The HOPEFUL Messenger

The Spiritualists' Mouthpiece



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Vol. 10 No. 9 OCTOBER 1950 Five Cents

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A Meeting in the Street

The author kept encountering his boyhood friend in unaccountable circumstances and places. Were the meetings only coninicidence?

By FRANCIS DICKIE

When I was 15 I ran away from home with another boy. We had lived all our lives in a little western frontier town and the only city in the whole region was a bustling place of 60,000.

After a few days in this city, circumstances forced us to part. My friend got a job with a travelling tent show and I joined a survey party that penetrated far into the wilds of Northern Ontario. Three years later I was penniless and out of work in the northern Canadian city of Edmonton. I "beat" my way across the continent, landing a few weeks later in San Francisco, where I drifted down to the famous portion of the city known as the "Barbary Coast."

Hungry and despairing on the third evening after my arrival, I was turning the corner of Kearney Street onto Pacific when I ran right into my boyhood comrade. Our joy and amazement at thus meeting after all this time 3,000 miles from home was great, for in all that period we had heard no word of each other.

What little money he had was gladly shared with me. He had just lost a job as a "ballyhoo" or announcer for a sideshow. After a few days we both shipped as laborers to Seattle where some railroad work was going on, receiving, as was the custom, free transportation.

We did not like the work, and after a few days went to the Canadian seaport of Vancouver. Here my comrade got a job bartending and I collected tickets in a motion picture theater.

We roomed together and often spent an hour or so seated in big leather chairs lined up before the plate glass windows in the rotunda of the hotel where he worked. After some three months the death of a relative caused me to return to Eastern Canada.

I began writing for a living. After a few months in the East I again journeyed westward and became a reporter on a daily newspaper in Calgary. As part of my work I covered the race meetings held twice a year. The first day I entered the betting ring there was my friend standing on one of the bookmaker's blocks. He left when the race meeting was over. We did not correspond.

Six months later I moved to Edmonton, 150 miles distant, and became sporting editor of a paper there. Edmonton was booming. Two railroads were building through to the Pacific. The tow was constantly filled with "stake-blowing" workmen. Gambling clubs on the main streets ran faro, blackjack and poker tables. I often visited the gambling clubs in search of news. And who should I find one evening sitting in the reading room of one of these but Alex. He was a dealer in one of the card games. A few

(Continued on page 4)

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THE HOPEFUL MESSENGER

Vol. 10 DETROIT, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 1950 No. 9

What Does Spiritualism Actually Teach and Stand For?

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
M.D., LL.D.
President d'Honneur de la
Federation Spirite Internationale

It is a difficult task to compress the whole argument for Spiritualism into a short pamphlet, but one is so often asked for some short statement which will cover the whole ground that one feels that it is necessary to attempt it. I will therefore outline that which I believe to be true, and which I am assured represents the religious knowledge of the future, even if for the moment it should be unpopular or misunderstood.

Religion cannot always stand still, or be referred eternally to documents thousands of years old, many of which are far below our modern standards of intelligence and morality. God still yearns over the world which He has created, and He still from time to time, as it is ready to receive it, transmits to it by this or that chosen and inspired messenger fresh knowledge by which man may know something of his destiny.

I Was Forced to a Conclusion

I believe that within the last eighty years a floor of such knowledge has been conveyed to us, and that we have been extraordinarily blind as to its validity and its overwhelming importance. So convinced am I of the vital nature of this psychic knowledge, that I have been gradually forced to the conclusion that it is the most important event which has occurred in the world since that raising of ethical standards which we associate with the revered name of Jesus of Nazareth, and that on the plane of religious knowledge as apart from ethics, it is actually the most important event of any.

