

PS 1543
.D36 M8
1916
Copy 1

AME



OCCULT

MYSTIC

SPIRIT

OF THE

VOICE

HINDOO

"SENAM"

M
Y
S
T
E
R
I
O
U
S



F
A
S
C
I
N
A
T
I
N
G

By
J. GALLAN DIXON
Author and Compiler

DISTRIBUTERS

SOVEREIGN PUBLISHING CO.

160 SYCAMORE ST.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

25 CTS. PER COPY

Copyright by J. Gallan Dixon 1916. International copyright secured
All rights Reserved

PS 1543
J 36 M 8
1916

31

FEB 25 1916

new mar. 10 '16

CONTENTS

Preface	3
Mystery	7
Weary No Longer	8
The Astrologer, The Storm	9
Spirit Voice of Senam	10
There Is No Death. "Lytton"	16
Review	17
The Clown's Oration. "Curtis"	20
Sages, Old and New	22
Voice of Senebo	27
Angel's Return	30
I Am Not Dead	34
An Angel's Whisper	45
Fanatic	46
Teaching	47
War	48
The Coward	50
The Game of Life	51
American, Red, White and Blue	52
His Mysterious Way	53
Immortal Self	54
Man's Friend	55
I Tell You That I Love You	56
My Love Is the Same Wherever I Be	57



PREFACE

As things come I write, and give it for good and weal of all.

These messages come to me when I have thrown aside the bands and bonds that bound my mind and intellect, and list to the still, small whispering voice that says: "Write!"

I thank the Great Spirit that I have had, and there are proofs all over, that there is no death of the soul of man, but a passing out or transition from out the body (Temple of the Living God) described by "Senam," "Senebo," special Oriental Spiritual intelligences, and others who surround me.

I am not a real spiritual man when I am combined and surrounded with my environments. I am not pure, and as Jesus said: "There is none righteous, no, not one," and he was one of us.

There is only one God!! (spirit) and in and with Him is no iniquity; pure, the "Jehovah." The same that was, and is now, and forever.

In the beginning was the Word! and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And our self (soul) is not only like God, but is God in the same way.

God is Love, and every living man has Love in him, and it remains with him how he allows this love to grow and expand. I think the transition of the soul, and other explanations troubling the minds of men, is beautifully described by the intelligent messages contained herein, by the great and good Angels, spirits or intelligences.

"No man has seen God at any time," so that if we do not see the loving Angel guardians we really can't complain, or if so, we must demand that God shall show himself, or itself, but there has been much holier and better men than we, and if they were not so blessed, we must be satisfied to say: Oh thou great Mysterious Love, and be patient to wait till we cross over the sea of doubt or through the curtain of uncertainty as spirits to the Great Spirit.

One thing we do know, all die! so called, and all are born—of the world and in it. Life is Love, Love is God; God rules

VOICE OF SENAM

the Universe. The Loving (God) Soul thought or intelligence of the poem, "There Is No Death," is beautifully portrayed by the late Lord Lytton, and shows that anything created by and of the spirit never dies; a thought, once expressed, goes on forever.

When men think, and more are doing so to-day, tho' millions do not. (They allow others to do it for them), and it can't be done. Most prefer sight to brain work and leave the God given intelligence to weaken and wither, and they become perplexed, and no wonder. If men think and study, they see in so called religions some good in all; also as they go deeper, some vileness, greed, superstition, avarice, perfidy, vulgarity, deceit, hypocrisy, but all claiming to be the right and only one; even some damning those outside the pale of the church to Hell, torture and everlasting damnation, so as to break the desire to prove by the way-side in their race as commanded, viz: "Prove all things."

Your intelligence is the God given talent, and what shall you say when the spirit asks, "What hast thou done with thy talent?" and can you murmur "if" when you restore it, having done nothing with it, if it is given to the one who has ten? To-day super-inspiration is sent down just as it was since man first grew upon the earth, and if it is not heeded or accepted it is man's fault. What can man ask more, when he knows that his spirit never dies but goes back to God who gave it, and yet, can come again or send their increased spiritual intelligence to our own as Lord Lytton pictures life and immortality in the return of loving spirit friends and guides?

What a beautiful thought. What wonderful wisdom of the great Jehovah. What hope. What comfort. What joy to know.

What bliss is ours! Eternity with us. The open sesame to the mysterious working of the allwise, omnipresent, omnipotent power of God (good) eternal.

To me these messages clear away the cobwebs of error and superstition, and if the angels who do return are demons, then all before were such from the beginning of time up to the angels at the tomb of Christ, but such are only more fabrics of an ill religion's error and superstition; but spirit by return in proof puts man on his own pedestal even after he may fall, showing that he himself, real inner self, a God; as Jesus said: "The God within you."

VOICE OF SENAM

As such I claim the messages whose identity I am positive of, tho' I never heard their names nor read of them; tho' I have read many kinds of literature in many countries, as I traveled much of this world and lived among all classes of men and in nations of different laws and religions. The real man is (spirit) within; part and parcel of the infinite.

God, the great, unfathomable, infinite creator and conceiver of all and entity of all power, the sound and echo, and from which all and everything emanates, and which always was, long before the Universe was created, so called in other words the essence of life, which is eternal, and which no so called death can destroy or alter. Not matter, but the ethereal, upon which all matter is incorporated, with, through and in, lives, moves, flies, floats or is carried about in, under or over all.

As ethereal or astral so called spiritual things cannot be destroyed, mutilated, damaged, dissolved, caught or imprisoned, or even seen by material or human eyes, and seldom by the eyes of intelligence, therefore the real man cannot die.

A dissolution, wearing out or fading of the material man occurs, therefore the separation takes place of the material and the spiritual or ethereal.

One falls to the earth, material; the other soars away to join the great Almighty ethereal immensity and entity—God. Man has evolved, and altho thousands of years ago man understood these things, yet through avarice, power of evil, machinations, they were again lost, distorted and transposed to fit an ill religion of evil minds for financial power and greed.

God, the great inspiration or intelligence, surrounded and encompassed as a magnet, draws each and every spirit or spark of infinity to itself, resending forth from Alpha to Omega to man the receiving spark coil so it can be again transmitted.

An instrument, or so called medium or ethereal messenger angel, may not be able to demonstrate the name or symbol from where it originated, nor the name by which in the human body it was known on this or other planets, star, sun, moon or world, and it is then left to the receiver to simply write and give it as an inspiration of his own, viz., he got it!

Readers sometimes read a few pages of a book, and if it does not coincide with their views cast it away. They are like the foolish man who does not want anything new, for what was good

VOICE OF SENAM

enough 100 years ago for his ancestors is now good enough for him, "a rutter." If the world had only rutters there would not have been any of the great and glorious names on the scroll of honor of earth whose last steps we leave to battle for further good and glory.

What I have written was given me, and if it is good it must come from the source of goodness to my own intelligence within. I wish readers may gather from these pages food for thought, help, comfort and cheer of a never dying hope that lives forever and smoulders in the hearts of all. That it may do good, lighten the burden of those bowed down by superstition and traditions.

May it be read in the same love and calm reflection with which I give it.

THE AUTHOR, 1910.

VOICE OF SENAM

MYSTERY

What art thou? sometimes called luck, or fate,
That shrouds the human eye, and mystic soul,
By thy great mastering hand and Power;
That plucks the very buds of fertile thought!
That crushes softly, subtly, silently, but mightily.
What art thou? thou strange and unknown force,
That mocks the mighty will of man,
And laughs that mighty will to scorn.
Ah! Strange indeed thy subtle ways.
What art thou? that lifts some up,
To very top of highest crest of crown,
And others beat and force with unseen power,
From lofty heights thou drag'st them down,
Down, down, to crest of waves' despair,
Or leads one on, so far, then says,
"So far thou goest, but no farther;"
And as one strives to rise, a cruel blow
Fells back to earth again the Human power.
That stretches forth the hand to stay
The human mind from grasping oft
Sweet charm, hope, and opportunity
That passes by, amid thy cruel laugh,
Driving them on rocks of lies, deceit;
To see them by thy power commit
Dire deeds of horror from which
The normal senses of the man
Would shrink and tremble at
The very deeds they did.
What art thou? Demon what art thou?
The power that stops not, but laughs
At locks, and bars, and bolts of will!
That causes curses, hate and crime.
Oh! for one look into the unknown
Of thy mysterious, all pervading force;
The force, frustrating all man's power,
His will, his grit, all human effort,
Till he lies conquered with broken heart
As oft to die by his own hand,
To find thee! mysterious, unknown! unseen!!

J. QALLAN DIXON.

VOICE OF SENAM

WEARY NO LONGER

Weary one! weary no longer,
Look out to the spiritual plain.
See! truths, immortal banner,
Wave away all woe and pain.
Trust in the God above you,
List to his whispering voice.
Have faith in the friends around you,
Sent by the Almighty's choice;
To guide, to guard, to counsel,
To help you full love to gain;
With Love, is hope forever,
Through hope, your blessings reign.
For in peace you'll see the sunshine
Break forth o'er the raging main;
It stills, it quiets, it soothes,
Like a gentle spirit's flame.
It will lift you up forever
To realms, eternal bliss,
Calming the chords of discord
As a wafted angel's kiss.
Prove all; don't doubt, but listen;
No need other's help at all,
Just call on loved departed,
They will answer at your call,
And tell you in spirits' whisper
There is love enough for all.
Love, and the world will brighten,
Forgetting the mists of pain.
Remember, your loved are calling,
Your love is ne'er in vain.
Believe, and list to whispers
Of soul, Christ said: within
'Tis God within who speaketh;
And he himself doth reign.

