

GODDENA

THE UNKNOWN GOD



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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to the entire
human race.

THE AUTHOR

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S. H. WEST
ON HIS NINETYETH BIRTHDAY

P R E F A C E

The Author of this Book is searching for Truth, and will follow that Trail wherever it may lead, without regard to consequences personal to himself. He believes the world needs a higher form of religion than has yet prevailed—one that will elevate man above the plane of war, which no religion has done.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

Nature has endowed man with common sense and reason. It is his highest duty to exercise those faculties on all subjects that come before him, including religion. No theory can be accepted as a science until it is proven by actual demonstrated facts, like astronomy and the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

Faith without positive knowledge is of no more value in a Christian than in a Mohammedan, a Hindoo, or a Hottentot. The world is full of faiths. There are many forms of faith among Christians; some believe that if you have faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and are baptized by immersion, you will go to heaven, but if you are only sprinkled you are doomed to eternal hell. We should not attach any value to any form of faith that is not supported by positive scientific knowledge.

All ages have been supplied with man-made gods, who were simply a reflex of what their makers thought a god ought to be.

There is no scientific proof that any of those gods are the Supreme Power of the Universe.

No one has a right to try to tear down any form of religion, unless he can offer a substitute that he believes is better. Robert J. Ingersoll, one of the greatest and best of men, failed in this particular. He did much to destroy the Christian religion, but had nothing to offer as a substitute.

In regard to a future life he simply said he "didn't know." Means of knowing were within his reach, and it was his duty to avail himself of the opportunity. While opposing the Christian religion, I offer as a substitute one that is vastly superior in every respect, founded on reason, justice, humanity and absolute scientific knowledge, and one that does honor to the Infinite Supreme Power of the Universe.

GODDENA

THE UNKNOWN GOD

Religion is a necessity of the human soul. A germ of religion is born with every babe. Out of this germ every form of religion on earth has been developed; each one in accord with the environments of the individual, tribe, or nation.

When man evolved to a point where he could exercise thought above the brute creation, he, on looking at the wonderful mysteries of nature, was moved to a feeling of awe and reverence for the Supreme Power that he felt ruled over all. He manifested this feeling by making crude images of clay, wood, and stone to represent his conception of the ruling power.

This was the beginning of superstition, religion, and the god idea. As man progressed in intelligence he formulated conceptions of greater gods. In the earlier historical periods such nations as Chaldea, Egypt, Assyria and Babylon, each had one or more gods. Babylon had a godsmith,

who made gods to order, like a blacksmith. India, China, Japan, Arabia had their gods, and Greece, when she had reached the highest intellectual greatness ever attained by man, had a chief god named Zeus, and many smaller gods.

The Jews had a god they called Jehovah. Now, as we are more interested in this god than in any others, we will proceed to investigate his characteristics.

It appears from Jewish records that at the beginning this Jehovah god created the heavens, earth, and all things contained therein, including the human race. He was all-wise, all-powerful, and all-knowing. He created man just as He wanted him. If He did not, it was His own fault. He also created the devil, whom He knew would defeat all His plans and purposes. He either created the devil or else the devil was an independent god. In either case the devil has proven to be greater than God. If God created the devil, why did He do it? If the devil is the author of sin, who is the author of the devil? Take any view of the case that you may and it leads right back to God as

the responsible party for all that has followed creation. He made Adam and Eve pure. It would have been very easy to have kept them in that condition. Had He done so we would have had a heaven on earth all the time. He placed temptation before Adam and Eve and they fell, as He knew they would; and as a consequence, we have had a hell on earth ever since, in which the devil has defeated God in every effort He has made for the benefit of man. This is a poor showing for Jehovah.

The only reason we have heard for God's act in placing temptation before Adam and Eve is that God thought it necessary to endow man with free moral agency, with right to choose good or evil. But why necessary? Tell this to babes and sucklings, but not to grown men. The claim is an insult to common intelligence. If true it has been at a frightful cost to God and mankind. It has cost God a constant effort to save man, and He failed in all of them.

Let us go back and try to trace out the pedigree of the devil. We are told that he had been an angel in heaven, but had re-

belled and been cast out. Now be it known that angels are the spirits of persons who have lived on earth, therefore somebody must have lived on earth before Adam and Eve, and it also shows there is no certainty of remaining in heaven, if we are lucky enough to get there. This narrative leaves a confused impression and needs a full explanation. The first born child of Adam and Eve killed his brother; then he went into the land of Nod, married, and raised children. Query: where did his wife come from? The early records are very defective on these points. After the fall of Adam and Eve the human race became so wicked that God repented that he had created man, and finally, in his desperation, he drowned all but eight of the human race. He saved the eight with which to start a purer race. With this wonderful experience it would be fair to suppose that Noah and his posterity would be moral and strictly pure. But what was the result? When the flood subsided, Noah came out of the Ark with his family, animals, serpents, vipers, flies, mosquitos, and every other insect. He planted

a vineyard, raised grapes, made wine, became a beastly drunkard, and he and his posterity continued as wicked as the race had been before the flood. Tally two for the devil. This was his second great victory over God. This condition of wickedness continued for long ages. Free moral agency was getting in its work in fine style. We will now make some quotations from Jehovah's Book, to show what manner of God He was.

MOSES AND JOSHUA

Moses and Joshua were God's vice-gerents to execute His will on earth. I quote from the thirty-first chapter of Numbers: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, 'Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites; afterwards shall thou be gathered unto thy people'." 17th and 18th verses of the same chapter: "Now, therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known a man by lying with him." "But all the women, children, that have not known a man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves." I am ashamed to quote such horrid items. My only excuse is that

Christians claim that every word in the Bible is God's holy word. Joshua, chapter vi, verse 21: "And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword." Verse 25: "And Joshua saved Rahab, the harlot, alive, with her father's household." That is the way God and Joshua treated the red light subject. Chapter viii, verse 24: "And it came to pass, when Israel had made an end of slaying all the inhabitants of Ai in the field, in the wilderness wherein they chased them, and when they were all fallen on the edge of the sword, until they were consumed, that all the Israelites returned unto Ai, and smote it with the edge of the sword." And so it was that all that fell that day, both men and women, were twelve thousand, even all the men of Ai, for Joshua drew not his hand back, wherewith he stretched out the spear, until he had utterly destroyed all the inhabitants of Ai. Chapter viii, verse 7: "Then ye shall rise up from the ambush, and seize upon the city, for the Lord your God will deliver it into your hand,

and it shall be, when you have taken the city, that he shall set the city on fire, according to the command of the Lord shall ye do.”

Chapter x, verse 12: . . . “Then spake Joshua to the Lord, in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites, before the Children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon; and thou Moon in the Valley of Ajalon.” And the Sun stood still, and the Moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hastened not to go down for about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it, or after it, that the Lord harkened unto the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel.

What a colossal insult to common sense. Joshua, a mortal man, suspends the laws of the universe, and stops the sun in its course for about a whole day, and there are people who seem to be intelligent who pretend to believe this story. They say God can do anything. If so why don't he kill the devil? The fabulous prevaricator who perpetrated

this fable didn't seem to know that the sun is stationary and the earth does the motion act. This one story is enough to condemn the whole Bible. Verse 40: "Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded." Chapter xi, verse 20: "For it was of the Lord to harden their hearts, that they should come against Israel in battle, that he might destroy them utterly, and that they might have no favor, but that he might destroy them as the Lord commanded Moses."

These are samples of God's loving mercy to the poor mortals whom He had brought into existence. Hardened their hearts to give Him an excuse to punish them. What a God! The devil could be no worse. Free moral agency comes very high. And who is benefitted? The cruelties and wickedness of the wars of Moses and Joshua can never be excelled by the worst savages on earth.

There were thirty-one kingdoms thus utterly destroyed—men, women, and innocent

children. The civilized world has been shocked at the treatment of Belgium by Germany in the war in Europe. Compare that treatment with God and Joshua's warfare. It is blasphemous to charge such crimes against the Infinite God.

David was a man after God's own heart. His treatment of Uriah was as dastardly a crime as was ever perpetrated.

SOLOMON WAS ANOTHER ONE OF GOD'S FAVORITES

First Kings, chapter xi, verse 2: "Solomon clave unto these in love." Verse 3: "And he had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines; and his wives turned away his heart." Yes, I would think so.

Brigham Young, with his twenty-one wives, was a santified saint in comparison with Solomon. And yet it appears from the following that Solomon must have been a twin brother of God. See Proverbs, chapter viii, verse 22: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting,

from the beginning or ever the earth was. Where there were no depths, I was brought forth, when there were no fountains abounding with water.

Before the mountains were settled, before the hills were, I brought forth. While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world, when he prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the deep; when he established the clouds above; when he strengthened the fountains of the deep; when he gave to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandment; when he appointed the foundations for the earth; then I was by him, as one brought up with him and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him. Rejoicing in the habitable part of the earth, and my delights were the sons of men." "Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye Children; for blessed are they that keep my ways." Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors, for whoso

findeth me, findeth life, and shall find favor of the Lord.” “But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own Soul; all that hate me love death.”

And all this from a man who kept a harem of one thousand lewd women. Comment is unnecessary. This subject is referred to the Committee on Purity.

JONAH

Chapter i, verse 17: “Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.” Then he prayed unto the Lord his God, out of the fish’s belly,” and said, “I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord and he heard me, and out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou hearest my voice, for thou hast cast me into the deep, into the midst of the sea, and the floods compassed me about, all the billows and the waves passed over me.” Then I said, “I am cast out of thy sight, yet I will look again toward thy holy temple.” “The waters compassed me about even to the Soul; the depths closed me round about, the

weeds were wrapped about my head.” “I went down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth her bars were about me forever; yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord, My God.” “Then my Soul fainted within me; I remembered the Lord and my prayer came in unto thee, into thy holy temple. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving. I will pay that, that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord. And the Lord spake unto the fish and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.” This story is referred to the Committee on Intellect and Education.

JOB A MODEL MAN

Chapter ii again: “There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them to present himself before the Lord.” And the Lord said unto Satan, “from whence comest thou?” And Satan answered the Lord and said, “from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down

in it." And the Lord said unto Satan: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God; and escheweth evil? And still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou makest me against him, to destroy him without cause." And Satan answered the Lord and said "Skin for skin, yea all that he hath will he give for his life, but put forth thy hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh; and he will curse thee to thy face." And the Lord said unto Satan, "behold he is in thine hand, but save his life." So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his feet unto his crown.

What a spectacle is here presented! The Almighty Creator and Supreme Ruler of the Universe disputing with the devil, one of his creatures, about the merits of Job, one of the best of men. In which it seems that the devil got the best of the argument, so that God gave up and turned Job into the devil's hands with the request that the devil would spare Job's life. If God is all power-

ful, he ought to have killed the devil there and then, and stopped his wicked career. But on the contrary, he permitted the devil to persecute and afflict Job to an extreme extent.

This matter is respectfully referred to the High Brow Committee.

We are told that God killed, in one night, all the first born in every family in Egypt. Poor innocent babes! And he is a God of love! We are also told that he turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt for looking back at the house she was leaving. It is a sin to teach such absurdities to innocent children.

PROPHETS.

Prophecy is an important feature in the Bible. In a number of places it is said that Christ did certain things "that it might be fulfilled" as spoken of by the Prophet. This looks like a put up job. It proves nothing but simplicity and duplicity.

In Jeremiah, Chapter xxiii, verse 11-17 we find the following: "For both prophet and priest are profane; yea, in my house have I found their wickedness, saith the

Lord.” “Therefore their way shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness; they shall be driven on, and fall therein; for I will bring evil upon them, even the year of their visitation, saith the Lord.” “And I have seen folly in the prophets of Samaria; they prophesied in Baal, and caused my people in Israel to err.” “I have seen also in the prophets of Jerusalem, a horrible thing.” They commit adultery, and walk in lies; they strengthen also the hands of evil doers, that none doth return from his wickedness; they are all of them unto me as Sodom, and the inhabitants thereof as Gomorah; therefore, thus saith the Lord of hosts concerning the prophets: “Behold, I will feed them with wormwood, and make them drink the water of gall; for from the prophets of Jerusalem is profaness gone forth into the land.” “Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: “Harken not unto the words of the prophets that prophecy unto you; they make you vain; they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.” Much more of a similar nature concerning prophets can be found in the Bible,

from which it can be seen that prophets were no better than common men—not even as good.

PERSONAL VISITS OF GOD

We are told that in olden times God made personal visits to men and conversed freely with them, as one man would with another. And on one occasion talked to a fish in the sea, and the fish obeyed him. But strange to say that there is no record that God has made any such visits to earth for nearly two thousand years. Why is this? Where is God, and what is the matter with Him? Is it possible that he is so much disgusted at his many defeats by the devil that he has retired from the contest and turned the human race over into the hands of the devil, as he did with Job? Never in all time has there been such need of God's help as now, when the whole earth is enshrouded in the war spirit. But hold a moment. I recall one reported visit that God made in recent years.

While standing on the sidewalk one day in Spokane, my attention was called to a racket, made by a band of the Salvation Army near by. For pastime, I walked down

to the scene of action. In the course of their exercises, a young woman gave a talk, in which she said that "she had a brother in the east, who was in his sins, and she had been much worried about him; but God came into her room a few days before and told her not to worry about her brother for he would take care of him, and for her to see after the young men of Spokane."

I don't suppose there are many orthodox Christians who can believe that God did any such thing. But their preachers will tell you with as much earnestness as the Maid of Spokane of how they get near to God and feel his presence, and tell his will and intentions. If they feel the presence of unseen forces it is that of angel friends, and not of the Jewish Jehovah. By way of degression, I will say that the Salvation Army, with all its absurdities, is doing more good than any other branch of Christians. They are the scavengers of the human race, raking the gutters of depravity and lifting fallen wretches to higher planes. This is angel work, no matter what delusion they may be under in regard to God.

FUTILITY OF PRAYER TO GOD

Since the beginning of the horrible war now raging in Europe, hundreds of millions of Christian prayers have been addressed to God for peace.