For, consider what it means if it be true. We claim that we can break through the barrier of death, that those who have lived in this world have not changed either their forms or their characters, but only their vibrations, so that instead of manifesting through the flesh body, which is a low and slow vibration, they live now in an etheric body which is on a high and fast vibration, and therefore invisible to our ordinary mortal eyes, exactly as many things in our daily life fail to impress our

(Continued on page 2)

Beyond

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that far country—the beyond,
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring regions near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear
I think I almost see the gleaming strand
I know I feel those who have gone from here
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.
I often think but for our veiled eyes
We should find heaven right above us lies.

And so for me there is no sting of death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing—with abated breath,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

True Mystic Experiences

The Hopeful Messenger will pay $3.00 for each True Mystic Experience published. Stories should be less than 500 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the Editor, 1731 Myrtle St., Detroit 8, Mich. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

DRIVING OUT THE EVIL SPIRIT

My younger brother Fred had a most tragic existence. Even before his birth, mother felt a disinclination to life that his overbrooding presence evidently cast over her. After nearly dying at birth, he grew to be an unusually handsome child.

In his teens Fred developed a desire to be alone which increased with time. It became difficult for him to get on in the public schools because he was so absent-minded, and he was put in a private school. Later he attempted to get to work, but he was very sensitive and would resign his position fearing that he was about to be discharged.

After a few years, Fred no longer tried to work and spent all his time in his room, sleeping all day and roaming about through the night. He came at last to hear voices, ordering him to do their bidding, and threatening him if he did not do so.

Our aunt lived with the family and was devoted to him. She took him frequently to moving pictures,

(Continued Page 5)

THE HOPEFUL MESSENGER

Published by

Catharine F. Varner

OUR MOTTO

"ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL" as long as it is spiritual to promote a better and truer understanding with all peoples of the preaching and teaching of the Truth concerning the Spiritualistic Faith.

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICE: 1731 MYRTLE AVE.

Phone TEmple 1-5979

Unbiased News of All Spiritual Organizations

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Contributed

Frankenthal (Pfalz)
Den 22th August 1950
Wingertstrabe 14b
Germany, Europe.

The Hopeful Messenger
Editor
Dear Sir:

Spiritualism which was subject to persecution in Germany is just being reestablished. I am trying my best to serve this cause.

Being the leader of a very successful circle and of the French Zone Branch of the Society for Scientific Spiritualism, headquarters of which is in Hanover, I am also a contributor of the "Okkulte Stimme" (Occult Voice), the only spiritualistic periodical which is published in German. Incidentally, the above mentioned society is also the only society of its kind in this country.

Compared with the United States and England spiritualism is pretty well behind here in Germany. We as the leading spiritualists consequently need a lot of training from these countries. Friends in England have been sending papers and books on that subject, though from the States, however, who is foremost in spiritualism we practically have not got a thing so far. By accident, I got hold of a copy of "The Hopeful Messenger," dated February 1950 the other day with this wonderful reports of "True Mystic Experiences."

Of course, it is still impossible to subscribe to "The Hopeful Messenger." I would very much like to ask you to send me free copies of your paper to help me strengthen and develop spiritualism right here in Germany. Should you happen to have any old copies or books you won't be able to sell, would you be good enough to send them to me, too.

I would appreciate your kindness very much. I realize that I am asking too great a favor and you can be sure that my friends and I would be very, very grateful if you could see you way to help us.

Should you have interest for spiritualistic occurences in Germany I would be glad to give you short reports.

Trusting to hear from you soon,

I remain
Yours very truly,
Paul Brandt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If you have any books or papers that you can send, kindly do so, and help in this missionary work.

A Meeting in the Street

(Continued from Front Cover)

Tired of the confinement of a three-day boat journey, I left the dock and decided to walk to the heart of the city. As I walked along, my heart was filled with melancholy in remembering the city in days past. And as I walked along I caught sight down a side street of the hotel where my friend and I had often sat in the big chairs facing the windows and watching the varied crowds of the waterfront pass by.

