The White

TRIUMPHANT

THE REVELATIONS
OF A MEDIUM

BY MRS. CECIL M. COOK

TRUSTEE AND PASTOR OF THE STEAD CENTER OF SOUL COMMUNION

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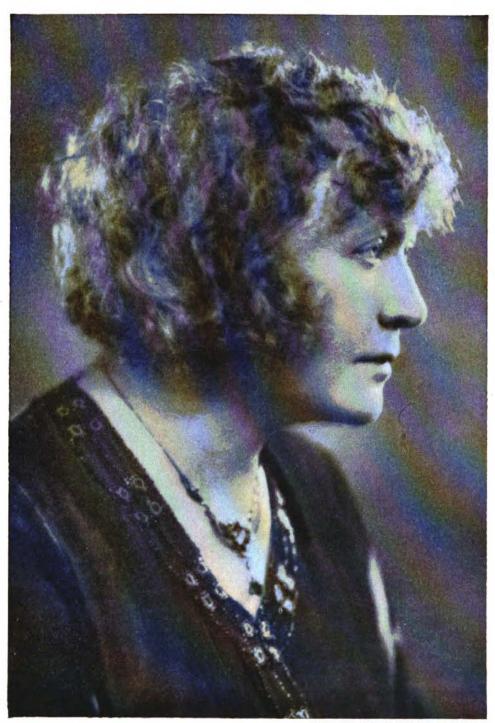
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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN /283
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NEW YORK
ALFRED A. KNOPF INC.
730 FIFTH AVENUE

TORONTO
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY
128 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Manufactured in the United States of America

Port Mrs. H. H. Higher 12-22-53

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PREFACE

In the following account of MY experiences during twenty-nine years as a medium before the public I have tried to record faithfully what seemed to me would be of interest and of help to my friends, and if I have succeeded, I shall consider my labors well repaid.

Of the many people who read this book, some will know me personally and will have been present in seances during which one or more of the related incidents took place. The majority, however, will have to accept my statements as facts. Many people professing a belief in communication, and taking advantage of it in times of trouble, are not willing to uphold their belief in public. Others do not care to have what they are pleased to consider their personal affairs written down in connection with their names. It is for these two reasons that I have refrained from using identifying names throughout the text. Nevertheless, many of the cases related will be vouched for by the people concerned, if any reader wishes to verify them.

I do not ask blind acceptance of my facts by those who are not acquainted with me. Leaders in other religions do ask this acceptance on faith alone and offer no proof of many of their statements. I ask that my accounts be believed for two reasons:

First, consider the reasonableness and applicability to daily life of the teachings and advice contained herein. All these have come through the seance room directly from our Spirit friends. If this advice is reasonable, place faith in my statements of how it came to be given.



Second, the proof that has come to thousands through my seances and messages can be brought to many more by the same means. What has been done before can be done again.

In the following pages I have tried to select those experiences which seemed to be the most interesting and which taught some definite lesson. There are hosts of other cases which I might relate, but there would be no particular reason for doing so. Human nature in all its variability follows fairly definite lines, and what happens to one person often happens to another with only minor changes in details.

I have made a definite attempt not to emphasize the disagreeable episodes occurring in my work. I have recounted some of them through the necessity of bringing out certain facts, but I have not given them the prominence which the frequency of their occurrence warrants.

It would surprise the average reader to know how great is the number of people attending a seance for the first time who come under false names and often in actual disguise as far as features and clothing are concerned. They would not think of going in such a way to other churches. Why they come to a seance in this manner I have been unable to determine in all the years of my work. They cannot fool the Spirit World; they only fool themselves out of beautiful messages by the barrier of deceit they erect.

Frequently I scarcely have been able to restrain my laughter at some people—those who have come with the idea that a medium is a mind-reader. The very obvious labor they are performing in order to keep their minds on some simple thought extraneous to themselves, which, they have been told, is the proper method to prevent the medium's reading personal facts from their minds, is ludicrous in the extreme. I have ex-



plained later in the book that thoughts have power and, it may be, can be read by highly developed spirits on the Other Side, but I have yet to learn of a single instance where a human thought has harmed anyone except its parent or has been able to convey a message or any facts to a medium. Almost invariably the Spirit World gives as a test to a stranger some fact which he has not thought of for years and removes at one stroke the idea that mind-reading by the medium has any place in the phenomena.

I believe that the unreasonable barriers thrown up by the medical profession to keep those ailing from receiving any help from spiritual sources, and the penalties for any approaches to these barriers, are too well known to warrant much discussion. I have confined myself to an exposition of the tenuous basis upon which such prohibitions rest, attempting to show that the medical profession could learn much for humanity's sake from the Spirit doctors.

I have given no extended detailed account of my several arrests and trials for "practicing Spiritualism," instructive though they might be in showing to what lengths human beings will go in persecuting those whom they do not understand. Such outstanding martyrs of history as Jesus Christ, Joan of Arc, the so-called "witches" of Salem, and many others are clear examples of beautiful souls sacrificed upon the altar of ignorance.

Throughout the book will be found reference to "Natural Law." This, I have been taught to understand, is a general term which embraces all phases of the operation of God's Plan throughout the universe. Examples of different phases would be the law of gravitation, with which all of us are familiar; the law of attraction, which says that like attracts like

everywhere; the law of compensation, which states that we are repaid in kind for everything we do, whether for good or for harm; and the law of communication, which teaches that communication between souls, no matter where they are located, is possible and which defines the conditions necessary to be fulfilled before this communication can take place. There are many other aspects of this law known to us, and many other aspects unknown to us. The closer we live in harmony with what we do know of Natural Law, the more successful we shall be in the conduct of our earthly experience and the happier. For these reasons I have attempted to explain carefully what our loved ones have told us about certain aspects of Natural Law.

Let me say finally: read with an open mind and seek to understand, for I am sure that many of you will find yourselves repaid by a different and very satisfying conception of the future life.

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INTRODUCTION

TO MANY PEOPLE, UNFORTUNATELY, IT IS A FACT THAT Spiritualism means an impious religion instigated and fostered by the devil to confound man.

To many others it means haunted houses and graveyards, table-tippings, rappings, and other similar phenomena.

To many more it means fortune-telling, crystal-gazing, advice on love and like activities.

To relatively few does it mean a beautiful religion teaching love and hope through a knowledge of God's Law brought directly to us by His messengers, those who have passed over to the other side of the thin veil separating mortal from Spirit and who have worked and developed there to fit themselves for this loving duty.

During my twenty-nine years as a medium before the public I have been the instrument through which this last conception has been given to many people. The Stead Center has sought to disseminate this idea as widely as possible by means of seances, lectures, and publications in order to lift Spiritualism out of the abyss of ignorance, misconception, and fraud in which it lies and to elevate it to its proper rank as one of the most beautiful and pure of the world's religions. Rightly understood, it offers more real consolation, hope, and love than any other faith.

It does not deny to anyone the right to seek God in whatever

Introduction +>+>+>+>

way he wishes. Any particular system of belief avowed by the individual is proper if it serves his purpose. All creeds seek to assist man in his effort to understand God's Plan and to live his life in accordance with it, whether the creed be a simple one of a savage or a complex one of an Eastern race. Each man seeks God in a different manner, according to his own personal understanding. Naturally some men have a better comprehension than others; some creeds are better than others in that they are nearer the truth. All of us are God's children, and every man will develop in his understanding of his Father if he obeys his conscience and lives his earth life to the best of his ability. No particular person, no particular sect, has been specially favored by God or selected by Him to be the only means through which an understanding of Him may be reached.

Spiritualism makes no claim of possessing the sole gateway to heaven or any other place. It seeks only to make the way of spiritual development easier by bringing a clearer, truer picture of God's Plan to man through the agency of His messengers, those who have preceded us and advanced far in their knowledge of Him. By teaching and proving that we can communicate directly with these souls, it offers to us an opportunity to receive our information straight and pure, not muddled and befuddled by intervening earthly hands and brains.

All religions have been founded upon teachings received from the Spirit World by the agency of a medium and consequently agree in many fundamentals. It is the man-made ornaments and knick-knacks subsequently hung on them that have obscured and altered their pure root. Spiritualism should

be considered as a tree whose branches are the various religions of the world. They all have grown from the same root; some are close to the trunk, some far away, but the root and trunk remain the same and feed the rest because they only receive their food direct from the source, those who have the wonderful spiritual development which permits them to be God's messengers.

By teaching that life is continuous and progress is eternal, that life on earth is only an incident in the mighty, beautiful plan of God, Spiritualism gives a meaning to our existence which is lacking if we believe that "death" ends everything, or if we believe that it terminates our progress—that we enter a place called heaven or hell just as we are when leaving the earthly existence and remain in that stage of development for ever afterwards.

Great harm comes from the belief that death is the end of the individual. It makes for despondency; for a reckless indulgence in earthly pleasures, turning them into vices; for a total disregard of human life; in other words, for the complete elimination of spiritual development while on earth.

The belief that we remain in a heaven or a hell for eternity in exactly the same condition in which we left our mortal state, and that the only reward for virtue on earth is an easy, calm, and purposeless existence for ever after, is almost equally pernicious except to those simple folk who can be frightened by tales of a devil with a pitchfork roasting them over a fire, and who would be satisfied to strum on a harp and flap wings indefinitely if these were given to them.

The person who cannot be frightened by such absurd tales



and who has a greater ambition than this idea of heaven allows to him is left stranded with no goal to work toward. Thinking over the struggles and hardships which have been his in elevating himself to his present position, he begins to wonder whether his gain is equal to the price. If he is to have no greater rewards for a higher spiritual development after passing over than one who has lived a calm, aimless life, merely refraining from wrongdoing, why should he struggle so much harder while on earth? This logical thought, which comes sooner or later to every ambitious person, kills any further earthly efforts and terminates the good which he could do for the world, unless he is given a different understanding of his future life.

Spiritualism, by teaching that progress continues eternally and is greatest for those who work the hardest with love and for the common good, furnishes a real incentive for any ambitious individual. It proves its teachings, too, by the superior intellect and powers evidenced by those in Spirit who come to communicate with us.

It is this conception of Spiritualism, as a religion of love, hope, and beauty, that the Stead Center always has taught and that I pray this book of mine will bring to many people.



The Voice TRIUMPHANT





EARLY EXPERIENCES

I was born and spent my childhood in the country, in close touch with nature, learning to know and to love the animals, the trees, the flowers, and all the many manifestations of life. I learned what hurt the offspring of God's creation and what was good for them; what we had a right to do with them and what we did not have a right to do. Sometimes it is best to pluck the flowers because only by doing so will a chance be given for more flowers to come. Sometimes it is best to kill certain insects or animals because only by doing so will more beautiful or useful plants and animals be enabled to live and give benefit to all.

While quite young and playing by myself most of the time, occasionally with young neighbors, no particular notice was taken of me other than that accorded all young children. As I grew older and told my companions of children playing with us whom they could not see, and of the beautiful world they played in, I was laughed at and made fun of. They realized that I could tell them many remarkable things, but if there were other children playing with us, why could they not see them and hear them? If there were beautiful flowers in the brown and drab hayfield, why could they not see them and

smell them? All this I could not answer, but it set me apart from the rest of the children.

As I grew older and continued to speak of the Spirit friends to whomever I was with, I received more and more censure, especially as my friends, to help me defend myself, told me facts, although unwelcome ones, about my critics which I did not have the good judgment to keep to myself, but which I told them with the utmost frankness. This earned me much ill will and it was many years before I learned that it is an almost universal human failing for people to dislike those who tell them unwelcome truths, even when they are told for their own benefit.

My schooldays opened up another source of trouble for me. The school-teacher believed all knowledge was to be obtained from books only, with the possible exception of himself. This did not seem to trouble the other children, but it was most unfortunate for me, because I did not like to study and could not understand such things as the maps in my geography and the meaningless jumble of figures in my arithmetic. If I was called upon to give the boundaries of any state, I would do so promptly and correctly, but often not in the way given in the book. This aroused my teacher's suspicions, and his ill will when, after calling me to the map on the wall and asking me to point out the different boundaries I had named, I could not even find the state on the map, much less the boundaries! In the arithmetic class I always had the right answer, no matter how complicated the problem, and had it even before the problem was fully stated, but I could not show the steps by which I got this answer and therefore I had not done it in



the orthodox way, and received reprimands instead of the compliments I felt I and my Spirit friends who had helped me deserved. It was a most difficult thing for me to see why I had to learn a number of rules and steps, which my teacher said were necessary for the solving of problems, when I always had the right answer my way and could get it much quicker than he could by his process. However, in this matter my Spirit friends disagreed with me and told me I must do my best and learn all I could in school so that when I grew up I would understand the knowledge and learning that other people had as well as that which I received from them. Knowing that they always were right, I did my best to obey them.

I was sent to Sunday-school, as all well-brought-up children in the community were and my troubles followed me there. One day the teacher was telling us about a little playmate who she said had died a few days before and whom we should never see again because she was "'way up high with the angels." All this time I was looking at the little girl who was sitting beside the teacher, and as soon as I could, I told everyone that she was not dead because she was sitting beside the teacher and looked as well and happy as she ever had before, and her mamma should be happy too because she was so well. The teacher was terribly shocked and told me I never should say such things or contradict her. She had said the little girl was dead, and so did everybody else except me, and therefore I must be wrong. I was young and must believe what my elders told me. This was another lesson about human beings which I did not learn fully for many years. I knew the child lived because I could see her and talk with her, yet I was considered

wrong because everybody else said she was dead, and dead she must be with this weight of public opinion behind the assertion.

People, in stating what appear to them to be facts and in criticizing those who have the temerity to question their statements, forget that practically all the world's great discoveries and inventions have appeared to be contrary to the "facts" as understood in that particular age. Mere mention of the censure, ridicule, and persecution encountered by Jesus Christ in giving His belief to the world; Columbus in proposing the idea that the earth was globular instead of flat; and Alexander Bell in stating that two people miles apart could talk to and hear each other by means of a wire stretched between them, will recall the truth of this statement.

Some time after this episode we were notified that my grandmother was quite ill. She always had been good to me and there was a deep bond of sympathy between us. One day I told my mother that I thought my grandma was very sick and that if she did not go to see her very soon, she would not see her again on this earth. My mother did not like to make the journey unnecessarily, and after getting some clothes ready, received a telegram telling her that her mother seemed better and not to hurry. The next night my grandmother came to me and spoke to me. I told my mother that, instead of taking the beautiful maroon dress she had got ready, she had better take a mourning-dress and start right away, as Grandma was with the angels. She did not believe me and prepared nothing, but I later overheard my father saying: "You had better listen to the child, because you know she always is right in anything



of this sort."

Later that same morning a telegram came telling of the passing of Grandmother that morning at three o'clock. It was only a few minutes after I had been talking with her in my bedroom.

Demonstrations such as these, while making people think, did not convince them of the truth of my beliefs and statements about the world to them unseen. Certainly the child had an uncanny insight into unforeseen events, but how could all the things she said about that other world and its people be true? It was all too completely at variance with the beliefs of the people they knew and all the books they read. But was this true? Were these statements of mine entirely unique and original? Most certainly not. These same beliefs have been held through all recorded history and stated again and again. The Christian Bible probably is the best-known work in the world on the subject of life after death and communion of the so-called dead with the living.

I was misunderstood almost completely in my neighborhood, and finally one day a voice told me that I had best leave and establish myself in a city. "Many people there will not understand you either," I was told, "but there will be some who do. Taking everything into consideration, you had best make the change. We will protect you all the time and see that no harm comes to you."

So it was that I started out to make my own way.

Establishing oneself in a strange large city when one is a young unsophisticated country girl with no friends or money



is a hard and disheartening task. At the most impressionistic age, when life is just beginning to unfold its mysteries and when the brightest light and most ambitious dreams come, to have to face the harsh necessity of finding work in order to obtain a bite of food, and to meet in this quest the selfish underhand schemes of some employers to exploit the workers dependent upon them, and fellow employees trying to raise themselves at the expense of others, is to spoil almost inevitably all the beauty and poetry that life is meant to hold for the young girl. My Spirit friends guided me with unerring hand round and past all pitfalls, and whenever any doubt or difficulty arose in my mind were at hand to tell me right from wrong and to advise me what to do. Without this assistance I might have conducted my life no differently from the girls with whom I was associated. To a girl placed as I was, but without the benefit of being able to talk with loved ones in Spirit, and wishing to lead an upright life and avoid the mistakes which will cause her future unhappiness, I would say: rely absolutely on your conscience. The trite saying, much abused nowadays as a slang phrase, "Let your conscience be your guide" is nevertheless the best and most concise advice that can be given to a young person. The conscience, a voice given by God speaking to the soul, always is right and if listened to will keep anyone in the path that leads to a better understanding of life and will bring the joy which is everyone's due. The more the conscience is listened to and obeyed, the stronger it becomes and the clearer it can be understood.

