

AWFUL THOUGHTS OR TAMING MAN

ROBERT MORRIS

*A Phenomenon
That is interesting two
WORLDS*



BOSTON
THE ROXBURGH PUBLISHING COMPANY
INC.

BF1301
M73

Copyrighted 1917
By Robert O. Morris
Rights Reserved

JAN 24 1917

© Cl. A 455333

no. 1.

AWFUL THOUGHTS
OR
TAMING MAN



ARRANGEMENT OF CONTENTS

By RAY MORRIS

	Page
Preface	7
Manuscript Called in	11
The Red Hot Hell of War	12
Hell Bent on a Foundation	26
Dauphin Island and the Mad Gulf (Poem)	31
A Storm at Sea (Poem)	33
The Roar of the Gulf (Poem)	35
The Forest King (Poem)	37
Your Thinker Say (Poem)	39
Japan's National Defense Association	41
The Ass That Talked (Poem)	44
The Searchlight Turned On	45
The Melting Pot Staff	53
My Early Experiences	55
What is the Banner of Christ? Is It This?	58
The Theory of the Early Christians	63
Comment and Reason	65
More About Ghosts	68
But I Have Discovered a Beautiful Truth	69
What I Saw and Heard	70
Letter from Brother Matison	72
Messages from Heaven	76
St. John's Dreams in Revelations	78
Race Degeneracy	83
The Flying Devil (Poem)	87
Chimpanzee and Man (Poem)	95
Our Venture on the Sea (Poem)	96
A Vision of Light (Poem)	99
Comment on the Sunday School Lesson	102

ARRANGEMENT OF CONTENTS

(Continued)

	Page
The Unnecessary Sacrifice	110
The Lost Sailor	118
Do You Know Me?	123
What I know About Mrs. Elizabeth Blake .	125
Sayings of Mrs. Blake	126
War Economics	128
Proposition	130
The Good Old Man (My Father) (Poem)	132
Voices from Heaven (Poem)	134
Some Mysteries in Nature (Poem)	137
My Good Old Devil (Poem)	139
My Old Corn-cob Pipe (Poem)	140
Prosperity's Engine (Poem)	143
Noah's Ark as Seen in the Light of Reason	147
The Old Hill Farm (Poem)	159
The Abused Son of Joseph (Poem)	162
The Voice of the Dead	163
Morris's Encyclopedia	170
Evil Spirits	174
Extracts from Conversation	176
The Remedy	178
Aristotle Messages (James Morris).	179
The Announcement	201

PREFACE

Awful, because they are facts — because they contradict what the majority believe to be significant truths.

In the earlier centuries of the Christian era, known as the dark ages, it was extremely dangerous to deal in facts; propagandists of facts back in those ages were humiliated, persecuted, and thousands who persisted in denouncing established falsehoods sealed their loyalty to truth with their life's blood in dismal torture chambers and on the rack.

In this, the Twentieth Century, it is still dangerous to combat vested ignorance with facts, but we have progressed to such an extent that there is no longer a great degree of physical danger, and with the elimination of the stake, the rack and the torture from the repertory of the powers of darkness there is an ever increasing number who refuse to bow the knee to falsehood or refrain from battering at its foundation with the sledge-hammer blows of truth; still it is dangerous, for the free mind is crucified but not as ruthlessly, as mercilessly, as was the physical body, when ignorance held practically an absolute sway over the entire human race. Doubly dangerous for me, because these writings seek to disprove universally accepted beliefs and doctrines without serious consideration.

Great masses of people prefer not to be disturbed in mind, and rather than learn late in life that their

beliefs are not facts, turn a deaf ear to instruction, choosing to go to the end of the journey and take chances on being right.

Because we believe something to be true, or not to be true, does not, in reality, prove or disprove anything.

Many are satisfied with their belief and never expect to change their mind—simply saying, what was good enough for my father is good enough for me—an acknowledgment that their minds are absolutely closed against all truth and a proof that such minds, selfish and bigoted, are limited to small things and can never grasp the great problems of the universe. Woe! it is with the man who cannot believe anything out of the ordinary—who stops his ears and closes his eyes against everything that demands the exercise of reason and intelligence.

In this book will be found food for thought on many significant subjects, that will appeal to men in all walks of life—thoughts that will touch your heart and find their way to your soul—and handled with such courage that the writer may appear reckless and cruel. Cruel, because he plunges the sword of truth into the heart of what he knows to be darkness and falsehood, and undertakes, with the apparent fierceness of a tiger, to tear away the masks of ignorance and prejudice that have so long blinded the race.

We hate the hell of war, and whatever tends to make it possible, nay, inevitable, and we believe that the misdirected governments and the false basis on which all governments and religions rest, is responsible, not only for the one evil of war, but for the poverty, crime and sins that afflict society.

We also believe that relentless, total exposure alone will banish the clouds of ignorance and en-throne TRUTH which is the only antidote for the poisons of ignorance — the only hope for making the earth a fit habitation for the race of man.

If there ever was an individual possessed of the knowledge and power to successfully rule the lives of men for their best interest, he has never exercised that power. If there are people who believe this has been done, or can be done through the agencies and methods now imposed upon the people through their ignorance, their influence are dangerous and they should no longer be trusted with shaping the thoughts of the race. If there is or has ever been an individual who could tame the savage in man, and train them through human agencies to be kind and brotherly one toward the other we have no record of his existence. If there is a man who has the intelligence to place the political world on a basis of equity, let us find that man — he is worth the commercial value of the world.

If there be a man who has the power to silence the roar of the world's cannon, dismantle her navies, and snatch from the hell of savageness now enveloping society, humanity, and bind it into one solid brotherhood — let us find him, compel him to come out from hiding and take unto himself that great responsibility, at any cost.

If there is such a personality, sleeping amid this uproar of horrible confusion, while the cannons have belched their hail of destruction and death, the rivers run red and the fields soaked up the blood of millions, he is a sleepy drone and should be drummed out of his hive and held responsible for crimes that

are blackened with the smoke of hell and crimsoned with the blood of his people. If the Christians know of a personality that could do this and other things more wonderful, let them produce him in all of his omnipotence, or acknowledge that for nineteen hundred years they have propagated the blackest of falsehoods.

We prefer to believe that back of the millions of flashing meteors, whirling universe and solar systems, suns, planets and inhabited worlds far beyond the power of man's puny imagination to grasp, is a power the character of which it is impossible to blacken; a grand and glorious something that cannot be belittled, that could not harbor jealousy, conceive of punishment, or mete out torture. If that something, that Creator, exists, it sympathizes with man in his natural weakness, could not stoop to threats when its creatures naturally err, but which would gladly take the entire responsibility for humanity's actions upon itself, and teach by natural example and through the natural channels of evolution, the lessons that will enable mankind to become great and good — the master of earth, hell and heaven.

MANUSCRIPT CALLED IN, AND THE AUTHOR,
THO INEXPERIENCED FORCED AND INSTRUCTED TO
DO ALL THE CONDENSING AND CRITICISING
HIM SELF.

We are glad to be here this A. M. and now we have some things to tell you and we will write as fast as we can, and save all the time that we can.

We want to tell you that the manuscripts are nearly all O. K., but there are some corrections to be made in the work—Mr.—————done as he thought best, but the theme of thought to be conveyed has been lost, and this is the reason we thought best to do all the work under our instructions—as here we can have the congenial conditions to make the right impressions.

As this work is unlike any other, it is very important to have it about right. Those who are not familiar with the phenomenon are not capable to criticize the work.

Have it read and convey the line of thought that you intended it to, even though it should not conform to all the rules of typography and the language not exactly correct—we find that you will have to do the work yourself under our instructions.

RAY.

THE RED HOT HELL OF WAR.

Back in the days of our forefathers, when man went out to hunt man — or other game — he took with him an old flint-lock rifle. He carried across his shoulder, straps from which swung a shot pouch made of the skin of some wild animal, and a powder receptacle made from a cow's horn, some cotton fabric for patching, or cushioning the leaden bullet, which he poked down the barrel of his rifle with a hickory ram-rod. When the trigger was pulled and the flint snapped down, if the powder in the pan was not wet, if the mechanism was in perfect condition, if the flint struck a perfect spark, and the man behind the gun had aimed straight, sometimes he got his game.

Following the introduction of the flint-lock rifle, some thinker invented the nipple and percussion cap rifle, which was quite an improvement over the powder pan and the flint; then another thinker invented a cartridge large enough to contain cap, powder and ball, and instead of ramming it down from the muzzle of the barrel, made a lock that permitted its insertion at the breach. This last invention made obsolete both the flint-lock and the percussion rifle, and everybody wanted one of the modern guns — except the fellow who said that the muzzle-loading flint-lock was good enough for his father and what was good enough for his father was good enough for him, and claimed that ideas of the thinker were infringements on the good old hickory

ram-rod guns. But the thinker kept right on thinking and building his progressive thoughts into improvements; he conceived the idea of placing under the rifle barrel a long steel tube which held a dozen or more cartridges, and contrived an automatic slide the action of which would cause the empty shell to fly from the gun barrel and a loaded one to take its place. With this gun the difficulties of shooting were almost totally eliminated and much greater speed and accuracy attained.

From the flint-lock to the modern repeating rifle is a long step in progress. Yet both, in comparison, have their advantages and disadvantages. One of the disadvantages of the flint-lock was the chance of losing the game — if the gun failed to fire on the first trial by the time the hunter was ready to try again the game had usually taken advantage of the delay to gain safety. But this disadvantage also gave the man behind the gun time to cool down, and sometimes he would change his mind about shooting — especially if the game happened to be a fellow-man. Since man is the only animal that does any shooting, and since man is coming more and more to be the game, I will take man as an illustration on the advantages and disadvantages of guns, ancient and modern.

The old flint-lock was but a small degree better than the club when it came to a combat between man and man. A large, strong man, with a hickory club, tough and seasoned to withstand rough usage, could attack a band of men armed with flint-locks and stand quite a show of beating out their brains before the guns could be gotten into action. The man with the flint-lock was at another disadvantage

— suppose the man he wanted to kill didn't want to be shot; we will suppose that he rather enjoyed this thing called life; we will say, just to illustrate, that he had a healthy appetite, and enjoyed well cooked meats, hot biscuits and butter, good coffee and ripe fruits; that he had acquired the habit of smoking; that he enjoyed the association of his wife and children — or, if he was unmarried, loved some pretty, rosy-cheeked maiden; if a man with a family he had acquired the habit of sitting at ease after his day's toil was o'er—watching the smoke curl around his head while he took one or more of the ittle tots on his knees, and talked with the loving wife. I have met these life-loving characters, and can tell by the expression of their faces when they speak of their wife and children — by the manner in which they stroke their hair with calloused, toil-stained hands, that they get something out of life. A man of this kind would naturally resent an attempt to rob him of life on the part of the man with the flint-lock and by flight or fight reduce the chances of the hunter's success.

One of the advantages of the flint-lock's failure to fire was that it often spared the lives of affectionate husbands, fond fathers, and faithful lovers. Old man, with hard, stiff beard and the wrinkled visage, were you ever in love? Old mother, with the silvering hair and dimming eye, did you ever love that man? If so, you know something of the passions of youth — the love light in sparkling eyes and the thrilling ecstasy of awakening maturity. I speak from experience, having loved and been loved by some of the fair sex from my birth to this day. I was loved by mother when a child — it made no difference how

undeserving I became, her love continued and continues steadfast still. Then came the sweet, passionate and exciting love of early manhood, for the fond young maiden just budding into womanhood.

I am addressing myself to the vigorous, healthy young man who enjoys above all other things on earth the associations of that fair one who has just brought home to him the real meaning of life, who stimulates his ambition and elevates his soul to the highest ideals of existence — deep he breathes the perfume from the flowers of love and his entire being expands with the longing desire to fulfill his natural destiny. Yet this is the type of manhood that the hunters of men demand as prey — the character of the sacrifices laid upon the altars of the God of War.

But few are willing to take a chance with the flint-lock now. When men go man-hunting now they go to kill or be killed. They go out to utterly destroy the hopes of the young wife and her little ones, to make her a widow and her children orphans; to snatch from aged parents the staff of declining years, and tear from the arms of the youthful trusting, maid he whom her soul loveth.

Instead of boasted civilization taking some of the inhumanities out of war it has rather added horror and terror. Men armed with the most terrible agents of destruction inflict wholesale murder upon fellow-men whom they have never seen and by whom they have never been injured. The fruits and successes of civil life go down into a bloody and debasing oblivion before the onrushing march of mad mob murder and the insane shrieks of a society ripe to die.

A weapon like the modern magazine rifle in the hands of a man whether he be trained or not is a

deadly menace to the progress of the race toward brotherhood, and the one way to eliminate even the desire for such weapons is to instill into the human mind a realization of the beauty, the gladness, the glory and the value of life.

We would not care to go back to the days of the old hickory ram-rod and the muzzle-loading rifle. Our motto is "Forward." We want the best, the most convenient, of everything that is useful and beneficial, but we could well afford to let languish progress in those things which are destructive, and turn all our energies to the perfecting of the things that conserve human life and lighten the natural burdens in the struggle toward ultimate perfection.

If there were enough men in the world who think as I think, no man would dare advocate brute rule; no one would dare for any reason whatsoever the subjugation of another or the taking of a life. We would eliminate entirely all those things which tend to the production of crime and criminals; to accomplish this all that is necessary is to establish what we term human government on a foundation of truth. When this is accomplished there will come the realization that the most precious of all earth's possessions is human life. and instead of being looked upon as it is now, as the cheapest commodity in which our Captains of Industry deal, energies that are now bent toward destruction will be reversed to conservation, and no one would even think of taking a chance in wood or field with a weapon that might, even unintentionally, destroy life a mile away.

But don't misconstrue my meaning. No one knows better than I that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that as long as more brutal men

arm themselves with powerful means of destruction with the intent of destroying other men, it would be insanity for the proposed victims to depend upon the antiquated flint-lock and hickory club for defense — they **MUST**, even though the thing is repulsive to them, prepare themselves in like manner with their adversary. This comparison shows the seriousness of the situation.

It affords something really worth thinking about — worth trying to eliminate. All the nations of the earth should be bound together by social ties, by the bonds of brotherhood, and there is no longer reason why this should not be. The ingenuity of man's brain in annihilating space has brought the peoples of the earth virtually into the proximity of neighbors, and his mastery of the secrets of nature is rapidly opening her storage house to him and making the once savage struggle for existence a mere question of the proper distribution of Nature's bounties among her children.

Although there are millions in the world who are thinking on this subject along the line as outlined above, still the nations are hell-bent on war and destruction and engaged in a mad contest to see which can outburn, outshoot, outkill the other.

We are right in the midst of a world gone mad — races and nations are snapping, snarling, showing their teeth and flashing swords in each other's faces. None of these nations, as nations, have anything the other wants but that could be had in the far less destructive method of fair exchange — the products of one for the products of the other. Then let us find out what and who are forcing these peoples into the hell of murder called war. Let us find out which

class in each nation it is that is clamoring for more soldiers, bigger guns, faster Zeppelins and more deadly chemical bombs. Let us find out who are the comparatively few that are firing men's hearts and brain with the lust for blood, and are driving millions to the reeking shambles. Somewhere the spirit of death and destruction feasts and grows strong, while the spirit of love despairs.

The people of the world can kill the spirit of death and let themselves enjoy the beauties of life and love; kill it, not with the vulgar weapons of more vulgar brutes — the gun, the sword, the bomb — but with the spread of knowledge. Ever has the dark and gruesome spirit fled before the bright shafts of on-marching truth and intelligence. Kill the spirit of hate, death and destruction by educating the race in the fundamentals of facts.

I do not mean by that, what is at present termed education — where youth is taught respect for government founded on barbarity, and that falsehoods are truths because they have been taught as truths for so long. No, it is from the graduates of our present institutions of education that the leaders of the present false system are chosen. Education to me is something more than the use of good grammar, something more than good spelling, something more than a smattering of interpolated history, something more than the acquired ability to conventionally endow falsehood with the outward trappings of truth and hide all that is noble and natural behind a mask of hypocrisy. It means to me a knowledge of nature's laws and nature's plans, and a thought out system as to how man may best adapt himself to these. It means a realization of rottenness, the falseness

and the hideousness of the present system — a realization of the utter corruptness of the foundation upon which is built the world's governments, religions and laws. It means a grasp of the knowledge that is destined to make new history — an education that will be fitting to the members of all coming generations. It means that education that will forbid placing in the hands of any man or set of men the destinies of their fellows — that will tear down thrones and refuse longer to be swayed by error no matter how strongly entrenched behind might.

To what a spectacle has the race of man come. Drilled into acceptance of the decree that it is economical, just, reasonable, humane and intelligent to settle differences by the ruthless destruction of life and property, that it is commendable to breed and train men to murder with sword and gun. Under the sway of this insanity it is fast becoming necessary for men, women and even little children to wear steel skullcaps to protect them from the deadly darts of monsters who hover over them in the air seeking an opportunity to deal out death and misery. Is this the best that our boasted civilization and progress has brought us? Is this the fruit of the tree of knowledge — or the dregs and bitterness of ignorance that is choking up the avenues of life.

Let us all unite in placing the world upon a different foundation — the foundation of FACTS. Let us tame man. Let us show the value of human life, and that the life of the obscure soldier lad is as valuable to the race as is the life of its most powerful money king. That the taking of life in mass is just as reprehensible as is the individual murder, and

that there is no more glory in dying in the mud, and blood, and filth of the battlefield than there is in dying amid the crash of our many industrial catastrophes. Let us help the nations of earth forget the horrible, bloody past and aid in establishing them on a new foundation of truth and reason where they may come together in the spirit of gentleness instead of with powder, lead, bombs and blood.

We don't want our land converted into a hell that will burn day and night with the lurid torches of war, held in the hands of men spurred on by the orders of power-drunk kings, nor do we want our people to be in constant danger from the bullet, the dart and bomb from above, and the clouds of poisonous gases which sweep all life before them; nor do we want to see our beautiful public edifices and our homes given over as sacrifices to the god of flames and war. Life is too precious for these things. There is so much to do that is more worthy. Raise the standard of the nations by teaching that life is too precious to be heedlessly and needlessly ground out on battlefields of revenge and greed, and that there are better ways of settling differences than by wholesale destruction that never settled anything. Let us say that we are done with the ignorance that lurks in the desire to kill, that we are here for a higher purpose than the killing of men. Let us do what we can to elevate the minds of our fellowmen to the plane of independence where they will say, "I refuse to be flattered or dragged into hell's nightmare by the blind ignorance of any set of men; I will ignore the propaganda of murder and hate, fostered by the 'patriotic' manufacturers of munitions of war. Only savages shoot and slaughter men and I

am no longer a savage." Then we shall quit killing and there will be no more war.

I saw an ugly vision which I intend to use as an illustration in closing this chapter, and I trust that you will see the moral of the story:

I saw three young men enter a stockade wherein were confined a large number of hogs; one of the men had in his hand a dangerous looking knife that resembled a sword. They began to slaughter the beasts, two of the men holding the hog while the one with the knife cut its throat. In quick succession, one after the other, the throats of the animals were cut, and when the work was finished the shambles were a horrible and disgusting sight. Only part of the hogs were dead, but all were squealing and moaning and dropping down only to struggle to their feet, stagger for a few steps and again fall. The butchers began piling the slaughtered carcasses together in a heap, and when they had finished some of the hogs were still squealing, groaning and struggling in their desperate but losing fight with death, blood spurt- ing from their wounds and flesh trembling with the final death agonies. The entire spectacle was nauseous, hideous and repulsive. It was a pulsing, vi- brating example of how much man needs taming.

I said to the young butchers, "Boys, that is a filthy job; can't you find a line of work that is more humane? Do you realize that this has a tendency to harden your hearts and coarsen your nature? If you are compelled to slaughter why not do it as humanely as possible? You could have struck those animals in the head with a heavy hammer before using the knife and the result would at least have been more merciful." One of the men made

answer in rather a passionate tone: "Do you think we enjoy this? We have not been at it long enough to become hardened to it; we hate this as much as you or anyone else can hate it, but what is a fellow without education or wealth going to do? Judging from your appearance you are of the bosses' crowd and are in position to avoid the dirty work of the world, but such is not so with us. These are not our hogs and this is the manner in which the owner, our boss, ordered them slaughtered. Give me a better job and I will be grateful to you, as will my fellows here."

While I was pondering upon the words of the young man, I noticed partly hidden in a far corner of the stockade a healthy young shoat that had escaped the fate of his companions. His owner, the boss of the men who did the slaughtering, would no doubt have considered this hog's action as a most unpatriotic, cowardly and unhoglike thing to do, but sick from the recent spectacle of death and blood I felt a deep pity for the pig, and admiration for his wise effort to escape, and made up my mind that if possible I would assist him. I made my way to the vicinity of his hiding place and unobserved by the butchers opened a way through the stockade and permitted him to slip through to liberty and safety. The young animal was full of the spirit of life, it ran, it played, it showed its gratitude by racing round and round me, uttering soft sounds, and looked at me as if soliciting my further protection. I took it with me and turned it into the woods, where I hope it will live its allotted span, fulfilling all the destinies for which Nature intended it.

Now, I don't know whether or not my reader has

gotten the moral of this tale or not, but I am certain of one thing — you didn't enjoy the story — it was a dirty, bloody narrative. But these scenes, and worse, are being enacted every day, with men substituted for the hogs — and men are becoming hardened and indifferent. With the women it is slightly different, and I probably owe them an apology, but if it has served the purpose that I intended for it, I am satisfied.

I would prefer, rather to escort you, in my word pictures, over the green mountains, across the smooth plains, and through the verdant valleys, where you could pluck wild flowers and hear the musical notes of nesting birds and watch the little wild animals at their natural play; through shady nooks where you can stand on the mossy banks and listen to the ripple of the crystal brook as it sings a melodious greeting to Mother Nature; where you, fanned by the gentle breezes, can see the sea gulls dip their wings in the billowy brine, and the heaving swells break into beautiful white caps; watch bright-eyed boys and girls dive and splash in the silvery waters, and the sail boats in which are seated husband, wife, and family, and the youthful and joyous sweethearts, shove out from the shore on pleasure bent. I would that you could spend the days where Nature's dewdrops are diamonds and sweet blossoms fill the air with their unadulterated perfumes.

I would prefer that you always hear the music of glad laughter — that you were always far away from danger and unpleasant scenes, and it is my earnest hope that such a state of existence will yet be realized — that enough of our people will awake to the

dangers into which we are drifting in time to prevent our own native land being plunged into a hell of slaughter of our young men — for war always requires as a sacrifice the best of our sons, and is satisfied with nothing less. It is the vigorous, red-blooded youth — your sons, husbands, lovers, brothers, oh, mothers of the race, who are the sacrifices offered up on the altars of the brutal god of war. Will you allow the sickening, fly-blown, bloody rags of the war devil to be flung in your faces and strewn over the homes of the land of your birth — while the hope of your lives, the pride of the nation, its youngest and best manhood, is cremated in the fires of lust and hate?

It was cruel, brutal and hideous to slaughter swine in the manner I described, but the methods used in the slaughter of the animals are no more cruel or brutal, nay, not as much so, as are the methods being used this very day in the slaughter of innocent and helpless men and boys in most of the boasted civilized(?) nations of the world. The animal is killed outright and never left crippled and maimed to miserably creep its way through life. A pension will not restore the lost limb, the blasted sight of the disfigured countenance. A paltry pension will not give back to the young widow the cheery and light-hearted companion, nor to the prattling orphan a loving father, nor return to the aged mother the strong arm of an affectionate son. The wounded and disfigured soldier may be pitied, but he is not the object of admiration as is the healthy, strong and perfect specimen of manhood amply able to take his rightful place and perform his duty in the society of his race. A man of strength. Strong physically

and mentally. And a strength of character that is beautiful to behold.

My idea of a a strong character is one who will boldly deny the right of Czars, emperors or kings to order his and his fellows' lives as their own lusts and desires may dictate; who will not permit jingoists to addle his intellect by the monotonous waving of battle flags and the shrill cries for blood, and to flatter him into a nightmare of misery under any pretext. Such a man is willing to aid in the enlightenment and education, real education of the human race; such a man is not found in the human slaughter pens.

This is what you will demand if you are a man of strong character. You will demand the right to stay healthy and whole and to enjoy your life — to develop in mind and body. You will consider it more patriotic to create than to destroy, and will demand that all people be free, independent, that they be guaranteed an opportunity to earn a living in peaceful pursuits, and that the degradation of wage-slavery be stamped out. You will insist that it is high time to abandon a system that is responsible for poverty and crime, and to relegate to eternal silences the institutions propagating falsehood and ignorance. You will say that it is just as sensible, reasonable and just for two individuals to settle their differences by individual murder, as it is for two nations to attempt to settle their disputes by wholesale murder. You will declare aloud that you would far rather see your race trained in the peaceful pursuits of happiness than see them crowned as the blood-guilty conquerors of the entire world.

Let us face bravely the truth, and avoid the rot

and hell of war. Let us cry aloud the truth that war is the insane result of ignorance gone mad. The time is here for the taming of man, and the righting of his method of education — the banishment of ignorance and its train of miseries and sorrows, and a steady climb up the path of enlightenment to true civilization.

HELL BENT ON A FOUNDATION.

The reader will soon discover that I am bent on discovering the foundation for everything. When we have trouble with our neighbor, or our neighbor has trouble with us, we always find some plausible excuse and show that the other is solely at fault. Some times he has something that I would like to have, and sometimes it may be that I have something that he desires, or lays claim to — it may be land, a horse, cow, or property of like nature. Whatever it is, it all too frequently leads us into disputes and we foolishly take our troubles into court, instead of endeavoring to settle them amicably. So the first thing our respective lawyers do when the differences have progressed to this stage, is to build a foundation for our case — based upon the supposed facts.

