

Occult Stories

BY

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A Curious Experience.

“Come, Fred, it is your turn to spin a yarn. Let us have a good one.”

The speaker was Allen Clarke, a tall, fair-haired young man about twenty-five years old. He was one of a group of four young men who were seated on the piazza of a club house at one of Maine's popular summer resorts. The others of the group were Geo. Turner, a short, thick-set young man with short, curly black hair, and eyes of the same color; Henry Grey, a tall, lean Vermont Yankee, with the nasal twang, and a straw-colored beard cut after the pattern which the cartoons of Uncle Sam universally portray; and Fred Arden, a man of medium height and build with short red hair, a mustache of the same fiery hue, and soft grey eyes that had an almost womanish tenderness of expression. They had been whiling

away the hours of a hot July afternoon by relating anecdotes of adventure to which Fred had up to this time been an interested listener. Allen Clarke had just finished the recital of a thrilling hunting adventure when he addressed Fred Arden in the words with which this story begins.

For a moment Fred seemed lost in thought, then taking his cigar from his lips he threw it away and began.

“I will tell you of a curious experience I had about a year ago, so curious, that though it is true in every particular, I do not expect you will be inclined to believe it. At the time of which I speak, I was in Boston on business and stopping at the American House. I had finished my business early in the afternoon, and on returning to my room in the hotel, having nothing in particular to do, amused myself by reading that—to me—always interesting novel, *Zanoni*.

“You are all aware of my penchant for the mystical, and will not be surprised to hear that I sat there reading that book until the clock

struck nine. Not until I had read the last word of the last chapter did I get up, stretch up to my full height, take a few turns across the room, undress and go to bed. Almost as soon as my head touched the pillow I fell asleep. How long I had been asleep, I do not know, but suddenly I seemed to hear a faint cry for help. I started up and looked around me. At first I was bewildered, for I was not in my room at the American House, Boston, but in a grove through which ran a small brook, and through the trees I could see an elegant mansion, evidently the country home of some wealthy personage. I was still gazing around me in a bewildered way when another cry for help in a distinctively feminine voice reached my ears.

“Turning quickly, I beheld a beautiful young lady with dark brown hair and eyes, struggling with a brutal looking tramp, who appeared to be trying to wrench a heavy gold bracelet from her wrist. I saw all this in an instant. In the next instant I sprang toward the ruffian. Though I was a dozen yards from them, I

seemed to reach them at a single bound, and planted my fist fairly between the brute's eyes. The blow staggered him so that he was obliged to release the young lady, who fled in the direction of the mansion I have mentioned. The tramp turned on me with a snarl and leveled a blow at me that might have felled an ox, for he was a burly ruffian, with an arm and fist like a sledge hammer, but, thanks to my training in the "manly art of boxing," I was able to parry the blow. This only enraged him the more, and I had a lively time avoiding his blows, which fell fast and furious.

"At last, when I seemed to be growing too weak to contend longer with his superior strength, I heard the sound of some one hurrying towards us, and the tramp evidently heard the sound and understood its meaning, for, aiming a last blow at my face, he turned and fled in an opposite direction from that from which the sounds proceeded, while I fell to the ground exhausted, where I must again have fallen asleep.

"When I awoke, the sun was shining into

my room at the hotel, and I rubbed my eyes in astonishment. Finally it dawned upon my mind that I had been dreaming, though it all seemed so real that it was difficult for me to believe it a mere dream. However, that was all I could make of it at the time, and after eating a hearty breakfast—my experience, or whatever it may be called, gave me a good appetite—I returned to New York.”

Here Fred paused for a moment and Allen Clarke said :

“I see nothing curious in that. The book you read is enough to account for the dream.”

“Is it?” asked Fred. “Wait till I finish the story and you may think differently. You know my cousin, Jack Averill, had a cottage at Bar Harbor, last summer, and he asked me to spend a few days with him and meet some of his friends among whom was a Miss French, a niece of his wife. On the evening of my arrival I was given an introduction to that young lady, whose face had a familiar appearance to me. Miss French, as soon as we were separated a little from the others, said, with a smile :

“ ‘I think we have met before, Mr. Arden, though I did not then stop for an introduction. Allow me to thank you for your timely assistance, and ’—with some curiosity—‘I’d really like to know where you went so suddenly that night, for father and our coachman searched everywhere for you, but could find no trace of you, and upon inquiry next day no one in Eastville could remember having seen you. The tramp, when asked, said you was a ghost, for he punched his fist clear through you without hurting you. Of course he had been drinking heavily, but he stuck to his story.’