J. QALLAN DIXON.

VOICE OF SENAM

THE ASTROLOGER

Start now, dear friend Astrologer,
To make my horoscope,
And find by Moon and Sun and Stars,
My life to rue, or hope.
Show me the road that I should tread,
In bounding hope, without fear or dread.
Show me the Rocks that on my pathway lies;
The Pits, the ruts of life's doubts, and sighs;
Show me the Star that e'er shall guide me on
To greater, nobler deeds than I have done.
Then shall my blessings on thee fall,
And I shall listen to thy call.
Show me to live in Love's great breath,
And I shall love and fear no Death.

J. Q. D.

THE STORM

The bright sky fades,
The clouds upon the earth do lower,
And sombre is the day.
The wind it dies, and clouds affright
The watchful eyes of mariners;
Darker yet grows the day,
And flash of lightnings far away
Tells but the weird tale
As rain begins to pour.
Sharp now the streaks
Of the chained and forked flashes
That now lumens up the murked skies,
While peals of loudest thunder
Roll on and on apace.
Another flash. 'Tis here! 'Tis there!
And like the greatest avalanche
Of a thousand mountains falling
Rolls o'er and o'er the placid scene.

J. Q. D.

VOICE OF SENAM

SPIRIT VOICE OF SENAM

'Tis I! Senam, calls through you to the people from the Spirit world!! "Ego."

Thousands of years before the Christian teacher I was! I taught the truth, and the light, which is the word! (lost).

The world was then, as now, near fullness of light, truth and love.

Pattagonia, the light of the earth, was the Star in the firmament, but seat of all was "Lazá" (Lasar).

All changed; the ruthless hands of the hoards of monarchical fanatical slaves fell upon us, slew and slaughtered, stole, burned and destroyed us, and our institutions. The light went out on Earth, to be shown in caves and nooks and caverns alone; our laws and teachings were transposed, but most eradicated and defiled to suit the wanton conquerors.

So truth died as it were, the spiritual, and was buried, but as a seed only to sprout again and grow in time as the sun of mercy and love shone on it.

Far, far above any spiritual plain on Earth we were.

We understood the laws of Earth and Spirit, and we could cast out and draw in our astral soul; as easy was it that voices from the far beyond talked with us, and strode and sat beside us; did the souls of the great and good.

The one great secret kept was known and shown to earth again by the man Jesus, the teacher.

"Whatsoever ye shall sow,

"So shall ye reap."

We sowed Truth, Right, Mercy and Love,
Forgiveness, Thanks, Charity and Hope,
Healthiness, Power, and all that was good,
And we in return received it from our own.

We saw and found Love in all:

In Air, Earth, Sun, Moon, and the Stars;

In the firmament, and in the soul of man.

Our lives were simplicity, our wants rational;

Our passions were overruled.

We knew ourselves; we searched, we dug;

We knocked, we found the God within.

VOICE OF SENAM

We found power ; second, third, fourth,
Fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth
Sense and sight. (There are only twelve ;
In a triangle only three ; four makes twelve.)
We found the God within the very trees,
The rocks and the stones of time.
Our time was measured by the sun,
Our months by the moon,
Our years by the planets.
Our index by the comets and zones.
Our life was real ; we lived for good alone.
Salomon and others gave up their lives
For the good of all the people,
To cruel tasks and tortures given,
But within the bowels of the earth
Are hidden yet safely the records
That we always kept.
The Astral world with which we
Communicated, could pierce
The hardest walls of jasper,
Iron, steel, or capro bars,
For bolts, or locks, or steads were
As the simple perfume of a flower.
Our eyes could pierce the deepest wells
Or caves, or cavern's ends.
Since when the treacherous conquerors
Wrought the idle havoc, the world
Did cease to live on such a plain.
But still the laws of spirit do avail,
To clear the mist at times
From off the mortal eye.
Development takes years of your time,
And worst of all, now, is that .
Whene'er a little light of Astral force
Within the mortal shows,
They barter it away for gold e'now.
Gold, we buried it, so not to tempt
The mortal from his Astral self.
A mournful time will come,
When madness after gold's bright glitter
Has made the world insane.

VOICE OF SENAM

But treasure greater in the minds of men
Shall triumph with the loss
Of pomp, pride, vanity and greedy power,
That e'en makes one to crush his brother.
Each cycle of your time shall find
A change, and things that can't be now
Understood by mortal man
Shall be as simple as to flash
Upon a little child.
This world shall yet untram'eled be
Without the greed and lust,
And power of greed and gold.
When spirit Angels shall again
Commune with man in open,
And will be seen; for they are now,
Myself, as well, treading your earth
With silent tread; speaking in whispers
Low that few can hear,
But read in symbols, understand.
No thing can pass away,
All things remain and sprout
Within their given time.
Love never dies, but suffocated oft
To hold its breath
For the vain bleatings of a man.
Crush vice, and greed, and gain,
March on to joy's reality.
The shimmering tinsel is but a passing show,
A mock, a shadow, an unreal.
The penchant for an idol is born of vice
To bow, to bend, to kneel before.
Uncover not thy head, except to God,
Nor bow to chuckling prelate.
This Earth, the World is yours;
Thy Kingdom in thy soul.
Calamity but mocks thee;
So to bow thee down for sake of gain
Of power, of gold perchance?
To fame, mocks thee like a flash,
And leads to vice and shame.

VOICE OF SENAM

Curdled has the milk of human kindness grown,
The flowers of Love, and kindness flown.
All say look out, look on, look up afar
I say! thee look within thy temple clay
And find the chords of spirit harp
Strung with the golden strings
Of harmony, that sings out
With divine tongues of Love's best rays
Of Love, and truth, and light
Mid the vulturous abyss;
Of dark, and murky selfish nights,
Death like ocean of despair;
Drawing the soul in fulsome welcome
To the eternal Kingdom of all "God,"
That darkened minds of sensuous fiends
Their temple burned and martyr'd to the cause
Or tortured with the unconceived demons;
Thoughts of a baneful mind;
Thoughts pure shall live.
Still think and ponder long,
For out of depth of smallest soul
Shall come the tidings of the real,
The glorious Astral part of man;
Begotten only by that law of love that's life,
For life! it ne'er can die or pass away.
The deeds that were in past
Can be again best done,
And greater deeds than they;
But now rank greed, and gain,
And filthy lust fill up the void,
'Twas left for life and love.
Uncurb the bridling of thy soul.
Fear not, oh mortal man, thy spirit
Ne'er shall walk in mortal fear.
Man yet shall know and understand
When tyrants fall, by crumbling dust,
And tottered minds.
For all shall see and know
E'en the fair teachings of the Jesus,
That was construed, renewed, remade,
To fit the niches of an ill religion.

VOICE OF SENAM

That what he taught was spirit,
And of mortal, they took the spirit
As mortal! Mortal say as spirit,
And mixed and mushed the glorious truth
To blind and sodden up the eyes
Of all human minds,
And made a God of him who
Refused to be a King.
Oh! that man would only look within
And let the still voice of reason (soul)
Divide! guide him, show him;
For with that mighty force within
All things can be and will be conquered;
Then we shall hear no more of sin.
No law need be to force and bind
The love, the all of man,
But with free will; will lift a veil
From off the glorious universe.
For what the inner God is to man,
Is as a mighty telescope to the astronomer,
And mightier e'en than that.
But hush! the mighty cry of avarice
And greed smokes o'er the mighty glass
And hides the vault, and gate,
And sight of an all wise paradise.
One Law, one God, one All! "Jehovah"
In all the mighty great, the first;
The last; the one command; one wish
For all the Love, the life, the being of mankind.
But truth it shall prevail.
Suns may refuse to shine,
And moons give not a ray,
Nor stars, nor spheres, nor worlds unknown
Forsake their glittering.
But on! and on! and on forever
Shall truth's banner wave,
And higher, and higher still,
Till man shall float on and o'er
The void expanse of unknown time,
Or time material, and see with astral eyes
The reasoning of a God.

VOICE OF SENAM

Hurl back behind all wanton self
And superstitious fears or scales of dread,
For now the dawn appears
Of real reason and soul set free.
Pure now it shall onward go,
Leaving the tracks whereby all can tread
To the ethereal gates and City
Of Almighty God's own wisdom.
Pass ne'er a day without some good thought
And confirming deeds to fling
To all human mind, and then
All will be well with thee, dear one.
Be watchful and pray.
But ne'er to others, but to the God, thy God,
The all pervading and source of good,
And voice and force and power
Of light and love.
All others but a mockery are.
Use thy wisdom given e'en tho 'tis small,
'Twill mighty grow and like a magnet
Draw from, and to, the great and all,
And everlasting source of power.
Of life, of will, of good, of truth,
Of light, of all source, of Love.
O'er earth so called death wanders
To help thee, make thy passage straight
And quickly to thy boundless home
Where shines the infinite Sun of Love.
Farewell for now.

