; but ocular demonstration of such a fact is so necessary to disturb our pre-formed opinions as to "the naturally possible and impossible," that I will here only mention cases in which the deductions of reason were confirmed by the sense of sight.

On one occasion I witnessed a chair, with a lady sitting on it, rise several inches from the ground. On another occasion, to avoid the suspicion of this being in some way performed by herself, the lady knelt on the chair in such a manner that its four feet were visible to us. It then rose about three inches, remained suspended for about ten seconds, and then slowly descended. At another time two children, on separate occasions, rose from the floor with their chairs, in full daylight, under (to me) most satisfactory conditions; for I was kneeling and keeping close watch upon the feet of the chair, and observing that no one might touch them.

The most striking cases of levitation which I have witnessed have been with Mr. Home. On three separate occasions I have seen him raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting in an easy chair, once kneeling on his chair, and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home's rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrences of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.

The accumulated testimony establishing Mr. Home's levitations is overwhelming. It is greatly to be desired that some person, whose evidence would be accepted as conclusive by the scientific world—if indeed there lives a person whose testimony in favor of such phenomena would be taken—would seriously and patiently examine these alleged facts. Most of the eye-witnesses to these levitations are now living, and would, doubtless, be willing to give their evidence. But, in a few years, such direct evidence will be difficult, if not impossible, to be obtained.

CLASS VII.—MOVEMENT OF VARIOUS SMALL ARTICLES WITHOUT CONTACT WITH ANY PERSON.

Under this heading I propose to describe some special phenomena which I have witnessed. I can do little more here than allude to some of the more striking facts, all of which, be it remembered, have occurred under circumstances that render trickery impossible. But it is idle to attribute these results to trickery, for I would again remind my readers that what I relate has not been accomplished at the house of a medium, but in my own house, where preparations have been quite impossible. A medium, walking into my dining-room, cannot, while seated in one part of the room with a number of persons keenly watching him, by trickery make an accordion play in my own hand when I hold it keys downwards, or cause the same accordion to float about the room playing all the time. He cannot introduce machinery which will wave window-curtains or pull up Venetian blinds 8 feet off, tie a knot in a handkerchief and place it in a far corner of the room, sound notes on a distant piano, cause a card-plate to float about the room, raise a water-bottle and tumbler from the table, make a coral necklace rise on end, cause a fan to move about and fan a company, or set in motion a pendulum when enclosed in a glass case firmly cemented to the wall.

CLASS VIII.—LUMINOUS APPEARANCES.

These, being rather faint, generally require the room to be darkened. I need scarcely remind my readers again that, under these circumstances, I have taken proper precautions to avoid being imposed upon by phosphorised oil or other means. Moreover, many of these lights are such as I have tried to imitate artificially, but cannot.

Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey's egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard, solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy chair.

I have seen luminous points of light darting about and settling on the heads of different persons; I have had questions answered by the flashing of a bright light a desired number of times in front of my face. I have seen sparks of light rising from the table to the ceiling, and again falling upon the table, striking it with an audible sound. I have had an alphabetic communication given by luminous flashes occurring before me in the air, while my hand was moving about among them. I have seen a luminous cloud floating upwards to a picture. Under the strictest test conditions, I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. In the light, I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about. These, however, more properly belong to the next class of phenomena.

CLASS IX.—THE APPEARANCE OF HANDS, EITHER SELF-LUMINOUS OR VISIBLE BY ORDINARY LIGHT.

The forms of hands are frequently felt at dark seances, or under circumstances where they cannot be seen. More rarely I have seen the hands. I will here give no instances in which the phenomenon has occurred in darkness, but will simply select a few of the numerous instances in which I have seen the hands in the light.

A beautifully-formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower; it appeared and then disappeared three times at intervals, affording me ample opportunity to satisfy myself that it was as real in appearance as my own. This occurred in the light in my own room, while I was holding the medium's hands and feet.

On another occasion, a small hand and arm, like a baby's, appeared playing about a lady who was sitting next to me. It then passed to me and patted my arm and pulled my coat several times.

At another time, a finger and thumb were seen to pick the petals from a flower in Mr. Home's button-hole,

and lay them in front of several persons who were sitting near him.

A hand has repeatedly been seen by myself and others playing the keys of an accordeon, both of the medium's hands being visible at the same time, and sometimes being held by those near him.

The hands and fingers do not always appear to me to be solid and life-like. Sometimes, indeed, they present more the appearance of a nebulous cloud partly condensed into the form of a hand. This is not equally visible to all present. For instance, a flower or other small object is seen to move; one person present will see a luminous cloud hovering over it, another will detect a nebulous-looking hand, while others will see nothing at all but the moving flower. I have more than once seen, first an object move, then a luminous cloud appear to form about it, and, lastly, the cloud condense into shape and become a perfectly-formed hand. At this stage the hand is visible to all present. It is not always a mere form, but sometime appears perfectly life-like and graceful, the fingers moving and the flesh apparently as human as that of any in the room. At the wrist, or arm, it becomes hazy, and fades off into a luminous cloud.

To the touch, the hand sometimes appears icy cold and dead; at other times, warm and life-like, grasping my own with the firm pressure of an old friend.

I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapor, and faded in that manner from my grasp.

CLASS X.—Direct Writing.

This is the term employed to express writing which is not produced by any person present. I have had words and messages repeatedly written on privately-marked paper, under the most rigid test conditions, and have heard the pencil moving over the paper in the dark. The conditions—pre-arranged by myself—have been so strict as to be equally convincing to my mind as if I had seen the written characters formed. But as space will not allow me to enter into full particulars, I will merely select two instances in which my eyes as well as ears were witness to the operation.

The first instance which I shall give took place, it is true, at a dark seance, but the result was not less satisfactory on that account. I was sitting next to the medium, Miss Fox, the only other persons present being my wife and a lady relative, and I was holding the medium's two hands in one of mine, while her feet were resting on my feet. Paper was on the table before us, and my disengaged hand was holding a pencil.

A luminous hand came down from the upper part of the room, and after hovering near me for a few seconds, took the pencil from my hand, rapidly wrote on a sheet of paper, threw the pencil down, and then rose up over our heads, gradually fading into darkness.

My second instance may be considered the record of a failure. "A good failure often teaches more than the most successful experiment." It took place in the light, in my own room, with only a few private friends and Mr. Home present. Several circumstances, to which I need not further allude, had shown that the power that evening was strong. I therefore expressed a wish to witness the actual production of a written message such as I had heard described a short time before by a friend. Immediately an alphabetic communication was made as follows:—"We will try." A pencil and some sheets of paper had been lying on the center of the table. Presently the pencil rose up on its point, and after advancing by hesitating jerks to the paper, fell down. It then rose and again fell. A third time it tried, but with no better result. After three unsuccessful attempts, a small wooden lath, which was lying near upon the table, slid towards the pencil, and rose a few inches from the table; the pencil rose again, and propping itself against the lath, the two together made an effort to mark the paper. It fell, and then a joint effort was again made. After a third trial the lath gave it up and moved back to its place, the pencil lay as it fell across the paper, and an alphabetic message told us—"We have tried to do as you asked, but our power is exhausted."

CLASS XI.—Phantom Forms and Faces.

These are the rarest of the phenomena I have witnessed. The conditions requisite for their appearance appear to be so delicate, and such trifles interfere with their production, that only on very few occasions have I witnessed them under satisfactory test conditions. I will mention two of these cases.

In the dusk of the evening, during a seance with Mr. Home at my house, the curtains of a window about eight feet from Mr. Home were seen to move. A dark, shadowy, semi-transparent form, like that of a man, was then seen by all present, standing near the window, waving the curtain with his hand. As we looked, the form faded away and the curtains ceased to move.

The following is a still more striking instance. As in the former case, Mr. Home was the medium. A phantom form came from a corner of the room, took an accordion in its hand, and then glided about the room playing the instrument. The form was visible to all present for many minutes, Mr. Home also being seen at the same time. Coming rather close to a lady who was sitting apart from the rest of the company, she gave a slight cry, upon which it vanished.

CLASS XII.—Special Instances which point to the Agency of an Exterior Intelligence.

It has already been shown that the phenomena are governed by an intelligence. It becomes a question of importance as to the source of that intelligence. Is it the intelligence of the medium, of any of the other persons in the room, or is it an exterior intelligence? Without wishing at present to speak positively on this point, I may say that while I have observed many circumstances which appear to show that the will and intelligence of the medium have much to do with the phenomena,* I have observed some circumstances which seem conclusively to point to the agency of an outside intelligence, not belonging to any human being in the room. Space does not allow me to give here all the arguments which can be adduced to prove these points, but I will briefly mention one or two circumstances out of many.

I have been present when several phenomena were going on at the same time, some being unknown to the medium. I have been with Miss Fox when she has been writing a message automatically to one person present, while a message to another person on another subject was being given alphabetically by means of "raps," and the whole time she was conversing freely with a third person on a subject totally different from either. Perhaps a more striking instance is the following:—

During a seance with Mr. Home, a small lath, which I have before mentioned, moved across the table to me, in the light, and delivered a message to me by tapping my hand; I repeated the alphabet, and the lath tapping me at the right letters. The other end of the lath was resting on the table, some distance from Mr. Home's hands.

The taps were so sharp and clear, and the lath was evidently so well under control of the invisible power which was governing its movements, that I said, "Can the intelligence governing the motion of this lath change the character of the movements, and give me a telegraphic communication through the Morse alphabet by taps on my hand?" (I have every reason to believe that the Morse code was quite unknown to any other person present, and it was only imperfectly known to me). Immediately I said this, the character of the taps changed, and the message was continued in the way I had requested. The letters were given too rapidly for me to do more than catch a word here and there, and consequently I lost the message; but I heard sufficient to convince me that there was a good Morse operator at the other end of the line, wherever that might be.

