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The MYSTIC KEY



Edited By
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Rochester, New York

The MYSTIC KEY

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OPPORTUNITY

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind, and deaf, and dumb.
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then, turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell.
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—WALTER MALONE.

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THE MEANING OF MEDIUMSHIP



HE word mediumship has been, perhaps, as much misunderstood, both by its devotees and opponents, as any other word in the vernacular of the day. Sometimes its friends have done it more damage than all its enemies—and this because a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. There are all too few of the media of today who really study the thing they are trying to use. Some day they will awaken to the fact that an intelligent use of the powers they really possess will do more for them than any blind ignorance can possibly accomplish.

To get a fair idea of the meaning of any term like this one, we cannot judge by the declarations, or accusations of the folk who are opposed to it. It is not accepted by certain classes of people because they are afraid of it; others reject it because they feel it involves contact with hidden forces, i. e. phases of life, which are *verboten*—which are outside the pale of proper usage. Still others are opposed because the admission of the spiritual verities which mediumship hints at are contrary to their materialistic views.

Mediumship, however, has come to have a definite meaning—a distinctive place in the minds of countless numbers of men and women some of whom, at least, are not open to the charge that they are careless, slipshod thinkers. Indeed, there is ample evidence that some of the world's keenest thinkers have come to know and believe in real mediumship.

To get an adequate conception of it we should take the definition of those to whom it has come to mean so much; and in whose religious experiences it plays so important a role, i. e. the Spiritualists. The term Mediumship is essentially a Spiritualistic one—it has

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to this people a larger and more important meaning than to any others. Yet, strange as it may seem, it is the term which has been basic in virtually all religious movements thruout the ages, whether one "believe it or not" as Robert Ripley would say. Here is the definition of Mediumship as adopted by the National Spiritualist Association, in Boston, 1914:

"*A Medium is one whose organism is sensitive to vibrations from the spirit world, and thru whose instrumentality, intelligences in that world are able to convey messages and produce the phenomena of Spiritualism.*"

In my New World Dictionary I read this concerning the word medium: "*a person believed to be controlled by a spirit in giving information from the world beyond.*" There are many others but this must suffice for the present. One fact stands out very clearly and that is that the world is beginning to think of "mediumship" as something to be carefully and systematically considered and analyzed. So it should be.

The medium is, essentially, the channel of communication between the mundane and super-mundane phase of life. Whether it be the ordinary clairvoyant medium who, thru his intensified vision, perceives certain facts concerning the decarnate, or the trance or physical medium, the situation is largely the same. He is a mediator, an intermediary, a mental or spiritual telephone, or a spiritual radio, as the case may be.

People are greatly confused as to the use of mediumistic powers. Personally I feel that their fundamental use is to discover to man the fact of a conscious continuity of life, plus the possibility of actual and premeditated contact and communication. Some people, however, think its purpose is merely to tell who

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one's affinity is; or whether it is the time to buy or sell a house, an automobile, stocks or bonds, etc. The other day a lady phoned me about a dog she had lost —would I please locate it, etc. I don't doubt she was fond of the dog and all that, but . . . well, that's "nuff sed."

There is one very important fact I wish to point out to my readers, i. e. Mediumship is not new. It had Biblical significance, in short, many of the great characters of the past were gifted with what we today call mediumship,—yea, even the man who swallowed the whale. And many of them were just as fickle and unreliable as the modern man or woman who fails to live up to his gifts' great height.

Bible mediumship was no different from modern Mediumship. Paul, traveling about the country telling the wonders of the works of the greatest Medium of his time, Jesus of Nazareth, was no more important in his day than is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who has traveled the world raising his voice in behalf of the truths of modern Mediumship—and how many millions more people have heard the voice of Conan Doyle, it would be difficult to tell. Only recently, thru the Fox Movietone News Sir Arthur bore witness to his belief, and the proofs of what he had acquired. One striking statement of his was, in substance:

"I have, probably, interviewed more mediums than any other man in the world. Wherever I have gone the best mediums have placed their time and talents at my disposal—my experience and investigations having covered a period of more than forty years. It is not to be wondered at, then, that when men and women who have had no experience with the phenomena of mediumship and Spiritualism, criticise me, I ignore them as unworthy of attention." Millions

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and millions of men and women thruout the world saw and heard Sir Arthur Conan Doyle thru the medium of the Fox Movietone.

It may be questioned whether the statement about the similarity between modern and ancient mediumship can be borne out. You will find the answer in the Bible itself. But here is a case in point: Saul's father had lost some asses, so he sent Saul and his servant out to hunt them. After due course of time Saul became rather discouraged and said, "Come, and let us return: lest my father leave *caring* for the asses, and take thought for us." *First Samuel, IX. 5.*

But the servant was going to have one more try at it, so he said to Saul: "Behold now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honorable man; all that he saith cometh surely to pass: now let us go thither; peradventure he can show us our way that we should go." Saul's response was, ". . . if we go, what shall we bring the man? . . . there is not a present to bring to the man of God: what have we?" And the servant answered, "Behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that will I give to the man of God, to tell us our way." *First Samuel, IX. 6-7-8.* Now note carefully the next paragraph:

(Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to enquire of God, thus he spake, Come, and let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer.) *First Samuel, IX. 9.*

Several things stand out very clearly: In those days they went to the holy men, the men of God, the Seers, the Prophets, the Mediums for very trivial things. When I read of them I don't feel quite so vexed with the ladies who want me to hunt up a dog, a cat, or a stray husband or so. Human nature is much the same in all ages—what happens in our select circle, is quite

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all right. But . . . oo, la, la! if it takes place among the folks of some other group, or under another roof, "oui, oui, it is indeed very bad."