"SENAM," 1909.

VOICE OF SENAM

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise again upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer's showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the voiceless air.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away,
Till into life again renewed
At the coming of the May.

There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile so bright,
Of hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us, but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life!—there is no dead.

(Lord) "LYTTON."

REVIEW

Senam's and other messages from the great "Somewhere" gives food for thought, for thinkers as pro-forecast of the messages given.

'Tis not for those void of aim and thought, or seekers only after, and lovers of pleasure and wanton leisure, these are but the butterflies who, sip little of the nectar, from the glorious flowers of Love and Wisdom.

There are vital, mysterious, conscious, unseen forces around us, manifesting and materializing, that no living man on earth to-day can explain or really comprehend, but all thinkers and seekers, know it is there! but, for what great infinite, and mighty purpose, still remains the secret.

Some day it will be known, and solved, and then may come such wonders, as may wake and stir the very foundations of the mighty universe.

Seek, and ye shall find! man has sought and found, the great and wondrous things we see, and use to-day, with only puny thought, specks, or sparks.

The great cave of mystery is still there for searchers, thinkers, workers and doers, here and to come, and those gone to the great beyond of infinitum has left their works and thoughts as milestones to guide others to higher, better, and more precious things of work and life! far beyond this passing show on earth.

Spirit, with its tremendous forces, that man has drawn, is helping him in his digging, thinking, watching, praying, and man is ever drawing down to God's green earth the unseen works and treasures of the mysterious infinite forces and phenomena, which is known here and which cannot be denied, and, as worldly man, cannot see the truth or prove it, is the reason so few believe or accept.

Man has been, and is, subjugated by error and superstition, and unthinkingly, given up his freedom, and bowed down to idols of gold, greed, power, avarice, arrogance, subtilty and fashion, and fallen under cruelty, and stands in trembling awe of ill, polluted fanatical, institutions, teachers and masters of so-called

Christianity, till one-third so called, (like mad), demands of the others, to bow down to them as so-called Gods, fell dotards of wanton self righteousness, vanity, and greed for power and fame, who pro thoughts were and still are as told in words repeated oft! Free thoughts, education, is the worst thing we can give the masses, for, so educated we can't compel, or coerce them to do our will, by such a free state, and we must do our all, use every means and plan, bold or subtle to stop; and draw away from such, by even appealing to love of ease, of pleasure, love of gold, or wanton idleness, if not by deceit, or torture in the secret.

Every time, you stand alone, and think; unbiased, and aright, you knock at the door of so-called mystery, and dig in the deep mine of wisdom.

One-third makes laws, and rules, throwing out the laws, and teachings of Jesus! whom they, "generation of vipers," pretend to follow, and wear his cloak, to hide their pompous pride of would be wisdom, making attempt to prove that they are gods above! compared, to the chosen teacher of the almighty wise.

A shameful, laughable imitation of superior goodness to even the great Jehovah, while out of sight, they trample his lessons, taught through Jesus, and inspirational Laws of that other chosen leader, "Moses," underfoot.

God gave Moses (received by inspiration) ten laws to govern the world by, yet! these generations of self appointed ministers and teachers, knowing, as they believe in their own small minds more than God or his teacher, presented to our government three thousand laws, showing the fanatical societies and institutions to which they belong.

They forget the teachings of Jesus.

"He that would be greatest among you, let him be the least," and about picking the beams of their own eyes, etc., or in words of Robbie Burns, which can be placed beside the greatest sayings of all the wise men of earth, viz.:

"Could we but see ourselves as others see us?" etc.

Enter into thy closet, and close the door and open wide the gateways to thy soul and thereby finding relaxation, receive after prayer the blessings that fall, and are spirit-whispered to thy soul, which thou hast made ready to receive. Then shall the light, not only shine within you but will cast its rays around you and around those you come in contact with, and you can under-

VOICE OF SENAM

stand and feed upon the nectar of God's greatest, and all perfume, Love!

In love man is born, in love man grows, in love man works and passes on to his earth's end, in love he dies, and as a true good virtuous mother loves her offspring when born, so with a stronger and better love does she pass out from those she has borne. If our parents live again, which we know they do; for many have seen their angelic forms after so-called death! and, cannot come to us or help us and love us by their spirit power, they cannot be happy. If they can come, send, or do come, they ought to be supremely happy and we supremely blessed.

THE AUTHOR.

VOICE OF SENAM

THE CLOWN'S (Curtis) ORATION

Addended by J. Qallan Dixon

Laugh! and the world laughs with you,
But weep! and you weep alone;
This grand old earth, it borrows its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.

Be glad! and your friends are many,
Be sad! and they turn and go;
They want full measure of your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Be rich! and friends will seek you,
Be poor! and none you'll know;
For they love the lavish spender,
They have no use for the poor.

Be honest! the world will doubt you,
And pass you, with doubting frown;
Be dishonest! have plenty of money,
They will sure to you bow down.

At church! they'll call you hypocrite,
Stay away! you're an infidel;
Be home! with your wife and children,
They'll scoff; false tales they'll tell.

Be strong! the world will praise you,
Be weak! they will pass you by;
You must stand aside, for the roughing crowd
With your pain, or tear, or sigh.

Be successful; they'll call you lucky,
If you're not! you are no good
For they love the one, with power and might
That gets there, on high flood.

VOICE OF SENAM

Be saving! they'll call you a miser,
Be liberal! they'll call you a fool;
But never will fail to flatter you
Trying to use you, as their tool.

Be famous the world will laud you,
Call you friend, from night to day
Till they get the best they can from you
Then cast you far away.

Be pretty! the world will tempt you
To fall, and let you lie,
For they care not, once they have you
In their power; they'll let you die.

Be plain, they may pass you smiling,
But they'll tempt, and lure you too
For the tinkling dross, and lust, it draws,
In this world, between the two.

Be kind, and good; they'll abuse you,
And block you when they can;
The world looks only on pleasure and gold
And not at the soul of man.

(Curtis) J. Q. DIXON, 1859.

VOICE OF SENAM

SAGES, OLD AND NEW

From a whistling man or woman as well, a whistling nigger, or a crowing hen, good Lord deliver us.

Dimes and dollars, and dollars and dimes; an empty pocket's the worst of crimes.

A man who takes every one for a rogue, is usually the biggest one himself.

If poverty is no crime it's very inconvenient?

Friends tell us our faults; our enemies flatter us.

If a man wore a check rein a day his horse would never see one.

A man who beats his horse, dog or mule would beat his own wife or mother.

A woman who loves pleasure and the dance more than her offspring is worse than a harlot.

A son good to his parents and kindred, usually is found a good husband; a daughter, the same, a good wife.

An extravagant wife is a viper in the bosom of her family.

All want to be ladies and gentlemen, but many are too ignorant to learn the finess.

A whistling man needs watching; the thief whistles to throw others off his track and their guard re! his deed.

Swearing is bad and vulgar, does little good, but, perhaps it is better out, than left in to grow worse.

A man who is not attended to by his wife will easily find another woman, who will not only gladly sew his buttons on, cook his meals, but give him every other attention.

If there were not so many useless, frivolous dolls, and men of false pride, and both unable to curb their passions, there would be less unhappy homes and divorces.

Correct thy children when young or when old they may bring shame and dishonor and kick you into the street or poor house when you are old.

Keep everything out of reach of children, and, when they grow up they will gorge themselves.

A wise son loves the hand of correction in love, knowing it is for his good.

Each child ought to be studied and watched. Some can be reared by love, others only by chastisement.

VOICE OF SENAM

You cannot properly bring up a child to love you, by the cold bottle, or by keeping it in the care of others, out of your own sight and aura.

Eat and drink, whatsoever thy soul desireth (in moderation) giving thanks always unto the Lord (God.)

A man can educate and culture himself in his spare time which he wastes in vain pleasures or frivolities and in regrets in after life.

A mightier than the sword is the pen, but a mightier still is the ink.

Ink! Ink! just stop and think, without it! what would the world do?

One of the hardships of a father is to be compelled to keep secrets from his children for their good and perhaps his own protection.

If girls never kept a secret from their parents few would go wrong, or only those who refuse to obey them (a sin.)

Honor thy father and thy mother is one of God's first commandments. Obey God's law and live without regrets thy whole life-long.

A man who leaves his own country afraid to fight for his home and friends and the right of liberty and freedom does not deserve the protection of either freedom or liberty.

A man who refuses to fight for the country which has and is giving him freedom, liberty and his bread is a traitor to all and a coward to be shunned.

He who tries to compel any man to give up his own rights and do only as he wishes, is a dangerous fanatic; there are many.

Never make an enemy, for friends real and true are scarce and you may meet him unexpectedly.

Do right, live right, think right, work right, sleep, eat, drink, act right, and you need fear nothing in this world and nothing in the next.