Another instance. A lady was writing automatically by means of the planchette. I was trying to devise a

* I do not wish my meaning to be misunderstood. What I mean is, not that the medium's will and intelligence are actively employed in any conscious or dishonest way in the production of the phenomena, but that they sometimes appear to act in an unconscious manner.

means of proving that what she wrote was not due to "unconscious cerebration." The planchette, as it always does, insisted that, although it was moved by the hand and arm of the lady, the intelligence was that of an invisible being who was playing on her brain as as on a musical instrument, an thus moving her muscles. I therefore said to this intelligence, "Can you see the contents of this room?" "Yes," wrote the planchettee. "Can you see to read this newspaper?" said I, putting my finger on a copy of the Times, which was on a table behind me, but without looking at it. "Yes," was the reply of the planchette. "Well," I said, "if you can see that, write the word which is now covered by my finger, and I will believe you." The planchette commenced to move. Slowly, and with great difficulty, the word, "however," was written. I turned around and saw that the word, "however," was covered by the tip of my finger.

I had purposely avoided looking at the newspaper when I tried this experiment, and it was impossible for the lady, had she tried, to have seen any of the printed words, for she was sitting at one table, and the paper was on another table behind, my body intervening.

The Wrecks and Changes of Time.

An Age-Old Spirit Who Visits the Same Place Every Thousand Years, and Notes the Changes There.

FROM A DISCOURSE BY HON. A. B. RICHMOND, AT CASADAGA, N. Y., ON "OUR SISTER PLANETS—ARE THEY INHABITED?"

The age of man on our earth, as well as the theory of other worlds has long been the subject of scientific enquiry—but I have only time to briefly state the consensus of the opinion of those savants who have made the subject a study and have carefully examined the pre-glacial deposits of the earth.

Lyell, the learned geologist, says that the ancient dwellers whose remains have been found on the banks of the Somme, a river in the north of France, must have lived a hundred thousand years ago. Other eminent scientists, among them our own Prof. Wm. Denton, fully agree with Lyell. The constant changes of land and sea have since the dawn of the creation of our earth, revealed the buried records of early man until all doubt is removed in the realm of science of the great age he has lived on our planet with the changes in land and sea that have occurred since his advent thereon.

Let us remember that neither our world or those in celestial space are finished. Countless eons will cast their shadows on the dial of time, and yet the phenomena of constant evolution of birth and life—of progress, decay and death, will continue then as now and spirit life will be more and more certain and observable, while intercommunion between the worlds of space will be as common as the lightning-whispers along the telegraph wires of to-day.

Future years and centuries are pregnant with millions of secrets yet to reward man's patient investigation.

Among the sayings attributed to Pythagoras by Ovid, we have the following: "Nothing perishes in this world; but things merely vary, and change their form." As evidence of this, he says, "Solid land has been converted into sea. Sea has been changed into land. Marine shells lie far distant from the deep, and the anchor has been found on the summit of hills. Valleys have been excavated by running water, and floods have washed down hills into the sea. Marshes have become dry ground. Dry lands have been changed into stagnant pools. Volcanic vents shift their position; there was a time when Etna was not a burning mountain, and the time will come when it will cease to burn." Aristotle says, "The distribution of land and sea in particular regions does not endure throughout all time; but it becomes sea in those parts where it was land, and again it becomes land where it was sea. The same tracts, therefore, are not, some always sea, and others always continents; but everything changes in the course of time."

Mohammed Kazwina, an Arabian writer of the seventh century, embodied the idea in a fine conception, which has been thus translated and verified:

I wandered by a goodly town,
Beset by many a garden fair,
And asked, of one who gathered down
Large fruit, how long the town was there.

He spoke, nor chose his hand to stay:
"The town has stood for many a day,
And will be here forever and aye."

A thousand years went by, and then
I visited the place again;
No vestige of that town I traced.
But one poor swain his horn employed;
His sheep, unconscious, browsed and grazed.
I asked, when was the town destroyed?

He spoke, nor would his horn lay by:
"One thing may grow and another die;
But I know nothing of towns—not I?"

A thousand years went by, and then
I wandered by the spot again.
There, in the deep of waters, cast
His nets, a lonely fisherman;
And, as he drew them up at last,
I asked him how the lake began.

He looked at me and laughed to say,
"The waters spring forever and aye,
And fish are plenty every day."

A thousand years went by, and then
I saw the self-same place again.
And, lo! a country wild and rude;
And, axe in hand, beside a tree,
The hermit of that solitude,
I asked how old the wood might be.
He said, "I count not time at all;
A tree may rise, a tree may fall;
The forest overlives us all."

A thousand years went by, and then
I went the same old round again;
And there a glorious city stood;
And, 'mid tumultuous market-cry,
I asked, when rose the town where wood,
Pasture, and lake forgotten, lie?
They heard me not; and little blame,
And all things e'er must be the same.

A thouaand years shall pass, and then
I mean to try that road again.

And when he does, what changes will there be, not only there, but over the whole earth?—The Progressive Thinker.

A PICTURE OF HUMAN IGNORANCE.

There are a thousand more facts in Geology to substantiate the truth of the above poem than there are to substantiate the Mosaic account of Creation.

This poem, however, whether fact or fiction, points a moral that is wonderfully applicable to human nature the world over. Humanity, like the swine, is content to wallow in the mire of ignorance, never stopping to think that there are pure streams, green fields, flowery dales and shady slopes, which might be enjoyed if it would only awake from its age-long lethargy to the glories of nature on every hand, which can only be seen by the acquisition of wisdom thro' study and research.

We have often publicly asserted that there is no authentic history back of the printing press—or about the 12th century—and even now, with the great multiplicity of literature of our own times, it keeps one half of the press busy refuting the lies of the other half in its attempts to distort facts. The dreams of the poet are often more reliable as to historical facts than the mythology which passes current as ancient history.—EDITOR HARBINGER OF DAWN.

Shakespeare's Spiritualism.

By the Editor.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."—Hamlet.

The biography of William Shakespeare is too well known to require reviewing in this article. Suffice it to say that he was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon; married Anne Hathaway in 1582; went to London about 1586 and became an actor and playwright; acquired a competence and retired to his native town about 1610, and died in 1616.

No writer has ever done so much to enrich the English language as the "Bard of Avon," while he is universally acknowledged to be the greatest dramatist the world has ever known; although born of humble parents and possessed of but a meagre education.

But the key to Shakepeare's profound wisdom and very remarkable power of expression may be found in our text. The fact is, he was a powerful psychic, but as the world had not yet reached the point of evolution where spiritual philosophy could be openly taught without danger to life from the bigots and fanatics, Shakespeare's mission was to give it in the drama, and to artfully put it in the mouths of his dramatis personæ.

THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Nothing better illustrates the power of evil-minded or mischievous spirits to hypnotize or obsess mortals and compel them to do all sorts of idiotic things, than "The Midsummer Night's Dream." It is in this play that Shakespeare makes "Puck" to exclaim:—

"What fools these mortals be!"

But fools they still remain, for whenever a mortal acquires any more wisdom than a child should ordinarily possess, and hides not his little light under a bushel but uses it to help enlighten his fellow beings, immediately he become a target for persecution. The fool world always has persecuted its saviors and ever will. Humanity is deaf, dumb and blind, and as "like attracts like," it chooses leaders who are also deaf, dumb and blind, but the sweep of Evolution's mill, guided by the hand of the Infinite, grinds slowly on, and the race arises from the mists and swamps of its Fogland marshes.

MACBETH.

In the tragedy of Macbeth the first act opens on three spirits with the appearance of bearded women. These are denominated "witches." They hail Macbeth and Banquo with strange prophecies, (which are later fulfilled), but Macbeth fails to interpret their meaning and says:—

"Stay, you imperfect speakers, and tell me more.
* * * Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you!"
(Spirits vanish.)

BANQUO.—The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
MACBETH.—Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

Lady Macbeth is in the plot to murder the king, and when a messenger arrives informing her that the king is to be her guest for the night, she is made to invoke the spirits of evil thus:—

* * The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts.....
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!

Further on in this tragedy Shakespeare shows that he is no stranger to visions and clairvoyant symbols, when he makes Macbeth say:—

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshald'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.....

And presently, in this same soliloquy, the character is made to show his knowledge of psychometry thus:

The very stones prate of my whereabout
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.....

Telepathy, or clairaudience, is also illustrated in this play, in prophetic words:

MACBETH.—Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
* * * *
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

After the King had been murdered Macbeth frequently saw his spirit appear so real that it would give him a terrible fright, and on such occasion, when Lady Macbeth had quieted him, he soliloquized thus:

* * * The time has been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Again Macbeth fears the power of psychometry, and expresses himself in these words:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak.

In Act IV Macbeth visits the witches, and they call up the spirits of eight kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's spirit following. Upon seeing this, Macbeth is horrified and says:

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does seer my eyeballs.....
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. (Apparition vanishes).

Macbeth seems to have been guided in all his actions by the three witches (medial spirits), and the following excerpts, showing the fulfillment of a prophecy, read very much in the veiled style that some modern mediums use:

MESSENGER.—As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
MACBETH. Liar and slave!
MESS.—Let me endure your wrath if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say a moving grove.