“ ‘While she had been speaking I had been gazing at her in astonishment. She was certainly the young lady of my dream, and now she was speaking of it as if it had been a real occurrence! As she paused, she noticed my bewildered look and said hastily, ‘I suppose you did not see me long enough to remember me, though I never forgot your face; but you surely remember the girl to whose assistance you came in the grove at Eastville?’

“ ‘Then it was not a dream,’ I said.

“ ‘A dream, Mr. Arden? I don’t understand you!’

“ ‘I will explain in a few minutes,’ said I, regaining my composure; ‘but will you not tell me how you happened to be at the mercy of that ruffian?’

“She explained that she had been at the house of a friend and was returning home alone, as she was accustomed to do, by way of a short path through the grove, when she was suddenly confronted by the tramp who demanded her purse. She uttered a cry for help and attempted to run, but he seized her waist, and then began the struggle I had interrupted. ‘And now,’ said she, ‘what became of you, and what did you mean by saying it was not a dream?’

“I then told her what I have told you, of that night’s experience in Boston. At first she could not believe that I was telling the truth, but at last she was convinced. We became excellent friends while I remained at Jack’s cottage, and her father gave me a cordial invitation to visit him at Eastville. I spent a few days with him later in the season, and his country

residence at Eastville was the same I had seen through the trees that July night. Violet—that is, Miss French—and I visited the identical spot in the grove where I had the memorable encounter with the tramp. Now, Allen, will Zanoni or any other novel account for all this?”

“Well, no, I suppose not,” said Allen, musingly; “but when is the wedding to occur?”

“Wedding?” said Fred, inquiringly.

“Yes, of course you are going to marry the heroine of your story according to the most approved style of fiction.”

“Oh,” said Fred, laughing, “I see you think I’ve been romancing, but it is all true. You are partly right, for Miss French is soon to be married to—— my cousin, Will Averill, not to me.”

“That spoils the story, Fred. You ought to marry her.”

“Well, you see, Allen, she was already engaged to Will, and it would be rather unfair to him to break the engagement just to please your fancy for a romantic ending to my story.

Besides, there is the dearest little woman in the world up in New York whom I expect to make Mrs. Arden before many months."

"But seriously, Fred, how do you account for your strange experience?" asked George Turner.

"That's the question. How do you account for it?" joined in the Vermonter.

"Account for it? Oh, I believe, when the body is at rest, the soul frequently takes excursions on its own account. The soul is the real man, and I believe when we understand our full power over the body, we may leave it at will and traverse space without the material clog called the body. That is my theory."

One Thanksgiving.

It was a large, square, old-fashioned, weather-beaten New England farm-house, situated among the hills of the old Pine Tree State, and was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century when Maine's pine trees were plentiful and lumber was cheap. But the house had seen its best days and now looked battered and old. There had been a heavy fall of snow the day before, and the white drifts reached nearly to the eaves of the low roof.

The smoke was curling from the large, old-fashioned chimney, and the flickering gleam of the firelight shone through the illy mated windows, and danced upon the snow without. Within was a merry family party. It was the evening before Thanksgiving, and old Father and Mother Grey, with their children and children's children to the fourth generation, were

all there, having gathered from all parts of the world to spend Thanksgiving in the old home, and help demolish the gigantic thirty-pound turkey that Father Grey had that day killed for Thanksgiving dinner.

They were all there, the Rev. John Grey, the oldest son of the family, who had for many years been a missionary in China, but had now returned to his native land, a gray-bearded, gray-haired man of sixty ; and there was his plump, fair-haired wife, Mary, and their daughter Julia, with her husband, young Edward Holton, and little two-year-old Freddy Holton, asleep on his great-grandfather's knee. Then there was Dr. Henry Grey, and his pretty wife, and their two robust sons ; and lawyer Edward Grey, the bachelor of the family ; Mary, who had married Howard Rowland, who had been killed in the battle of Bull Run and left his young widow with an infant daughter, Helen, who has grown up, the beautiful young lady who sits by Father Grey's side, fondling little Freddy's brown curls. There are others there, children and grand-children, but we will not

stop to name them now. Helen Rowland is a tall, fair woman, with beautiful golden brown hair that lays in a heavy coil at the back of her head ; large, dark, pansy-blue eyes, from which beam the love and intelligence which are so harmoniously blended in her perfect character. Her features are not regular, the nose is large, but both beauty and character are expressed in the delicate mouth and chin, and it needs but a glance to see that she is not an ordinary young woman.