Often for the amusement of the girls I associated with I would read tea-leaves left in the bottom of tea-cups and tell them what I saw there. These little messages frequently were quite remarkable in their accuracy, and some of the girls told me I was a great medium. I did not know what a medium was and told them that I was not giving them any messages; I just felt like telling them certain things when I looked in a cup, but that was all there was to it.

They laughed at me and said I had a great deal to learn. Always anxious to increase my knowledge, I asked them to teach me and to explain what they meant by saying I was a medium.

They said the best way to find out was to go with them to a Spiritualistic seance.

This I did, but I saw nothing particularly remarkable in a woman getting up before a group of people to give certain of them what she termed "messages" from the Other Side. I supposed that everybody could talk with their friends in Spirit as I could.

On the occasion of my third visit this woman was attempting to give a message to a woman who had lost track of her son for ten years, and seemed to have difficulty doing it. Suddenly I felt myself about to have what I always had considered to be a "fit." My body became very tense and I lost consciousness. When I became myself again, I hurriedly left the house, saying to my companions that I had been trying for a long time to cure these "fits" and had not had one for quite a while. I did not want to go back to this woman's home, fearing that my "fits" would return.

In vain the girls attempted to explain to me that I had been controlled and had given the woman the message that the

medium could not give her. I understood this "control" business no more than I did the function of the "medium." The sight I had always had of those who were supposed to have "died" and the conversations I held with them were so natural that I considered them part of everybody's experience and could not understand what was meant by a medium or the reason why people had to go to one to speak to their loved friends on the Other Side. I did know, however, from sad experience that telling people about the things I saw and heard brought me trouble much more than it did joy, and if a medium was one who made a practice of giving such "messages," I certainly did not want to be one. My companions told me that I must have all this explained to me so that I could understand what it meant, and they thought the best way would be for me to attend a voice seance where those on the Other Side could talk the matter over with me and answer my difficulties and misunderstanding.

I finally consented to go with them and made arrangements to meet them at the voice medium's home the next Wednesday evening. I arrived, but my friends did not come. I explained to the woman how I came to be there, and although she was not cordial, she told me to take a seat in the group sitting in a half-circle about the chair she would use. When the lights went out and I found myself in complete darkness among total strangers, I became very much frightened and this was increased when I felt myself struck on the knee by one of the tin horns I had seen in the room when I first came in. Grasping my chair tightly with both hands, I hung on as to an anchor connecting me with the world of reality I seemed to have lost

when the light went out. I uttered no sound and understood only partially what a voice introduced by the medium as a "Guide" of hers said after the people present had sung a hymn. My knee was tapped again, and then a voice close to me said: "Hello, Angie."

That was my nickname, and the voice was so unmistakably that of my brother who had passed over years ago that I recognized it immediately and exclaimed: "That is my brother."

I had a short conversation with him, which seemed very natural. Talking with my Spirit friends was far from alarming, but sitting in a dark room among strangers was another matter entirely.

When I reached home after the close of the seance, I thanked God that I had been able to talk with my brother in a different way from what I had ever done before. No thought of doubt or skepticism even crossed my mind. I knew my brother and knew he always was with me, and considered that God had been especially generous to me in allowing us to talk with one another in this manner.

So enthusiastic was I about this experience, and so anxious that others might have the same blessing, that I made up my mind to call upon some gentlemen from my home town, whom I knew to be in the city, to tell them all about it. I realized I stood more than an even chance of being ridiculed by them as I usually was when telling of such things, but decided to chance it. To my surprise I found these three dignified gentlemen were Spiritualists and very much interested in what I told them. I was asked by them to be allowed to accompany me the next time I went to a seance.

I arranged to go with them the next Friday evening early. When we arrived at the medium's home, I rang the bell and greeted her when she appeared at the door. The lack of cordiality I had noticed in her attitude before seemed increased a hundredfold when she saw me accompanied by these gentlemen.

"My seance is full and I have no more room," we were told shortly.

Instantly a vision of her seance room appeared before me and I saw it was empty.

"Why," I exclaimed in surprise, "there is no one in your seance room; it is empty!"

Regarding me in a very unfriendly manner, she hesitated a moment, then shut the door in our faces without another word.

I was very much taken aback at this treatment and distressed at wasting the valuable time of these gentlemen on what had proved to be a wild-goose chase.

"I cannot understand what she means by saying her seance is full, because I can see that she has no one at all in it as yet," I told them, and attempted to apologize for the trouble I had caused them.

One of the men, a lawyer, laughed and said: "Don't worry about it, little girl; she just did not want to have us in her seance. That was her way of telling us. You will find out as you grow older that people often make such excuses instead of telling the truth."

After reaching home, the more I thought about the matter, the more exercised I became. I had been trying to help her

as much as the gentlemen I had brought, and instead of being grateful she had practically insulted us. I made up my mind to go to see her the next afternoon when I had a half holiday from my work.

When she appeared at the door in response to my ring, I told her I wished to ask her why she had not allowed me and my friends in her seance the evening before.

She said: "I do not want mediums and their friends snooping around my seances. I do not interfere with other mediums and their work and I do not care to have them interfere with me."

"But none of us were mediums," I started to explain, but was interrupted by her amused and doubting laughter.

"Don't try to tell me any such thing as that, because I know a medium as soon as I see her. You are one and cannot fool me."

I tried my best to explain to her that I was not a medium and did not want to be and I told her all the troubles I already had encountered because of this belief so many of my acquaintances had about me. After a long discussion she finally realized I was telling her the truth and that I did not know what power I had. She said that she would give me a sitting and that her Guides would try to explain to me the whole situation.

We entered the seance room and were greeted by one of her Guides, who told her that she had done wrong in refusing to admit me the night before, that he had tried to impress on her that she should allow us to remain, but could not. He said that I had been born with a wonderful mediumistic gift and that my Guides were doing their best to induce me to take Immediately I raised a protest; I already had got into too much trouble with this "gift" he was telling me about, and did not wish any more.

He was quite firm, however, and told me that it was my duty to God to give the benefit of my power to the world. God had given me the gift, and it was my obligation in turn to use it as He wished and intended that I should.

I always had been accustomed to obeying my "voices," as I called them, and when one in Spirit spoke so strongly, I put up no further argument. He explained that my work would be hard and in many cases thankless, but it was my task and I must perform it. They would help me all of the time and protect me and I need fear nothing. I was told that at least one private sitting a week with this medium would be necessary for several months to develop my power.

I attended her public seances and my development began. At the second one several of the Spirit friends used foreign languages, something that never had occurred in her seances before, though she had been a medium for fourteen years. Her Guides explained that they were using my forces to do this, not hers.

The weeks went by and I became quite a help to her at her public scances, but did not realize what power I really had. One day she told me to come to her home, but when I arrived, I found she had gone out. A woman friend living with her told me that I was to go into the seance room with a man who had made an appointment for a sitting. This was one of the gentlemen whom I had brought with me that Friday night weeks



ago. He now was a regular attendant at her seances. I said that there was no use for us to sit alone without the medium, that we should have no results, but merely waste our time. Unknown to me, the medium had arranged with this man to have this sitting to find out how far I had developed, and consequently he urged me to try the sitting. I told him that if he could waste his time, I guessed I could afford to waste mine, and we entered the room.

The sitting began and progressed just as though the medium were there. He was elated, but I believed the medium must be somewhere in the house and her forces were holding the seances. This man and the woman in the house proved to me that the medium was not there, but I still could not believe in my own mind that the sitting had been held by means of my forces.

Soon after this the medium gave me one of her trumpets to take home with me. I did so and stood it in a corner of my room. After I went to bed, as soon as the room was dark, the trumpet began to move and tapped me. In spite of my former experience I was so frightened that I cried out and roused the household. My landlady came into the room, and, after telling her what had happened, I got up, put the trumpet in my trunk, and then locked the trunk. She finally had to sleep with me that night, I so feared what the trumpet might do. I took it back next day and said I could not have it in my room.

A few days later I received a request from my landlady to look for another room. She told me that her priest said I was an undesirable person for her to have in her house. She had told him about the trumpet incident.

I went to the medium, who now was my friend, and told her what trouble I was in because of her trumpet.

"You are not in any trouble," she informed me. "I have just received word that my father is dangerously ill and I must leave the city at once and go to him. You can have my apartment and hold seances in my stead."

I finally decided I might as well take her little apartment as not, but did not plan to hold any seances.

I moved in and was told by my Guides that I should begin my work as a medium. I kept putting it off with one excuse or another until one day I was discharged from my position. My employer said he had no real reason for letting me go, my work was all right, but he just had to discharge me. I obtained and lost several other positions in rapid succession, each employer saying that my work was satisfactory, but that he could not keep me.

The day after losing the last position I received a letter from a woman in Milwaukee who had heard about the "child medium," as I was called, requesting that I come there for a few weeks to hold seances. She said that she would pay my expenses and give me enough more to cover any loss of income during my visit.

I thought the matter over carefully and came to the conclusion that my Guides were going to insist that I take up the work they said was planned for me, and that I had best start in with no more delay.

I spent five weeks in Milwaukee, holding seances every night and submitting to all the tests that the people could think of in order to find out whether my mediumship was gen-



uine or I was a fraud.

During a seance near the end of the fourth week the Spirit friends of those present were very strong, speaking in clear, loud voices and occasionally tapping different people with the trumpet. I was crouching in a sack made of strong cloth which was nailed to the floor at the two bottom corners, had been sewn up across the top after I entered, and was being held at the two upper corners by a man on each side.

One woman who had attended most of the seances during my stay had continually asked her daughter if she was out of purgatory yet. Each time her daughter had told her that she never had been in purgatory, that she could not find such a place in the Spirit World. Each time her mother would tell her that she had paid for another mass and asked her if she was out yet. This evening when she asked her usual question, the daughter said: "Mother, I tell you I never was in purgatory, and you cannot get me out of something I never saw. I am right here with you," and to emphasize her presence she struck her mother a resounding blow on the knee with the trumpet.

"Glory be!" shouted the woman; "the medium is out of the sack."

My Guide Pat took charge of the seance immediately and told everyone that never again would they allow me to submit to any so-called "test" conditions, that, no matter what the test, certain people would not believe anyway. With that an Indian Guide grasped the sack, thrust aside the two men who were holding it, tore it straight across the top, and stripped it off me.

"Never again," said Pat, "will we allow our medium to undergo such discomfort and indignities as she has submitted to during these four weeks in the endeavor to prove that communication is possible between your world and ours. It is useless to attempt to prove it to some people, and those who believe it in future must do so through their powers of reasoning after witnessing the phenomena of the seance room. We might allow her to submit to tests before a body of earnest scientific investigators who were examining the question critically and impartially, but we will allow it under no other conditions."

The seances I held during the last week of my stay were conducted while I sat with a little dignity and considerably more comfort in a chair, not tied hand and foot, nor gagged, nor with my mouth full of flour, nor in any of the other multitude of ways I had submitted to previously.

After returning home I made up my mind to follow the course my Guides said was laid out for me, and began my serious work as a medium before the public.

MY GUIDES

DEFORE BEGINNING THE ACCOUNT OF THE MANY EXPERIences of the seance room and the lessons to be learned from them, I will give short sketches of my different Guides and the particular work they love to do. Everybody has Spirit Guides, usually twelve in number, who give all the help and happiness which will be accepted and do this through the bond of love uniting them with the one who is the object of their solicitude. Through the Law of Attraction, the more highly developed spiritually an individual is, the higher the plane from which his Guides come. Which ones he attracts depends largely upon the particular earthly interests of the person, a physician receiving help from those interested in the various sciences contributing to his profession, an artist receiving help from those continuing their artistic careers in Spirit, and a medium receiving help from those who can assist her in carrying on her work.

All mediums, particularly those through whom physical phenomena are demonstrated (I am of this kind), have a Guide who is called the "Chemist." He is a Master Guide and very highly developed, having been many years on the Other Side, and has learned the beautiful laws governing

communication. As nearly as I understand his work, it is a combination of physics and chemistry, the forces he deals with lying at the point where the two sciences meet and join. Before a seance of any sort can be started, this Guide must so arrange his materials and so work with them that what he calls "the Forces" are built up to the point where communication can take place. What actually goes on we do not know and probably could not explain anyway, because there would be no words in existence on earth to describe this unknown phenomenon. I should like, however, to combine what few facts we do know into a suggestive, although very incomplete, explanation which will assist one to a proper approach to the seance room, but which most emphatically must not be considered a complete or definite elucidation.

We are aware through scientific research that the atoms of the ninety-odd chemical elements we know of on earth are composed of a nucleus and electrons which are essentially of the same kind in all the atoms. The difference between the elements lies in the number of electrons present and the pattern in which they vibrate within the atom. These elements could be changed one into another if it was possible to rearrange the electrons, and it is conceivable that a rearrangement could result also in bodies unknown on earth. Any of these changes would be accompanied, or produced, by changes in vibration of the electrons, which in turn would necessitate an exchange of energy. Energy of some sort undoubtedly would be absorbed in the process and would have to come from some source.

We are aware that harmonious thought conditions are ab-



solutely essential to a seance, and that one individual with a mean or contrary attitude, among forty others who are in concord with each other, can ruin the seance. This shows the positive force of thoughts or thought vibrations.

It is common knowledge that various types of energy can alter physical manifestations of different sorts. Consider the change in direction of a stream of electrons under the influence of magnetic force, or the obliteration of radio waves by the rays of the sun. Consider also how tones coming through a radio set are distorted until they are unrecognizable when the wave carrying the electrical impulse which produces them is interfered with by another wave slightly different in character. Unharmonious thoughts in the room in a similar way interfere with or actually interrupt the flow of energy coming from the medium.

We must remember, too, that some forms of energy are transmitted better in the absence of light—for example, radio waves-and that many chemical reactions either do not progress at all in the light or are accelerated to such an extent that they cannot be controlled. An example of the first reaction is the failure of chlorophyl to synthesize plant material from carbon dioxide and water when no light is present; of the second reaction, the union of hydrogen and chlorine with explosive violence in the sunlight.

After a seance a medium is tired, physically and mentally, indicating a loss of material or energy, or both, from her body.

Assembling now our little body of facts and the deductions from them, we can build up a picture somewhat as follows to indicate what takes place when our friends in Spirit communicate with us. If we assume that their spiritual bodies and the worlds in which they live are composed of atoms made up of nuclei and electrons in arrangements differing from those on earth and unperceivable by our physical senses, in order that they may make themselves perceptible we must admit a change in our physical senses or a rearrangement of electrons into atoms of a sort which are evident to us. The latter appears to be the more reasonable to me in view of the other facts. This rearrangement probably requires the absorption of some sort of energy which a medium is fitted to supply to a greater degree than other mortals, although all present in a seance contribute some small portion to this work. If we picture, then, the Chemist building up his Forces by taking energy from the medium and the members of the seance in order to transform spiritual atoms into physical ones, we can understand how this supply of energy must be continuous throughout the seance, why unharmonious thoughts can interrupt its flow, and why it takes place better in the dark than in the light.

This flow of energy proceeds steadily in the dark during the seance until the Chemist ceases to draw it. If, however, a light is turned on during the time it is flowing, it is stopped instantly with resulting disastrous effects on the medium. It may be likened, although it is much more intensified, to the abrupt stoppage of an electrical current flowing from a generator. The generator is burned out in a very short time if power still is supplied to it, because the electrical energy it is generating has no outlet. The interruption of the flow of energy from the medium renders her instantly unconscious and possibly kills her physical body.

(I will mention later several instances where light has been flashed on me in a seance.)

This explanation of what actually goes on in order that communication can take place is necessarily incomplete and possibly inaccurate in details, but it fits the few facts we do know and explains why certain conditions must be met by the medium and the sitter before communication can be established. It gives a logical reason for the absence of light; for the known physical injury to the medium if a light is turned on while the seance is in progress; for the necessity of harmonious thoughts in the minds of all present; for the open mind required of those who are attending a seance for the first time; and for the difficulty of holding a seance during natural disturbances such as thunder-storms.

My Chemist never has spoken at a seance; possibly he cannot do so while carrying on his work; but he frequently speaks to me personally, advising and warning me. He is very firm and tells me but once about any incident. Unlike most other Guides, he gives me no reasons for his advice. He gives me explicit directions only, and sad the day for me if I forget or do not heed him.