Up to the present hour there is not a particle of evidence that those prayers have had any more effect than if they had been addressed to a wooden image. What is the matter? Why can't you get in rapport with God? Simply because there is no scientific proof that such a being as the Jewish Jehovah ever existed. He is a myth, like all other man-made Gods. And it is the greatest blessing to the human race that there is no such a being, because a much grander and happier fate awaits us than is described in the Bible, and we should rejoice with exceeding great joy in the assurance that the real Supreme Power of the Universe is far superior to any God ever worshipped by mortal man. The Old Testament proves that God was an imbecile, being defeated by the devil in every contest with him, and the most cruel monster that ever existed. Bringing the human race into existence, and then mak-

ing conditions that sends a vast majority of his children to eternal hell.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Let us now investigate the New Testament. It appears from the Old Testament, that after God had been defeated by the devil in all his efforts to reform and save the human race, that he adopted the heroic plan of sending his only Son from heaven to be killed so that his shed blood might wash out the sins of the world. It thus appears that God had not yet outgrown his folly and imbecility. This plan for colossal foolishness towers high above all the other acts recorded in the Old Testament. The idea of the Immaculated Conception, is too absurd to mention. It is a slander on the mother of Jesus and a mockery of God. It is as impossible as the stopping of the sun by Joshua. The worship of any one born of a mortal woman is idolatry. Christ was born of a mortal woman. His shed blood can no more atone for my sins than I can atone for the crimes of a thief or murderer. It is a law of nature that each person shall stand on

his own merits in this life, and I have the assurance of angel friends in heaven that the same rule prevails there, and this is in strict accord with common sense and justice.

From my knowledge of materialization, I can say that it would have been much easier and more effective for Christ to have come from heaven in materialized form than by the method recorded. Moreover if God sent His Son to be killed to save the human race, then the men who killed him were entitled to honor for carrying out God's purpose.

But no matter from what point you may view this matter, it is evident that this plan of saving the human race was a failure, as all preceding plans had been. It would be as reasonable to say that the blood of Abraham Lincoln washed away the sin of slavery as to say that the blood of Christ washed away the sins of the world. Then that blood was a failure in not being retroactive. It could not reach the many billions of people who had lived before Christ's time, and has only reached a small part of mankind since

then, thus leaving an overwhelming majority on the devil's side, up to date.

CHRIST AS A MAN.

I will discuss the merits and qualities of Jesus Christ in the same manner I would that of any other man. He was a mortal with good and bad qualities like all other mortals. He was a great medium, especially in healing. He was generally mild and sympathetic, and a reformer, striving for the betterment of humanity. He said many good things, among the best was, "Do unto others that which you would have others do unto you." The same sentiment had been uttered by Confucius five hundred years before. Another apt remark was "Let he that is innocent cast the first stone." It is not recorded that any stones were cast on that occasion. That remark will be appropriate in many cases, even to the present day. It is wondrous strange that the bible gives no record of Christ from twelve to thirty years of age. Where was he at that time? An able work on that question rep-

resents him as being in India during that important part of his life.

But let us go back to the beginning of his work.

In Matthew, chapter iv, verse 1: "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." And why tempted? And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights he was afterwards hungered. And when the tempter came to him he said, "if thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread." Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city and sitteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, "If thou be the Son of God cast thyself down" for it is written he shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Jesus said unto him, "It is written again thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, "all these things will I give thee

if thou wilt fall down and worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered to him. It would seem from the above that the devil had extraordinary power if he could carry Christ around in that manner. But why the innocent Son of God be led around in such temptations by the devil? What could God mean by allowing the devil, one of his own creatures, to roam around trying to defeat all of God's work? Why didn't God kill the devil at once and put a stop to such foolishness? Chapter v, verse 23: "But whosoever shall say thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." These are the words of Christ in the sermon on the mount, and shows that he dealt in hell fire himself. Verse 24: "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." Verse 39: "Whosoever shall smite thee in the right cheek, turn to him the other also." No manhood in that. Verse 40: "And if any man sue thee at the law and take away thy

coat, let him have thy cloak also, and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.” “Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.” Any mortal who would comply with these foolish commands at the present day, would be promptly placed under the care of a conservator. Chapter vi, verse 31: “Therefore take no thought saying what shall we eat or what shall we drink or wherewith shall we be clothed.”

These quotations prove that Christ was a mere dreamer. The results of which are plainly shown in Chapter viii, verse 20: “And Jesus saith unto him, the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath no where to lay his head.” No other result could follow such imbecile teaching. His teaching would make tramps and hobos of all who would follow his directions today. Verse 21: And another one of his disciples said unto him, “Lord suffer me first to go and bury my father,” but Jesus said unto him, “Follow me, and let the dead bury the dead.” Such

actions today would stamp a man as a brutal savage. Chapter x, verse 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Verse 35: "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." "And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." This excludes me from being a follower of Christ. I fail to find any divinity in the above quotations.

But they sound grossly human. Chapter xii, verse 46: "While he yet talked to the people, behold his mother and his brethren stood without desiring to speak with him." Then one said unto him, "behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without desiring to speak with thee." But he answered and said unto him, that told him, "Who is my mother and who are my brethren?"

On some occasions he addressed his mother as woman instead of mother. This

sounds harsh to me. I never could have addressed my mother in that style.

Chapter xxi, verse 4: "All this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of by the prophets, saying, etc." Any prophecy can be fulfilled in that manner. Verse 21: "Jesus answered and said unto them, 'verily I say unto you, if ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain; 'Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea,' it shall be done.'" I refer this to the Committee on Jonah and the whale.

It is recorded that among his first miracles was the turning of water into wine and this was after the company were well drunken. This act would rule him out of the Anti-Saloon League of to-day. He was a communist and commanded his followers to sell their property, divide with others, and take no thought of the morrow. Not one of his followers are obeying that command at this time. Christ was a visionary and impractical. He was not capable of making a living. His Apostle Paul was far more sensi-

ble when he said, "that a man who failed to provide for his household was worse than an Infidel." There have been some attempts to carry out Christ's communistic principles. I knew a colony on the Kaweah River in the mountains east of Visalia, California, that was known as the Kaweah Colony, that was organized on Christ's communistic ideas. They put everything into a common fund, and operated several years, then went all to pieces and most of them came out without anything. I asked one of them who was benefitted? He said "no one except a few of the leaders." The colony was a total failure. Chapter xix, verse 29: "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brothers or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold and shall inherit everlasting life." The Kaweah Colony did not get a taste of this promise, but came out hungry.

Since writing the above, I have just read of the suicide at Hanford, California, of Thomas W. Baker, on the 9th of May, 1917. He gave as a reason for his suicide the fact

that he was embarrassed with debts he could not pay. He was a member of the Kaweah Colony and was left destitute by its failure. He afterwards kept a cheap boarding house in Exeter, California, where I boarded with him when I was in that vicinity. His was the only boarding place there. He was a poor manager. But his untimely death was one of the results of the communistic teachings of Jesus Christ.

Mark, chapter xiii, verse 30: "Verily I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass, until all these things be done." "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away." As a matter of fact the things predicted have not come to pass yet.

St. John, chapter xxi, verse 25: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the works that should be written. Amen, I give it up and refer it to the Committee on Dreams and the Arabian Nights. What dependence can you place in anything such reckless writers may say? It

appears that at the crucifixion of Christ he lost faith in his mission and his God, when he cried out, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This proves that he was expecting some great intervention by God. Why should God intervene to save his Son, when he sent him to earth to be murdered to save sinners? God and Christ were both paying a very high price for free moral agency, and God knew from the beginning what the result would be. He was a foolish God all the way through. The Hindoo mother who cast her babe in the mouth of the crocodile to appease the wrath of her God was thought to be very foolish, but she was a paragon of wisdom in comparison with God, who sent His Son to earth to be murdered to appease his wrath against his own children. It is said the bible is the word of God. As a matter of fact, neither God nor Jesus Christ ever wrote one word in the bible.

It was written at various times and places by men so ignorant they believed the earth was flat and stationary and the sun, moon, and stars, revolved around it. John on the

Isle of Patmos who was one of the most important writers of the bible, thought the earth was square. He says he saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth. This fable is referred to the youngest class in geography.

About 320 years after Christ, Constantine, the wicked Emperor of Rome, who had murdered his wife and children, called a convention of delegates to collect religious writings and form a Bible out of them. This convention selected by vote the papers that constitutes our Bible. It is claimed that the civilization of the world is due to the Bible and Christianity. The religious wars and religious persecution of heretics that prevailed during the dark ages for a thousand years stand as the darkest blot on the human race. Heretics were torn into four quarters, some had their tongues torn out, and every device of torture was practiced by the church. Religious intolerance has perpetrated the most villainous of all crimes.

Socrates was a clairaudiant medium, could hear voices every day. He was put to death for teaching religious doctrines differ-

ent from what was believed by a majority of the people among whom he lived.

Jesus Christ was a healing medium. He was put to death for teaching religious doctrines different from what was believed by a majority of the people among whom he lived. Joan of Arc was a poor, ignorant peasant girl, but inspired by angels she saved her king and country, and was then burnt at the stake, by the church for being a witch. Great numbers of innocent mediums have been burnt and hanged by Christians in our own country under the charge of witchcraft. The spirit of religious intolerance is now modified but not extinct. Spiritual mediums are prosecuted as criminals by sanctified Christians, some of whom will invoke the curse of God on the writer for expressing his honest views. Christians will tell you that they have the proof within themselves the gift of the Holy Ghost. Yes, and luckily, I have been through that experience myself. In infancy I sucked Christianity from my mother's breast, and grew up under her pious teachings. On her dying bed she urged me to turn to Jesus. In due time I

was converted, confessed, was baptized by immersion, received the Gift of the Holy Ghost, was extremely happy, and wanted everybody to enjoy the same. I have since learned that the Holy Ghost is a magnetic power that is generated by a body of people intensely engaged in mental effort on spiritual subjects. This magnetic power can be as fully developed in a Sioux Indian Ghost dance as in a Methodist camp meeting, and is only kept alive by cultivation. Christian revivalists understand this matter, and some of them are very expert in generating this magnetic power. I am glad to have had my Christian experience. It is very valuable.

Now, while the intelligent world will gradually lose faith in the Jewish Jehovah and his religion, the world is not going to do without a God and a religion. It has been proven by the greatest scientists in the world that the soul continues to live after death of the body, and under certain conditions can and does come back and commune with mortal friends. Sir Oliver Lodge, Prof. Crooks, and others, after long and persistent investigations, announced the above facts.

Many thousands of spiritualists have this knowledge to an absolute certainty. I have had a wide experience on this line. I have as absolute and positive proof of spirit return as any astronomer has of the truth of his science, or as I have of the existence of my wife and children.

The National Spiritual Association has been organized for more than twenty years. They have established many churches founded on the following propositions: Continued existence of the soul after death of the body. Spirits can, and under proper conditions do, come back and commune with friends on earth. All who believe these facts are considered spiritualists, no matter what they may believe on any other points, and they have an unlimited number of shades of belief from Bible spiritualists to Infidel spiritualists.

While Christians call the Supreme Power God the Spiritualists call it Infinite Intelligence. This seems rather unhandy. I am impressed to call this Power Goddena (God of Gods), and this is what I call "The Unknown God," of whom I will have more to

say later on. This will be the substitute for the obsolete Jewish Jehovah, who is rapidly passing out of date. Spiritualists and other liberal churches do not flourish like orthodox churches, because they have knocked the bottom out of orthodox hell, and they are not afraid of the devil. The fear of hell does more to fill orthodox churches than the love of God. But liberal sentiments are bound to grow as intelligence increases among the people.

Before giving my experience in Spiritualism, I will say that it is weighted down with many drawbacks. First is imperfect means of communication, half fledged mediums, dishonest and immoral mediums, pretended mediums, or fortune tellers, who have no spiritual gifts at all. Then spirits see things from different view-points like mortals, hence their statements sometimes seem contradictory. Then a weak-minded person in earth life don't become wise on entering Spirit life; then sometimes a mischievous spirit will slip in on the line and amuse himself by fooling credulous mortals. Then it is a great mistake made by some

new converts to believe everything that purports to come from the spirit world. My guide, who is a very bright angel, tells me they are not infallible and don't know it all. My father tells me there are many truths in spiritualism, but they are mixed with much that is trashy and worthless, but he says: "Save the good grains and discard the chaff, but don't be led into anything against your own judgment, no matter from whence it purports to come." Follow my father's advice and you will not go wrong. My son, Charles, in spirit life, speaking of frauds, said: "Papa, if you have a counterfeit dollar, that is no reason why you should throw away all your good dollars." We have a large number of noble mediums of fine character and splendid gifts, who are an honor to any cause.

But some of our mediums are vain enough to adopt the title of Reverend. This is to be regretted. In my opinion no mortal is entitled to that title. The cause of spiritualism would be promoted by a high standard of education.

SAMPLE OF CHAFF.

Sometime ago I wanted to have a talk with my guide on a special subject. I went to a clairvoyant medium, told her what I wanted. She went into a trance, and instead of my guide coming the first to come gave the name of Moses. I was much astonished at this and inquired what Moses. He assured me he was the Bible Moses, and proceeded to give me a very sensible and logical description of the great difference in knowledge of his time and the present. He found no fault with my sentiments, but seemed inclined to apologize for his acts. Then the name of Joshua was announced and I had a tilt with him about stopping the sun and killing every man, woman, and child in thirty-one kingdoms. He followed the same line of explanation and apology that Moses had. Then to my further astonishment the name of Solomon was announced. Then in a most vigorous manner I said "Solomon, is it possible you come to me? Do you know the bitter things I have lately written about you?" He answered, "Yes, and I was looking over your shoulder while you were writ-

ing and felt like I ought to be clothed in sack cloth and ashes. I was never entitled to the credit given me. Your criticism is a help to me." Now, I do not accept these communications as genuine, because I cannot verify them by any corroborating evidence. But I regard them as the chaff alluded to by my father in speaking of the good grains of spiritualism. But how do I account for this manifestation? First, it might have been the work of the medium. Second, it may have been the work of a mischievous spirit, who slipped in on the line for his own amusement.

In view of these facts I advise you to accept nothing that purports to come from the spirit world, unless it is supported by strong proof and your own good judgment. Remember that the spirit of foolish mortals goes into the spirit world, the same as the spirits of the wise, and a blind following of their messages may lead you into much absurdity, but there are enough good grains in spiritualism to make it a glorious reality.

It is important to know that most communications we receive through mediums

partake to a considerable extent of the individuality of the medium, just as clear water partakes of the color of the colored glass in which it is contained. Mediumship is a gift of nature, and does not depend on morality of the medium any more than does the gift of oratory or poetry.