All were seated in the large parlor around a great open fire place in which crackled and blazed large spruce logs, sending out their genial light and warmth. Others might use such modern contrivances as stoves, but Father and Mother Grey would have none of them. All the cooking was done in a great, old-fashioned, brick oven, nearly as large as some of our modern kitchens; and when her daughter suggested buying her a new range in order to save work, Mother Grey indignantly declared :

“I’m eighty years old, and have been married sixty-two years, and always cooked in the same

old brick oven, and am too old now to take up with such new-fangled contraptions, daughter Mary."

So the new range was not purchased and Mother Grey continued to cook the most appetizing bread, pies and cakes in the old brick oven.

They had been talking over old times, the older ones telling wonderful stories of their youth to which the younger generation listened eagerly. "How pleasant it is to meet again in the old home," said the Rev. John, as he glanced over the group. "All here but Eben. If he was only here, the circle would be complete."

Eben Rowland was a cousin of Helen Rowland's, and though not a member of Father Grey's family, he had been brought up by the old folks, and it was well known that he and Helen were engaged. He was a sea-captain, and three years before had sailed away in his good ship *Ocean Queen*, and neither he nor the *Ocean Queen* had been heard from since. He was bound for the African coast and it was

supposed that the Queen and all on board had been lost.

Only Helen Rowland refused to believe that Eben was dead, and she stoutly affirmed her belief that he would yet return to her. As her uncle made the above remark she turned to him and said :

“The circle will be complete, Uncle. Eben will be here before we retire tonight.”

“Have you heard from him?”

“Where is he?”

“What do you mean?”

These excited questions greeted Helen’s speech.

“Yes, I have heard from Eben,” was Helen’s quiet reply.

“Why, Helen? exclaimed her mother. “When could you have heard from him? You did not tell me you had received a letter from Eben.”

“I have received no letter.”

“Oh, I know,” interrupted her cousin Frank, a black-haired, black-eyed, roguish youngster of sixteen. “Didn’t you know that our Helen

is a ghost-seer? Where did you see his ghost-ship?"

Helen gave Frank a look of reproach that effectually subdued that lively young gentleman's fun-making propensities.

"I never saw a ghost in my life, Frank, but I am sometimes able to see realities that are not visible to others. It is quite true that I have seen Eben, and he promised to be here to-night."

"What nonsense is this, Nellie? asked Uncle Edward, as he crossed to where Helen now stood, and placed his hand in a kindly manner upon her shoulder. Uncle Edward was the favorite of all the nieces and nephews, but Helen (or Nellie, as he affectionately called her) was his favorite, and they seemed to understand one another intuitively. Hard-headed, hard-working lawyer as he was, he had yet found time in his busy life to pursue his favorite study of occult science, and he knew Helen possessed certain occult powers whose development he encouraged, though he was soundly rated by the Rev. John for such "infidelity." Helen

glanced at him now with a look of love and confidence as she said :

“It is not nonsense, Uncle. Listen, and I will tell you about it. Yesterday I was in our old play-room, and I sat down on an old trunk and began to think of the many pleasant hours I had spent in that old room. Naturally my thoughts turned to Eben. Suddenly my surroundings seemed changed, and then I saw Eben approaching me. In a moment I was clasped in his arms and I felt his kisses upon my lips and cheeks. Then he said in a hurried whisper, ‘I can only stop a moment, darling ; I want you to tell them all that I will be with them by 10 o’clock to-morrow night.’ Again he kissed me, and then I was alone in the room sitting on the old trunk.”

“Humph,” grunted the Rev. John. “Fell asleep and had a vivid dream. Edward, how can you encourage the child to believe in the reality of a nightmare?”

“Blood thin. Needs iron ;” was Dr. Henry’s laconic remark.

Uncle Edward drew Helen close to him and

turning to the others, said: 'John there are several things in this world not included in the creed of your church, and Henry should remember that the soul is not to be reached by iron pills.'

"Boys, boys!" said old Father Grey. "Don't quarrel this Thanksgiving eve!" and this rebuke caused a laugh at the expense of the somewhat elderly "boys."

"Well, Nellie, what else did you see?" asked her grandmother.

"Oh, that was all. Uncle John may call it a nightmare if it pleases him to do so, but I know I saw Eben, and he will be here to-night."