Snowdrop is a young woman who assists during a voice seance. She instructs and aids those on the Other Side who are unused to communicating, to reach their friends of this side, and helps the latter to recognize them. She frequently is called upon to give the name of the Spirit friend when he cannot do so himself because of unfamiliarity with the Forces or because of the barrier his earth friend has raised through skepticism or ignorance of Spiritual laws. She gives many tests, usually short, but very much to the point, to clear away obstacles caused by skepticism. She sings in a wonderfully sweet voice and composes poems, contributing greatly to the beauty and enjoyment of a seance. Her lessons and sweet, understanding advice to those in trouble truly are God-sent and priceless in the help and comfort they bring. She is beloved by all who have had the privilege of talking to her and receiving her help.

Pat is a natural, jolly Irishman who also assists during a voice seance. Thousands of people have heard him and enjoyed the jokes he tells. Some people have said: "A spirit jokes? Why should one do that? Surely they must have more important things to do in the Spirit World than to think up jokes for the entertainment of mortals."

Oftentimes a large gathering of strange people has rendered the progress of the seance almost impossible. Even when no mean or definitely skeptical persons are present, the individual thoughts are so diverse—some being very sanctimonious, some thinking of personal affairs outside the seance room, some intensely desiring their own friends in Spirit to come to them—that disharmony results. A pointed joke by Pat almost invariably brings everyone's thoughts into the same channel and clears the heavy atmosphere, allowing the seance to continue with new force.

Pat has proved a wonderful adviser in business and other affairs of earth life. He always has said that everything belongs to God and only has been lent us to use and manage to the best of our ability for the purpose of helping others and



improving and developing our own souls. Business and the management and proper use of the resources of earth are as much a part of God's plan as any other human activity, spiritual or physical, and as necessary for our soul's development. Consequently any help we can receive from the Other Side is perfectly proper and should be used to the greatest degree possible. Pat always has loved business and enjoys assisting others in conducting it; the larger and more important it is, the better. His continual development shows him more plainly all the time that all of us are doing the work of God. He says: "You are children working in the vineyard of this little earth and we are messengers from God and the higher worlds to help you. My specialty is business and I love to help those engaged in it."

Pat's advice never has proved wrong, but many have not taken it and later have come to tell me that they wished they had done so.

Prophet is a young woman Guide who came to me first about 1913 as a control. We know nothing about her personal history, as she never holds a conversation with anyone or tells anything about herself. She has told us she wishes to be known as "Prophet" and in no other way. She comes during the month of December and gives a prophecy about the coming year; the condition of business; natural disasters threatening different parts of the world, such as fires, floods, shipwrecks, hurricanes, earthquakes, etc.; the passage of notable people to the Other Side; the discovery of natural resources which will develop particular parts of the country; and many other

events. During the World War she came rather frequently and not only told about the positions occupied by the various armies, but what their next objectives were and whether they would achieve them or not.

So many people misunderstand prophesying and confuse it with fortune-telling that our friends in Spirit are very reluctant to attempt to bring this help to us. True prophecies are of great value to us in conducting our earthly affairs, but so often does cheap fortune-telling mislead people that our Guides hesitate to give us a prophecy, knowing that it is likely to be misunderstood.

Many people for some reason or other, such as deafness, fear of the dark, etc., prefer receiving their messages through a Spirit control of the medium instead of by direct voice. At such times my Guide Bright Eyes takes control of me and through my physical body transmits the messages from those on the Other Side. At such a time Bright Eyes is the real medium, she is using my body while my soul and mind are existing separate from it. She uses a loud, clear voice, which, I am told, differs from mine considerably, and has the strength to bring messages even to an unreasonable skeptic, should there exist any reason why the Spirit World wishes such a one to have a message.

A very important task of Bright Eyes is that of conducting our work of giving messages by mail. Anyone, whether a friend of the Stead Center or a total stranger, writing to me asking questions which he wishes his loved ones in Spirit to answer is given a message by Bright Eyes just as though he

were present in person. Her answers and advice are taken down by a competent stenographer and then transcribed and sent as a letter. When a person is present at a sitting in which Bright Eyes controls me, he asks his questions directly of her. When he writes in, he must ask questions in the same way. One reason for doing this, which holds only for written messages, is that a letter brings with it many conditions other than that of the writer, and sometimes it is principally through the answers to the questions contained in it that Bright Eyes knows she is giving the message to the proper person.

Pink Rose is another Guide who gives her messages through her control of me. She very seldom comes to individuals or small groups of people. Her work consists principally in giving lectures to large audiences and short messages to individuals in the audience. She conducts marriage ceremonies and christening and funeral services, giving beautiful advice and consolation to those present.

For some years certain members of the Stead Center formed a class which gathered for a seance once a month at which they received the teachings, collected in our book God's World, from the Master Guides whom we learned to know as the Teachers. These Souls all have been many years in the Spirit World, some of them from periods before recorded history, and have advanced far. They came to give to us, and to the world at large through us, the benefit of the knowledge they had obtained during their years of study and advancement. Most beautiful and helpful is their philosophy, as all will agree who have read it.

For a great many years Friday evening has been set aside by our Guides as healing-night. Men who were doctors on earth and are continuing this work on the Other Side use the Forces of the seance this night to heal and assist those on earth who are ill. Of course it is well known that there is no sickness in the Spirit World, but the study of medicine and of healing is necessary in order to give assistance to our doctors of the earth plane when we become ill. Wonderful has been the advice and help given by these doctors in Spirit, as the chapter on "Healing" will make evident. It will be observed there and must be emphasized here that Spiritual healing, while indispensable, in many cases must be complemented by physical healing and the assistance of doctors on the earth plane. We have been taught that the passive resignation of those suffering from broken bones or deep wounds of skin and tissue or other similar disabilities to the idea: "My Guides are helping me, I will be healed" is wrong. Faith is essential and exemplary, but physical assistance must be given to our Spirit doctors when necessary. They are the first to advise an operation when it is needed, and the help of our physicians on earth when it is required.

I myself frequently am advised by my Guides to go to a physician and can say truthfully that I often have received very essential help from them. This is true of those sincere men who have the welfare of their patient at heart and who have a real understanding of their mission in life and the responsibility resting upon them. Such men receive a great deal of assistance from their confreres in Spirit and accomplish great good.

Neither in this field nor in any other is human activity or effort belittled by our Spirit friends; all, spiritual and physical, is an integral part of God's great pattern of life and experience and indispensable to its fullest development.

Many people whom I never have seen, but who have been in communication with the Center, sit in their own homes on Friday night in loving concentration on their friends in Spirit and have received great help in illness and pain, as their letters to me afterwards have testified. Our doctors in Spirit through the Forces built up in our seance room are able to carry their help to these far-distant and separated homes and demonstrate the love and solicitude they have for all of us when we permit them to do so.

I believe that most of my readers, if not all, are well acquainted with the work Mr. W. T. Stead did while on earth. He was traveler; journalist; publisher; founder and head of Julia's Bureau, an institution where those seeking messages from their friends in the Spirit World could receive them from reliable mediums; and man of many other activities. One of the objects of his last projected visit to America, almost at the start of which he went down with the Titanic, was a trip to see me, the young medium he had heard so much about from common friends in London. It was his intention to try to induce me to return to London with him to assist in the conduct of Julia's Bureau, but it was not decreed that we should meet in the flesh.

Twenty-four hours after his ship had gone to the bottom, he came to my seance room while I was giving a sitting to an Englishwoman. His plan while in the flesh to visit me was still uppermost in his mind after he had passed over. He told

us that he had not suffered as the others on the ship had when it sank. He realized soon after the boat had struck that nothing could save it and retired to his stateroom, where he prayed to God to help the others and asked his Guides to release his soul from his body with as little pain as possible. He sat calmly, waiting for the transition, sending loving thoughts to his friends and asking help for his fellow voyagers who were not so fortunate as he in having a beautifully sustaining belief in Spiritualism. Before the water touched him, his Guides liberated his soul from his earthly body and spared him the suffering of drowning.

He told us that he immediately recognized what had occurred, and after greeting his friends who were there to receive him he appeared outside the ship and found many souls, who had just passed over, dazed and wandering aimlessly about on top of the waves or trying desperately to crowd into the lifeboats, not realizing what had happened to them. He set to work to try to help them understand, as he saw many others of those in Spirit were doing. His previous knowledge of the Truth had prepared him for all this and he was able to begin his work without any delay.

At another seance a few days later he told me I should form an organization in order to carry on my work more effectively and to establish a recognized center from which advice and help could be obtained by those in need, and instructions and teachings could be given to the world.

I did not understand what he meant by this, thinking that my work consisted solely in holding seances. After several months of insistence and explanation on his part I began to realize that Spiritualism was much more than a mere holding of seances. It was a religion, greatly misunderstood and sorely in need of clarification and elucidation to the world at large. So many were the charlatans who had worked under its name, and so many were the undeveloped mediums who had not the real spiritual force to combat and clear up these conditions, that it had come into disrepute with thinking people. This ignominy was increased at every opportunity by those religions and those self-seekers who understood what it really stood for and feared it because of the liberation through truth and enlightenment it would bring to those upon whose subjection through ignorance their power rested. Spiritualism has to fight all the forces of ignorance and greed outside itself and undevelopment of its adherents and charlatanism within.

Mr. Stead understood all this and was anxious to begin work to correct these unhappy conditions. When I finally realized the plan he had formed, I assembled my friends and we formed the organization which is named after its moving spirit and founder, Mr. Stead.

We since have incorporated the W. T. Stead Center of Soul Communion in several states as a religious organization, not for profit, and have tried for years to raise Spiritualism to the dignity rightfully belonging to it, through the wonderful mediumship God has blessed me with, through the publication of the teachings given us by the Master Guides, by giving messages by mail to those unable to visit me personally, and finally by the publication of this book, which I hope will give many people a different understanding of our religion. In short, under the guidance of Mr. Stead, we have been trying for all these years to bring to as many people as possible, by every means in our power, the understanding, the comfort, and the joy that Spiritualism is capable of when comprehended fully.

There is nothing new about Spiritualism, nothing radical, nothing complicated nor fearsome. As taught by our Master Guides, it is a very simple religion, one which teaches that God, as guiding spirit of the universe, has created souls who must develop by labor and love, and that this development is continuous whether the soul is on earth or in some other part of the universe. As all is part of a coherent whole, communication and understanding between different souls are necessarily present. It is only because of our ignorance and digression from the plan God has laid out that it is necessary for us who are on earth to have a medium present in order that we may talk to those who have advanced further than we have. Communication between souls, no matter where they are, is as natural as communication between mortals.

We are taught that Love and Harmony are the greatest forces in the universe, and that labors conducted in strict accord with them bring development to the soul and the supreme happiness which we all seek.

We do not recognize any heavens, hells, purgatories, and so forth as places of abode for those passing through the change called death. Reward of proper living on earth is contentment and happiness because of the soul's progress. Punishment of wrongdoing on earth consists solely, but is felt acutely, in unhappiness at lack of progress, remorse, and correcting the wrongs done.

We are taught that there is no such thing as evil. There is ignorance and there is lack of good, but there is no such thing as a devil or evil spirts or evil deeds.

All of the points brought out in this brief summary appear again and are explained more fully in the experiences which follow.



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SNOWDROP

Maid of the unseen world next door,

Where hearts are true and love can't die,

Where patience knows no dawn or dusk,

Maid of the world beyond our sky,

I wonder,

If I were you and you were me,
Part marl, part spirit, such as I,
And mine were the power to clearly see
Down deep through hearts, while you must die,
I question

That I could come to the folk of earth,
And day by day could meet my task,
And bring the courage and cheer and love
And find each soul behind each mask
As you do!

Pal of the plane beyond our ken,

If I could see as well as hear,

Great strength might come to me some day

And give me the courage to call you dear,

Snowdrop!





TESTS

TN DEMANDING "TESTS" OF THEIR SPIRIT FRIENDS, MORTALS Ishould realize that they throw a barrier about themselves which is very difficult for their friends to penetrate. They defeat their very object by a positive, commanding attitude which renders communication almost impossible. The vibrations they send out are so at variance with the condition of loving harmony which is necessary for communication that they not only cut themselves off from it, but, sometimes, throw the medium out of tune and render the progress of the seance impossible. Tests without end are given when they least are expected because those on the Other Side wish to give us tests, they wish to convince us of their actuality, but, living superior to us as they do, they cannot be commanded by us. Natural law does not permit such an inversion of the proper order. It is just as absurd to expect this as it would be for some urchin to step up to the capitalist alighting from his limousine and say: "They tell me you are a rich man. Prove it to me by taking a million dollars out of your pockets." That the urchin has no right to command we all concede. He has not the right to specify the kind of proof of the man's wealth. It is conceivable that the capitalist could take two million dollars' worth of bonds out of his pocket, but

that is not the proof asked for. We would consider the man justified in ignoring the urchin's existence.

An analogous situation arises when a mortal demands proof from his Spirit friends, only they do not ignore him; they do their best to give some proof from the charity they have for the mortal's ignorance. The proof, however, almost invariably is different from that which is asked.

To illustrate tests which come thus, unexpectedly, let me relate the following:

A young girl attended two public seances and was addressed presumably by her brother, but the voice was so low that the words were indistinct. The girl was skeptical and raised a barrier which her brother could not penetrate with a more distinct message. Her interest, however, when she came a second, then a third, time, evidently deserved reward from the Spirit World, for her brother this time came and said in a clear voice: "Sis, this is Boots."

Her recognition was complete and instantaneous, and with the removal of the obstacle of her skepticism she received a very comforting message from her brother.

The young man told me afterwards that he had been trying hard to think of some way to convince his sister, but was hampered by her attitude. If he could get through this sufficiently to speak clearly to her, he knew he could give her plenty of tests. The breaking through was the difficult part. Finally he remembered that when a child on a farm, he had been so inordinately fond of a pair of rubber boots that the family had given him the nickname "Boots." Such a test was all the girl



needed to make her open up her mind and greet him frankly. Further proof then was easy for him to give.

A member of the Center sent a friend to one of my public seances. This man, who knew nothing of Spiritualism, was the "smart Aleck" type. His father in Spirit came to him, speaking in his native German tongue. Our smart friend asked his father to have his mother speak to him. His father then spoke very gravely and in English so that all could understand. He said: "Son, do not try to trick God. Your mother will be with me soon enough as it is, without your pretending she is here now."

The father would say no more and left. It seems that this young man loved his mother very much and was somewhat uneasy about the message, although he had no belief in its source.

The next morning his mother dropped dead, her heart failing her. A changed and very contrite young man hurried to talk to his father in Spirit and to beg forgiveness if he had even partly caused his mother's sudden passing by his flippant remark of the evening before. He was told that his mother's time had come, that he had not in any way caused her passing, but that her loss to him was his punishment for attempting to trick God. It seems needless to say that this man received a test that he never forgot, and that he did not need others to convince him the Spirit World was peopled with very real beings who knew much more than he did.

On another occasion an old couple on the first visit to me attended a public seance. They came in love and with hearts open to receive any blessing the Spirit World might have in store for them. Soon after the seance opened, a childish voice greeted us.

"Hello, Grandpa, this is Dorothy and I want some 'chocky.'"

The old folks exclaimed with joy. Fairly shouting, the grandfather cried: "Oh, Dorothy, it always was 'chocky' with you, not chocolate."

"Well, I like to say it that way," was Dorothy's pert reply.

Is not this a simple but very convincing little test? How could anyone in the room know that these two old folks had a granddaughter in Spirit who pronounced that particular word in that peculiar way?

One man who occasionally attended my seances had a beautiful test one evening although he had passed the stage where tests were necessary. During the course of the seance one of my circle Guides spoke to him and said: "A Spirit comes to you and shows me a little cottage covered all over with flowers. A path leads down from it to a wall in which is a gate against which she leans. She is looking down the road, apparently at someone who is starting on a journey."

The man spoke up immediately: "That must be my mother. That is exactly the way I saw her last, as I was leaving home to come to America. I have not thought of her at the gate in twenty years."

Such a test is a beautiful proof of a person's identity and certainly cannot be explained by mind-reading or any chicanery.

In illustration of the way tests come to people who do not demand them, I recall those received by a Swedish couple in Chicago. They were staunch and active members of one of the orthodox churches, the gentleman holding an office in the church. Investigation of psychic phenomena was unknown to them.