Then, after breathing forth dire threats of what he would do if the messenger had lied, Macbeth reflects, remembers the prophetic, though at the time incomprehensible words of one of the witches, and says:—

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:" and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!

The "wood" was, of course, the lances of an army of approaching soldiers, appearing in the distance as a moving forest.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

The tragedy of Hamlet is the most remarkable ghost story ever told, and is said to be founded upon a legend of the Danes. It recites how the ghost (spirit) of the King of Denmark frequently appeared to the sentries, or officers, (Marcellus and Bernardo), and how Horatio, a friend of Hamlet, tried to communicate with the spirit, but it vanished as often as he made the attempt. But finally Hamlet himself, a son of the murdered king, volunteered to take the watch with Marcellus and Bernardo, and when the spirit appeared it motioned him asdie and said, "I am thy father's spirit," and then proceeded to tell how he had been murdered, whereupon Hamlet vowed to be avenged; and how he succeeded is told in the tragedy. Here is some of the dialogue:—

I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon a fitful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

It was after the interview with the spirit, when Hamlet returned to Horatio and the rest, and they endeavored to extort from him what the spirit said, that he used the language found in our text.—"There are more things in Heaven and earth," etc.

But before Hamlet had seen the spirit himself, upon hearing the recital of what had been seen by Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo, he says:

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come
Till then, sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Birds and Animals as Prophets.

Their Prevision Baffles Science and Proves all Life to be of the Infinite, and Immortal.

Unless the birds are liars, says the Chicago Tribune of Sunday, September 3, there is going to be an early winter, and doubtless a hard one as well.

The weather-wise farmer, when looking about for signs of approaching "weather times," usually looks to see what sort of a house the muskrat is building and how thick is the shell of the butternut. It is seldom that the farmer consults the birds, though if naturalists are to be believed he might well consider their ways and be wise. [The Chronicle man evidently does not know farmers, for many of them could tell him more about birds as weather prophets than is dreamed of even in his philosophy.—ED. H. OF D.]. The birds are more susceptible to weather conditions, perhaps, than any other living creature. The reason is, that upon the weather conditions largely depend their food supply.

Take the case of a swallow, for instance, a bird that is wholly dependent on small insects for a livelihood. These minute bits of food it takes upon the wing, principally in the upper atmosphere. At the slightest touch of cold weather this food supply is killed and the swallow's larder is empty, for under no circumstance will it take food from shrub, tree or ground.

Just what enables the birds to know that an early cold snap is likely no one can tell, but that they know it seems to be proven by the fact that within a short time of the disappearance of the swallows a cold snap sufficient to kill the smaller insects, is sure to come.

SWALLOWS LEAVE BETWEEN TWO DAYS.

Sometimes the swallows leave early and sometimes comparatively late. This year the vast majority of the members of this family, in which for the sake of convenience are included the chimney swifts and the purple martins, already have gone south, having left Chicago two weeks in advance of their usual time.

A short time ago there were hundreds of purple martins flying over the house-tops of this city and doing their best to destroy the winged insect crop. At 4 o'clock one day the birds were in evidence everywhere. Next morning there was not one to be seen. After the manner of the old farmer's almanac, the parting twitter of the martins, interpreted into words, might have been:

"About this time look out for cold."

Just at the time of the strange visitation of the millions of caterpillars, if Chicago people had not been so busy looking at the crawling things beneath their feet they might, by looking upward, have seen a visitation many times more interesting and more beautiful. On Sunday afternoon and evening, from 4 o'clock until night's curtain shut out the picture, there passed over the city a procession of birds, each individual sharply but delicately outlined against the sky.

FLIGHT OF NIGHT HAWKS.

These flying visitors from the North were night hawks, making their journey southward three weeks earlier than is their wont. Some climatic conditions, perceptible perhaps only to them, had sent them on their way when the summer was yet far from spent. The bird is not a hawk in any true sense, for it lives wholly on insects which it captures while flying.

It is beyond the skill of the weather bureau to tell just what it is that makes one winter set in earlier than another. The night hawks and the swallows would seem to teach that there is a steadily accumulating mass of conditions, the presence of the first of which makes itself known to the birds before it does to humans.

The flight of the night hawks was watched from the roof of a North Side building. To the East and to the West, as far as the eye could reach, the birds went in groups of fifteen or twenty, with a short lateral distance between the groups. It was simply a bird army moving forward in "columns of companies." They fed as they flew, individuals diverging now and then and half turning to catch the luckless insect quarry.

MIGRATION LATER IN 1898.

Last year a similar flight took place over Chicago, September 11, more than three weeks later in the season than the migration of this year. Last year the winter was late and open; this year, unless the night hawk was deceived, it will be early and severe.

There is a family of birds called the warblers—one of the largest feathered families in existence and certainly one of the most beautiful, yet comparatively unknown because its members like to stay among the leaves of the trees. These restless little creatures, are now passing through the city parks and over the city houses by myriads. They began their journey two weeks earlier than is usual with them. Why?

These birds were once deceived by the weather, or perhaps they were head-strong and did not heed the warning. That was in the spring of 1888. They came a little early and a hard winter spell came a little late. The result was that in the woods of Chicago's suburbs hundreds of stricken little creature could be seen in an hour's walk. The cold had killed them. [This is another proof that all laws of prophecy fail at times.]

WARBLERS ECHO A PROPHECY.

The warblers, like the night hawks, the martins, and the swallows, are prophesying an early winter, and if one will listen to the notes of these birds, he will discover at once that not one of them is a "croaker."

Robins believe in large families, and many pairs of robins rear three broods in a single season. Some of the old-fashioned ornithologists said that when any pair of robins brought up three sets of young ones in a single summer, the winter would be late and warm, but if two nestfuls proved to be the limit for all the redbreasts, there would be early frosts, cold weather, and sleighing from Thanksgiving to the spring election.

[The above are only a few of the many prophetic signs in nature which old residents in every country place learn to rely upon.—ED. H. OF D.]

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE HARBINGER OF DAWN.

The Fallen Pyramid.

An African Legend of a Golden Age in the Long Ago.—Its Occult Teachings.—"The Heart of the World."

BY WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

We had crossed a long, barren stretch of semi-desert; the oriental sun burned fiercely overhead, marking the daily resting hour, and my guide and myself had seated ourselves beneath the protecting foliage of a tropical tree that grew close to a bursting spring.

Refreshed from our dusty journey of the morning, and inwardly satisfied by the contents of a hamper, we lit our pipes and leaned back upon the turf to enjoy the balance of our time in mutual communion and ease of the physcial being.

I had found much to admire in the conversation of my guide. Although he had spent nearly all his life in these northern African wilds, yet he had managed to master the language of the "longuerers," as he termed the English. It was because they were unconquerable, he explained, that he had acquired their speech, "for you cannot make anything your own, Sahib, that a conqueror possesses without adding to your own strength."

For a time, we smoked in silence, I gazing dreamily over the North, toward a slight elevation that marked the medium distance of the horizon, and which lay in the direction we were soon to travel. Observing my look, Ali Abdeen, my guide, remarked. "You are now looking toward a very interesting part of your journey, Sahib. What you now see is all that remains of what we poor natives call 'The Fallen Pyramid.'"

"The Fallen Pyramid!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, Ali, a pyramid is the most enduring structure known to man. How could it have fallen?"

"Sahib," replied my guide very impressively; "this pyramid was made to fall whenever its light departed from it. Ages ago, while the world was yet young, a marvelous people lived in a far-distant land, toward the rising sun. They were the virtual masters of the whole world, but disdained to mix in the affairs of other races or nations. They were consulted by our wisest men whenever a too perplexing question arose, so profound were they in all the realm of knowledge. They procured of us whatever they desired, and not by tribute, Sahib, for they paid more than we could pay for the merchandise they wished. Indeed, such proceeding made us produce the best we could of anything in the hope that they might wish it. We knew this people as the People of the Great Sea, and so dignified and wise were they that whenever one visited us we could not name him less than a Sultan. It was a glad cry among my ancestors, Sahib, when they heard the shout, 'The Sultans are coming!'

"My great-grandfather has related these things to me, Sahib. His great-grandfather related them to him, and he received it from his ancestors, who were priests, in the time of the long ago.

"We know these things are so because of the ruins of our land, Sahib. What we now possess speaks of a former glory far beyond the power of that of our ancestors. The temples and pylons, the pyramids and obelisks, all stand as mute witnesses of a former golden age. Ah! the world was beautiful then, Sahib. The earth races toiled in the earth; the sea races, in the sea, while those who ruled by word of mouth were wise and good.

"The priests in those days were the children of fire. In the temples fire descended upon the altars before all the people, and so powerful were they in directing the rays of the sun that for the space of hours it would appear to stand still.

"But these things are all of a once mighty past. There came a time when those of the Sea visited us—not to buy, but to bestow gifts. When we wondered why they would receive nothing in return, they would turn their faces toward their land of the sea, and tears would come into their eyes, but no explanation would they give to us. It was at this time, Sahib, that seven priests of that country came through this region. Their sole burden was a massive round ball wrapped in sea-cotton and bound in dressed hide. It was guarded by them night and day. For not an instant did one of them let his eye depart from it.

"They traveled at night, by the fixed stars, until they came to this place. Here they camped and sent messengers to our Sultan. My ancestors say that he wept at its reception and bowed his head into the dust before them. Why he wept, Sahib, no man could tell. Indeed it looked as if he had cause to rejoice for wonderful gifts were given to him that had come direct from the land of the Sea.

"It was then that an army of the earth people were sent to this spot, and, yonder, where that confused mass of gray stone lies before our vision was erected a pyramid under the plans of the seven wise Sultans.