"If he is to be here by 10 o'clock," said Edward Holton, "he will have to hurry up, for it lacks but five minutes of that hour now."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the faint sound of jingling sleigh-bells reached their ears. Nearer and nearer came the sound, then it suddenly ceased, and in another instant there was a loud knock at the door. Then a tall, broad-shouldered young

man stood in their midst. He gave a quick glance around the room, then went directly to Helen, and in an instant she was clasped in Eben Rowland's strong arms and weeping on his shoulder.

"Presently, when all were again seated around the blazing fire, Father Grey said: "Tell us where you have been all these years and why you have never written home;" and there was a trace of sternness in the old man's kindly voice.

"It is a long story," said young Rowland, "too long to tell in detail at this late hour. The Ocean Queen was wrecked in the Southern Atlantic, and so far as I know, I am the only one who lives to tell of it. I was washed ashore on an island, more dead than alive. The island was inhabited by dark-skinned savages who kept me as a slave. It was seldom that a sailing vessel came near the island, but occasionally one would send a boat ashore for water. At such times the natives would bind me and keep me where the sailors could not find me, and being gagged, I could make no outcry.

But about three months ago the Mystic, bound for New York, anchored off the island and sent a boat ashore for a supply of fresh water. By the aid of a native whom I had been able to befriend, I was enabled to get aboard the Mystic, whose captain, upon hearing my story, gave me a passage to New York, where we arrived four days ago. I wrote immediately to Helen, _____,”

“I never got the letter,” interrupted Helen.

“I suppose the letter must have been lost or delayed then. I went to the office of the owners of the Ocean Queen and made my report, and got money enough to come home with. I arrived in Bangor this evening, hired a horse and sleigh, and here I am.”

“Well, Helen, your dream is realized,” said Uncle John.

“It was not a dream! It was a reality!” said Helen.

The Colonel's Story.

It was in the summer of 1889 that I, Wm. Nichol—being recommended by my physician to take a few months rest and change of scene—accepted the invitation of my old friend and companion in arms, Col. Fred. Gaynor, to visit him at his pleasant home in Bangor, Me., and enjoy the excellent salmon fishing at that place.

Fred. Gaynor and I had been chums from boyhood, and when the late civil war broke out we entered the same regiment, and went through the four years of war, Fred. attaining the rank of colonel, which he well merited.

At the close of the war Gaynor returned to Bangor and entered upon a business career which had brought him a handsome fortune. He had, at the time of which I write, retired from business and was enjoying a well-earned life of leisure.

I had gone to New York, and entered the law firm of Sampson, Nichol & Sampson, of which

my elder brother was a member, and was still with that firm, now a member of it, when ordered to "rest or die," as my physician tersely expressed it.

The day after my arrival Col. Gaynor—who is an ardent disciple of Isaack Walton—took me to Bangor's famous salmon pool, where we had a fine day's sport; at least, so said the Colonel, and if working hard all day, getting drenched to the skin, and finally landing a 22-pound salmon is sport we certainly had an abundance, but I confess that a small amount of that kind of sport goes a long way with me.

That evening as we were sitting on the veranda of the Colonel's handsome residence, enjoying the cool evening air and some of Fred's prime Havanas, the talk turned upon occult subjects in which he seemed to take a great interest.

"Did I ever tell you of my experience in Washington in the spring of '69?" asked Fred., after some remark of his upon the doctrine of reincarnation. Then he quickly added, "Of course I never did, for this is the first time we

have had a chance to talk together since you first went to New York in '67. How time flies ! ”

“ That last is a true, but not very original remark,” I said, smiling, “ but what was the experience you mention ? ”

Throwing away his cigar, the Colonel related the following story :

“ I was in Washington a few days in the spring of 1869, and while there I met our old friend, John Malden, who introduced me to a Dr. Percy, another Maine man, who was then in Washington. The Doctor invited us to spend the evening with him, and being at that time independent bachelors with no one to find fault with us for keeping late hours we accepted the invitation and it was there I first became interested in occultism.

“ We were talking upon various subjects when some remark of Malden’s led the Doctor to declare his firm belief in the doctrine of reincarnation, a doctrine not so fully canvassed then as now.

“ I asked what I believe nine out of ten per-

sons always do ask when such a belief is affirmed, 'Do you remember anything that occurred in your previous incarnations?' When we consider the fact that we cannot remember the incidents of the first year of our present incarnation, that question does not appear such a convincing argument against the doctrine as I at that time thought it to be.