One day the lady sat down to write a letter to her mother in Sweden, but instead of writing a letter she received automatic writing. Considerably surprised and puzzled, she told some of her friends of her experience. Among them happened to be one who was acquainted with Spiritualism and she suggested to the lady that a visit to me might furnish an explanation. She came and had a very pleasant visit with her son and daughter in Spirit. She began coming for private sittings rather frequently, but could not induce her husband to accompany her.

One Sunday evening when there happened to be no church services or meeting, they were entertaining some friends, and the man suddenly got the idea of coming to one of my public seances, which he knew were held on Sunday. Telling his wife he had to see a man on business, he departed, thinking that in this way and by making up his mind so quickly surely no word about him could possibly precede him.

Soon after the seance began, his daughter greeted him and said: "You think you have put something over on Mamma, don't you?" and then went on to tell him what he had done.

Later his son came and after greeting him said: "You think you put something over on Mamma, but I am going to tell her you have been here this evening and she will know it before you get home."

His wife, after her guests had left rather early in the evening, decided to try to get a message through her automatic writing. She did, immediately. Her son wrote that his father had attended a public seance, trying to fool her. When the man reached home, his wife greeted him with the news that she knew where he had been because their son had come to her and told her.

It is quite evident this woman had considerable psychic power. Otherwise she never would have received such definite messages in this manner. She did not sit for development; her Guides used the power she had when they were ready to do so, even though she knew nothing about it or about Spiritualism. I shall have more to say about this later.

The double test this man received was sufficient to convince him and he became a very staunch and loyal Spiritualist.

This is another instance were it is proved that a person can attend his first seance with any possible feeling of curiosity or desire to find out what it all is about and obtain convincing results. No previous belief is necessary; only a mind open to admit whatever blessings may be offered. The preconceived conviction that Spiritualism is not true and an attitude which demands tests are the forces which build the impenetrable wall about the individual. Very few problems are solved by one who attacks them with the thought "It cannot be done" or "It is not so." They must be approached with an open mind in order that apparently insignificant clues may not be overlooked, or the true road to the solution be not passed, by too intent following of the path originally started on.

A man and his wife had attended a few seances and received tests sufficient to convince them of the truth. One evening a Spirit friend came to the man and said: "How are you, D. E? I am your Uncle Robert."

After conversing for a few minutes, the uncle departed. When the seance was over, the man told me that he had an Uncle Robert, but did not know that he had passed over.

The following Sunday this man and his wife went to visit his mother, who was sick, and, noticing on her dresser a picture of his uncle, said: "Mother, that is a fine picture of Uncle Robert."

"Yes," she replied, "it is. By the way, I had a letter from him just the other day, saying he feels fine."

This naturally upset the man considerably, because he had come to believe in his Spirit friends only recently and, if his uncle really was still in this world, his message had been false. There being time yet to attend the Sunday evening seance, he and his wife hurried over.

Soon after it started, the same voice came to him and said: "Well, D. E., you seem to be in a quandary and I will help you out so that your mind will be at ease. I am your Uncle Robert, but the Uncle Robert you know is still with you on earth. I passed over to the Spirit World in infancy, but already had been given our family name of Robert. When the next boy was born to Mother, he also was given the same name to preserve it in the family. Next time you visit your mother, I want you to ask her about this so that you will be satisfied."

Soon after this they again visited his mother, and during the conversation his wife asked her how many children there were in her family. Counting them on her fingers and calling them

by name in rotation she proceeded until she came to the name Robert. "The first boy called Robert died in infancy, so when the next came, he was called Robert also to preserve the family name." This man never again doubted anything told him by his friends in Spirit.

One evening in New York a stranger came to my seance room. Although he never had attended a seance before, he received several beautiful messages from his loved ones. After that he came by himself several times, then brought his wife and a friend. When Bright Eyes took control of me at this last sitting, she said: "John, your father is here."

"Why, there must be some mistake about that, Bright Eyes, because my father is living."

"Well," answered Bright Eyes, "he looks like you and says he is your father."

The man's wife then remarked: "Of course it couldn't be your father, because he is not in Spirit, and anyway he does not look like you."

Bright Eyes, realizing she probably had said more than she should, replied: "Perhaps I have made a mistake; I guess it is not your father."

The man said nothing more, but the next day returned by himself for a sitting. Bright Eyes gave him the same message, adding that his father had passed over when a rather young man. "You know," said Bright Eyes, "this reminds me of a story Pat tells about an Irishman who visited a medium and told her he wanted proof that there was truth in this idea of communication between the earth and the Spirit World. He

wanted to know where his father was.

"The medium told him his father was in Oklahoma.

"'Sure, and now I know it is a fake, because I was talking to my father here in Chicago less than an hour ago.'

"'Well,' said the medium, 'your mother's husband may be in Chicago, but your father is in Oklahoma.'"

"That is exactly right, Bright Eyes," exclaimed the man, and he went on to explain that his father had not married his mother, but that she had married another man before her baby was born, and he always had regarded her husband as his father until he had grown to young manhood and learned the truth. His wife did not know the story, and his mother, who was in Europe, did not know that he knew it.

All this took place between Bright Eyes and him, and of course I knew nothing about it, until one day he came to me and said: "Medie, I have something I want to get off my chest. I have been thinking about it for some time."

He then went on to tell me what had taken place at his private sitting with Bright Eyes. "You know a man would have to be insane not to believe this Truth after such a message. My wife does not know anything about this, and my mother does not know that I do. It rarely occurs to me and I certainly was not thinking about it when Bright Eyes spoke to me."

Three gentlemen once came to me and told me that they were church people, believed absolutely in God, and loved Him and every right thing in life as nearly as they understood the right. This was to be their first experience in communicating with the Spirit World, and, while they understood

nothing about it, they came with open minds. I told them that nothing more could be asked of them and we would have a sitting.

Soon after the light had been turned out, a childish voice said: "O Daddy, O Daddy, this in Lineæ. You know that if I were in your world today, I should be twelve years old. I left you when a wee baby, but you know we grow here in Spirit just as you do on earth. Uncle is with me."

It seems that this uncle, who was her father's brother, had suggested her peculiar name, that of a certain family of flowers, thinking how beautiful it would be for a little girl to have that name. The child told about her tiny casket and where it was buried.

All her father could do was sit there and shed tears of joy as he exclaimed: "How wonderful!"

He told me he never thought of this little girl; that she had passed over when so young that he practically had forgotten her. Her name was right, her age was right, where her body was buried was right. This was as much of a test for the two gentlemen, his dear friends, with him as it was for him, because they also knew all about the child. After this many of their loved ones came and they had a beautiful sitting. Results like this are received by anyone who comes to a good medium with real love and a sincere desire to speak to his dear ones who have gone before.

A test given to a mother unasked proved of inestimable value to her in a crisis. This woman had been coming to my seances for a long time and was accustomed to ask help of her



Guides whenever she was in difficulty. She had two daughters, of whom she thought the world and all. One of these was on the boat Eastland when it toppled over at its dock in the Chicago River some years ago. Witnesses told her they had seen the girl go down, but the mother could not find her. She had been to the morgue and viewed all of the bodies, but could not recognize that of her daughter. Of course, many were almost beyond recognition, and her failure was not unnatural.

In her great grief and trouble she came for a sitting. Her daughter greeted her immediately and said: "Yes, Mother, I was thrown into the water and drowned. You looked at my body, but did not recognize it. If you will go back to the morgue, I will see that you find it." She told her mother in exactly what part of the room it lay, and added: "Don't you remember, Mother, that I had no navel?"

Her mother went back to the morgue, found the body in the place described by her daughter, and asked to see the abdomen. It was her daughter's body.

At one time it was Snowdrop's custom to come in at a public seance and ask the people if they had any questions which they would like to have her answer. They could ask anything they wished and she would investigate and report what she found out.

One Wednesday evening she did this and a woman asked her if it made any difference in what part of the world the subject of the question was.

Snowdrop told her it did not, because she could see every place.

The woman then said that she had arrived in Chicago that morning, coming from Los Angeles, where she had been the last two months nursing an uncle who was sick. When she left, his condition was so improved that she considered him out of any danger. She wanted to know how he was now, and asked Snowdrop if she needed the address of the home. Snowdrop replied that it would save her time to have it.

About twenty minutes later she returned and said: "That man has passed over."

"Oh, no," replied the woman, "I do not think so."

"Well, you know it took you some time to come here from Los Angeles, and a great deal might happen in that time."

The woman said that she surely would have received a telegram if he had passed.

Snowdrop told her that it looked to her as though he had just passed over, had been gone but an hour or so, but to make sure she would go back to Los Angeles and look again. When she returned later, she said that she was positive it was the woman's uncle, and described him. She described the aunt and the home and said the man's body was lying on a bed covered by a sheet.

Everybody present was much interested and made arrangements to be present the next Wednesday evening to hear what the woman found out in the mean time. The next day she received a night letter telling her everything just as Snowdrop had said.

On another occasion Snowdrop was asked by a woman to describe things at her home. Snowdrop could find nothing of



interest until she looked in the basement and saw that the family cat had just had a litter of kittens. She reported this, to the amusement of everyone present, except her questioner, who could see nothing laughable about the matter. To her it was a very important and interesting message.

Many critics of Spiritualism, especially those who have a more or less exalted opinion of their importance in the world's affairs, have much to say about what they are pleased to call the trivial messages brought by those on the Other Side. They seem unable to grasp the fact that importance, like beauty, is relative and not absolute; it depends upon the mental and spiritual development of the individual and the environment in which he is placed. The things directly affecting his interest and well-being are the things which are of importance to him. Those in Spirit are fully aware of this and are charitable enough to bring us messages which we can understand and which affect our personal interests. Of what concern or benefit to this woman would a message have been which informed her that the people in the kingdom of Poovoodoo were dissatisfied with their government and were contemplating the establishment of a republic? This might be very important news to some people, bankers for instance, but to her it would have meant just nothing.

A test coming to a woman one afternoon in my seance room came so unexpectedly and was of such a nature that it almost resulted disastrously for me. I was having my home decorated and, while all the workmen had been warned about opening the seance-room door, one either forgot or made a mistake.

Whatever the cause, in the midst of a sitting I was giving to a woman, the door was opened, suddenly letting in the light. Before the forces were broken, the woman saw distinctly the two trumpets suspended in mid air, with no visible support. They dropped immediately of course. As for me, I was rendered unconscious instantly, but, owing to the facts that the light was not especially bright, that I was not sitting directly in its path, and that the workman closed the door quickly as he realized his mistake, I recovered in a short time. I was too weak to hold any further sittings that day and was careful to lock the door at subsequent ones as long as the workmen remained in the house. Tests of this sort may be wonderfully convincing to the sitter, but they are entirely too dangerous for the medium.

A mother in Chicago was happy in having two grown sons who were devoted to her. One of the boys, Charlie, about twenty-six years old, suddenly became very ill and passed to the Spirit World two weeks later. His mother's grief was acute until she heard of my work and came for a seance. Her boy came to her and she accepted him immediately. Her grief passed so rapidly that it was noticed by her other son, a professional ventriloquist.

"Mother," he said, "something has happened, you don't seem as unhappy as you were."

"Yes, my boy," she replied, "something has happened." She went on to explain to him how she had found a way to speak to his brother and what comfort it was to her.

In spite of his love for her, which should have made him glad that she had found consolation in her sorrow, he laughed



and said the whole thing was preposterous and a fraud. "I will go there the next time with you, Mother, and expose the whole affair."

The next Sunday evening they came, his mother going in first and he appearing later as a stranger. They took seats on opposite sides of the seance room.

Soon after the seance began, the boy, Charlie, came and said: "Hello, Mother dear. Hello, Billy. Do you think that you can fool the Spirit World? Don't you give Mother credit for enough common sense to know that this is me?"

The seance progressed, sometimes two voices speaking at the same time. Usually this does not occur, for politeness in the true sense is observed most meticulously by those on the Other Side and I knew there must be a reason for this change that night, but could not guess what it was.

At the close of the seance, after the light had been put on, this young man asked everyone to remain seated for a few moments. "I have an apology to make to Mrs. Cook," he began, "and I want everyone present to hear it. I am a ventriloquist and earn my living on the stage by practicing it. Mother and I came here tonight separately, I believing this was nothing but ventriloquism and wishing to expose it to her. I have found that there is nothing comparable between the two. We depend on illusion and must be in a large room, preferably an auditorium, to create it. In a small room we should be detected easily; neither could we create the illusion in the dark. I am convinced that what I have heard tonight is not ventriloquism and make my sincere apology to Mrs. Cook for doubting her."

Few of my critics have had the moral courage to extend an

For some years I had been sitting for a Swedish family. One of the daughters seemed to enjoy the seances, particularly the music, as she was a musician herself; but she did not really believe in the Truth. She was quite a skeptic.

One evening I went to their home to hold a seance for them and a few of their invited friends. In the middle of the seance, about nine o'clock, a voice spoke to this young woman: "Hello, Manda, this is Lottie."

Surprised, and with a tinge of satisfaction in her voice, she replied: "Lottie is not dead."

"No, I am not dead by any means, but I did pass over tonight at six o'clock. I was coming home on a North Clark Street car and got off at my corner. I passed behind the car and, not seeing the southbound car coming, stepped right in front of it. I did not suffer, my body being killed instantly. Believing in this Truth while on earth, I have come to speak to you tonight." (It will be interesting in this connection to refer to the chapter on "Early Manifestation.")

No one in the room had heard of this accident until now, but all were acquainted with the girl. The next morning they found she had passed over just as she described it in the seance.

The danger of mixing one's forces by going to different mediums is illustrated in the following two cases. Every person cannot be in tune with every medium, and when one is found through whom your friends in Spirit can come properly,



it is well to stay with her and not go searching elsewhere. Every time you go to the same medium, your dear ones become more accustomed to her vibrations and feel more at home. This results in much clearer and more satisfactory messages. Those who go from one medium to another, always unsatisfied, show they have no real understanding of Spiritual forces or the conditions under which they can communicate best with their loved ones. They defeat their own efforts by their continual shifting from one medium to another. If they gave their friends the opportunity to become accustomed to the forces of one medium, they would receive much more definite and satisfying messages.

One woman found this out during the absence of a son of hers on a trip to the West. In company with four other youths he set out, but before leaving promised to write to her every week. "If you do not hear from me regularly," were his parting words, "it is because something has happened to me and you must go to Mrs. Cook, because that is where I should greet you if I should go to the Spirit World."

She received his letters regularly for a while; then they ceased coming. After three weeks during which she had no word, she decided to go to a medium, but did not come to me as her son had told her to do.

She visited a medium near her home one Sunday evening and evidenced such signs of grief that no one could fail to notice them. When asked by the medium if she had lost some dearly loved one, she said: "Yes, I have not heard from my son for a long time and know that he must be dead."

"I guess he has passed over," said the medium, and

proceeded to give her a message purporting to be from him.

After returning home the woman thought the whole thing over and decided she had best come to me as her son had told her to do before he left.

One of her daughters who had passed to Spirit came first and said: "Mamma, you are a fool to believe that Eddie has passed over. He is not with us and is on his way home now. You will see him Thursday. The boys became lost on a desert and after wandering around for days were nearing the end of their endurance when they were found by a farmer and taken to a hospital."

The woman said she could hardly believe this in view of the way she "felt" and what the other medium had told her.

This was more than I could stand. "If, after all the years you have come to my seances, you cannot believe your own daughter, you have no faith at all in Spiritualism," I told her.

When her boy returned on Thursday, she became so angy at the other medium that she took her son there and showed the woman how wrong her message had been. In considerable confusion the medium said that an evil spirit must have given the false message.

Such a thing is impossible—no spirits are evil. (I will say more about this in the chapter "Obsession and Impersonation.") Some may be undeveloped, but they are not allowed by the higher Forces to give misleading messages. It is absurd to think that people passing over become worse than they were while on earth. Those who previously did wrong on earth are not allowed to do harm when they reach the Other Side. The fault lay with the improperly developed medium. Had she been a strong one, she would not have been misled by the grief displayed by the mother. Seeing the woman in tears had more influence on her than her Guides exercised. This, combined with the total lack of previous association between her forces and the woman's, had resulted in the inaccurate message.

A woman who came rather frequently to my seances was visited by a sister from California whom she interested in Spiritualism. This sister was afraid of the voices, but wished to run around to the other mediums. After doing this all one summer she made up her mind to go home in the middle of September. Several of the mediums told her not to do this, that there would be an accident to the train and she would be injured. It was necessary for the woman to return to take care of her business, but she feared to leave in the face of these warnings. Her sister told her that she would not believe such messages unless she heard them from my Guides, and came for a sitting.

Pat told her that she could tell her sister to return to California any time she wished, that nothing would harm her. He saw that she would get there safely.