In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, where man is at war with man, war is considered a highly honorable and legitimate business. If a country is envious in any matter of some other country and wishes

to go to war, all that is necessary for it to do is to make an excuse of some kind — declare war and fight. If this country is forced to fight we simply oil our guns, buckle knapsacks on the backs of our young men, and the slaughter begins. And if it proves that we have more and better fighting equipment — more submarines and torpedo boats, better battle cruisers and bigger guns, a better system of hurling more poisonous gas bombs, more and better trained soldiers, or professional killers, so that when one army of these are mowed down we have another ready to take their places, and when this second army is strewn in fragments over blood-drenched sod we still have other substitutes — then the weaker nation can be overpowered, its commerce destroyed and its people reduced to poverty, when its guns have been captured and its active males butchered by shrapnel, gouged with bayonets, their eyes burned out by poisons — the exhausted, miserable, suffering, starved people hoist the white flag, and we have proven that we are right by the power of our might. But does our might prove that we are right? Answer, yes or no. If you believe this is right our government will supply you with a butcher knife, a rifle, a revolver and a brown duck suit — then you can roll up your sleeves, climb into the slaughter pen and begin.

After you have witnessed the horrors, the inhumanity, the wickedness, the foolishness, the destructiveness, the indecency of this crime called war — after you have killed men, tortured others with poisons, dismembered their bodies and disfigured their countenances; cut jugular veins, severed heart-strings, mixed brains with the sand

and mud of the fields, and your suit is matted and stiff with the blood of fellow-beings, after you have itemized the cost in blood, tears and treasure — sit down and in this blank space write your honest opinion of those who resort to such barbarity; give your impressions of a so-called civilization that countenances such crimes. Then state frankly where you first gained the beliefs that this thing was honorable, patriotic, heroic and virtuous; I would like to know. There are a few million others who are also beginning to think and who want to know more about the foundation upon which such savage patriotism is resting. Write your answer — tell where and how you got your convictions.

What moral right have you to instill in the youths of the Twentieth Century, by example or otherwise, beliefs and customs that are so deadly, dangerous, debasing, pernicious and tending toward total depravity and degeneracy? Tame man! Help him rise from his knees and gain a glimpse of the brighter and better future which is just now upon the horizon.

Let us assist the people from their knees, and see to it that the bloody record of the past is not repeated and that the war spirit never again takes hold of the people of this nation. If there are any people more deserving of sympathy than others it is those misguided individuals who fall upon their knees and cry to the WAR GOD of the ancients — a being that is as fictitious and as childish as is the Santa Claus of today.

I do not seriously object to my children being deceived for the first few years of their life with the Santa Claus myth, for they may get some pleasure

and enjoyment out of the idea, but I would not want them taught that there is any virtue or FACT in the Santa Claus story — neither would I want them to worship Santa Claus by a promise of a home here, a crown in heaven, or from fear of punishment hereafter.

If I can prevent it they will never be taught to fear any god that stands accused of demanding the slaughter of innocent women and children, the ravishment of fair daughters by blood-thirsty warriors and the heartless, brutal massacre of entire races simply to satisfy ugly moods and passion.

If the Catholics had the power to enforce their beliefs upon the people we would all be compelled to bow to the pope; if the Protestant Methodist had free and unlimited power we would all be compelled to embrace the Methodist faith, and bow the knee to a God who, in the estimation of free thinkers and investigators, is nothing more than an imaginary warrior god — a fetish of the early half-savage Jews. If the Baptists had the power they would close the pearly gates against all people who had not been baptized in cold water — heels and head, and all other denominations would have the people believe as they do or go to hell.

For me, I don't propose to adopt any of these ready-made beliefs. It appears that there are any number of reasons why parents should do some independent thinking and exercise their authority in breaking the bands of religious slavery. Give the boys a fair show and they will become teachers of truth and the world will be healed of its ignorance, man will rise from his knees, become really civilized, and the race will know war no more.

In agitating the maxim "Get Off Your Knees," I have been accused of ridiculing the example set by the Nation's Chief in his prayers for peace. I have no way of knowing just how much of his time the President spends on his knees begging for succor from some unseen power in the face of this horrible phantom of war, and for the restoration of peace to a war-mad world, but I do know that his prayers have not been answered, and now, seemingly he begins to recognize that prayer is a poor substitute for munitions and is urging his countrymen to prepare to enter the savage struggle equipped in a manner that will result in the most destruction to any possible enemy.

I am sufficiently conceited as to believe that I am capable of understanding the Nation's Chief and appreciating his delicate position. I admire his shrewdness, and to some extent his tactics. Suppose that in his stead we had chosen a war-mad patriot who would insist in calling out the army and navy every time some foolhardy American, who is not patriotic enough to stay out of the war zone, gets into trouble? I doubt if our Chief has much time for prayer. If he would lock himself in his closet and waste time as do the clergy in empty prayers, the library of his mind would grow clogged with the weeds of despondency, and the lobby of the White House would be filled with loungers resembling the sanctimonious gentlemen of the type of Joshuas, Jonahs and ark builders, who were content to furnish prayers if some god would do the things that they considered desirable.

DAUPHIN ISLAND AND THE MAD GULF.

When in the adjustment of this sea,
By nature's powerful hand,
Down in the marsh it left a tree
Where built this strip of land.

The place is known as Dauphin Isle
Made by the washing wave:
It keeps on building all the while
The inhabitants there to save.

In this old gulf, sublime and grand,
Down in its bosom deep,
Are countless dead; from many land
Where living creatures creep.

In her fathom in debris and wreck
Once worth a mine in gold,
Shipwrecked vessels now just a speck
And secrets that can't be told.

In days gone by were battles fought
That turned her brine to blood:
And those poor creatures never thought
Of how nature understood.

And how those souls who fought in vain,
And all the countless dead,
Might conquer death and live again
If all those sharks were fed.

On the bodies of the unfortunate soul
Who ventured on a rough sea
And choose a grave of salt and gold
To solve this deep mystery.

And while you're blind yet to decide,
And scorn my unbelief,
My comforting secret I dare not hide,
It gives my soul relief.

And frail superstition, dare not say
In language we here command
Thus hear our scorn from day to day:
God help it understand.

Roll on old gulf, o're sea and land:
Your boisterous waves and tide,
Gore cruel your dead, throw high your sand
With mocking godly pride.

EXPLANATION TO THE POEM

DAUPHIN ISLAND AND THE MAD GULF.

Superstition would say God made it. Rationalism says, the waves made it. Superstition says not only did God make the islands,—he also made the people who inhabit the islands, made the earth in a few days, then the trees, the sharks, the octopus, the little and the big fish, controls the waves and the storms.

Teach the doctrine of a judgment, when the sea and the graves shall give up their dead.

We know those claims are not true, know why the people believe it, we would help it understand,—but it would rather not know. Superstition is afraid of hell. Rationalism knows no fear. Superstition would beg and pray itself to heaven. Rationalism would reason, think and search for knowledge, prepare to do useful things here and then we will be able to do something when we pass from this life, into the spheres of higher knowledge. Superstition, can't explain of how the seas shall give up her dead. Rationalism answers,—the seas and the grave will never give up their dead.

The so termed mysteries, will always remain so, with those who have closed their minds, established a code of doctrine and beliefs.

Oh "God," that which speaks to us through nature's beautiful intelligence, who gives to the seeker of knowledge a torch that penetrates the blackness of night. Help the doubter and the stubborn to know this blessed truth—that God would hide nothing from the earnest seeker of knowledge.

A STORM AT SEA.

In South American there raged a storm
That swept across the sea
That beat and howled o'er cape and horn—
'Twas Nature's cruel decree.

It rocked the ocean with mountain waves,
It tore great ships in twain,
And plunged its dead in watery graves
With awful wicked main.

The lightnings flashed, the thunder roared,
And caused a dreadful sound;
The dead and dying were cut and gored,
By debris scattered around.

All day long it howled and screamed
Like hungry wolves it yelled;
And searched the decks for prey it seemed,
Like devilish fiends from hell.

All through the night it mocked and hissed
At those who prayed for life,
God could not see in the dark and mist,
But mocked with angry strife.

The hand of fate he could not stay
Nor help those in distress:
On land and sea, fate has its sway,
And wreaks its awful best.

In storm, in famine, in war, in death:
No GOD will interfere,
Rely on FAITH—you sink bereft,
That's just YOUR danger sphere.

Now when the waves sweep o'er your deck
And threaten your domain,
Waste not breath—grip hard the wreck,
And bravely fight life's game.

Rough storms in life will come and go,
We'll drift down with the tide—
And through this lesson learn to know
To in thyself abide.

THE ROAR OF THE GULF.

What's that roaring, rumbling sound,
That seems so far away
It almost seems to jar the ground
And rumbles night and day.

Can it be that we are so near
The roar of gun and shell,
The din of battle I have a fear,
The same I have of hell.

It is a natural sound I've heard before:
It rocks my soul to rest,
I learn to worship more and more
It lives down in my breast.

Sometimes I hear it roaring loud,
And frothing like it's mad;
Threatening like a black storm-cloud
But it never makes me sad.

It is not like the roar of death
That belches and barks for blood
And blows its contaminating breath,
In rivers of human flood.

When it roared so coarse and loud
We wondered what it could be,
That disturbed the old gulf so proud:
It was a storm at sea.

And when it struck America's shore,
It tore its road inland;
Then it had a different roar,
And did not appear so grand.

With devil-dare it struck down life,
Without respect for age;
Mowed a swath like a two-edged knife,
And mocked with savage rage.

When the storm god decreed his will,
The wind then ceased to blow,
But the wild waves are never still,
For Nature arranged it so.

How harsh and cruel is Nature's god,
How gentle and how kind—
Who doth rule with sword and rod
And leave the people blind.

His strength is in the ocean wave,
His voice is in its roar,
Master of Hell and the Grave—
Frowns and smiles on every shore.

When this old earth rocks with quake,
We feel his awful tread;
Volcanoes burst, foundations shake,
We have a cause to dread.

And when the meteors dart and fall,
And comets sweep their trail,
I tremble with fear, I feel so small,
But on and on and on I sail.

And if my ship should go to wreck,
Sailing life's stormy sea,
I'll pin my faith down to the deck
And trust my Gods near me.

THE FOREST KING.

There's something in these wavering pines
That appeals to nature's heart;
Their suggestions, from time to time,
With me shall never part.

And when the gentle breezes blow,
To my tired soul they bring,
A language that I'd love to know:
It speaks of a forest king.

Then when the breezes shift around
The pines will let you know
For when they have a different sound,
The wind is most sure to blow.

Ah, the pines, they howl so loud,
And shake their heavy main,
Of their strength seem so proud;
And to my heart they cling.

I ne'er can forget I woke in fright,
I heard a wicked sound:
The pines were screaming with their might,
And things were whirling round.

When I discovered my old pine tree
Was slowly giving away,
I ventured all alone to see,
What the young was going to say.

I had concluded they didn't care,
For they struck me in the face:
And with their gesture did compare,
That pine with the human race.

I wondered about that tree so tall,
Seen how its form was bent
And when I heard it groan and fall,
I knew what the young pine meant.

That old tree stood in the way,
Of the progress of the race:
When it died the world would say,
Let us respect the sacred place.

Where once stood this brave old tree,
And waved a shining light,
False or true we must agree,
To defend our sacred right.

The night was dark, the storm was hard,
And that forest to me is dear,
For the young and strong stand guard;
And for the storms I will not fear.

YOUR THINKER SAY.

Sometimes, we think, and think, and think:
And never think a thing:
Until my eyes begin to blink,
And my ears begin to ring.

And then I think I'm thinking wrong:
And think this thing, won't do,
And if we move this game along,
We must drive some think in you.

As we watch from day to day,
We see a busy throng,
Carelessly marching along the way,
Not knowing where they belong.

Who never think of something new,
Nor reason out a thing,
Just drift along the same as you
The same old song to sing.

We see the people all dressed up fine,
And rushing here and there,
We read the thoughts that's in their mind
And find them on the square.

And when we hear them think out loud,
We hear them think or say,
Think is easy, think with the crowd
Just throw your thoughts away.

AWFUL THOUGHTS OR

And if you sift this think down fine,
And try to sift it out,
You'll find we're drifting down the line,
Not knowing what we're about.

That think is a habit handed down
From ancient days of old,
That's the reason you squirm and frown
When of those things you're told.

We are taught to think with Josua,
With Moses and the rest,
But the modern thinker of this day
Does seem to me the best.

Suppose you try to think like this;
It's just and fair to you,
Then watch ancient warn and hiss,
Let us see what he will do.

Since God is good and just and kind,
Does for his people care
Speak to us so deaf and blind,
And in our troubles share.

Give us a message, tell us how,
Peace to this mad world to bring
Though omnipotent send it now
We will thy praises sing.

Speak to us, if thou dos't know?
The hell in bloody war,
Make known thy power if it be so,
For Christ dos't sure abhor.

Whatever tends to flatten hell,
Or degrade the soul of man
A word from thee should compell
Ah,—show thou omnipotent hand.

Now if it be hell that speaks to me,
And warns of this wicked trend,
Then give us hell, that we may see
To hell your message send.

For in hell is life, that hopes for peace,
That hates the hells of earth,
That would the joys of earth increase,
And light it with new birth.

JAPAN'S NATIONAL DEFENSE ASSOCIATION.

This Association, composed of war agitators, has published a book for the purpose of inciting hatred and raising the passions of the populace to the point where they are ready and willing to committ wholesale murder at the command of the war lords.

Extracts from this revolting volume have found their way into the American press and have been eagerly seized upon by our own Jingoists in their campaign in the interest of the War Devil in this country. But one will have to admit that the

character of the work is such as to bring trembling fear to our people who pursue its pages in earnest, for if Japan's dream were to ever be realized the War Devil's grip would close over the throat of America's manhood with a grip of steel.

One of the amazing features of the Association's propaganda and plan is the disposition of the American Navy, the ships of which they have located, attacked and destroyed with the utmost ease (on paper). Take for instance our battleship *Georgia*, so powerful in her death dealing strength that even the strongest would fear her. But not so with the Japanese National Defense Association. In the estimation of these gentlemen the *Georgia* was just a toy and easily vanquished by the little yellow men. This magnificent man-of-war, proudly and fearlessly floating the stars and stripes, and manned by a picked crew of officers and men met with shameful defeat in her first battle with the valorous yellow men. The ease with which these mighty people wiped up the earth with our inferior forces, cowered, conquered and occupied America, is without doubt, the most amazing piece of fictitious prophecy ever recorded. There has been nothing to equal it since Moses inscribed the story of parting the waters of the Red Sea that his fleeing slaves might escape the wrath of their masters. The climax comes with the signing of the treaty of peace, dictated by victorious Japan, the terms of which are enough to shame and disgust any warm-blooded American, or cause any Japanese coolie to consider himself a world conqueror.

Then the Association's writer works on the love-bubble of Japan's brawny men. They tell

the men that the Americans are jealous of them, especially the Californians. Japs are pictured as very alluring to American women, and are assured that these women would make fine mates for the brave sons of Nippon.

On such as this are PATRIOTS fed. The war has been fought to the everlasting glory and honor of Japan and the lasting disgrace and humiliation of America, which has been invaded and its wonderful wealth and women apportioned as spoils to the victors. But this is the stuff that has been handed out to the masses always to raise their patriotism to the blood-letting point, and Japan is only copying the methods that have been so successful with her more civilized (?) neighbors. It seems that a people who can be influenced and led to war by a group of war-crazed teachers of falsehood deserve the hell into which they are plunged.

THE ASS THAT TALKED.

In days of old when mules were scarce
And asses were scarcer still;
When one ass spoke t'was thought a farce,
It filled the world with thrill.

There are freak asses, as sure as *Mike*;
One brayed in old Japan,
The fool asses all want to fight,
To defend their native land.

When big asses with pomp and pride
Blurt out their warlike neigh,
Those little asses in him confide
And prance and strut and bray.

This old ass with conscience seared,
With a hide as tough as hell;
Shouts in voice with sword and beard,
Tells of the mules that fell

In battle, under his command,
Of glorious victories won,
Of armies that can never stand
The fire of Jap's big gun.

Then the animals cannot see
The scheme of this old bait,
Know not of what there is to be,
Their danger nor their fate.

Now may I venture to command,
With me you should agree,
Peacefully rest in your native land:
Meet not AMERICA, on land or sea.

THE SEARCHLIGHT TURNED ON.

In the January number of the 1916 *Illustrated World*, there is an article by Baily Millard: WHAT IS THERE IN THE OCCULT?

He says;— when out of all the mass of chicaney, charlantry, and Humbug as to fortune telling, mind reading, and the like, there emerges something that apparently proves psychic power in human beings; it is seized upon by the friends of the occult, and flaunted in the faces of the skeptical.

Nothing in the psychic they cry triumphantly: look at this;— what did I tell you! Then in order to establish evidence of the existence of psycholgy, of the human soul, he relates incidents all of which are important and should help to establish the confidence of those who are in search of scientific knowledge; only the very ordinary things referred to, yet there is enough to it to convince the reader that Mr. Millard, might give to the world, something that it needs, and would make interesting reading.

Mr. Millard acknowledges that he is just a layman. There *are* laymen who have stored away in a rusty brain cell hidden secrets that the world would like

to know about. But how cautious, how careful we must tread.

We will take it for granted that there are two classes of individual. One in search of facts, and scientific knowledge, the other in search of evidence that will contradict, whatever force in nature, that looms up to combat with dogma and anything out of the ordinary is sign of trickery, and dishonesty.

The fact that a man is connected with a society of Scientific Research, proves or disproves nothing; especially when it comes to dealing with those who are possessed with phenomenal power who converse with the dead.

If Mr. Millard is blessed with that power, he is qualified to handle the subject. If he lacks the phenomenon, he can only give the experience of others, and has no intelligent understanding of that he would have the reader know.

And I only have to deal with the case of Mr. Kellogg and his statement that he had been for twenty years in search of an honest medium, and is still searching — to prove that only those who are qualified to handle the subject are those who are possessed with the psychic power.

Let us learn how much there is in the statement of Mr. Kellogg. If it is a truth that he has searched for twenty years for an honest medium, and is still searching, and we know of thousands whose qualifications are as good to judge whether or not — all who are possessed with phenomenon powers are dishonest as that of Mr. Kellogg, who in the space of a few years through their investigation have gathered evidence and through their knowledge and experience are converted to the truth of the

phenomenon must discredit Mr. Kellogg's qualification and method of research.

Was he inclined to be fair with himself and the public he might visit one of the several honest mediums who could be found within only a few hours' ride of his home.

One Mrs. Elizabeth Blake, of Proctorville, Ohio, for example, where he might converse with departed friends and recognize voices.

Did he condescend to visit a campmeeting where the Reverend Sam Jones in his day preached to his people, it would be interesting to Mr. Kellogg to hear that deep musical voice again.

To me the witty sayings of Sam Jones and the ghosts of my dear friends are interesting and helpful, and I covet their association,—but I never go to a graveyard or look behind a tombstone to find them.

Twenty years in search of an honest medium! Why should a medium be dishonest? The fact that anyone claiming phenomenon power resort to fakery, is evidence that he is not possessed with phenomenon power.

Those claiming to have discovered evidences that mediums work sorcery, sleight of hand, Ventriloquism, and Magic Wand exposes their lack of knowledge as to what a medium in reality is. We contradict his statement,—we would prefer to say that there are no dishonest mediums.

If that society has offered a reward of five thousand dollars to anyone with mind reading power who will tell him the number of Oranges that he will place behind his back—I cannot understand why some one has not claimed the reward; neither

can I understand why it would be a greater mystery to tell how many Oranges was placed behind my back than it would be to tell how many people are in a room, how many children, how they are dressed, how many eggs in the incubator or under the hen, the amount and date of notes, the amount of interest, and a thousand other things of greater importance. I would not care to make a trip to New York at my expense to test out his orange proposition, for I would be as suspicious of fake oranges as I would any other fake business.

The London society would have us believe that to make sure of getting water when you dig a well we should find someone with phenomenon power who with a willow stick or a rod, walk over the lot where the well is to be dug, look wise, and one end will drop where the well should be dug.

We are willing to confess that would be better than digging a deep hole and getting no water.

I remember when I was a boy seeing my Uncle Tom walking over the yard with a willow stick balanced across his finger and the well was dug where it tilted and we found water; our neighbor dug a well without the test, a foolish thing to do, but as luck would have it, he also found water.

When I grew up I lost confidence in that willow switch business, my father says, who, by the way, is a ghost now, that I grew away from the willow and hickory switch.

The London Society may be composed of great men of science, whose word is law in the world of psychic, but in my opinion it will in time outgrow the willow switch.

It would be unfair to suppose that Europe would

believe in a reasonable phenomenon until they have advanced in the evolution of intelligence and civilization to where they will find a more reasonable, economical and humane way to settle disputes than by the destruction of wealth and the slaughter of her young and healthy sons.

Then as to the phenomenon of apparition. What was the conclusion? that between death and apparition of a dying person a connection exists that is not due to chance?

Of course this accounts for, and establishes the phenomenon of ghosts.

For the consolation of our dear friends who believe in ghosts; the cloud that shrouded your honest soul in a deep mystery and shut out your vision from the awful depths of eternity, is brushed away, and you can conceive of why it is that you see your friends' ghosts just before, or just about the time of their death.

Where, then, is the consoling thought do you ask? I frankly confess that I do not know, unless it is that the soul of your loved ones is cut off from earth and there are no people with medium power who receive messages from the dead, that the dead will not come back to earth meddling in our affairs, that we will not be tormented with our friends beyond the grave.

It is the general conclusion that old abandoned houses are natural haunts for ghosts. There are houses in every section of the country where the rental value has depreciated because a ghost has taken possession and people don't enjoy their peculiar pranks and innocent jokes.

A Mr. French Canfield, formerly of Elkins, W. Va.,

now living at Irvington, Alabama, was telling how it was believed that a certain man that he knew had murdered his wife and child, and of how a woman would scream, and strange noises heard, around the old house. While I could not believe that ghosts visit abandoned houses, the story interested me, as I was impressed with his earnestness, knowing something of his character; we decided to see what we could do toward finding out the facts. The supposed murdered woman was called for. And when we were in touch with the murdered woman, she described an old log house that she was killed in, instead of a frame where it was believed she was killed, and that the child had been dashed on the floor, or against the wall in the frame house and killed, and that the bodies were burned into ashes on heavy log heaps, which corroborated with the suspicion, except mother and child were believed had met death in the frame house.

And as to the story about ghosts visiting abandoned houses, she said was imaginary. Departed friends could, and do visit the earth through medium power, but do not visit graveyards, nor lonesome places; that they come to earth to get in touch with people and to help them know the truth, — to instruct and advise, and that ghosts are the imagination of the brain.

Dr. J. H. Hyslop's decision that mind reading belongs to spirits, and since it is known to a certainty that they do know every thought of the brain when in touch with that brain and no theory has ever disproved the claim.

And we believe Prof. Hyslop to be one of the most reliable as well as the best qualified, has had a wide

experience in the investigation of mediums, I, though a layman in the Occult World, believe his judgment more worthy the consideration of those in search of scientific knowledge than incompetent and prejudiced critics.

FOR THOSE WHO WOULD PREFER TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS: I recommend that they test the congeniality of their association. If you find them intelligent, instructive and honest, I fail to find a reasonable excuse for showing them a cold shoulder or treating them with disrespect. Shall I close the door of my heart against them? Why not offer them the best seat in the parlor, buy for them the best cigars, and give them the best of everything that we have? Continue your search for them around old dilapidated houses and graveyards, — when you have found a ghost stay with it, sleep with it, in that old house, and in the cemetery.

What is a ghost? Nobody knows; Webster says to haunt with an apparition. Webster didn't know much about ghosts, but he knew that other people did, and he based his definition on this.

GHOSTS AND SUPERSTITION ARE GOOD FRIENDS.

I would like to have superstition dig down into a grave, find a dead body, kiss and caress it, thump it and roll it around, until it shows signs of life, lift up its head and talks with you, you will have a real

Spartan Press, 1265, Gal. ,12 0-15-10 McMahan interesting experience, with considerable romance in it, worth giving out to the world.

But if it makes no sign of life, displays no intelligence,— if it is stubborn, acts sick, and refuses to talk with you, what then, will be your decision? Will you conclude that it is just sleeping — waiting for the day of judgment? Suppose something that has the power to display intelligence, and humor, whispers in your ear some new thought, like this. It might be a million years before Gabriel blows his trumpet. Would you not pity that sleeping soul, because of that million years of inactivity? Is that the sweet rest that we sing about? Would it not be better to say that is time lost? That is worse than nothing. **LET US MOVE ON IN THE REALM OF LIGHT AND EVOLUTION:**— if you fail to find in the ghost or dead body what you would like to know. If in all of your experiences through the journey of life you have not met up with anything in the spiritual realm, that appeared intelligent. If nothing except what you see with your natural eye has ever spoken to your soul, if what you know about eternity is what you have learned from cold unintelligible creeds, faiths and the dreams of primitive man, if what you have believed to be sacred lacks life and power to demonstrate activity and display intelligence in some way.

If it blackens your vision of the future, and associates your soul with devils and hell,— if it preaches to you about ghosts holy or unholy,— if it furnishes to you no direct and positive evidence of the whereabouts of your loved ones. Whether

it appears intelligent to your mind or not, I shall advise you to bury it, associate it with decayed flesh and dusty bones and find something that has life and power.

That something that can teach, that knows and talks, has the power of love, can sympathize, is educating, reasonable, and refuses to sleep the long and silent sleep of death. That says if you would aid in building an earthly heaven you should chain the false, and strangle that monster ignorance that grins in the face of truth.

THE MELTING POT STAFF.