"It was built, Sahib, not like any other pyramid, but supported by a single column within that raised itself from foundation to topmost point. It was very beautiful—not round nor square—but triangularly oval. In its construction seven great stones were used, each differing from the rest, and all came from the land of the rising sun. The topmost one was cup-shaped, and when this was set in place the hide-bound-burden the Sultans had brought was opened, and what was contained therein was placed in the great stone cup of the column. It was something that you cannot believe, Sahib, for I can scarcely believe it myself. But my ancestors, who saw it, say that it was a ball of fire-stone—what you would call a diamond. It was so large our longest limbed men could not encompass it within their arms if they had been permitted to touch it. When the earth-workers saw it they fell down before it crying 'the sun, the sun!' while one wise Sultan kissed it reverently and said: 'O happy day when thou art resurrected above the equator, thou Heart of the World!'"

My guide relapsed into silence. He lit his pipe again, drew three or four long pulls, blew the fragrant smoke into the air and seemed to be trying to read in its fantastic curls and formations the scenes that his story had conjured up in my imagination. Like him, I lapsed into silence, though a thousand enquiries burned within me.

Our mid-day siesta finished, we resumed our journey. Presently Ali, having recovered from his mood of abstraction, again spoke:

"When the pyramid was finished, Sahib, it was the wonder and admiration of all our people. They made pilgrimages from far distant places, and even remote countries, to see it. It was faced with a bluish transparent stone that gave out prismatically all the colors of the storm-arch when the sun shone upon it. But its greatest glory was within where the Heart of the World lit up its spacious interior unfailingly as with a celestial light.

"Their work finished, the seven Sultans returned to their continent of the great sea. Then it was that our priests took charge of it, and among them was one of my ancestors. It was used for a long time as a temple to the sun and all who came were taught what was then known about the great God of Day. Besides this, each one was shown that he was a little sun himself, and that the light he diffused among his fellow beings would make the light of his hereafter and determine the brightness or gloom of his future state.

"It is not for me, Sahib, to teach you, who are so wise in matters of this kind, the lessons that were here taught"—(as we here reached the outer ruins of the once wonderful edifice), "but I often think there is a perfect line of unity between the glories of the sun and the daily walk of an upright man."

He paused as he said this and looked around. I also stood and gazed with him. In the wildest confusion before us lay a vast profusion of scattered rock. Each bore the trace of tool and brain and one could easily see that they had fallen, as by a single crash, from the proud position that they once held. The outer rim of these ruins was very regularly defined, showing that the structure had been circular in form, and strewn about equally within this circular area were the remains of the pyramid.

"Ali," said I, "can it be, unlike most pyramids, which are four-square, that this one was circular in structure?"

'Yes, Sahib," he replied; "within the pyramid was a huge zone that ran around the wall above its eastern entrance. This zone contained representations of the heavenly constellations of the Solar Belt or Zodiac. Above it were depicted the four great emblems of the Bull, the Lion, the Eagle and the Man, whose composite figure forms the Sphinx of Harmachis. Beneath were undines with cups, gnomes with pentacles, sylphs with limbs of trees, and salamanders with swords. They were all formed of translucent and many-colored stones, Sahib, and beautiful to behold."

Again my guide lapsed into silence and seating himself upon a large slab at hand he pointed to the center of the area of desolation. He said not a word—his gesture, in the silence and the awe-inspiring record before us, became pregnant with more than words might convey. It was eloquent though mute.

I followed the direction of his hand and looked at the center of the area. IT WAS EMPTY. Where should lie the most of the ruins held nothing so far as my eye could see. Wondering how this could be I said, "the center portion has been cleared—maybe the stones of the pillar have been taken away."

"Much has been taken away, Sahib," he replied; "all the translucent stones and figures have been appropriated by the vandals and others, but the column, with its marvelous 'Heart of the World' is still there!"

Noting my astonishment at his reply he now rose and we approached the central part. As we approached, it appeared to sink from view and when we arrived at its boundary a great cavity in the earth became visible.

"You now stand, Sahib," he continued, "on the edge of the bottomless pit. I say 'bottomless,' for no man hath sounded its depths. Caravan after caravan have tried to fathom it in vain. The longest stretches of rope have found no resting place below. Lighted lanterns of tremendous size have been dropped, gradually out of sight. Listen!"

He raised a large fragment of stone as he spoke and hurled it into the mouth of the void below. No sound followed, though I listened intently.

"In that pit, Sahib, is all that once formed the wonderful column of the pyramid. In its embrace is held the greatest gem that the earth has known—but some day"—his eyes took a prophetic look and gleamed like twin stars of fire—"some day, Sahib, that stone will be resurrected. The story of its entombment followed a few hundred years after the overthrow of the Isle of the Great Sea when all the race of Sultans perished from the earth. They preferred to die with the destruction of their native home than to survive it. For long had it lasted. It fell, as men should fall, Sahib, ripe with age and achievement. The pyramid fell, not like the home of its projectors, but through violence. Out from the North, one day, swept the hordes who desolated the land. With others fell also this wonderful temple. Tradition says that, struck by its beauteous splendor, the head of the robber crusaders, sought to make the Heart of the World his own. In his haste he ordered great ropes to be fastened to the pillar on which at least a thousand men might pull. He stood by, close at hand, so as to see the great prize drop to earth. Once, twice, thrice they pulled in vain. New ropes were added and more men called to the unholy work. But not until even he aided did the column yield.

"They say there is a book you Christians possess, Sahib, which reads, 'He who takes the sword shall perish by it.' Had this vandal believed this he might have withheld his hand from desecrating a temple sacred to the Sun. In our way of finding truth that saying speaks much wisdom for me if I take it that he who destroys, only destroys himself.

"When the column yielded, ah! what a crash there must have been! As the Sun is the strength and support of our little cluster of worlds so the column had to be built as the sole support of its surrounding sides. Not the column alone fell—the whole pyramid fell, Sahib, and with such tremendous force that no two stones rested upon each other. The ground vibrated for miles, tradition says, and when those who had fled at the approach of the invader returned to look, each massive stone held a vampire beneath its grasp. Where stood the column was found this pit. Those of the vandals who saw this great destruction fled in terror and did not return."

He paused a moment and added impressively:

"It is said, Sahib, that at each anniversary of its fall a light flashes up for a moment from this bottomless pit, and a great rumble and tremor runs through the earth.

"The Heart of the World is not dead. It sleeps. Some day it will shine again. How or when we cannot tell. But the ancient Sultans—the wise men of the sea, knew this, for did one of them not say, as he kissed it on bended knee, 'Happy will be the day of thy resurrection, O Heart of the World.'"

Psychometry Bridges the Atlantic.

An Englishman writes to Light of a Startling Reading he had from Dr. Muehlenbruch.

An intelligent and thoroughly reliable correspondent, residing at Deal, Kent, has sent us the following as "a brief statement of facts:"—

I have for many years read "Light" regularly with the greatest interest, and some time ago I noticed Dr. Max Muehlenbruch's announcement and resolved to put his powers to a practical test. Accordingly, on June 19th last, I despatched the following letter to the doctor at Oakland, California:—

"Dear Sir:—I have seen your advertisement in 'Light,' and will thank you to send me a full life delineation, as advertised. I enclose lock of hair and also P. O. O. for 23s.—Yours truly, etc."

That was all my letter contained, and it seemed to me that it was about as complete a test as I could devise, for it is a far cry from Kent to California, and before seeing Dr. Muehlenbruch's advertisement in "Light" I had no more idea of his existence than I feel sure he, before receiving my letter, had of mine.

On the 27th of July I received a type-written communication from the doctor which filled four and a half foolscap pages. In it he recounted the chief incidents of the whole of my past life, and described my characteristics, my peculiarities, my inclinations, and my capacities. He told me I had had a fall, the scar of which I had on my lower limbs yet. (This happened in 1868, and I have the scar as the doctor stated). He told me I had met with two financial losses. (I was a heavy loser by the Liberator collapse, and I also lost money, though not so much as in the Liberator, in the ill-fated Hansard Union). He told me of the business changes I had met with, and of various mistakes I had made, and how to avoid such mistakes in the future. What he said was all true, and although I am no skeptic with regard to spiritual matters (what reader of "Light" can be?) I was perfectly staggered by the marvellous accuracy of this delineation.

The last page of the communication was devoted to a forecast of the future, respecting the accuracy of which I cannot, of course, speak so confidently, as the time for its fulfillment has not yet come. Concerning it I will, however, say that if in the main it proves to be correct I shall be content, although many of the events which he predicted in it are such as I would not willingly see happen, but would certainly order otherwise if I could.

I make no comment on the above facts; I leave them to speak entirely for themselves.

SURPRISED AND SATISFIED.

[There are sufficient reasons why our correspondent's name and address should not be published, but they are at the service of any serious inquirer.—Ed "Light."]

[We can also furnish this gentleman's name and full address to any serious inquirer, having obtained it from Dr. Muehlenbruch.—ED. HARBINGER OF DAWN.]

☞ As long as men are slaves to error they must of necessity maintain those internal and external parasites who profit by their errors. Truth needs no priest nor preacher, no more than health needs a physician. —LUCY A. MALLORY, in World's Advance Thought.

How African Psychics Produce Storms.

A Remarkable Tale by an Eye Witness, who is Vouched for by the Editor of the French Revue des Revues.