Returning home she gave this message to her sister. Asking that she wire as soon as she arrived home, my friend waited for the telegram.

In due course it came, saying that something had happened on the train, and a letter followed. When the letter came it said: "Your medium's Guides told me I would get home all right and I did, but if they are so smart, they can tell you what happened on the train to excite all the passengers so much."

Pat said that a man passed over on the train.

In due course a reply came back telling her to ask my Guides of what nationality the man was. Pat said that it was a porter whose weak heart gave out while crossing the mountains, but that it was of no use giving this woman any more tests because she would not believe the Truth anyway.

Her journeying around all summer to different mediums was a poor introduction to Spiritualism in the first place, and in the second place she probably was incapable of appreciating what the Spirit World had been able to give her.

The first visit of a middle-aged couple to my seance room was caused by the passing of a beloved young daughter some six weeks before. The mother was almost insane with grief, could not perform her household duties, would not eat, and was threatening to commit suicide. Being young, I could not understand such grief, but I pitied the woman and hoped that she would accept the consolation of which she was in such evident need.

They entered the seance room together with a woman friend; the light was switched off, and after a few moments Snowdrop spoke. "That red-headed lady will have to leave before we can do anything."

I turned on the light again and asked the woman what the trouble was. In a nervous voice she said: "I was so frightened when the light went out that I thought I should faint. I guess that I had better wait in the parlor this time until my friends are through."

When the seance commenced the second time, the first voice



to come was that of a child who spoke rapidly and with considerable excitement. "Hello, Mamma and Papa, this is Alice Ophelia. I am so glad that you came to talk to me. Don't cry so, Mamma; it was my time to go and I don't want you to blame doctor, because he did everything possible for me."

Her mother could not speak for sobs, but her father answered her and talked with her for some time. Finally the mother gained her speech and joined in the conversation. Seeing that she was becoming calmer, the child continued: "When you get home, I want you to open up my folding blackboard. Inside it you will find some writing which I did just a few days before I became sick. If you will ask brother about it, he will tell you, because he was there and watched me."

It probably is unnecessary to say that they found the writing she described, but it is worth while to make a few comments on the grief-stricken mother's changed attitude. Previous to this sitting her intense grief had caused many to attempt to console her. Several relatives came long distances to try to help; two doctors could do nothing because they found nothing organically wrong with her; ministers and preachers brought by earnest and interested friends gave her no assistance. The best any of them could tell her was that God had taken His child back to Him, and, in essence, she would have to make the best of it. Why should God be so selfish as to take her only little girl whom she loved so devotedly instead of many others who were not loved by their parents, or those who had no parents to grieve over them? God must be very selfish and a cruel God to make a mother who had done no wrong suffer so. This was her reasoning, and none could answer it. The ministers said it was too bad, but she must find consolation by going to church and helping others. In this way she would find help, they assured her. Some day, they promised her, after she "died," she would find her little girl in heaven. This is what caused her desire to commit suicide.

When she came to me, I attempted no consolation. In fact, I did not know what was causing her grief, but I did know that if it was because of the "loss" of someone dear to her, as soon as she realized by talking to this one that God had not taken him or her away, and that He was a kind God, because He provided means by which she could speak with her loved one, she would cease to need consolation. Empty and vague promises meant nothing to her, but her loved one's voice would mean everything. It turned out exactly as I knew it would, and in a short time she ceased her weeping when she found out that her child was with her at home and was saddened by her tears. The loneliness left her; she regained her interest in the life about her and carried on her work as she had done before, knowing that she could speak with her daughter whenever she wished.

After a few sittings she asked me if she came too frequently and would harm her child by "calling her up" too often. Upon my inquiry she admitted speaking to a minister who, instead of rejoicing at her new lease on life, attempted to frighten her by telling her that she was interfering with God's will when she "called her daughter up from the dead."

I said that we would ask her daughter and our Guides about this.

The little girl explained to us that our loved ones always are

ready to visit with us and are anxious to do so whenever we seek them with love. "You are not calling me back, Mamma," she continued, "because I am with you all the time. Whenever you come to a medium, I am happy to speak to you. I am with you constantly, but in order to talk with you I must have an instrument, a medium. Whenever you feel you wish to communicate with me, it is right, all you need do is seek a medium."

As our loved ones are living in an environment superior to ours, we have no power over them; we cannot "call them up from the dead." We can attract them to us only through love and can attract only those who love us.

The mother was glad to receive this explanation and said that she had been unable to understand how her love could harm her daughter.

My story of the tests received in the seance room would not be complete without the account of one I received on the occasion of my first visit to a medium. Until four years of age I spent a great deal of time with my grandparents. Being very fond of milk, I wished to have a little one day when my grandmother was busy talking with visitors. After trying in vain for some time to attract her attention, I finally decided to get the milk myself. I knew where it was kept-on a shelf in the pantry considerably beyond my reach—but, nothing daunted, I laid several articles on top of a chair until I could just reach the pan. Something went wrong with my structure and down I went with the pan and milk on my head. In rushed my grandmother when she heard the crash, to find out what had happened. I was crying and, pointing to my head, sobbed: "Mik, "Yes, I can see that you got your milk all right," she replied as she picked me up and began to clean away the mess. This was a good joke on me for a long time.

The first time I visited a medium for a sitting, some time before I realized I had the gift myself, a voice greeted me and I said: "That sounds like my grandmother's voice."

"Yes," came the reply, "mik, Nana, mik."



DURING THE WORLD WAR

The Period of the Great world war, when so many thousands of men were having their earthly careers suddenly and violently terminated, was a time of stress and anxious worry for the mothers, wives, and beloved relatives and friends left at home. Definite and positive word from or about those on the other side of the ocean was slow in coming, sometimes did not arrive for months. Naturally many of the anxious ones at home turned to the mediums for help, well realizing no other source of information was so prompt and reliable. They were not disappointed when they brought the proper conditions with them to a good medium.

One woman in New York had failed to receive any word from her son in many weeks. Her last word from him had come while he still was in a training camp on this side and in good health, but about to go overseas. Letters she wrote to the training camp and to the Government brought no definite word. Nobody seemed able to tell her where her son was or what had happened to him. Finally some friends induced her to visit me. Her particular difficulty and the reason for her coming to me were explained just before the sitting commenced.

Invariably I wish to know nothing about strangers coming to me for the first time, in order that no suggestions of mindreading or similar activities may be made. In this case it made no difference, because she already had tried earthly sources of information to no avail.

The sitting commenced and the first one to come to her was her son. He told her that he really had passed over and that was the reason his letters had ceased coming to her. He was unable to say why the Government could give her no information, because he had passed over in a hospital and their records should be clear. However, as they evidently were not, he gave her the number of the regiment he belonged to, the name of the hospital, the ward number, and the date of his passing.

Armed with this information, but not using the last item in her letter, she wrote to the hospital he named. In due course she received a reply stating that such a man had passed over in that ward on a certain date. Everything was exactly as her boy had told her at her first sitting.

One day during the first week in October 1918 two ladies came to my home in Chicago saying they had heard of me and wondered whether one of them could be put in touch with her friends in Spirit. They explained that they were Christian Scientists; neither had been to a medium before. They knew nothing about the subject, but one wished to receive word from her friends. I explained a little about Spiritualism and the attitude necessary in order to attract one's loved friends on the Other Side.

Finding that she did not feel easy in the darkness ordinarily

necessary for a direct voice seance, I gave one lady a sitting through my control Bright Eyes. While controlled, I know nothing of what is going on or what Bright Eyes says through me. Suddenly I found myself awake once more in this world, the woman talking wildly. Slowly I began to understand what she was saying. It was a tirade against Spiritualism and mediums, myself in particular. All the way down the stairs into the living-room she kept it up. Her friend tried to calm her and apologized to me for her.

Not being able to imagine what could have caused this outbreak from a woman who obviously was very refined and wellbred, I hardly could wait until they had left to return to the seance room myself and ask my Guides what had occurred. It appeared that the lady had come to me in order to communicate with a very dear friend of hers whom she believed to be in the Spirit World. Bright Eyes had told her she could not find this friend there and that he had not passed over as yet. A young man, however, who described himself as her son did come and displayed his initials above the lady's head. This shocked the poor woman terribly. She said that it could not be her son because she had heard from him in France only a short time before. Bright Eyes insisted that she had read his initials correctly and that he also now showed her an aeroplane falling in flames. It was at this point that the woman became so excited that it was necessary for my control to leave me. My Guide Snowdrop then explained that the woman really was a very lovely character, and only the intensity of the shock of hearing that her only son had passed over had caused her to speak as she had. Snowdrop said that she would call me up the next day

and apologize and ask me whether she could return, and that I was to allow her to do so.

Realizing now what had happened, I thanked my Guides and waited for the morrow with considerable interest. In the middle of the morning the woman called up and apologized and told me that she would like to see me, but did not have the nerve to ask for a sitting after what she had said the day before. I assured her that I should be glad to see her.

When she arrived, she explained that she had been greatly shocked the day before; that it was true her son was an aviator in France, but that she could not believe he had passed over. I told her firmly, but as gently as I was able, that my Guides could not get such a condition around her if it was not there. They did not claim to be infallible, but when they saw such a condition, it must be there. I said that the best thing to do was to go back to the seance room and see if they could give us any details that would remove the doubt.

We did so, and my Guides described to her just how the boy's plane had been shot down by three German planes. She wept sorely, but finally became calm enough to greet her boy when he spoke to her. He consoled her as well as he could and told her to write to the other side and try to get some information, although he doubted that she would receive anything definite for a time because of the great confusion there.

After sending a number of letters and obtaining no definite information, she was told by the Red Cross at the end of three months that a boy answering the description of her son had been shot down about the time she mentioned. It was not until six months had passed that the Government sent her the official notification and she was able to find out the details that corroborated the boy's account to her at her second sitting.

During all this time she had been coming regularly to talk with her son. At one of her visits he told her he had taken out ten thousand dollars' worth of insurance, and that she would get it after the official notification. She told her son frankly that she thought he was fooling her, because she knew he always had been very careless about money matters. His family was wealthy and he never had paid any attention to the value of money. It would be entirely contrary to his nature to think of such a thing as insurance.

He assured her that he was in earnest and that she would get the money.

She did, and very welcome it was too when it came, because during the interim trouble she had with her family had cut off the major portion of her income.

She did not get along very well with her daughter, but her son told her to be as good to his sister as possible because she was not destined to remain long in this world, and his mother would grieve if she was not as good to her daughter as her daughter would allow her to be. This also proved to be correct, the daughter passing to the Spirit World a year or two later.

This woman I now consider one of my very good friends, although at our first meeting neither of us thought very much of the other, I must confess.

It would seem that the help given by the Spirit Forces to individuals in trouble could be extended to groups and given to avoid trouble as well as to correct it. In a few cases this

help really was made use of and thousands of lives were saved, but much more could have been accomplished if those in authority had believed in and consulted their friends in Spirit.

A few of my efforts to render this sort of help bore fruit only because of the assistance of a man who recently had begun coming to my seances rather frequently. I knew nothing about him personally, but obeyed my Forces when I was told to convey a warning to him.

One night I was awakened from a sound sleep by a touch on my arm. I noticed by a clock near my bed that it was about two o'clock in the morning, but a glance round the room revealed no one who might have touched me and, after deciding that it must have been my imagination, I was preparing to go to sleep again when my arm was touched a second time. Looking up quickly, I saw a large, fine-looking man dressed in the uniform of our soldiers standing beside the bed. He now began to speak to me, when he found he had gained my attention, and told me that a troop-ship loaded to capacity with our boys was scheduled to leave for France on a certain day. As he began to speak, I was shown a vision of the loaded ship. The enemy had obtained the sailing date and were making preparations to torpedo it and he was afraid that all would be lost if the Government was not warned. He explained that many in Spirit were watching out for our boys and doing their best to help them. He asked me to call up a certain man, naming him, the first thing in the morning and give him this message. I could not understand why I should give such a warning to a comparative stranger, but this soldier made me promise to do so.

When morning came, I began to wonder if the whole thing



had been a dream or if it all was true. Debating with myself whether to make the call or not, I again heard this soldier's voice in my ear and realized that I had had no dream. With hesitancy I called the man up and told him that I did not know whether he would think me crazy or not, but that I had to give him a rather startling message from a soldier in Spirit.

He told me to go ahead or, if I wished, to come down to his office right away.

Explaining that it was best to see him personally, I set out. I told him my story and said that I hoped he would not think me crazy.

He smiled and sent a telegram to Washington immediately. Later he showed me a reply saying: "Thanks" and told me the ship's sailing had been postponed several days, during which time it was found out that all arrangements had been made to torpedo it and that the enemy undoubtedly would have been successful had not my warning caused the boat to be held up.

During the following weeks similar warnings came to me twice. Finally I said: "Why is it, Doctor, that whenever I get a warning of this nature I am told to give it to you?"

"Oh, that is all right," he laughed, "they know that I have good connections."

Supposing he merely was some citizen with friends in Washington who would listen to him, I thought little more about the reason why I must give the messages to him until one day he came to me and said: "Well, Medie, it is my turn to go to France this time. In confidence, before I go, I will tell you why you were directed to give the warnings to me. I am a member

of the Secret Service and it has been a most wonderful experience for me to be able to work for my country in this way. I am sorry that all the others cannot or do not understand how to avail themselves of such help."

I know that many people have claimed to have predicted the end of the war. Some may have done so, many were not correct. Not wishing to tire my readers with a subject they may have read sufficiently about, I nevertheless should like to mention briefly the circumstances under which it was done in my seance room, because of the test it gave to a very skeptical lawyer who was present, among many other persons. This man was a good friend of mine and had handled very brilliantly some cases for friends of the Center. He had not disdained to avail himself of the advice and help of those on the Other Side while conducting these cases; nevertheless he disclaimed belief in the Truth and often rallied me about my "Spirits," as he called them. He seemed to like to attend my seances, however, and came often. He made no attempt to disguise his skepticism and was inclined to joke with my Guides.

One evening during the month of May 1918, while he was present in a large public seance, apparently in a spirit of fun he said: "Pat, you know everything. When will the war end?"

Pat said: "On next November eleventh there will be peace."

Everyone present thought Pat had taken a hand at bantering friend lawyer and considered it a good joke. I did myself and forgot about the matter. It happened, however, that Pat knew the man was serious when he asked the question, intending to make a test of the reply, and therefore gave him a seri-



ous answer. The day we received word of the signing of the Armistice, this lawyer called me up and reminded me of what Pat had told him some six months before. This man no longer claims to be a skeptic.





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UNITE

Oh, you who turn rebellious eyes on fate,
Think not to find the remedy in hate.
War, the red monster, owes to hate her birth;
She is the Mother of all ills on earth;
She is the foe to progress and to peace.

Oh, not through hate shall rank oppression cease; Not by the bludgeon, bullet, or the knife; Not by the holocaust of human life; Not by destruction shall the change be wrought, But by construction and united thought.

For love of justice and for love of right, For love of country and of home, unite! Let go the bones of discord and dispute; Sink small ambitions, and let self be mute; Unite on precepts beautiful and broad.

Forget your dogmas, but remember God; Be calm, in calmness lies enduring strength; Be patient, patience brings reward at length; Be firm in great things, quick to yield in small; Ignore self-interests for the good of all.



And make us truly what we claim to be, What once we were, the country of the free. Oh, not by bloodshed must the change be wrought, But by the ballot and united thought.



LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE

The Law of attraction is in operation throughout the universe and we see its manifestations about us all the time. Mere mention of the facts that a mocking-bird seeks as its mate another mocking-bird, that a man seeks a woman, that a man of science seeks one interested in his field, that a woman lavishes love on her child and often is not greatly interested in her friend's, will call to mind many other examples.

The effects of this law are particularly evident in the seance room, but it is often forgotten by new-comers who fear that "strange spirits" will come and try to fool them. Such a thing the Law of Attraction prevents absolutely. On the Other Side life is led in strict concord with all phases of Natural Law, and one soul attracts another soul only through love and common interests. It is possible on earth for a person to attract another whom he may dislike, but this is because they have earthly interests in common or the one seeks advantages from the other. When, however, one or both parties are on the Other Side, such a thing cannot happen, God's laws being understood and adhered to strictly there.

Very slight acquaintance with the seance room will show what little interest a Spirit friend has in anyone except his own friends, those to whom he is attracted. He will greet others politely, but evidences no concern at all about their affairs.

This (may I call it indifference?) is noticeable particularly in the Indian Guides. One will come and say: "Hello, chief." Before his loved one answers, some other person unacquainted with his voice may greet him, asking if he is so-and-so, their Guide.