I want you to read the whole of Chapter IX and X of the First Book of Samuel—who was "a man after God's own heart" But a medium, and a good one, albeit a rather irascible old man sometimes, as history shows. When Saul and the servant found Samuel and had dined with him, and they were about to depart, Samuel said to Saul, "Bid the servant pass on before us (and he passed on) but stand thou still awhile *that I may shew thee the word of God.* First Samuel. IX. 27. (The italics are mine.)

How did Samuel "shew" the word of God? Exactly as thousands of mediums of today reveal things to those who seek their counsel. He described in detail what was about to take place in the life of the future king of Israel, just as Mrs. Snyder, of Warsaw, Indiana, outlined things that would take place in my own life, as you have read in early installments of this life story of mine. Reading the Tenth Chapter of this First Book of Samuel, you will see what I mean. It is most illuminating—and some of the things were very simple as, for example, telling about the men who were to give him "two loaves of bread," etc.

The things done, in this instance, by Samuel, just as those done by Jesus, Peter, James, Paul, and the others,—and as is the case with the real medium of today—were the signs, the proofs, or tests, of the power possessed by the Prophet, or Medium. Back of them there was, of course, a greater purpose, a fuller meaning. The mediums of all ages have been the men and women who have turned man's attention to greater things, even though they had, at times, to re-

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sort to very simple, and, seemingly, trivial phenomena to gain their end. They even conveyed, or caused to be conveyed, messages that were false, and were accorded great gifts for this service in ancient times.

But the real meaning of mediumship is something greater than this. It is designed to open a channel of communication between humanity and God—i. e. advanced souls who, thru their added knowledge and understanding, can give us the information, the instruction so necessary for our own spiritual emancipation. Mediumship, real, honest mediumship, is the *open sesame* to the richest spiritual treasures in the universal storehouse.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

"When man attains perfect understanding of the sublime unity of life, and the illimitability of his own inherent possibilities, the whole universe assumes a more magnificent aspect, life becomes a more intriguing and gratifying experience and hope looms a brilliant star in the horizon of his life. It is then, oh, beloved! man realizes the inevitable trend is from the material to the spiritual—and he knows he is traveling toward the sunlit heights"

From "*Words of the Master*".



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A MESSAGE FROM THE MASTER

BELOVED. Know ye that in man's pilgrimage thru the ages he has seen every phase of life. He may not now be consciously aware of the fact—for very few are conscious of their contact with the Cosmic. He is, usually, unaware of the fact that he has traversed the entire distance from the reptilian stage to the present—he was present in the spawn of the first dawn. He has contacted all the great variety of experiences encompassed by the wheel of time—he dates back to the Azoic, and the Paleozoic. Ages. Before the Word of God brooded over the waters, and contemplated the limitlessness of time, he was there in the Genesis of things. Wheresoever there was beginning, man was there. Thru eons of years man has traveled upward o'er the spiral of growth toward the apex of all achievement—in him there is the eternal unrest, the mighty urge to see and know all things.

Ye are students, all, whether ye know it or not. Therefore let each day be one of glorification thru living and doing; thru seeking and learning the things of the Soul, the Spirit. This phase of life is thy school—learn its lessons well in order that there shall, for thee, be no necessity for retracing thy steps, or spending more than thine alloted time in the primary grades of human evolution toward Godhood. All things are thine . . . and thou wilt possess them the moment thou hast achieved them. God be with thee, and for thee, and in thee, as thou goeth forth toward the heights.

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THE NEW HEALTH SCIENCE

ONCE upon a time, as they say in all good Fairy Stories, there were some very peculiar ideas about the health, or sickness of the human body. Whatever God elected to send down upon man in the way of afflictions should be accepted as a matter of course—as something that could not be avoided. Human beings were predestined to illness and nothing should be done about it.

Gradually the realization was borne in upon the human mind that God is not the kind of creature that would sit upon a throne above the world looking down upon humanity and soliloquizing thus: "I can see spots upon the anatomy of Job that might well be adorned with a few boils." Or, "There is a certain part of Asia where the Bubonic Plague would apply nicely as a means of getting even with those human misfits who occupy that part of the world—and, Yellow Fever would be the appropriate affliction to hurl upon those upstarts in the southern part of the United States of America," etc., etc. That *was* the concept some people had of the Supreme Being. Thank the eternal verities, that is getting out of date—it will soon rank with the old country "Jaunting Car" and the "One Horse Shay" and will be relegated to a well deserved oblivion.

There are certain well defined laws and principles which govern the health of the race. And while we are not fully emancipated as yet, we are on the high road to a rational system of education, development and treatment in so far as our health is concerned. There are many most illuminating signs upon the horizon.

We have had many systems for *treating* disease. We have *practiced* medicine for the purpose of seek-

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ing to cure certain maladies. But the practice part is also becoming obsolete—now, the big thing is *preventive* medicine and the proper instruction as to how to keep well. The best Physicians now tell us that they are more interested in keeping people well than in anything else. They know that when we have reached the point at which we know how to balance the waste and repair of the body our greatest difficulties will be over. Here are some facts that are becoming more and more apparent!

We face diseased conditions more rationally and unafraid—we see in them a violation of a law, the infringement of certain principles and study the symptoms to find the cause and remove it. Sometimes the effect must be removed before we can really get down to the bed rock of facts concerning the reconstructive treatment. As for example: A short time ago I watched my very good friend, Dr. Gaertner, remove a most complicated fibroid tumor, then watched him remove another which was not so complicated. The first one adhered, seemingly, to every organ that it could attach itself to. The second was much more accessible and easily removed. In each case, however, to have left them where they were was to daily increase the hazard to the lives of the patients.