Time lost is never found, like lost friendship it is hard to regain.

Shun hanging out on the corners or in the streets at night as you would a plague.

An idle man is the devil's favorite.

Concentration of thought is the golden key to the lock of wisdom.

A clean bright airy room has saved many men from gambling, drinking and death.

I would rather look for a wife in a meeting house, church or school than in a dance hall, gambling palace, or a theatre.

Many a fallen woman would have been an honest wife and loving mother had she been taken to an intellectual meeting instead of a dance hall.

Before marrying, find out if other is a fanatic on anything, for this is the curse of the world and ever has been.

Two words that could only be coined in the blackest heart of Hell—Fanatic and Heretic.

The majority is not always right, tho' the most powerful for the time.

Don't place all the bad deeds against a man, balance them by finding out the good ones.

A man who takes an insult from an inferior, and resents it, falls to the same level as the insulter.

An inferior may insult me, my equal or a real gentleman never will.

Many women seek notoriety while most men shun it.

A truly honest and righteous man has hair on the palm of his hand.

Two friends of a man often ill-used—a dog and a horse.

Vulgarity leads to brutality.

Many a man would be rich, if he had a good wife to save what he could not do himself.

A real womanly girl fond of dolls, usually makes a good mother to her children.

A real education for girls is to start in the wash tub, and scrub through to the drawing room.

A man who does wrong has no right to condemn his wife or girl if they do so, to be happy neither should do wrong.

Before marriage be sure and see your intended in the home and early morning unknown to her.

A gentleman never cleans his nails in public or at table, one who does would drag his wife and family down to his own level of vulgarity, a public toothpicker is not much better, or the shoe wiping crosslegged car hog.

I'd rather die poor and beloved, than rich, shunned and cursed.

Some think they cannot save money, and therefore never try.

I care not how rich a man gets through me if he treats me

kindly, remunerates me fairly, and does not throw me out (after he has used my life for his profits) when I am old and have greater experience.

Some complain that churches take away their rights and liberties, yet! they go there and give them their money and influence to do it.

Had the poor man had the same chance that you had, you might have been his employee, instead of his master! Be kind.

Better be a mother and a young man's wife than an old man's pet, leading a childless life.

Better be a healthy old man's wife, than a weak young man's slave.

The want of beauty and lonely life is no home, children, or husband's love.

Some men can save money, but can't make it, while some can make it, but can't save it.

If one business doesn't pan out right, after a real test, quit it and get into another, don't wait till your best part of life is gone.

A rolling stone may not gather moss, but if clayed it may pick up a gold nugget on its roll.

Never tell a girl you are not good enough, if you are not, quit! and give the girl a chance.

Watch out for the high heeled girl, she has small understandings to walk on.

Beauty unadorned doesn't mean no clothes, but without frills, feathers, flowers, powder and paint.

A pretty foot, fine hose, fine feathers, fine dress look well, but find out if holes are in her hose, buttons off her shoes and pins used where tape and buttons ought to be.

The chap that shows his money or throws down a dollar to make you think he has plenty may be only worth \$9 per week.

Don't think a man's cheap buying cheap clothes, cigarettes instead of cigars, he may put away what he saves.

Tho some men like to see women's charms exposed, most wish when they get them for charms that others have not seen.

The greatest beauty expert is God, and his greatest beautifier is pure cold water for the complexion; there is no hot water, except maybe in hades.

As the flowers are washed and bathed by the mornin's cold dew of God, so flowers on the face of woman are preserved fresh by pure cold dew as water.

VOICE OF SENAM

The man that can please every one has never been born, nor the man without enemies.

I would rather feed ten men who don't deserve it, than let other two go without, who do!

To be good, means to do good, words without works are as dross.

The grandest picture in the world is a real true wife and mother suckling her offspring at her bosom.

The miser hoards his wealth, dies a coward and is laughed at, but he is no worse than the spendthrift who dies mocked at, as a fool.

THE AUTHOR.

VOICE OF SENAM

VOICE OF SENEBO

'Tis I that speaks, and what I say is true,
Re! incarnation clap and trap.
As sun, and moon, and stars are set,
And planets, worlds, and spheres,
Have each their course to run;
So, each born thing, has its own counterpart,
But man, having God within that speaks
That reasoning power of man,
Which, if devoted to its growth, his life
Would nurse and nourish, divine! the thought
Can great, and mighty conquests make
Oftimes, called by Will! Courage! Reason,
Can help to shape the course,
By mental strain of life itself.
Speak not of incarnation;
'Tis but thy counterpart, thy medium guide
That guards, and reasons oft with thee.
The spirit power is God! for God's all power
And we but sparks from him.
Call God spirit, power, divinity!
"I am not man, but spirit,"
The Lord God almighty Jehovah
Super far, that only speaks within
The whispering galleries of mortal man.
The same that lifts the leaves of flowers
That bursts the buds in spring,
That was once called dead,
And with the magic touch,
Turns all to life and beauty.
The same touch to the child,
The dogs, the horse, the very fishes,
That seem to even reason!
For as the fish is tempted with a bait,
So man the mortal is the same.
Without such force there would be
No grand and glorious universe.

VOICE OF SENAM

The souls augmented, with power divine
And eyes and ears of mighty power
Take oft the care of one of earth,
And teaching humans how to work
The attributes, that's called unnatural
All! All! is nature, natural;
For who can doubt the power,
When human, born in ignorance
And oftime, out the pale of thought,
Environments, to chill the very soul
Comes forth as one born from out,
An astral or a super-world;
Tis no reincarnation.
Once out of the temple clay,
The soul, soars on to ethereal day;
No walls, or locks, or bars,
Or prison cell, or dungeon drear,
Can hold the spark of God away.
How simple is the plan,
Of God's own works and forces,
With years of toil and duty,
As days are as a thousand years,
Strength, power, divine, "wisdom,"
Gotten from a myriad throng is mine.
The spirit eye can pierce,
The strongest walls of iron, steel, stone, or glass.
Itself, through these can easily pass,
Can see, divine; the thoughts of man
And turn to love the unbalanced mind.
Why let thy reason conquered be,
By subtle stealth, and crime,
That saps the fruit of reasoning.
Faith! the word has been cajoled,
And trimmed, and fitted to its place,
To make men see what to their reason,
Would be in sober, mental trim
Fantastic, absurd! high treason.
Call it so! for faith is not the proper word.
But only used for blinding reason.
Seek and ye shall find,
Knock and it shall be opened.

VOICE OF SENAM

Seek what for? the truth,
For truth is light, it is the word,
Truth will make you free.
Eyes with blinding bandage,
With all the faith of heaven and earth
Can not save man from the fall
That must occur to those whose blind
Faith to believe, that one man has power
To purge and cleanse him of his sin.
Sin is transgression of the law,
Don't break the law, no sin ye have
To sin, and other one to save him
From such committed 'gainst divine,
Is forgiven, by divine alone.
Aught else is but the ravings of vulturous men.
Each man is only man
And has his part to play upon the stage of life
For good or ill.
For retrospect of evil life
Will fill the soul with dreadful happenings
When naught can be redone,
This is thy Hell, oh man.
Oh, could you once but know.
The torture and the tears; as if,
'Twas every nerve and muscle,
Of thy being held with burning tongs
The more ten thousand times,
When by thy spirit soul, can't be amended.
Depicted by the Rich and Lazarus.
'Tis soon now, that will be found
The writings hidden underground.
To cast the die for God, and God alone,
And make the creeds and rites
But so-called heathen mockery.
Oh, would that I could get thee write
A thousand pages thus,
For I have but started on the way
To liberate and teach the truth,
The light, the power of God's own works, "Divinity,"
No more for now, farewell, I love, I guard thee.

SENEBO.

ANGEL'S RETURN

Can I, or you (the God within us) the real man or woman after passing out of the temple of the living God (body) return to earth, or can the intelligence which is spirit manifest, or transmit, its consciousness to those loved ones left on this earth, and give them by impressions or otherwise the benefit of our great experience on earth as well as our impressions, and experience, obtained by the spiritual evolution?

Some of the greatest men alive, and who have passed on, positively state that such can be done.

The divine Biblical writers aver, that all are on earth endowed with some phase of spirituality or intelligence from the supernatural or spirit world.

Some are clairaudient, clairvoyant, etc., etc., etc. Our Bible records innumerable cases of spirit return where, here, are too numerous to mention, but all readers must remember the hand that was plainly seen on the wall at the great feast, when it wrote the downfall of the King and his country. Then Moses and Elias talking with Jesus. The angel at the tomb, the angels who visited and wrestled with Abraham &c., &c. And even a child knows by instinct that some one is around it .

To say we have no guardian angels and no spiritual helpers and counsellors is to deny divinity.

Every good thing comes from the great God, and can a more potent and glorious good be conceived, than to allow our loved father, mother, brother, sister or other one, who loved us in this world to be given the loving duty with God's help, and power to guide, guard, help and comfort us from the spirit after they have passed on, and been endowed with the power of love divine.