I yielded to an odd impulse and turned down the street. I came opposite the first big plate glass window of the rotunda, and there was Alex sitting in one of the big leather chairs. It was as though the past nine years had never been.

Later I took up my home on a wilderness island, and lived there for five years. Then in the autumn of 1926 I started for Paris. The day before taking the train at Vancouver I ran again into Alex while I was hurrying along the street. He had just arrived on a boat from Honolulu.

My encounters with Alex were only one instance of many similar fortuitous meetings in my life. Were they coincidences? It hardly seems possible that of 200,000,000 people on the North American continent I could have run into him so many times by sheer chance alone.

Did these encounters have any other meaning? To this day I cannot tell, but certainly mental telepathy or some other mysterious outside force seems to have been working to bring us together. I find this explanation more logical than the improbabilities of chance.

MY DAILY EXAMINATION

1. Have I remembered throughout this day that God, the good, is the only real presence and power in my life?
2. Do I look to certain channels for my good, or do I acknowledge that God has countless channels through which my blessings can come to me?
3. Have I been as faithful this day in trying to express God as I want Him to be in blessing me?

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THE HOPEFUL MESSENGER,
1731 Myrtle Street,
Detroit, Mich.

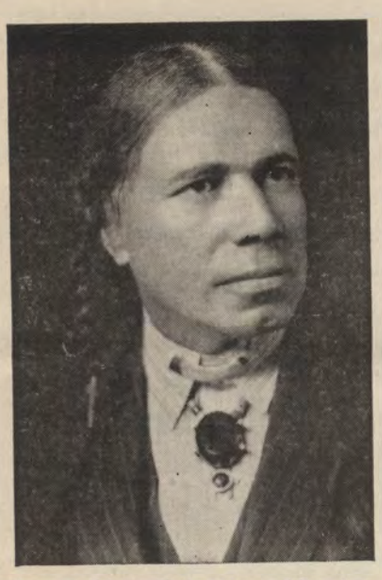
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Opening Church

Rev. Rose Wilson, pastor of the Mary Olive Memorial Church wishes to announce the dedication services on Sunday, October 1st, at 7:30 p.m. at the new address, 1005 Riverbank, Lincoln Park, telephone number is Warwick 8-0287. Beginning on October 8th, services will be held the second and fourth Sundays at 7:30, at the same address. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

The Friendly Spiritual Church

Certificates of mediumship and healing were presented on Sunday, Sept. 17th, to the workers of the church, in a very beautiful ceremony.

Memorial Tabernacle

The Guild meets the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays at noon, with bingo being played on the 2nd Wednesday and Bunco on the 4th. These parties are very well attended and all report a very pleasant afternoon. So why not plan to be with them? The address is K. P. Temple, W. Lafayette and Dragoon.

The above church opened a Sunday morning service on Sunday, Sept. 17th, and a very nice group was in attendance. Ruth Ermatinger was the soloist and her singing was very much enjoyed by all. They extend a welcome to all to attend. Services are also held in the evening at 7:30.

Trinity Spiritual Church

Each Wednesday night, there is a short discourse, and this is followed by healing, and a message to everybody. Bring your problems and we will help you.

We will resume our rally days on Sunday, October 8th, and will continue them the second Sunday of each month thereafter.

Our fall bazaar will be on November 11th, and great plans are in the making for that day. A good home cooked dinner will be served at 5:30 on that day.

Auxiliary Notes

We will start our fall festivities on the last Saturday in September which will be the 30th. More about this later. Hold the date for us, though.

Spiritual Light of the World

Bunco parties are held each Friday night at the church address, 9266 Riviera, with lunch and dancing also. A good time is assured all who attend.

Christian Universal Spiritual Church

Our opening services will be on Sunday, October 1st, after a much needed rest during the summer. With thanks to our Father God for all his wonderful blessings that have been bestowed upon us, we are looking forward to seeing all our old friends and many new ones in the months ahead. We are very sincerely,

Rev. Gusta A. Bessie and All of the Helpers.