These tumors were facts. The removal was a necessity. It is silly to say they could be "easily absorbed", etc. While they were being absorbed, the patient would have gone to "the happy hunting ground" without a doubt. Taken in time, intelligently treated, thru proper diet, exercise, mental attitude, etc., there is no doubt they could have been eliminated. But only the person who has never seen such conditions, in the raw, as it were, can possibly understand what they mean. It is for this reason I have so frequently

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urged healers, metaphysicians and all other drugless practitioners, to study anatomy. It would not weaken your power, my friends—it would strengthen it, be*cause then you would know how to visualize a perfect organ.* As I watched my friend tie arteries, catch ends of blood vessels, build up natural padding for wounded surfaces, I gloried in his skill, the cool, firm, yet gentle and quiet manner in which he went about his work. Not a butcher, but a surgeon who uses the knife only when an absolute necessity.

All of this is a part of the New Health Science—necessary as the air we breathe, until we learn how to live, and apply the laws of health as related to human bodies. We are studying the human body as never before; we are noting the effects of abuses, of food; and we are coming to know the elements which constitute the organic part of the body—we are, we might say, coming to know our chemicals. Sometimes slang phrases come up—some wag hits upon a phrase, and it catches the popular fancy and becomes current usage. And, behold, unconsciously, a vital truth has been hinted, even though unintentionally. F'rinstance, as some of my "Frinch" ancestors from "County Cork" might say:

"He knows his onions!" The modern health scientist does. Also he "Knows his spinach, his vegetables, his vitamins, and his calories!" Sure, he does. Why? Because we are learning that the lowly onion is a most potent agent for better health; spinach, and all manner of vegetables contain the very elements which the body requires. The old phrase, "he takes his food raw" is also becoming a reality—because many of these things, such as cabbage, carrots, etc., are more valuable raw than cooked, and many people are now, at the suggestion of their health directors, adding very

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generous portions of raw vegetables, in the way of salads, etc., to the daily regimen followed as to their diet.

In the New Health Science we study humanity—we are studying the functions. Time was when we only talked about the head, the face and hands and, maybe, the feet. Rarely ever anything else. In fact it almost seemed that human bodies were much like some of the mannikins we see in store windows where they are used to display garments, a wax head and bust—sometimes only the head and neck—wax legs—er, ahem! excuse me please, I meant limbs, and all between a sort of wire framework to hold the two extremities together.

All of that is changing under the new order. We are no longer afraid to discuss the whole body. The word "sex" is no longer a word to cause us to hide our faces and peep thru our hands to see if anyone else heard. Frankly, fearlessly, we must face the facts of life. And that's what the New Health Science does. They laugh at Freud and his "Morbid Psychology", but just the same he was a pathfinder who discovered, with his Colleagues, more than people realize now. Time will prove all this to be true. A great physician, the Superintendent of an immense hospital for the Insane, told me once, in answer to my query as to the real cause of the enormous increase in insanity, "My friend, I state conservatively, after more than thirty years experience with the insane, *that eighty five per-cent of insanity is due to the ignorance and abuse, on the part of parents, teachers, guardians, or the patients themselves, of the sex function.*" That statement is something we cannot laugh off.

The whole tendency of the past was to sidestep the issue. Just why it was deemed the proper thing to

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utterly ignore any mention of the vital functions of the body, has never been quite clear to me. All my life I have heard that man "was made in the image and likeness of his Creator"—and, in the same breath, if I sought to ask a question about that "divine image" I was "shushed" by some of the best "shushers" in the world. Thank God, the youth of today are not so afflicted. Maybe some of them are a little raw in their frankness—but, they will get back and will strike the norm after awhile.

This New Health Science, then, is a system of rational study and training. It embraces the most painstaking analysis of conditions, the scientific method of correction and the natural and rational combining of food elements in order that there may be builded normal, healthy bodies, in which it is possible for the highest degree of mental development to take place. And, above everything, it is frank and truthful, eschewing sham and make-believe and aiming at nothing short of physical and mental perfection thru rational methods. It is the Science of Perfect Expression.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

"To realize Cosmic expression means the discovery of the degree in which a man, or woman, may manifest that which is in the Universe around him. Cosmic expression means supremacy, absolute and complete supremacy, consciously, intentionally and intelligently revealed, over his or her personal organism, each subdivision, or component part thereof, to the end that there may be perfect conformity with the law of growth."

From "*Words of the Master*".

THRU THE YEARS WITH THE EDITOR. XVIII.

BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, speaking in defense of Spirit Communion, said, "Two worlds met in Bible times. Angels met with Lot, dined with Abraham, . . . etc." Those of us who have had experience with the phenomena of Spiritualism are well aware of the truth of Bishop Newman's assertion. We have traveled the road that leads to a definite knowledge and we can say, without mental reservation, "We know!" But there are rare occasions when there comes to us a new and more satisfying significance to the thing we have believed and known.

The poet, in speaking of the joys of summer, exclaims, "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!" If he is anywhere in this old universe of ours from whence he can tune in his spiritual hetrodyne I would send him this answer, in all reverence, "A seance with Miss Ada Bissinet, of Toledo, Ohio." And I know the poet, speaking from his spiritual vantage point, would say that I am right.

Last month I promised that I would tell about the Bissinet Seances in which I had the privilege of talking with some of those who had gone into that bourne "from which," so some pessimists have said, "no traveler ever returns." And this, then, is the story of two seances, which, with very slight variations in manifestation, were almost identical.

Tuesday, January 31st, 1927, also December 22nd, 1926, must ever stand out as days of special significance. At eight o'clock on these evenings a small group, nine in number, to be exact, assembled at the home of this wonderful instrument—one of the finest mediums it has been my lot to meet. As usual, there

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was an utter absence of claptrap such as one will meet in places where noise takes the place of phenomena.