I once asked my guide why spirits sometimes used immoral mediums. She said: "We are so anxious to reach our earthly friends that we use any means that we can get to do so." If you were on a desert and suffering from thirst and should find a dirty bucket with water you would proceed to quench your thirst and not wait for the silver pitcher.

But before proceeding any further on this line, let us take a little recess. Come with me and we will walk out some clear night and look on the title page of God's great book of nature. We see many thousands of stars, which astronomers tell are suns, planets, and worlds. But what we see is only an introduction to what lies beyond. Now I ask the most intellectual theologian in the world to go with me on the wings of thought to get a

glimpse of the outlines of the immensity of the universe.

Let us cast our minds off through space to the far distant orb Canopus, claimed to be the center of the universe, and more than two million times larger than our sun,—so large that there is not room for it to pass between the earth and sun; and so far distant that it would take centuries for a ray of light to come from there to earth. Then, from that central point we find in every direction, through space, millions of suns, planets and worlds, some of which are larger than our earth and many with inhabitants like unto ourselves, and each one of the inhabited worlds surrounded by a heaven of its own just as the earth is.

Now, let us try to conceive something of the sublime power and glory of the Creator and Ruler of all this immensity of worlds, and see how they compare with the Jewish Jehovah. Now, be it known of all men that the Supreme Infinite Power that rules all things is not in human form, counting the hairs on your head and noting the falling of

a sparrow to the ground, and turning a woman into a pillar of salt for looking back at the home she was leaving, but it is an ethereal spirit power that permeates every particle of the universe, unseen, unknown, and apparently unknowable. This is the Supreme God or Goddena, whom I worship. Concentrate around this God your highest and purest thoughts and adoration, but direct your prayers to your angel friends. It is they who sometimes bring about results that you think are providential. I know to a certainty that my life has been saved several times by impressions from my guide. But so far as I know the Jewish Jehovah and the Goddena of whom I have spoken are out of the reach of mortals.

The nearest approach we can make to a description of the Supreme Power would be that it is a combination of magnetic, electric, and spirit forces. I get the impression that the time is not distant when some great scientific prodigy will appear, who will be able to describe the relations of those forces in a scientific manner. The late W. J. Colville had high gifts in this direction. He

had more spirit than body, and broke down prematurely, but some one will probably come who will be able to give us scientific facts, upon which to build the highest form of religion ever known on earth. One that will elevate the human race above the plane of war, which the Christian religion has failed to do. We should not try to tear down or destroy anything good but to work for better conditions for humanity, and honor and glory of the Supreme Power.

CONJECTURE.

As we approach the great orb Canopus, we pass the limit of scientific knowledge and are left to conjecture as to the balance. Then let us assume that Canopus is the center of the universe and consequently the headquarters of the Supreme Power, Goddena. Then compare the vast universe and its grand Goddena with the little flat earth and its Jewish Jehovah as it was believed to be up to 375 years ago, and you will have a big subject upon which to exercise your mental faculties. I insist that in making Gods we go

to the limit and make one worthy of the name and who can never be excelled.

Mighty intellectual giants appeared at various periods of time in the past. This is especially true in regard to Greece and Rome. But their knowledge and belief about the earth and astronomy up to the time of Copernicus seems extremely silly to ordinary school children of to-day. In like manner the religious beliefs and systems of past ages seem very absurd to a thinking man of the present age.

Religious liberty and progressive thought are walking hand in hand and mankind is inclined to judge all things from the standpoint of common sense and reason. The men who made the Bible believed the earth was flat and stationary. We don't believe that to day. We have no evidence that Jesus Christ knew the earth was round. If the wisdom of the world failed to discover that the earth was round until 375 years ago is it not reasonable to believe that man is yet unable to form a true conception of the form and attributes of the Supreme Power.

BELIEF AND KNOWLEDGE.

As said before, Spiritualists believe in a Supreme Power, but the exact form and attributes of that power is unknown. This absolute knowledge embraces the following, as before stated; the continued existence of the soul after death of the body. The soul never goes into the grave, but goes at once into the spirit world from whence it can and does, under proper conditions, return and hold communion with friends in the earth life. I have myself received communications from the spirit world that are worth more to me than would be all the gold that ever existed. I learn from them that heaven is located in space outside the atmosphere surrounding the earth and that conditions there are entirely different from what we are taught in the bible. That each person there has to stand on his own merits just as he does in this life. The good enter at once into a life of eternal and progressive happiness which is increased in proportion to the amount of good they do to others, while the wicked are punished by their remorseless

conscience until they are sufficiently purified to enable them to work upward to the ranks of the good. In this manner the black sheep of a good pious family will in due time be able to join the happy family circle, instead of being doomed to eternal hell. No mortal is eternally barred from the gates of heaven.

I can get no communications from my spirit friends in regard to other worlds or other heavens. Their knowledge seems to be confined to our earth and our heaven. It is probable that spirits in the higher spheres may have knowledge of the other worlds, or rather other heavens. The impressions I get about Canopus and the other worlds and other heavens come to me by "Thought Waves," and from whence they come I cannot tell. I do not claim they are scientific facts, because I cannot verify them, but the impressions come very strong. And some astronomers say they have discovered that new worlds are now in the process of formation. Our earth is a great wonder, but it is but a little speck in comparison with the immense universe.

LOSING FAITH IN MY MOTHER'S RELIGION.

I remained steadfast in my mother's religion until about thirty-three years old. Then while living alone in my log cabin in the mountains of Tuolumne County, California, surrounded by the sublime grandeur of nature's work, the impressions began to come to my mind that the religion of the bible was not broad enough to meet the requirements of the human soul. When that thought got fairly started there was no stop in its development. For five years the contest in my mind was strong and bitter. During this time I was busily employed in farm labor. I met no Infidels or Spiritualists, nor read any of that kind of literature, but I imbibed from "Thought Waves" conclusions that I afterwards learned were almost identical with the Spiritual religion. But it was twenty years before I met any Spiritualists. I was then much surprised to find that my belief was so near theirs. My contact with Spiritualists seemed to be accidental, but it soon excited my interest and I followed the investigation with great earnestness. Since

then I have traveled much and had fine opportunities to test the realities of Spiritualism.

My first experience in that line was in San Francisco in 1887. Since then I have held converse with friends on the other side of life through trance, clairvoyant, claurident, trumpet, materilizing, etherializing and other phases of mediumship. My experience in that line has been wonderful. In 1908 I published my book, "Life and Times of S. H. West." In that book is an appendix on Spiritualism, in which I give some of my experiences in Spiritual phenomena, some of which I will insert in this booklet.

PICTURES.

In this booklet I insert my photograph, taken on my ninetieth birthday, and photographs of spirit portraits of my guide Pansy, whose earth name was Zelda, and also the spirit picture of Abraham Lincoln, who is a close friend of my guide, and my advisor and frequent visitor. These spirit pictures were taken in broad day light without the touch of mortal hand, pencil, or

brush. I have a standing offer of \$1000 for a duplicate of either one taken in like manner, by mortal man. Before publishing my book, "Life and Times of S. H. West," I obtained Mr. Lincoln's consent to insert his picture in it. I asked my guide for permission to insert her picture. She declined, saying she did not care to have her picture hawked about. She now consents to have it placed in this booklet. But you should know that it is impossible to get a picture of spirits just as they are in spirit life. There they are in etherial form which cannot be correctly pictured. They can only give their picture by building up and assuming a mortal body for that temporary purpose. Bible pictures show angels with wings. This shows the utter ignorance of bible makers on that subject. Angels have no more use for wings than mortals have. Wings would be very much in their way. They can apparently travel with almost the velocity of thought, without wings. I have seen hundreds of materialized spirits, and about half a dozen etherialized spirits. I have two fine pictures of my guide. They are the work of

different spirits and do not look alike. I have also had taken many pictures of myself for sixty-five years and no two of them look alike. Mr. Lincoln and my guide are well pleased with their pictures.

GOD'S ROAD TO HEAVEN.

1. A full belief in the Jewish Jehovah.
2. A full belief in the Immaculate Conception and divinity of Jesus Christ.
3. A full belief in the efficacy of the blood of Christ to atone for the sins of man.
4. He that believeth shall be saved.
5. He that believeth not shall be damned.
6. Unless you hate your father and mother, wife and children, you can not be a follower of Christ.
7. Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.
8. On the resurrection morn all shall be brought forth from the grave and appear before the Judge on the great white throne and be judged for the deeds done in the body. The good to pass into heaven, and the wicked into hell.

GODDENA'S ROAD TO HEAVEN.

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

1. The mortal body is a material substance, while the spirit is etherial.

2. Death ends the union between them.

3. After that the spirit can have no possible use for the body, which goes into decay.

4. The soul does not go into the grave, but at death goes at once into the spirit world, and the judgment day begins there and then. But you will find no great Judge there to judge you, but you will be compelled to judge yourself and do it correctly. There can be no escape from this.

5. Your conscience will sit in judgment upon you. Every act and deed done in the body will come clearly before you. The good will then pass into progressive and eternal happiness, while the wicked and vicious ones will be punished by their remorseless conscience until they make full atonement for all their sins. Then they will be helped by kind angels on the upward pathway that leads to increasing happiness through all the ages of an endless eternity. Do not fear

God. It is your own acts alone you have to fear.

6. Teach these great truths to your children and your friends.

7. If the people of earth could but know and fully realize them they would produce such a revolution in the morals and conduct of mankind as the world never saw.

The above is an epitome of messages received for twenty-five years from the spirit world. This tells the whole story in a nut shell. It can be easily understood by all. It is just, reasonable, and humane. I boldly pit it against the theology of all the ages. Add to this message the fact that spirits of our departed friends can and do return and commune with mortals and you have a basis for a religion superior to any hitherto taught.

A BEAUTIFUL ROAD TO HEAVEN.

VIA WEST'S PRECEPTS.

PROGRAM FOR EVERY DAY.

Love and thank the Supreme Power.

Control your temper.

Try to keep cheerful.

Do all the good you can.

Be honest, truthful, and temperate.

Help the poor, needy, and sick.

Encourage the weak and timid.

Make a specialty of trying to add to the happiness of someone today—and all other days.

Cultivate love, peace, and harmony; life is too short and time too valuable to waste in angry strife.

Be slow to believe evil reports about your neighbors.

Be diligent in searching for something good to say about others, and when you find it don't wait until they are dead, but say it at once.

When you find a person on the down grade or in the gutter, don't kick him, but help him by kind words and acts to strive for better conditions.

Try to scatter rays of sunshine and happiness along your pathway wherever you may be.

Do good today—you may not be here tomorrow.

S. H. WEST.

My father in spirit life says if a person will practice these precepts he will have all the religion he will ever need.

A SHORT ROAD TO HEAVEN.

But the shortest, surest, and easiest road to heaven may be described as follows:

1. Be strictly honest.
2. Do all the good you can to others.

If you will strictly follow these two little rules, no power on earth or elsewhere can keep you out of heaven, no matter what you may believe, whether you believe in one God, four Gods, or no God at all. Your acts alone fixes your standing on earth and in heaven.

This is the golden paved road with easy grades and bordered all along with lovely flowers, and enlivened by sweet singing birds. This road is so plain it can be easily understood by a child. Its simplicity is sublime. Here are four roads leading direct to heaven, accessible to all. Then why worry about matters of belief.

SPIRITUALISM.

As the continued existence of the soul after death of the body has been scientifically

proven by the ablest scientists in the world, it follows as a matter of course that the soul of every human being who ever lived is somewhere. It is very important to know where they are. Theology don't seem to be able to definitely tell. The opinions and knowledge on this subject are hazy. Some believe that all dead are sleeping in the grave and will arise on the resurrection morn. Some believe the good are in heaven and the bad are in hell. It is not difficult to conceive the idea that this vast host is able to wield a mighty influence on the affairs of the world. Many spiritualists believe that when we hang a murderer we do not get rid of him, but his soul goes into spirit life in a condition of bitterness toward his enemies, and from his spirit home influences or inspires certain congenial persons on earth to criminal acts. I believe that many wicked acts are caused by obsession by wicked spirits.

Special psychological conditions existing on earth at times enables wicked spirits to work great disasters. As witness the world's war now raging. Spirit manifesta-

tions are as old as history. There are periods of time when the conditions surrounding the earth are more favorable for those manifestations that at other times. Socrates was a clairaudient medium, and could hear spirit voices. The bible is full of spirit manifestations. The woman of Endor is a striking case. If you take all spirit manifestations out of the bible, there would be but little left. But part of that is fiction. Such as the account of the angels visiting Lot and staying all night with him and eating supper and breakfast. Angels have no need for earthly food, and they can only remain a short time.

Then there are other long periods of time when the line of spirit communications are so much impaired that they fail to connect. But the power is not extinct, but finds an outlet in what we call fortune-telling. Some fortune-tellers can tell you of earth affairs as accurately as good mediums can, but they can tell nothing pertaining to spirit life. It was this class of people who were called witches, hundreds of whom were put to death in our own country through religious intolerance.

The first fortune-teller I ever knew had a wonderful gift in clairvoyance and as a healer, but she had no knowledge of Spiritualism. That was before I knew anything about spirit return. Under proper conditions she would have made a wonderful medium. I have met with some fortune-tellers who advertise and pose as mediums. All such are frauds and should be punished. They can be easily detected by persons acquainted with such things by their style of advertising. They advertise "reduced rates for next week only, tell you who you will marry, etc." Every one of this class of frauds should be sent to jail. They bring much odium to the cause of Spiritualism.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

After a long lapse in spiritual manifestation, the connecting links were united in 1848 and since then the gates of heaven have swung gently open to the touch of angel fingers, who, under favorable conditions, hold sweet communion with mortal friends.

LOCATION OF HEAVEN AND HELL.

As before stated, my boy Charles, in spirit life tells me that heaven is located in space outside of the atmosphere surrounding the earth. I am impressed by my guides to say that the spiritual hell has the same kind of location, and that it is filled with the spirits of all the wicked who have lived on earth, and they have an immense majority over the angels in heaven, and the peculiar psychological conditions now enshrouding the earth enables the vast hosts of evil spirits to obsess the inhabitants of earth with the infernal spirit of war, which is now raging with such brutal cruelty and which threatens our civilization. The consolidated hosts of spiritual hell led on by such lovers of war as Moses, Joshua, Xerxes, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Napoleon are having a high festival. It appears that the beastly spirit of war will have to run its course until the warring nations exhaust their strength and become more purified by their great sufferings.