His total lack of interest in the person making the mistake shows most clearly in his voice as he makes emphatic denial: "No, no, I come to Chief Smith."

One long in Spirit may be asked, by a mortal friend of the person to whom the spirit is attracted, some simple personal question. Invariably the answer is: "I do not know anything about that, but I will either find out from your Guides or have them speak to you."

This Law of Attraction controls so strictly those communicating with each other on each side of the veil that a very short acquaintance with the seance room removes the last vestige of the fear that one may attract any except one's own friends.

I do not believe that many cases are needed to illustrate this, and will confine myself to one aspect only, that of the language used.

Frequently new-comers to the seance room express surprise that a friend in Spirit can use a language different from that which the medium speaks. In a direct voice seance the language used by the medium has nothing to do with that used by the Spirit visitor. There is no more interdependence between the two than there is between a telephone circuit and the language



used by the two speakers at each end. Any tongue may be spoken over the telephone and transmitted properly. In a similar manner any tongue may be conveyed by the medium's forces, whether she as a human being understands it or not. Personally I speak English only, but in my seance room most of the languages of the earth have been used at one time or another by the Spirit friends. Once in a great while a language will be used which is understood by no human being in the room.

This occurred one evening at a public seance. A particular Spirit would speak and then tap a certain lady present with the trumpet. None of us could understand him, but we asked him if he was speaking to the lady whom he was tapping, he would signal: "Yes."

Finally Snowdrop spoke up and said: "Lady, you seem to live over a Chinese restaurant and, whether because of that or for some other reason, a Chinese spirit has been attracted to you. He is a very highly developed soul and has come to you as a Guide, but as yet has not learned to speak English. He tells me that until now he has not had need of this language."

The woman was very anxious to know what her Guide had to say to her and at the close of the seance asked me if I would permit her to bring a Chinaman with her next time to translate the message.

I told her I certainly would if the poor man would not be frightened to death.

A few days later she appeared with a Chinaman and we entered the seance room. The same voice came again, but this time what it had to say was understood. After conversing for a few moments, the Chinaman addressed us and told us that the Spirit wished him to tell us that he had been on the Other Side for many years, but never had been attracted to anyone in this country before and consequently had not learned English. He told us that when on this earth he had been of the Chinese nobility. He said, through our Chinese companion, that this sort of conversation was very unsatisfactory and that he would study English in order to be able to speak to us directly. This he did, but never completely overcame his accent.

He proved a wonderful Guide to the woman in many ways, forewarning her of various events and saving her much trouble. On one occasion he told her that the restaurant above which she was living was going to have trouble with the police, and to avoid any embarrassment to herself she had best move. She did so and found out that the place was raided the day he said it would be. Another time he told her that she soon would meet a large, blond man who would fall in love with her. She met this man soon afterwards and married him.

One day a man came to my home in New York and said to me: "Mrs. Cook, I have been a believer in your Truth for twenty years and have had many wonderful experiences all over the world, but there are two things which I never have had and for which I long. Can you give them to me?"

I told him that he probably was demanding too much, and that was why his desire was not granted.

"I do not think that I am," he said, "and from what I have heard of you I believe that you can give me what my heart has been yearning for during twenty years."



I told him that I did not know whether I could or not, that his results depended greatly on himself.

He came to a large seance and was the second among forty people to receive a message. His mother came and called him Altwald.

He was much excited and cried: "Mother, this is more than wonderful; this is what I have been wanting you to come and say all these years, but you never have."

Then she began to speak to him in Danish, his native tongue. This was his second wish, and the joy of it broke him up completely. "How I have longed for these two things all these years! But I never have mentioned them to anyone. At last they have been granted me."

He had come in love; his mother could grant him his wish.

Several times Indians have come to my seance room, and the whole conversation from start to finish has taken place in their tribal dialect. Invariably they bring good conditions, most of them being born Spiritualists, their life in intimate contact with Nature teaching them God's laws better than any university now teaches them.

On one occasion a fine-appearing Indian came to my door. "Mrs. Cook, I have heard much about you. I am a Carlisle graduate, what you would call an educated Indian. As you know, we are Spiritualists, hearing and seeing the Great Spirit in the sun, the stars, the clouds, and all nature. We are in the habit of consulting our loved ones who have passed over. I come to you now as to an open door to the Great Beyond, knowing that if I come with love in my heart, no barrier will be

placed between my loved ones and me. You are more than a means of transmitting their messages; you open wide the way and I know then that my loved ones can speak to me in my own language. My tribe knowing this also, I have come all the way from Oklahoma just for this one talk. I wish to find out much valuable information that I can carry back with happiness to my tribe. It is wonderful not to be so 'civilized' that one denies the truth of the bond of love uniting us with those who have gone before."

He received in his own language all that he came for. Can I add anything to this philosophy of approach to the seance room? Anyone approaching his loved ones with the same attitude could not fail to have beautiful results (always providing, of course, that the medium is highly developed).

During the early reconstruction days following the World War, a commission from one of the Balkan states came to America on an official visit, the principal purpose of which, I believe, was finance. After completing their work in Washington and New York, the members of the commission came to Chicago and by appointment had a sitting with me. These gentlemen, all of the very highest rank, had a long seance, with no voices in English except those of my Guides. At the conclusion of the seance I knew exactly nothing of anything said.

"You will pardon us," said the spokesman of the commission, "but we had to seek advice on grave national issues. That advice has come to us from some of the most astute statesmen our country ever had. We also have been privileged to greet our dear ones. All has been most satisfactory and quite in keeping with our conception of your mediumship. I might add that most of us previously never had heard the direct voices."

Languages such as the Swedish, German, Norwegian, Italian, and others are spoken commonly in the seance room. Occasionally there comes to my seance room a Spirit who gives a lecture in a deep, sonorous, and most pleasing voice, but in a language no one yet in the seance room understands. He comes only when many persons are present and speaks for at least five minutes. Even without understanding what he says, it is a great pleasure to listen to his voice. Even my Guides will not tell me who he is or what he says, other than that he is a very advanced Soul and is giving us a beautiful lecture on some aspect of Natural Law. In all my years of mediumship this is the only Spirit friend who has visited my seance room and never identified himself.

These few instances show how people attract their own loved ones or those interested in their earthly activities and that the language used generally is the one they are most familiar with and makes no difference in the communication.

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DETECTION

Nonsidering the wonderful guidance it is possible for our friends in Spirit to give to any of us who will accept it, and the fact that some of them always are with every one of us and know everything we do, they would seem to be the means par excellence for exposing crime and bringing to justice the perpetrators. They are actual witnesses of the act and unimpeachable deponents. No matter how secret the deed or how well the wrongdoer thinks he has covered his tracks, many of those in Spirit have accompanied him every step and witnessed every action. In the case of major crimes my Guides frequently tell me who the real perpetrator is and what prompted him. It often happens, most unfortunately, that some innocent person is accused and has to stand the indignities and injustice of jail and a trial, even though he ultimately may be acquitted. Also, some of the most wanton crimes go unsolved, or at least the guilty one is not punished by the authorities.

The failure both of our laws and of their execution is deplorable, but what injustice is done in this world is corrected in the next. Where those deserving it have escaped punishment here, they must make restitution there, and the longer this has been delayed, the more difficult it is for them. Their "punishment" consists, not in bodily inflicted injury, such as incarceration, for example, but in their failure to progress spiritually and attain to the rank and company they wish to until they have made restitution. In their clearer understanding they realize what wrong they have done, and suffer until they can right it. They perceive the glorious life about them and the beautiful work accomplished by others, but can have no part in either until the canker they have inflicted on their own soul has been removed by atonement. Their misdeeds on earth have injured no one spiritually but themselves; however, their victims or the victims' families may have been hurt in a temporal way, and it is this injury they must correct before their own soul's wound can heal.

While it would often be best for all concerned, the evil-doer, the victim, and any easily influenced spectators, for the crime to be punished promptly and justly, earthly laws do not admit or permit the only infallible agency which is available to human beings to bring this about. What our friends in Spirit can accomplish when allowed, I will show in certain cases which have come before me. These concern minor crimes only, such as robbery, but what was done could just as well be duplicated in major crimes.

For some time I had been sitting for a widow who first came to me when her husband passed over. This woman had married young, had lived with her husband many years, and had been protected from most of life's vicissitudes by him. Not being very assertive, she had leaned greatly on him and consequently at his passing was quite helpless and did not know just how to "carry on." After becoming acquainted with her, I felt a great sympathy for her helplessness and did my best to extend to her, with the help of my Guides and hers, the guiding hand she needed so sorely. After her husband's passing she gave up the big house that had been theirs, dismissed all the servants except her personal maid, and went to live in a hotel. Because of a slight deafness she received her messages through my control Bright Eyes, and from the beginning was warned by Bright Eyes to be very careful whom she employed as maid and to require good references.

Being such a trusting person and unused to the selfishness and hypocrisy so often present in human beings, when her maid left, she forgot to heed Bright Eyes's caution. A very pretty young girl of about seventeen came to her and asked for employment, saying she had no home, no money, and so forth. Taking pity on her and heedless of the lack of references, she employed the girl and was well pleased with her brightness and attentiveness.

One day she called me up, so agitated she hardly could speak. "Medie, I am in so much trouble, I must have a message from Bright Eyes right away."

I asked her what the trouble was and she said: "Oh, Medie, I have lost something that is so dear to me and I can't understand it. I have lived in this hotel for such a long time and nothing like this has ever happened before. I have lost my little Swiss watch, the one my husband gave me. You know it was a curiosity, for it would strike, but I valued it most because he gave it to me. Please, Medie, can you help me? I am heartbroken about it."

I told her to come right over and I would see what the Guides could do to help her.

As usual, she came with a companion, this time the new maid she had employed. She explained to me that for some time she had missed things, such as stockings, but did not care much about them. Her watch was something entirely different; that she cared a great deal about. The girl was anxious to sit with her mistress, but seemed rather nervous, and when she told me she never had been in a seance before, I told her that I was afraid she would bring a very hard condition and had best stay out. But no, she wanted to come in.

As soon as we were in the room, Bright Eyes took control of me and said: "You have the little thief there beside you. She has taken silk stockings and other little things from you. She has taken a pearl necklace which you have not missed yet, in addition to the watch."

The girl denied this hotly, but instead of arguing with her, Bright Eyes got up, pulled open her dress at the bosom, and showed the watch concealed in a clever little pocket.

The girl then confessed and when they reached home, returned the things she had taken, including the pearl necklace.

How different this method of solving such a puzzle is from the one which would be used by the detective force! Bright Eyes knew the thief and proved her knowledge by taking the watch from the place where it was concealed. No lengthy "investigation," no third-degree questioning of several persons, some of whom would of necessity be innocent, no bodily search, no court trial with lawyers arguing pro and con and the judge



attempting to decide which was right or which knew the law the best. The girl got nothing for her wrongdoing and was punished promptly by losing a good home and position.

Another case was solved just as effectively by Bright Eyes, but entailed considerable embarrassment for me because of the dense ignorance of the woman we were helping. She had attended a few seances at intervals, enough for me to know her by sight. One evening she appeared at a large public seance looking rather upset.

When Bright Eyes came in, she said: "What is the matter with you, lady? You look as though you had lost your best friend, or something like that."

"Yes, I have lost something," she replied.

"I know what it is," Bright Eyes continued; "it is something you value very highly, but I cannot tell you any more about it now. There are too many people present."

"I will come first thing in the morning, then," volunteered the woman.

"If you care to come to a private seance tomorrow morning, bring with you the box in which you kept what you have lost and I will try to help you."

When the woman appeared the next day, Bright Eyes again took control of me and told her that she had lost two diamonds, "and you are very careless with your valuables," Bright Eyes continued. "It is a wonder you have not lost some before."

The woman admitted this.

"The one who took your two rings is the woman who lives across the hall from you. Her husband does not do very well and she is envious of you. When you get home, this woman is going to come to you and tell you that her husband is giving her a pair of diamond ear-rings for her birthday. The diamonds in them, of course, would be the ones you have lost. Now, we do not want our medium to have any trouble. The thing for you to do is to apply for a search warrant and go into her apartment. You will find the rings."

The woman returned home, and shortly in came her neighbor from across the hall.

"I have some wonderful news," she said excitedly. "My husband is giving me a pair of diamond ear-rings for my birthday."

Instead of keeping her own counsel and doing as Bright Eyes told her to, the woman blurted out: "Sure and I know it. I have been to a fortune-teller, and your ear-rings are going to be made from the diamonds you took from me."

Her neighbor pretended great anger, and after arguing hotly for some time they went to a police station and brought a policeman up to my home. He asked me if I had seen these women before, and I told him I knew one of them, but not the other. He then asked if I had accused the strange woman of being a thief.

I told him that I had not, but the woman I knew had told me what my control had said.

Like all people ignorant of Spiritualism, the policeman ridiculed the idea of my being controlled.

Keeping my temper, I told him that no Guide of mine would make such a statement if it was not true.

I received a little support by the woman's chiming in with:



"I know it is so, because she described the rings this woman has and they were mine."

After some further arguing I turned to the woman and said: "If my Guide told you this woman has the rings, she must have told you where they were hidden."

"Oh, yes, she did. I forgot that. She said they were in a chamois bag in the bottom of a trunk."

Turning to the policeman, I said: "Then we should have no trouble locating them, and if this woman is innocent, she cannot object to our looking in that one place."

This was fair and reasonable enough, and finally the woman consented, after again stating her innocence.

We went to her home and found the rings where Bright Eyes had said they were.

In giving her consent she had hoped to be able to remove the rings to another place without our seeing her do it, but we gave her no opportunity.

To give the policeman his due, his whole attitude changed. He became most enthusiastic and wanted to have the case written up in the newspapers. Then he wanted to get me a "job as a private detective," saying that while he did not understand how I knew these things, it did not matter and he guaranteed I would have all the business I could handle. For various obvious reasons such a calling did not appeal to me. Undoubtedly my Guides could do much good through me and obtain justice in many cases where it was needed if I had such a position; but I believed, and still believe, that I can do more good in the world by making my gift and the teachings obtained by means of it available to as large a part of the public

as I am physically able, and this I should be unable to do if hampered by detective work and the necessary secrecy inevitably connected with it.

Incidentally Bright Eyes received no reward from the woman.

The thief was punished by obtaining no benefit of any sort for the disgrace the exposure of her act brought her. She naturally was very bitter at the time toward me, but some time, if not on earth, then in Spirit, she will realize that the prompt revelation of her wrongdoing was the best thing that could have happened. When that time comes, she will be grateful to me. The longer payment for any deed is delayed, the greater will it be, and I saved her from the heavy restitution which would have been hers had she not been exposed so quickly.

The following case involved no crime, but shows the ability of the Spirit World to solve promptly mysteries that are baffling the regular authorities.

One evening a strange man appeared at a public seance. I took no particular notice of him, as several strangers always were present at these public gatherings. We assembled in the seance room, the light was turned out, and the opening hymn was sung. As it was ending, I saw Pat build up and felt him brush by me as he stepped behind my chair. Turning, I saw he had stopped in front of a man sitting behind me.

"Hello, Jack," he greeted the man. "You are a policeman, and before we go any further, I want to know whether you have come here tonight to make trouble or whether you have come with a sincere desire to communicate with your friends on



my side of life."

"Why," stammered the man, "why-"

"I do not think you have come to cause any difficulties and I believe I know why you are here," continued Pat.

The man had not recovered from his astonishment, but he assured Pat he had come because he was in trouble and had been told that Mrs. Cook might be able to help him. He admitted he was a policeman.

"Well," said Pat, "what is it you wish us to do for you that you cannot do for yourself?"

"My daughter has disappeared and we cannot locate her anywhere. I don't know whether she left home of her own accord, has married, or has met with foul play. She is seventeen years old and always seemed happy and I cannot imagine why she should leave in such a manner."

"You will have to wait a short time while I look into this," said Pat, "although I should think you would be able to find her if anyone could."

"Well, I have not been able to do it and I have come to ask you for help if you can give it to me."

In a short time Pat came back.

"I think I know something about your daughter now. You appear to have been married twice and your wife at home is not the mother of your daughter. Is not that right?"

"Yes, my first wife passed over and I finally married again, after my children had grown up; but what has this to do with my daughter's disappearance?"

"Just this," said Pat; "your daughter and her stepmother did not get along together at all and your daughter finally

grew tired of all the bickering and has run away."

"Why, I did not know they had any trouble. Of course I knew that once in a while they would have an argument, but it never sounded serious to me. If you can tell me where she is and how to get her back, I will try to see they get along better in the future."