Fortunately, the groups were composed of men and women who were interested in something more than stocks and bonds,—and who knew something of the laws of spiritual phenomena. The seance began almost immediately, i. e. the phenomena began to appear only a few moments after we were grouped around the table. Lights, such as I have never seen in any other seance, came to each one, and other phenomena of which I shall speak later.

The table, by the way, was just an ordinary dining-room table, the two center leaves of which had been removed—the table being extended to its full length. When the illuminations were present it was possible to see the medium very clearly. On the table there were several ropes—at one end of it there was a victrola. After we had been sitting a few moments there was a "swishing sound"—as tho someone had swept the ropes off the table. Immediately thereafter the voice of the "control" requested that the lights be turned on. They were; and this is what we saw:

Miss Bissinet sat securely tied. Her left wrist was tied firmly to the sliding rail of the table. Her right wrist was securely tied to the left wrist of the man next to her. And her limbs were tied tightly to the chair on which she sat. I examined the ropes, saw how the flesh of wrists and hands were getting blue from the pressure. The lights were turned off and during a brief interval there was such whistling and singing as would have done credit to the finest artists I have ever heard. There came a request for a handkerchief. An interesting thing about the handkerchief episode I must relate here. I was stopping at the Waldorf Hotel, in Toledo. Just as I was leaving to go to the

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seance and had shut and turned the key in my door, something seemed to say, "take a clean handkerchief." I reentered my room, felt in my pockets and found I had three, one in the right coat pocket, and two in my hip pockets. So I concluded I had enough, and started out of the room. I was just closing the door when there came the insistent command, "take a clean handkerchief." I went back in my room, opened a package of laundry that had come and taking out a handkerchief, *put it in my left hand, coat pocket.* I rarely carry a kerchief there *because I am right handed.*

I went to the house and the seance began as I have described. Naturally, I did not announce what I had done. It is not necessary, and certainly would not be according to Hoyle, to say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have a clean hanky in my pocket;" would it even be a likely statement? Well, the request came for the handkerchief. I quietly started to withdraw the one I had placed in my lefthand pocket, when it was snatched from my grasp, and a laughing voice said, "Doctor, you didn't know I sent you back for a clean handkerchief, did you?" I certainly did not. In compliance with the request of the "control" the lights were turned on: *There sat Miss Bissinet with my handkerchief firmly tied over her mouth, tied back of her head, and so tightly that we could see the cloth pressing into the flesh of her face.* And while this kerchief was firmly in place the whistling, singing, etc., went on stronger and more convincing than before.

The marvelous way in which the Victrola was controlled was most impressive. A member of the group said to the Guide, "Give Dr. Erwood a record." Instantly a couple of records were placed in my hands, quietly, swiftly and surely. The Victrola was diagonally across the table from me, too far for me to

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reach and much too far for Miss Bissinet to reach. In addition it was entirely under the supervision and control of a young man of irreproachable character, who kept the machine constantly under his observation.

Numerous forms appeared during the seance. Some of them were clearly distinct, some definite enough to have passed for flesh and blood mortals, a few were a bit more hesitant, uncertain and intangible. Every person in the group received such phenomena as should have satisfied the most exacting—and did on the occasions of which I write.

For some reason it remained for me to be the recipient of a group of as remarkable phenomena as I have witnessed in more than thirty years experience with mediumship. The nearest approach to what happened January 31st, 1927, was the seance of Dec. 1926. Early in the evening a light of peculiar brilliance appeared before me. It was so bright, and yet at the same time, so warm and personal in its effulgence, as to cause much comment. Mentally I asked if it was my daughter, Leone, who brought that illumination. Instantly there came the affirmative response. I said nothing about it.

After it seemed as though everyone had gotten all that there was to give, Leone appeared. When she first appeared there was an elusive intangible tangibility about her, if I may put it thus. She asked me, "Daddy, can you see me clearly?" At first I couldn't see her so well because, as Bulwer Lytton says, in *Aux Italiens*,

"Over my eyes began to move,
Something that felt like tears."

She drew back, disappeared, and returned more bright and distinct than before. On the Victrola there

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was a record of which she, Leone, was peculiarly fond. All thru her life when she heard that selection she would get up and dance and pirouette to its melody and rhythm, in the greatest glee. This she did on this night. And disappeared.

Almost immediately a young man's voice began to sing. With the first note, that psychic something that we possess called my attention to the personality and again, mentally, I asked the question, "Is it R—?" Immediate response assured me, a hand patted mine, and he said: "Yes, sing with me." Well, I tried to sing a bass to his song—but there was something the matter with my throat. Thirty years experience as public speaker, teacher and medium, availed me nothing—I couldn't control my tonsils, or my heart because they persisted in getting tangled so I could not join. There was a deep feeling and reaction because of my interest in this young man. The song ceased.

Then Leone came again. This time clearly distinct—indeed, her features were brilliantly clear. I talked to her, looked into her face and eyes and felt her hand as it touched me. When I said, "Leone, these are my friends," she turned and flashed the group a bright smile and acknowledged her pleasure at meeting friends of her Daddy's. Whispering to me that she would try to come again, that Mother and R— would come, she disappeared.