We are now confronted by a condition that is plainly manifested to all. It is useless to depend on the Jewish Jehovah to get

us out of our trouble. I admonish and urge all to keep in sight of the short-cut road to heaven, as indicated above. If we will all practice traveling on that road we will soon establish a heaven on earth, and send enough recruits to heaven to out balance the hosts of hell.

RESULTS OF THE WAR.

If we do not lose our civilization in the present war, it will be followed by a great revolution in the religious sentiment of the world. As long as the people believe that the Supreme Power of the Universe approved of the wars waged by Moses and Joshua we may expect wars to continue among the nations. Friends of humanity must unite in trying to establish a higher form of religion and a higher conception of the Supreme Power than has ever prevailed on earth.

Let our motto be, "Climb up higher—and yet higher."

PHENOMENA.

In February, 1890, I lodged for a time in the house of Mrs. A. Rush, of 123 Bunker Hill avenue, Los Angeles, California. She

was an honest, old-fashioned woman, and a very strong medium, so strong that she could not talk with me for ten minutes on any subject without going under control. Sometimes by her own guides, and sometimes the control of my spirit friends. These communications being spontaneous, were free, without money and without price, and valued by me more on that account. After being there ten days I wrote, from memory, a synopsis of the most important messages I had received through her. Many of them were in answer to questions from me. Her controls were the spirits of a Dr. Clark, Preacher Patton, a German named Smelzer, and others.

My first question was to Dr. Clark: "Why do our spirit friends sometimes materialize in forms different from those they had in this life?"

Answer: It is difficult to appear in a materialized form. It is hard to form the body for that purpose; therefore, we sometimes use the same body that has been used by some other spirit. It is easier to do so than to form a new one to represent the exact

form of the body on earth, just as it is easier to occupy an empty house, already built, than to build a new one. We cannot do very much in a materialized form at best. I never feel easy in that form. I feel like I am in a shell that does not fit me, and find it difficult to articulate or speak. About all we expect to accomplish in the form is to set people to thinking and investigating these things. Many people in earth life are so bigoted in their opinions that they wrap themselves up in their belief, like a silk worm in its shell, until they shut out all light and can see nothing. Such people, when they come into spirit life, are very difficult to get unraveled and straightened out, so they can make any progress here. It is mainly for the purpose of setting such people to thinking and investigating in the earth life that we sometimes appear in a materialized form. When we can start people in this direction it makes it much easier for us to help them when they reach the spirit life. But it is much easier to talk through a medium, as I am now doing, than to come in a materialized form.

This answer was of great importance to me, because sometime previous to that time my father came to me in materialized form as natural life, and after talking a short time he disappeared; then in a few moments, the same body came again and gave the name of brother John. Not understanding how this could be I was disgusted and thought it was a humbug.

Second question: "Can spirits be happy while seeing so much ignorance and misery?"

Answer: When your child is very sick you do all you can for it. You think no trouble is too great that may be necessary to relieve it, and when you see it is on the road to health your joy is ample compensation for all the trouble and care you have had to bestow on it. It is just so in the spirit life. Our joy is caring for and assisting others, who need our help, and our happiness in knowing they are in the line of progression to a higher state is ample compensation for all our anxiety for them.

Third question: "What are the marriage relations in spirit life of those who have been married several times in earth life?"

Answer: No mistakes are made in the spirit world. If a man and wife have been properly mated in the earth life the union will be continued in the spirit life. But, if a couple have been mismated in the earth life, the mistake will be corrected in the spirit life. They will not be reunited over there, but each will find their own proper mate. All are mated in the spirit life. It takes two halves to make a whole. When a man or woman has been married several times they cannot, when they reach spirit life, love two of their earthmates equally well, but will mate with the one for whom he or she has the most affinity. There can be no jealousy or envy there, but all will fully realize and recognize the fitness of the unions in the spirit world.

Fourth question: "Do persons who have lost their mental faculties in this life carry that condition with them to the spirit world?"

Answer: If you should receive a blow upon your head that would impair or destroy your mental faculties, it would be the result of a damage to your physical body, and when

you throw off that body in death, you are freed from its defects and conditions, and enter the spirit life with all your mental faculties unimpaired. In consequence of the violations of the laws of nature many are born as idiots. This results from malformation. In many cases the brain is partly inverted or put in sideways. The skull is generally shaped in such manner as to prevent the development of the brain and the spirit is unable to change the shape of the skull and consequently the person has to go through life as an idiot; but when they get to the spirit world they are taken in charge by proper instructors and are placed in a department prepared for them and are gradually developed into intelligent beings, and like all other persons, placed in the line of eternal progression.

Fifth question: "Why do spirits sometimes use mediums who are not honest or are otherwise disreputable?"

Answer: Because we cannot always get enough of the right kind of materials. Then it is often the case that disparaging reports about mediums are not true. There is a good

deal of envy among some mediums. Some are vain and want to be considered as superior to all others, and consequently help to circulate bad reports about other mediums. Then there are, in spirit life, many vain and foolish persons, just as there are on earth. This class of spirits communicate freely with mediums who are vain and ambitious to excell all others, simply for their own personal glory and without regard to the welfare of mankind. If you have a piece of work to do it is a very easy matter to find a dozen men who can tell you all about how it ought to be done, better than you can yourself, but if they are put to the test you find they know nothing about it. We have that class of people in the spirit world, and there is no way to prevent them from communicating through mediums who are like unto themselves. Then, again, you should know that the mediumistic power is separated and distinct from the individual. That power is like a bridge used to cross a stream. The bridge is not the stream, but simply the machinery used to connect one shore with the other. We use a medium as a bridge over

which we communicate with persons in the earth life. The imperfections of the individual possessing mediumistic powers do not necessarily impair the truthfulness or merit of communications sent through that medium. If you cross a bridge in safety you have certainly accomplished your purpose to go to the other shore, though there may be some defective materials in the bridge.

MESSAGE FROM REV. PATTON.

My name is Patton. I was, while in earth life, a preacher of the gospel. I believed that God delighted in punishing the wicked with everlasting punishment, and preached that doctrine in all sincerity. I knew no better, but when I got into the spirit world I found everything very different from what I had believed and preached. I found that I had to take my place with all others and work my way up, as all have to do in the spirit world. There is no hell, such as is taught on earth. The only hell is that caused by one's own acts. This is all you have to fear. I was born in Ohio, lived in New York, and died in Missouri.

MESSAGE FROM DR. CLARK.

Mankind shows less wisdom in regard to their own race than the common animals do. They certainly show less care in proper mating for themselves than they do for their animals. Why, the farmers give more attention to the proper breeding of their hogs than to the proper selection of their own mates. And what a poor, scrubby breed of hogs there would be if there was no more care taken with them than with the human race. Take a female whose waist is laced into a small form—her organs are squeezed out of position. Imagine this woman married to a coarse, brutal drunkard, as is often the case. What can you expect but that the children of such a union will be of frail and diseased bodies, distorted and vicious dispositions and impaired intellect. These evils can be remedied, some by laws that will compel the teaching in all of our schools of the great laws governing the human body—that most wonderful piece of machinery in the universe. Teach all children and grown people to obey these laws, and the terrible

penalties resulting from their violation, and it will result in the improvement of the race.

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MY GUIDE.

At a private materializing seance in San Francisco, California, on March 13, 1890, from 10 to 11 o'clock a. m. No one was present but the medium and myself. Fifteen different forms appeared, among whom were two who claimed to be my parents. My father looked as natural as he ever did in the later years of his life. I embraced him in my arms, and was moved to tears when he said, "Don't weep for us, my son, for we are happy." While I was talking to my parents my niece, Lizzie Deffenbaugh, came and placed her hand on my arm. She looked very happy, but did not speak, and she faded away as my parents withdrew. Then five Indians came to me in a body. They shook hands with me. They gave the name of Pocahontas, Tecumseh, Powonto, Crooked Finger and Fleetfoot. Pocahontas made a graceful and beautiful appearance. Tecumseh and Powonto were short, thick-set men. Crooked Finger's middle



PANSY

WHOSE EARTHLY NAME WAS ZELDA

finger on his right hand was bent on a square angle, and was stiff as a stick. Fleetfoot was a fine athletic fellow. He told me he was a Pottawattomie Indian, and used to live not far from my home. Powonto stepped behind me in a frisky manner, and placing his hands on my sides, he lifted me off the floor as easily as if I had been a sack of feathers. Towards the close of the seance there came a beautiful female spirit, clad in illuminated raiment. She shook hands with me, gave the name of Pansy, sat on a sofa with me for several minutes, saying she was a Greek maiden, and lived long ago—a thousand years; yes, two thousand years, and had been my guide ever since my birth; would go with me through life, and at death escort me to my spirit home. Then she retired, but in a few minutes I saw a small, vapory-looking substance just below the ceiling. It was in motion, and gradually descended and rapidly unfolded until it struck the floor in front of me, when it was fully developed into the beautiful maiden. I arose, and she placed her hand upon my shoulder and talked to me in an angelic strain. This was

the first time I ever heard of her. Since then I have seen and talked to her many times in San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles, California; Houston, Texas; Chicago, Bloomington, and Farmer City, Illinois, and have talked with her many times through trance, clairvoyant, and trumpet mediums in my own house. In fact, I am now, after twenty-seven years, nearly as well acquainted with her as I am with my own family. She was born and raised in Athens, Greece, and died 429 B. C., in the days of Pericles and Cleon. She once told me that Cleon was a friend of her family and often took shelter in her father's house. At another time she told me she had often been in the Parthenon, which was said to have been the finest building ever erected by man. She told me that in descending from that building to the foot of the hill you come to a narrow street leading into the city, and upon that street are some of the fragments of the ruins of the little temple she used to attend. She talks of the past, present, and future, and gives tests that no mortal can give. Since I became acquainted with her she has

saved my life three times, and been of great benefit to me in many ways. On the 13th of July, 1890, I attended a materializing seance in Chicago. The first form that appeared was that of Dr. A. T. Darrah, who gave me excellent tests. Next came my niece, Lizzie Deffenbaugh, who talked to me pleasantly for some time. Near the close of the seance, Pansy, the beautiful spirit I saw in San Francisco just four months before, appeared in very plain attire. The first thing she said was, "You thought I was not coming, but I wanted to wait until the last." Then we had a fine talk about our meeting in San Francisco, and she discussed with me the qualities of the cabinet spirits at that seance, and mentioned one as being too rough.

MESSAGE FROM INDIAN SPIRIT.

Some twenty-eight years ago, at a private reading with a trance medium in San Francisco, the spirit of an Indian came, and gave his name as "Fleetfoot," and said he was a Pottowattamie Indian, and used to live not far from my home. He then told me of a dis-

ease in my wife's throat—said it was not dangerous yet, but it was inclined to work down, and needed close and careful attention, and if not soon attended to would cause serious trouble. I had never heard my wife complain of her throat and thought Fleetfoot was badly mistaken. When I returned home, I did not tell my wife anything about what the Indian had said about her throat, for fear it might cause her some uneasiness.

A few weeks afterward, my wife and I drove over to the village of Arrowsmith, and on the way home she told me she had called in to see the doctor. I asked her why she wanted to see him. She said she wanted to see him about her throat. "Why, what is the matter with her throat?" I asked. She then described the case precisely as Fleetfoot had done months before. I asked why she had not told me before. She said she did not want to be complaining about every little ailment.

Her throat has never been entirely well since. Under skillful treatment, it gets better at times. Sometimes it has been in a dan-

gerous condition. There is no prospect that it will ever be well.

There was no earthly means by which Fleetfoot or the medium could have known anything about my wife, who was 2500 miles away. My home was about two miles from the site of the old Kickapoo Indian Fort and town in McLean county, Illinois.

It is said that the Kickapoos and Pottowattamies lived together for a time.

If the above communication was not from the spirit side of life, then from whence did it come?

On January 13, 1891, I had a reading with a clairvoyant medium in Chicago. I called for Pansy, who came and gave me a long and most interesting talk, manifesting a full acquaintance with my affairs, and promising me many good things for the future. This medium described Pansy very minutely; speaking of her Greek appearance, and that I had never seen her in life, and that she was the most beautiful being she ever saw and was surrounded with a great band of angels, who were looking on her with wonder at her

telegraphic power of communicating with the people of earth.

At Los Angeles, California, on the 17th of February, 1891, my wife and I had a reading with an excellent test medium. We received very fine messages from friends in spirit life. Near the close of the seance I asked Pansy if she had any further directions to give me. She answered, "There are going to be very heavy rains in this country. Keep out of all low places, and don't go home until the weather gets settled in the spring." There had been but very little rain there up to that time, and farmers were suffering for moisture. In a few days thereafter the fountains of heaven seemed to break loose, and the deluge came, wrecking railroads, bridges and highways. The railroad through Temecula Canyon was so badly destroyed for twenty miles that it has never been rebuilt. The town of Yuma and others were nearly destroyed. No mails or passengers went into or out of Los Angeles for twelve days, and the overflow of the Colorado River formed the Salton Sea on the great Colorado desert. We had intended re-

turning home on the first of April, but were detained by my sickness, so we did not arrive until the 16th of the month. We then learned that on and about the first of April was the worst weather of the winter.

The above tests by Pansy are simply beyond human explanation. They are in harmony with the many other beautiful things I have received from her.

In March, 1891, in San Francisco, my wife and I received through a slate writing medium the following slate-written message:

My Dear Loved Ones: From my far home in spirit world I come to you with my heart full of love. I am with you in your great desire to do good. Whatever you shall impart to others shall be measured ten fold to you. I will come and give more as I get accustomed to the magnetism of this medium. I wish you could arrange for a private seance. We could do better. Lovingly,

EMMA SPENCER.

In earth life Emma Spencer and my wife had been intimate friends, and members of the same church.

At the same sitting referred to above, I received the following slate-writing through this medium from Pansy:

My Dear Loved Friend: I was very happy to show my face through this medium. I am with the little spirit artist, Rose Bud, gathering forces to produce my picture on the slate for you. In another sitting I would love to bring to you the message you are so anxious to receive, but climatic conditions are unfavorable today. With best love to you both, I bless you.

YOUR LOVING GUIDE.