National United Church

Church services every Sunday as follows: Song service at 7:45 p.m.; Evening service at 8:00.

Beginning October 1st, we will have Saturday night parties on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays only, and not every Saturday, as we have been having during the summer months.

A Meeting in the Street

(Continued from Front Cover)

months later a wave of moral reform swept the city clean of all the clubs—and Alex.

The years slipped away. The first world war came. At the beginning of this I was called to Eastern Canada and engaged in Government work. One day I was sent to Detroit. Walking down Woodward Avenue, almost the first person I ran into was Alex, whom I had last seen 2,500 miles away. He was once more travelling as an announcer with a carnival. Three years later I crossed the continent to Vancouver, arriving there by boat from Prince Rupert.

(Continued on page 4)

God's Measure

God measures souls by their capacity,
For entertaining his best Angel, Love.
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God.
Who is all Love, or Nothing,
He who sits
And looks out on the palpitating world,
And feels his heart swell in him large enough
To hold all men within it, he is near
His great Creator's standard, though he dwells
Outside the pale of churches, and knows not
A feast-day from a fast-day, or a line
Of scripture even. What God wants of us
Is that outreaching bigness that ignores
All littleness of aims, or loves or creeds,
And clasps all Earth and Heaven in its embrace.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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What Does Spiritualism Actually Teach and Stand For?

(Continued from page 1)

senses because they are on too fast a vibration.

Colors beyond the spectrum, and notes above our compass are examples of what I mean. These etheric bodies do not, as we learn, live in a vacuum or in any indefinite state, but they pass from this earth into another sphere or world, in which they have definite duties and congenial work; in which they have every chance of developing to the full their own natural powers, as well as of enjoying those things which give them natural pleasure.

There Is Nothing to Fear

We learn also that the bond of sympathy and love is the one permanent thing which regulates the reuniting of those who have been in contact with each other down here, and that happy reassembled households are usual there, with all elements of discord removed.

If this was all that we brought to mankind what a gigantic step forward—what an enormous advance of knowledge would it represent. It is the unknown nature of death and its severance of all our ties which cast a shadow upon our lives. But if we know that all is natural, that there is nothing to fear, and that our love ties are not broken, then what a load is lifted.

It is strange, indeed, to think that this inestimable gift which we bring has been so misrepresented by our enemies that one would really imagine that it was something blasphemous, or obscene which we were forcing upon the human race. The responsibility of the churches in this matter is enormous, and it is not too much to say that the apathy and ignorance concerning this spiritual knowledge which is shown among many of the leaders of religion is as discreditable as it is hard to understand.

We Are Not Fanatics or Visionaries

Surely they of all men, should be the first to meet us since we bring them actual proofs of personal survival, and of so much else which they have themselves affirmed. For centuries they have been worsted in their fight with the skeptics who very reasonably demand proofs instead of texts. We at last bring them those proofs, so that they can meet the scientist upon his own ground, but instead of recognition or gratitude, nothing but the coldest of receptions has been accorded us.

This is not bad for us, since we stand upon our own feet, but it is fatal for the churches which turn away from that spiritual help and inspiration which God's new revelation brings with it.

Where does that spiritual help come in? It comes in from the fact that we can use our new powers not only to get into touch with our own loved ones, who may perhaps be on no higher a level of character and knowledge than we are ourselves, but also, when we are worthy, we get clear messages from those who are in a far more spiritual condition than ourselves, and are indeed, what under the old dispensation would be called high angels.

From these direct communications a flood of spiritual knowledge has come into the world, all of it, as it seems to us, of a beautiful and rational nature. We do not accept such statements blindly. We are not fanatics or visionaries. We weigh the messages with our own God-given reason, and we admit the fact that the medium through whom the message passes may well color it unconsciously with his own personality and beliefs. But none the less making every allowance for this, the messages are so consistent and on so high a level that they have, as it seems to us, as good a claim to be a divine inspiration as anything which has ever reached the world in the past.