A brief moment and her mother stood there before me. Like, but so unlike her daughter. The one was dark, with glowing, hazel brown eyes and chestnut hair. The other, the little mother, was slight of form, blue eyed with light brown hair. Well, there she stood, conversing with me in full view of everybody. While we were chatting, a right hand grasped me

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by the shoulder and Blanche said—though I had asked no verbal question—"*R— is standing by you with his hand on your shoulder.*" Here are several things to remember:

I was standing across the table from the medium, too far for her to have put her right hand on my shoulder. The form stood back of me—it is not hard to tell if it is a right or left hand that grasps one's shoulder, you know. Between me and Miss Bissinet stood the blessed visitor from the other world, the light from her countenance and raiment making it possible to glimpse the outline of Miss Bissinet's form in the chair. They say that those who have gone know nothing of our lives—listen to this:

Among other things Blanche said: "How I love that boy—what good times we will have with him." I knew that could not mean either of our boys—because she would not have spoken of one and not the other in that way. Our son Deane, of whom readers of *The Mystic Key* know, is about six feet, two inches tall. The other son is about the height of his most revered daddy, say about five feet nine inches tall. The little Mother was not forgetting them—she sent her love to all—but she was talking of someone else. Our daughter Juanita had married—and had recently given birth to the most beautiful boy in the world—I have her own word for that. This hadn't been published—there wasn't a person in the group who knew of that. But the Mother in spirit, she knew. It was to this boy she referred. It is useless to attempt to describe the beauty of such an experience—words fail.

At the close of our conversation, and when she was about to leave, she remarked that R— was going to come and speak to me. In a moment there he stood,

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his face clearly defined and distinct, and visible to everyone, for he turned and looked full into the faces of those who were there. Every person in the group was permitted to see him. He turned back and chatted with me—giving suggestions for those in this life in whom he is greatly interested, naturally. Not satisfied with this, he wrote a message which I carried away with me and delivered to the ones for whom it was intended. R— was about five feet eleven inches tall, of the angular type, and rather fair in complexion, having blue eyes. Miss Bissinet is very dark, and far from five feet eleven in height.

Probably the high light of the seance was when Leone, a few minutes later, came again and stood to one side of the medium *and while she stood there in full view of everybody, Miss Bissinet, the Medium, was sitting in her chair in full view of the entire group, conscious, talking to us, and exclaiming on the beauty of it all.*

There was no question of concealment behind curtains or cabinet—for there were none. There was nothing in the room but the table, chairs and victrola. The brilliance of her personality, the light which illumined face and form and the contrast between Leone and Miss Bissinet was striking in the extreme —so much so that there could be no confusion at all.

The Medium was dressed in close fitting black, sleeves reaching tightly to the wrists, waist fitting close about the neck and shoulders. Leone and her Mother were dressed in rather diaphanous, filmy garments, arms bare from the shoulders, while the soft glow of light that revealed their faces simply beggars description. Leone was slender, graceful and very young, being but a little under twenty-three years of age when she passed away. She never weighed more

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than one hundred and twenty-four pounds, and was about five feet four or five. Her mother was still smaller, never having weighed more than a hundred and twelve pounds in all her life. Miss Bissinet is much larger than either one of them, combed her black hair differently and dressed after an entirely different manner.

The meagre description of these seances does not begin to give an adequate idea of what they meant and were. To try to put a touch of heaven in the words of material life is simply impossible. To translate the sheer beauty of the spiritual to meet the requirements and understanding of the mortal cannot be done. But these are the facts of the case—unvarnished, viewed from the vantage point of thirty odd years' experience as a student of the psychic, of spiritual phenomena. I can only repeat a wish expressed to Miss Bissinet, viz: "I wish you might live a thousand years to bring to others the proof brought to us." Yes, two worlds meet in these days just as they did in days of yore. The truths and phenomena of Bible times are with us today.

To be continued



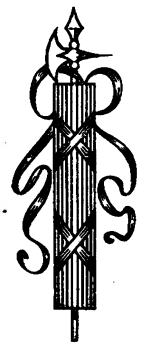
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"Man, the eternal pilgrim, was present when the suns first began to shine, though he knows it not with his objective consciousness. Aye! when the moon first borrowed its light from the more brilliant and virile sun, man was there; and when the morning and evening stars first sang their paeans of praise, he was part and parcel of it all, though he is unaware of this in his mortal consciousness, because awareness is just now limited to his immediate environment and nearest experiences, but know this, oh! seeker at the gate, when that day comes in which man knows that All is One and One is All and the Great Light shineth full upon his path, that which slumbers within shall awake and know all that is, hath been, and is to be."

From "*Words of the Master*".

"The outstanding fact in the lives of the Christs of the ages was their magnanimous and invincible love for humanity, irrespective of dogma or creed or race. The devotion to humankind which made them Healers of mankind never wavered, no matter what the difficulties strewn in their paths. Only those who have come to realize the love of the universal may consider themselves on the road to Messiahship."

From "*Words of the Master*".



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INTRODUCING ANN

RIPPING the month of January off a colorful calendar on the wall of their cosy apartment, Ann turned to Mary and said: "*February*, Mary—*February*, the shortest month in the year—*February*, the month in which was born the greatest American who ever lived!"

Mary looked at Ann and smiled to note upon her serious face the rapt expression she always wore when thinking of her "ideal American." Ann's large dark eyes showed concentrated thought. So absorbed was she in dreaming of that ideal American that for a few moments she entirely forgot Mary's presence.

Suddenly she was aroused from her reverie by a merry chuckle from her comrade, who said: "Well, Ann, last February you gave me a dissertation on "The Great American"—in fact, as I remember, you held forth on several of his outstanding characteristics. Let me see—those characteristics of Abraham Lincoln, your ideal American, were humor, openmindedness, a keen sense of justice and integrity, and love for all living creatures—am I right, Ann?"

Ann thought a moment and replied: "Yes, Mary, your memory is excellent— excellent!"

"Well," continued Mary, "did you exhaust your ideas about the gentleman or am I to be favored with an oration upon other of his characteristics?"

This good-natured banter had no more effect on Ann than water on a duck's back. Unperturbed she continued her reverie and at last she broke the silence—"Mary, a great Teacher once said this in my hearing: 'Perhaps the greatest thing that can be said of such a man as Abraham Lincoln was that he was a friend to mankind irrespective of creed or color, of nation-

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ality or political allegiance.' This same great Teacher said: 'There is probably no word in any language that has been so terribly misunderstood, that has been so terribly misused as the word "friend".' How true both those statements are!"