The Melting Pot speaks of a *real* ghost, with long yellow curly hair that pulled out easy. It must have been captured in a cemetery or drug out of a morgue; judging from the way it was handled, it must have made a slip somewhere, for evidently it lost out with the Melting Pot Staff. It struck a live crew there, they must have discovered that it lacked life and intelligence, and the Melting Pot Crew, don't bother with anything that is deficient in mind, but even they are subject to error.

I admire their method of handling ghostly subjects, and whether this ghost deserved the cruel treatment that it received is a question.

Was this ghost a respectable ghost? Was it intelligent, or was it a dead ghost? The writer of that article must have decided in the negative, and

associated it with graveyards and old abandoned houses. And unless he is in a position to determine whether or not there are such things as ghosts, or spirits or a soul, I am sure that he could not define the psychology of the soul,— why should we have confidence in his judgment when it comes to a phenomenon that deals with man's future destiny, and is to settle a deep mystery that has for thousands of years, shrouded the world in a veil of darkness and flooded its rivers with human blood.

The situation is plain: the reporter must have undertaken to handle something that he couldn't manage, and instead of confessing that it was out of his line, that it was something that his mind could not conceive, he left the finger marks of ignorance, and made a trail that no man could follow with safety that leads nowhere.

Mediums have to deal with two worlds: The intelligence and truth of one — the superstition and ignorance of the other.

Knee pant reporters with gosling voices, old case hardened subjects with stiff beard, het in the furnace of prejudice,— good honest souls hammered on the anvil of creeds, doctrines, and faiths.

If thou hast discovered something through knowledge of science and natural law, we care not how, if it is helpful and you can back it up with evidence, let us have it. It is fair and just that you expect us to back our claims with evidence. And unless you are in a position to show knowledge of your subject we shall erase you from our memory so far as your judgment and advise is concerned.

And we would advise the critic to know his subject.

MY EARLY EXPERIENCES.

Since writing the first chapter of this awful book, entitled "Awful Thoughts," I have had so many interesting experiences it would be impossible to give them all to the world.

When I first discovered my medium power in the early period of my experiences, I did not see any visions.

As I gained in strength, the visions became very interesting, until I would see them almost every morning about the time I was waking. Some will say, "he is a dreamer." Everybody dreams, but they dream when they are asleep — having had several years' experience, I believe, I am able to discern the difference between the two. "Visions," are wonderfully impressive; and every one of them has a deep significance. I would prefer not to see them so often, as they place on me responsibility.

I do not see visions when I am asleep, sometimes I am in a trance and again I am wide awake.

There is as great a contrast in a vision and a dream as there are in a photograph and a person.

A vision is real — like life; voices are heard, which is the natural voice. If the first vision fails to impress me deeply — I will see it a second, or third time if necessary; if there is anything that I fail to understand, the interpreter who is usually the one causing the impression, is there to explain.

In my writing I have but little to do in selecting my subject; it is given me through a phenomenon power.

One vision will impress me with the wrong of race prejudice. The inhumanity of separating brother, sister, father and mother, in slavery time. The affection of the negro is as tender as it is with any other race of people. The folly of the "white man" driving the "black man" to do his bidding, and resorting to outlawery and mob rule, which exposes the brute spirit in man, and makes of him a lawless murderer, and a dangerous character.

• It is our duty to encourage education, which is the only safe remedy for this insane spirit.

How the Music and Song Is Conveyed To Me Through An Unseen Power:

On one Sunday morning, about six o'clock, in my wanderings through a strange land, that resembled a lumber district, I seen and heard a man singing and playing on a violin. I was touched by the soft strains of music that were sweeter, than any I had ever heard produced by a violin.

The poetry also touched my soul, because it told of this man's sadness, who had strayed away from loved ones and home; and of how in a pinch of want, he had been forced to violate some law or code, and forced to hide away from the thorny hand of law.

His sad heart and anxiety mingled with fear and love — that told of his situation, and that of hundreds of thousands of other men who had been made outlaws, in the sight of the law because of the inequality and evils in society.

The impression was strong enough that I remembered the tune and the poetry and with the assistance of my mother, and John A. Burner, I am able to place the song, "Memories Of The Past," before the public — my affidavit will appear on the

cover. At another time, I heard music apparently played by a banjo and mandolin.

I remembered all that I heard but because the song was not complete, I became careless and a few weeks later I heard the same music again; the first part of which was played on stringed instruments and the other half complete Band Music; this time the song was completed, so far as I know.

John Burner was a music teacher, who had passed over about two and a half years; he advised me to get a harp and learn to play the music, which I did, but could not remember it well enough to play it correctly, and place every note in its proper place; with his assistance I learned to play the song — which is also in the hands of the publisher.

My affidavit will also appear on the cover of this song, which is entitled, "Joshua's Sun." The Poetry and Title was taught me by Rev. Dr. Walker; who was one of the leading spirits in the Baptist Church and is supposed to have died in Huntington, W. Va. The Church lost this good man, because of its lack of knowledge, of natural law,—over-confidence in the sacredness of Ancient History. And while I did not know of him until he spoke to me at a night circle at Mrs. Blake's,—since then he has been one of my most competent advisors. And the Church's loss was my gain. What is true in this illustration, is also true with other denominations. I believe I have more advisors among the Church people than I have among non-church people.

I am also certain about their rationalism, and the superior strength of the spirit mind, and while others may feel doubtful — about the welfare of men like Dr. Walker, I have a way of knowing

that it is well with them, and gets better all the time,— and if they are in hell I would like to be there with them when my work is ended on earth.

The following message was given to David E. McQuain, who has for the past few years resided in Huntington, W. Va.

THE MESSAGE.

This is Brother Walker talking. I want you to deliver this message to Brother _____ for me as I was very much interested in him in the earthly body, and am still interested in him.

I know he wonders why I do not speak to him. But he has not the gift. You ask him if he has the gift of healing. All do not have the same gift. He is a doubter, but an honest one. Tell him when he comes to pass over, he will see things different like I did. Now he believes the word, you ask him what about the apostles on the day of pentecost when they were all with one accord in one place; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit — and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Tell him when I left the body all was dark in the room — and I went through the water which purified from the earth to Spirit conditions. A light was held for me to cross the river — and I will hold the light for him.

WHAT IS THE BANNER OF CHRIST, IS IT THIS?

A Christian gentleman said, I am pained because of your reckless attack on the Bible and the Christian

faith. He says, Are you so blind and depraved in nature, that you can not see the progress in civilization? How any man could deny the Christian Religion since the banner of our Lord Jesus, waving triumphantly wherever the Gospel is preached, I can not conceive. Since the Gospel of Christ and the true religion is being preached by the missions of civilized nations, to the heathen—people are not worshiping idols of wood and stone, nor killing one another.

And there have been men of large caliber, thundered their infidelity on the Christian Religion, whose influence is no longer feared nor felt. Can you not find a more sane course to pursue, in order to establish the phenomenon of spiritualism?

My friend, the return of the spirit, establishes itself. But it can neither communicate nor reason with the powers of darkness and prejudice. Tonight I am writing by oil light; I am thankful that it is not a pine torch or a tallow candle.

When I am in the city I appreciate the bright electric light and I would like to have our little brown cottage out in the pines, lighted by electricity. When I was here three years ago, I drove a horse that I called Ginger. He was dangerous, but because he would take me to the station five miles away in thirty minutes and not tire I loved him and because I gave him the rein and treated him decent he loved me. Now I drive a Regal automobile and make the same distance in ten and fifteen minutes. I wish there were more Edisons and we admire the man who invented the Gas Engine. The high wheel locomotive, the steam boat, steel cars, and the ships that face the storms and plow the briny deep. Do

you not have more confidence in the sanity of the Edisons and men of science than did your forefathers? Do you know that the man who gave to the world the first steam boat, was thought insane? The man that harnessed electricity and predicted that man would converse with man at a distance of a thousand miles over a wire was thought a fit subject for the lunatic Asylum. Some of us thought it was wicked to talk about drawing electricity from the clouds and harnessing the lightning.

Where did those men of genius find their inspiration? I do not believe that any man was ever inspired or helped to do great things by reading the bible. The man of genius has not had the encouragement that he should have had, and our government has done but little to help the inventor. Thousands have given up hope and died in poverty, because they did not have the means to complete the undertaking that might have proved a blessing to the world. And I am admonished and told that when people accept the Christian faith they become docile and stop killing one another. Are you sure that statement is correct, my friend?

Why not work in Europe a while longer, and preach double doses in some of these civilized people?

The people may not be kissing the feet and images of old warriors, but had they not as well worship stone gods and be kissing the toe of some monster, as to be falling on their faces and crying, pleading and begging, to something that no mortal man has ever seen or heard?

As to the phenomenon of spiritualism, that was established before I knew anything about the phenomenon. And as to the phenomenon of

mediums, that is a reality, a beautiful truth, that need not hide under a cloak, and is going to correct all the evils in society.

In this book that you would have me believe is the word of God, in which is recorded the fundamental principles of your faith and religion I read where Christ said: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

And many other blessed sayings; then we read in the 10th Chapter of St. Matthew, where it is claimed that the same man said: Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set man at variance against his father, and the daughter against the mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and the man's foes shall be those of his own household. The writer caused him to say, He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me: and what I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops; and fear not them which kill the body; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

I have a strong reason to believe that a good man Jesus, lived in the first century, who was abused; the history of whom is incorrect; who was killed by a howling mob, but not crucified; never uttered the language; nor done the things that he has been accused of.

WHO ARE THE MEEK THAT INHERITED THE EARTH? Not the laborers, the producers of

wealth, the widow and mothers whose husbands and sons have been crushed in the mines and slaughtered in the mills of greed and profit. In your religious delirium, you preach that the time for this and that passage of holy scripture to be fulfilled is just at hand.

This yell has been ringing in the ears of the misguided people for hundreds of years. Now we plead with you to use your influence with the master. Ask him to speed the time when the masters of earth will complete the slaughter. Tell him that the Kings and the money lords, and the men who have robbed the meek of their portion of earth, have turned a deaf ear to the cries of oppressed and would make obedient slaves by reducing to poverty all men and women who are so unfortunate as to be so situated that they are forced to sell the muscle or brain to the masters of earth in order to sustain life. If it was he who sent the sword, plead with him to take it away. If it was he who set at variance and caused disputes between father and mother, son and daughter, husband and wife, kings and presidents, ask him, the Christian God, if the reign of hell should not cease. Ask him to restore peace on earth.

In the light of reason and rationalism — would you indict this splendid man by declaring the Jewish bibliolatry to be the word of God? Fear not those who kill the body, but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

“How glorious, How consoling” is the language of this paragraph. What does it mean? That we must believe and obey the doctrines; the propagandists of the bible, or lose your soul?

An appropriate text to preach from, if you think it right to excite and scare children — when you preach the sermon, I would like for you to extend to me the invitation, to visit your city and grant to me the privilege to teach to the matured minds from the same text from your pulpit.

And I will prove to the people that the doctrine that you teach is “dangerous” and is not true.

I am admonished by the civil heads for my recklessness. Can not see why I am so blind and depraved in nature.

Fear and stay on your knees lest he send on you calamity. Are we fools who do not see in the Christians' God the only hope for eternal life? Was it the son of Joseph who taught that poverty is a blessing? That this good man supplies the wants of the needy — answers prayer — then turn a deaf ear to millions of cries and prayers — and then expect us to wait patiently for the time when he will through his ominotence end the hells of earth. Please answer me.

THE THEORY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

Was, The earth was flat and the sky was a solid dome above it — the sun revolved around the earth to give heat and the Moon revolved around the earth to give light by night. God created the Stars for lights, for man's special purpose.

And he did it all in a few days by word of mouth.

The center of the universe was the earth; and those who denied that theory was an Infidel — and was in danger of being murdered, tortured in Shackles or burned at the stake. Modern thinkers do not believe in the early Christian's theory.

God also created the one universe, the System and the Solar System, and all there was and is. God, called the Heavenly Father, was all-wise, all powerful and is revealed to us in the Scriptures, as the great Omnipotent.

It has since become known that there are considerable more of the Universe as revealed by science.

It is believed now there are numerous suns. Our Planet is only one of eight, which revolve around the Sun. There is probably millions of solar systems, each containing millions of solar systems. Our Sun's diameter is a hundred and eight times that of the earth; it revolves at a speed of about four thousand miles an hour.

Mercury's distance from the Sun, is approximately thirty-six million miles; Venus, sixty-seven million miles, the Earth ninety-three million miles; Mars a hundred and forty-one million miles; Jupiter, four hundred and eighty-three million miles; Saturn, eight hundred and eighty-six million miles; Uranus, a thousand seven hundred and eighty-two million miles; Neptune, two thousand seven hundred and ninety-two million miles.

The distance from the earth, to the nearest star is about four light years; light travels, at a hundred and eighty-two thousand miles per second, and would be four years reaching the earth.

As to the number of stars, no one can even guess.

This is only a hint, at the unexplorable mysteries in nature. And yet, it is claimed by the Bible Writers, that this insignificant God that has been portrayed to us, did all this in a few days.

My Christian friends and my enemies will say this is evidence of a God. That no intelligence less than God could do these wonderful things. I claim that it *disproves* the theory of the Christians' God. Could the Moses burning bush God have done this? The reason that the bible writers tell us nothing about this magnificent, grand and glorious system and solar systems, is because they had no way of knowing anything about them. Had they had some knowledge of this wonderful inexplorable phenomenon in nature, they would have wrote that God made them, by word of mouth, and that God told them to write it down in a book, and the confusion would have been greater.

Let us look into this God theory that the Bible tells us about:—What about him? Read the following passages of Scripture and ask your reason if a God like the Christians have pictured to us, driving, scaring and threatening; favoring a part of the people and cursing the other, had anything to do with the making of this wonderful creation.

COMMENT AND REASON.

Deuteronomy Chapter 28:— The Lord shall smite thee with a consumption, and with a fever, and with inflammation, with an extreme burning, and with

a sword, and with blasting and with mildew. Is this the portraying of the character and the disposition of the Christians' God? A God "with a capacity for cursing, we neither fear nor respect." The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thyne enemies. A revengeful spirit we hate.

Thy carcass shall be meat unto the fowls of the air and unto the beasts of the field, and no man shall fray them away. We hate a "God" that will pollute the air with the stench of the children of men, and then guard to make sure that their carcass shall be devoured by the fowls of the air and the wild beasts.

The Lord will smite thee with botch of Egypt and with emrods, and with the scab and with the itch whereof thou canst not be healed.

This portrays a character so loathsome and dangerous that he is not fit to look upon our cities as corrupt as they are. The Lord will smite thee with madness and blindness and astonishment of heart. IS there a Devil or a demon even though he had the power to do so — so depraved in nature who would execute the fiendish threats of this war God?

So that the man that is tender among you and very delicate his eyes shall be evil toward his brother and toward the wife of his bosom and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave, — for a fire is kindled in mine anger and shall burn in the lowest hell. Is this the God that you would have me pray to? I would not so much as remove my hat in his presence. I would not have my brothers and sisters bow a knee in any "church" where such a monster "is enthroned."

I will spend mine arrows upon them, they shall be burnt with hunger and devoured with burning heat and with bitter destruction. I will also send the beasts with teeth upon them with the poison serpents of the dust. The sword without and terror within shall destroy both the young man and the Virgin, the suckling also with the man of gray hair. Then a quotation of the Bible; it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Then have some noted Artist paint a picture of this "monster," that the Bible "writers" have portrayed to us, and hang it in your Library, and in the institutions of "education," and in the halls of "science." And we will teach "this generation" to neither "worship nor fear" this phantom and they will learn to hate and look upon him with scorn, and the "church" may discontinue their worship of this horrible nightmare.

Praying is right thinking; it is appealing to one's manhood; it is talking to the soul; you appeal to the God in you; we may not speak a word when we pray; we can pray with ourself, but we can't "pray for other people"; to pray for our friends in public, where the public hear our pathetic plea for the poor lost sinner — sympathize with them in their weakness, does no good, and belittles them in the estimation of thinking people. To beg God, "for what by nature we are entitled to, is an *insult* to an intelligent Supreme Being."

No intelligent being would expect puny mortal man, to so much as thank him when it rains, after a long dry spell, or to bless his name when the crops are all drowned out by too much rain. Such a God as pictured by the Bible writers, never existed.

The bunglesome blunders as he is credited with, has made of him a fiend and proves that he is not qualified to do the things that is claimed for him.

MORE ABOUT GHOSTS.

Some people might go into a room where a seance is being held and hear the voice of loved ones whom they suppose dead, witness the moving of objects, musical instruments, leave the stand, float in air and cause strains of music, by some unseen power, they might rush from the room with a face as colorless as death. Look for secret closets, search adjoining rooms, and climb in the attic to catch the man that made a business of imitating the voice of the millions of dead. But if the same people should spy a Gypsy camp, where fakers could be found telling fortunes with the settlements of coffee grounds, or the lines in the hand they would cheerfully pay the price and patiently wait for the fortune that will be soon coming and argue with the postmaster about the letter that was to reach the office the following week.

It does seem like a hard task to undertake to convince some people that there are no ghosts, especially those who have been seeing them all their life. But people are learning that when a ghost is cornered it turns out to be a squeaking door, a loose plank, a chunk, stump or a cow with the spots in the wrong place. I knew a young man who hid in a

cemetery with two old fashioned skillet lids, and ground them together and on a dark night it sounded like all the skeletons in the graveyard gritting their teeth at the same time. I have made ghosts by cutting eyes and a mouth in a pumpkin, placing a light in it and swinging it so that it would move around. Some people may be telling about that ghost yet, and it has been twenty years since I cut the teeth in the last pumpkin.

Having taken an active part in their manufacture at one time, it would be hard for anybody to excite me with a ghost story, BECAUSE THERE ARE NO GHOSTS.

BUT I HAVE DISCOVERED A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH, NOT A THEORY. So that there can be no misunderstanding as to my position, — I will give a brief explanation of how I discovered the phenomenon. The first that I knew about it was about a year ago, when through the Medium powers of Mrs. Elizabeth Blake, of Proctorville, Ohio, I conversed with my father, mother, son and several other people that I knew and recognized.

Then I first learned to converse with departed friends through a code. Information received through the code is just as reliable as that received through any other method of communication.

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.

In the beginning of my experience, I could get results by sitting in the dark what some times seemed hours to me. The power was very weak. I was so elated and my interest so great that I encountered some experiences that the child would

in learning to walk. I might have been content, being a child, until I knew my alphabet. And if this apology is not satisfactory to the public it will have to wait further development.

Then everything became so real and lifelike, that it was like talking and associating with earthly friends, as I could talk with them through the code and by impression and through psychic writing. Then when I began to see visions and hear voices and learn music and songs through the power, I could no longer resist the influences that were thrown around me. I know who to consult nowadays in matters of importance.

Since our friends' description of their new heavenly home sounds reasonable and is in accord with nature I am more inclined to believe them right, and have sufficient reason to place more confidence in their judgment, as they are evidently more familiar with conditions in their sphere than is any fiction writer, and it grants to us the privilege of dismissing from our minds all creeds, isms, faiths, beliefs, and dogmas, takes away the doubts and fears, gamble, and speculation,—and while I feel that I have no moral right to contradict what they tell me, I shall write and speak out fearlessly whatever information that I receive worth giving out to the world.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

On the morning of May 18th, 1915, I seen something that impressed me deeply. In my rambling

in a strange country, I met with some people and two lions. The lions and people were mixed up together about like we would mix up with pet cats.

The lions looked dangerous to me — and I felt very much out of place in that society, and was afraid.

When one of the lions began to sniff around me, I became very much excited and spoke to the keeper in a commanding voice, to look after them dangerous brutes.

He placed his hand on the animals' heads with the intention to impress me of their gentleness; but when one of them placed its nose in my mother's face, and began to pull and chew at some part of her dress, I commanded the keeper again to take care and take no chance with the lions, and felt if my mother was injured I would take my revenge out on the keeper.

They seeing my fear and excitement, the lions sat down by the side of my mother, and smiled as pleasantly as a young lady when her best man was around. My mother smiled and I smiled. I was embarrassed and felt out of place.

This was intended to impress me with how much out of place I would be in that strange country if we could be kidnapped and rushed into that tame society before we had an opportunity to change our physical body and carnal mind; in other words, before we had time to dress or undress.

Our friends advise us that there are no animals in that faraway country; if there was, we would want to take our guns and knife with us, and the first thing we would want to do would be to start out killing. One writer has given an account of wars

over there, another speaks of the governments, another of libraries.

Can't we get away from the artificial: these claims are incorrect and misleading. If it's fiction why not compel the Author to state so, —instead of confusing the people.

We are not debating whether or not life of lower animals continue to exist after the death of the body, but we believe when our friends who are qualified to advise us, tell us that they are not associated with animals, the statement is correct. Life over there is gentle, there is nothing that we need fear, and everything gets a square deal.

Would not feed a family of children on the milk and butter from old Piny for fifteen years, then cut her throat and sell her for young steak to be cut up in slices and fried on a hot griddle — we will leave our gun and knife here.

I was also impressed with the wonderful physical strength of the people — that a man could crush the skull of a lion as easily as we would the head of a mouse.

I am advised that the strength of a man or a woman who have reached the higher spheres, is about two hundred and forty-seven times that of ours.

LETTER FROM BROTHER MATISON.

The following communication received from my brother, Matison Morris, whom I thought had died about fourteen years ago.

It was almost a year after the death of my body, before it began to dawn on me that some strange

phenomenon in nature, had brought about wonderful changes, that I could not understand. I knew what was going on around me, could see people moving around and talking as they did on earth. I could feel no pain, and my appetite for food and drink was supplied supernaturally. I was not happy, and felt an unpleasant and an uneasy feeling. I thought that I had died; in fact seemed to realize this from the time my spirit left the earthly body.

My feeble effort to think and solve a mystery that I could not understand, no doubt, aided me in gaining strength. This mystery, the people of earth possessed of a knowledge of science, can not fathom. Only the experienced know. And we are unable to explain. Our knowledge of natural law, compared with the knowledge of the best educated men of earth, is like comparing a mother's knowledge with that of a nursing babe.

As you are aware an attack of scarlet fever when I was a child left me deficient in some ways, deformed in body, my sight, speech and hearing was affected. At the beginning of the second year, I was entirely rational. How glad, how delighted I was to know that I had taken on a new body, and all my defects had been healed. There is nothing artificial over here.

We never forget anything. Spheres are measured by knowledge and knowledge is strength. Believing something without evidence or through faith, proves nothing and demonstrates weakness.

You might believe that through belief and faith in a certain doctrine you will shun a hell and gain a heaven. In fact all churches are founded on belief

and faith, that line of thought is childish. The bible propagators were more ignorant of the world's foundation than the people of this generation whose minds are open to reason and who have the courage to delve into the supposed mysteries in nature. The bible is a vague history, some of which is about correct, but that amounts to nothing—other history is *more* correct and the errors in the bible are many; it teaches a mythical foundation. It is believed by a part of the people that it has done a great good in the world, but instead it has done a great harm. It is not the word of God; the word of God is not recorded in any book. It is unfair to impose its doctrine on the people as a truth.

The theory of man's creation as taught by Christian believers, is not true; we have a way of knowing all truth. And we know an untruth as easy as we know a truth—and there is no need of people blindly groping in darkness as we can know your future as well as the past. The time is not far off when the people will know these mighty truths; when educational institutions will teach science and the protests of ignorance will have no weight. The people of earth speak of a spirit world. There is no such place as a spirit world. If we are not in Heaven, then, there is no Heaven. No abnormal baby that the bible writers imagined, had anything to do with the making of this beautiful and delightful place that we will term Heaven, the Home of the soul, by the consent of the Priest-preachers and Jonah teachers of earth.

You can kill the body, but you can't kill the soul! That is life: It is this intelligence that is giving to you this information through your phenomenal power!

Why waste time strewing flowers on the grave of your loved ones. Do all that you can to drive out superstition, and strew your flowers in the paths of the people of earth while they are alive. The bodies of our departed friends will never be resurrected. Heaven will never have any need for dead bodies, and that "Great Day" that you sing about will never come. *No judge.* We have no need of a Judge to pronounce sentences for the deeds done in the body: there is no power on earth, in Heaven or in hell that could remove or interfere with the people of Heaven. It is as natural for us to know this as it is to know any other truth.

The Judgment Day is an imagination that will never become real. If the Christians want it that way, don't worry about that, you have no time to waste around cemeteries; go right on teaching the truth, and when they talk to you about the sins of the body, ask what body. People should not care anything about what punishment is inflicted on their dead bones and decayed flesh.

The natural evolution that healed me and brought me to my mind gradually, is strengthening me, and leading me on and on; and supernatural knowledge gives us access to nature's library, and on natural evolution is founded Heaven and Earth, all the Systems and Solar Systems. When the people understand this mighty truth, the clouds of ignorance will disappear, and truth will become master and king.

WALTER MATISON MORRIS.

MESSAGES FROM HEAVEN.

The following message is from my son Ray, who died at Weston, W. Va., when he was a child, fifteen years ago. He says, I am speaking to you in my child voice, because you would not recognize my natural voice. I am seventeen years old, and according to your measurement of weight, I weigh about 135 pounds, and have a deep, heavy voice, and in the future I will speak to you in my natural voice.

This information is important, because it proves the theory of evolution, and in reality disproves universally established theories that the people of earth ought to know about.

Can you conceive of anything more delightful than to know that your loved ones whom you thought dead, are alive and through your power, converse with, laugh and joke with you, as they did when associated with you in the flesh — to know that it is well with them, and that you have for all time dismissed from your mind, false, foolish ideas, beliefs and doctrines?

How your soul rejoiced when you discovered this most beautiful truth, — and to know that you have the gamble of life taken away, and the future is no longer speculation and that you are in a position to do a wonderful work that is so badly needed in the world, it seems to me is all that any earthly mortal could expect.