Joseph de Kronhelm quotes an article in La Revue Spirite from the Revue des Revues (the popular French Review of Reviews), which he says the editor of the Revue des Revues, M. Finot, endorses, saying that the narrator, Lautriadelta, is a serious man, respectable and dignified, and none doubts his sincerity. The gist of his story is, that he was on a visit to the King of Hinterland de Camaroon, in Africa, and the thread of the narrative continues as follows :—

What this gentleman (Lautriadelta) saw was two "rain-producers,"—an old man with a long beard, bent form and bow legs, and a young man of some thirty years, six feet high and of an athletic Greek form—surrounded by a circle of more than four thousand wild warriors, among which was the King himself, and the terrible warriors, at his orders, beginning their incantations, moved slowly around the circle, singing a barbarous song and from time to time throwing into the air handsful of a fine white dust which they carried with them. Some twenty minutes passed in this operation when the old man fell upon the ground, wallowing in epileptic convulsions and foaming at the mouth, while his companion—the athlete—remained passive, with his finger pointed to the west of the zenith. At the point indicated by the athlete nothing was visible, until a little later a black spot was formed, which increased in less than a minute to a large black cloud which completely eclipsed the sun, emitting thunder and lightning, torrents of rain and a tempest which lasted three fourths of an hour, when it turned into a moderate rain, lasting two days.

Professor Hyslop's Program.

Under the heading, "Another Scientific Convert,', the Harbinger of Light for September, gives the following important facts and suggestions :—

But a few months ago we reported that a prominent member of the English (and American) Psychical Research Society, Dr. Richard Hodgson, had been compelled by a series of evidence, through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper, to abandon the theories held by a majority of its members to explain psychic phenomena, and accept the spiritual hypothesis as the only one that would cover the facts in his experience.

Another convert has followed closely in his wake in the person of Dr. James H. Hyslop, professor of psychology, ethics, and logic in Columbia University, and member of the American Society for Psychical Research; Mrs. Piper in this instance also being the instrument that led to his conversion.

The following was the formula laid down by Dr. Hyslop at the commencement of his investigation of Mrs. Piper's mediumship :—

1. The facts must be facts which it is impossible for the medium to know or to have found out by means of other than spiritual agencies.
2. They must be facts outside the knowledse or memory of the sitter.
3. The facts must be susceptible of proof by ordinary means on this mundane sphere.

These conditions he affirms were complied with, and the Chicago Inter-Ocean quotes him as saying: "I am absolutely certain that within a year I shall be able to lay before the world conclusive evidence of the immortality of the soul. In my seventeen sittings with Mrs. Piper, not once has she told me facts connected only with my own memory. Each time they have been common to myself and to persons long since dead. And this is also true of the great number of scientific men who have examined her. I have received in my sittings and I have identified twenty five names belonging to persons not necessarily my relatives or even acquaintances."

The fact of both Dr. Hodgson and Dr. Hyslop having been convinced beyond peradventure of the truth of spirit communion through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper has its lesson. Mrs. Piper is not a public medium, she is retained and sustained by the Society for Psychical Research and is only available for scientific investigation to a limited number of members, hence the best conditions are given and all temptation to fraud is eliminated. This is what is required in the case of all good sensitives or media, and if those having means and the advancement of spiritual knowledge at heart would co-operate to give like conditions to any medium found to possess valuable psychic gifts, Spiritualism at large would be lifted into a higher plane and relieved of many excrescences which disfigure it.

A Fragment of Napoleonic History.

Mysterious Apparition Informed Napoleon's Mother of his Death at St. Helena.

La Lumiere quotes from La Scena Illustrata, of the 15th of May last, an extract from the "Memoirs of Mme. de Sartronville," who was reader to Madame Letizia Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon, to the following effect:—On the 5th of May, 1821, Madame Letizia was residing in Rome, when a stranger presented himself at the door of her palace, entreating the favor of an interview upon a matter of the greatest importance. She ordered him to be admitted, and there were present with her, at the time, her Chamberlain and Mme. Mellini, her lady in waiting. The stranger begged that he might be permitted to speak to her alone, and permission was granted. Then he said, with much solemnity of manner, "At the moment I am speaking to you, Napoleon is delivered from his sorrows. He is happy." And he went on to predict that after some years she would be united to her son, and to foretell many changes in the government of France. Then the stranger, whom she described as having the voice, the physiognomy, the stature and the imposing air of the Emperor, withdrew, leaving her a prey to violent emotions. She did not imagine for a moment that her son was dead, but believed that he had escaped from St. Helena, and would soon be in Paris again; but, three months afterwards, arrived the news of his death, which must have occurred about the same time as the mysterious apparition. Mme. Letizia Bonaparte survived her son fifteen years.—Harbinger of Light.

A Case of Telepathy.

In the Zeitschrift fuer Spiritismus, in a recent number of which is given an excellent portrait of Sir Wm. Crookes, we find the following:—"Herr Leo Cohn relates that one evening when he was studying Homer, with his comrade, Fritz M., during the winter of 1894, he saw Fritz suddenly turn pale and look around him in great affright. 'Listen! Dost thou hear her?' he exclaimed and fell into a swoon. On regaining consciousness, he stated that he heard the voice of his sister, who was then seven leagues distant from him, crying for help. Next day the news arrived that she had been skating, that the ice had broken under her, but that she had quitted the place through fear. The accident happened at the very time her brother heard her cry of distress."—Harbinger of Light.

Universal Telepathy.

In a communication received from Swedenborg, and published in La Survie by Mme. Ruffina Noeggerell, the Swedish philosopher makes the following striking statement :—"The universal fluid, or astral light, establishes a constant communication between beings. This fluid is the vehicle for the transmission of thought as, upon your earth, the air is the vehicle of sound. It is a sort of universal telephony which brings the worlds together, and permits the inhabitants of space to correspond with these worlds. The fluid of each of you is a modification of the universal fluid."—Harbinger of Light.

The Harbinger of Dawn.

By E. K. Hurlbut.

A star is rising in the west
Where anxious thousands wait;
It hovers o'er the mountain crest
That guards the Golden Gate.

It is the Harbinger of Dawn
That ushers in the day;
The long, dark night will soon be gone—
The shadows flee away.

The herald angels' trumpet-call
Is sounding through the earth,
While ancient crumbling idols fall
And Truth receives new birth.

Long may that star in beauty shine—
Its lustre never dim—
Till o'er the land of fruit and vine
We see the sun's bright rim

Rise to a world of peace and love
Where men are brothers all—
The emblem of a snow-white dove
Shall mark the eagle's fall,

And knowledge be the power to bless
Where Justice rules alone,
And Wisdom, crowned with righteousness,
Forever guard her throne.

An 18th-Century Poet's Vision.

It is Being Fulfilled, and Promises a Glorious Destiny for America.

About the close of the Spanish-American war we clipped the following interesting fragment of history from the Progressive Thinker:—

Joel Barlow, America's first great poet, author of "The Vision of Columbus," published in 1787, subsequently merged into the "Columbiad," in Book IX. of the first and subscription edition, now the property of this writer—a very scarce publication—in concluding the vision, and grasping universal humanity, he seemed to contemplate the present, and the glorious future now dawning on the earth. We copy from p. 241:

"High in the North, and toward the Southern skies,
New isles and nations greet the roving eyes;
Till each remotest realm, by friendship joined.
Links in the chain that binds all human kind,
The Unioned banners rise at last unfurled,
And waves triumphant round the accordant world."

And on p. 245:

"Where Asia's isles and utmost shores extend,
Like rising suns the sheeted masts ascend,
And join with peaceful toil the friendly train,
No more to combat on the liquid plain,
In distant glory, where the watery way
Spreads the blue borders of descending day.
The flowing flags unfold, in lengthened sweep,
Pride of the world and daughters of the deep."

Columbia asked his celestial guides "To lift those scenes that ages fold in night," and received for answer:

"Nor Heaven permits, nor Angels can display
The unborn glories of that blissful day."

And yet he was told the time will come when the unseen powers will—

"Bid the last breath of dire contention cease,
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace,
Bid one great empire, with extensive sway,
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,
One centered system, one all-ruling soul,
Live through the parts and regulate the whole."

The complete harmony now existing between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, whose language, literature, laws, customs and governmental policy are almost identical, seem destined to dominate the globe, and realize Columbus' Vision.

Obsession and Insanity.

Illustrating that Humorous writers often Apparently Unintentionally Inculcate Truths.

John McNaught, the well-known editorial writer on the San Francisco Call, in his "Editorial Variations," in a recent Sunday issue, has the following extract from a correspondent's letter, with comments. We give the item without comment, as beneath its humor may be found the elements of important truths, however imperfectly expressed. The item is as follows:—

A student and scholar who describes himself as an "adept in curing obsession," but signs his name "Nemo," writes a long letter to inform me among other things that "the apalling increase of so-called insanity of late is contemporaneous with the advent of the larger modern psycological influences at work secretly behind all public meetings of an indiscriminate character, especially in old Elemental Saturated halls during fits of undue mental excitement or other local sources of sapping of nerve power by the grosser in the audience drawing away by induction the 'magnetic' or life forces from finer sensitive subjects (uneducated Psychics), who are always more or less present in mixed meetings, in a partial state of unfoldment, and so become thereby so extremely nervous (polarized) that they can too easily be seized upon by some of the many earthbound 'unclean' or sick spirits as of old; also who 'beforetime were disobedient' and so unfledged Psychics still continue to supply the genuine reason for the ever swelling criminal calendar, the alleged moral leprosy, and most notably adding to the already too long list of obsessed people through ignorance of psychic law—

It must not be supposed I have given all of that sentence. There was some of it preceding where I began, and some that goes on beyond where I broke off. The portion given serves as a sample. The writer in a note says, "I am in a position to say that the second coming, i. e., the spiritual knowledge will be greatly aided if you do justice and give space to this article, one of many to follow." Alas! that the second coming should be delayed by my injustice, but it must be so. "Nemo's" article is more than a thousand words long and there are but three periods in it. To give space to it and the more to follow would be to hasten the spiritual illumination so rapidly there would be danger of something slopping over.