"When I was in preparatory school," continued Ann, "I was one of a rather small class of girls—perhaps ten in all. Most of us had played together and studied together since we were tiny tots and we were good comrades all—a harmonious, loyal group. There came into our midst, our class, when we were at high school age, another girl—a girl whose home life had been rather unhappy and whose personality was not particularly appealing to the group. But we felt sorry for her and, because she chanced to live nearest to my home, I came in contact with her, walking to and from school, more than the others did. Forthwith she fastened upon me, or tried to, as her special friend. But how little she understood the term "friend." The rest of us had never paired off or had any special "crushes" on each other. We were just a jolly, wholesome, harmonious group—we skated together, danced together, hiked together, played tennis together and did all the other normal things that wholesomeminded girls of that age did. But this girl's idea of friendship was to fasten upon one particular member of the group and try to literally take possession of her. I was, unfortunately, the victim chosen. She got so she was miserably unhappy if, because of other engagements, I refused to go somewhere with her or do something she wished me to do. She was consumed with jealousy if I gave any of my time to the other members of the group—those who had been my good comrades practically all my life! I tried to be patient and understanding with her but the day came when I realized

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something must be done, for her best development, as well as because the situation was becoming to me quite insufferable. Walking home from school that day she proceeded to complain bitterly because I was going to do something or other with one of the others of the group. So I turned on her and told her in exceedingly plain language that her idea of friendship was not in harmony with mine and that unless she could change that idea, I was through. I pointed out to her that we had all been good comrades and playmates from our early childhood and expected to so continue—that *true friendship did not mean possession*—that no soul belongs to another soul—no human being has a right to own another. Bluntly I told her that I thought a great deal of those comrades of mine, that I intended to do things with them individually and collectively, as we had always done, and that if she wished to be friends on that basis, all well and good—otherwise we were through."

"She parted from me in a state of intense anger and bitterness, but she was openminded and had a certain sense of justice. So she pondered the conversation and came to realize that she had no right to *possess* me and order me about or to try to rob me of association with my good comrades. So, like a good soldier, back she came to me and said I was right and she would go on with us according to our understanding of the word "friendship."

Here Ann paused for several minutes in deep thought and then said: "Mary, right there is the thing that destroys and cheapens the relationships of life—right there is the thing that wrecks homes—breaks up marriages—that awful *desire for possession.* It's all wrong!"

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"A man and a maid 'fall in love' and marry. The wife is obsessed with the idea that her husband *belongs* to her. So she tries to tie him to her apron string, with, probably, one of two results—either he settles down into a narrow routine instead of faring forth toward the heights and making the most of his life, or, he gets bored to desperation, turns his attention for interest and diversion to some other individual, and a wrecked marriage is the outcome. Vice versa, the husband may be the one obsessed with this mania for possession, and he wants to tie his wife to her home, wants to allow her no outside interest, no normal intercourse with other men and women—with similar results."

"Now, if there exists true friendship between a man and wife—and there *must* be such friendship if the marriage is to be a success in the true meaning of that word—then neither will want to possess the other in the usual sense of the word 'possess.' Each will *understand* the other, will, to be sure, see clearly the weaknesses and faults but will help in conquering them; each will see equally clearly the infinite possibilities in the other, the Godhood, and will inspire the unfoldment of those possibilities, of that Godhood. Each will have *unswerving faith* in the other, the kind of faith that nothing can daunt. Each will be absolutely *loyal* to the other, though they be at times thousands of miles apart. Each will be to the other a refuge in time of storm and stress. Each will inspire the other with the courage to struggle on to the goal, no matter what the obstacles, no matter how great the difficulties, and will consider no sacrifice too great to aid the other in the consummation of his ideal. Each will be a beaconlight to illumine the other's pathway."

"Saith the Master Teacher: 'Fortunate are they who live in homes where either member of the duo starting

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the home is *friend* to the other. The ideal companionship is only found, we say again, where husband and wife are friends, comrades, devoted to each other by and through the ties of understanding, sympathy, compassion and faith—*faith*—because that is the cornerstone of friendship.' "

"Mary," continued Ann, "you and I saw a fine illustration of *friendship* between man and wife in that classic of all-talkie motion pictures, 'Disraeli'. George Arliss (whom, by the way, I place in much the same position among actors as I do Abraham Lincoln among Americans) in the role of Disraeli was blessed with a wife who was *friend* in the truest sense of the word. Her faith in him was supreme, her understanding of him was rare, her selfless devotion to his welfare and success was beautiful. She was his unfailing refuge in time of stress, his comforter, his counselor, his inspirer. He, in turn, gave her the same understanding and loyalty and a rare *thoughtfulness,* for he never forgot those delicate little attentions that mean so much to the heart of a woman when they come from the man to whom she has given her soul's friendship. So their married life was harmonious, mutually helpful, exquisitely beautiful."

"And, Mary," said Ann, "what greater *safeguard* can anyone have than the true friendship of another? When you know that there lives one soul who has perfect faith in your goodness and fineness, in your idealism, in your power to reach the heights—when you know that there lives one soul who will never fail you in time of sorrow or difficulty, who will understand when others fail utterly to understand, who will joy in any sacrific to help you—you can't fail such a friend. Rather will you make every effort to *be what that friend thinks you.*"

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"Rich beyond measure is the man or woman who has one real friend!"

"It takes a heap o'livin"
To live up to such a friend—
To be a comrade, tried and true,
Where e'er his feet may wend
The road o'life is often rough,
But shadows will be less,
If we but travel in the light
Of wholesome friendliness."