"However, I was destined to receive a very different answer from the one usually given to the question, and one that quite surprised me.

"Certainly I do!" was the Doctor's emphatic reply, and, continuing, he said:

"Not only do I remember, but it is within my power to show you a reflection of some of the events of my previous existence."

"Malden and I immediately expressed a desire to witness such a phenomenon. Thereupon Dr. Percy darkened the room and bade us remain perfectly silent. Then placing a chair near us he seated himself and took a hand of each of us in his, and closing his eyes remained thus for about five minutes.

"I was just beginning to think that our friend

was enjoying a joke at our expense, when he began to speak. His words were in some tongue unknown to me, and he seemed to be addressing some one by his side. After speaking a moment to this invisible presence, he addressed us saying :

“‘By the aid of my spirit friend, Malaka, I will now withdraw from my body and re-enact a part of one of my former lives.’

He soon ‘became rigid and seemingly dead ; then a mist seemed to come before my eyes, then a subdued light filled the room. The wall in front of us seemed to open, and before us was a large field in which were two contending armies, arrayed in the fashion of many centuries ago.

“‘There were archers and spearmen and knights in armor ; and I seemed to hear the clash of arms, mingled with the groans of the wounded, and the fierce war cries of the contending hosts. Suddenly from either side rode forth two knights, giants in strength, and perfect in form, mounted on two fiery steeds. I seemed to understand that upon the result of

the encounter between these knights would depend the victory or defeat of either side.

“The two rushed at each other, there was a clash of armor, and then one of the knights fell from his horse, and the army from which the victorious knight had ridden forth, sent up a loud cheer of victory, just as the opposing army disappeared in the distance. Then I seemed to realize that the figure of the victorious knight was also the figure of our friend Dr. Percy. The whole scene now vanished, and the voice of Dr. Percy—though his lips moved not—said :

“ ‘You have now seen me as I was when I fought beside the ancient kings of England.’

“Then another voice, which we were afterwards told was that of Dr. Percy’s friend, Malaka, said :

“ ‘You may now witness an act of Dr. Percy’s present life,’ and immediately the wall again seemed to open, and we saw a wretched hovel from within which there came fearful screams and cries for help.

“Then we saw within, a brawny laborer, crazed with drink, beating a delicate looking

woman. In an instant Dr. Percy was in the room, and laying a hand on the man's shoulder calmly told him to go and lie down, and the man obeyed as if obliged to yield to a mind stronger than his own.

“‘Oh, Dr. Percy, I am so glad you have come!’ exclaimed the woman.

“‘Mathew would have killed me soon; and he is so kind when he is sober. Oh, the drink! the cursed drink!’”

“‘Be still,’ said the doctor, ‘Mathew shall be cured.’

Then he sat down by the drunkard and placed his hand upon the inebriate's head, and I could see the rays of white light passing from the person of Dr. Percy to that of his patient, gradually transforming the latter from a drunken brute to a sober, intelligent human being, and he fell into a natural sleep. Then we heard Dr. Percy assure the woman that her husband would never drink intoxicating liquors again. Later I learned that this scene had really taken place in a Maine town about a year previous to that time, and that the man,

Mathew Grayson, had never drank intoxicating liquors from that night. I know him now as a successful mechanic and a highly respected citizen of his town. But this is a digression. As soon as Dr. Percy left the hovel the room assumed its normal appearance. Again we heard the voice of Malaka, saying :

“ ‘You have seen the warrior whose trade it was to kill, become the savior of life. So must all mankind grow from barbarous ignorance to perfect spiritual knowledge, that he may be perfected in all things. When all have done this, then shall sin, sickness, sorrow and death pass from the earth, and it shall be as if these evils had never been, and the whole world shall rejoice and be happy.’

“ ‘Then his voice ceased, and all was quiet until Dr. Percy broke the silence, saying :

“ ‘I have shown you some things of my past, and Malaka has shown you an incident of my present life, which was a little more than I had bargained for. I hope, Col. Gaynor, you are convinced that I do remember occurrences of my past existences.’ ”

“ I made no reply at the time, but I date from that evening my belief in the doctrine of reincarnation.”

After a moment's pause the Colonel turned to me and said :

“ Now, Nichol, what do you say to that ?”

“ That I shall have to sleep on it,” I replied ;
“ just at present I feel as if I'd been listening to a tale from the Arabian Nights.”