Instead of signing her name Pansy, there was a beautiful picture of a pansy flower where the name should be. Some days after receiving the foregoing message, my wife received, through the same medium, the following slate-writing:

My Dear Friend Martha: Oh, what a pleasure this is to me to be permitted to see you face to face, and I want you to carry my sweetest love back with you to those dear ones who are bound to me by kindred ties.

Tell them that my home-ties and home-loves grow stronger each day here and my heart goes out lovingly to them all. My dear friend, I come to scatter sunbeams in your pathway. I have your little darling with me in spirit world. I am loving and caring for him, and in all the spirit world there is not a more beautiful little angel than sweet little Parker. My home is amid everlasting joys of flower-covered vales and silver threaded streams, wandering adown sweet-scented slopes, and the air is made musical with the sweet voices of happy children at play. The great joy of my life is to know that the gate between the two worlds swings gently to the touch of angel fingers, and we can come back to earth and lead our loved ones heavenward. Dear friend, I am often with you. I gaze upon you in the lonely hours of the night, and mark each sigh that stirs thy sleeping breast, and I try to illumine the shadows that may linger in thy earthly pathway. Goodbye.

Your loving friend,

EMMA SPENCER.

At this meeting Pansy, Emma Spencer, and many others materialized and talked with us face to face. The little Parker referred to by Emma Spencer was our dear boy who died in infancy.

At the same date and place the following slate-writings were received.

My Dear Children: The garden of memory is ever fresh and green with us in the land of spirit. We are always glad to mingle our thoughts with our loved ones who are still of earth. We rejoice that we can return and make our presence known to our dear friends and assure them that the grave does not end all, but we live in a world that is fairer than earth. Nothing dies, only changes, and that change unfolds the capabilities of the human spirit, and it goes on and on in the grandeur of its unfoldment through all eternity. It is impossible to picture to your mind, my son, with any language familiar to mortals the glories of the future life. We are watching over your life and guiding your footsteps into pathways that are most perfect. Always try to do and

live right, and God will bless you with a crown of life above. We are always near to cheer and encourage you. Many loved ones are here. With love to you both, my children,

Lovingly your father and mother,

HENRY AND MARY WEST.

At the same seance I received the following slate writing:

My Dear Brother: We are all gathered around you today in joyous greeting. We are always happy in coming earthward with words of cheer to those who are still journeying upon the plains of earth life. We are often with you, and when you sit meditating over the past and thinking of the loved ones who have passed from your visible sight, we draw near and caress you on cheek and brow. We are watching to welcome you to our beautiful home above, where old age and sickness is unknown. Link by link, we are gathering our loved ones home and when the chain of our family circle is complete in the world of spirit, O how happy

we will be! I will come to you again and try to give you a description of our spirit home. Goodbye. Your spirit brother,

JOHN WEST.

At the same seance I received the following slate-writing:

Dear Friend: The chain of love is not broken by the change called death, but lives and grows stronger as time rolls on, and we bring you greetings from our home so fair and bright, all flooded with eternal light where love reigns supreme, all hearts overflow with joy and peace, earth cannot know. No weary feet or tear-dimmed eyes are found in all our paradise. But joyous, bright, unfettered, free, the soul hath perfect liberty.

From your spirit friends,

DR. A. T. DARRAH,

D. B. GILHAM,

L. D. WHITING.

Senators D. B. Gilham and L. D. Whiting were my most intimate friends when I was a member of the Illinois legislature. Dr. A.

T. Darrah was a good friend in earth life and also in spirit life. The medium through whom the above slate-writings were obtained was a stranger to my wife and myself. She had no knowledge of us or of the writers of the messages. To obtain a message I would write a question on a slip of paper addressed to a spirit friend; place the slip between two slates, place a band around the slates, then put the slates in a cabinet and remain in the room with the medium for some minutes; then examine the slates and find the writing. The handwriting of each message was different from all others. This all occurred in broad daylight.

At a reading with a clairvoyant medium in Chicago on the 8th of December, 1891, Pansy came and gave me an interesting talk of about half an hour. She then requested me to come back next day and said we could then have a much better meeting, and told me she would bring my little boy next day. I told her I did not like to come unless she was willing for me to pay the medium for the second sitting, as she would not allow the medium to take any pay for the last reading.

She answered that I could pay the medium whatever I thought was right. I returned next morning at 9 o'clock and, much to my surprise, my little boy was the first one announced as being present. He commenced by giving a correct account of his sickness and death, showing that his disease was in his throat, and was very severe and brief, choking him to death in a very short time. He then expressed great solicitude about my health, and sent some dear messages to his mother, and especially enjoining upon her the necessity of her ceasing to labor so hard. After a very fine talk he retired. This boy died with membranous croup.

My father came next and talked freely, plainly and finely. He gave me much good advice, telling me that I had a beautiful home and fine farm; that if I was living in some good village where I could have more company it would be better for me, but the danger of evil influences of town life on my little boys would more than overbalance the benefit to myself, and that I must not sell my farm. He then said, "Don't sell any of your farms; keep your land for your main

dependence.” He talked at length about business and other affairs. I then asked him about his marriage relations in spirit life, as he had been married twice, and always seemed to be with my mother, his first wife, when in communication with me. (His second wife died before he did.) He answered that when his second wife came to the spirit world her people met her and took her with them, and when he came my mother claimed him, and as there was more affinity between them than there was with the second wife, he was with my mother, but he added, “The second wife is all right.”

After my little boy and my father finished and bid me goodbye, Pansy came and gave me, as she always does, a grand talk. She expressed much concern about my health the coming winter, and urged me to take great care of myself as there was danger of my having serious sickness soon, and said they didn't want me over there yet; that there was much for me to do on earth, both for my family and in other lines. She made a remark in regard to business. I then told her I had always avoided talking about business

affairs to her, as I supposed such subjects would be distasteful to her. She replied that she would talk to me on any subject. She talks with much wisdom and purity, and seems anxious that I shall not do anything in regard to my belief that will bring me into ridicule and damage my influence. Altogether the reading lasted for full two hours and was of great interest. The medium knew nothing of me, or my people, nor my affairs. The intelligencies that talked through her made no mistake in reference to myself and my affairs.

On the evening of October 15, 1893, I attended a materializing seance in Chicago. Several of my friends, in spirit life, came and talked to me; last of whom was my guide, Pansy. I asked her if I would go to Mr. Campbell, the spirit artist, could she give me her picture. She said she didn't know that she could, but that she would give me a bunch of pansies anyway. Next day I went to see Campbell. He said he would not promise me anything. Didn't know whether he could get anything or not. Sometimes he got good results, and sometimes he got

nothing, and said the work was done by power beyond his control. I told him I knew I would get something, and knew what it would be, but would not tell him. He took two slates, washed them well, and gave them to me to wipe, after which he placed a piece of clean porcelain between the slates, then put two stout rubber bands around the slates and leaving the slates in my hands all the time, Mr. Campbell then walked the floor for ten or twelve minutes, telling me of what he saw, which I recognized as my guide. He then told me to open the slates and see what I had. Upon doing so, I found a beautiful bunch of pansies painted in oil on the porcelain plate, and one side was covered with writing, and on the other slate was the dim outlines of the face and bust of my guide, and also of an Indian, whom I learned, in a very singular manner a few days afterward, was a Shawnee Indian, who gave the name of Fast Dog.

A few nights after obtaining the picture of pansies I again attended a materializing seance. My guide, Pansy, came in fine form and talked with me, and spoke at once in the

most joyous manner of the picture of pan-sies, and requested me to keep it always. It required several weeks' time to dry the oil of which this picture was made.

At a dark circle in San Francisco on the night of March 4, 1894, the spirit of my brother, John, came and told me of a serious difficulty I had recently had with some men in Texas, saying the treatment I received was the greatest outrage he ever saw, and that he was so indignant that he felt he could almost burst the bonds of the spirit world, and that he and other spirit friends, who were present, were all that saved me. No mortal, except myself, within more than two thousand miles, knew anything about this matter. The outrage was fully as bad as my brother indicated. If this message was not from the spirit world from whence did it come, and how did it get there?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMES INTO MY LIFE.

In the early part of 1896 I had a sitting with a clairvoyant medium in Houston, Texas. She was a total stranger to me. I was not pleased with her, as she was a coarse,

common, vainglorious woman, who was not fully developed as a medium. Near the close of the reading she said, "Abe Lincoln belongs to your band." I was so much disgusted with this presumptuous remark that I made no answer. It is so common for half-developed mediums to claim communion with spirits of illustrious persons that it is simply disgusting. I left that medium with a very poor opinion of her. Some months afterward I took a treatment of my head for sun pains, given by Mrs. Esther Dye, a very reputable healing medium of Los Angeles, California. During the treatment she spoke of the presence of the spirit of a noted public man. I asked for his name, but she said he declined to give it. I insisted on knowing the name of the visitor and named a number of departed statesmen, but none were recognized. Finally, I named Judge David Davis, with whom I had been well acquainted. The medium answered, "No; it is greater than he. It is Lincoln." This statement made some impression on me, but I could not imagine why the spirit of Mr. Lincoln should come to me. I had seen him sev-

eral times in his earth life, but was not acquainted with him. The next time that I heard from him was at a materializing seance in San Francisco, on the night of September 17, 1897. Five other persons were present. The conditions were excellent. Spirit friends came to all present. My boy Parker, who died in infancy in 1876, came to me, gave his name and convinced me of his identity. He was grown to manhood. I embraced him in my arms and he sent a most loving message to his mother. Next came my uncle, Thomas H. West, who, while in earth life, had been a very strict Presbyterian, and intensely bitter against Spiritualism, and strongly set against everything except his own faith. When he announced his name I felt amused at his coming to such a place, and I at once asked him, "Uncle Tom, have you got adjusted to the conditions over there?" His answer was very characteristic of the man. Instead of answering yes or no, he said, "I found I had a great deal to unlearn over here." Then came to me the full form of Abraham Lincoln, as natural as he ever appeared in the earth life. He

grasped my hand with a firm grip and hearty shake and held it during his visit of seven or eight minutes. His was a wonderful hand. I never saw one just like it—very large, rough and raw boned. I thanked him for coming to me, and expressed my surprise at his coming to so obscure a person as I, especially as I had been politically opposed to him in his earth life. He promptly answered: “That don’t count over here, but it affords me pleasure to come to any one who is laboring for the upbuilding of humanity as you are.” Then he spoke of being cut off in the midst of his work and others had to finish it. Then of the general conditions of the country, saying that money had too much influence in our government. Then he spoke of the conditions in Europe, saying the troubles would continue there until their kingdoms and empires would topple over like blocks of wood and republics be established in their stead. He closed by expressing his warmest sympathy for Cuba. This was seven months before the beginning of the war with Spain. Since that time Mr. Lincoln seems to have come closely into my

life. Possibly this has resulted from his intimate friendship with my beautiful guide of whom he speaks in the highest terms.

On July 28, 1900, I had the rare good luck of enjoying a private etherializing seance in Los Angeles, California. It was the only seance of that kind I ever saw. Etherialization is a very rare phase of mediumship, and it is the finest of all phases. The seance lasted about two hours, and it was grand. The spirits came in etherialized form, as they are in spirit life. I could see the full form but it looked like a shadow that you could see through, but they could talk better than when in materialized form. My guide came and talked very finely. My boy, Charles, while in the earth life, had learned to play the French harp beautifully. While waiting for some one to come I heard the sweet notes of a French harp faintly sounding in the far distance. Then it ceased, then commenced nearer, and louder; then stopped again. Then it came nearer and in the most angelic strains played, "Home, Sweet Home," the piece he had so often played for me when, weary and tired out, I had gone in-

to my home and asked the dear boy to play me some music. He always cheerfully complied with my requests on such occasions, no matter what he had on hand. I am not ashamed to say that I wept with delight when those sweet notes burst upon me. It was the most exquisite touch of heaven I have ever enjoyed. When he got through playing he came nearer and in full view and gave me a grand talk. Holding out his arm there appeared suspended from it a bright star and crescent. Pointing to them with the other hand he said, "Papa, remember these are my symbols. The star represents love and the crescent represents unfoldment."

Last of all came the full etherialized form of Abraham Lincoln, who gave me a splendid talk. This was at the time when the Boxer rebellion in China was at its height, and it was the general belief that the American and other legations in Peking had all been murdered. I asked Mr. Lincoln if our people in China were yet alive. He answered, "I think they are, at least they have not yet arrived in the spirit world." In a

few days after this, rumors began to arrive that the legations were safe. During this conversation with Mr. Lincoln, I asked him who inspired me to write the verses at the sea shore at Santa Monica, a short time before. He said that my guide inspired me to write them and that they were very good, and then spoke very highly of her and concluded by saying that she was not only my guide but his guide as well. This statement rather paralyzed me, and before I could get an explanation he was gone. For several weeks I was much puzzled over Mr. Lincoln's statement. Others who came were my sister Mary, Theodore Parker, and Alan El Hassen.

On the 23d of August, following, I had a private materializing seance in Oakland, California. My guide came and made me a long visit at this seance, sitting by my side, and talking on various subjects. Among others were the merits of a portrait of hers in my seance room at my home in LeRoy, Illinois. She told me the exact cost of the picture. In speaking of the color of her eyes in the picture I told her the eyes were dark.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

She quickly replied, "They are hazle," which is strictly correct. Then I asked her what Mr. Lincoln meant when he said she was his guide as well as mine. Then she, with her forefinger, drew a circle saying, as she did so, "We have circles in the spirit world and circles within circles, and it so happens that I am the center of one of those circles and Mr. Lincoln is a member of that circle, and that is what he meant when he said I was his guide."

I have since learned from others that she was one of Mr. Lincoln's teachers in spirit life. From what I have learned of her she is well worthy to be the spirit teacher of anyone fresh from the earth life.

Two days previous to the etherializing seance above referred to, I was sitting alone on the seashore at Santa Monica, California, and watching the waves in their ceaseless action. Soon I felt impressed to write something. I had no paper with me, but wrote the following verses on the margin of a newspaper I had bought that morning.

I know nothing about poetry, its rules or measures. I don't know that these verses

have any resemblance to poetry, but I give them just as they came to me :

WORDS OF THE WAVES.

Oh, what are the wild waves saying,
And what do they say today,
As swiftly they come rolling to the shore
To be broken and dashed into spray?

They tell of the wondrous power of force
That comes from the throne of God;
They tell of the ceaseless efforts of man
To rise to higher planes than ever he trod.