"Aye, Mary, the 'road o'life' is sometimes so rough that the only thing that carries us onward is the love and loyalty of such a friend!"

—FLORENCE RUSSELL.

"The great Souls—the Masters of the Messianic Order—never asked: "What recompense shall I receive for doing the will of God?" Never did they cry out, "Oh, Eternal God! what wage art Thou going to pay . . . . and how soon shall I sit in the High Place?" Nay, beloved, the cry of their souls was: "Father, what wilt Thou have me to do?" They knew that he who would rule must serve."

From "*Words of the Master*".



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DYNAMIC MENTALISM



OUR mind is of no use to you unless it is used. And the use of the mind is only valuable when it is directed in constructive channels—i. e. used intelligently and intentionally. There is too much of the haphazard, lackadaisical method of mentalism in vogue now—too many people are taking refuge in the lazy thought that it is "too late to do anything." That's why *The Mystic Key* is waging battle against

MENTAL SLAVERY: People are afraid of things, of ideals and labels. They are allowing themselves to be in bondage to *Traditional Ideas and Public Opinion and Custom.* Consequently they are thinking in a rut—they are afraid-of-the-shadow-of-what-others-will-say-if-we-dare-to-think-for-ourselves. And, sometimes, they are enslaved by the fear of fate—they grovel before the idea of

KARMA. If everybody would take the time to look up the meaning of terms they would find the thing which seemed so formidable is a harmless thing after all. Karma is the law of cause and effect—we set causes in motion and they produce effects. But it is our privilege to decide what causation we shall set in action. No one should worry about Karma—if the present effects are not what we want, we should immediately set about establishing new causation. That is something we can do with our thinking. Here are the things that must be done that we may take advantage of Dynamic Thinking and be free from Mental Bondage:

LEARN TO THINK FOR OURSELVES! That does not mean that one must be an outlaw, a brute, or a nonconformist in the sense of becoming an objector to

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everything worth while. It means to look at things thru our own eyes—to think with our own minds, rather than to merely echo the opinion of others. Just stand yourself up before yourself and inquire: "What do YOU—the real YOU—think?" And, "Is this YOUR OWN OPINION, based upon your own thinking and observation, *or is it something someone else has said that someone else told somebody else.*" The Great MASTERS know that the only follower who is worth while is he who can think sufficiently to understand, apply and follow. They set us free, thereby assuring undying faith and allegiance.

DARE TO STAND ALONE IF NECESSARY. It is not so bad to be alone—better that, a thousand times over, than to merely conform and reecho what others have said. A mind trammeled with creeds, labels, formulas, and organizations is one that is in the mold of another's opinion. This does not mean that there is no good in creeds, labels, and formulas—it merely means that we should not be tied, obscured by them. Rightly used they have their place—but that place is not to be a stultifier of reason, a destroyer of initiative. Every label should be a badge of the thinker—dare you think beyond the limits of that label—you are on the way to freedom.

FORGET THE PAST. Do not allow yourself to be morbid over what has been—memory is good, providing it does not engender morbidity of spirit and sluggishness of mind. Sluggish minds, like stagnant water, breed dis-ease, dis-order and decay. Whatsoever comes up from the past and releases a lesson that can be assimilated and applied to the present—all well and good. But don't let the past become a millstone around the neck of your present day effort. If

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you do, you will be like the prize fighter who filled his gloves with iron which became so heavy he couldn't lift them. Don't defeat yourself by looking backward at the things that cannot be in the present—you should use your past as a stepping stone from which to reach the next rung in the ladder of progression. Then you must

ELIMINATE FEAR. Stop trembling at shadows. And never, Never, NEVER allow yourself to look disparagingly at your own shadow. What if you do not cast as tall a shadow as does someone else, what of it? Who wants to be a shadow anyway? Mist rises before the advance of the sun. At noonday the tallest man may swallow his own shadow—and if the sun of knowledge shines brightly in your consciousness, there will be no shadows,—all will be light, brightly gleaming light.

FEAR is always the evidence of the wrong mental attitude—it reveals one's lack of faith in self. It is evidence of a mind that functions only partially—do not be afraid you will lose what you feel is yours. If it is of you and for you, there is no possible chance for you to lose it—it will follow you everywhere. Set it free! Give your truth freedom, let your mind rise to the heights even tho there be those who say, "Wear this label, and use this phraseology, and use these formulas or get out." If they say that, it shows *they are afraid of your truth* and lack faith in their own.

TRUTH IS INVINCIBLE. If it dwells in your mind, you are on the King's Highway—you are headed Godward and are becoming a manifestation, a conscious manifestation of the Divine Ray, or light. You will then illumine every path on which you place your feet. And do not forget this, YOUR MIND MUST RISE TO TRUTH'S PLANE. Otherwise there can be

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no real affinity between you and that truth. It does not grovel, it doesn't have to.

PLACE THE PROPER ESTIMATE UPON YOURSELF. Never say, "I lack the power and education to make good." That's negative. Say, rather, *I will get,*—or *I am getting,* is better,—an education and development that is fully adequate to every possible need and requirement—and then get busy acquiring what you need. An old adage says, "An apple a day keeps the Doctor away." Maybe that's true. But here is a new one for you to think about.