“ All right,” said the Colonel, good naturedly,
“ but some day I'll introduce you to Dr. Percy, and I think he will be able to demonstrate the truth of reincarnation so fully as to satisfy even so hard headed a lawyer as Wm. Nichol.”

We Shall Know Our Loved Ones.

Shall we know our loved ones
When we reach that "summer land,"
Where the immortal spirits dwell,
Who have reached the "golden strand?"

Yes, we shall know our loved ones then,
We shall see their spirit forms,
When we've crossed the silver river '
And are freed from earthly storms.

There in spirit, free, immortal,
Never more from friends to part,
We shall see and know our loved ones,
Mind to mind, and heart to heart.

HOLD ON.

Though the way be dark and drear,
Do not harbor doubt or fear ;
Do not waste the time in tears
For the length of weary years
In store for you. Hold on to hope,
And with your present duty cope !
Let no longing glance be cast
Toward happiness that now is past.

But no past nor future know,
Only to your duty go ;
Doing what you have to do
With no thought to trouble you
Of what the future has in store,
Or of past joys to come no more ;
But with patience wait the dawn ;
Do your best, and just hold on.

For never yet was there a day,
But with the night it passed away ;
And never yet a night so long,
And never a trouble yet so strong,
But with the burst o' the sun's clear ray
It melted, and faded, and passed away ;
And many a battle fierce is won
By the simple process of holding on.

[This poem first appeared in the Mental Science Magazine of Chicago, Ill.]

OUR THOUGHTS.

Whate'er our thoughts of life may be,
Whether of joy or woe ;
Whether the best of life we see,
As we wander to and fro ;
Like these thoughts our lives will be ;
We cannot from them go.

Do we fill our hearts with fear,
With vain thoughts of life,
Thoughts that make all things look drear,
Full of bitterness and strife,
Without a hope our souls to cheer ?
Like these will be our life.

But if our thoughts be from above,
Filled with harmony divine,
Flowing from the God of Love,
Bringing with them bright sunshine,
Then will our thoughts of perfect love
Make our lives sublime.

[*This poem first appeared in the Mental Science Magazine of Chicago, Ill.*]

WAIT.

Learn to wait through stormy hours,
For the sunshine bright and clear ;
What, tho' there are clouds and showers,
There is naught for you to fear !

Only wait for brighter weather
When the sun will shine again ;
When the clouds shall cease to gather
We'll be better for the rain !

All will be right, if we'll but wait,
Calmly doing what is best ;
Then we'll not let an angry fate
Heaven's pleasure from us wrest.

For he who'll do his duty here,
Love all good, all evil hate,
Calmly waiting without a fear,
Is the master of his fate !

BABY BESS.

Winsome baby Bess!
Picture of mirth and loveliness!
Thou who wast so bright and fair,
With thy sunny golden hair,
Eyes of heaven's deepest blue,
Cheeks with roses rosiest hue,
Lips as red as the ruby bright,
And face aglow with laughing light.

Where art thou? Tell
To those who love thee well.
Art thou gone to some distant shore,
Where we shall never see thee more?
O! no; we know that thou art near;
And thy face, to us so dear,
We may see just over there,
Where the sunset's ruddy glare

Tinges the clouds with a golden light,
And gives thy form a radiance bright.
And as we gaze upon thy form
Nearer and nearer thou seem'st to come,
Till we hear thy childish tones—
Not in sickness' wailing moans—
But speaking of a land of light
That is just beyond our sight.

Telling of summer skies and flowers,
Where 'mid ever-verdant bowers,
Thou with the angel children stay
Lighthearted and happy the livelong day,
And at twilight's pensive hour
Thou leav'st thy pleasant leafy bower
And in gentle voice so dear,
We hear thee whisper, "I'm always near."



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Perhaps you will not mind my stating that you have effected this in the face of the bitterest opposition, since her parents would almost prefer to die in the old belief than be well in the new. . . .

I shall . . . tempt them with "PHRENOPATHY," and the 12 months series of "THE FREE MAN." Just now these are being read by a friend, who, only this evening, drove in from the country to tell me of the great benefit derived from them. Then a letter from the beautiful Mrs. Trousdale of New Orleans brings intelligence of rapid improvement from your treatment.

How happy I am in this glorious New Thought.

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Thanking you again for the good work done for us, and with my best wishes for your continued success.

Very sincerely,
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