I love to think, trust, and hope, it is verily so. Leaving this as it stands take your own life, my life, your so-called premonitions, etc. Look back and every man must admit the most wonderful things that have happened that to this day remain to him a complex or mystery. A smack on the table, a rap at a door, a voice, death, footsteps, dreams coming true, a knowledge that such a thing would happen that did.

VOICE OF SENAM

Reason and wisdom say it is true, and we cannot prove it is not.

I have countless instances, and can't deny it, and no matter who may sneer and jeer it is there.

If this is so! and it is so! and we are under the spiritual or superhuman guidance the question is asked, viz!

If others hear and see angel or spirit voices and forms, why can't we? Why can't I see my friends same as mediums can or sense them? You can!!

The skeptic says I'll believe when I can see the angels or spirits myself, and I want them to appear to me.

Jesus said to the crowd "ye would not believe if one was raised from the dead." They would say it was a fake and no doubt jail him, but the answer to the question is explained by Lord Lytton, that beautiful soul long ago passed on.

But given to me is this. You must make yourself spiritual, and open to belief, good and harmonious, and not negative, skeptical, then your spiritual part will draw spiritual things, but if you are not open to receive and feel it's all fraud, and will not believe it. You are out of harmony and never will, tho' I have known such to occur and seen the strong man scared and tremble, so that he could not stand; such as this is rare but done as proof, and as a warning to the seeker and others.

To say it is fake or nonsense, you must prove it and until you do, it stands as truth. An imitation don't prove anything.—A friend complained he wanted to see his friends, and could not see why they did not appear, he wanted to see and talk with them and asked for a reason.

Sitting alone, or with one, or two, in a quiet room or closet (remembering that where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them) thoroughly relaxed and believing and hoping is the best way to get into a harmonious condition, but there is one reason why they may not come.

I know for a fact, some who are so anxious, if they saw a spirit, they would be so scared they would jump out of the window, and therefore the loved ones knowing that will not appear.

You must be spiritually brave, and know that your loved one would not harm you, but loves you more now and would only appear to do you good.

Such might be brave in a multitude, but there it is more likely

to be only seen or sensed by a medium who might give you a message or a test to prove to you.

Even to the apostles and friends who were waiting in the upper chamber, when he appeared unto them, Jesus did not at once show his full self (materialized); he knew they would be afraid so he showed his hand first and as his face appeared he said, "It is I, be not afraid." All had seen him and expected him to appear. So what of us mortals, who are unused to the spiritual? (14 Mat. 26V.) And when the disciples saw him walking on the water they were troubled saying it is a ghost, and they cried out in fear; but, Jesus spake, saying: "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." So spirit wisdom keeps the loved ones to remain within or behind the Veil of Mystery, which makes us humans doubt.

All are not endowed with spiritual power. Money, pleasure and dress leaves no room, as it did even in the family of Joseph and Mary.

13 Mat., 54 V. and on: "Jesus, coming into his own country. He taught them in the synagog, and all were astounded and said: 'Whence hath this man, this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the Carpenter's Son? Is not his Mother called Mary, and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Judas, and his sisters, are they not all with us, etc., and they offended Him.'" . . . but Jesus said: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house, etc."

"Ye are all the sons of the living God" (Hosea).

The most momentous question in the world, and one which bigots, fanatics and unbelievers pour out to stamp real spiritualistic belief as a fraud, as they in the same way killed Jesus—is this, viz.

If spirit belief is right, and if we live after death and the spirit or intelligence can return, why do they not tell us and send us a real message, what the spirit world is? and whether it is a Heaven of bliss or a Hell of torment.

Millions have begged for this. Millions cry, I'll believe if they will come and tell us, if so you would want the proof!

If we were given a spirit, message and proof of eternal life in love, bliss, joy and happiness as soon as we die and no matter when or how we died, the earth would be depopulated. Every

man, woman or human who could think would use every conceivable means to end their life at once.

If, on the other hand, we found and knew it would be to an everlasting Hell or punishment for ever, the world would become insane, and the horrors of death would at the pass, surpass the greatest horrors of all Hells conceivable in the minds of man.

The father departing from the mother would drive her mad, the brother who left his sister, and so on.

So the all wise creator God of love makes the loved ones dumb to hide his secret workings of his all wisdom, or deprives all of the power to answer a question which we have no right to ask.

Who art thou, worm of the earth, to know the intelligence and secrets of the Almighty? Let him stand forth if he dare a God, the one living God.

The Author, ne, "NEFARA."

I AM NOT DEAD

I am not dead; don't call it so,
 I, who have found the God within,
 Ah! no I am not dead.
 Tho! now I lie in silent clay
 Enshrouded by the layman's art,
 I am not dead, e'en tho' you felt
 The touch of cold, cold clay.
 The withered temple has fallen down,
 But, thought, spirit, soul rose far away
 To bliss! ethereal day.
 Why will you mourn? oh! friend of mine?
 Come, dry thy tears and smile
 At your unknown fear.
 You pause and feel a chill,
 And well you may, for 'tis
 My heated spirit, cooling through
 The azure of nature's earthly zone.
 But, dear one, I am not dead;
 Yes! tho' you look upon my placid face
 Looking as if no woe or earthly care
 Had crossed my path; and say,
 How peaceful is his rest.
 Ah! no I am not dead,
 Nor do I rest or rot, dear one;
 This very day begins my arduous duties,
 Not sitting with a harp, and playing
 Airs of heavenly music's sweetness,
 Ah! no 'tis duty that I do
 To those I loved and now love still more
 Like you, dear friend, I care for all!
 To watch their footsteps, read the mind.
 But answer! why this fetich mode,
 Proceedings only fit for those
 Of little sense or wisdom?
 This gloomy scene and gloomy thoughts
 Make me, thy spirit friend,

Feel cold, chilly and even gloom,
 O'ershadowing that! that I would do,
 Smile, laugh, but use sane hilarity,
 And know, tho' you have lost
 An earthly brother, in the body clay,
 You've gained a watchful friend forever,
 Till duty calls me far away,
 And you do feel the impulse
 Of all! your very self.
 I am not dead; e'en tho' you say
 He cannot hear or speak;
 Yet do I all, but you, unspiritual,
 Cannot hear or comprehend.
 I talk and whisper to you
 As spirit only can, but you,
 Alas! you cannot but seldom sense
 The words I speak, or whispers given,
 For if ye were but such,
 You'd see me standing by your side
 Smiling, and with my cheek to cheek,
 And then you'd feel the spirit kiss.
 I am not dead!
 Oh, horrid words that chained men's lives
 And caused abject submission
 To superstitious fears;
 For if your eyes were opened
 As apostles were, for once
 You'd see me, your friend of ever,
 As they the Elias and the Christ.
 But no, alas, you cannot yet,
 You cannot understand,
 For the mad'ning rush goes on
 For filthy dross and gold,
 That callows up the very soul
 'Gainst all that's pure, true, divine.
 No time for aught as food to feed
 The living soul within, "the God."
 Oh, would that all some time
 Would spare to seek immortal source,
 From whence comes all that's good.
 Oh, no! I am not dead!

VOICE OF SENAM

My soul, my real self, has burst the bonds
As Jesus did; to those who knew;
When He showed himself,
As when He easily walked
Through shutters, walls, bars and bolts
And appeared among the few.
He knew them well, and knew His power,
For had He full appeared at first,
Without some loving warning,
They all; yes all, would take affright
On such a showing; and as I,
So He! He was not dead.
But lifting up His hand, materialized,
And quickly bade them, "Peace, be not afraid,"
And yet again He said, "I am," be not afraid.
Oh, curse of wily, crafty, greedy men,
To chain men's intellect and lives
By so-called God's religion "Christs,"
Framed and formed to gull for power and ease,
To drain the hard-earned lucre
From e'en the horned toiler,
And chain the intellect, God-given,
That never, never dies.
The crafty, so-called saintly writers
Refuse e'en to allow the talent given to rise,
While coward man fell prostrate
At the feet of masked forms as saints;
Not daring e'en to think,
Nor reason dare they use.
For, blinded well by superstitious fears,
They fell as prey before the wolves
Of craft, deceit and superstitious show;
For if they did, dire threats avenge,
Would fall upon their heads and lives.
And so the world goes on,
With trembling, fear and awe
Of a god, so low, so mean, so red,
That belief in Him, the loving Father,
Would turn a super-murderer
And wrack and torture into Hell
Of lasting fire and fumes of brimstone.