They tell of his hopes on their crested tops,
And his defeats in their ebbing sway;
They tell of his courage in coming again
To be baffled and beaten in sore dismay.

They tell of the constant struggle of mind,
To fathom the depths of the unknown
land;
They tell of the mighty work of life,
Ebbing and flowing o'er shifting sand.

They tell of eternity's endless work,
Where activity, to the soul, is rest;
They tell of man's labors here below,
And his duties in the realms of the blest.
—S. H. West.

Seashore, Santa Monica, Calif., July 26, 1900.

On the 9th of February, had a fine reading with Mrs. Watts, at Houston. Talked with my boy Charles, Pansy, and Mr. Lincoln. March 9, had trumpet seance in Bloomington, Illinois. Splendid talk with Charles, Pansy, mother, father, brother John and Dr. Darrah. Grand talks. On April 27, trumpet seance in Bloomington, Illinois. Grand talk with Charles, mother, father, brother John, Pansy, Dr. Darrah and Abraham Lincoln. May 2, fine trumpet seance in LeRoy. In all these and many others my friends would talk as plain, intelligent and connectedly as if they had been in the earth life.

IGNORANCE OF WISE MEN.

At one of the best trumpet seances ever held in my house, there was present a very

intelligent friend, who had no acquaintance with the subject. He received splendid tests and seemed much interested. But when it became known that he had been at that seance his friends made it so hot for him that it seemed his business would be damaged. Then I heard he recanted and said someone came to him at the seance and claimed to be his brother in spirit life, and as a matter of fact he had no dead brother at all. Now, from an orthodox standpoint this settled the case. It clearly proved the whole affair was a fraud. But let us see. There are several things that even wise, educated men don't know.

At an early period of my investigation of Spiritualism, I was told by spirits that when spirit life begins it cannot be destroyed. The mortal embryo may be prematurely destroyed, but in such event the spirit germ is taken in hand by spirit nurses, who care for it until it is fully matured. According to this information, my learned friend may have a number of brothers and sisters in spirit life that he never heard or dreamed of. Moreover, I am told that many a mother on

arrival in the spirit world is surprised to find she has more children there than she expected to see. This is a very important thing to know.

DARK SEANCES.

A strong objection is made against Spiritualism on account of dark seances. It is true that materializing and trumpet work can be best done in the dark. Photographers can explain why a part of his work can only be done in the dark. Nature does its most important work in the dark. All seeds grow best in the dark. But much very important spirit work is done in full day light.

I have some splendid spirit portraits taken in broad day light without touch of mortal hand, pencil, or brush.

TALKING IN ENGLISH.

Many may wonder how my guide, who was an ancient Greek, can talk to me in English. At an early period of our acquaintance, I asked her how she learned to talk in that language. She said she learned it

from my people. I have seen quite a number of spirits who could not speak a word of English.

MY LIFE SAVED.

Some years ago an excursion train was advertised to leave Chicago for California on a certain date. The train was to contain a tourist sleeper. I wanted to make a trip to California and decided to go on this train and go in the tourist sleeper. I made an effort to secure a berth in it. About noon on the day before the train was to start, I experienced a strange change of mind about the trip. The desire to go began to leave me, and in one hour I lost it all. I was dead set against going. I knew this meant something serious, but could not tell what it was. The train ran on time and before reaching Kansas City was wrecked and the tourist sleeper that I had wanted to go on was burned with most of its passengers. I then understood what it all meant.

My guide had told me years before that she would keep me out of railroad wrecks. She and my brother in spirit life told me after the wreck that if I had gone on that train,

I would have lost my life. A Christian would say that this was providential. As a matter of fact, providence had nothing to do with the case. It was solely the work of my guide who impressed me not to go.

On February 20, 1902, I held a trance seance with Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, in my own house in LeRoy, Illinois. The medium, while in a trance, gave me a beautiful message. Then I asked my guide to explain to me her relation with Abraham Lincoln. The medium was then silent for a couple of minutes, sinking into a deeper trance. Then my guide seemed to have perfect control of the medium and gave me the most beautiful address I ever heard. It related entirely to the influences of the spirit forces upon Abraham Lincoln, from the time of his birth up through all the stages of his life to his death, entrance and reception in the spirit world. The recital was sublime. I greatly regretted that I had no stenographer present to take it down. Twice since then I have had Mrs. Cooley stopping with me and had a stenographer present and tried to get my guide to repeat the Lincoln narrative, but

neither time could I get a word on this subject. No, you cannot control these things. The conditions do not often repeat themselves. At one of these seances where I failed to get the Lincoln message I received a wonderful message, which I will give in full later on, in its proper place.

On 24th and 25th of February, 1903, I had beautiful talks with Pansy, Charles, and Mr. Lincoln, through a trance medium in Houston, Texas. Mr. Lincoln requested me to write and publish my views on the negro problem, and told me the papers to have the article published in, and said when I felt the impression to write it would be so strong that I would know where it came from.

In building my new dwelling house in LeRoy, Illinois, I built a beautiful seance room in it, which is used only for spiritual uses. I built it under the advice and direction of my guide, and once or twice consulted Mr. Lincoln about it. At one of the last mentioned seances I asked Mr. Lincoln if he could make any suggestion about ornamenting the walls of my seance room. He answered, "Your guide is the queen of that

bower and her picture alone should ornament its walls." I replied, "I have her portrait there already." He said, "Yes, I know that, but she had to take on the earth-conditions to give you that picture. It shows her as a mortal. You can now get one that will show her as a spirit, in full standing stature, with an uplifted hand.

On March 28, 1903, dedicated seance room in new house with a trumpet seance. Splendid manifestations. Pansy, Charles, mother, father, Parker, brother John, wife's mother, Dr. Darrah, Abraham Lincoln, and others came and gave fine talks.

On 29th and 30th held very fine seances. Mr. Lincoln and my guide both expressed themselves as highly pleased, as did all others, with my beautiful seance room. Since then Mr. Lincoln only comes to my private family seances. We hold a seance at night to which I usually invite about a dozen investigators. I pay all expenses, so the seance is free to all who are invited. To these seances Judge David Davis is a frequent visitor. He seems to enjoy them very much.

Early the next morning, after the night

seance, we hold our private family seance to which no one is admitted except the family and the medium. Mr. Lincoln never fails to come to these seances. He says that it affords him great pleasure to come to them, because they are just like the seances he used to have in the White House, and that if he had heeded the advice the spirits gave him he would not have been killed, because they warned him not to go to the theatre. On one occasion Mr. Lincoln told me he wanted me to call my seance room the Angel's Rest, because they were all so fond of coming there. He treats my wife with much respect. At one time, after talking some time to me, he turned to my wife and said, "Howdy'y do, Mrs. West." She returned the salutation, and then she said she was very glad to have him come, then said, "Mr. Lincoln, I was down at Springfield, a few weeks ago, at the fair, and visited your old home, and saw all your old relics, even the old settee they said you used to do your courting on." At this he laughed quite heartily and said, "Yes, they have some relics there; some of them are genuine and some are not. They

even say they have one of my old rails there, but I don't know whether it is so or not. You know it has been a long time since I made rails and I am of the opinion they have all decayed." In this manner Mr. Lincoln talks as natural, free, and easy as if he was present in the mortal form.

At one of my private seances, after talking to me, he said, "Mr. West, my old time law partner, William H. Herndon, wants to make a little visit to your seance." I told him it would afford me much pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Herndon. Thereupon, Mr. Lincoln introduced Mr. Herndon, with whom I had a pleasant chat. Then the voice of a feeble old woman was heard in the trumpet, and gave the name of Nancy Hanks. At this the medium started in surprise, saying, "Who in the world is Nancy Hanks?" I told her she was Lincoln's mother. The old lady then said she was anxious to visit the place her son was so fond of coming to. However, these things are produced, they are as real and natural as life, and intensely interesting.

It was nearly six months after Mr. Lincoln requested me, in Houston, Texas, to write and publish my views on the negro problem before I felt an impression to do so. One morning in August I started out to get my scythe to mow my yard. Before I got to the scythe a very strong impression came on me to write on the negro subject. It was so strong that I stopped, turned back, went into my library and wrote the article on the negro nation as heretofore given. It was published in the Bloomington, Illinois, Pantagraph. I sent a copy to the Progressive Thinker, of Chicago, as Mr. Lincoln had requested. As the subject was entirely different from anything discussed in the Thinker, I doubted very much whether it would be published in that paper. Soon afterward I had a private seance with a writing medium, with the following result. I went into a room all alone and wrote this question.

Dear Mr. Lincoln: Will the article you inspired me to write a few days ago be published by the paper it has been sent to, and if so, will it do good?

S. H. WEST.

I folded this question, and one to my guide on another subject, and placed them with several sheets of blank paper in an envelope, sealed them up securely, and went into another room, and gave the envelope to the medium. She placed it between two slates and put a rubber band around them, handed the slates to me; I laid them on the table where they remained for ten or fifteen minutes. I sat at the table and the medium was some distance back from it. During the interval we talked on different subjects. Finally the medium said, "Open the slate and see what you have got." I did so, and found one of the blank sheets I had placed in the envelope covered on both sides with the following, written in ink:

My Dear Friend and Co-worker: Always glad to make my presence known to you and through you spread the light and truth. My friend, you may not as yet be able to realize it, but you are doing a grand and noble work, and the sentiments you have been inspired to write, though a little early in the progress of thought, will be accepted. There will be a little delay in the publication of your article,

but it will be given space. The editor has not yet been able to digest its entire meaning, but he is spiritual and I shall be able to reach him in his acceptance. Do not, for any reason, grow discouraged in your honest efforts. The season of ripening the fruit may be slow but it will surely come. I will stand close by you to direct and sustain you in the great grand cause of truth and light.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln's signature to the above letter is as perfect as any he ever wrote in the earth life. The article alluded to was published in due time in the *Progressive Thinker*, whose circulation extends around the globe. All writings I get from spirit friends are couched in different style from that of mortals, but all other communications I receive from them are perfectly natural. The question that I enclosed to my guide at the same time I addressed Mr. Lincoln, was as follows:

Dear Pansy: Will my cousin in California, to whom I introduced you at a seance in

San Francisco succeed in getting her rights in her brother's estate?

S. H. WEST.

The answer to my question to my guide covered more than three pages written in ink, and embraced other subjects, as follows:

Dear Medium: I am here with our many other loved ones to greet you today and to thank you for all your kindly thoughts and the conditions you offer for us to come to you. I am well pleased with my picture as it hangs upon the seance room wall, but Mr. Lincoln urges me to ask you to let me cast my real spiritual reflection in full figure upon a canvas as I am looking from my spirit home over space to you in your earthly abode. It would be my greatest pleasure, and in return for Mr. Lincoln's unselfishness I feel to plead for his opportunity to transmit his spiritual likeness, that, while after the counterpart of his earthly looks is so much superior in reflection, that it would surely cast brilliant inspiration upon all who gaze upon it. My dear medium, all these beautiful productions transmitted by

the higher adept spiritual influences bear with themselves a power to aid you in the grand noble work, and this is why I urge you in this way today. There is no time like the present. "Procrastination is indeed the thief of time." Yes, your cousin will be able to obtain in part her rights in her brother's estate, but there will be some difficulty in settling it. It will be fought desperately; however, with the right counsel she can sustain her cause. The time is not far distant, now, when most wonderful results shall be obtained in the home. All your loved ones are so joyous and thank you so much for your kindly efforts in assistance, for your confidence and trust. Now, my dear friend, you talk the picture question with the medium, and we will see what can be done in arrangements.

Your ever loyal one in guidance and love,
PANSY.

In regard to the case of my cousin, that after two years contest in courts, it resulted precisely as my guide had stated.

The picture she referred to was the one Mr. Lincoln told me about in Houston,

Texas, six months before. I had talked the matter over several times with my guide at my trumpet seances in my own home during the summer. At first she would not consent, saying she was satisfied with the picture I had, and she didn't think I ought to spend any more money that way. But about the third time the subject was discussed in my home seance she said that to please Mr. Lincoln she would consent for the picture to be taken. I had no thought about the picture when I wrote the question about my cousin's law suit. But it seems the conditions were then favorable and she was then anxious to have the work done. At that meeting I obtained a picture of my guide, made in broad daylight, without the touch of mortal hand, pencil, or brush, that is a beautiful and rare work of art. It is four by six feet, showing her in a standing attitude in the midst of clouds, with her right hand pointing to higher planes and with her left waving a gentle benediction to the world. In several respects it is not strictly correct and don't do her justice, but it is a grand work.

After this picture was finished, she again urged me to have Mr. Lincoln's picture taken. She described how it would look with a white robe on. She explained that this work was not being done by the spirit artist of the mediums in whose house we were, but said they had art institutes in the spirit world and she had found an artist who belonged to the same order she did and she had brought him with her and he was doing the work. I finally agreed to have Mr. Lincoln's picture taken, and it was done, all but one arm, in one hour and twenty minutes. They are both splendid works. I saw the whole process and was nearer them than any one else. I have a standing offer, published several times, of one thousand dollars to any one who can duplicate either one of them in like manner. No mortal can duplicate them, not even the mediums through whom they were obtained, except by the aid of my guide and her artist. My guide, in her quaint way, in her answer, correctly predicted the effect of having those pictures in my seance room. They are greatly admired. Mr. Lincoln and my guide are both much pleased with them.

Mr. Lincoln said they were both finer than anything in the fine art building at the World' Fair at St. Louis. These letters and pictures were obtained under as strict test conditions as can be had in any line of investigation.

The phraseology of my guide's letter is peculiar, but it conveys her ideas very correctly. In all her talks with me through the trumpet or in materialized form she talks in the usual phraseology of well educated modern mortals. No one, except mediums, can understand the close ties that exist between mediums and their guides. My guide exhibits all the affection for me that my mother could feel. And I appreciate it beyond the power of expression, and think myself the luckiest of mortals to have two such guides as she and Mr. Lincoln.

For several years after Mr. Lincoln came into my life I refrained from using his name in connection with Spiritualism, thinking it would cause much ridicule. Then I asked his permission to use his name and he answered promptly, "Yes; you can use my name in any manner you see fit."

Some years ago I attended a lecture in Houston, Texas, given by a noted medium. She was talented, educated, polished, and inspirational. Her lecture was a fine treat. I was so well pleased with it that, before I left the hall, I engaged a private reading with her for the next day.