Written for the Harbinger of Dawn.

Why the Columbia will Win.

By J. H. Suss.

Under the conditions the Columbia is built she is sure to win. Her builder is physically blind, but he sees better than most people with open eyes. None but a psychist boat-builder can compete with him, and he will know before the boat is completed whether it will win or not. The populace is looking and watching to see which will win, when it is simply a real optical performance to show them how blind they are. These blind ones can easily see if they will only take the trouble to study Cornelius Agrippa's "Occult Philosophy," "The Mystic Thesaurus," and other good occult literature.

San Francisco, October 10, 1899.

Life, Death, Immortality.

Life is the dreamy sleep, and death—miscalled—true life;
Its shadowed valley, spanned by faith, with light enrife;
Its waters still, a stream down which we gently glide,
God's rod and staff our oars, fair angel hands our guide.
Its garb a mantle, whiter than the snows of earth,
To robe the soul awaking into glad new birth;
Its grave an open gate, thro' whose dark portals we
Pass on to hope's fruition—immortality.

—Hannah Moore Kohans.

The Streets of Baltimore.

Purporting to have been Dictated by the Poet Poe from the Beyond.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for October contains an illustrated article on "Edgar Allen Poe's College Days," showing the noble side of his character, and concluding with the following poem dictated by him from the Beyond, descriptive of his last earthly hours and his awakening from the dream of earth-life.

Though many have tried, no poet has ever been able to successfully imitate Poe's "Raven," yet here we have a perfect imitation, every phrase of which bears the stamp of Poe's peculiar genius; and when it is considered that it comes through some poor, despised spirit medium, it is to us one of the most convincing proofs of spirit communion we have ever seen. Following is the poem with introduction as given in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for October, 1899:

[The subjoined poem, singularly suggestive in spirit and rythm of Poe's "Raven," appeared anonymously forty years ago—ten years after Poe's death—in a New York newspaper. It purported to have been dictated to a Spiritualistic medium by the dead poet, whose untimely death in these same "streets of Baltimore" occurred on the 7th day of October, 1849.]

Woman weak and woman mortal,
Through thy spirit's open portal
I would read the Runic record
Of mine earthly being o'er—
I would feel that fire returning
Which within my soul was burning
When my star was quenched in darkness,
Set to rise on earth no more,
When I sank beneath Life's burdens
In the streets of Baltimore.

Ah, those memories sore and saddening!
Ah, that night of anguish maddening!
When my lone heart suffered shipwreck
On a demon-haunted shore—
When the fiends grew wild with laughter,
And the silence followed after
Was more awful and appalling
Than the cannon's deadly roar—
Than the tramp of mighty armies
Thro' the streets of Baltimore.

Like a fiery serpent crawling,
Like a maelstrom madly boiling,
Did this Phlegethon of fury
Sweep my shuddering spirit o'er,
Rushing onward, blindly reeling—
Tortured by intensest feeling
Like Prometheus, when the vultures
To his quivering vitals tore,
Swift I fled from death and darkness
Thro' the streets of Baltimore.

No one near to save or love me,
No kind face to watch above me,
Though I heard the sound of footsteps
Like the waves upon the shore—
Beating—beating—beating—beating—
Now advancing—now retreating—
With a dull and dreary rythm,
With a long, continuous roar—
Heard the sound of human footsteps
In the streets of Baltimore.

There at length they found me lying,
Weak and 'wildered, sick and dying,
And my shattered wreck of being
To a kindly refuge bore;
But my woe was past enduring,
And my soul cast off its mooring,
Crying as I floated onward,
"I am of the earth no more!
I have forfeited Life's blessing
In the streets of Baltimore!"

Where wast thou, O Power Eternal,
When the fiery fiend infernal
Beat me with his burning fasces
Till I sank to rise no more?
Oh! was all my lifelong error
Crowded in that night of terror?
Did my sin find expiation
Which to judgment went before,
Summoned to a dread tribunal
In the streets of Baltimore?

Nay, with deep, delirious pleasure
I had drained my life's full measure,
Till the fatal fiery serpent
Fed upon my being's core;
Then, with force and fire volcanic,
Summoning a strength Titanic,
Did I burst the bonds that bound me—
Battered down my being's door—
Fled, and left my shattered dwelling
To the dust of Baltimore!

How to Usher in the New Era.

To THE EDITOR:—I see your magazine has a different mission from any spiritual paper now published. The dawn can only come by self cultivation and the unfoldment of the moral and spiritual powers in the human mind, and not by the black magic now practiced of mind controling mind in church and state, and in spirits controling mortals, or mortals controling spirits, but by each one controling themselves—then can come the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity.

So we make our heaven, likewise our hell,
And when they're made we in them dwell;
Therefore each one should examine well
And see if they're making heaven or hell.

For as sure as any thing can be,
Your own thoughts make you bond or free;
You build your prison, then lock the door,
Then to your unknown God implore.

Summerland, Cal. A. C. DOANE.

Dr. Peebles' Anti-Christian Resolution.

Considering the failure of the late peace conference in Europe; the prospect of a South African war; the Filipino fighting in the Orient; the perversity, the robbery, the landless toilers; the political jobberies; the hanging and burning of colored men in the South; the mob-law murders in the North; the Sunday bull-fights in Christian Spain and Mexico; the street-walking, outcast men and women in our national metropolis; the midnight saloons, brimming with liquid damnation; the long catalogue of mighty crimes perpetrated daily in our great cities under the very shadows of a thousand churches;—I say considering all this, is it not time, high time, to call a halt? Is it not time to introduce Buddhism, Brahminism, Confucianism, Jainism,—something to supercede this sectarian Christianity that leads to bewilder, that conquers to enchain, that dazzles to blind, and that encourages sin by holding out the escape-idea that the blood, the "precious, atoning blood," will through belief or faith, clean the slate and open the gates of Paradise.

Carefully considering the status of our Christian civilization, I offer the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That the further preaching and spread of creed, and church, and sectarian Christianity in all its forms, be postponed;

RESOLVED, That preachers, inasmuch as Jesus was a carpenter, Paul a tentmaker, Peter a fisherman, and James and John toilers by the seaside—engage, actively engage, in blacksmithing, plowing the fields, or planting trees; and that church edifices be turned into schools, gymnasiums, hospitals, homes for the aged, sanitariums, psychic academies and universities for the normal education of the young—physically, mentally, morally, socially and spiritually, thus ultimating, necessarily, in manhood—a type of true, royal-souled manhood!

Who will second the motion? Will some preacher—some professed follower of Jesus?—Temple of Health.

The Druids as Spiritualists.

In Count Baudi di Vesme's valuable "Storia dello Spiritismo," (the History of Spiritualism) he thus speaks of the Druids, who, both in early Britain and Gaul, possessed the fullest knowledge of spirit return, and habitually communicated with the departed:—

The Island of Anglesey, on the coast of Wales, was the center of the Druidic cult. Here, more particularly, the Druids exercised their magic arts, practiced divination and magnetism, so that Pliny spoke of them as "a kind of doctors and diviners," and enumerated many magical and natural branches of knowledge, for which the Romans were indebted to them. Pomponius Mela says that the Druidesses, "gifted with singular faculties, healed infirmities which were believed to be incurable, knew the future and foretold it to people."..... Roman writers speak of the prophecies of the Druidesses made to the Emperors Diocletian, Aurelius, and Alexander Severus. Cicero in his book De Divinatione. speaks with high esteem of the Druid Divitiacus of Autun, his friend and able diviner.

The historians narrate how Vercingetorix was accustomed to discourse in the dense wood, with the souls of heroes who had died for their country. Before raising the Gauls against Julius Cæsar, he betook himself to an island in the Seine,the ancient abode of the Druidesses. There a genius appeared to him who predicted his own discomfiture and martyrdom.

The commemoration of the defunct is of Celtic origin. On the first day of November was celebrated the festival of the spirits, not in cemeteries (for the Gauls did not honor corpses), but in every dwelling, where the bards and seers evoked the souls of the departed. The Gauls peopled the plains and forests with errant spirits. The Duz and the Korrigans were only souls awaiting a fresh incarnation. For the Gauls believed in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, so effectually as to merit the celebrated verses of the Pharsalia, in which Lucan, addressing himself to the Druids, exclaims:—

"Through you the shades do not bury themselves in the shadowy realms of Erebus, but the soul takes wing to animate other bodies in new worlds; and death is only the interval of a long life—Longæ vitæ mors media est."

THE DRUIDS' TABLE OF SPIRIT SPHERES AND THE CHARACTERS OF THEIR INHABITANTS.

It will also be interesting, I believe, to set forth here the grades through which spirits have to pass, according to the Druids, to reach the abodes of the blessed:—

THE ABODE OF SPIRITS:—1. The dwelling place of God. [In this sphere is classed "pure spirits no more subject to reincarnation."]

2. Abode of the blessed. [Superior Spirits.]

3. Circle of emigrations and of the various corporeal existences which souls pass through in order to arrive at the above. [In this sphere is classsed, wise, learned, beneficent, neutral and cunning spirits.]