No One Can Deny This Statement

We have many reasons for thinking that this flood of information is truly supernormal. The first is that it has been accompanied by a vast body of signs which have been clearly supernormal. Much of this evidence has been physical, consisting of those phenomena which have been tested and confirmed by tens of thousands of hard-headed observers, including many notable men of science. Let him who denies this statement read the evidence carefully before he dares to repeat the denial.

Much of the evidence, too, comes from mental phenomena, independent of the darkness of the seance room, when great numbers of credible witnesses attest that they have come in contact with Intelligences which have been able to give them complete tests that they are indeed those whom they had known, and who have left this sphere.

This enormous volume of evidence, which is recorded in hundreds of books, and thousands of manuscripts, cannot be pooh-poohed or waved aside. It is there, and it is a portentous fact, which agrees closely with what we learn of the signs of the spirit as recorded of old.

Ignorance of Facts Prevent Acceptance

This is one reason for regarding our philosophy as supernormal. The second is that the explanation of the true scheme of the Universe has

(Continued on Page 8)

Psychic Healers Association of America

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True Mystic Experiences

(Continued from page 6)

DAY OF RESURRECTION

No power on earth could make me forget that bleak winter of 1940. I had known for two months that the end was near, but I did not want to die.

My 27 years upon this earth had been void of any worthwhile accomplishment. Now the yearning to contribute something of benefit to humanity was just a lost wish.

I tried to forget my illness and rapidly waning strength. I was afraid to sleep. Each time I laid down to rest it seemed to me I could hear voices of dead friends. One in particular, Dan Moore, I tried to listen to. I remembered him as a childhood acquaintance. When he made himself known a chorus of voices rang out—all trying to talk at the same time. I became angry and shouted, "One at a time, please!" Whenever I dozed off to sleep, day or night, I was awakened by the voices that insisted upon telling me queer incidents.

At first I related these incidents to my friends who shared the apartment. When she advised me to see a doctor I said no more of these occurrences.

My thoughts turned to God during those hours because I knew no one else had power to help me. A doctor would have ordered me to bed. I felt that to give in and rest at that time would have meant death. If I had told of my experiences with the dead there would have been the opinion of insanity to cope with.

I surrendered when my hands would no longer hold the pen. I dragged myself to my bedroom. Lying alone in the dark, I heard my friend enter the house and say, "She must have felt better today and has gone out. The lights are always on when she is home."

She knew that I was afraid of the dark. Yet at that very moment, I was descending into the darkest pit imaginable. Every visible object and every sense of consciousness ended abruptly.

How long I remained in that state of oblivion, I cannot say. I opened my eyes and beheld the room in which I had died and been reborn. Nothing was changed. I moved my head and felt a blinding sensation of light, dazzingly brilliant. Then I felt the strength reentering my body, moving from limb to limb. I leaped from my bed. My body felt light and airy, without pain or weight. I saw a large circle of flashing yellow light above my head. Although they were as blinding as the noon day

(Continued Inside Back Cover)

Announcement

Our forms close on the 20th of the month for the following month's issue. All copy must be in our hands by that date.

—THE EDITOR

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Fridays (Weekly)

TRUMPET CIRCLES

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Direct Voice circle Tuesday, 2 P. M. and Friday at 8 P. M.
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True Mystic Experiences

(Continued from page 5)

ing three small children My uncle sold his house and moved to another town. After a while he got married again, taking his children to live with him and his new bride.

She was a divorcee in her early thirties and she didn't care much to be a baby sitter and started mistreating the kids. My uncle was away working and just came home on weekends. He didn't know what was happening, but he did notice that the kids were sick and getting awfully skinny — especially the baby. He called on my mother and asked her if I could go and spend my summer vacation with the kids because he thought they were getting lonesome.