"I can tell you where she is, but you could not locate her even then, because she has adopted an assumed name. She is in Dallas, Texas, and is using the name of —. I guess you know how to get her back with this information, but try to make it happier for her at home. She is headstrong and somewhat hard to get along with, I can see, but she is a good girl and will try to do her part."

The man thanked Pat gratefully and on his way home sent a telegram to the chief of police at Dallas asking him to return his daughter.

He got her back all right, and soon after, she married and began a home of her own.

The surprise of this man at Pat's greeting and intimate knowledge of himself was no greater than that of a man who made an appointment for a sitting at two o'clock one day. I never had seen him.

Finding I had some time to spare before the appointment, I went for a walk in Lincoln Park.

As I was strolling along, I heard Pat say to me: "Medie, it is about one thirty now, but the man is at the house already. You had best go back right away. He is in ordinary clothes, but I find he is an Irish sergeant of police. I think he sincerely wants



a sitting, but speak to him before going up to the seance room and tell him he is a policeman and ask him if he has come to make trouble or to receive a message from his loved ones."

I hurried home and found the man sitting in the livingroom. After introducing myself I said: "Mister, I have never seen you before and do not know your name, but a Guide of mine just told me as I was walking in the park that you were here already and that you are a police sergeant. Now, is that true?"

"Why, yes, it is, but I do not understand how you know it," he replied in astonishment.

"My Guide also told me to ask you whether you have come to make any trouble for me or whether you are seeking to learn about the beauties of the Other Life. In either event I am to assure you that we can accommodate you."

He laughed. "Say, what kind of a man is this Guide of yours, anyway?"

"He is an Irishman like yourself and will introduce himself to you if you go into the seance room."

He became serious. "Really, Mrs. Cook, I have come here to communicate with my friends, if such a thing is possible. I know nothing about this, but have many dear friends to whom I should like to talk if I can."

He was greeted by his mother, who sang an unusual Irish song. He was overjoyed, saying this had been her favorite song while on earth. He had a very beautiful sitting and was extremely happy to find his friends could communicate with him.

At the close of the seance he said he knew beyond any

I could not help him with that, but he must have found a way, because he came back often and soon began to ask for help about his police problems. He received it every time and was another who wished me to take up detective work to help obtain justice. As I have explained before, I did not feel it was my real work and had to refuse. I believe these few cases will give an idea of what can be done by the Spirit World in securing justice, when it is given the opportunity.

Here, I should like to say that in spite of all the persecution I have undergone at the hands of the authorities in different cities, I have found most members of the police forces with whom I have come in contact to be fine men, strongly imbued with the idea of their duty. When they have become acquainted with me and gained some understanding of my work, they have been kind to me. Most of them never thoroughly understood me or had any belief in my religion, but they respected my sincerity and the power they saw I possessed.



PINK ROSE

PINK ROSE IS A CONTROL OF MINE WHO PERFORMS MARRIAGES, conducts christenings and funerals, and lectures and gives tests to individuals in large audiences. She will very seldom come to one or two people in a seance, as Bright Eyes does; she prefers to deal with large groups and does her work in the light.

Several times I have held open meetings in Carnegie Hall in New York City, giving the opportunity to Pink Rose to do the work she loves. She delivered beautiful lectures each time and at the conclusion gave messages to strangers in the audience. Most of the hundreds of people present were strangers, and many were skeptics having no knowledge of Spiritualism. Conditions thus were extremely hard, but Pink Rose enjoys overcoming this very difficulty and proving to many at one time the knowledge and power of those on the Other Side.

Singling out a woman at one meeting she said: "Lady, you never have been to anything like this before and do not understand it. I wish to give you a message, however, and am sure you will appreciate it. You have a beautiful son, by the name of Harry, on our side of life. Today is his birthday and he would be twenty-four years old if still with you."

"Why, that is right," exclaimed the woman, "he was young when he passed and I had forgotten him."

"Yes," said Pink Rose, "he was only six years old, but he never has forgotten his birthday or his mother, and helps you all the time."

Among the many present at another meeting was an Irishwoman who happened to be passing Carnegie Hall and, seeing the crowd of people, stepped in out of curiosity to find out what was going on. Unknown to her, a brother had done the same thing and was seated on the opposite side of the hall.

After delivering her lecture Pink Rose began giving messages. Finally she pointed to this woman and said: "Lady, your name is Mary and you never have been in a place like this before. Your mother is with us. This is Saturday and your mother has been here since last Sunday, just one week. She is very happy and finds everything more glorious than she imagined it could be. She loved God and the reward of Spirit beauty is hers."

The woman wept a little and said everything was true.

Pointing then to a man on the opposite side of the room, Pink Rose said to him: "Your name is Jim and you are the brother of the lady to whom I gave this message."

Brother and sister, standing up, recognized each other with surprise, neither having any intimation that the other was present, although the man had been startled at the message he heard Pink Rose giving.

Pink Rose continued: "Your mother wishes me to say that she guided both of you here. She says also that she now is with



Henrietta and met her first when she passed over."

It seems that just before this mother passed, she opened her eyes and, gazing intently, seemed to see someone invisible to the others about the bed, and said: "Henrietta," the name of a girlhood chum who had preceded her to the Spirit World. Now the brother and sister realized what had happened.

I have said that Pink Rose very seldom comes to a single person, but once in a while she will do so.

One woman, for whom I had been sitting for some time, came one day in a very nervous state. She was worried about her husband's losing his position.

"Medie," she said, "I have heard you say many times how wonderful Pink Rose is. Do you think she would talk to me? I am in great need of a message which I am sure she could give me."

"The only way I know in which you might get her," I said, "is to have a trance reading through Bright Eyes and ask her if it is possible for you to speak with Pink Rose."

When Bright Eyes took control of me and greeted the woman, she said: "You do not want to talk to me today; you want Pink Rose. I will ask her to come to you."

Pink Rose came and gave the woman a beautiful sitting. She said that the woman's husband would not lose his position, that the company was reorganizing and would give him a much higher one than he then held.

"I do not want you to think this is fortune-telling, and if I thought you would, I would not give you this message," continued Pink Rose.

The woman earnestly assured her that she needed the message and would not consider it fortune-telling.

Pink Rose then gave her a detailed prophecy for five years ahead, because she saw the woman was much worried and would use the information properly. Everything eventually proved absolutely accurate.

At the close of the sitting Pink Rose said: "You have a schoolgirl friend whom you have not spoken to for two years. That gives you no blessing and hinders your development. Today she needs you badly and I want you to go directly to her home from here, not to your own home first."

The next day the woman came back and told me that she arrived at her friend's home to find her little daughter sinking with diphtheria. She passed over that night, and the comfort this woman was able to give the child's mother was her partial payment for the comfort the Spirit World brought her through Pink Rose.



AUTUMN

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls,
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying.
And soft the breezes blow
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Amid the stubbled corn
The little quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
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To fly from frost and snow And seek for lands where blow The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The cricket chirps all day: "O fairest summer, stay." The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning. The wildfowl fly afar, Above the foamy bar, And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze Through the dark cedar-trees And round about my temples fondly lingers, In gentle playfulness, Like to the soft caress Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief Comes with the falling leaf, And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant, In all my autumn dreams A future summer gleams Passing the fairest glories of the present!

PREDICTION OF FUTURE EVENTS

In Spirit it is well to distinguish between warnings of personal danger and foretelling of future occurrences of national or world-wide importance. The latter is very seldom done, because of the general attitude toward what the public calls fortune-telling. The Spirit World has given ample evidence that it knows and can tell mortals definitely of events which still are to come to pass, but it seldom exercises this power, because it has found out that human beings as a whole do not believe in the accuracy of its prophecies and do not profit by them. There is, consequently, no reason why they should impart this knowledge to us.

Before discussing this further, I should like to show how our Guides can and do quite often give us warnings for our physical safety. (The case, mentioned later, of the minister's little daughter who was burned to death will come to mind in this connection.)

At one time I sat frequently for a young woman, the only child of quite well-to-do people, who was well loved and somewhat pampered by them. They scoffed at her belief in Spiritualism; but she had always dearly loved her grandfather and

when she found out she could speak to him even though he was in the Spirit World, she came often to do so.

One day he told her that very shortly a young couple with whom she was friendly would call on her and invite her to accompany them on a trip to Detroit. They had just purchased a new, rather expensive car (whose make he told her) and wanted to break it in on this trip. She was not to go with them by any means. Her Guides saw that a short distance this side of Detroit they would have a terrible accident, and if she was along, she would be severely injured.

That same evening this couple called on her and told her of the trip they were planning. She said she knew all about it, that they had just purchased a S-car, and that they wanted her to go with them. They were astonished at her knowledge, telling her the car had just been bought that day and had not been delivered, and said they had intended to ask her to go with them. She said she must refuse, because they were going to have an accident near Detroit and she did not wish to be along. They urged her to come, calling her "queer" to refuse for such a notion. You see, the accuracy of her knowledge about what had already taken place did not impress them sufficiently to make them think that possibly the rest of her knowledge was just as accurate. Upon her definite refusal they invited another couple to go with them. The trip was uneventful until, a few miles from Detroit, the driver turned out to pass a moving-van. Another car was coming toward them, and although it did not hit them, their car got out of control, ran off the road, and turned over twice. When everything was over, two had passed to the Spirit World, and the other two were in



a hospital for many weeks.

Even after this wonderful demonstration of the power the Spirit World has for protecting mortals, this girl's parents refused even to investigate the Truth. They knew her life had been saved by the warning, because she had told them of it before the trip started, saying that was why she had refused to go along. It has become very evident to me from my years of work that mortals must be born on a sufficiently high plane to understand Spiritualism. There appears to be no possible way of convincing others of its truth. They may be smart as we judge smartness in this world, but their souls are not developed sufficiently to understand or appreciate this Truth.

A warning very similar to this was given to a man by one of my Guides, but was unheeded. Let us see with what result.

Many years ago, at the beginning of my work, several executives of a well-known Chicago company heard of me and came to consult with my Guides. Entirely apart from their business they were interested in a silver mine in Canada and had invested considerable money in development work. They received good advice about the problems connected with it, and several of them began coming frequently.

One day one of them appeared, and when my control Bright Eyes began speaking to him, she told him that she saw a dark cloud hanging over him, and that he would have to be very careful or he would meet with an accident.

"Never mind all that, I can take care of myself," was his grateful reply. "What I want to know about is our silver mine."

"I can tell you nothing about your silver mine at this time," said Bright Eyes. "Between you and the mine is a terrible danger, and if you do not pass through it, the mine will mean nothing to you. I see that you either are going on a journey or are going to meet someone who is coming to the city on a train, and if you are not exceedingly careful you are going to be hurt."

The man became angry. "I suppose that my friends have told you I am a railroad man. Naturally we are in danger all the time. I don't want any cheap warning of that sort. I want to know something about our mine."

"I can tell you nothing about your mine. You must heed my warning," were Bright Eyes's parting words.

The man left in a temper and when he reached home, wrote to his wife, who was visiting in Flint, Michigan, and told her that she probably would find a dead husband when she reached home, because he had gone to a fake medium who would tell him nothing, but warned him. He told her all that had been said to him and ridiculed it and me. This happened on a Monday. By Thursday he had calmed down and decided to come for another sitting.

Again Bright Eyes told him she could tell him nothing about the silver mine. "The way I see it," said Bright Eyes, "you are going to meet someone who is returning to this city on a train. You are not going to the depot you usually meet people at, but are going to one farther out. You will stand too close to the track and be hurt if you do not listen to my warning."

He asked about the silver mine, but Bright Eyes told him she could give him nothing except this warning.



He left in greater anger than before and told the men in his office all about the warning and what he thought of it, expecting them to laugh with him, but they did not. "Well, we shall see who will laugh last," was his parting remark as he went home.

The next Monday his wife was returning from Flint. Finding her train was late, he decided to meet her at the Sixty-Third Street station instead of the one at Forty-Third as he usually did and thus surprise her. Hurrying there, he arrived shortly before the train and stood very close to the track, watching the engine as it bore down on him. Witnesses say that he seemed to reel from the tremendous suction and fall beneath the wheels. His wife was aware that something was delaying her train and became uneasy as she heard rumors of an accident, remembering her husband's last letter. However, the trainmen reassured her and she waited until their arrival at Forty-Third Street before she got off. No husband met her. Hurrying home, she did not find him or any word from him. Shortly the telephone rang. With sinking heart she listened to the request that she come to the morgue to identify a body which appeared, from papers found on it, to be that of her husband. There, in that dismal retreat, she viewed the mangled, scarcely recognizable body of her husband.

The next day one of the men to whom he had related his warning called me up and asked me if I knew what had become of his friend—the big man who had been to see me on Thursday.

I told him I did not, but that my Guide had warned him of a bad accident.

"Well, he was killed yesterday by a train at Sixty-Third

Street."

The executives of this company came to me for sittings for years after this, and the letter this man had written to his wife was the means of bringing her to the place where she still could talk with him. She came often and he told her how unfortunate it was that mortals would not lean more on their Spirit friends and try to understand and heed every message given them.

Our friends in Spirit never waste words or speak at random. Frequently at the time we may not understand their message, but we shall some day. It is because we pay such slight attention to their advice that they hesitate to give it to us. Usually their efforts are wasted.

Less spectacular than these two warnings, but just as definite predictions, were two messages given to a young woman who became acquainted with me. When she first began coming, she was accompanied by her fiancé, a doctor, in whose office she worked. After a few visits Bright Eyes told her that she would be successful as a beauty culturist and should go to school to learn beauty culture.

She laughed.

Bright Eyes said: "You will need to know this some day."

On the way home she discussed this with her fiancé, and neither could see what the message meant. They had set no date for the wedding, but were definitely planning for it in the future.

About two years later this young doctor passed over and the girl found herself without a fiancé and a position at the same



time. She finally had to take a situation as a nurse girl and general assistant about the house of her employer. While giving her young charge an airing she frequently came to see me and finally asked for a sitting.

Again Bright Eyes told her she should go to school and learn beauty culture. "You see now what I meant when I told you to do this two years ago," said Bright Eyes. "You would have saved much time and could have done it then without worrying about the money."

The girl accepted the advice this time and became very successful in her work.

A few years later her father, who had been ailing for some time, was advised to undergo an operation. He did not believe in Spiritualism, but his daughter asked the doctors in Spirit whether the operation would be best. They told her that it would not, that without it her father could live several years yet and would be in no pain, merely ailing somewhat. If he underwent it, he would live on earth less than a year. The daughter consulted her father's earthly doctors and they told her that her father, if he survived the operation, would be a well man and live for years. Influenced by what they said, father and daughter put their money together and had the operation performed in January. After many weeks in the hospital they brought the father home. He had survived the operation, but certainly was not a well man. In December of the same year he passed over. If the advice of the doctors in Spirit had been followed, this family would have been many dollars ahead and still have had a husband and father on earth. (I think I am justified in presuming to make the last

statement when the accuracy of the other predictions made by the Guides about the man is considered.)

My Guides warn me frequently of many things concerning my own welfare. This is natural under the circumstances and I always do my utmost to heed the warning and follow the advice even when it seems at the time to entail considerable sacrifice.

One day of a hot summer I called at the office of a lawyer who was a good friend of mine.

"Oh, I am glad you came in," he greeted me, "I wanted to ask you something. Next Saturday a big company for whom I do some work is giving a picnic for its employees and I should like to have you go with me. The boat leaves at seven thirty in the morning and we would spend the whole day away from this heat."

I was just about to say I should be glad to go when a Voice said to me: "No, you must not. Something will happen."

I told him that I was sorry, but I must decline, because a Voice told me something was going to happen and that I must not go.

This man did not believe in Spiritualism, but he said: "Oh, is that how you feel?"

"Yes," I replied, "and I should not dare go now."

The next Saturday morning he called me up to tell me that the boat we should have been on, the Eastland, had just turned over at her dock in the Chicago River and had thrown the crowd of merry-makers on her decks into the water with terrible loss of life.



A few months ago, learning that an elderly couple, good friends of mine, were going to Florida to spend the winter because of their health, I suggested that they arrange to leave at the same time I did and ride down in my automobile. I knew they would be more comfortable than on the train and would get more pleasure from the trip. We made our plans and set Thursday as the day to start. Tuesday evening we began to discuss some detail of the trip when I heard one of our doctor friends in Spirit say: "The man is too sick to stand the journey. He would have a relapse on the way and you would have to put him in a hospital in some strange town, where none of you would have any friends. If they really think he can get to Florida, they can make reservations on the train for Sunday, to get there the day after you do."