Next day, at four p. m., we held the reading. It was a failure. I tried in vain to get in communication with my friends on the other side. I was anxious to talk with my guide and Mr. Lincoln, but could not get either one of them. Finally the medium said Mr. Lincoln was in Europe today; however, some spirits came and talked with me who had never come to me before. At the close the medium charged me just double the sum she had stipulated before we began. She was brilliant, but not honest. She is now on the other side.

In four hours after that reading I went to a materializing seance held by a poor, frail, obscure woman, who was not strong either in body or mind. Soon Mr. Lincoln came in materialized form and told me the reason he could not come to me that after-

noon was that he could not work through that medium's magnetism. After that my guide Pansy came well developed, and among other things gave me the same reason for not coming in the afternoon that Mr. Lincoln had given. While she was talking there stood by her side a curious looking bundle. It looked like a sack of rags. I said to her: "Pansy, what is that standing by you?" She said: "That is Charles. He tried to materialize but couldn't build up; but wait awhile and he will come better." After she finished talking she and the bundle retired. In a few minutes the full form of my son Charles came to the front of the cabinet. He advanced two or three steps very cautiously, then retired. Then came again stronger, and walked with great caution, as if he was on a narrow and dangerous pathway, to the middle of the room; then again retired into the cabinet. Then, in a few moments, he came the third time in the most superb form I ever saw. A white mantle hung in a graceful manner from his shoulders to his knees, from there his legs and feet were bare. He was now fearless

and confident, and while modest, had the bearing and appearance of a royal prince of the celestial realms. He could not speak but came up to me and touched my arm. All present said he was the grandest figure they had ever seen. We sometimes get wonderful results from very obscure sources.

The messages I receive from my guide are all pure and elevating. Her mind does not run on worldly business, but she will talk with me on such subjects when I ask her to do so. Her advice is always clear and remarkable for sound, practical common sense. She is opposed to all my outside speculations except my property near Exeter, California, and says that is all right. I confess that her judgment about most of my outside business is better than mine. Her talks to me through the trumpet about those things are heartily endorsed by my wife.

It was my intention to publish my biographical sketches alone and then publish a pamphlet on Spiritualism. At one of my seances I asked my guide about it. She at once answered, "By all means put it all in one book. The two should go together." She

gave such good reasons for it that I changed my plan, and that is the reason it is all included in one book. I am now satisfied she was right. She highly approved of my donation of a timber reserve to McLean county. It affords her much pleasure to see me do any good act.

SPIRIT HELP IN SICKNESS.

The spiritual philosophy is the most beautiful one known to mortals. It is in strict accord with common sense and reason, and founded on actual knowledge obtained through phenomena.

Phenomena are the foundation of Spiritualism. Without it we would only have faith, and be no better off than the Christian world. I am a phenomena hunter. I was in full possession of the philosophy for twenty years before I ever met a Spiritualist or knew what they taught. It came to me spontaneously.

During the past few months I have had an experience that proves the great benefit we sometimes derive from our dear ones on the

other side. On the 17th of June, 1904, I was suddenly stricken with a terrible malady. Two able physicians worked with me nearly all day, but could give no relief. We all knew that unless relief could be quickly obtained death would ensue in a short time. In this emergency I ordered a surgical operation, which gave temporary relief. The next day I was unconscious and one of the physicians gave out the word that I would not survive the following night. My children and other friends were sent for. Newspaper reporters wrote my obituary and all gave me up. Instead of passing out, my consciousness returned but my suffering was intense and blood poison ensued. For days and nights I prayed earnestly for death but it came not. I then sent for Mrs. Baker, a clairvoyant friend, who came and got in communication with my beautiful guide, Pansy, who sent me the following message:

We don't want you over here yet. You have much work to do in the earth life, and we want you to stay and finish it before you come to us. Your spirit friends are doing all in their power to help you."

I gradually improved, and in nine weeks dismissed my physicians. They said it was big luck. Church people said it was providential. I told them all it was the work of my spirit band.

When I was sufficiently recovered I had a trumpet medium, of Peoria, to resume her monthly seances in my home. The first was held on the 22nd of September. It was the happiest meeting I ever enjoyed. My spirit friends were delighted at my recovery. My boy Charles was the first to come and talk. He told me the exact words that my guide sent me by Mrs. Baker, and then said that no earthly power could have saved me except by the aid of spirit friends. This was fully confirmed by my guide and other spirit friends. She said she was with me all the time and trying to give me strength. I introduced one of my physicians, who was present, to my guide. She thanked him most cordially for all he had done for me and told him she was there all the time and impressed him to do the right thing at the right time, and then told him she would help him in every way she could in the future.

I took with me to the National Spiritual Convention in St. Louis a photograph of a very fine spirit portrait of Mr. Lincoln, which hangs in my seance room. I gave it to Mrs. Longley for the headquarters at Washington City. He came to us at our private circle last Friday morning and gave a beautiful talk. Said he attended the convention at St. Louis and was delighted with its work and wished that all the people could know of the grand and noble spirit and work of that convention. He said that he stood by my side when I presented his photograph to Mrs. Longley, and that its presence in the headquarters will accomplish good.

I now have Mr. Lincoln's full permission to insert his picture in this book.

Mr. Lincoln says it affords him pleasure to come to anyone through whom he can work. As a sample of the work he inspires me to do I refer, to the following article published in the Bloomington, Illinois, Pantagraph, in August, 1903.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

Editor Pantagraph: A generation has passed since the negro was placed on an equality before the law, with the whites. Instead of approaching nearer together, the gap between the whites and negroes is wider today than it was forty years ago. Why this increasing divergence? While slavery existed there was a strong feeling of sympathy in the north for the negro. When he was freed and placed on a legal equality with the white man, this sympathy gradually faded away, and the negro left to stand on his real merits, like all other races.

Under these conditions and lack of affinity between the two races becomes more evident every day. The feeling of antipathy against the negro is stronger in the north today than it is in the south. No intelligent close observer of passing events can fail to realize that we can never form a homogenous nation of whites and negroes.

An unwritten law has governed this country ever since the first settlement at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. That law is that white men shall rule America. This

law has been rigidly enforced against the Indian, the Negro and the Chinaman. Right or wrong, this sentiment is as strong today as ever before, and is growing stronger. When Chinese labor seemed to be in the way of white labor, Dennis Kearney and his sand-lotters in San Francisco raised the cry, "The Chinese must go," and kept it up until Chinese immigration was prohibited. When Negro labor shall seem to be in the way of white labor, the negro will be pressed to the wall. The condition is growing worse and the people are asking the question, "What can be done?"

Our great statesmen seem to be unable to even suggest a remedy. And now, oh, my countrymen, there comes before me a beautiful vision. I see a vast stretch of country, an immense valley with a mighty river flowing through it, with broad, rich, alluvial plains on either side, stretching far away to the foothills and slopes that extend on and up to the summit of vast mountain ranges to the north, the west and the south of the great valley. The scene is grand and sublimely beautiful. I see, away up near the

crest of those lofty mountain ranges, little springs of water breaking out and trickling down the mountain sides in small rivulets; and, as they descend they unite with other little streamlets and finally creeks and other streams are formed until they reach the valley rivers, and when all are united they form the grand central river that rolls on with irresistible force to the great ocean beyond. The vision is typical of the solution of the negro problem.

Every incident of trouble between the races, riots, lynching, hanging, and burning, are the little springs that are forming streamlets of public opinion that will increase in volume and force as the years go by. In due time these little streamlets will be united into a mighty river of public opinion of both the white and black races that will be irresistible. When that time comes all will realize the fitness of the great change that will solve the vexed negro problem.

And now the scene changes on to another branch. I see that the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, which now means that all foreign powers must keep hands off of all

American territory while we will take anything that may come in our reach, in either hemisphere, will lead to serious trouble in South American affairs. In these troubles we will find it necessary, in order to avoid a great war with European powers, to take possession of extensive regions in South America and pay their obligations in Europe. In some such manner we will become owners of a large region in the Amazon Valley. In due time, when the little rivulets of public opinion become concentrated in the mighty river above referred to, our government will give the negroes homesteads in, and free transportation to, that country. And the bulk of them will go and establish a new nation, under the protection of our government. Most persons think this is an impossibility; most people don't know what impossibility means. One million of Europeans will come to our shores this year. When the time comes we can transport the negroes as fast as they need to go. In my vision I can see the ships that will carry them to their new homes. They appear to be of large size, built of steel, painted white,

and I can see no smokestacks or masts on them. This means that neither steam nor wind will then be used for propelling vessels.

The powers that control the destiny of races and nations are now inspiring Booker T. Washington in his noble efforts to prepare his race for the great change that awaits them. The place of the negro laborer in the south will be fully supplied by other races, even before he can get away.

August 14, 1903.

S. H. WEST.

PROOF OF THE ABOVE PROPHECY.

Mr. Lincoln says when negro labor seems to stand in the way of white labor they will be pressed to the wall. Only a few weeks ago the terrible race riot in East St. Louis, resulting from bringing negro laborers from the south to fill places of white strikers, is strong proof of the truth of the prediction, and only last week, 2000 white laborers in some place in New York went on a strike because one negro had been employed. Labor organizations are now a great power in our country, and they will become a much greater power in the future, and under that power

the negro will eventually be induced to seek a new home in a climate that will exclude the white race.

THE REASONS WHY.

But why should the spirit of Abraham Lincoln come to so obscure a person as I, and especially to one who was opposed to him in the most trying part of his life? Let him answer. I mentioned this matter to him at one of my private family seances. He answered: "Yes, there was a time when if you could have heard me express my opinion of your kind of politics it would have sounded very harsh to you, but there are no politics or creeds in the spirit world, and it is a pleasure to me to use you in presenting some of my views to the people." This is pure Lincolnism. Look at the man. While president, he had enemies everywhere; some of them in his own cabinet; but how kindly he used them in carrying on his great work. He seemed to have no ill-feeling against anyone. The large branch of his party that assembled in Cleveland early in 1864, and nominated Fremont for President, was as

much opposed to Lincoln as I ever was. And yet, he was animated by a feeling of "malice toward none, and charity for all." And he is the same Abraham Lincoln on the other shore he was in this life. He comes to me simply because my peculiar magnetism makes it easy for him to reach me. Close associations in the earth life has nothing to do with the case.

Some years ago, at a dark seance in San Francisco, a spirit came to me and gave the name of Augustus Hazle. This was the name of a man I had been well acquainted with for many years. He told me he had thought, when in the earth life, that I was crazy on the subject of Spiritualism, but found on arriving in spirit life that I was right, and what I had said on that subject had been a great benefit to him in the new life, and said he had come to thank me for it. I had just arrived in the city and no one at the seance had ever seen or heard of either Mr. Hazle or myself.

At a trumpet seance at the house of my son, a spirit came to me and gave the name of Joe Nye. This was an old friend of mine,

who had died a year or two before. I asked him how we found conditions on that side. He said they were fine, but entirely different from what he expected. I said, "Joe, do you remember how the boys over at Arrow-smith used to make fun of what I said about Spiritualism?" He answered, "Yes, and I was one of them. I thought you were away off. Now I know you were right and we didn't know anything about it, and I have come tonight to apologize to you for what I said about you."

These messages from the spirits of Augustus Hazle and Joe Nye more than overbalance all the scoffs and sneers of a thousand ignorant mortals who never saw an angel, nor talked to one, or heard one talk, or knows to a certainty that the soul really exists after the death of the body.

On April 3, 1905, an old friend, J. T. Crumbaugh, an ardent Spiritualist, with whom I had been acquainted for fifty-four years, departed his life. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley was sent for to officiate at his funeral. She arrived the evening before the funeral and put up at my house. The

next morning I sent for a stenographer to write a message that I expected to get through Mrs. Cooley. This expected message was not related in any manner with my departed friend but in relation to the old Indian fort near my home farm, in whose history I had taken great interest. And I was also desirous of having Pansy repeat her message relating to spirit influence on the life of Abraham Lincoln, as before referred to. The medium, stenographer, and myself repaired to my seance room, where, after a time, the medium passed into a trance, and gave a beautiful communication from her control, but not a word from the Indian chief or from Pansy about Mr. Lincoln, but to my great surprise there came a message from the spirit of my departed friend, J. T. Crumbaugh, whose body had not yet been buried.

This message is too lengthy to insert here, but I read most of it over his dead body at the funeral, which was held in the Methodist Church with a crowded house.

This message is the one referred to in another place.

The message gave in detail his experience after leaving the body. It was a rude shock to orthodox Christians, who can not bear to hear from spirit friends. I frequently hear from him, and am one of the trustees of his large estate which he bequeathed for the building of a Spiritual church and public library in LeRoy, Illinois. If labor and suitable material can be obtained that church will be built the present year and will be the finest and most beautiful building in the city.

In July, 1905, I had a private materializing seance in Los Angeles. My mother and my guide Pansy were the only spirits that came to me. The seance was splendid. My guide remained with me about three-quarters of an hour, repairing to the cabinet two or three times to renew her strength. Among other things, she talked to me on subjects unknown to any other mortal. On returning home I told my wife of the incidents of this most remarkable meeting. One of the incidents was beyond my wife's belief, and she said that was a trick of the medium. I said to her, "Wait until our next seance here

in our own home and we will see.” Some time afterwards, our trumpet medium came to my house and held her regular seance. At the private family seance next morning my guide Pansy came and talked with me about our fine meeting in Los Angeles. I told her my wife could not believe my account of how she (Pansy) had taken my handkerchief from my pocket before I went to the seance and returned it while in the seance. And then I asked her to please explain to my wife how this thing could be and was done. Her explanation was fully satisfactory to my wife. Now note this point. In July, my guide came to me in materialized form in Los Angeles, nearly twenty-five hundred miles from my home. In September following she came to a trumpet seance in my home in LeRoy, Illinois, and talked to me as intelligently about our materializing meeting in Los Angeles as any mortal could have done. The two mediums through whom those seances were held were not acquainted and had never had any correspondence. I knew of no stronger proof of the truth of anything on earth than the above test. I

have a number of similar ones. My guide tells me through the trumpet, in my own home, that she can come to me through that materializing medium better than through any other medium in the world, though she condemns some of the acts of that medium.

On the 5th of August, 1905, I had a private materializing seance in San Francisco. Spirits of my mother, son Charles, sister Mary and Lucinda, and guide Pansy came and gave fine talks. Pansy remained half an hour.