Tina, his new wife, was glad to see me get there to help her with the kids, and everything went fine for the first week. After that she didn't care very much about hiding her feelings toward the kids and clapped and mistreated them often. Every day that passed was worse. Being a kid myself I didn't dare say anything to her. I just hoped for the weekend when I could ask my uncle to send me back home to mother.

One night I started packing some of my clothes while my new aunt was feeding the baby in the kitchen. All you could hear was the baby screaming her head off, the other two crying and her cussing so loud that I was scared, too.

Then it happened. I heard a sharp scream—nothing else. The babies stopped crying. I rushed to the kitchen and there Tina lay, on the floor. Her face was so white and she was so quiet that I thought she was dead. I asked the oldest one of the kids what had happened and she said that Tina was hitting the baby because she didn't want to eat and their mother had walked into the room and slapped Tina and Tina had fallen to the floor. Then their mother smiled at them and told them that no woman was going to mistreat them ever again.

I was so scared I called the police and the police called the doctor. The doctor gave Tina sedative. Next morning when Tina woke up I asked her what had happened in the kitchen the night before. She started shaking all over. I could see the terror in her eyes when she told me about the skull-like woman who had walked into the kitchen and after asking her to look at her to remember, had slapped her so hard that she was knocked unconscious. I asked what the woman had looked like and she described the kids' mother perfectly—even to a birthmark she had on her face. Next day Tina left and later divorced my uncle. I never saw her again.

Two years later my uncle got married again. This time to a very nice girl, almost a kid herself. Everything went fine until the time she had her own baby. Then she started neglecting the kids and every place she went she saw the dead woman. She got so sick and scared that she left my uncle, too.

Now the kids are almost grown up. The oldest died and just two are left. It has been a long time and my uncle is living with them alone, no woman with him. He feels that no matter who he married it would always be the same. Maybe when the kids marry he'll be able to marry and live peacefully. But, like he told me, by then it will be too late.—(Name withheld by request.)

(Continued on page 7)

Religious Printing
Catharine F. Varner

CHURCHES AND WORKERS

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True Mystic Experiences

(Continued from page 1)

restaurants and on vacations to summer resorts. At such times these undesirable voices were put in the background, but resumed their sway when Fred was no longer diverted. My family had always been interested in spiritualism and attended seances in which Fred participated.

Fred was 35, in 1916, when matters reached a climax. He heard voices continually taunting him, telling him they were going to torture him and predicting that he would murder the whole family at a given time in the future. I have never seen such terror on any face as I have seen on his. Once, to avoid following their suggestions and fearing that he might do so, he seized a knife and attempted suicide. Our aunt wrested it from him, cutting her hand. Fred wept and kissed it. Sometimes he would become so frenzied that mother, auntie and I would have to use all our strength to quiet him.

One Sunday morning, my aunt and I took Fred for a walk, feeling that it would do him good. About half a mile from home, he suddenly began to run in circles and to bark like a dog. We managed to get him home, but he acted as one possessed by an evil force. I did not know what he intended, but I threw my arms around his neck and hung on. He was tall and took me off my feet; but my weight anchored him.

Looking into his eyes I saw an evil presence looking out of them. I thought of the evil spirit driven from the swine and looking intently into his eyes, I commanded: "In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to go."

Instantly the evil entity disappeared. There was an explosion like a peal of thunder and the room was filled with smoke.

He was never possessed again.—Grace E. Brown, Brookline, Mass.

THE DEATH LIGHTS

My great-grandmother was warned of forthcoming deaths in her family by "lights" which appeared to her a few weeks before the relative died. Often the member of the family, whose death my great-grandmother was able to forecast, was well at the time the light appeared.

My great-grandmother's name was Amanda Page and she lived in a small village in the hills of Tennessee. I often wonder what grief she experienced the first time she saw the light, warning her of the death of her son.