4. Abyss—chaos—point of departure of souls. [In this sphere is classed, frivilous and impure spirits, or what the modern Spiritualist would call "earth-bonnd spirits." These were considered to perfect themselves and to rise by reincarnation.]

[The above "Spiritual Table" was too complex and required too much time and space, hence our summary, which covers all the points.—ED. HARBINGER OF DAWN.]

"The Druids," writes M. Grimard in his "Une Echappee sur l'Infini," (A Glimpse of the Infinite) were incessantly in communication with the invisible world. They invoke the dead, within the enclosure of their menhirs (such as still exist in Brittany and Wiltshire) which had been reared in lines or circles, before their time, by the people of the stone age; and there the Druidesses and bards (all of them mediums) delivered their oracles under the spectral light shed over them on moonlit nights."

A MESSAGE FROM EWALD, A PREHISTORIC DRUID.

It has been the good fortune of the present writer, on five different occasions, to receive, through a trance medium, communications from Ewald, an arch-druid who lived in early Britain. The first of these was obtained upon the 1st of May, 1898, and is probably the only authentic information with respect to these primitive Spiritualists which has reached us since the "Commentaries" of Julius Cæsar, in which he tells us of their belief in the immortality of the soul, and of a plurality of existences, in this and other worlds.

These are the words of Ewald:—

"I was one of those who worshipped, and who taught the knowledge of the One True God, in that temple of Stonhenge on the plain.....Yet have I heard it said, 'The Druids worshipped many gods.'....Ye have no present knowledge, by history or tradition, of the times in which I lived. In later years only did the Druids worship many gods; but, in my own days, we adored the One True God, who made all things, is over all things, and is in all things, animate and inanimate; although there is nothing really inanimate, for the very rocks and stones are alive. Nay, if you possessed the faculty of inner hearing, you might hear their voices. All is life and motion, because all things live and move and have their being in God. The very monoliths of Stonehenge are pulsating with vital force, as they were when I stood among them in human form. In later times—in the ages which ye call historical—men began to worship other gods, just as ye do, for what matters it whether ye call the deity ye worship Woden, or Thor, or Gold or Silver?—it is a false god, all the same.

"When we—the priests, or chosen ones—worshipped and taught in Stonehenge, we sat in circle, and I was the medium. Those circles were held at midnight and in solemn silence....All that ye now know of Spiritualism, we knew. Do you imagine that there is anything new in the revelations ye have been receiving during the last fifty years? What have these been, compared with those which were brought to us in that far-distant past? More—much more—wonderful things were disclosed to us than any which have yet been revealed to you. All those high intelligences which have come among you, visited us. Even he, whom you call the Master, materialized in our presence, and spoke to us. And why not? Is it wonderful that it should have been so? Are ye not surrounded by marvels? And is not each of you a marvel in himself? Did not the Master toil painfully upward, until he had purified himself? Had he not been previously incarnated? Yes, and he told us of his past lives; and of his final advent, hereafter to accomplish and complete the work which he left unfinished at his last coming in human form. Yet, not as a mortal will this take place, but as a teacher speaking through any instrument he can find. All the wonders we saw and heard—such as only the purified are privileged to behold and listen to—will again be witnessed on the earth; and every human being shall know that the Father is Love; that His righteousness and tender mercy are over all His creatures; that His wisdom and justice endure forever; and that there is nothing new nuder the sun. Therefore I say unto you, children of the earth, subjugate your animal passions; subdue your baser natures; and govern yourselves, as we did. For we held our bodies in subjection; and our spirits were ther masters. And if ye would receive the revelations which were vouchsafed to us, ye must render your lives as pure as ours were; and then will the angels gather round you, and speak to you that which they spoke to us."

The other communications imparted by Ewald, on the 8th of May, the 18th of September, the 2nd and 30th of October, in the same year, breathed the same elevated spirit as, and were not less impressive in language than, the foregoing; besides throwing a new light upon some obscure passages in the history of human ideas.—Harbinger of Light.

The above message, whether coming from the source from which it purports to emanate or not, is in strict accord with similar revelations given in France about the same time, which we read in La Paix Universelle.

Count Vesme's "Storia dello Spiritismo," above mentioned, is, to us, the most complete history of Spiritualism extant, and shows immense research and study. It should be translated.—ED. HARBINGER OF DAWN.

The Song of the Silent Land.

Into the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the silent land?

Whoever has read the above lines, by Longfellow, cannot choose but see something of the beauty and truth of the song—cannot choose but see that the author of it had the spiritual instinct largely developed. For it is evident that he had probed the recesses of his mind, and had there made a great discovery—the discovery of a land which he calls a SILENT land.

But what is this silent land? How may one find it?

"Oh," you say, "I know of no such land, and if I did who would desire the everlasting silence?"

But listen! with bated breath and well-attuned ear!

"Why," you ask, "the well-attuned ear? Surely, the dull, passive ear will listen to silence!"

No; listen! listen! for the silent land is a celestial land, and its song is a celestial song. It is a song of songs—the music of music. It is sung by choirs of angels, and its melodies come only through the corridors and halls of silence.

But how far-reaching, how vast, must those corridors and halls be! They cannot be attained unto by many. The earth voices are too vividly clear and resonant, ringing their changes with ever-varying effect upon the wayward wills and unruly passions of men.

Who could catch the idea of that silence while the earth-voices are calling, calling, luring us with hurrying feet along the pathway of pleasure; for earth has so many voices. There is beauty, with its subtle power, its perfumes, and its intoxicating delights. If the Silent Land lay here, then, indeed, one could listen.

Other voices there are—the greed of gold—the fever of ambition, and these to some have a more subtle power even than that other.

Ah, no! we cannot listen while these earth-sounds are so mighty and so enthralling.

Our poet knew it well. What does he say?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

He knew it—knew that those clouds and wrecks were but the result of those earth-voices. For what are beauty and gold and ambition? A gilded toy, a mighty curse—a huge failure—the clouds and wrecks which lie all along the shore.

Stranded, lonely, cold and desolate, our poet casts about vaguely, helplessly for something more durable—something which has a more lasting sweetness. He has culled the roses of life, and there they lie at his feet, withered, scentless, dead.

He has gathered the gold, but it is too heavy, and he casts it from him angrily and disdainfully.

There is Ambition, realized to the full, but he hurls it from its high pedestal in shame and sadness.

The laurels are thorns, which goad and stab men like barbed arrows.

The earth-voices have brought him misery. It is here that he discovers the Silent Land.

Silent? Yes: it has no voice for those whose ears still linger longingly to catch the dying strains of Earth.

But listen! listen! with eager ear! and through the corridors of the soul will come from that vast Silence a sound.

Only a sound—a mere whisper, it may be; but that slight sound is precious—infinitely more precious than all those earth-voices, with their clamorous din and discord, for it speaks of a larger hope, a sweeter joy. Above all, it speaks of strength—strength to overcome. What is it that our poet says?

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

The land which must be silent until one has learned to catch its music. Sweeter, clearer, purer does that music become, for it is the strain of love, joy, peace.

And now we release the truth of our poet's thinking:

The mildest herald of our fate alotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land.

Now we see how even those earth-voices, which were erst-while our curse, may become our blessing. We hear the music of celestial spheres, and those melodies become blended with all the sweet sounds of earth, air, sea and sky, into a harmony that never cloys, never wearies, for it is the joy of heaven.—G. V. LOVESEY, in Two Worlds.

Age of the Earth and Dawn of Life.

It is interesting to read the deductions of late scientists as to the age of the earth and the dawn of life. How very much bolder and unlike the declarations of those writing upon the same subjects half a century ago. Then they were laboring to placate popular religious prejudice, and gain a hearing through the secular press, so they made concessions that no student of Nature would make to-day. These subjects have been attracting unusual attention among scholars of late, who, thanks to advancing knowledge, are no longer compelled to cater to ignorance.

Lord Kelvin, a celebrated physicist, of Scotland, has been estimating the time since the crust of the earth became solidified. He thinks this condition was not attained five thousand million years ago, and doubts if it could have occurred two thousand four hundred million years ago. He thinks it may have been practically realized one thousand million years ago.....Other scholars, quite as profound, have fixed not later than five hundred million years as approximating the probable beginning of life; while biologists insist this period should be doubled to develop the varied forms of life, climaxed by the appearance of man. traces or remains of whom are visible all around us.

Sir Charles Lyell, writing his "Elements of Geology" more than fifty years ago, very careful not to antagonize the churches too earnestly, on page 42 quoted with seeming approbation Lord Byron:

"The dust we tread upon was once alive."

Lyell then goes on to say:

"How faint an idea does this exclamation of the poet convey of the real wonders of Nature! for here we discover proofs that the calcareous and silicious dust of which hills are composed has not only been once alive, but almost every particle, albeit invisible to the naked eye, still retains the organic structure which, at periods of time incalculably remote, was impressed upon it by the powers of life."

The learned scientist then entered into details, almost confirming Shelley's seemingly extravagant statement in Queen Mab, who was addressed by the attendant spirit:

"There's not one atom of yon earth
But once was living man;
Nor the minutest drop of rain
That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,
But flowed in human veins:
And from the burning plains
Where Libyan monsters yell,
From the most gloomy glens
Of Greenland's sunless clime,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Their harvest to the day,
Thou canst not find one spot
Whereon no city stood."

Taking a practical view of the subject, is it not true that figures expressing such incomprehensible periods of time as those given by the scientist, instead of informing, bewilder and confuse the mind? Is not that expression of the lamented Ingersoll, "We stand midway between two eternities," quite as intelligible as the mathematical designation of five thousand millions of years? The revelations of the last few years make the startling statements of Shelley seem anything but chimerical.—The Progressive Thinker.