We are glad that you have decided to teach the

truth. To know the truth and then be too cowardly to tell it to those who are in the dark would be a crime on your part.

It is this truth that is going to revolutionize the world's governments, and place it on a basis of facts. Most people believe we are just spirits; spirits could not exist without a body. Spirit don't have weight: just a spirit would not need to eat. We are people — but we don't have wings. You speak of a spirit world, and confuse matters and have things in horrible disorder. The question is often asked if we are in the spirit world, happy and content with our lot; we naturally agree with you, because you have suggested that your education has taught you that there is a spirit world and we don't volunteer to correct your error, but the people can learn the truth when their minds are trained to grasp it. You speak of a country, the home of the soul, with mansions, and sing of the city of the New Jerusalem, of rubies and diadems, and you probably have imagined a city with walls around it, with gates of pearl, paved streets, and other artificial arrangements. This imagination with primitive man, was not so unreasonable, but in this age you must not believe it because it is childish and is untrue.

Teach the people that this is a world called Heaven. That there are no Judges and Kings that they need fear. And the earth and Heaven and the system and solar systems are founded on natural law, and evolution.

EVOLUTION. Is the law of Heaven. Was it not true, I would have always remained a child. We have a natural sun, natural lakes of water,

the earth is carpeted with natural flowers, natural fruits, about five thousand different varieties of grapes, but there are never more than one variety growing on a vine.

Our principal diet is fruit. We have five hours of night every hundred hours. But it is never dark, and birds of wonderful beauty, and of more colors than you know anything about. There can never be sickness, pain nor death over here.

Many people will believe that what you are writing is a contradiction of the word of God.

Take no notice of that, no man has ever heard nor read the word of God and never will. The claim that Christ was the son of God is false. Write down these truths as you receive them and we will stand responsible and back your fight.

If we had no interest in the people of earth, we would not need to combat ignorance. Our interest is mutual. Because you are my father, is not the reason that we are working through you. It is because of your Phenomenon Powers, and your mind purged from superstition and falsehood, and your disposition to work for the adjustment of the wrongs, and the establishing of truth.

SAINT JOHN'S DREAMS IN REVELATIONS, OR FACTS, WHICH FOR YOU?

How many sermons have you heard preached from Revelations? Unless church going is one of

your hobbies, you may not have heard any. I at least hope you are familiar with the book of Revelations, if you are not there is danger of you being classed with Atheists and Infidels and denounced as a heathen;— if you are either, you must be a very bad man; — but it can be no less sacrilegious for the African to worship gods of stone and wood than for boasted and spoiled Christian nations to worship imaginary Gods. And the display of intelligence with one is as great as the other.

In Revelations it is thought that St. John has given a beautiful description of Heaven — and portrayed the excellent character and disposition of a loving heavenly father.

Now John, is saying to the seven churches of Asia, several things in sevens; he saw several funny things and says several funny things.

Beginning with the first chapter, which reads: the revelation of Jesus Christ which God gave unto him to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass.

And he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John. And in the third verse we are again warned that the time is at hand. The bible inventors have caused John to say that God says I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending saith the Lord.

At the time John says he heard and saw these things he was in the Isle called Patmos.

In the tenth verse he says I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice as of a trumpet, Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou sees't write in a

book. And send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; then he says, I turned to see the voice which spake with me, and being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks, one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

His head and his hairs was white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as flames of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. John is describing what is supposed to be the Omnipotent, Son of Man. John must have been very much excited, for in the seventeenth verse he acknowledges that he fell at his feet like dead. And he says this man that slipped up behind him and yelled at him through a trumpet, and talked to him like bubbling water, with fiery eyes and metal feet, told him that he, this man, held the keys of hell and death; then John calls our attention to the several attractive promises, that this man that scared him so badly made to those who feared him and lived up to the teachings of the holy word, The promise that he made to the Woman Jezebel he would kill her children with death.

And that all the churches shall know that I am he who searcheth the reigns of the heart. And to he that overcometh and keepeth my word to the end — will I give power, over the nations. To others he promised precious stones, with strange names on them. Then he describes the beasts that he saw before the throne of God. As having eyes before and behind, one resembled a lion, one a calf, one a man, and one an eagle. And the beasts each had

six wings about them, and they were full of eyes within, and the beast was saying: holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

Then he saw a book in which was kept the record of those who believe the bible to be the word of God, and John wept because he found none worthy to open the book.

AH! What a humiliating, embarrassing position. In the presence of all those beautiful beasts, solemnly standing before the Throne of God. But, lo, and behold, a great warrior, a great, good man of God, he who believed whatever was written about Jahew, whether it was good or bad, right or wrong, whoever was the author. David is believed to have accepted it as the word of God, and his belief and faith combined with his war record qualified him to open the book. David's posterity: the slaughterer of mothers and children, the butcherer, was the only man found worthy to open the book and read.

Read again the description of St. John's and the Christian's Heaven in Revelations. In the light of reason: ask yourself these questions:

Who built the city of the New Jerusalem? What kind of material is used in its construction, and why were precious stones inlaid in the walls of the mansions; who mined the gold, and smelted it, shaped it in squares and paved the streets? Who built the walls around the city; for what purpose is the wall? What about the gates of pearl? Who carved the pearl and shaped, and hung the gates? In the light of reason would it not require an army of skilled laborers to do all this?

Would it not require a great army of bookkeepers to write down the names of this innumerable army

of Christian believers, and as many to erase the names from the books as we fall by the wayside, and deny and denounce the bible, as we become converted to reason and rationalism? In the light of reason, should we not expect that our friends who are carpenters and architects, and masons, and bookkeepers would have something to do with paving the streets, and the building of the mansions for occupancy, for those of us who keep the word and join the church and go to Sunday School, and pay the preacher, for thundering into our system every Sunday, this nightmare, and propounding the scriptures, that we might know, just why it was that those beasts had more than their share of wings, and so many eyes within and without, and honoring David for murder and massacre, and defending slave drivers, vindicating a group of men for their indecency and cruelty, because of the claims that it is written in the book that is wrongfully and ignorantly termed the word of an all wise and merciful God?

Is it any wonder that we believe in an artificial Heaven, and expect to walk the golden streets, wear crowns, play on golden harps, expecting to see a King and stand before a Judge, lounge in richly furnished parlors, play on pianos, drive automobiles, dress in linen, silk and satin? Is there anything strange about it that we have swallowed the whale and the beast's eyes, wings, hide and hair?

Believe in Miracles? Certainly. Believe in brimstone hells? Certainly. Believe the sun stood still for Joshua? Certainly. Why didn't he command the EARTH to stand? still Why, that's none of our business.

RACE DEGENERACY.

Mothers, you should hide away this chapter from your daughters, because it treats on a very delicate subject and exposes one of societies' pet evils and lifts the black curtain of secrecy and ignorance, and invites a peep into the dangerous abyss of race degeneracy.

I do not need to write about the danger and contagion of Smallpox, Scarlet Fever and Bubonic Plague. Their contamination is so feared that all civilized countries compel a rigid quarantine. Science has given to us an instrument which is knowledge, to combat disease.

"Smallpox," this once dreaded disease, through the medical profession and vaccination, has become so mild that the patient continues to eat his three meals a day during quarantine and the per cent of casualties, has been reduced to a minimum.

A man who would deliberately infect society with the scab and pus of Smallpox, would be liable to indictment and prosecution. When the rodent had hid behind a bunch of bananas without the consent of the captain of the ship, crossed the Gulf and made his escape in New Orleans, and spread the disease among the people of that coast city, there was great alarm and the excitement became intense. Experts were sent by the Government to advise and aid in the control of the plague.

The state and city officials issued a proclamation, declaring war on rats. Anyone who showed

symptoms of the plague under diagnosis were guarded, and the result was, the plague was wiped out, and the South may never permit another ocean freighter to drop anchor at her wharf until the boat is searched and the health of the crew looked into.

But in every city in the land, there are men, women, boys and girls in great number whose blood has become poisoned with disease so loathsome, that to speak the name, brings a blush of shame to the face of modesty.

Because of slack law and inefficiency of legislation, the false face of society, the humiliation in exposure, the vulgar mind, the innocence of some and the ignorance of Sexiology,—is a guarantee of race deterioration.

So long as there is no moral standard, whereby men, women, boys and girls can guard against unequal and improper marriage there will be a continuation of imbecile and deformed children, born at a dangerously increasing rate.

Religious societies and reformers, preach against the evils of the Red Light District, the continuous bombarding whiffs out the lights, the fallen girls are driven from place to place, the Divine and church, that forced them on the street, are not in the business of finding them homes and employment.

They have played their hand, when the girls were put on the bum. A sane or practical remedy has not been outlined and put into execution by the Religionists.

We are not excusing the Crimson Girl, yet how innocent is her crime of Commercialism compared

with the crime of bringing into the world, children deficient in body and mind and the part of the play that is responsible for *Race Degeneracy*.

If there was a National Law, better still an International Law, requiring men and women to undergo an examination and measure up to a healthy standard before they can be legally married and requiring medical doctors to report to the health department those whoever is detected with inoculating disease, there would be some hope for checking the nauseating cancer and healing the tainted blood.

But so long as the monster is secretly concealed in high and low society it will continue to feed on the vitality of the human race and its contamination will tell on this and coming generations, and we will become a people of Imbeciles and poisoned blood.

EUROPE'S DOUBLE STANDARD.

Europe's impotency will come first, because of her system of drafting and compelling the able-bodied young men to fight their wars.

And when we see mere children drilling and being trained and educated to fight America's future wars, we fear for the people of the United States.

The inconsistency of the theory of some noted scientists and writers to make no distinction between the lower and higher animal, life, is detected with regret by many who seem to better understand the

changes that are coming, and the readjustment of conditions. The big fish eat the small fish is true with the fish. It is also true in this sense of the word with people, — the strong conquer the weak.

Was it not true — the waters of earth would become thick and slimy with Fish, Sharks, Eels, Crocodiles, creeping and splashing life, that would make it impossible for a ship to cross the ocean.

Destroy the bird life and insects will take possession — destroy all vegetable life, feed on man's carcass, and drive mankind from the face of the earth. Kill no poison snakes for a generation and it would not be safe for man to venture in the fields and woods.

The finny tribe and insect life is no more intelligent, the instinct as extinct as it was six thousand years ago. And while we, by custom, environ and force of habit, have learned to look upon the destruction of life as a commercial proposition and a legitimate business,— the human family is being educated.

And while there was a family of twelve and fifteen with our grandfathers, there were ten or twelve children at our fathers' home and now the average family is five and the average will drop to four, three, two, and then one.

Then it will be a problem of populating the earth instead of depopulating and thinning out by wars and other destructive methods. It has come to this the greatest burden now rests with the poor and illiterate.

With them children come entirely too fast,— and their hardships and struggles are almost unbearable.

While with the rich, babies are few and it is the aristocracy that howls for wars. That spirit that

assails the motherhood and accuses her of unpatriotism because she don't take delight in caring for a large family and taking on herself the burdens and cares of motherhood, is unworthy the recognition of mothers.

Rest assured; that it is the average animal spirit that is counting on future wars;—and he might learn how to determine the sex of the unborn children and introduce a bill in Congress making it compulsory with mothers and fathers to raise and train boys for the army. Until we have found a way to improve the blood and strengthen the human race and to eliminate poverty—it is a **BLACK HANDED DAMNABLE CRIME** to make ourselves responsible for an unnecessary increase in childbirth.

We stand a better show in America — because we make a fair stagger toward electing men to high office by the voice of the people.

While in most European countries ruling offices are inherited. For centuries;—Europe has been ruled by heritage, and in the Royal Families, are evidence of tainted blood and insanity.

For a correct history of Europe's insane rulers, consult Dr. C. Astor Palmer and when you are familiar with the history, you can better understand why that country has run war mad.

Suppose an Imbecile should inherit the Kingship?

THE FLYING DEVIL.

Among the mean devices
 Conceived by human mind
 For meeting all the crises
 And keeping with the time.

Are battle planes and mistles,
Bombs, guns and gases, too
And devilish things that whistle
That kill for the devil's crew.

Things that chew, hiss and growl:
Throw slugs of iron and steel:
That sing and scream and howl
But none that think nor feel.

Flying squadrons float in air,
With darts and devilish things
With reckless passion kill and dare
Like devils on the wing.

We sneak around both night and day:
With firm intent to kill
The sick at prayer, the child at play:
A worldly pride to thrill.

But we dislike to waste our time
And money on small game:
But to do so is not a crime,
And kill it just the same.

'Tis devilish fun to shoot gases,
And hear those devils yell:
Who are fighting for the classes:
Just for the sake of hell.

And pump poison gases in their eye
And fill their heart with lead:
To torture men until they die
Then smash them on the head.

We throw our bombs near the trenches
Where those poor devils stay
Who contrived a scheme of barbed fences
That checked our march one day.

They strewed kinky, thorny wire
And took us on surprise;
Caught us knapping in thick of fire
Like devils in disguise.

Now who'd a thought men had a heart
To do such sneaking things
Since 'tis the game we'll do our part,
We'll shoot them on the wing.

We will cripple, cut and slay:
With Krupp and gattling gun:
And show war devils how to play
The game of war for fun.

And when it comes to pulling off
A howling glorious stunt
At our progress you dare not scoff—
We're *HELL* on a big man hunt.

And when it comes to a count of head
And measuring blood in pail,
By old hunters it is said
That's just what tells the tale.

But what the devil it's all about
There's dam few soldiers know:
I'm about all in for this old scout
I believe you think it's so.

But if you like to drink hot blood
 Don't you murmer—nor complain—
 We're going to have it understood
 You imps shall fight the game.

A bloody battle we fought today,
 With guillotine and gun
 One old lobster began to pray,
 I told the coward to run.

I'm tellin' you hell's no place to pray:
 For God's not foolin' around
 Such damnable sights as that today
 Where such as we are found.

Now when I cut the throats of steer
 Get hardened to the sight,
 At their bellerin' I did not keer,
 I thought the thing was right.

But gitten drunk at this damn game
 And Swimmen in the flood,
 I b'lev I'm mad less I'm insane
 At drinkin' human blood.

Now stop right thar; I'll get your goat
 For sure; you're thinkin' right:
 I learn you're with me in this war boat,
 And ready for the fight.

You fine people hatched this lie—
 That made a brute of me
 'Tis your old game; you can't deny:
 The subject you plainly see.

Don't feel fainty, don't be skeered,
 It's PATRIOTIC game;
 But some folks never keered
 For fight or manly fame.

What's that your caryen on that pole,
 You don't look good to me,
 I'll take this chance to send your soul
 To, to where it ought to be.

Hold captian, see this white flag?
 'Tis sure the flag of truce:
 I'm too hardened for that old gag,
 Such things I have no use.

In days gone by when folks were sane
 Such rags as that would do:
 This stage it's a different game—
 I'll shoot the darn thing through.

I'm here to say train loads of men
 And mothers on the sly:
 Are driven out o'er hill and fen,
 And left alone to die.

Your right old pal give me your hand:
 We've nothin' to fight about:
 I've no enemy, no home nor land,
 Weel' let em fight it out.

Stay your sword—less strike for peace:
 The world will plaud our scheme:
 Such as this grow with increase:
 I'm sick at this damn game.

A stranger
 comes with
 a flag of
 truce.

Truce man
 speaks in
 two first
 lines.

Truce man

Down goes my sword—less hear your plan
 See if the scheme will work:
 If twill' I'm with you heart and hand:
 I'm not the kind to shirk.

Truce man

There's nothin' to it, except to strike:
 Strike, all soldiers everywhere:
 I mean us chaps who do the fight
 To please the snappy cur.

Your' talken right, it shall be done
 Weel' have it all our way:
 We have the navy, sword and gun;
 And sure we'll have our day.

When all men
 lay down
 arms: the
 dawn of
 peace:

Kaiser king, and the lords of earth
 Are shocked with astonishing maze:
 A mad world smiles with new birth
 And—on a new—sun—we—gaze—

The millions
 refuse to
 obey.

FIGHT ON MY MEN AND WIN THE DAY:
 Was the authoritative stern command:
 Among the millions none dared obey
 For sure and we held the hand.

Just as I
 seen in a
 vision.

AH; the wealth destroyed blood was shed:
 That should have been preserved:
 I—see—millions of useless dead:
 And the folly they have served.

Seen them
 in a pool
 of blood.

Those poor souls must be in hell:
 I'm sure they are all insane:
 A sight like this no tongue can tell:
 I'm sorry and should feel ashame.

If they are
rewarded
it must be
here not
after death.

Heaven save us from such cruel fate:
They fight like fiends insane:
'Tis claimed was for the country sake
And pride and manly fame.

Just as I
seen it.

HORROR, HORROR, look how they splash,
In basins of red hot blood,
CAVALRY, ARMY, how mad they dash;
They swim in crimson flood.

But what do
we offer as a
compromise
with the dead.
Nothing that
we can say or
do will cool
the hot basin
of blood.

And on this earth all is well:
The reign of peace is begun:
And by the *strike* the devil fell
And *not*—by—sword—nor gun.

How dare you kaisers, lords and king
The people souls did sell:
Of your freedom dare to sing
When for the sake of hell.

You plunge the world in a pool of blood:
With false and foolish pride:
And in your Satanic insane mood,
A god: you claim for guide.

EXPLANATION.

When I had written the first sixteen verses^{of} of this poem I thought it was finished, but my spirit friends insisted that I continue.

I became careless about it and the next morning I seen the portrail of the horrors of the hell of war. Men in a state of insanity, wild eyed fighting in a lake of blood.

I saw armies and cavalry dashing madly through this lake of blood. Was I an artist, I could waste *years*—in an effort to portray the horrors of this scene. I hope to never see anything that resembles that gruesome picture.

I might have taken a longer rest, but no man with a soul could sleep who had been permitted to see and feel as I did.

Blood drenched soldiers by the thousands interceding with me to continue my fight to free the mad insane world.

I placed my fingers in my ears closed my eyes hoping to get away from that awful specter which added more horror and terror to the scene. Mothers and daughters by the hundreds came to me with tears rolling down their cheeks ringing their hands and pulling their hair pleading with me to continue my fight.

I sprang to the table, tears rolling down my face, picked up my pen and commenced to write, and the scene faded away.

And this is one of the reasons why I shall, in spite of protests from those of my friends who would discourage me, continue to write and talk and do what I can to tame the savage spirit in man's breast. Take the husbands, sons and fathers away from the battle-fields and give them back to the fair womanhood of this our native land who are entitled to our protection and the companionship of father, son and sweetheart.

THE CHIMPANZEE AND MAN.

EDUCATED MONKEYS.

'Tis said I am an old chimpanzee,
Said Peter so nice and proud:
Tricks I'll show you like to see
To amuse this gawking crowd.

Then his cycle he led around,
And shoved it to and fro:
Walked and stamped upon the ground,
Says, "Master, I'd like to know:

Is this darn thing propelled by steam?
Or will Peter have to tread,
And will I sit down in between
Those things you call the tread."

He gripped firmly the handle bar
And spun around the curve.
Of all the monkeys 'twas said, by far,
Old Peter had the nerve.

He sat straight up in his seat
And ped with all his might;
With this monkey none could compete,
His tricks were out of sight.

He sped it up a steep incline,
Then turned and rode it back;
For an amateur he sure was fine
At performance on the track.

Then Consul came and bowed his head:
 Dressed up just like we,
 Says, "Look how I this needle thread
 You folks that can not well see."

"Consul's had but little show,"
 Says Peter looking stern,
 "So many things he wants to know
 And tries so hard to learn."

But you folks who hate to see
 Our foreheads filling out,
 And with John Monkey can't agree,
 Don't know what you're about.

And if we put it good and strong,
 Go back to ancient day,
 You'll find this monkey not far wrong,
 When'er this monkey say.

That in the envolving of nature's hand
 When from some tiny mite,
 Came mamels, monkeys, then came man
 And put the cowards to flight.

OUR VENTURE ON THE SEA.

HOW THE CAPTAIN TOOK THE GIRL.

Ne'er shall I forget that sunny day
 When we strolled along the shore,
 Watched albatross and sea gull play,
 While the gulf we did explore.

The sea was smooth the air was clear,
The sun was warm and bright,
And for the venture we had no fear,
There was not a cloud in sight.

Sails were floating here and there
Proud ships were passing by,
And we were tempted to think it fair,
To take a little fly.

We seen the gulls floating around,
And courting on the sly,
Their echo had a cheerful sound:
We felt that we should try

To imitate those playful birds,
That floated on the sea,
That hovered around in numerous herds,
And seem to all agree.

And when we hailed a fine old ship
That now was passing through,
Old cap, smiled, and cap did tip,
To see what we would do.

We told the captain if he didn't care
We'd like to join his crowd.
"Reverse the engine; stop her there;"
He yelled so coarse and loud.

And when they had taken us atow,
They eyed us suspiciously:
They were curious then to know
If we were on a spree.

When we had told the story well,
Of our venture on the sea,
The captain smiled, but to it fell
And threw the blame on me.

Told the Captain I'd foot the bill
If he'd allow us to stay awhile:
He vowed it was against his will,
But he liked my friendly smile.

But the captain knew what made me smile
For smiling is not my game:
And he kept grinning all the while,
For him I felt ashamed.

But I discovered that it wasn't me
That the captain was interested in,
For it did not take me long to see
That the whiskers on his chin

Had received some bran new paint,
That made them look like new;
And his breath had a sweeter taint,
So said this little Lieu.

Then I watched him in disguise,
To see what he would do:
When he kissed her I was surprised,
And wondered to at Lieu.

One night we courted in the light of the moon
While sailing through the sound:
It was a delightful place to spoon,
When the *captain* wasn't around.

Then the day begin to break,
Down in that splashing sound,
Creeping monsters begin to wake
And whirl the water round,

Then when the porpoise began to play
And tumble o'er and o'er,
With seaman smile old cap would say,
"We're a hell of a way from shore."

Swell his chest and look so fine
And strong tobacco burn,
Fill the cup and pour the wine,
And say "you've hell-of-a-lot to learn."

And when I found he had the girl
Straight to the shore I went:
And when my head begin to whirl,
I knew what the captain meant.

A VISION OF LIGHT.

AS I SAW IT THROUGH A PHENOMENON POWER.

Long in the silent, sleeping night
When all the world seemed still,
There came to me a vision of light
That filled my soul with thrill.

I seen the world in steady pace,
Marching along the way.
Characteristic of the race,
When I to her did say.

This procession it seems to me,
Is traveling most by guess:
Most lonesome, it seems to me,
I'm willing to confess.

Now can't you see how I'm alone
Most of a different sphere,
No sweeter ending the sun ne'er shone,
And the way is smooth and clear.

She ventured closer to the brink,
Of a gulf that seemed so wide
And for a moment her heart did sink,
As she watched the ebbing tide.

Others ventured and took a peep,
While passing to and fro,
The way seemed dence, the water deep,
And danger in its flow.

Then as she watched the passersby,
With an intelligent smile
She seemed to grasp the reason why
Then waited for awhile.

A while ago, t'was hard for me
I could not see my way,
But now with you I must agree,
I then to her did say.

Reach me your trembling hand,
I need you in my life
This is my soul's command,
This is a friend's advise.

Then she wondered how it could be
And how I'd pave the way,
If she could cross this strange sea,
She felt that she could stay.

Then when she traveled with me awhile,
The debris cleared away:
Her heart was light, and in her smile,
Her soul to me would say.

While sailing down life's rocking sea
And drifting with the tide
I'll kiss the rose you gave to me
And stay right by your side.

Her beauty, inspired my soul,
She strewed flowers, along the way,
Helped its secret buds unfold,
And the barriers to burn away.

It is life wonderfully real:
To know the secret mind:
The passion of the heart to feel,
And leave the world behind.

For in its false, insane mood,
And ignorant myth and pride,
War and death we brood,
Our ship of state to guide.

And while she's rocking in her fright
 And plunging to and fro,
 We'll throw out a beacon light,
 And let the captian know.

If he would land the ship of state
 And save its beardless crew,
 To change its course ere 'tis too late
 The storms are beating through.

COMMENT ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
 LESSON.
 TURNING THE TABLET OVER.

For the benefit of those who are not in the habit of studying the Sunday School Lesson, as well as for the benefit of those who are in the habit of reading them, but who have never seen the other side of the subject; I have copied the International Lesson, as it was taught. (August 29, 1915.) It is expected that the lesson be accepted as facts, without any serious consideration,—as it is universally accepted as about correct by the churches.

We will take it for granted that you would like to buy a good sound horse with certain qualifications; or a good family cow. He must be a good driving horse and able to do the chores on the farm. Mr. Jones, a prominent man in your community, tells you that he has just the kind of an animal that you need.

Jones having the reputation of being honest,

truthful and reliable, expects everybody to accept his word as he is considered authority. Jones' price for the horse is Two Hundred Dollars. Says, "If you want the horse at that price, I will send him over."

Now if you believe in transacting business, according to business methods, you will say, "Jones — not that I have reason to doubt your honesty and judgment, but I make it a rule to test out everything before I enter into a contract."

Jones says, "Well, brother, that is all right, but you know that I wouldn't deceive you for the world." You will refuse Jones' offer till you have personally inspected the animal.

Then you discover that the horse has some bad blemishes — and you call Jones' attention to it; Jones says, "Now brother, I have not had the horse long; I bought the animal on the word of my neighbor Dolph, and supposed the animal to be sound."

Jones goes over to his neighbor and says, "Dolph, — I discovered some blemishes on the horse that I bought of you. You told me the animal was sound. I came near selling him to my neighbor on a guarantee, — but he came over, being a good judge of horses, called my attention to the blemish; I will return to you the horse, and would like you to give back the money that I paid you."