VOICE OF SENAM

Such fear that makes e'en devils laugh
And reasoning men to scorn and jeer ;
The loving, Almighty Spirit-Father,
Full of love, and grace, and truth.
I am not dead, but see and live.
Now can I see with spirit eyes
The blinding fold upon men's eyes.
I see the ball and chain
On intellectual force in man.
Well may so-called demons laugh
When men believe they die !
Dead ? till Gabriel blows his horn,
And then believe that dust returned to dust
Shall once again renew in vital form,
Combine to make a living man again ;
To drag soul to earth, the earthy.
I know I've proved I am not dead
And now am proof ; I live again,
Born again into the ethereal world,
More quickly than the twinkling of an eye,
And now to tread, and float, and soar,
And pass, and work my part
In spirit plain ; in spirit form ;
For naught of flesh and blood
Can float, soar or walk in space Eternity.
I am not dead, nor can you be ;
Come bury the past superstitious growth
And look, and see, and feel, and know
Thyself, the God within, that never dies.
To say I die and waste and rot
Till Gabriel blows his horn
Is man's own making, blot.
'Tis not for me, and not for thee,
I say again, I am not dead.
Why start, when all alone within thy closet dark ?
You felt some one was near.
'Twas true ; 'twas I, my inner self
When you felt cold and chill ;
'Twas the wafting of my spirit, real self.
Look well and view the scene,
For I it was that gave thee spirit kiss

VOICE OF SENAM

That made thee feel, not as mortals do,
A strange, uncanny feeling this,
But 'tis the outcome of that love
I loved thee with on earth.
I place my arms around thee,
Thou can'st not feel except to feel the chill.
Oh, that thou wert but spirit
So that thou once could see
And feel the impulse
Of my loving soul to thee.
'Tis I, to help, to comfort and to cheer,
That now you feel, that something's near;
For I am not dead,
I live! each other lives in its own sphere.
The greatest tree may fall,
And rot, and withered be;
You call it dead, and yet,
Within the surface of the earth
It lies for ages and for aye,
Till man begins to dig and mine
And finds the wood had turned to stone,
Or, maybe, into coal or clay!
But ah! it is not dead;
For now within itself it has
A complex of grand and mighty forms,
And power of mighty force.
From bitter to the greatest sweetness
Of oils, or carbon, of gas as well,
Of colors of the rainbow hues,
All speak the lie: I cannot die!
So is the mortal frame and man.
As gases from the coal now soars aloft,
So does the soul of man.
All upward go, for down only material go,
To grow, foment and ripen,
And hasten quick material food
For grains, for fruits, or flowers;
As fertilizing earthly life on Mother Earth,
For ethereal throes draw on and on,
And by this done, I am not dead.
Where lies the deadened stump

VOICE OF SENAM

Of yonder grand and noble tree,
A hundred shoots spring out, about, around
That old and withered stump,
Which grow and grow with time
Till once again, where grew the tree,
A forest spreads to view.
A flower may fade and withered be
And leaves and blossoms fall,
But from the petal of the flower
There drop'd the seed to Earth,
And springs again a flower more fair
Than e'en the one that withered was,
With grander blossom and perfume;
So, man's spirit, seed, ascends
To the garden of all God to root and grow
In greater power, and bask
In the sunshine and feed on Love Divine,
The nectar food of souls.
So Nature, Creator, God, called our Father!
Mother of us all, of rocks, of earth,
Of clay, of metals, jewels, all!
Of life, of planets, suns, and worlds untold,
Moves each on its own true infinite course,
And proves all things to me;
By every ray of light, of shadow,
Darkness, bitter herb, or perfume sweet
Of flowers, of grass, of everything
That lives, and moves, and breathes,—
All! All! do cry as one,
I am not dead! I live; I live.
The gentle zephyr that stirs the leaves,
That gently lifts the smoke to Heaven,
Cries, as with stronger breath,
I am not dead. All! All! is living!
As wind that rises with the sun
Or moon, and spills a hurricane or storm,
With rain, or sleet, or snow,
Mid cloudy skies or sunshine beams,
Cries louder still, with all their force,
I am not dead. Life, I'm divine.
So cheer thy heart and know

VOICE OF SENAM

That God, Creator, is then the spark
Of life that lives within
You and every living thing,
For good, for love of all.
Open full the gateway of thy soul,
And list to whisperings of
That mighty spark that in you lies,
Oh, cherished thought of love ;
Oh, proof of hope within !
Of joy, of bliss, to know that you,
Thy real inner self, can never, never die,
But here can come again, to give
All counsel, cheer and joy,
Protection, too, by prophetic vein,
And potent, Magno warnings,
Gain the safety of thy nearest kin,
And with that power divine
Can guard and keep them safe
From evil and from sin.
The great triumphant shout
That echoes from the mountain peak
And hollow crevice of the cliff,
Is heard from earth to Heaven :
I am not dead ; I am not dead.
What mighty truth ? what's right ?
Can fail or falter in God's own power ?
What joy, what happiness divine
To mortals here below,
To prove, to hold, to know
That God's works can never die,
But each in turn must pass away
In silent, divine, subtle plan
To ethereal spirit home of bliss ;
Where we shall tread the path where
Loving ones before have trod,
And learned by love the lesson true,
I am not dead.
What ? Can you doubt one jot ?
Stay ! look upon thy earth.
The grass, the grain, the fruit, the flowers,
And all within the bowels or on

VOICE OF SENAM

The face of Mother Earth created ;
See how the grass shoots upwards ;
See how the flower ope's their buds
To spirit world, above, below, beyond.
Go South, go North, go East, go West,
Above, below ; each springs forth,
Upward, to the great beyond
To kiss the rays of light and sun,
Ethereal float, forever up above.
The serpent e'en that on his belly crawls,
Looks up, as all of life, the sun does do.
Naught shall be lost, all saved,
In God's own wondrous time and plan.
Not e'en a sparrow falls,
Nor yet one hair from off your head,
But touches the spark of God's immensity.
Great, glorious spirit power of God !
God ! God ! Good ! Good ! is All,
And forms combine the links
That make the chain of the great
Unfathomable love of eternity.
Ring out the joy bells of thy soul ;
Gaze steady with the eye within,
And sense and know by thought of mind,
And wisdom gained by patient toil,
The rock on which you stand.
Write on the pages of thy soul
Sweet spirit's truth ; wisdom's book.
No creed or better teaching do you need
Than that which God's teacher gave ;
Impressed by nail-holes in his hands,
The Golden Rule : Brotherhood of man.
And as passing under earth's cold sod,
Spirit arising, proved the Fatherhood of God,
And as he said, " 'Tis I, be not afraid,"
He proved the libel of the grave,
The body had by spirit, ta'en away,
As naught was seen where angels stood.
But as he stood before them now,
He proved again the spirit power.
And tho' they would not then believe.

VOICE OF SENAM

Materialized, to show he really lived,
Proving by Power of God within
That all things live, as he had said.
There is no death; there is no dead!
I live! I live! and live again.
Would God create a spirit grand,
And place within a temple dome,
His celestial power to trample down
And smash, and kill, his own,
The God, the man he gave within
To crumble and decay,
Wisdom, reason, thought, and all
Cries out, 'tis false as false can be!
And messages from that fountain free
Of love, of truth, of Spirit God!
Send back the answer again to me,
Nothing can die that I create,
Nothing is dead! 'tis not fate,
'Tis law, 'tis order, 'tis Infinite.
Naught can change that I have made,
For sure as sun, and moon and stars do shine,
All things I make are true, "Divine."
Thus all things have each their time
To generate, live, pass on, and on,
To their especial clime.
No waver there, no jar, no jolt,
Can change the course that I have set;
No first, no last; without an end
Each has its bed, its soil, its pay
To grow to full fruition in its day.
And, as God Creator, all did give
The spirit part of all that live,
Fixed every star and planet on its way,
So man the same!—to hold his sway,
And tho' a crash appears to break one up,
Each part finds rest for seed.
For naught can fall,
For space, Eternity is without an end.
The one just law and true,
The law of life, that never ends.
'Tis justice, for the Teacher said,

VOICE OF SENAM

“He only sleepeth! He is not dead.”
Oft prayers have risen to those above
For guidance and for help from Hell,
Or symbols of all fiery Hells,
Such blast is rank plantism,
To gull the dull and darkened mind
Of those who, 'mid superstitious fears inlaid,
Heed those dark, treacherous vultures.
God is not dead. God is all life,
And thou the same, thy inner self.
If seeking truth, dear one, I give to you
The sign marks leading to your God.
Eternal, Ethereal spirit home and plain.
Remember first, that God is love,
And you of reason age know right and wrong.
Do right, be just, be true, stand firm,
For none can clear thy soul for thee
Except thy Father, God! and God's in thee.
No ranting creed, or mass, or prayer,
Or death of others for thy sake.
E'er friend of thine, or once a foe,
Can wash away a stain of soul,
E'en if 'twas only on thy brother.
For cries of wrong are rocks to thee
Thyself! thy inner god does see.
Live on love and truth, and both combined
Will support thee to the door of Heaven.
Live! as you would like others do,
Do! as you would have them do to you:
This is the rule, the compass gold,
The square on which all meet.
Naught have you then to fear
To die—to pass on to another sphere.
No life of man or bloody cross
Can save your spirit, soul,
But may help you concentrate
Your mind to good—so done,
Remember that no bloody dead
Could or can the loving Father—'d'one.
'Tis you alone, by wisdom given,
Can raise yourself to highest Heaven,

VOICE OF SENAM

And say the words often said,
I am not dead! I am not dead!
'Tis not to rich or noble blood,
Or nation, kind, color, one alone
The gates of spirit power are op'ed.
Gates wide are op'ed to all a home
And loved ones wait to greet you all,
And comfort you upon death's call.
Live right and work at honest gain,
And live in love, bear joy or pain,
For love's the key that opens wide
The gates of spirit that's paradise.
Here are no poor, no rich, no sham, no pride;
All, all, are equal side by side;
But those on earth who find the power
Shall early rise to greater dower.
Love cannot spurn one living soul
That's born and in the light;
So lead a life of sub-heaven on earth.
To love, means loved by all in turn,
And soul in spirit like new birth
Finds in spirit what it did not learn.
To ne'er let glittering gold or jewel'd store
Tempt you from the truthful way,
Nor let the snares of creeds entrap
Thy soul from right and love away.
Do your own part by calling in
To guide you God above, within,
Then when you leave dying bed
You then can say: I am not dead!