In January, 1906, at a private family seance in my own home, held a day or two before starting to California, my guide came and gave me a beautiful talk through the trumpet. She talked freely about my coming trip. I asked her if we could have, during the trip, another meeting like the one we had on my last trip. She said, "Yes, I will arrange for that kind of a meeting."

I started to California on the 20th of January and arrived in due time, and went to different parts of the State, but had no opportunity, or even a prospect of the promised meeting, until on the 1st of March. I

accidentally saw a notice of a materializing seance to be held at two p. m. that day. I attended that seance and found it fairly good. Among other spirits who appeared was my guide. I asked her when we could have our private meeting. She said, "Tonight." I told her the medium told me she was going out that night. She said, "Yes, she is, but is coming back. You come at nine o'clock and we will have our meeting."

After the seance was over I told the medium what my guide said and she agreed to the arrangement. I went at nine o'clock for the private seance, and it was a phenomenal success. My guide was the only spirit that appeared. She remained for more than an hour, and it was a most delightful visit. I have not heard or read of anything like it in modern times. And after my return home my guide talked with me about this meeting, through the trumpet in my own home.

At one of these materializing seances in Los Angeles, my son Charles materialized. I went up to him and shook hands with him. He said to me, "It is too bad, papa, that you couldn't find the medium. She is holding a

seance tonight out on Oxford street, but never mind, we will soon have a meeting at home." In explanation of this will say that I had been diligently searching for a certain medium for a week, but could not find her, and afterwards learned that she did hold a seance that night on Oxford street, which is several miles out in the suburbs of Los Angeles. At the first trumpet seance in my own home, after my return from California, my son Charles was the first to come. He spoke out in a loud, distinct voice, "Howd'y do, papa." I answered, "How are you, my dear boy. Where did we last meet?" Without a moment's hesitation he at once answered, "Los Angeles," and then talked about that meeting.

TALKS WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Editor Pantagraph: For two years I have been unable to obtain the service of a suitable medium for seances in my home but a few days ago I engaged a trumpet medium of Indianapolis to hold seances in my seance room. She arrived on the 13th and held a seance for three hours that night. I

had a select circle consisting of eleven members, including the medium. The result was very fine.

We received beautiful messages from my guide and relatives. Then came Robert G. Ingersoll, who gave us a grand talk in his own inimitable style. This was the first time he ever came to my home, though he had talked to me at another place. Then came the immortal Lincoln, who made a splendid talk.

Nearly all in the circle received messages from loved ones in spirit life. Previous to this, Mr. Lincoln had often come to our private family seances, but never came to the open circles.

A PRIVATE SEANCE.

Early next morning my wife and I held a private seance lasting an hour and a half. This was still better than the night before. My hearing was so bad that I could not catch all said through the trumpet. Seeing this condition the spirits laid aside the trumpet and proceeded to talk in loud and independent voices. However, my guide

could not talk loud enough in her own voice, and told me she could only talk louder by borrowing strength from my voice, and asked me to continue talking while she gathered strength. Soon she began talking in my own strong voice. This was a feature in the phenomena that I had never seen before. This seance was grand beyond description. At 4 p. m. of the same day I held another private seance.

INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

Many friends came and talked in loud, independent voices. But my guide's voice was still weak. She tried to draw strength from the voices of the ladies present, but failed and drew strength from my voice and talked with great force. Then Mr. Ingersoll came and delivered a speech that was equal, if not superior, to any speech he ever made in his earth life. It was grand, eloquent, and elegantly rounded out in the true Ingersollian style. And strange to say that while delivering his magnificent speech he materialized so I could plainly see the most of his body. The medium was in a dead trance,

and the ladies could see nothing. Lack of space prevents an attempt to give a synopsis of the great speech, but it was elevating in tone throughout, and strongly in favor of woman's rights, and liberal in all things, saying if he was back in earth life he would preach the same things he did when here.

Mr. Lincoln and others talked finely. So far each meeting was better than the preceding one.

At 8 o'clock at night, we held the last of our series of seances which lasted one hour and a half.

Having spent six hours in the above mentioned seances in talking with our friends in spirit life, I thought they might be weary and not have much to say, but I was happily disappointed. The conditions were perfect, and our friends came with renewed strength, vigor and eloquence.

RELATIVES APPEAR.

My father, mother, sister, brother, two sons and many other friends came and talked with more force than ever before. They gave my wife and I most beautiful and

sensible advice. My guide and my boys insisted that I should quit traveling and stay at home. My boy, Charles, said: "Papa if you go on a long trip again you will be apt to be stricken down again with your old trouble, and at your age it would go hard with you. Stay at home with dear mamma, and when you come over to spirit life Parker and I will take a trip with you around the beautiful world. It won't cost you anything and you won't get sick on the way." In this beautiful manner the time was occupied, and the best was reserved for the last, when Mr. Lincoln came and delivered his masterpiece. It was much longer than his speech at Gettysburg, in a different strain, but elevating and noble and fully equal, and I think superior, to the Gettysburg speech, and delivered with wonderful force and animation. Among other things he spoke of was the beautiful work being done by my two boys in spirit life, and said they inherited that from their mother, and said that whatever he had done in life was due to his mother. That she was ignorant in book-learning, but was one of the noblest of womankind. He,

like Mr. Ingersoll, spoke in favor of woman's rights. Among other things he said: "My friend, I will aid and assist you until you grasp my big bony hand in the spirit world." He also said, "Your prophecy in regard to the negro race will surely be fulfilled."

If these speeches of Ingersoll and Lincoln as delivered in my seance room on the 13th and 14th of this present month of July could be put in print they would be gems of thought and purity worthy of a place in the highest literature of the world.

S. H. WEST.

LeRoy, Ill., July 17, 1911.

When I moved to LeRoy, I left my home farm in charge of my son, Lawrence Jay. He used for his bedroom the room that my son Charles was born and died in. A traveling farm hand stopped there one evening to stay over night. Jay was not at home and his housekeeper let the young man sleep in Jay's bed. The next morning he was much excited and told strange stories about the room being haunted, and all about what the

ghosts did, and said he would never sleep in that room again. A short time afterward I had a trumpet seance at my home, and Jay came to it. My son Charles came and talked finely, as he always does. Jay said to him, "Charley, who was it that frightened that fellow so badly that was sleeping in my bedroom?" Charles answered very promptly, "I did. Why, that fellow makes fun of us and calls us spooks and ghosts, and nobody who talks that way shall sleep in my room. If he ever tries it again I will make it so hot for him that he will get no sleep that night." While talking Charles seemed much amused and laughed heartily. When Jay spoke of its being his room, Charles disputed Jay's ownership, and finally appealed to me to decide the dispute, saying, "Isn't it my room, papa?" I replied, "Charles, you were born and died in that room and have the first claim to it, but Jay now uses it and so I decide that you and he are partners in that room." This seemed entirely satisfactory to Charles.

Now, it appears from this incident that there may be such a thing as a haunted

house. The world has heard of such things through all ages. I believe I have already told of Charles' skill in playing the French harp. On the first of July, 1898, which was about three and a half months after his death, I was in the high mountains in the extreme northwest corner of Montana and felt impressed to write the following:

THE SILENT HARP.

The harp that through our happy home
The soul of music shed
Now lies as mute in our stricken home
As if the soul of music were dead.
The lips of him who pressed its keys
And filled our home with joy and light,
In the stillness of the grave are closed,
And hidden from our mortal sight.
Their notes of sweetness we'll hear no more
'Till we meet his spirit on the other shore;
There in realms of bliss we'll happy be
With our noble boy forevermore.
Bright spirit of our immortal child,
Sound the notes of celestial joy
And illumine the pathway from earth to
heaven
Where dwells our darling boy.

My wife keeps, with much care, the little harp, with other relics of our dear boy. At our trumpet seances she often puts the harp on the table in the center of the circle, and Charles sometimes talks about it, and has several times picked it up and tried to play on it, but he soon grows weak and it falls to the table. The first time he succeeded in sounding several notes I said, "Why, Charles, I will now have to change my verses about your silent harp." He quickly answered, "Oh, no, papa, don't change it, but write some more."

On March 26, 1907, I was robbed by pick-pockets on a crowded street car on Market street, San Francisco. At a trumpet seance in my home in LeRoy, Illinois, on the 21st of June following, my spirit son Parker told me all about the robbery, and repeated every word I said and what I did on that occasion.

I have now given some fair samples of the many beautiful tests and proofs of immortality that I have received for nearly thirty years. But I have only given a part. I could add much more that is wonderful, but I think I have said all that is necessary to

prove we can and do hold communion with our loved ones on the other shore; but as I was about to close, Mr. Lincoln impresses me to say that I owe it to my beautiful guide to give some more facts about her. In response to which I will say that in all things pertaining to her earth work, she is the most reticent and modest being I ever saw. As before said, "I am, in many respects, as well acquainted with her as I am with any member of my family, yet I can not get her to talk about herself or her work while in the earth life. I have to resort to other means for information on that line, and I have left no stone unturned in my researches. I have obtained most of my information from other spirits, and from trance and clairvoyant mediums.

It is very seldom that I fail, when having a reading with a good medium of the above phases, no matter how far from home, or how much of a stranger they may be, to get a fine description of my guide. And their descriptions all agree as to her purity and noble work. Abraham Lincoln speaks in high terms of her good qualities. My own

people on the spirit side hold her in the highest esteem. My son Charles says that she was the first to meet and greet him when he passed to spirit life, and that she was like a mother to him.

From these various sources I have gathered the following facts: The earth name of my guide was Zelda. She was born in Athens, Greece, 451 B. C. She was of an excellent family and reared with all the advantages pertaining to one of her rank. This was at the time when Greece attained its highest greatness. She was pure, fair, beautiful and bright. Instead of spending her spare time in the idle frivolities of the age, she spent it in doing good, visiting the poor, needy and sick. If in passing along the street she found some poor wretch lying in the gutter she would stop, inquire into the case, and take measures for his relief. No hut or hovel in all the city was too low for her to visit and try to relieve the inmates. She was so well and favorably known that she could visit even the thieves quarter without being insulted or rudely treated. And thus this angelic mortal spent her time in

doing good to others until she was about twenty-two years old, when she visited a poor sick woman and child, who had the plague. She contracted the disease and quickly passed to spirit life, 429 B. C. This was about the year of the death of Pericles. Being cut off in her youth, her earth work was only fairly begun, but she continued it from the other side, even to the present day. But she tells me her earth work is nearly done, when she will pass to higher spheres.

She spent her time in doing good to others, the noblest work known to mortals or angels. But why should this pure, bright, beautiful angel select me as her medium? I was ready to refer this question to other authorities when she came with her gentle influence and said, by impressions:

Tell them the line of communication between guides and mediums is not based on kinship or close earthly associations, but it depends on magnetic affinity, something like the transmitting and receiving instruments of the wireless telegraph. In accordance with this natural law, I can reach you more easily than any other mortal, and there is

the further attraction that you have the courage of your convictions and cannot be intimidated from proclaiming the truth by all the powers of earth, and Mr. Lincoln's reasons are the same.

With such friends as she and Abraham Lincoln I can smile with serene happiness at all the reckless criticism that may be hurled against me by persons who never saw an angel or heard one talk.

When I began to write this little booklet, it did not occur to me that there were so many plain roads to heaven. Thousands of very talented and highly educated men spend their lives in trying to explain the old time, narrow, hilly, rocky road to heaven, and then they fail, because they don't understand it themselves. They do not know where heaven is located, nor the conditions there. But I, an uneducated common farmer, without any pretention to literary attainments, find it an easy matter to indicate three new, straight, easy and direct roads to heaven. I am astonished at the beautiful discoveries. Now, with four roads open to heaven, every mortal on earth ought to be

accommodated. There is no need of anyone going to hell. If you go there it will be your own fault. I believe my efforts in helping to blaze these new roads to heaven will be the crowning work of my life. Twice during the present year, Pansy and Mr. Lincoln have told me to go on with this little booklet, and twice in that time my two boys in spirit life have told me of the beautiful arrangement they have made for my reception over there. It is all that could be desired by any mortal.

As I am over 90 years old, nearly deaf, and ailments enough to kill two men, and tottering on the brink of eternity, I am liable to be called any time, and hold myself ready at all times. It is my greatest desire to do all the good I can while I remain in this life. And while I enjoy this life, I don't want to stay any longer than I can be of some benefit to others.

Most of the phenomena in this booklet is quoted from my book, "Life and Times of S. H. West." That book will be seen by but few people, while this will be seen by many more. Hence the repetition. Whatever

may be the fate of this booklet, I feel quite sure that many of you when you reach spirit life will thank me for what I have written.

Again I urge you to keep in the Short Cut road to Heaven.

SIMEON HENRY WEST.

LeRoy, Ill., June 21st, 1917.

ADDENDA

GREAT MEN PRODUCED BY PRE-NATAL CONDITIONS.

It is often said that in all great emergencies God raises a great man to meet the crisis. This is a mistake. Great men are produced by pre-natal conditions of the mother before the birth of the child. The inhabitants of the spirit world are occupied in congenial employment. Some sages there discover a mortal woman who is a sensitive and who possesses suitable mental faculties to answer their purpose. Before the birth of her child they impress her with the high ideals that fixes the characteristics and ability of the child.

Lincoln's mother was such a woman. She was ignorant, but she had the qualities that were necessary in the making of a great man. That is the way that great men are made.

I do not get the above from the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, but from "Thought Waves." Also from personal observation of effect of pre-natal conditions. If ex-

pectant mothers could be surrounded by cheerful and pleasant conditions a great improvement in the human race would soon be made. Let all parents bear this truth in mind.

HORRORS OF THE PRESENT WAR

The civilized world is now in a state of insanity. Reason is dethroned and the savage beastly spirit of war installed in its stead—Christians are butchering Christians like wild beasts of the jungles. Submarine warfare waged against women and children is on the down grade of civilization. So also is the aeroplane system of warfare.

They are so terribly brutal as to greatly endanger our civilization. The system of extravagance in expenditures practiced by the different nations, if long continued, will bankrupt every one of them and some system of repudiation will be a necessity.

When the financial reaction comes it will produce the most deplorable condition the world has ever known. Great changes will be made in governments—capital and labor must adopt a system of co-operation or else it will be of little object to own property.

Among the crush of matter and wreck of worlds now raging there will result a great revolution in the religious thought of the world and mankind will gradually advance to a higher state of civilization.