The light arose from the cemetery and moved slowly down the hill into the yard. It was late in the evening and the sun was sinking behind a hill, when my great-grandmother looked out the open kitchen door and saw the first of four lights moving slowly into her yard. At first she was too scared to move. But she gained her composure and closed the door just before the light was half-way across the yard. She turned her head for a few moments and refused to look, but curiosity won and she reluctantly looked out across the yard. The light was moving back across the yard toward the cemetery. By the time it reached the cemetery, darkness had come. At the cemetery, it vanished.

In a few weeks her son became sick and died. Surely thought my great-grandmother, that light was a warning of his death.

Months passed before she saw another light. This time my great-grandmother was able to show the light to my grandmother and my mother who were visiting her at the time. Great-grandmother was sure this light warned of her daughter's death. Sure enough, in a feew weeks Julie died.

In her lifetime she saw four lights. Each signified a death. Perhaps strangest of all is that my great-grandmother was able to forecast her own death. A month before she died she saw the mysterious light moving toward her home. This time she was not afraid and she confidently said, "That's my light. It means that I'll die soon." In two weeks, she contracted typhoid fever. In another week she died.

My great-grandmother was the only one of my family who could forecast deaths by means of the deathlights. While it is true that a great number of my relatives saw the lights, it was always my great-grandmother who saw them first. And since her death a half-century ago, I know of no one who has seen the death lights.—Elmer Beshearse, Calera, Okla.

THE MISSING GOLD

My aunt and uncle lived on a farm four miles from Atlanta, Tex., at the time of the financial panic of 1907. Uncle Frank had deposited to his account at the bank about $5,000. During the panic depositors were permitted to withdraw only a small proportion of their money for a time. After a while these restrictions were removed and evidently Uncle Frank resolved to draw out all his money and put it in a safe place.

My uncle died, and when Aunt Etta went to the bank in closing the estate, she was astounded to learn that he had withdrawn the entire sum and closed his account. He had never told anyone what he had done with the money. Aunt Etta was faced with grim poverty. She was forced to sell her home and go to live with a daughter.

More than two years later, Aunt Etta dreamed that Uncle Frank came to her and told her about the missing money. He told her he had drawn the money from the bank, converted it into gold coins, and buried it three feet deep on a line running from a certain corner of a shed to a certain corner of the barn — exactly at the point where the two lines intersect.

The dream was so vivid that my Aunt told her son-in-law about it and begged for a loan to make a trip to Atlanta. But he ridiculed the whole thing so fiercely that Aunt Etta began to lose her confidence in the dream. But she dreamed it again. Uncle Frank pointed out the exact spot and urged her to recover the money.

By the time of her third dream, my aunt borrowed money from a friend who was a firm believer in premonitions. She bought a ticket for Atlanta and had an old friend drive her out to the farm. It was untenanted at the time and they dug where she had been told in the dream. The money was there, three feet below the surface, and my aunt returned triumphantly with it to her son-in-law's house. — Stella Peterson, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE VENGEFUL MOTHER

My aunt died from cancer leav-

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There is a message circle at 3 p.m. and a dinner at 5 p.m. on the fourth Sunday of each month. A cordial welcome to all.

Spiritualism, Etc.

(Continued from page 2)

come from a vast number of independent sources, many of which could by no means have been influenced by the others, and that, with some small exceptions, there is a truly remarkable agreement running through them.

These messages have come from children, from uneducated people, from all sorts of sources, including in one case for which I can answer, a confirmed skeptic who was made an involuntary instrument for writing down the truth.

If three or four witnesses who agree can gain the verdict of an earthly court, then why should these thousands who have recorded the same story not gain credence in the court of the world This is so obvious that it is only apathy and ignorance of the facts which prevent its acceptance.

Consistency of Spirit Messages

But the final argument for the truth of our new revelation is that it is the most natural, reasonable and comforting interpretation of the facts of human life and destiny which has ever been put forward. It is huge, sweeping, all-explaining, reaching out to all our difficulties, and giving adequate answers.