J. Q. D. "ANON."

God is a spirit and those that worship Him must worship Him
in spirit and in truth.

AN ANGEL'S WHISPER

I love you above all others ;
 I love you as none other can.
 I watch, I wait for your coming ;
 Shall I watch and wait in vain.
 Ceaseless I'll guard and guide thee,
 Not for fancy or gain ;
 For only yourself I love you,
 I tell you again and again.
 I love you as birds love the dawning,
 As the bees the flowers they suck ;
 I love you, oh so truly ;
 Oh, but I love you much.
 Be glad and my soul is happy,
 Be sad and my soul it sighs ;
 For I long to comfort you ever
 Till you reach our spiritual skies.
 As the morn breaks forth from midnight,
 As the sun glances o'er the sea,
 My love, it circles around thee,
 For you are only for me.
 How long I've watched and waited,
 But I do not watch in vain,
 For the time will come, my darling,
 When you are mine again.
 I have cherished you, oh, so fondly,
 Only as a mother can ;
 You are mine by right and nature ;
 You are mine past life's short span ;
 You are mine forever and ever,
 As long as eternity's veil.
 I love you, oh, how I love you,
 In spirit, on earth, or main,
 Let me kiss, as I used to kiss you ;
 Let me feel your beating heart,
 And hear your tender whispers.
 Loved one, we ne'er shall part,
 For I love you, oh, so fondly ;
 I love you night and day,
 And only await your coming
 In the land of spiritual day.

J. Q. D., 1886.

FANATIC

The most dangerous, barbarous, horrible demon on earth is the fanatic, the devil of devils. They are full of self, hate, and revenge to those who disagree with them, and they have caused more blood to flow, more cruelty, destruction, murder, rape, torture, crime, assassinations and abominations than all the pestilences of earth. Many will be found in this war coming.

Fanatics killed and slaughtered the great, the good, the true, the pure. They killed Christ, prophets, kings, queens, princes, nobles, old, young, wives, mothers, daughters, fathers, sons and babies.

They tortured, robbed, trampled and obliterated the world of freedom and liberty, character, good name, reputation, social and financial standing—all that was good, true and pure, including homes, schools, churches, etc.

They made and invented every conceivable instrument of torture, waste, destruction and devastation; made orphans, widows, imbeciles, thieves, spies, thugs, robbers, murderers, assassins and slaves, and gained titles as barons, counts and princes for such deeds and inventions.

Fanatics are any fiends of selfish power, will or belief, that they are right and all others wrong, and who compel others to bow down to their will; thoroughly imbued with their own believed ideas and superior wisdom and superiority, together with great greed, jealousy and selfishness in the homes, business, church, state or politically.

Their law is truly "Intolerance by Selfishness."

J. Q. D., 1912.

TEACHING

Make your children acquainted with temptation and show them the cause and effect.

Teach them true temperance in all things and see that everything they eat, drink or use is good and pure.

Let them see that truly temperate means manhood, a high, strong standard; will power that can resist temptation of all over indulgences always and everywhere.

Teach them never to be treated, as they put themselves under an obligation, and that it is an insult.

Teach them to live rightly and honestly; that selfishness and intemperance in anything is a disgrace and a crime.

That others have the same rights and liberties as they; that others are as good as they are, and some better, so that they will never get big-headed, but stimulate them to supersede the best.

That to cheat or do wrong will be repaid with interest from the physical or spiritual, and that remorse in after life is worse than Hells ever depicted.

Teach them to be gentlemen in the true sense, not barbarians, like cruel, vulgar animals, and never to make an enemy.

That kindness, honesty and love is the soul of a true gentleman, and the commonest man can be one. That politeness and good manners are the outer garments of such, bringing honor and uplift, and is a pattern not only to them but to those around them, viz: to inspire ambition to imitate.

That manners are essential to good breeding at table, seated, standing, calling, visiting, lounging, at the desk, in church, house or school. That boisterousness is vulgar.

That they have no more rights than another has.

THE AUTHOR.

WAR

And now dread, bloody war disturbs the world and scenes and thoughts of such does curdle up the blood of those who gaze upon the horrors of the ghastly sight.

'Tis war that has been since the world began. 'Tis true when earthly eyes see but the shivering, trembling leavings of the seeming wanton carnage, the broken down or crumbling ruins of christian pillars and the merciless destruction of noble architectures, of monuments of art, learning and treasure, the mind is staggered.

Or again, one sees the wounded, slaughtered, crippled, or greater still, the sightless mass; the so-called dead by wanton murder, and these gloated o'er by ghouls, robbing murderers, or wolves of daring. Pomp, greed, barbarous, might; but 'tis not by human eyes and minds the wonders of external, infinite forces works or sees.

For them, out of the chaos, stands up grand and noble spirit monuments eternal of love, greater than ten thousand years of peace could e'er create, and sees such lift the world, far, far above the lowly plain of human thought.

Thou cans't not see, but we with eyes astral can pierce the recesses of all human world; can see and point ye to the noblest work of God. That good, the brotherhood of man, whose corner stones are Freedom, Liberty and Love.

The hate, repetitions, curses, fanatic feelings of human minds are sunk and show that bitterest foe does fight for love of those, their once bitterest foes, and stake their very life, their all, to shield and crush opponents so callous cruel.

A shot, a wound, a shell, or e'en by shot or shell they meet their so-called death. 'Tis but once to die, to pass from earth to everlasting life eternal.

Sweet is the thought, sweet the death that passes out in glory on field of honor, so that others live or freed may be from tyrant's yoke or passion's prey.

Along the vista of spirit shore stands there an army, spirits power with outstretched arms and regal crowns of love and honor for those noble ones who flutter up to God's immensity through the black abyss of night called death, to finite day of bliss realities. Peace, peace, can there be peace while tyrants, scoffers, trample love with heel of hellish scorn and torture, is

VOICE OF SENAM

but the vain bleating of a coward (self) the motif of an elf despair.

To stand with life and hope, with prospects bright with love, comfort, peace and joy while wanton, cruel, bloody masters trample brothers down is lowest cowardice, when he, thy brother, hath no sin committed, but lived in fellowship and love to all within their sacred homes and lands. Monstrous, wanton, cruel it is, and their blood cries out from ends of earth to farthest border of finite shore for succor and for help.

For such to fight and die is worth a kingdom's crown, for 'tis here the hero's born of noblest blood with spirit of an angel's self, shows up through all the worlds untold to Heaven itself there is the brotherhood of man.

And such shows the spirit of the God within each human temple, for when thoughts of justice, right and truth, gifts of our wise Creator to the human born, shows true the fatherhood of God (the spirit).

No greater love on earth, or in Heaven itself, than that love that gives its life on battlefield for brothers, friends, the same as Christ, our brother man.

No diadem compares to life given for brother man who loves his neighbor as himself.

J. Q. D., 1914.

VOICE OF SENAM

THE COWARD

Oh! wanton coward of a mother born,
Ingrate to all around thy path,
Fell stench to nostrils of nobler birth,
Love, conscience, hast thou none?
Craven is thy sodden mind;
Thy marrow drawn and dried,
Till soul itself refuse to stand
Upright within thy castle dome.
Go! hide thy shameless face
And cover thy eyes that sees
Honor, justice, right, all that's true.
Coward! filth lines thy arteries,
Benumbed thy heart's become;
Frail are thy sinews; muscles none.
A pity 'tis that thou wert born.
Scared, revolting shame lines
Cover all thy covert face,
For love or pity hast thou none;
For if 'twas so you'd gird upon
Those loins of thine an armor
Priceless far than purest rubies,
And on thy breast would wear
Faithful, true, brave defense.
But no; thou will lean upon
And cast thy coward self upon
The manhood of the true, the brave,
And take from off his bounty
That thou shouldst earn thyself.
Thou wouldst craven, fawn and hide
Behind the valiant arm
And noble form till the brave
Has swept away the thing
Thou cowers and frightest at.
Traitor thee, that being 'fraid
Would give e'en thy protector
To slaughter, or to Hell itself,
To serve, protect thy coward self.

J. Q. D.

THE GAME OF LIFE

This life is but a game of cards, which mortals have to learn ;
 Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack, and each a trump doth turn ;
 Some bring a high card to the top and others bring a low—
 Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps, while others none can
 show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand and pack their cards with care,
 So they may know, when they are dealt, where all the leaders are ;
 Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues, while rogues each
 other cheat,
 And he is very wise, indeed, who never meets defeat.