Dolph says, "Surely, you are mistaken about that, brother, the man that I bought the horse from told me that the horse was sound, and I have believed him to be a good honest Christian gentleman." And Dolph excuses himself on the ground that a man's eyes is his market.

If you are a shrewd business man, you will look

into all matters pertaining to business and religions before you write them all down in the memory of your mind, as facts.

Now let us turn the tablet over and see if we can discover anything worth considering on the other side. It is said we have had a sample of Kings, good and bad — and are not asked to consider the life of another King until the end of October.

Among the several Kings, the Christians have their favorites. All along, I have only dealt with those Kings and Rulers, universally acknowledged the Christians' favorites. Elijah and Elisha are the Christians' ideals.

Are to have seven lessons on Elijah and Elisha. I see the injustice in saddling these men off on the public as Christian Ideals and great men of God. I am anxious to have the people study the character of these Bible Heroes, in the light of reason.

If you will do this, with your mind purged from prejudice, in my opinion you have done a wise thing. Unless you are free to do this you will gain nothing by its study.

The majority of people would read the passages of Scripture that the Sunday School committee and the Church Propagators have referred to and conclude that these Bible Heroes' garments are clean and spotless; Yea, "as white as snow."

It is not so bad for the old iron shell, deep dyed in the wool, stand-patters; a musket ball would flatten, if fired against the thinking apparatus of some of those men, who have undergone the necessary operations in the hospitals of priest-craft and churchdom.

Some of them have had cut away everything

except their superstition and creed. It is a crime to take advantage of the young and tender, and deprive them of the privilege to reason and think for themselves. Since it is the young we hope to reach, we hope to attract attention, with an appropriate story, that I have read several times with much interest.

In the beginning of time; no one can even guess when that was;— we will suppose that it was a thousand thousand years ago. There was at that time one man. He was an extraordinary man. The first important work that he did was to make a world, the Sun, Stars and Moon. Now how do you school children think he did this? You answer, “he made them by word of mouth.” The next important work was to make man. How did he do that? (Answer) “out of the dust of the earth,” of course. Then he made a woman. All Sunday School children know how that trick was performed, that was easy you say. All that he would need to do, would be to rock the man to sleep, take from his side a rib, and mould it into a beautiful woman. It would be as impossible for a perfect God to err as it would be for man to interfere with the revolving machinery of the Universe.

Therefore, everything that God had anything to do with, would be perfect. Perfection can do nothing wrong. What a splendid foundation is that. But in spite of this, God, called our Heavenly Father, the father of the entire human race, soon began to have trouble in his own household.

This man, whose name was God, planted out an orchard and a garden of fruit and placed this man and woman in this beautiful Paradise to partake

of all its blessings — except for the fruit on a certain tree, he commanded them not to eat.

In disobedience to the command, they ate the fruit — it is said that they were commanded not to eat. Then the trouble begun. God was grieved because the first man and woman that he had made turned out bad. And he pronounced a curse on them and told them to leave. God's family began to multiply, some of his children he liked and some he did not; a part of them had been favored, had good treatment, and hundreds of thousands have had very bad treatment.

When things commenced to go wrong, he made threats against them so it is claimed — and they warred one nation against the other. God favored those whom he thought most worthy and capable. Prayer and obedience is the watchword. Whatever good his children is to receive, they must pray and beg for.

Through Elijah and Elisha, two of his servants and favorites, Israel must be established. The story runs:

Joshua, David and Moses, of uncompromising and ugly disposition in war,— God said to one of these prophets, Go and declare war. And he took down to the Brook Kishon four hundred and fifty Priests and had them slaughtered in cold blood.

To show that it pays to always be obedient, read here the story about Elisha, in the Second chapter of the Second Book of Kings. The Bible says, "And he went up from thence unto Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up thou bald head; Go up thou bald head.

And he turned back and looked on them and cursed them in the name of the Lord.

“And there came forth two she-bears out of the woods and tore forty and two children of them.” This is one of the beautiful Bible stories that I wanted to tell you.

Picture in your mind, those innocent children, playing in the suburbs of the city of their own home. Children are sometimes a little boisterous, and unless they have had good training, they are sometimes abrupt and rude. But there is no *harm* in children. We teach our children they are not to have their way about everything, — but we never punish them just for revenge.

They have a child’s mind. It would demonstrate a brute-like spirit in anyone who would punish a child for revenge.

How unthoughted is a child. Those children made a fatal blunder in their innocence, making impolite remarks about Elisha’s bald head, it cost them their life.

No doubt Elisha took the insult to heart, it is possible that the children’s parents influenced them to do this impolite thing, and that the grievance was well founded. If it is true that the children were torn and killed by the animals, it proves that if it was Elisha’s desire that this thing should take place, he was unmanly and a murderer at heart. It also shows that if God had anything to do with the murder of these children, he is a savage barbarian. But you have no way of knowing that it ever occurred. Unless those children were very small, just learning to talk and walk, many of them would have made their escape when they seen the bears tearing and killing their playmates.

The parents should have known better than to pitted little children against a hardened, tough, old man like Elisha.

That we may learn more about the character of Elisha, if the bible story is true, read the Third chapter in the Second Book of Kings, about the slaughter of the Moabites. You will question whether or not these Kings and Rulers were justifiable in the crime of killing.

According to the teaching of the Bible they are. But according to reason and mercy, and the humane side of the question, they are not. And here is another saying, "I am Gabriel; that stand in the presence of God." But that is not true.

A true man of God has to do only with God; take orders from him, and look to him alone for supplies. And notwithstanding the fact that the claim is made by millions of Christian believers, that God supplies their wants and cares for them, the thorough acid test burns out the life of the bible story.

The Reverend making the comment, might be honest about it, and it is expected that we accept the statement as the word of God, without any serious consideration of the other side, — and try to believe the story; we realize that those who deny, or undertake to disprove it in the estimation of the Christian teachers are Infidels, and bad men. The bible accuses God of saying, if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book. But the teachers tell you nothing about the thirteen books that they them-

selves take away. Namely, Esdras, Tobit, Judith, The Rest of Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Withe the Epistle of Jeremiah, The Song of the Three Children, The Story of Susannah, The Idol Bel and the Dragon, The Prayer of Manasses and The Maccabees. Yet the committee, who done this little piece of cutting out; many of them have passed over into the spheres of higher knowledge.

As to the ravens feeding Elijah; that could be possible, — if men could tramp through the hot sand, and over rough hills for forty years, undergo hardship and live on manna, without meat or any substantial diet.

The flour or meal barrel at the widow's home might have been empty; they are empty all over this land. Some will be filled and some will not. Some are Christian believers and some are not. What people believe has nothing to do with filling the flour barrel. Believing a thing whether it is true or not true, won't fill the meal barrel. It takes courage to beg your bread, and if you have friends who are able to help you, whether they are believers or not, if their heart is right they won't allow a poor widow to starve, especially, if they believe she is deserving. Faith, belief, or doctrines won't make people good or bad. It won't give to you a tender heart, nor take you to heaven. A man or woman that can't be gentle and manly or womanly without belief or faith in a Savior to die to redeem them from sin, are not made of the right kind of material.

There might have been a period of three years without rain; the brook might have been dry. It might have been God's plan to punish some tribe or nation of people.

People in that remote age, could believe that there was a God so childish and mean to do such undermining and wicked things. But we should not expect people at this age to believe that there is such a monster, as has been pictured to us fighting their wars. The earnest prayer of Elijah brought rain: Did it? If so, it proves one of the two strange and unreasonable characters.

If God did interfere with natural law, and dry up the streams, he did so to compel obedience through fear, and had some selfish motive in doing so, and not because of his love for the people. Otherwise, it is an acknowledgment that he withholds from a part of his people the necessities in nature, and grants blessings only to those who pray and plead and believe certain things, he is jealous and childish, and is not worthy to have bestowed on him the title of a God.

The claim that God withholds the necessities of life from any people, and favors any other class, or even had or ever will have anything to do with persuading one nation of people to exterminate the other, or inducing David — and other men to fight, punish or slaughter, any people for any cause whatever; is wrong and foolish and there never was nor never will be any evidence to prove the bible God ever existed. And if we had no stronger proof than our natural intelligence, *that the story is a fake*, that is all the evidence that we would ever need.

THE UNNECESSARY SACRIFICE.

But few know the danger and hardship of the life of a missionary.

Thousands of mission workers have suffered unnecessarily and sacrificed their life in their zeal and anxiety to preach what they believe to be the only true religion, to heathens in Africa and other foreign countries.

We give here an example of the folly of Christian Mission work in Africa and other Heathen Countries.

A company of European Mission Workers sailed for Africa. On the way over, they did not appear to encounter any danger unless it was while sailing the War Zone of the Nations that were then at war.

And when they had reached the foreign shore and were in the heathen land they read to the heathen from our bible, and preached to them about our God, told of his goodness and of how God loved the whole human family, of how he watched over the Christian, fed and clothed them: how the christian nations had advanced in the progress of civilization and enlightenment.

They preached about the bible wars and told how God gave victory to those of the rulers and kings who believed the word and loved and feared him, and of the curses and calamities that our God permitted the disobedient to fall heir to.

Those of the heathens who could read and reason wanted to know why a merciful God, who had promised to watch over and guard his children in storm, and feed them in famine, he who had made the world, and the Heavens, the Sun and millions of sparkling diamonds in the sky, could permit the slaughter of mothers and innocent children, and show signs of jealousy and display a spirit of savagery.

And the Missionary undertook to reason with

the patient seeker of truth as they do with the sinners in Europe and America.

But they found the heathen stubborn and the only hope to reach that black heart was to portray the danger of their calling down the wrath of a revengeful, jealous God.

And were told about God's wonderful love in giving his only son to be crucified on a cross, of how Christ was compelled to bear the weight of the cross, of how the nails were driven through his hands, and that in his struggle with death, cried, "My God! Why has thou forsaken me?" Of how he was buried in a grave and rose from the dead, ascended into heaven, of his promises to return again, and the heathen was in sympathy with the Christian in this one example,—but he discovered that there was something wrong,—and he saw contradictions in the Christian bible and in the teaching of the Missionary. He was sad when he was told of the crucifixion, of the two sinful men, one on the right, and one on the left of "The Son of God."

Then he said to the Christian teachers, "I have been a wicked man, I have been guilty of theft and robbery, and have shed the blood of a great many men, and women, and your God won't forgive me."

Then he was told that Christ said,— "I have not come to save the righteous, but the sinner."

That he said to the thief on the cross in the last awful moment of his life, "Thy faith hath made thee whole: this day thou shall be with me in paradise."

And the wicked murderer shook his head when he was told that the dying man on the cross had wasted his life, had been a bandit — and had not done anything during his life that God could look

upon with favor. Then the heathen thought, "How my life resembles that bad man."

Then he wanted to know if that was all the punishment that the robber had been given and if faith in God was all that was required to gain favor with the Christians.

They preached, "Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet They Shall Be As White As Snow."

And the heathen wanted to know what punishment was meted out to the sinner whom the Christian Religion condemned, and he was advised that they would be lost, and that God had prepared a hell of fire for the wicked.

Then he thought of the sinful men that he had sent to hell through his instruments of death.

He discovered in this doctrine weakness and injustice.

He told the Mission worker that he did not like the idea of going through so easy, and of those whom he had killed going to torment and being tormented in flames forever. And he was warned against the reckless denial of God's word that no man had authority to add or take away, one jot or tittle from the word, and that God would punish him for his carnal reasoning.

But the heathen was not a coward,—he had heard also about the dangerous character of the heathen's God, was also told of its power, but he was a doubter and nature had blessed him with more than ordinary reasoning power, so there was danger of him losing confidence in all Gods.

So he told the Missionary that the man that Christ had forgiven on the cross ought to be in hell.

And that he thought the doctrine they preached

was dangerous; that murderers and robbers would make bad neighbors; that the doctrine of hell might be accepted providing those who do the murdering and those who are responsible for the hells of earth are punished and permitted to serve their own sentences.

He said I am a bad man, but he despised the principle in man, who would spend his life in sin, in causing the unfortunate, weak and oppressed to suffer, enslaving mothers and children, then fall on their knees and beg to be forgiven and want to settle on such easy terms.

The heathen says, "I am too much of a man for that — I won't settle it that way. But I will sail for Europe; and when I return, I shall be glad to debate the subject with you."

On board the ship he discovered among the passengers a company of Missionaries returning to Europe, and talking glibly of their success among the poor heathen in Africa.

He saw them kneeling in groups and asking God to save the heathen. He heard them asking God, to save and bless the King.

While passing through the Mediterranean — they were chased by Torpedo Boats and Submarines — evidence on every hand of danger, and he wondered what part the Christian God would play. A torpedo struck her and amidst screams, prayers and curses, the ship went down in the sea, and among the fortunate who escaped death, was the African; the ignorant wicked wretch who had rejected God.

And when through hardship and struggle, the shore was reached he discovered a lone Missionary

kneeling on the earth, with the few who had been rescued from the catastrophe, giving thanks to the Christian's God and portraying his goodness, and mercy for showing his omnipotent hand.

The heathen was also thankful that he had escaped with his life, but being a heathen, he took no stock in the Christian's faith, and foolishly and stubbornly schemed and fought his way inland into the cities where the confusion was as wild as it was on the mad ocean. Here he detected in the manners and expression of the people fear, hatred, excitement, and there was a mad uproar wherever he went.

Dangerous bombs had fallen from Battle Planes, wrecking homes, and mutilating noncombatants. To this heathen it was a sickening sight to see mothers and children buried beneath falling walls, disembowled and heads torn from their bodies.

It was Sunday morning: Church bells were ringing and he was attracted by the silence of the factory, except the ones that manufactured munitions of war.

He followed the crowd and after persuasion with the Sexton and consultation with the Priest and Divine and Officers of the Churches of the different denominations, taking advantage of every opportunity from time to time, he was admitted in the doors of several churches. This gave him an opportunity to familiarize himself with the customs of the people. He noted that the disciplines and creeds differed, some stood, and others kneeled, in prayer. He said this is a matter of pride. They all prayed to the Jehovah God, and the Catholic prayed through the Pope, and mother Mary, and through confession to the Priest their sins were forgiven.

He was affected by the pathetic pleas to the war God for favors and for the exercise of his omnipotent power for victory over other warring nations.

When this people made headway by bullet and saber, the old reaper had given to them a rich harvest, special services were held and prayers went up to the "Great Jehovah," who sat on the "Great White Throne," and he was pleaded with to end the war and make it possible for their victory.

Then when he had had enough of this, he ventured in sight of the battleground where he could watch the devastation and desolation of battle.

He heard a continuous roar of gun, the rumble of wheels, the hand-to-hand clash of steel. And when the savage growl of death had ceased, and the clouds of black smoke had partly cleared away, he witnessed a sight that made him sick at heart.

He saw men mangled, flesh and bones scattered over the battleground — men praying and cursing, rising and falling, wallowing and tumbling over one another, seen the dead dumped in trenches by the thousands and when the sun shone hot and the flies began to swarm, a sickening stench polluted the air.

He had learned to pity humanity — and wished that he could do something to influence the world to see the crime of killing, and to tame the savage spirit in man's breast.

And the Christian's God he learned to hate, and he sailed for Africa.

When he was again with his people, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the Christian Mission workers.

And was advised that some of them had sailed for

America. There had been a terrible storm at sea, and the ship and all aboard was lost, and that the others had starved and died.

He inquired why his people allowed the Missionaries to starve. He told them that it was wicked to treat the Christians in this manner, that they should be punished for their crime.

That his visit to Europe had proven very profitable, he told them what he saw and heard about the shipwreck, the Christians' customs and habits, the destructive modern machinery employed in war, his visit to the scene of battle and of his conversion from heathenism; and his hatred for the heathen's as well as the Christian's God.

And then the more ignorant heathen told him of their surprise because the Missionaries had died. That the Missionaries prayed continuously and they did not know, but what the Christian's God was feeding and caring for them.

Then he told his people that he would persuade the African Government to destroy their Gods. That their Gods were no good, they were no more than a rough stone or a fallen tree, and the Christian's God was imaginary and to him a horrible "Nightmare and a Monster."

He told them that he would influence the African Government to enact compulsory educational laws.

And when they learn that "No God" has life nor power that "Natural Law" was the only basis on which man can safely build.

That reason and natural intelligence will develop the "God" in the breast of the African, and they then will become a great people and send Mission Workers to the civilized nations, and teach the world

that the Supreme Creator is the intelligence that surrounds the universe — which is the divine law — the God “that lives in the breast of the heathen, that becomes a part of man, when man becomes tame and through effort and a hungering for knowledge, evolution and education conforming with nature, will mean the destruction of fictitious gods. And this, and this alone:” will for all time silence the roar of the cannon, prepare the earth for the habitation of man, and make him worthy and useful here, and in the life in the great beyond.

THE LOST SAILOR.

Three Looks at Christ: Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: Isaiah, 45 and 22.

This was one of the greatest sermons ever preached from this text. This great preacher is not in the line with the ordinary preachers. He said, “first is the look of faith.”

There are two texts of scripture which would be well for us to have in mind: first, “mine eyes are toward the Lord that He may pluck my feet out of the net,” and the other is in vain, “A net spread before anything that has wings,” from which we learn if we are but living as God would have us live, looking constantly unto Him, we should not be entangled with the things of the world.

Second, the look that sanctifies. “Wherefore, seeing we are compassed with so great a cloud of

witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that does so easily beset us, and let us with patience run the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

Third, is the look that glorifies — the look that comparatively few people take, for our conversation is in Heaven, from whence we also look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. Phil. 3: 20. "Look to Jesus and thou shalt be saved." That touches the spirit. Look for Jesus, and thou shalt be sanctified, this reaches the soul; look for Jesus and thou shalt be glorified, this delivers the body from sin.

He says this is a very important truth, this return of the Master. One verse in every twenty-five of the New Testament speaks of his coming, and in Thess., one verse out of every three, speaks of his return. He closes the sermon with the following illustration.

"On the rocky coast of Wales, a company on shore were watching a ship go to pieces on the rocks. At last they descried clinging to the vessel, a single sailor. There was no chance to save him as no boat could live in the rough sea. They brought a speaking trumpet hoping to convey to him some message, and handed it to the old village preacher, who wondered what to say. He thought over his sermons, but could not think of anything he dared to utter at such a time. Raising the trumpet to his lips he shouted, 'Look to Jesus: can you hear?' And back came the faint answer almost drowned by the noise of the wind and wave, 'Aye, aye, sir.' Then as they watched and listened, some one exclaimed, 'he is singing.'

"And to their strained ears came over the waves the murmur of these lines:

'Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,'

And it thrilled them as they again heard,
'While the nearer waters roll,
While the temptest still is nigh"
Then fainter still

'Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.'

Fainter yet came the opening of the next verse:
'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.'

Then his frail hold on the vessel gave way, and the singer dropped into the sea. Those on shore said he passed to be with Jesus while singing that hymn."

I believe it was Sheldon who preached this sermon. There may have been better preachers, but I doubt it. I have read this sermon many times; I loved, and still love the man who preached it. I have given here what I believe to be the cream of the discourse. If mankind can be saved by faith, this sermon is sufficient. If faith will pave the road that leads from earth to Heaven, there would be no need of listening to other sermons, or of further investigation of the scripture, or worrying any longer about a hell or about the salvation of your soul.

"Three looks at Christ." This good man stamped this photograph in my brain, and I thought I saw Christ through faith, walking with the shipwrecked sailor, on that mad sea. I was taught to believe that through faith men could remove mountains, heal the lame and restore the sight to the blind.

One day my reason came to me, and in violation of the rule — against the advice of my elders, I turned the photograph over. And to my astonishment, I discovered that the Photograph had two faces. In the first I was only to see through a mist what the great man said could not be seen, felt nor heard, ONLY through faith.

But to me the second face portrayed a great mass of humanity fighting their way through an earthly hell. I saw them struggling against the weakness of the flesh, falling prey to disease, and combating with Old Reaper Death: I saw them falling on their knees, begging for mercy: I saw them trying to believe; know of them waiting and watching for almost two thousand years for his return.

Saw them watching and looking for a sign in the heavens; heard them crying and praying, facing streams of lead on the battlefield, starving in famine, wollowing in vermin and alleys of poverty, dying of cold and starvation; succumbing to disease because of overwork in factory; suffering hardships and abuse; heard them begging for food in the midst of plenty, shot down in labor wars. I was attracted by the pinched faces of factory girls, the young and tender, overburdened with responsibility that mould age in youth.

The poor deprived of education and pleasure, driven to crime through the pinch of want, the young women driven to the factory and into the great department stores, and from there to the bawdy-house or on the streets of the city, forced to sell her virtue because of insufficient wage. And men by the hundreds of thousands becoming millionaires at the cost of misery, and this is only a hint at the hideous face that the other side portrayed.

I heard the heads of the nations and the officers in war pleading with this same God for victory in battle: and when through some hundreds of thousands of lives of brave men were slaughtered and crippled, they felt that this same God had guided and given them victory.

I saw men sitting in their richly furnished homes in the city, drinking wine, making elaborate banquets that cost thousands of dollars, far away from the scene of battle, yet reaping rich harvests at the expense of the unfortunate and the sacrifice of the blood of men who fight the battles of earth. Building churches at cost of half a million dollars, complimenting the Sunday sermon but taking no notice of the poverty and misery at their door.

The poor sailor might have sang that song, yet it counted for nothing, for he was lost in the rough sea. That was a sad picture. A man looking and listening for something to save him, he needed help; a preacher standing on the bank, safe from the mad dashes of a stormy sea, shouting to him to look for something that he could not see nor hear, — that something which in nineteen hundred years has never prevented the wreck of a ship, fed a hungry mouth nor stayed the sword in battle.

I wonder who is standing on the shore with gloved hands today out of reach of the hell of fire that is raging in the war zone, and yelling to the abused slaves to look and listen and sing? Who is throwing out the life line to the sailors in the North Sea today? What a harsh echo that comes back to the War Devil as he shouts through the window of his mansion or from his office in Wall Street, who are profiting at the cost of the unfortunate? But he doesn't hear, he is not sensitive to the touch of sympathy.

DO YOU KNOW ME?

Do you know me? Yes; do I know you? Yes; did you ever live in the United States of America? Yes; did you die? No; Are you in the Spirit world? No; Are you in heaven? Yes; Can you tell me where the spirit world is? No; Is there a spirit world? no; do you know to a certainty that there is no spirit world? Yes! can you tell me what state and county you lived in and what kind of a house? Yes! well that's about right so far, but, tell me how old you was when you died and what disease you died with: I didn't die: didn't we bury you? no: are you rational? yes; have you the power of reason? yes: what is your name; can you tell me? Yes; well that's right and I am awful glad of this privilege to talk with you, but say: there must be something wrong or something about this thing that I can't understand; yes: well say: I have a friend in New York City that says you cant tell how many oranges that he will place behind his back and if you tell him he will pay you a handsome reward. Do you know him? no: YOU DONT? no: well I will describe him to you: he is about five feet and eight inches in height, square shoulders, black hair and brown eyes, a grey red mustache; do you know him now; no: can you locate him? no: can't you tell me how old he is? no: Well do you know where I live? Yes: what was I doing yesterday? I don't know: YOU DONT? no: have you known me and been interested in me and my family since you

left here? yes, well then tell me how many children I have? Five: how many boys? three: how many girls? two! can you give their exact as well as my and my wife's exact age? no! you cant? No: can you tell pretty close? Yes! then tell me how old is David? six years! No, you'r wrong about that, Dave won,t be six until the week after next! Yes, well how old is Sarah? Seven and a half! no you're certainly wrong, Sarah is seven years and five month next week. Are you just a spirit? No: do you have a body a head? yes: just like my head? NO. Can you see me? Yes: can I see you? no: can you explain that phenomenon to me? no! can you explain it so that the people will understand about it and won't be so doubtful? no! YOU CANT? no: If you could don't you think it would be a great help? Yes; would you like to? Yes: will you? No: Can you tell me why you won't? Yes: all right: I will be willing to listen to it, but, but, well go ahead with the explanation. What explanation? you said you would tell me. You misunderstood me: well then can you tell me what you said? That would not be hard to do, but you are not in the frame of mind to comprehend it. Well, I am not supposed to understand like you, am I? NO. Do you know anything about conditions where you are? yes! very much. Yes. We will see how much you know. All right. Please tell me O, I mean for you to tell me about mansions, and the holy City, and the bible in general. Can you tell me anything about it? Yes: Will you? No. Good-bye son, be a good boy, I will help you over the river when the time comes for you to say good-bye to earth.

Pshaw, she left just as I was getting interested.

I had a thousand questions that I wanted to ask. I guess it must have been mother, but, but, but, there is something wrong about it, something that I can't understand. I think I was just about to find out something when she left. Well I'll be dog-gone if I wouldn't like to know more about this business, it's mighty strange, and it sounded like her voice but, but, well I'll be dog'gone!

MORAL: man needs refining.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MRS. ELIZABETH BLAKE.

A nobler soul, a sweeter spirit we have never found than Elizabeth Blake, the Noted Medium of Proctorville, Ohio.

It was through this sweet dispositioned motherly character, that I first learned of my phenomenon powers, and conversed with departed friends whom I believed to be dead. What a wonderful revelation, that was for me. Had she gone to New York or to some large city, instead of the small village on the banks of the Ohio, she would have spent her days in luxury in a mansion in a suburban section of the residential district with the wealthy, and the world would have been wiser. Had there been any evidence of dishonesty, this splendid woman would have been bound and gagged, and the voices of our loved ones would have been strangled through the agencies of prejudice and superstition. That

red eyed monster ignorance would have had more weapons with which to tomahawk and scalp the children of science.

Those who are first to grasp the truth are the free thinkers, whose minds are not bound by discipline, who are qualified and have the stamany, grit and strength of character to face the world in defense of this persecuted old mother and proclaim the glad tidings that the lost are not lost,— the dead are not dead,— and to champion the cause, that this our mother sacrificed her life. We are in possession of a mighty weapon. And though fewer in number, our army is not small, and we are proud of its strength for it spells *might*.