Whence then did it come? Is it to be imagined that the little group of uneducated people who received the first inspirations, were themselves the inventors of this great sweeping explanation of the universe? Is it to be thought that a man like Andrew Jackson Davis, who was perhaps the recipient of as much of the new knowledge as anyone, was the inventor of this knowledge — he being a man who was entirely illiterate at the time? Such ideas are absurd. If the philosophy did not come from external supernatural prompting, then whence did it come?

There are then three tests. The first is the signs which have been given to us. The second is the uniformity and consistency of the messages. The third is the reasonable nature of the whole philosophy, which it is above human wit to invent, and which does not correspond, with any other philosophy which preceded it. I hold that these three considerations are overwhelming ones, and that we have no excuse at all if we fail to take the matter seriously.

Barrett's "Death-Bed Vision"

Now let us look a little more carefully at what it is that we have gained. I have already alluded to the fact that our natural fear of death is removed. We learn from those who have been down the path before us, that though the illness which leads to death may be a severe trial. death itself is a sweet and pleasant languor, akin to that of the tired body dropping to sleep, and that it is made the easier in that the etheric eyes become clearer, while the bodily ones fade, and that we are aware of the smiling faces, and of the outstretched hands of those whom we would most love to see again.

We are assured of this by many who have passed, and we have the clear corroboration of many death-bed phenomena. A few of these, a very few, have been clearly recorded in that valuable little book "Death Bed Vision" by the late Sir William Barrett, a man whose keen and skeptical scientific intelligence was quite convinced by the facts laid before him.

(To be continued)

True Mystic Experiences

(Continued from page 7)

sun I forced myself to read the words in that circle, "The Gift of God Is Eternal Life."

It was difficult for me to believe I was the same person and in the same place. I wanted to run, jump and play like a child. When others mentioned the great change in me, I wanted so much to tell of my marvelous experience with God. Yet with all my joy and new-found faith. I dreaded the scorn and derision of the unbelievers. I am telling my story now, for the first time. —Phyllis Harrison Hull, 1320 N. Alden St., Phila. 31, Pa.

THE GREAT HAIL

On Sunday, September 11, 1949, three acquaintances, Dr. Robert Botts, Dr. John Tipton and Dr. T. J. Treadwell, went dove-hunting on the Eugene Tipton Ranch in northwest Stephens County, Tex.

Dr. Botts told me about it and said it was a fairly clear, hot afternoon on the ranch when the skies let loose with about 40 pounds of ice all in one chunk. Dr. Tipton and Dr. Treadwell substantiate what Dr. Botts says he saw.

Dr. Botts was sitting by an earthen tank waiting for birds. He said he "heard a whistling sound and when I looked up I saw a glistening, whirling object falling. It landed about 15 feet from me and shattered into hundreds of pieces." He added that the ice knocked a hole several inches deep in the ground. He immediately called his companions and when they arrived, all three saw that the ice was milky white and when they tasted it they found it had a soapy flavor.

Botts said there were a few thunderheads in the sky but none overhead. He declared no airplanes had passed overhead.

The ice fell about 4:30 p.m. and had not completely melted when Dr. Botts and his friends left about two hours later.

Treadwell said that he did not hear the sound of the ice falling but he arrived on the scene immediately after and saw the chunk where he was sure there had been no ice when he walked by the tank earlier.

Tipton, whose uncle owns the ranch, said the ice did not look like the truck-delivered variety, but did have something of the appearance of hail—except for the dimensions. All three declared the pieces were not dry ice, and both Doctors Tipton and Treadwell agreed that there had been no airplanes heard overhead before or after the ice fell.

After hearing this story I turned to my Bible. Revelation 16:21: "And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent." According to a dictionary definition, a talent is 58 pounds.

Can you explain this mystery?—Lewis W. Matthews, Fort Worth, Tex.

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