When playing some throw out the ace, the counting cards to save,
 Some play the deuce, and some the ten, but many play the knave ;
 Some play for money, some for fun, and some for worldly fame,
 But not until the game's played out can they count up their game.

When hearts are trumps we play for love, and pleasure rules the
 hour,
 No thoughts of sorrow check our joy in beauty's rosy bower ;
 We sing, we dance, sweet verses make, our cards at random play,
 And while our trump remains on top our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack, the players stake their
 gold,
 And heavy sums are lost and won by gamblers young and old ;
 Intent on winning, each his game doth watch with eager eye
 How he may see his neighbor's cards and beat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war on ocean and on land ;
 For bloody horrors always come when clubs are held in hand.
 Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed—
 Across the broad Atlantic now see clubs have got the lead.

Last game of all is when the spade is turned by hand of Time ;
 He always deals the closing game in every age and clime.
 No matter how much each man wins, or how much each man
 saves,

The spade will finish up the game and dig the players' graves.

J. Q. D., "CURTIS."

VOICE OF SENAM

AMERICAN RED, WHITE AND BLUE

'Tis the flag of our country,
And long may it wave
O'er the home of the free
And the land of the brave;
For its stars and its stripes
Is the flag of the true.
So up with Old Glory,
The Red, White and Blue.

Our fathers and brothers
Fought under its folds,
And conquered and bled
In days gone of old;
And to-day we are ready
When called on to stand
Shoulder to shoulder,
And hand unto hand.

'Tis a terror to all
Who try to oppress,
And many's the free man
This flag it does bless.
For its stars and its stripes
Is the flag of the true.
So up with Old Glory,
The Red, White and Blue.

It waves o'er the land,
It floats o'er the main;
Its folds are unsullied
With never a stain;
For its stars and its stripes
Is the flag of the true.
So up with Old Glory,
The Red, White and Blue.

J. Q. D., "CURTIS."

VOICE OF SENAM

HIS MYSTERIOUS WAY

There's the flash of fiery lightning,
There's the crash of thunder loud,
There's rain in torrents pouring,
There is darkness all around.

'Tis God in his fiery lightning,
'Tis His Voice in the thunder's roll,
Blessings are in the downpour,
'Tis a call to the darkened soul.

'Tis a word of His Power so mighty,
'Tis a warning all must heed,
'Tis a note of His Omnipotence,
'Tis to show our finite need.

Like the flash of lightning falling,
So His Love to all is bent,
As His thunder rolls around us,
So His call to us is sent.

J. Q. D., 1912.

VOICE OF SENAM

IMMORTAL SELF

Softly, gently, still and silently,
As zephyr playing o'er a sunlight beam,
Falls the Voices of our Loved ones gone before,
No fancy theme, but draws sweet Reason's
Sun o'er all our Souls and Visions sight.

Oh! so bright and everlasting fair,
Nor earth, nor sky, nor planet rare,
Nor moon, nor sun so dazzlingly bright,
Can e'er compare to thoughts divine,
Wafted to our grasping mind,
By spirit souls of light.
The living also as the Souls called dead,
Reveal to us continued truths
Of that Soul Life hereafter,
And life that is within our Mortal frame,
As the great, and loving teacher taught us.

So he unfolds the simple truths,
So we may know we are,
The Sons of God, our Souls Immortal (self).

J. Q. D., 1909.

VOICE OF SENAM

MAN'S FRIEND

There's a friend, who is silent and meek,
Works, day in and day out of each week.
Few, who appreciate all he does do,
Few, are the comforts he gets as his due.
In sunshine, or rain, or sleet, or in snow
No coward is he, always ready to go
For the sick or the dying—you need only speak
He is off like the wind some succor to seek.
He'll go with a will, far, far till he drops
Doing his duty without any stops.
To children he's gentle and meek as a lamb,
Stands to be petted and fed from their hand.
In a race, he always tries hard to win,
Simply doing his duty; his praises I sing.
Up hill and down dale, o'er crag or through creek,
When his master can't see, he safety can seek.
In circus parade, wherever he's seen,
Nobility stamps him a king; ever been
O'er prairies, or passes on park drives serene,
No beauty compares with him mid the green.
With pack on his back, he o'er trails often roams
Oft times he goes hungry, ne'er letting out groans.
In war, when the bugle calls to the strife,
He's ready and panting to rush with his life
Into the thickest, where shot rains like hail.
He carries the soldier to death or to gain.
No traitor is he who ever refused
To rush on the enemy, to win or to lose.
Death has no terrors, none known to his mind.
To him, gentle reader, to this friend of mankind,
Be kind and be merciful, never use force.
He'll do all your bidding, this friend, a "Horse."

J. Q. D., 1902.

VOICE OF SENAM

I TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU

You say that you do love me
And ever will be true.
I do not mean to doubt you,
But don't want you to rue.
Today, I feel you love me,
But a day may sometime be
When hearts are tried and tempted.
Are you sure no change there'll be?

REFRAIN :

I tell you that I love you
From you I'll never part
I ne'er could love another
To break your loving heart.
Tho' all the world were offered—
Gold, riches, even fame—
I'll love you, true for ever,
Till Death shall call my name.

When fortune smiles upon you
I know you'll love the same.
Today you love me truly
More than the day you came.
What if fortune fails us, Dearie,
And the Wolf stands at the door.
Will you love just the same then ;
Ask your heart, if you are sure?

Tho' all the wolves of hunger
Stand out our cottage door,
And all seems dark and dreary,
I'll love you more and more.
Your love is all I ask, Dear,
For courage, hope and cheer
To win my own life's battle ;
So, Darling, have no fear.

J. Q. D., 1909.

"MY LOVE IS THE SAME WHEREVER I BE"

'Tis years since I left you,
My darling, my own,
To travel the wide world,
Far, far, from our home;
But, wherever I've wandered,
On land or on sea,
My love is the same
Wherever I be.

REFRAIN :

In tempest or sunshine,
My love, I am true;
No fading of love
With aught that I do!
I've loved you, I've loved you,
Sweet ever to me;
No change in my love—
My love is for thee!

The token you gave me,
I'll ne'er with it part;
It speaks of your own love,
Dear, true from your heart,
And seems to repeat
Like an echo to me,
"My love is the same
Wherever I be!"

I soon will return, love;
No more will I roam.
Coming to claim you
As my very own,
And prove for all time,
When my bride you will be,
My love is the same
Wherever I be.

J. Q. D., 1897.

SONGS

BEAUTIFULLY GOTTEN UP AT GREAT EXPENSE

MUSIC AND WORDS BY

J. QALLAN DIXON

"DON'T SAY ANYTHING,"

A Motto Song

"CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA'S SHORE,"

Plantation Darky Ballad

"WON'T YOU WAIT TEN YEARS FOR ME?"

Sweetest Ballad Ever Written

"YOU DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING,"

Serio Ballad

Copyrighted Songs, Novels, etc.

DISTRIBUTERS

SOVEREIGN PUBLISHING CO.

160 SYCAMORE STREET

BUFFALO, N. Y.

50 Cent Music 10 Cents

Sent to Any Address Postpaid.

GENEVIEVE de BRABANT

A Charming

NOVEL

Full of Thrilling Adventure, Love and Romance, By

J. QALLAN DIXON

SYNOPSIS:

A brother and sister, left orphans by the death of their parents, are forced onto the world, but their love never wavered 'mid all their trials. Genevieve was won by a daring schemer and sport, who used her after a mock marriage to forward his purposes, leading to great riches and social success.

She was compelled to witness cold blooded murder and other crimes silently. At last, after a most thrilling and peculiar life, she is rescued and the husband meets death, well deserved.

At a social gathering the guests sing the

Great Coronation Song

KING EDWARD VII.

Most is taken from real life, and altho' the Boer war was written long before it occurred, yet it proved faithfully what did happen.

FROM CRITICS:

"Most interesting and best written book we have read. Well gotten up."

"Fascinating and interesting, as well as exciting. Have never stayed up all night to finish any book untill I started 'Genevieve.'"

PRICE 50 CENTS

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS IN AMERICA

DISTRIBUTERS

SOVEREIGN PUBLISHING CO.

160 SYCAMORE ST.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 211 806 7

GREATEST POEM EVER

A TWENTIETH CENTURY CLASSIC

WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP

TITANIC

GRAND MEMORIAM

A grand, graphic, thrilling account in poem form of the loss of the gorgeous passenger steamship and the great loss of life and heroic conduct of those lost and saved on the banks of Newfoundland April, 1912, and the rescue of the survivors by the

GALLANT S. S. "CARPATHIA"

"For she saw the flash,
Of the calling dash,
By the wireless calling wave."

PRESS: "One can almost imagine being among the hosts of passengers and crew, feeling every emotion, excitement and fear of the horrible tragedy, so wonderfully depicted and magnificently rhythm'd. The writer seems to have been endowed with almost uncanny imagination."

ALSO THE

IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE

PRESS: "His picture of the horror of this calamity is unexcelled in the world of depiction."

SENT BY MAIL 12 CTS. PER COPY

DISTRIBUTERS

SOVEREIGN PUBLISHING CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.