MY GODS ARE THOSE WHO CAN HELP ME
FIGHT THE BATTLES OF LIFE.

SAYINGS OF MRS. ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Mr. R., of Wheeling, W. Va., wrote me that he would pay me one thousand dollars, if I would come to Wheeling and hold a few seances.

My reply was, the distance from Wheeling here is the same as it is from Proctorville to Wheeling. I am not peddling spiritualism, and you can visit me with a small outlay, and your sittings will be free.

Mr. Abbott, of Omaha, Neb., one of the investigating committee who accompanied Dr. Hyslop, of New York, who was with me several days

made me an offer of one thousand dollars and expenses, in order to induce me to come to his home, but the proposition didn't interest me.

I have had a number of attractive propositions made me to travel; I could see no need of that. I can't accommodate one-tenth of the people who call to see me. It is not a matter of commercialism with me.

As bad as I need money, I would rather lose one thousand dollars, than lose two gentlemen, referring to D. E. McQuain and myself. I want you to come often and when I am able we will hold night circles, it strengthens you and you must have experience. Because of your medium powers, the seances are strengthened and it makes it easier on me.

What a sad situation that more people don't know and appreciate the wonderful and beautiful truth. But it is so well established that ignorance can no longer sway an influence.

A Mrs. B. from Huntington, came over one morning and told me that she came over on very important business — that she wanted to find out something of great importance and that she knew I could tell her. But she wouldn't have her pastor know about her visit for anything. I told her that she had better go to her pastor and ask HIM to give her the information, that she could not get any information through me and for her to never come to me for information again. There were two others with her, and they undertook to apologize for her, and they begged for the sitting, but they never got it.

WAR ECONOMICS.

It is the spirit of true patriotism to end war — because of its devastation, its hell and its spirit of degradation. Honest, manly manhood would instill in the breast of the ignorant brute-like creature, the spirit of love and principle.

The true patriarch, sees the folly of the policy of destruction,—the inconsistency of the competition of nations in war preparation.

America competing with England, England trying to compete with Germany. When a nation adds strength to her navy, other nations must do likewise.

So long as that foolhardiness and blind stumbling exists we will always be preparing for war. What does the war devil and the manufacture of munitions care or know about Government economics? With them it is mean, sneaking, cussed, shrewd false patriotism.

It is a mean dog that will chew up another dog half its size. A mean dispositioned man who will stand by and allow a bull-dog strangle a fist,— or a strong man tear the flesh from a small man's bones, if he is in a position to interfere and not endanger himself.

But it is not bravery to rush recklessly into danger where the chances are against you, and to set yourself up for a target to be shot at,— displays the weakness of a fool. Why permit a few well fed bull-dogs to lap up the blood of inefficient innocents? Like dumb animals we are being loaded on trains

and driven in to slaughter pens where we bang out each other's brains, cut each other's throats with the instruments of death manufactured by men who make a profit on the guns that the soldiers use to shoot down men of their own class.

As well as a profit on all the munitions of war. The faster men fall in battle, the more destructive the machinery the greater the profits. If we fail to see the position of the manufacturers of war munitions, we would not think strange if you would shoulder a rifle, stick a butcher knife in your belt and go where killing is legal.

I am not the most sensitive man in the world, I know the art of handling guns, and can catch the sight on the barrel as quick as any man,— and a fool can pull the trigger as quick as the wise. To be a good marksman is nothing to be proud of; I would dislike to earn my bread by slaughtering animals, and while I would have no hesitancy in defending myself against the brutality of men;— there is nothing that I would dislike so much as to make it a business of killing men.

Since war is a game of profit considering the enormous expense of propagating and the executing of wars:— carefully noting the trend of our drift and the applaude of the world because of our keenness in devising modern machinery in war-fare. It seems to me that we have drifted about the right depths into barbarism, — and I respectfully submit a proposition for consideration. The item of food is likely to become a serious problem for the soldiers. Some of them are eating horse flesh because of its cheapness, the custom is to dig trenches and dump the dead carcasses in these ditches:— sometimes

there are such a great number of dead, the fighting is so fierce, that many are left on the battlefield to rot, their flesh torn by animals and devoured by vultures.

In hot weather these decaying bodies pollute the air with a sickening stench.

PROPOSITION.

Let each army carry with them a large corps of expert inspectors and meat dressers. The governments may sell the healthy carcasses to war speculators, the flesh can be pickled, cured and preserved like pork and other meats—say at about four dollars (\$4.00) a carcass. Other meats are high, human carcasses are cheap, dead or alive.

Let the Government then buy the meat from the speculators and pay a reasonable profit to these gentlemen.

This would be a saving of millions of dollars annually to the Governments, and the soldiers would not know the nationality of the meats they are eating. Nor need we have any feeling of horror at eating the flesh of dead men. "Dead men can't feel!"—"Dead men can't talk;"—it is only the SPIRIT that continues to live and think.

If the proposition is shocking to the nerves of society, let the fathers and mothers teach the sons the crime of killing.

Was it not for the fact that we are trained in the killing business, having been at it so long, that we have become hardened,—war agitators could more easily grasp the moral.

But under existing circumstances taking into con-

sideration, conditions as we see them all over the world,—taking for my basis established customs and the universally acknowledged civilization,—I cannot conceive where, in my views, I have erred.

I at least hope my nature is no less civil than those who are responsible for universal savagery.

If this suggestion is a little in advance of the time — I owe the public an apology for misconstruing the speed of our drift. And the object of this illustration is to hang a red light of warning in time to check the onward march of slaughter: hoping to soften the savage yell for blood.

Three or four dollars for a hundred pounds of flesh and bones, is not an extravagant price. Fertilizer is selling as high as forty dollars a ton. Machinery for grinding dead carcasses and making them into fertilizer can be installed at small expense. The inspecting corps could be dismissed, the bodies could be loaded and carted away immediately after the close of battle. The only loss to the speculators would be the blood that would drain from the wounds and soak into the earth.

In the estimation of the general public,—the suggestion to make the dead men into fertilizer,—is considerably modified, from the first proposition to salt them down in barrels.

I see no difference in the moral. I see only the crime of the first act. The shedding of blood and the destruction of life. In the game of war, I only see the crime, destruction and hell.

THE GOOD OLD MAN.

(The text of what he had to say after leaving this world.)

This good old man, whom I thought dead,
Made answer familiar and quick,
To my unasked question, gently said:
"The Spirit wasn't sick."

He talked about the old homestead,
Of things only he and I knew;
His friends and mine, and then he said:
"I'll see what I can do

To help you see what does concern
You people down below—
Turn on the light that you may learn,
And help the world to know.

The primitive writers did not know,
Neither were they inspired—
No more than you, or E. P. Roe—
But some should be admired.

And one thing we know full well,
That the Church has naught to do
With fitting souls for heaven or hell—
This truth I'll prove to you.

With bombs of truth you must try—
Hurl them with all your might,
On a structure of darkness built on a lie,
And its only fear—the LIGHT.

Heaven is free from kingly rule,
 Has no judge that you need fear,
 'Tis false impression—you're just a tool,
 You make and know your sphere.

Some are wating till end of time,
 To stand before a throne,
 Theology's creed, preached by divine,
 Of a richly furnished home.

Of New Jerusalem they love to sing,
 Of the shining streets of gold,
 To this mythical thread they fondly cling,
 As the ignorant did of old,

Heaven's a place of pure delight,
 Where Nature is supreme:
 There is no death, no pain, no night,*
 There all is sweet, serene.

Here there is no god, no jealous king,
 To spue out his hateful wrath—
 It is just an idol to whom they cling—
 They tread a phantom path!

This is the text of a good old man,
 Whom the ignorant terms "A ghost;"
 Grin at his truth—mock if you can,
 In the face of Heaven's sweet truth.

*Explanation—The word night is not used in its literal meaning, as our departed friends claim that over there no such condition as we call night exists, that there are fifty hours of day and five hours resembling twilight. And I have no disposition to contradict this claim; for my part I have tested out the revelations of the departed to my own satisfaction and find them interesting and instructive, reasonable and helpfull, and I am less inclined to dispute with these messengers than with the people of this sphere. I firmly believe that they are better qualified to furnish information on this subject, having had a deeper and broader experience than any of us—just as I think I am better qualified to speak of the environs of my office than those who have no personal knowledge concerning it. But usually if you desire information along this line it will be furnished copiously and gratuitously by those of your friends who have steered clear of the dangerous subject and who therefore believe themselves well qualified to speak with authority on it.

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

BARRON ACCOUNTIS.

Sometimes I blush and wonder,
About this uncertain life
And on the past I ponder,
How in this world of strife

I blindly stumbled from day to day,
To pull my heavy load
With obstacles strewn along the way
And ditches in the road.

A voice from heaven, natural and clear
Spoke in the silent night,
Says, "Papa, I'm Ray, you need not fear,
I'll teach you the road that's right!"

Then there came a dear old man,
Says, "Son who's this you see?
I'll teach you I'm sure I can,
How the slaves of earth to free!"

I called for mother, she came at last,
With a vision sad and strange:
In a panorama of the past,
And things with me arrange.

A stranger came and sang a song
In a voice so soft and low,
That told of millions going wrong:
And then he asked to know

If I would teach a blessed truth
And help the people see
Why thus we gamble away our youth,
And how the world should be.

I closed my eyes and thought in vain
Of how such things could be,
And heard voices speak again,
But did not seem strange to me.

Then I seen a soft pale light,
When I was all alone,
Long in the stillness of the night,
When in the center shone

A face so sweet, bright and fair,
And eyes so soft and blue,
With crimson roses in her hair,
Such beauty I never knew.

I could not move; my heart stood still:
My tongue refused to talk:
And to my soul there came a thrill,
My face was white as chalk.

Then she left—just faded away,
To my wonder and surprise,
Then came again early next day,
Like an angel in disguise.

Then at night when I retire,
And at the break of day,
She comes and sets my soul afire,
And haunts me through the day.

She talks of things down here,
And of our friends above:
Of conditions in her heavenly sphere
And of the power of love.

Of beautiful singing birds,
And of the fruits and flowers,
On subjects we have never heard,
And calls me every hour.

I love that girl, and you would too,
If you could know her well,
No one of earth I ever knew,
Such interesting things can tell.

And if you think that heavenly dove,
Don't watch o'er a wretch like me,
Talk of something that hints of love,
And she's most sure to see.

Now when my work is at an end,
I'll raise my head and call,
A mental current to her I'll send,
Then watch the curtain fall.

Then my soul will take its flight,
She'll be my chieftain guide,
I will trust her to the right,
My mischief she will hide.

And when death's hard and icy hand,
Drives in his thorn of hate,
When I hear the cruel command,
She will turn the key to heaven's gate.

SOME MYSTERIES IN NATURE.

There are some things in nature,
That's hard to understand;
And every living creature
That walks upon the land

Are trying to learn just how it came
That things are just so, so
And for the mystery who is to blame
For how they come and go.

Coming in and passing out,
The gate is open wide,
Know not of what its all about
Just instinct for our guide.

In the East we see a sun
Set in a frame of blue:
The mystic problem is just begun;
We hope to see it through.

We turn around and face the West
And see it sinking low,
And for my brain there is no rest:
It throbs and burns to know.

Then I watch all through the night
The meteors in disguise,
For in the East to come a light,
The same old sun to rise.

Now here comes the nice old moon
That lovers sing about:
For in its rays we court and spoon
When all the lights are out.

We gaze and ponder for awhile,
And wonder if its true
That this dear moon does really smile
When looking down on you.

Sometimes it seems to try to talk:
And join you in the swirl—
Out in your boat: or in your walk,
And steal away your girl.

I'm sure he loves you pretty, belle,
For always in his round
Suggests the story for you to tell,
And always looking down.

And when you row out in the deep
And drop your anchor down,
He's always trying to get a peep,
You'll think he's coming down.

Then you see the stars at night,
And watch them dance and play.
Your soul suggests the world is right
And then I'm sure to say:

O, God so great: the god in me:
The passion of peace and love:
Lead thou me on; help me to see,
The mystery of things above.

MY GOOD OLD DEVIL.

Said my Devil to me one day,
In a voice that made me sad,
I have something to you to say
That's sure to make you glad.

'Tis about the world's terrible war
And the waste of human blood
That we devils sure abhor
Let's have it understood,

That you and I will now agree
And make a solid stand,
To have the people all to see
And lend a helping hand.

To those who feel death's wicked sting
And hear its awful groan;
To this mad world sweet peace to bring
To build and cheer your home.

I listened to my sly old devil,
To me his plans were sane;
And when I found his head level
I joined him in his game.

I took up my pen to write one day
When a Deacon came along;
Says he, "I don't think your scheme will pay;
I'm sure your plans are wrong.

For all we Deacons, with one accord,
 Believe that you're unfair
 And we will trust our God and Lord;
 Then bowed their heads in prayer:

O, Lord, our God, the prince of peace,
 Now help us to decide
 How our strength in war to increase,
 Be Thou our secret guide."

And their prayers were not in vain,
 For war they did decide,
 Then rose and sang a sweet refrain,
 That told how Satan lied;

Of how Devils like an angel of light
 Would steal into the flock
 And whisper mischief in the black of night,
 And on God's church would knock.

Again my devil came to me still sad;
 Says, "Dear sir, I cannot see
 How we'll deal with a world that's mad,
 That crowd is too tough for me.

MY OLD CORN COB PIPE.

I expect you'll think I'm thinking wrong;
 When I think I'm thinking right;
 To think 'twill help the think along,
 To think some things in sight.

To fill my pipe with this foul stuff,
And hoist my feet in air,
And if you think it's all a bluff,
I'm sure your think is fair.

And if you'll watch real close you'll see
The smoke a whirling round,
And then you'll think, it seems to me,
The smoke is coming down.

And if you think the thing won't work,
And think I'm thinking wrong
Try some thinking, think can't shirk
And help this think along.

But, don't you think this pipe of mine
Helps out the thinking game?
I'm thinking mischief most all the time:
I believe this pipe's to blame.

Now, when I light this old black briar
That Murray gave to me
And hang my feet above the fire,
It smokes so sweet and free.

When old black briar begins to shirk
And harden on the side,
I'll put old corncob again to work
And let old Murray slide.

One day I had a thinking job,
My thinking wasn't right:
Meerschaum, briar, nor old corncob,
Not a darn pipe in sight.

But it wasn't so very far
To a restaurant across the way
Where was kept high grade cigars
And open night and day.

A good Havana I began to smoke
The smoke commenced to swirl,
And why I think it's not a joke,
The problem did unfurl.

Now, when I go out for a stroll,
My pipes are in their place;
I can't help it to save my soul,
It's a habit of my race.

That's a thing that's sure to grow:
A habit in our youth,
So firmly fixed we think it's so,
And write it down for truth.

An innocent habit we must agree,
Don't do but little harm;
Hidden secrets that we can't see,
That we should raise alarm.

They call this thing a "Cigarette,"
It's harmful to the brain;
Look up its record and don't forget
That thousands it has slain.

Now if you knew who gave to me
This meerschaum and this case,
When at my best if you could see
The pleasure on her face,

When I say, "Please take my arm
My mind is in need of rest;
Then we'll stroll about the farm,
When nature is at its best.

And she knows, as well as you:
It's the girl that helps it out
And if you think this thing through,
You'll know what I'm about.

PROSPERITY'S ENGINE.

These strenuous days things are high,
Except some things that's cheap,
Still soaring upward toward the sky
Just take a glancing peep.

'Twas said by those who knew the game,
When the engine changed its crew,
There would be no reason for complain,
Our troubles would be so few.

The old engine had been abused,
By a gang of sinful men,
For its adjustment they had choosed
The chaps we could depend.

This rusty old remote bunch,
With steady heavy tread,
Abused the engine with awkward punch
Until it was most dead.

They monkeyed with the tariff's screw,
And stripped it clean of thread,
Such foolish work would never do,
Is what reformers said.

Things were in a horrible muss,
And most infernal high,
"Prosperity," cried the Jingo cuss,
With mischief in his eye.

Then this wise and virtuous crew,
With promises galore,
Knew precisely which bolt to screw,
Had turned the screw before.

They turned the nuts down good and tight,
And lunged her too, and fro,
Oiled and patched her up just right,
But the damn thing refused to go.

The smoke stack stood so high in air,
They cut her down real short,
Then shoved her from the mud and mire
And the engine begin to snort.

They helped her out on solid ground,
Painted her up like new,
Her cluck was heard for miles around;
That pleased the Jingo crew.

Then we waited and watched in vain,
For good times to come around:
We're catchin' on to the Jingo game,
There is nothin' comin' down.

The old engine is plugging along,
And don't you never fret,
Shrieking loud her Jingo song
And heaping up the debt.

They blind your sight with the blood of men,
Then laugh at our defeat:
Shrewd as the devil, cunning as sin,
They guard your bread and meat.

We watch the engine limp along,
And reel around the curve,
It shrieks so fierce the Jingo song
That it grates upon the nerve.

The workers toil both night and day,
To supply the thing with fuel:
Their sweat is oil, in the Jingo play,
It has always been the rule.

It's disgusting to watch the Jingo crew,
And to hear the engine knock,
Watch them adjust the tariff screw,
Then see the damn thing balk.

Now it's a fact you can't well deny,
The engine is on the bum:
We think the people had better try,
To check its reckless hum.

They've been tellin' us for quite awhile,
As though we didn't know:
We've had enough of Jingo smile,
And thought we'd let you know.

We've decided that you chaps don't know,
That the engine is out of date:
It screams and rattles and runs too slow,
And its schedule is too late.

They want us chaps to gine the crew,
Pledge ourselves to fight;
Ringin' in on us something new,
To make us think it's right.

I'm thinkin' boys, they've had their day;
It's time that we should find,
Some civil decent honest way,
Except the bloody grind.

They're burnin' up the country's fuel,
And killin' off the men;
We're sick and tired of savage rule,
There's nothing on the mend.

They drove that engine in Moses' time;
And David he took a whack:
It's still pulling on down the line,
Without a change of track.

This gamble game is sure to tell,
The steam is bursting through:
It hoots and shreaks for the gate of hell:
PLEASE LET THE DAMN THING THROUGH.

NOAH'S ARK AS SEEN IN THE LIGHT OF
REASON.

I want to tell you of Noah's boat
That you may plainly see,
How it was that it did float,
And rode the stormy sea.

It came around about this way:
When Jehovah was feeling blue,
Says, "I'll look up Noah without delay,
And see what we can do."

Then in Noah he did confide,
And told him of his plan,
To do some scheming on the side,
And show his powerful hand.

He said the people, and everything,
Were wicked as could be,
And he proposed a flood to bring,
If good old Noah would agree,

To build an ark of gopher wood;
And make it big and strong—
Make it tight and pitch it good—
For the world was going wrong.

So Noah went to work, 'tis said,
With tools that would make you swear;
And the work went plowing right ahead
And Noah was doing his share.

So the Boss came and wanted to know,
After a lapse of thirty days,
Just why the work was going so slow,
Then Noah began to pray:

“Lord, I can’t see how it’s to be done.
We don’t know what you’re about:
You see, our tools are on the bum,
And our food is almost out.

There’s not an axe in all this land,
No saws, nor squares nor plane,
No nails, nor augur, you understand—
And you know I’m not to blame.”

The Boss was mad; he smote his breast,
Saying, “Noah, canst not thou hear?
I’ve a notion to drown you with the rest!”
And poor Noah shook with fear.

So Moses says, as we all agree,
The ark was built of gopher wood;
How Noah managed to fell the tree,
Is not to be understood.

But when this boat was complete,
It was about the average size;
But far too frail for a battle fleet,
And for style it took the prize.

Then Noah and help went out to find,
The animals that seemed so few—
In groups of seven, two of a kind,
Many of which he never knew.

They searched the woods for miles around,
For species of certain kind,
That nowhere could be found,
The strain was telling on Noah's mind.

Then Ham came a riding in,
On something so very tall,
Out of proportion—ugly as sin—
And Noah could not recall

Seeing an animal in all his life,
That resembled a brute like that,
Neither had his sons nor his wife,
Which made it hard to combat.

And when it came up to the door,
They tried to shove it through,
It reached above the second floor,
Noah said: "God, this won't do!"

They drove this brute back to the hill,
For its mate could not be found:
And when the ark began to fill,
Hundreds were left aground.

The ark was crowded to overflow,
And thousands of different kind,
Were in a clime where alone they grow,
And it were folly to attempt to find.

So the windows of heaven were opened wide,
To let the waters down—
And that top-heavy ark, 'tis said, did ride,
And floated round and round.

When the food supply was getting low,
And the animals began to die,
Noah kept hopping to and fro,
And thinking: "This joke's a lie."

And when the ark commenced to reel,
And totter on its side,
All the crew began to squeal—
And seek a place to hide.

Of course, those animals understood,
That they must do their best,
And the faithful crew did all they could
To keep the ark abreast.

But in spite of faith, the ark was lost,
So reason does declare:
And we have believed at an awful cost,
This thing was on the square.

* * * *

In the sixth chapter of Genesis some unknown writer has placed upon Moses the responsibility of giving out the story of the Deluge. This writer says that Moses said, that God said, that after a thorough test of co-mingling man, nature and the beasts, that the mind of man and the mind of beast were continually evil, and that He intended, and it is said executed, the plan to kill everything that breathed the breath of life: that he would destroy all seed and start things over again. In other words, do over again the work that he had evidently done so badly the first time.

With these intentions in mind God decided to take Noah in as a partner on the deal, and the latter's duties would be to see to it that at least a pair of each living thing was saved in order that the stock which was to be destroyed would not utterly perish from the earth. Noah's task was anything but light when we consider that he had to find a pair of every animal, every fowl, and to keep them safely in an unsanitary closed boat for almost a year. Now of course this thing would be unbelievable were it not for one thing, and that was easily supplied by the superstitious ancient historians; when anything was beyond the bounds of reason and inexplicable they simply termed it a "Miracle" and let it go at that. Taking into consideration the transportation facilities of that age, and that most animals were too wild to be taken alive, that most of the animals, such as the lion, the bear, tiger, etc., were vicious, and that Noah had a very small crew to undertake such a task, we see that a miracle is an absolute necessity in this case.

At one time I was guilty of teaching that absurd myth as truth. I tried to believe it because my father and mother believe it, and nearly all other people said they believed it, and of course they wanted me to believe as they did. Gradually I began to suspect that some of the boys of my class did not swallow that ark story; in fact I had direct evidence that one of the most mischievous of all, openly scouted the legend. That boy showed even at that early age evidence of possessing a mind of his own, and I have watched his rise through life until he now occupies a most responsible place in

society and is a power in the financial world. He deserved it, for he could out-reason the old heads before he shed knee pants.

I at one time believed that when I was in Rome I should do as Rome does; but I now know that I was mistaken in that: I shouldn't do anything of the kind: I now believe nothing without the strongest reasons and proof that it is true. I take this opportunity to confess my earlier ignorance, and I sincerely regret that I was ever instrumental in imposing this and other mythical stories upon the impressionable minds of tender youths. I promise never again to promulgate any story that is not reasonable and founded upon TRUTH. It is unfair to take advantage of children in that manner, and hammer into their minds falsehood and superstition—it is *more* than unfair, it is criminal. It matters not what was the faith and belief of our fathers, their time has passed, and the young should be encouraged to free and independent thinking and to believe only what their reason teaches them is TRUTH. No church, officer, nor parent, should have authority to place a limit upon the reasoning power of the human brain. Give the youth of today reign, give them perfect mental freedom, and if they undermine the foundation upon which our forefathers stood, do not become excited, this is an age of progress. If they attack the foundation upon which rests your political and religious belief, if you feel it jar and tremble, move on—place no barrier in their way—and when it tumbles to ruin no doubt you will find that they have erected in its stead something that has life, that is as solid as Gibraltar—that goes down to the bed rock of everlasting Truth.

Here is a sample of what you believe and what you want to enforce on the youth of our country. That the universe was made in six days, out of nothing, by a god that resembles in every way a man; a being that is Omnipotent, mighty enough to make the heavens, the sun, moon, gleaming stars and flashing meteors, the planets, the universe, the solar systems: create all the beautiful and wonderful phenomena in nature, and then feel tired and exhausted and had to rest on the seventh day. Then after his rest, he begun work again, and with a little of the dust of the earth he produces his most wonderful creation—a man. As a habitation for the man he plants a beautiful garden of fruits and flowers, and for his helpmate creates a woman from part of the man's body. He places these two perfect creatures within the garden and gives them a set of rigid dietary rules; he then creates a slimy snake and permits it to wind its hideous length into the paradise and set at naught his instructions as to diet—a reptile that could out-reason the highest creature he had made, in other words, endowed with more intelligence than the prize creation of the diety. That this same God then pronounced the curse of slavery, disease and death on the entire human family. Now, my dear Christian friend, is that not an accurate photograph of your idea of the beginning of things?

Can you blame the children from asking such *shocking* questions as these? Why did not God make the man and the woman with more intelligence than the snake? Why leave them so inefficient that they would become easy prey to the first beast that happened along? It would have

been as easy for God to make man strong as to make him weak. Why did not God say, "Now, children, I am going to leave you for awhile, as I have other business that I must oversee: if you see a long, slick thing with spots on it, a forked tongue and a dangerous looking eye, and traveling on its belly, that's a snake: take a club and strike it on the head and kill it, for it is very wise and if you listen to wisdom you are likely to get into trouble with me. Beware, beware!" Oh, you say, that was to test man's strength and his will power, and besides it was God's way and should not be questioned any way. In other words, you will admit that the Omnipotent did not know whether he had succeeded in his experiment of making man out of dust and woman out of a bone, that he was inexperienced in this line of manufacture and must test out the samples, and that upon the test they proved a failure, the job had been botched.