Brief Book Reviews.

FATE AND JUSTICE, or the Key to the Problems of Being, and the Philosopher's Pressing Questions, by Emil Ulrich Wiesendanger. Translated from the German by N. Shultz. 164 pp. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 75c. For sale by E. U. Wiesendanger, Comanche, Tex.

The author is both original and profound, and the scope of his work may be imagined when it is stated that the index shows 130 subjects, which are treated in an original and interesting manner, without redundancy of expression or waste of words. The subjects treated are such as should interest every human being; for instance, in his introducrion, the author asks:—

"How often are we visited by the sad hours of tribulation and tears; and then, in despair, we cry out, asking the why and wherefore of these things—Why must it be I to whom fate is so unkind? Why is it that so many—worse by nature, and in their lives, than I am—can live a life of prodigality, frequently without their own effort and desert? I, poor soul, labor with hand and heart in order to live an honest and respected life, but all in vain—my fate says, 'Impossible!'—I am honest!—I am religious!—I am righteous!—I try my best, but why, I ask again, do I not succeed?—Why?"

It is these questions, and the unsatisfactory answers usually given to them, that have made pessimists, and even anarchists, out of thousands of unfortunate souls. However, Mr. Wiesendanger has taken an optimistic view of the situation and makes out the best case in defense of Divine Justice that is possible from a human standpoint.

Some critics have thought, at a glance, that the main object of this book was to teach reincarnation, but this the author denies. The claims of reincarnation are, of course, set forth in the work, as the author is a man of broad views, but it is only one of many theories fitted into his scheme of Divine Justice, which he claims was taught by the ancient sages, including Jesus and the apostles, but was eliminated from the gospels at the Nicene councils.

The book is written in a plain, unostentatious, yet positive manner, the author evidently feeling that he has an important message to give to humanity.

A SHORT VIEW OF GREAT QUESTIONS, by Orlando J. Smith. 68 pp. Cloth, 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts. The Brandur Company, 220 Broadway, New York.

In a circular-letter the publishers of this book say it was warmly commended by the late Robert G. Ingersoll, and is heartily endorsed by John Clark Ridpath.

This book is somewhat in line with "Fate and Justice," but treats the same subject from a slightly different standpoint. It takes a number of basic propositions and then argues them out. The first proposition is that "The whole theory of Creation—the creation of the universe, of the race of men, of the soul of man—is at variance with the trend, deductions and demonstrations of modern science," and the last proposition commences with the statement that "Religion is in harmony with morality and justice, and Theology is the doctrine of Fatalism, which is at war with morality and justice. Religion is natural, and Theology is artificial."

The trend of the book is toward reincarnation, and in a supplement the author gives extracts from nearly all the great poets, under the heading of "The Poets of Pre-Existence," which would indicate that they all taught, or at least hinted at reincarnation. He quotes from Kipling, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Goethe, Shelley, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Longfellow, Whitman, Dryden, Browning, Aldrich, Coleridge, Lowell, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and W. W. Story.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HON. WM. JENNINGS BRYAN, by Wallace E. Nevill, 2929 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal. Price, 10 cents.

The whole subject of Government and of Politics is here treated from an independent point of view, and in Mr. Nevill's original manner, spiced with profuse quotations and sage sayings by many great men of all ages, which aptly apply to the present situation.

WHEN THE JACKSON-STREET CABLE STOPPED, or the Car Conductor's Dream, by Wallace E. Nevill, 2929 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal. Price, 25 cents.

This is one of Mr. Nevill's day-dreams, which turns out to be a veritable X-ray for penetration and depth of research in various lines of thought. It contains much food for thinkers, even if it does end with the words, "And I awoke, and behold it was a dream!"

WHY I AM A VEGETARIAN, by J. Howard Moore. An address delivered before the Chicago Vegetarian Society Price, 25 cents. The Purdy Publishing Company, McVicker's Theatre Building, Chicago, Ill.

The author has no apology to make for this book, as he says it is a projectile, and projectiles do not apologize.

WISDOM AND FOLLY, a treatise on the problems of Life and the laws of compensation, by John T. Dow, Duluth, Minn. Price, 20 cents.

This little brochure treats of man's relation to the Spiritual and Material Universe and the Divine Laws under which he exists.

Was Jesus a Medium?

The Boston Traveler Waxes Witty, Wise and Otherwise upon the Subject.

The latest researches on occult and Spiritualistic lines seem to throw some new and strange lights on Christ. The opinion is now freely shared by investigators, who claim to get direct spirit messages from the next world, that Christ was a spirit medium similar to the ones we have to-day in Boston and other places: that he worked exactly as they all do, under the same laws, conditions and methods of achievement; that he had similar phases of control, and really did no more wonderful things than some mediums are doing to-day, right in sight of the Massachusetts State House, although so crowded are the public demands upon them that they seldom have to advertise or cater to the press or pulpit for support or sympathy. Christ was a reincarnated spirit, whose birth had been foretold by the mediums, as we read that the wise men "saw his star in the East and came to worship him," etc., although we deny that he was God, or even the son of a God, any more than is any holy person. Like most "kids," Christ didn't "cut much ice" until he was several years old, when we read of him "in the temple," talking, probably under trance or inspirational spirit control, to the old, wise men, much to his parents' amazement, and to the old fellows' surprise, to find a boy who knew more than they did themselves. Modern boy and girl mediums can, and have repeatedly done similar feats to-day, but the fat-salaried clergy usually hush up the fact for commercial reasons. Only Christ, though reputed to be a son of God, left no manuscripts or automatic writings, similar to Mrs. Piper's, because his mediumship was not built that way. He did almost nothing, except carpentering, etc., until he was about thirty years of age, when his mediumship again pushed him to tho front. All of his miracles can be duplicated, and often surpassed, by modern mediums. Yet so bigoted are most of the churches that they habitually deny all spirit manifestations unless stale with two thousand years of age and mystery. His "walking upon the water" was a miracle which has often been surpassed by mediums who have been carried bodily up two or three flights of stairs, from one room to another, over four stories above the ground, and then through a window open one foot wide. Bodies have been carried through solid stone walls, floors, etc., but in such cases either one or the other of the solid substances has been dematerialized by the spirits.—Boston Traveler.

N. S. A. Convention.

The annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association, which convened in Chicago, October 17 to 20, adopted the following principles, which were the unanimous report of the committee:—

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expressions of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We believe that a correct understanding of such expressions, and living in accordance therewith, constitute the true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continues after the change called death
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We believe the highest code of moral ethics to be embodied in the Golden Rule, to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are, President, Harrison D. Barrett, Boston, Mass.; Vice-President, H. W. Richardson, East Aurora, N. Y.; Secretary, Mrs. M. T. Longley, Washington, D. C.; Treasurer, Theodore J. Mayer, Washington, D. C.; Trustees, David P. Dewey, Grand Blanc, Mich.; I. C. I. Evans, Washington, D. C.; Alonzo Thompson, Fullerton, Neb.; C. D. Pruden, Minneapolis, Minn.; E. W. Bond, Willoughby, Ohio.

Cleveland, Ohio, has been selected for the next National Convention. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Exchanges Received Since Last Report.

In addition to the periodicals reviewed in our last issue, we have since received upon our exchange list the following: La Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme, Paris, France (announces change of address to 40, Boulevard Excelmans); Le Progres Spirite, 1, Rue Oberkampf, Paris; Lumen, Pantano, 91, Tarrasa, Spain; Revista da Sociedade Psychica de Sao Paulo, (Portuguese), Rua da Boa Vista, N. 42, S. Paulo, Brazil; The Harbinger, Lahore, India; The Two Worlds, Manchester, England; The Herald of the Golden Age, Ilfracrombe, England; The Better Life, Battle Creek, Mich.; Fred Burry's Journal, Toronto, Canada; Universal Harmony, Daytona, Fla.; Inspiration, Daytona, Fla.; The Sphinx (Astrological and Mystical), Boston, Mass.; Suggestive Therapeutics, Chicago, Ill.; Common Sense, Chicago, Ill.; Intelligence, Springfield, Ohio; Het Toekomstig Leven (The Life to Come), Kruisdwarsstraat 4, Utrecht, Holland; Efterat (The Future Life), Kammakaregatan 6, Stockholm, Sweden; Nya Tiden (New Time—Swedish), Minneapolis, Minn.

Brief Notes.

Dr. Law, pastor of the Church of the Advent in East Oakland, has resigned because the vestrymen of his church objected to his preaching divine healing. He gave to a reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle, as proof that he had been cured of partial paralysis without medicine, the fact that his vestrymen had found him a foeman worthy of their steel. After refering to the rapid spread of the healing movement, he added:—"Say what we will, the healing element in the New Testament must come to the front, and those churches which do not come to it must go down."

The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for July (Vol. XIV) is on our desk. The principal report is upon "Coincidences," compiled by Alice Johnson. In the Supplement we find, "The Forms of Apparitions in West Africa," "A Few Notes on Occultism in West Africa," "Psychology and Psychical Research,"—a reply to Prof. Muensterberg,—"Experimental study of Visions;" Extract from J. E. de Mirvelle's "Des Esprits et de leurs Manifestations Fluidiques." Price $1.25. For sale at this office.

Stanley Shaefer, a little boy who lives in Columbia, Mo., has eyes like an owl, and sees to read books in the dark, while he is dull and unable to see in the daytime. This boy should be employed by the Psychic Research Societies to help investigate dark seances.

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