AN HOUR'S STUDY A DAY WILL DRIVE ILLITERACY AWAY. Think that one over and, then, well, try it on your piano, your language, your ambition and aspiration, or upon your health. If you want a thing strongly enough to work for it, to study and yearn for it, to labor and learn for it, it will be yours whether you now earn much or little. If at first it is hard to realize the truth of this, just think what man is. Look at it this way:

MAN IS SOUL, OR SPIRIT. And Spirit is the great Cosmic Reality. It is the precious "God-stuff" in mankind which makes possible the evolving to greater heights. Spirit is the universal "God-stuff" which evolves and out of which is evolved all there is. You, Man, Woman, I'm talking to YOU—are that essence in process of expression and expansion. And, further,

MAN IS MIND. Mind is the cosmic link between the Supreme Ray, or God, and mankind. It is thru the conscious, intelligent use of mind, that we come to understand the Supreme, the Infinite. Our lives become more and more clarified thru the proper exercise of the mind. And that clarifying of our lives reveals the heights to which we may ascend as well as the road over which we travel and have traveled. If

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you will practice Dynamic Mentalism, nothing can stand in your way. Then, don't forget:

MAN HAS A BODY. This body is composed of the right substance thru which the divine may manifest in the form of Spirit and Mind. And in all the Universe there is nothing more than this: Spirit, Mind and Body, or substance. This being true, the real you ——yes, the real YOU—has every thing there is with which to work and thru which to evolve. In God's name, what more can you ask?

Stop whimpering, cease growling, eliminate fear and doubting, and then live up to your heritage:

GET TO WORK AND EXPRESS YOUR GOD SELF!

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

"To be spiritual does not mean that one must be a mendicant—the largess of the Gods is not grudgingly given to the groveling. It is bestowed royally upon those who have learned to face the eternal verities with heart unaffrighted and with smiling mien. To deserve the Godly things one should be God-like, walking toward the heights with head erect and eyes agleam with high purpose, even though one sees thru tears."

From *"Words of the Master"*.

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WITH THE EDITORS

The best index to the success of a publication is the reaction of its friends and readers; and this has been such that we are most emphatically delighted with the step we have taken, for the results already show it to have been wise. The friends everywhere affirm, with very few exceptions, their delight and pleasure in *The Mystic Key.*

This month we have given what we believe to be some very valuable material—but it must be read over and over, and digested, to get the real value thereof. We know that the present installment of the Editor's Life Story is going to attract much attention—it is a true episode in the years of wonderful experiences that have come into his many years of contact with all phases of life's phenomena.

In the March issue we shall present for your consideration another remarkable installment of *"Thru The Years With The Editor"*, this time showing another phase of the various phenomena which have occurred in his presence. Then we shall give you an article on *"Exercise and Diet For Health,"* and, in compliance with a promise made to some of our friends, we shall publish the famous *"Hollywood Diet Regime"*, with suggestions from our own experience. In addition to these there will be a very illuminating lesson on *"Biblical and Modern Mediums"*—this should be read by everyone, believer, non-believer and skeptic. And there will be other good things, including Miss Russell's fine lesson, a lesson on *"Worth While Mentalism"* and some of those gems from *"The Master."*

Don't forget: If you are not a subscriber and you receive a sample copy of *The Mystic Key*, it is an invitation to subscribe right now. If you were a subscriber and, somehow, neglected to renew your subscription, and YOU receive a copy, that means we are inviting you to send in your renewal. We are not going to pester you with sample copies, but we do want you to come in the fold and take advantage of the good things in store.

Another thought occurs to me just here. It's this: If you like *"The Mystic Key,"* tell us. If you don't, TELL EVERYBODY that you received a copy of "The Mystic Key", edited by Will J. Erwood and published in Rochester, New York,

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and that you DON'T LIKE IT A BIT. Go ahead, tell everybody how much you dislike it—be a good sport and shout that from the housetops. Then, well . . . . you just tell 'em and we'll do the rest.

This magazine is going to be "chock full" of thought provoking, nerve stimulating material. It will be for folks who are alive, who want to tingle to the vibration of power—those who are dead and walking around to save funeral expenses needn't apply; we are not burying people—we leave that to the undertakers.

All right, folks, let's go. Send in your subscription NOW. If there is anything wrong with the world, help us fix it. More power to you, one and all.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

Recently several readers of THE MYSTIC KEY have very kindly sent us names and addresses of friends of theirs who might be interested in this type of magazine. We are very glad indeed to receive such names and to send sample copies. We would like to hear from more of our subscribers in the same way!

—FLORENCE RUSSELL.



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"Eternal Word of Life, Divine Center, whence all light cometh, Creative Source whence all form is brought into being, we bring to Thee at this time, as our special offering, those children of Thine who daily come to understand more and more of Thyself as manifesting in their own souls and beings. Grant that, just as soon as Thou deemeth best, they shall come to full realization of their oneness with Thee and come to know themselves as the living embodiment of Thy word; grant that they may understand that Thou hast not sealed Thy word between the covers of any book made by man but that Thou hast implanted the Divine Logos within the souls of Thy children. We pray that they may understand all of this because we know that with the dawn of this understanding shall come greater allegiance to Thy will, greater devotion to Thy mission and more loyal and unswerving service to Thy commands: grant, if so be it meets with Thine approval, that they shall become more distinctively, day by day, the embodiment of all that for which Thou didst intend them. Amen.

From "*Words of the Master*".

"Know this: The opulent soul is never petty or mean. He is never prejudiced or narrow or jealous. He is too busy realizing the fullness of his supply and the eternal bounty, to waste time quibbling over little things—he knows that as he is generous and magnanimous, so will the Eternal Master of all Good Gifts be generous unto him."

From "*Words of the Master*".



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SAITH THE MASTER:

"KNOW ye not that man is the eternal pilgrim, the comrade of suns, moons and stars, destined to wander thru various human experiences, always traveling Godward? This, to the end that he may one day stand, in full consciousness, and fearlessly, in the Eternal Presence, and knowing of a surety that he, man, is in the Father and that the Father is in him. Waste not, then, the hours of this day, for they be steps that lead to the Eternal Verities of Life."

—*From "Words of the Master."*