How much better it would have been to have this story follow a human baby through the natural channels of evolution, to see it grow in strength and wisdom and profit by the experiences of life, to see it smash the head of any poisonous reptile that crossed its path, to see it too true to itself, too strong, to attempt to accuse its weaker mate, the flower of his love, tempting him to wrong doing. At any rate the old process proved a failure and we have more confidence in the natural way of producing men and women than we have in the mud and bone method .

THE CHRISTIAN GOD: They make him all-powerful, the omnipotent, the all in all, and give him the mysterious birth and death of a Christ,

making this god his own father, giving him two heads, and then by ringing in another mystery, giving him a total of three heads—the father, the son and the holy ghost—a great god-head that can do no wrong, endowed with the power to save or damn the whole human race—making him responsible for the bloody commercial and religious wars and the butchery of millions of human beings. Then term him the Prince of Peace and cloth him with the power to bring the dead to life, restore sight to the blind, and claiming for him such wonderful Love that he submits to debasing crucifixion that the world might be saved from a hell of his own manufacture. Then give him a nature that is jealous, vengeful, dangerous, portraying him at one and the same time as the merciful—loving father and a monster to be blindly obeyed and adored under penalty of death, hell and vengeance. All this in a volume, the most contradictory and vague the world has ever known, and claiming for it perfection, regardless of the fact that it is entirely out of tune with all natural law and reason—a book so worthless and irrational that to all who dare think rational, it is considered a literary joke!

But we are rapidly outgrowing the “man-made-out-of-dust” story and the other imagery and dreams of primitive man; we are speaking with less awe of the windows of heaven, the corn-stalk ark—the streets of gold and gates of pearl. Our secret convictions are that these tales are not true: our God is a natural creator and a force that is far above the petty emotions that sway man. Our scholars will admit that at times most of the earth’s flat surface has been flooded by water, the deluge

resulting from great natural upheavals and disturbances and that but little water fell from the "open windows of heaven," and that only those creatures who happen to be in the path of shifting seas and flooded rivers suffered a cutting off from their kind.

THE OLD HILL FARM.

If my parents ever committed what, in the light of reason, could be termed a sinful act, I have never heard of it. I stood by my mother's death bed when the fever germs were gnawing at the seat of her life. In her fight with the grim monster she had dwindled away until she was little more than a living skeleton. She did not want to die, yet there was nothing in life, that I could see, that was of interest to her, except the ties of earthly friendship, and they were few, and her life was burdened with care and hardship. For days before the end came the curtain would fall until life was almost extinct, then by some mysterious turn in nature would rise a little and we would again feel hope and encouragement, and superstitiously say, "I believe God will let her live." Then the end came, the curtain descended with a rush, her feeble struggles ceased and we knew that the grim reaper had conquered.

I was sad, yet relieved, because the struggle between her and that monster was unequal, and

my heart bled for her. At no time was there a sign from the power against which she struggled that in any way resembled an emotion of pity, love or mercy. I called "Mother," but she did not speak; I called louder but she did not hear. Then superstition and darkness whispered, "God has taken her away, she was too good a woman to longer remain down here." I did not believe it then, and now I know it was not true. I kissed that cold brow and consigned her to the way that all life must go.

Then my father, bent with toil and the burdens of a long and useful life, in his struggles became exhausted and succumbed. Both these aged people had been devoted Christians and were slaves to the Christian system and the Christian faith. How often have I heard them say, "God has been merciful to me." But I cannot recall to mind where the God they worshipped ever performed one kind act for either—not one thing to lighten the burdens under which they labored. In reality he never spoke a word of cheer or comfort—never gave a bite of meat or a loaf of bread.

When my father's struggles ended I begged his cold corpse to speak to me; in my ignorance my appeal to that dead body was akin to madness. When my reason returned I discovered that the life blood had left his face, his heart had ceased to beat, and nothing remained but the husks of death—the shell of what had once contained a man.

My friends, when a body answers not when I speak to it, when I learn that it lacks intelligence, that it has no power to express emotions, to move objects or exhibit life, I lose interest in it then and

there. The part of life that I am interested in is that which displays intelligence—that which thinks and feels, knows and acts; which has the power to reason—is sympathetic, knowing right from wrong; that which tears away the cloak of ignorance and superstition, clears the debris from blind ditches, drives away the black clouds, turns night into day, lights up my road on the journey through life and holds the key to the gates of heaven.

This is the part that can't die. That cannot be buried in a grave. There could be no heaven without this part.

It is this part that has snatched the wings from the angels, refused the monotony of a gold paved New Jerusalem, defies kings, laughs and pities when we sing of a day of judgment.

Is it Intelligence that sings of a "Great Day Coming?" What is it that says the graves shall give up their dead, and my father, your father, our brothers, sisters and children will stand before a King to be judged for deeds done in the body? This that I am interested in, and that you should be interested in, asks What? Ignorance grins in the face of Intelligence, and parrots, "We will see what is written about that!"

Intelligence, with an intelligent smile, mingled with pity and disgust, thunders on the foundations of darkness with such force that it trembles like a frail structure that stands near an earthquake scene. Dead bodies cannot enter heaven's sphere; we each have a body that is not subject to disease nor ills of the flesh, NOR TO DEATH. Superstition says, "Take the Bible for a guide." Intelligence says the Bible is a man-made book and

no God had anything to do with it. Then you cry, "God," has establish a church. The part that I am interested in says churches are established by man and no God has anything to do with them. Superstition says, "Teach a dangerous doctrine." Intelligence says, "It is that falsehood that has kept the people ignorant of beautiful truths, and made a hell on earth for the masses.

Ah, thou hideous monster, who art thou, who will hide from the face of truth and worship in the abyss of darkness?

THE OLD HILL FARM.

I had pictured in my mind
Things as they used to be:
But nothing did I find,
And no face did I see.

No one I knew when I was there,
For things had changed around:
Nothing to home I could compare
Except the lay of ground.

The old rail fence was torn away,
The roads and streams were changed,
Where I wondered in childhood day,
Out on the mountain range.

The little orchard on the hill,
Had grown to mammoth size:
When I entered the trees stood still
As though they were surprised.

And when I shook the maidenblush,
Where the maiden blushed at me,
The fruit came tumbling with a rush,
I felt so good and free.

That fair one so sweet and proud,
Had watched me on that day,
And in a voice soft though loud,
So gently to me did say,

“Did you think I didn’t know,
About your visit here?
Since heaven has arranged it so,
I’ll enter now your sphere.”

We talked of days gone by,
Of times that is to be,
I fought against it but had to cry
As I am doing now you see.

She talked of heaven and heavenly things,
She walked right by my side:
She was an angel; just lacked the wings,
She them from me did hide.

And when she said, “I’m growing weak,”
I pleaded with her to stay
And when she could no longer speak,
She rose and flew away.

I stood by the old walled well:
Talked with a dear old friend,
A suggestion did me compel,
A message to heaven send.

And one by one, there came to me,
A host of friends that day:
And those dear friends watched to see
What the voice of the dead would say.

Mother spoke in a voice so low,
That many there did recognize
In language they knew was so,
They said, "an angel in disguise."

They were proud of the old hill farm,
But, in somewhat of a stew:
Voices of the dead fell with alarm:
On this group of curious few.

The old log house where I was born,
With its chimney built of clay,
Where mother toiled from early morn,
Had all been torn away.

The grand old hills and the lay of land,
The builders in the cliff,
Were about as nature had planned,
When glacier made her shift.

Then I roamed about and tried to find,
Those beautiful plumaged birds:
That we had left so far behind,
That used to fly in herds.

But it's man's delight to shoot and kill,
What'er'e comes in his way,
To satisfy a devilish will,
And hound them night and day.

And those earthly friends so kind to me,
 May heaven help them to find,
A way that they can with me agree,
 That their God is deaf and blind.

Seeing and hearing by faith don't go with me.
I know as much about this God theory as Billy
Sunday, or any other man knows. The GODS
that write and talk to me, that gives evidence of
life and intelligence, are GODS in deed and in
truth.

THE ABUSED SON OF JOSEPH.

To that dearest man whom Mary gave birth
 Two thousand years ago,
Who walked and taught upon this earth,
 Of whom we long to know.

The example whether false or true,
 On this mundane sphere of life .
We act as though we never knew:
 In this hard world of strife.

Those things he did command,
 That we should not partake
Has richly flourished on every hand,
 While watching at his wake.

There was a Christ we can't deny,
 Whose life was sore with thorn;
Respect the example for him we cry
 And all the world should mourn.

Long have we prayed and watched in vain
For a message or a sign,
And hoped that he would come again,
To prove his omnipotence divine.

T'was said Christ would return soon,
But since this good man died,
Has been as silent as the tomb:
And heaven's secrets hide.

When he does his message send,
T'will clear away the cloud:
For Jesus will the truth defend,
The rebuke is strong and loud.

For those things that we've been taught
Are fiction good and strong:
That the world so dearly bought
Worked a cruel and awful wrong.

His influence in the world was lost:
Since that sad and fatal day—
Christ was forsaken on the cross,
No word of cheer to us could say.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD.

Because of my interest in the psychology of the soul, and desirous of having the people understand the phenomenon; I am giving here extracts by the consent of the Author! "The Voice Of The Dead, or Elizabeth Blakes Phenomenon." Hoping to attract attention to the book.

INTRODUCTION.

When you kneel beside the death bed, you consciously appeal to some unknown power which you feel sure exists somewhere; you know not where, nor what it is. The most common expression at such a time is, "Oh, God, have mercy." This appealing term has been handed down from time immemorial.

When the loved one is laid in the coffin you will stand by the bier and look down on the pinched, pitiful face, so pale, silent and cold.

It is then that we break into weeping and are overcome with despair, and the darkness of night seems to encircle the soul, for we realize that never, never again, will the rigid waxen figure answer to one's voice. The desire to again meet the loved one may be a sentiment, to which nature may answer through the voice of science.

Is the meaning of "Spiritualism" to be transformed meaning nothing but deception and illusion? Are we to stand by and watch the great army of Charlatans march by reaping a harvest of wealth and disgracing Spiritualism with fraud and trickery?

Are we to remain in this Chaotic state and make no effort to clear away the fraud and deception? We have been riding down the stream of life on a craft of indolence. Now that we are awakening and the fog is clearing away, let us one and all unite our efforts with that of the Society for Psychical Research, and try to make some distinction between deceit and reality.

* * * *

A challenge has been offered through the voice of

telepathy beckoning us to the field of science to combat with the many mysterious phenomena of which we are now surrounded.

Reader, could there be a grander victory than to compel nature to surrender to us the secrets of our future destiny, that we may know beyond a doubt what becomes of us after death? Can you imagine what a transformation there could be among humanity if the proofs of immortal intelligence were established. Many of our present religions would meet their downfall — but then religion, like everything else was born to die. Many religions have been born, lived their lives of thrift, performed their sacred duties, only to become infested with the germ of advanced wisdom — to die and be laid to rest among the files of ancient creeds to be sprinkled with the dust of time.

Our present ideas of nature could be turned from top to bottom.

We would learn that we had been living in a world of complicated errors, while all the time existed these natural laws hidden so well that but few people have had the courage and ambition to enter what would at first seem to be a field of fables, which would prove nothing but the loss of time and the humiliation of the investigators. Scientific men have in the past been letting the subject slip past them.

They have been skeptical on account of their inherited prejudice, also on account of their allegiance to opposing theories and because they have been connected with institutions which could not approve of such investigation.

The people who believe in Spiritualism are the

most intelligent class of people. We find among them people of every profession, and these are the best thinking people. For this reason alone it would seem that there must be some truth behind it all.

There are hundreds of thousands of people who attend seances and honestly believe what they hear and see to be above our intelligence.

There are so many people who believe in Spiritualism, and at the same time will not acknowledge the fact, not even to their best friends.

This is due to fear of ridicule from those who have never attended a seance. Ask anyone who has attended his first seance what he thinks of the manifestations. The answer is most likely to be, "I don't know, there is something strange about it, something I do not understand." Invariably every person who attends a seance becomes fascinated with what they witness and each following experience increases the fascination. The result is they eventually become earnest believers.

Ask a person who has never attended a seance what he thinks about Spiritualism. Such a person will say there is nothing in it.

Ask him to show a proof of his assertion and he will find that he is at sea. Ask him why he is a disbeliever and you will find that he is a prejudiced person, and in fact know nothing about the manifestations.

Some people who have witnessed the phenomena and acknowledged it to be some outside power, say, "It is the devil's work." This is the most foolish expression that can be uttered — yet it has a meaning. It reveals the fact that such a person is a fanatic. Therefore, any idea which would oppose

such a person's theory, would in the fanatic's mind be a falsehood or the devil's work. Of course, it is not the devil's work, but if the devil can make people so happy by helping them to converse with the departed it would be just to say, "God bless the dear old devil." This expression expresses a law which is right. Bless everything, the evil spirits included.

They are all in the universe of God. Ask any scientist of the occult for his decision and he will tell you that the strange and marvelous actions are caused by forces and governed by intelligence outside, beyond and independent of the control of the persons at the seance. The demonstrations are not the result of actions on the part of the living beings in our present form. They are not under the control of known powers of our present life or of our thought as distinguished from bodily existence. Scientists are careful to go no further than their own observations go.

The majority of mediums are women. This can be attributed to the fact that women give more time and thought to religion than men, and religion is always a question of the destiny of the soul.

While there are many genuine mediums, many are fraudulent, lacking either the faculty or faking it at times when the conditions are not favorable and sitters demand something.

We have more reason to believe in Spiritualism than we have to doubt it, although the greatest number of people do doubt it. The world may doubt a thing and yet it be true. The whole world may believe a thing and yet it be untrue. This proves nothing.

Since numbers are no vindication. Over a hundred million people have kissed the big toe of the statue of St. Peter in Rome, and surely the Roman Catholic Church contains a vast number of highly educated people.

The statement was made by Mr. Kellog, of New York, that the "Fox Sisters" acknowledged that they were fakes.

Proof that this statement is incorrect, we quote here a paragraph from the "Voice of the Dead, Or Elizabeth Blake's Phenomenon." Those wishing to know the correct history of the "Fox Sisters," we advise that they purchase a copy of the above named book, from the Author and publisher, Ernest G. Williams, Huntington, W. Va., the price of which is One Dollar.

Extracts from the Voice Of the Dead:

The attention of the family had been attracted by mysterious noises sounding like raps and sometimes like the footsteps of an unseen person.

Chairs, tables and other household articles, moved without the aid of human power. The disturbance increased to such an extent as to break the nightly repose of the entire family. They hoped and prayed that the strange noises which were harassing them would soon be cleared away.

Their wishes and desires were of no avail. On Friday night, March 31st, 1848, they gave up hope and accepted their doom of disappointment.

The following narrative is the words of Mrs. Owen, and is of special interest, if the reader wishes to know the origin, or being, of such tantalizing, yet interesting phenomena:

The parents had moved the children's beds into

their bedrooms, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of noises even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely in bed, and was retiring when the children cried out, "Here they are again." The mother chided them and lay down, thereupon the voices became louder and more startling. The children sat up in bed. Mrs. Fox called her husband.

The night being windy, it was suggested to him that it might be the rattling of the sashes.

He tried several times to see if they were loose. Kate, the younger girl, happened to remark that as often as her father shook a window sash, the noise seemed to reply.

Being a lively child, and in a measure accustomed to what was going on, she turned to where the noise was, snapped her finger, and called out, "Here, Old Splitfoot, do as I do." The knocking instantly responded.

That was the commencement. Who can tell where the end will be?

* * * *

Thereupon she asked her husband to call her neighbor, Mrs. Radfield, who came in laughing. But her cheer was soon changed. The answer to her inquiries were as prompt and pertinent as they had been to Mrs. Fox. She was struck with awe; and when in reply to a question about the number of her children, by rapping four instead of three, as she expected, it reminded her of a little daughter, Mary, whom she had recently lost; the mother burst into tears.

* * * *

In Corinthian Hall, of Rochester, public meetings

were held, under the direction of a Committee of prominent men, and the Fox Children were submitted to the most severe tests.

They were compelled to appear nude before a committee of ladies, and every test was reported in favor of the Fox Children.

MORRIS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

- WAR:** An unnatural state of affairs in the human family.
- BATTLE:** Generally referring to conflicts between men; as a battle with swords, guns, knives, clubs, bombs suffocating and poisonous gases, explosives or with any weapon or instrument that will disable, mangle, cripple or cause death.
- BATTLEGROUND:** Referring to that part of the country where battles are fought, where men are pitched against the other for the purpose of overpowering and mangling the other.
- BATTLESHIP:** Known as a man of war: a vessel equipped with heavy guns: capable of throwing projectiles and bombs and explosives a

great distance with mighty force: used to disable and destroy ships of the enemy that trespass on the water that belong to nations of foreign flags, and for bombarding cities and strongholds, and for the destruction of property and life.

- DUEL:** A fight between two or more men, arbitrarily, for the settlement of disputes. A duel is supposed to be a fight to death: it is the custom in a duel to fight with rifle, pistol, revolver, sword or knife. Whatever the fate of men who fight a duel he is supposed to lie quiet, and lay in no complaint until the day of judgment.
- FIGHTING:** Men fighting, bulls fighting, dogs fighting, wolves fighting, snakes fighting, cocks fighting, hogs fighting.
- SOLDIER:** A man trained in the art of fighting and killing men.
- BAYONET:** A sharp instrument fitted on the end of a gun barrel used to compel obedience and to stab and kill.
- DREADNAUGHT:** A man-of-war: fitted with modern fighting equipment, a ship used

for the destruction of property and to compel respect of a foreign nation or faction.

- TORPEDO:** A high projectile, that when released from a submarine, or torpedo boat, is automatically propelled through the water at high speed toward its prey, and is capable of blowing up and sinking the largest vessel afloat.
- SUBMARINE:** An undersea fighting craft used for blowing up and sinking ships and fighting squadrons with torpedoes.
- ZEPPELIN:** An air craft propelled by engines, used by civilized nations in war for the destruction of wealth, by dropping dangerous explosives in cities and on public institutions.
- BATTLE PLANE:** Flying machines used by civilized nations for the destruction of property and life, and the tormenting of the enemy by dropping explosives, and darts, on the enemy: also small cannon is used by fighting machines that fight in the air.
- TAME:** To drive out the savage and render docile. The modern ap-

plication means to teach the nations of earth that it is a crime to shed human blood. That War is a crime — to teach that it is ignorant and barbarous and criminal to destroy life.

INFIDEL: Any one who is qualified and has the courage to undermine the foundation of the church faiths, and Christian doctrine. One who refuses to compromise with the errors of religions.

CHRISTIAN: One who believes in the reverse of infidelism; one who can not believe in rationalism.

FAITH: To believe a thing to be true. It is generally supposed that to have the faith to believe in a doctrine,— whether that doctrine is true or not, is a matter of little concern. Faith is the redeeming and saving foundation.

MODERN EXPLANATION: One can have the faith to believe in another's honesty, and that person be dishonest: one can have the faith to believe that a certain mode of baptism or doctrine is essential unto salvation, and yet there be

- no truth or virtue in that
faith or belief.
- SWORD:** An emblem of honor: resembling a butcher knife. A sword is a butcher knife.
- SPIRITUALISM:** Pertaining to spirits; meaning the return of the spirit. Spiritualism does not convey an intelligent meaning.
- SPIRIT RETURN:** The return of the spirit. Supersedes spiritualism.
- ANARCHY:** A man who believes that men should be good enough to live peaceable, with one another and treat each other brotherly, without any law: the theory is incorrect — and contrary to human nature.

EVIL SPIRITS.

The following message is an explanation in answer to a question of Mr. McQuain, as to the theory of the supposed evil spirits that investigators are endeavoring to solve.

Message Given to
R. O. Morris, at
Huntington, W. Va.
May 22, 1916.

There is no such thing as evil spirits as many

believe; but there are spirits that are not intelligent or sane.

It is accounted for in this way! it depends on several conditions. In the spirit life it is different! an intelligent person with you might be insane here, that depends on the sphere in which they are in. No one can determine your spheres.

You at least can reason out these things in this light. It pays to live right and do all the good in the world that you can and the better you know natural law, the less you know of the myths and the superstition of the world, the more active the man or woman, the better off they will be here.

Usually people of a dilatory, lazy disposition will be sluggish when they pass into these spheres. Now suppose you, through your medium powers, are connected with a spirit that had not taken on the spirit body in full strength or is too weak physically — as well as in mind to understand conditions here. Could you expect the information that they impart to you to be reliable? NO. The spirit or the person must grow under the evolution law which is "Nature's God" and through effort we grow strong. The law that the people of earth should learn about is evolution; for on this is founded the intelligence of all that there is and all that there ever was and all that there ever can be. The world was not made in a few days and your world is only a tiny speck in the great realm of the universe and there are worlds that are revolving in space unfinished — and this law in nature will never end.

The whirling planets,—many of them are gathering substance and have been for thousands of years, and will continue to whirl in space all through eternity.

How foolish of you to think that puny man will ever solve this great unexplored mystery in nature and how childish to believe that the bible god inspired men to write a book — that only confuses the people and keeps the world on its knees and in darkness. The bible teaches nothing at all — about the foundation of natural law, It has something to say about evil spirits — and that is where men like Russell, and many others get their superstitious ideas. The bible and its interpreters, will never solve anything that pertain to natural law, and the mysteries of the natural creator.

The writer that made the statement that there are evil spirits and that the spirits acknowledged it — was either in touch with hell or insane spirits, or a low intelligence, otherwise he lied. I doubt if men of that frame of mind, who are insane on the bible, could communicate with the high spiritual intelligence.

As your manuscript is finished, we will have nothing more to say on the subject — but will continue to give information from this side through you and as the people want it you can give it to the world.

Barron Accountis.

EXTRACTS FROM CONVERSATIONS.

Teasing our spirit friends proves their wit and humor, and gives us food for thought. Among the

thousands of extracts from conversations that have taken place between myself and spirit friends, people who are supposed to be dead, are a few listed Won't you allow me to stroke my hand over your hair, little angel?

Answer: You need not be bashful, you won't offend me.

The little angel knew the joke was on me.

Won't you give me a bright plumaged feather out of your wing Crape Murtle?

Answer: I am not a chicken, a goose nor a spirit. I am a person as much so as you or any of your earthly associates.

Barron Accountas: Do you look just as I saw you last night? Were those real roses that I saw in your hair? Do you have eyes and complexion like that? Are people in the spirit world so beautiful and fair?

Answer: Do you look just as I see you? Do you favor your self? I would like to see some of the imaginary paintings of Heaven. Do you think I brought those roses from earth? Take all of the artificial out of the world, earth would compare more favorable with our home. It was me that you see. We have asked you to correct the misguided idea, spirit world. Suppose that we were just spirits,— as many earthly friends believe,— there would be but little of the real here. You are a teacher—you must know before you can teach.

Question: Why is it that you open and close Seances with prayer?

Answer: That is governed by conditions and environ. At your seances we have perfect liberty —

and understand that you are a seeker of truth. We need not open and close your seances with prayer, yet under certain conditions it might be well to do so; but people should pray to something that has the power of speech. It will be more interesting, when Jesus, the son of Joseph gets in communication with the people of earth through psychic power.

THE REMEDY.

After all this thrashing and wrestling and exposure of what we believe to be false religions—inefficiency of governments, to cope with the great problems that confront us—should I fail to offer a sane remedy for the correcting of the lame, defective and imperfection in governments—and the healing of the body politic—I have only disturbed the already restless minds of the people and helped them to see the danger-pits that we have fallen into.

The remedy can be given in a short paragraph. When the people have enough of tariff revision,—of duties that should or should not be, money standards, banking systems, labor strikes, and riots—adjustments of wage scales—Ludlow massacres and Paint-Creek wars—Wars at home and abroad—gamble, confusion, debating and misunderstanding—class hatred, the hounding of one another, the robbing and keeping in poverty, heaping hardships on one class and grinding out

millionaires—and enthroning the other—in other words when you have enough of hell on earth.

You will learn that there is only one sane, sound, logical and sure remedy.

THAT IS, TO BUILD ON A BASIS OF TRUTH, AND LET THE PEOPLE IN THESE UNITED STATES, COME TOGETHER, IN THE SPIRIT OF INTELLIGENCE AND BROTHERHOOD, AND ERASE FROM THEIR MEMPRY THE PAST POLITICAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS AND PARTY DIVISIONS, AND ENDORSE A POLITICAL FOUNDATION BASED ON AN UNDIVIDED PEOPLE AND BIND TOGETHER IN UNISON THE NATIONS OF EARTH.

ARISTOTLE MESSAGES.

MESSAGE No. 1

Huntington, W. Va., May 11, 1916.

8 o'clock, A. M.

We are going to tell you some more in regard to the work, you are to do, and you must obey us in all things we tell you to do.

You are getting along very fast now, with the work and we want you to get along much faster than you have been. We have now arranged to talk to you soon and if you keep at the work, right ahead, we can do much better and it will

be such help to you in developing for the trumpet-work, as we are expecting to establish the phenomenon of the spirits return soon, and in this way we can help you out on the sale of the book.

For when people hear us talk in circles, they become more anxious to learn of the truth. And a few who get to hear us from this side will be a big advertisement for the book, and we understand that is going to be your means of support, as you go from place to place spreading the truth.

We are all so much interested in both you and Mr. Morris that we are going to establish the truth as it has never been before; as some people are doubting about the work you are doing and we want to prove without a doubt that it is us on this side of life that can make man famous, as the world counts fame and we are going to prove that. As so many of your friends who have known you so long and to be honorable in all things, it is in that way that we are much interested about your developing so fast and quick, as this is an almost unusual thing for one to develop in so short a time, and for this reason we are going to prove to the world, that when people get rid of their superstition, they then can pray to the living God and he will answer their prayers, and that we are the ones that they should ask for the favors they need in this life and not some mythical God as do the heathen, and we have now found in you men the kind of material to give out some things, that we have long hoped for the world to know.

And we are so happy, that we can hardly control you for joy, that we have at last found some one with courage of their convictions, to stand

up and show to the world that the spirit friends are able to deliver to those who will ask them and obey what they tell them, as the old time people did in the old bible times.

But people now days think their preachers are the only medium they need and as long as they send their children to Sunday School and hear a sermon once in a while that everything is O. K. for heaven. We want you to get them in the lost trail, and help them to see the folly of their ways and their faith, as they deny even what Jesus taught when with them, and have adopted creeds and doctrines to teach the people and they are all like sheep without a shepherd. You now have made a beginning to show to the insane world the folly of their ways, and we want to see the work go right ahead without a stop and save or bring to the truth a few of those who will soon pass to our side of life.

We are giving you the keys to unlock the storehouse of knowledge and let your knowledge so shine that the world will be amazed at the things you may do—and don't forget we are all arranging to give the you knowledge as fast as you can understand it.

All knowledge from the beginning of man is at our hand to deliver to you, as you get able to receive it, and the world will be changed from the work you are starting to do—and your names will go down in history as the great reformers of the world.

A monument of knowledge is now being constructed to enlighten you—do not be surprised at this—the olden prophets wrote, the Lord God had chosen the weak things to confound the so called wise.

When the world knows what you have done to reform the superstition of the people, then will be such an other time as when the continent of America was discovered.

This time it is a continent of knowledge long buried in the sands of time. And we are going to rend the veil of ignorance that has long hidden the people from the truth, so much essential to their welfare here on the earth as a people.

And we want this thing of blood and murder of men driven from the earth forever,—Oh! that the time is ripe and we have found in you men of the hills a great treasure house of the spiritual structure on which we can build this truth.

It is so, Oh! so rejoicing to us we hardly know what to tell you first.

We will now close on account of your strength—until this evening at three o'clock after you take a short sleep in which you may see some things of interest to you, as now you must put yourselves in our care and we will advise you as to what to do.

We have not till now thought best to take entire control of you, but from now on you must expect to begin to do the things that we have been telling you about.

And the reason we have not heretofore done this, you perhaps would not have neither understood, or even been able to have stood the strain.

But now as Mr. Morris is here, and all is in harmony as to your belief and knowledge, we are going to take complete control of you.

Nora, you must be as kind to him for awhile as you can as he will be some weak and not subject to much excitement for awhile. But never fear,

he is alright and we are going to take care of him from now on. And you may soon be surprised at the things that happen at this place and Huntington will think some of the old prophets, have come back or ones with authority, and now as to the many things we have written show only to Mrs. Blake, Sunday, when you go over and this will give her great encouragement in her failing years, as she has been so abused by the people in the past.

This will be a bouquet of thanks to her, for her work so near done,—she was the vessel we have long found worthy to keep the truth boiling in,—and now we are placing this on more able shoulders to establish for the whole world.

A great many mediums are sincere but they lack courage, and some lack even strength, and have been delicate in handling the subject and writing truth,—too much in sympathy with the established customs of earth and not stroking the scales from the eyes of the people—and now that the time is ripe for more truth on these ancient subjects the people are in ignorance of and are beginning to even see the folly of a great deal of it in every day life.

The world is hungering for a lasting peace and a brotherhood of the human race.

We understand all these things over here and we know what we are specking of. May Omnipotent power be added to all of you servants in this great fight for deliverance of humanity, from superstition, ignorance, and folly, that has soaked continents with blood and tears for many centuries,— and the world will never have history to tell one millioneth part of the great affliction this old mundane sphere

has endured through the greed and lust of sinful men in authority, who resisted the spread of truth and knowledge in the world.

We must close, but there is so much to teach you that we regret to leave off now for even a short time.

God Almighty for ever and ever the same bless this message to you all, now,—and the whole world later.

Good-Bye;—from one who is from the spheres of the higher knowledge, that you can't yet understand.

This message was written by Aristotle of old.

George M. Weese and others controlling the medium.

Good-Bye.

MESSAGE NO. 2.

May 11, 1916. 3 P. M.

We are ready to again give you a little more of the news from this side of life,—and will say that this is the greatest day in your life's history as we are now developing the latent powers in you that has long been dormant,—and might have remained so through life,—had not you found out that you had access to a fountain of knowledge that never has been fathomed by man's mortal mind.

And it is only through us on this side of life that these things can be learned.

Go right on,—when people begin to pray in deed and in truth then and then only, can they expect to have their prayers answered. And prayer is

this: simply ask the great realm of intelligence that surrounds the whole universe.

That is prayer,—and prayer indeed.

Reason it this way; Was it a mythical prayer that brought you into being in this universe? No, it was the association of thoughts, that were in unison with each other, together with animal conditions that produces the man and soul that never dies.

And this is only a feeble thought in regard to this so-called difficult problems of the scientists of earth,—and as you grow in strength so it is that you grow in knowledge here in life. And when growth stops, then we begin to grow feeble in body. Then later the body becomes unfit to retain the accumulated knowledge and reason and as the old body becomes too much of a care to them this same thought, or soul, leaves the body in the change called death, and puts on its immortality on our side of life and continues to grow in a knowledge of real wisdom that is as abundant as the elements in which you live,—and when people realize some of these truths, then they will not make so many terrible blunders in producing their offspring, in foolish error, and waste their most sacred blessings of life in foolish play and foolhardy so-called pleasure.

This thought, or the beginning of man should be to each man and woman the greatest and most sacred thought of their life, and then there would soon die out of life the germs of disease that is troubling this world with so much early death, and causing so much ignorance that we have to contend with, on this side of life.

We now hope that we can make this strong enough

through you, that this one terrible monster may be hounded away from the people,—and when this is better understood and society of earth learn how to handle these great evils, then will the answer to the prayers of the saints be given,—and the kingdoms of earth will be more in harmony with the kingdom of heaven. “AND AMEN! AND AMEN!” For as long as the people continue to bring their offsprings in the world diseased, deformed, weak and half nourished,—just so long will ignorance abound and they will not be sound in body enough to ever learn very much in this life.

And it will be AGES before they can reach the higher spheres over here,—and in their terrible effort to help their friends left on earth at death, they will still be of little use in correcting the evil here.

So now you see one thing in the light of knowledge that have for so long hindered the spirits prestige with the earth friends. The spirit friends nearest earth of course are always called for, instead of those who have reached the higher spheres, as they are dearest to them by the ties of nature.

And it is this that leads to much confusion with the people at seances,—no matter who the medium or how well qualified as the medium is not responsible for the message.

The medium can only allow the spirit called for to talk and say what they will; and if they even would suggest to only give room for those spirits who know,—the most people would say, “Just as I expected,—that medium is a fake.” None of my people talked, and the medium may have read all that I heard in some lost volumn;—instead they

are content to talk for all time to their insane friends who have just left an insane world, who are so much in fear of the judgment or the wrath of God, that they are almost afraid to even try for a higher sphere, until they are here a long time.

O, that the world would search for wisdom from its original source instead of denying it.

Then we could occasionally send a message that would amount to something in the world.

But as long as man in his few years tries to fathom out the mysteries of nature, in his surroundings, and get his education from some other man in his or worse condition, just so long will the wisest trample under foot the weaker.

If they would search all their short lives on earth and read all there ever was, or ever will be printed, still there would be an aching void to know what had happened.

On this side those who have been here long enough to learn a few of nature's laws, by observing them for several years and not having to consult the papers, for the information are some better qualified to teach the fast dying world, these things.

So we are going to reveal to you a few truths that will start the world to think along lines of light and reason.

From whence comes the thoughts that you have? Are they not independent? If you think they are not, just stop them for a while and we will take a rest. They are not in control of the body at all; but they are subject to the best and stronger mind and will. So train your thoughts as you would your hand to write. And the way to train them is to consult your friends on the thought side for

how you should train them for their best fitted use: and then there will be less groping in darkness through life on earth.

Well we will close for tonight,—have the dark circle at eight to nine o'clock tonight, and we will try and give you the best we can from this side.

We are glad to get the work started out even at this late date in the world's history. Good-Bye. This is from Aristotle of the olden times, and your control, Mr. Weese.

In the morning at eight o'clock be ready to write again. This is all now.

MESSAGE NO. 3.

May 12, 1916. 8 A. M.

Good Morning to all.

We are here to give you a little more of the spirit world's news. And we hope that we can hold the connection favorable for our purpose. We will say this morning that we are glad to have you both at our command,—and we hope to give you some more truth and wisdom in an unprejudiced manner, as you men, we are glad to say, are searching for the real truth, and are opening up your minds to reason. And are looking to the right side of reason to be taught these things, and are not trying to twist the truths we give you from time to time, with what things you already think you know.

For as long as a medium or anyone else closes their mind to any further reason or instruction,

or is surprised at new thought;—then that hinders our work on this side, and as we have to do our work with or by such tools as is at our command, you see what a great thing it is for us to find an open mind for to reveal these things through. For when the most of people hear anything new, that their school teacher or the priest or pastor, had not mentioned about was soon going to happen, they say at once, this is against God's will.

O, my! O, my! How terrible,—and yet on Sunday morning when called on to pray at church they seem to want to impress the world that they are seeking for truth with all the earnestness of Solomon, as they ask out very loud for more knowledge and wisdom.

Please try and count up the things or events that have happened in the world's history of real worth to man. And please answer us over here, or else say manly and frankly, that this is truth and we do know.

Our question is this: "Has the pope or the priest or any country preacher, given out these things?" We beg to tell you no. No, they never made mention that these things were going to happen, but instead have tried to hinder them from coming to the people, as the criticism of their pride is usually cutting to them, for they as teachers had not only failed to warn the people, but had in many cases, taught that such would be contrary to the living God. And yet they argue that they are caring for them each day and will not withhold anything from them.

We are truly astonished at the teaching of millions and millions of people. That they after seeing

these things for generation and generation,—that they now have so many of the once so-called fanatical inventions which are all over the world in use and now can get the news all over the earth the same day they happen.

Oh, how long will the people grope in darkness when even reading these things in the very light of truth.

There are now almost enough established evidence among the people that we return, have our worthy ones of earth, who are willing to be taught the things of worth, for the people of earth. And who are not afraid of losing a few of their old time associates, who still think that the earth is still as flat as their poor heads.

As long as the people continue to hire this kind of reasoning teachers, there will not be much progress of knowledge on the earth. For the man acting for his hire we are very sorry to say is more interested in the price of his hire, than he is in the people. It is so much easier to read than study.

And the conditions of earth's society as it is at this date is making this the more true.

The ways of time and advancement are continually going on,—and as now days the people are contented to read of the happened events rather than to inquire of what is going to happen. And not studying the trend of events, they are then much surprised when the inevitable happens.

So it is today, in all the countries of earth. And the old time students who were free from the many diseases of the body and with sound mind and who made a study of these things in harmony with nature, that we on this side might guide them into

the true light of reason. And in this way it is that the world holds so sacred the history and statues of these men of sound reason and intelligence who were open to learn more of nature's divine law.

So then is it any wonder that these men are counted on earth the reformers,—and as the beginners of literature that we are so sorry has not been equalled and so few are competent to read: even at this so-called advanced period of earth's history.

“Search and You Shall Find.” This truth is a motto for all. That this world would do well to frame and illuminate on every mountain and shore of this old time world.

For if you don't Seek after knowledge, wealth or any other of the attainments trusted man, you will just so long fail to find them.

And if you stand in the light of your reason in whatever way, it may be opened to you, just so long will you learn the truths due you. Reason it this way. If you had but one limb,—could you expect to win in a race? So in this awful race for life and maintenance, here on earth as it is now, the best and only true way is to accept the truth as we your guardians give it to you.

For to some we can only reach them by others,—while some, we can give these things direct. The time is now at hand when no one need be walking in darkness.

Take yourselves as the example for this truth, and you see that we can reveal these things to you in this way at present. But if you throw away the board, and don't try to get these things, then we could not give them to you till later. So improve

your time as fast as you can; and at a convenient season we can also give you more, and in a better way.

But had both said after your first seances,—“Oh, I heard something, but I seen no one and I hardly know what to think, although it did tell me some things that I know no one ever knew but the friend who claimed they was doing the talking. But it is so strange to me, it is too deep for my mind.” If you had made this common remark and had not gone after the then mysterious things,—there would never be this thing of your talking and writing that you are now doing, have been done.

You see it is only through man that we can work that he can understand us. Suppose the teacher that taught you to spell in print, the first words that you ever learned, had taken the print and whipped you for not being able to read the script you would have thought that unfair,—and perhaps left the school never to return. But by learning to read the writing it soon became as easy as the print. So in this work you must begin where you can understand, and then as you do, we are ever willing to give the knowledge to you as fast as we can. And it is our greatest pleasure to give it to you. But we have much to mind, we don't want to hinder you or whip you because you can't understand the script of this work.

And, or rather that we keep you interested, we will not offend you at any time,—even though you could never learn so much, because of something, you did not see the way to do.

So it was in your cases, you was living at what you were doing, but were not learning, much of

value to yourselves or the world. And when we told you to make changes in your life and living you at once did as we ask you to.

And now as you are only beginning to see the work is starting out,—and the world will soon begin to look up the family history to see who you are,—and to wonder where you came from.

It is then they will say, “What college are they graduates from? As they seem to even know man, and all law both civil and moral.” And the people will be surprised at this, and will say “how can it be, they have no record of these things.” This is the answer and shall forever solve the question in their minds.

YOU ASKED AND RECEIVED. YOU SEARCHED AND FOUND. This is the only way that the mind can grow, or gain a true knowledge of the truth—and all about is sufficient knowledge for all the things as you try to find it out and put yourselves in the way to receive it. Now as there are some things for you to attend to essential to the body, as well as the work, we will close for the present,—and tonight at eight to nine o'clock, hold your circle as usual and please make the room as dark as you can, as we want to go on as fast with the work as possible.

Good-Bye. From the same.

MESSAGE RECEIVED.

June 5th, P. M.

Well Gentlemen, 'you have had this night, the honor to receive a message from one of the most

high spheres for human immortality to reach. And from here in this sphere is the heavens searched and the buds of the ever living flowers of knowledge looked into: and here in these spheres is the never changing and forever unwritten laws of the foundations of life and truth and wisdom: in such a degree of might and power is this, that those even in the middle spheres can not comprehend the magnitude—of the *greatest* of the *greatest* of powers.

And we can never expect to reveal to living mortals the *great* and the *greatest* of this wondrous of all knowledge and source of life and powers that control the universe.

So as we can only give you a few things to think on at this time—it is this we want to impress on your minds: that you are now getting a few of the wonderful things that has been promised to you, and this is not yet a beginning.

But as you get stronger, we can get more truth into the world—by you as you can now see, by this message just received, from one who has for centuries been exploring these mighty of mightiest truths and powers of all wisdom: and who has been prayed to millions and millions of millions of times.

But the prayers could not be delivered as they were not in accord with the laws of the friends on this side. And while great will be the awful shock to those of earth, who follow their other ancestors on into this life and not find Jesus The Christ. For he was on and on so far from them, in his natural work and search of knowledge that it will take them *ages*—to again undo the learning and training of the flesh.

And to reach spheres to him, where he is so familiar

with all about him, they will have to *learn* and *learn*—to get this knowledge of wisdom, that those in these spheres have only begun to learn about. So there is no end to the gulf or diameter of wisdom: all is upward, onward throughout *eternities* of *eternities*.

So you men can rejoice with a great rejoicing—that you have been the chosen among the millions of earth's peoples, to get in touch with the masters of knowledge—far in excess, of what you can comprehend or understand. Go on and on asking and searching and you will be abundantly blessed, above that you may understand what blessings of blessings means. Amen and Amen.

Oh! that the peoples of earth could understand these mysteries of mysteries as we over here—thousands and thousands of years, have been seeking for—and to come back to this earth of soot and slime and the polluted waters—it is to us so great a change that we can't describe it to you, here on its sides of *great revolving powers*. But it is that we want to see the races of men—in all her lands brought to the knowledge of the truth of wisdom power and strength.

You now have the jist of what we want to teach you and you must ask and search till we can find time and language to express it to you, that you may understand: as the conditions are now lost on account of your young powers, we will leave you tonight and at a convenient season we will call again.

Now we will explain this message: your Grandfather McQuain and your son Ray, had arraigned to have Plato—of olden times to give you this.

And was it so he could fully express his sentiments and knowledge—you would then be astounded and astonished at the many, many explanations he might give you: this *great man is of a Holy and Most Righteous Sphere*: and to control you in this way to write messages from these highest spheres is almost too much to put a medium in your stage of development and knowledge of these things. But we want to teach you the might of high power and knowledge that is at your command, through our efforts to bring these masters to you. Now may this and all messages, you have received be blessed to your knowledge and the powers of the most high, be on you both, now and forever—Amen and Amen.

June 10th, 1916.

Well Good Morning to you Brother Rob,—we are here to again tell you a few more things that is of interest to the work and world.

And now if we can control the medium for our purpose—we will give you this information as speedily as possible: so that you can attend to the many things that you have been instructed to do today. And as you are ever ready to do what you are told by us on this side, we wish to praise the Omnipotent God of all things present and past and all things to come—that we have found in the world those who are eager to do for the fast dying people—the things that have so long been left undone.

And now we the dwellers of the kingdom that you speak of as HEAVEN—are more and more rejoicing that it is possible to find among men those who will

sacrifice—time, money and earthly association with loved earthly friends and thus get in position so that we can reveal these truths of knowledge to the fast moving world—as it revolves in the great realm of space and on and on it goes—never tiring, never resting and can never stop.

So is life, it cannot stop: even the shortest part of time that man could ever measure—so as it has been going on this way from all time back; and will go on this way throughout eternities of eternities; how great a thought to all living mortals on earth.

Oh! How Great A Thought, that can neither commence at the beginning or think to its end; this one truth you will not deny, our dear dying people in the flesh—we can see you on this great dark old care-worn earth going on and on, in the great struggle to keep alive, for so short a time; and what a struggle it is, all must make this struggle whether rich or poor great or small—it is the one law that no man can change.

So now dear loved ones of earth, let us come to the sense of our duty and think for a little while in the light of just these few truths and let us see who you are any way: Now who, or where did you start from? Don't try to answer this, for it is as yet clear to no one: Who was doing your part in life before you took up your burden to carry; you might say, there was no one needed to do them, this is true; you have at your starting of your journey of life took up the responsibilities of no one; the responsibility closes in life's duties—when you see a man put in the cold and cruel graves of earth—that is the last responsibility to earth friends left here, as far as the duties of his or her physical life

is concerned; and no law, no court, no justice or no plans yet devised by mortal man—can change this one unwritten law. No dear ones you can't change this and you never will; all things come their way and go their way, as was arraigned by the allwise wisdom that shaped the great plan of the universe.

And another point we wish to mention here is this: let us have the distance please—of the universe; now dear ones please make your figures very, very plain; as most of the folks on earth think we can't see well anyway; so let us have them as plainly as possible—dear loved ones, and in order to grant us this one request dear friends—all earth and all languages, can't set them down in a single row—as you folks set down figures in one century.

No, No, Dear ones you can't set figures to make plain this one little question, so we will not wait for them.

But let us see who you are now—and about how tall and great are you in this small unmeasured universe. Well, Well, Well,—it is a big man indeed that can't be found.

Now dear ones you see that you do well to even know for a certainty—that you are really here—and you hardly are you stop so short a time—we will compare your life to a fly on a wedding dinner table—you see it on the cake another on the jam and one on your plate; you shew your hand and they all buzz away in the air, and you will have to look real close to tell the difference in the one on the cake or jam to see which it was that was on the plate.

So it is in your short journey here my dear dying pitiful and weak creatures that you call the children

of this man that made you and Oh! when did You ever look like this man that made all these things; We over here will call it a real circus day and all come to the parade, Dear friend if you will first paint this picture and then paint you the son in his arms; you see this will be better suited to the common art—when you take into consideration that he—we mean the first picture is in control of this grand and the greatest of all universe. So you see by being in his arms makes it so much more real like life—as you would hardly be old enough to walk, in the comparison. So now dear ones of earth, please, Oh! please do not think you look like God. No, No, No, you are not quite so pretty and you dear dying people hear us in these awful warnings, that you are nothing of nothing. So who are you then—we will wait a little on the answer—as we have plenty of time now. Waiting, Oh! well you can decide this at your leisure some rainy evening—you may be feeling a little blue anyway.

We want to add one more thought to this; and dear friends it is this you be very, very careful from this time on in life to take care, what you say to these little children of men, mothers nature's suckling babes.

They are getting in touch with Moses of old and Matheuselah older than he was. And if these grandest and noblest men that the earth has ever known of—when they blew their noses in life, the dust of which when dry has strangled the whole world with this awful coughing spell of death, destruction—fire and hell on earth.

If you have been so attentive all the time to put up with such a fight to prove their great intelligence

—now we ask you for to excuse their earthly mistakes and learn from them now when they have had a few experiences—such as death and time for consideration on these things, and so on and so on, on, and on, and on. Well dear friends we will stop saying on—but it goes right on. But you must remember that to give you these few thoughts it takes the life and mind of a man among you to do it; and now dear ones we ask that you take a good square look at these boys and see if you can tell where they got this message. And if you answer this you are just the kind of men and women we have been waiting for to do more of it; as you certainly can see it is needed all about you. If you have not noticed it yet, we wish to call your attention to a few things; you can look it up at once—first, how many are starving in the world—yet you have no famine; and look how many of the dear sons and daughters, that are pale, sick and languid—with the commonest diseases to the lowest type of humanity.

Look at the photo of the *great* and *terrible* battles and the floating bodies on the great waters that cover the earth; then look at the many fine and grand churches, temples and the cathedrals in the world—if you dicide that it is all O. K. and that the world will soon be half gone in the millennium—why we will not wear out a few of our dear ones on earth to give you these warnings.

So this is all that we can say at this time on account of the physical condition of the ones we have chosen to reveal a few truths in the light of reason. So will say, Good-Bye. From one who has had both the earth and Heavenly experience.

James Morris, God Bless You Both.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Robert G. Ingersoll was classed as an infidel and a dangerous man by the church people. They assigned this great man to the hottest corner in hell. They overlooked all of his good qualities, turned a deaf ear to reason, joined hands with the bible propagators, and denounced him a fool.

Why? Because of his superior mind he soared above the little things, and refused to accept the views of the ordinary minds, he was brave, cultured, polite, reasonable, and his great soul went out to sympathize with the people in their misdirected views, confusion and misunderstanding.

This great man says to me, "I was in error or had no way of knowing what awaited us beyond the grave, but I am not in hell, and have been perfectly satisfied with my lot on this side. MY GOD HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME." The church people don't like this. But the rationalist will. The church people founded their reason on Jewish history, accepted it with all of its confusion and error, as a holy book. THIS IS WHY: And this is why they think men who reject the Christian belief will be lost, and those who do believe the bible to be the word of God, and follow the bible doctrine will be saved. And this is why they believe the men who learn to do things independent of the church faith, *is off*; as they put it. I know of a preacher in this city who preaches that all of the prayers of all of the Christian people combined could not reverse the course of the Ohio River, nor prevent a flood from sweeping over the streets, of the cities in the lower valleys. And this is why

the other preachers say he is off. I wonder how long he can hold this job.

I am now flinging in the face of the people—information that will cause great excitement among the church people, but not much among the free thinkers. If there was a greater interest and a hungering for scientific knowledge and less superstition, I would not have held back for a few months, this the most interesting and most needed information that the world has ever heard.

In my book *Awful Facts, Or Taming Man*, I lead the reader to this, hoping to prepare him for the shock. And because of the above announcement, I think best to hold back the information and give it to the world's press, about the time the book is ready for distribution. The world is not ready for the shock. And it will cry loud and fierce, fool, insane, as it has always done.

IGNORING THE FACT THAT THERE ARE A HUNDRED INSANE IN THE ASYLUMS TODAY FROM READING AND WRESTLING WITH THE PROBLEMS OF THE BIBLE, TO ONE FROM THE STUDY OF THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SCIENCE.

Closed: THE AUTHOR.

Not the end of taming man. I have discovered that the majority of the world, have grasped my hand and is fighting for the cause that I advocate. And when superstition chokes the voice and the avenues that puts me in communication with the Lincolns, and Washington, Arastotle, McKinleys, the Shakespeares, and the hosts of great and good men who have passed to the realms of higher knowledge,

and laid my earthly body in the tomb, will I give up the fight, to break the shackles, that swivels the mind and soul, and keeps the human family in darkness, and associates the higher intelligence with demons and devils.

Ray Morris is an active spirit, on the other side of life. His wonderful medium powers, gives him access to all the higher spheres. Through his powers he can travel alone and read the minds of the people in every nook and corner of earth.

His spheres is where ever business calls him. His bed is where ever natures repose kisses the soul. Those in the celestial spheres, can not visit earth, only when accompanied by a spirit friend with strong medium power. He promised to lay the foundation, and give to me the keys that would unlock the storehouse of knowledge, that would reveal the secrets, that mankind so badly needs.

The curtain that has abstracted mans view from natures paradise, is being removed. The germ of superstition, injected its poison—it has bred confusion, misunderstanding, disease and death everywhere. The black clouds are clearing away.

He is the General Superintendent and the President. Through this venturesome lad, the world will soon hear, from the Apostals, Mary, Mary Magdelin, Martha, Joseph the husband and father. Pauls proposition is quite interesting: so isi—s, well the manuscript is complete. Without question: it contains the most interesting information that the world has ever had.

Are you ready?, ?, ?. To busy with war news and fiction. It all comes through RAY. Thats the secret.

R. MORRIS