I told them that our spirit doctor thought the trip would be too severe for them and that they had better take the train. The woman was considerably disappointed. I knew I had heard correctly, but for her sake I said that we would have a sitting the next day in my hotel room and talk it over with our Guides.

This we did and our doctor repeated to her what he had told me. He said that she and her husband should come by train on Sunday if they attempted it at all at this time. They had great faith in their Guides and, in spite of their disappointment, knew they should do as they were advised.

Thursday came and I started with my husband. On Saturday morning the Guides told me the man had been taken suddenly very ill and I felt a severe pain in my stomach. On reaching home Sunday, I found a telegram telling me that on Friday night he had had a severe internal hemorrhage from a

perforating ulcer in his stomach and was far too ill to be moved. He lingered for almost two weeks before passing to Spirit. If I had not heeded the advice of our Spirit doctor, this would have occurred on the trip and been most unfortunate for every one of us. Also, if the doctor had not specified Sunday as the day for them to start on the train, they would have left earlier and he would have had the hemorrhage on the train. In other words, the doctor knew several days ahead the time within a few hours when this hemorrhage would occur.

Many times when riding with my husband in an automobile I am told of some danger ahead or something for which we must watch out. Recently as we were traveling north, near Charleston, South Carolina, I heard Pat say: "Medie, there is going to be a bad wreck south of Washington tomorrow. It will be in a rather dangerous place and you had best warn C. M. [my husband] to drive slower and very carefully after he leaves Richmond until he passes it."

The next evening we found it just as Pat had told me and, because of the crowd of cars and people, would have had trouble if we had been going at our usual pace.

Once in Chicago as my husband was leaving to get the automobile for his morning journey, I heard a Voice tell me to warn him to drive slowly between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets because a man in a big car would drive carelessly in that block. At that time Michigan Boulevard was very narrow south of Twelfth, and a reckless driver could easily cause an accident. Reaching Twelfth Street, my husband drove very carefully and slowly. He had almost reached Thirteenth Street when a man in a Pierce Arrow car suddenly turned in front of him right across his path. Even with all his care he had difficulty in avoiding a smash-up.

A woman in somewhat straitened financial circumstances came to sittings occasionally and one evening appeared to be worried more than usual about some matter. Her Guides asked her what the trouble was and she finally told them that another child was coming and she did not know how she possibly could get the money to support this additional one. She had two girls and a boy already.

"You must stop your worry about this," one of her Guides told her; "you will find this child will be a great joy to you and will take the place of others."

We did not understand exactly how to interpret this, as all her children were sturdy, healthy youngsters. Within a year, however, both girls passed over and she found the joy predicted by her Guides, instead of worry, in the little baby. Incidentally, the second child passed on Sunday at four o'clock in the afternoon and came to the Sunday evening seance to greet friends of her mother's who were present, and asked that they go to her mother next day and console her with this message. (The chapter "Early Manifestation" will be found interesting in this connection.)

Several times women contemplating divorcing their husbands with whom they had lived and worked for years were told by their Guides not to do so because the husband soon

would pass to Spirit, and his possessions, which they had helped him accumulate, would go to others.

One woman was given such a message in April and her husband passed over the next July.

Another woman given a similar message did not heed it, but obtained her divorce. A few months later the man passed over and she was left without the insurance and property which rightfully should have been hers. When I say "rightfully," it is with reservations. She had worked with him helping him to collect the property, truly enough, but by her willfulness, in face of advice by her Guides to the contrary, she really threw it away.

The following case is illustrative of the harm which can be caused by a person who does not heed a warning and the advice given by the Guides, and shows why those in Spirit become reluctant to proffer this kind of help. Properly used, it would be of great benefit, but it so frequently is either misinterpreted or unheeded that it fails of its object.

A man and his wife who were operating a restaurant in a busy section of Chicago had struggled hard to build it up to a profitable business. The woman was somewhat older than her husband, who was a fine-looking man, and had been a widow when he married her. Both had put all their time and energy into their work and had made a success of it. They began attending my seances and frequently were accompanied by three of their patrons. During the ensuing year they had many seances and many wonderful tests and examples of the help which their Guides could give them.

One day while they were having a sitting, the man's father said: "Son, it does not pay to do anything wrong. The right way to live is the only way."

The man made no comment and the rest of us did not know to what his father could be referring.

Several times after this the father made the same remark, and finally the woman decided she had best find out what was meant. She was with her husband in the restaurant most of the day, and the few evenings he was away from home she thought he was with their three patrons and friends and consequently could not imagine to what his father had reference when speaking to him as he did.

She came for a private sitting, however, to find out. Her father-in-law soon came and said: "May, I am going to tell you something: Will is planning to sell the restaurant."

"Yes," she replied, "he has told me he wants a larger place." "What he really wants," said her father-in-law, "is to sell the place, take all the money, and run away to California with your cashier and live there with her under an assumed name. I am giving you this warning, but I do not want you to say a word to him about it. Be diplomatic: just say to him: 'All right, we will sell the place when we can and each take half the money. When we buy another place, we each will pay half.' In that way you will have something for all your years of hard work."

She went home, but instead of doing as she was told, she allowed her jealousy to get the better of her and gave her husband a great lecture about his ungratefulness to her for her years of help and ended by telling him what his father in



He, of course, denied everything and talked to her so long and convincingly that he not only appeased her completely, but induced her to allow the cashier, whom she wished to discharge, to remain. He said he never had thought of doing anything so mean and low as she had accused him of and the message was untrue and must be a fake. To save his face, he said he would take their three friends and show me up to be a faker.

They arranged for a sitting, but as soon as I had left the phone, my Guides told me I must not sit for them. I could not understand this, because they had been coming regularly for quite a while, and foolishly paid little attention to this warning. This shows that a medium can be guilty of the same thing as many others.

That evening just before it was time for them to arrive, I developed a most distressing pain in my abdomen. I thought again of what my Guides had told me and when the men arrived, told them I was sorry, but that my Forces did not wish me to sit for them that evening. I said: "I do not know why they do not want me to sit for you, but they have made me quite ill and I must disappoint you."

They laughed a little and said they could not understand it, but, having come quite a long distance, they would be considerably disappointed if I failed them. Finally I allowed myself to be persuaded and we entered the seance room.

Why, oh why, will mortals not heed the warnings of their friends in Spirit?

Several of their loved ones had greeted them when I saw



Pat enter the circle suddenly and, grasping a trumpet, raise it above his head as though to hit one of them. Before the trumpet could descend, they had flashed a light on me. The last thing I saw as I toppled over unconscious was the trumpet falling harmlessly to the floor. He had been too late to save me from my own folly.

The men became quite excited and alarmed at my condition and, calling in a neighbor, told her I had fainted and asked her to remain with me until they could bring a physician. The doctor remained with me until one o'clock the next morning before I regained consciousness. For several days I was too weak to get out of bed. Such is the harm ignorance can do.

Several days later the woman who was the real cause of all this came to see me and told me what her husband and friends had done. I hadn't known just what had happened until now. She said her husband had convinced her the message was a lie and she wanted another sitting to talk it over with her fatherin-law. I told her to get out of my home, that I was through with anyone who could do what she had done after having received the beautiful messages she had. I had held seances for all of them many times without compensation, except for a very occasional meal in their restaurant, and said I wished to see none of them again.

Before the close of the next month the restaurant was sold and the "misjudged" husband had taken all the money and left with his cashier. Remembering now the message of her father-in-law, the woman, by its help, was able to trace them to Los Angeles. She found out that after six months there they had spent all the money, and the ex-cashier had fallen in love

with another, younger man. The husband wrote his wife begging forgiveness, but she refused to have anything further to do with him.

What about the rest of the actors in this little drama? How did they fare? The deserted wife had a hard struggle, doing cleaning by the day. She finally entered the hair-goods business and began peddling. Many times she tried to get me to allow her to come back to my seances, but under the circumstances I could not forgive her. All three of the men who had come with the husband had nothing but misfortunes, one soon meeting with a serious accident which crippled him, another passing over with pneumonia. All three sent word to me sooner or later that they knew they had done wrong in hurting God's instrument and were being punished for it.

The following message was not intended as a warning, but was given as a simple statement of fact in order that the man might help his family. Our Guides cannot always do a thing like this for us for three principal reasons: Many lack faith in or have not the desire to profit by the message, both of which are necessary conditions for the giving of such information. A more important reason is the clouded aura of many people. It is by means of the aura that the future of individuals is read by the Guides. A person may have sufficient faith in what would be told him and would go to a great deal of trouble to follow what advice might be given him, but still have such a clouded aura that the Guides could not read it with certainty. Very active people, engaged in many pursuits and traveling a great deal, are likely to be in this class, as well as those who do not

lead honest, upright lives. The latter by their associates and the unhappiness they are creating for others and themselves so obscure their aura that it shows no clear picture of the future. On the other hand a person who leads a simple honest life marked by fairly definite routine and is contented with what he has, usually has an aura in which the few important events stand out clearly and can be understood readily by the Guides.

Such a man was one who came to me occasionally for sittings. His parents and sisters and many friends all were members of the Center, and while he did not come as often as some of the others, he was just as firm a Spiritualist. One day he heard of the Chicago Tribune's accident insurance policy, which recently had been introduced, and at his next sitting asked Pat's advice about obtaining one in order to help his mother if anything happened to him.

Pat said: "Yes, it will be a good thing for you to do. I can see that when you come to us, it will be through an accident which is covered by that policy, and your mother will be helped that much."

He thanked Pat and obtained a policy the next day.

He had paid only three premiums when one day, while riding in a taxicab, it was struck by a railroad train at a crossing and he was instantly killed.

I have related several cases to illustrate how our Guides can inform us of future occurrences which will affect our personal interests.

The predictions of "Prophet," whom I mentioned at the beginning of the book as one of my Guides, cover events which

will affect large numbers of people and be of concern to everyone. She gives these prophecies once a year to members of our Center and they are of great value because they always have proved correct to the last detail. I will not attempt any further discussion of them here, because, as I said at the beginning of this chapter, human beings as a whole will not believe them or profit by them. All of the disasters and troubles of the past year were predicted by her a year ago last December; but even if they had been given out to the world, would they have accomplished anything? We who understand her, however, look forward to "Prophet's" coming each December with sincere hopefulness, knowing she bears a message of vital interest to us and to the world at large.

HEALING

HAVE STATED THAT FOR MANY YEARS FRIDAY EVENING HAS been set aside by our Guides of the Center as a night for healing. The Spirit doctors use the Forces to take assistance to those who are ill, and are able to do this no matter where the person lives, provided he has established connection with the Center, has faith in its Forces, and sits that evening in loving concentration on his dear ones of the Other Side. To show how wonderful and how concrete this help is I will relate the following cases.

The story of the benefits one member of our Center received, his introduction to his Spirit friends, and the events leading up to it is quite interesting. When he first attended one of my seances, he was a man sixty-five years of age and almost blind. He was born of poor, hard-working Scottish parents who had brought him up a strict old-fashioned Baptist. When quite young he had left home and during his wanderings at various times had worked as a carpenter, a clerk, an insurance solicitor, a compiler of city directories, and in many other capacities. His ability as an inventor and promoter gradually developed and he made and lost several fortunes. As he himself explained it,

he was not humble when wealthy and did not know how to conserve the money he knew how to make. He became egotistical and somewhat arrogant at such times and, contrary to advice and common sense, invested in worthless enterprises.

Finally one of these schemes which showed some promise ate up the remainder of his last fortune and compelled him, in order to retrieve any of it and to justify the faith of friends who had invested with him, to come to Chicago and operate the factory himself. He was not particularly well suited for this type of work and for some time was able only to keep the business going.

His eyesight had been failing for some time and, soon after he reached Chicago, became so bad that even the thickest lenses hardly enabled him to conduct his work, and it began to cause him great concern in addition to his business worries. He never lost his faith in God and in prayer, although many years before, he had become, as he said, disgusted with orthodox religion. In Chicago, however, after being treated by a number of oculists and then told that they could do nothing for him, he attended churches of several different denominations, but found no help or restoration of sight in any of them. He told me they all claimed to be followers of Jesus, but could not render any of the blessings which Jesus commanded his followers to bestow upon mankind. Jesus said: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out evils; freely ye have received, freely give."

The question arose with this man why it was that our churches could not do these things when it is recorded that the disciples and the earlier churches were able. There must be some reason, because God beyond question is unchangeable, and if such things had been once, they must still be possible today. In his prayers now he begged to be shown the way to this blessing he craved, believing that the path must be open today, just as it was centuries ago, if only he could find it.

Some months after giving up hope of material help he was called to Minneapolis on business and while there visited an old neighbor and friend, Dr. Graham, an oculist. After examining his eyes the doctor told him that the nerves were paralyzed from nicotine and that complete blindness in the near future was the inevitable result if smoking was not given up.

He did not have sufficient faith in this diagnosis to subject himself to treatment at this time or even to cease his smoking. One month later this doctor passed to the Spirit World. Our friend continued his prayers to be led where he could obtain enlightenment and help, but was not prepared to recognize it when he found it because it was so different from what he had expected.

Early one Sunday evening while sitting in front of his hotel he entered into conversation with a gentleman who after some time indicated from his remarks that he was a Spiritualist. Being asked if this was so, he admitted it and went on to tell of many remarkable phenomena he had witnessed.

Our friend said that he took no stock in such things, as they seemed contrary to the laws of Nature as he understood them. He explained that he believed in God and that there were angels. He considered this mother had been an angel on earth and he saw no reason why she should not be an angel in

heaven, but he did not think that she could talk to him. Upon being asked if he would like to talk with her he said: "Yes," but did not believe it possible. Asked if he would be afraid to talk to her, he said: "Why should I be afraid to speak to an angel? The only thing I am afraid of is that I am not good enough for her to come to." He was told that if he would preserve an open mind, even though he was skeptical, his companion would take him that evening to a seance. He said he would be glad of the opportunity to seek the truth, but was very skeptical and would accept nothing unless he had absolute proof that it was beyond human agency.

They arrived about eight o'clock and sat down with some sixteen or eighteen other people. Realizing that he was the only stranger present, he felt impelled to tell the rest that he was a skeptic and, having been informed by his friend that a skeptic could hamper or ruin the seance, offered to leave. He was told to stay. (This man's whole attitude, to one who understands the Truth, was a fairly definite guarantee that his friends in Spirit would be able to come through to him. He was considerate of others, and, while he demanded proof, he did not presume to dictate what the proof should be.)

The light was turned off, the seance began. A small musicbox held in the lap of the gentleman who brought our friend was taken by one of his children in Spirit and was played while being carried near the ceiling and around the chandelier. In a few moments I heard a trumpet tap someone, and a voice say: "Sit up straight, Mr. D-."

He was bending over with his ear close to the floor to see if I had left my seat. It happened that his chair was very near

mine and he was able to tell by what slight movements I made that I had not left the chair, and the music still was being played near the ceiling. These facts, together with his being called by name (his companion had been careful not to mention it), surprised him, but he said nothing at the time. He told us these details later.

As the music ceased, a sweet feminine voice began singing directly in front of him. At the conclusion of the second verse he exclaimed: "That is very peculiar."

I asked him why.

He said: "My mother was a beautiful singer and taught my six brothers and sisters, but could not make a singer of me. However, in my boyhood, she did teach me those two verses just as they were sung now and I do not remember ever having heard them since that time."

A voice then spoke in front of him and said: "My boy, I have followed you all these years and finally got you down to the hotel, but could not get you to come here. I want to thank you, Dr. Q-, for bringing my boy to me."

As he undertook to speak, the voice continued: "Do you remember the long years you were away from home when a boy, and when you came back, how I tried to find out whether you remembered the old orthodox Baptist teachings I had given you? You told me the teachings were not true and that you believed in a religion of love, not of fear. I have found out that you were nearer right than I was and want to tell you so."

Thus was proof given this man without one word being said by him. He now spoke up and said: "That is proof beyond all controversy. It happened nearly forty years ago and I have never mentioned the facts she has given, not even to my own family."

At his next sitting a voice came to him and said: "Walter, this is Father. I want to apologize to you for the unmerciful floggings I gave you in your boyhood. You did not need them, but I did not understand you. You remember the time you went fishing on Sunday and caught that elegant string of fish and I black-and-blued you from your hips to your shoulders? That is what hurts me the most."

He replied: "Father, I think that they were good for me, for they cured me of doing on Sunday what I could do on Monday."

"That is not what I asked you, son. I asked that you forgive me."

He forgave his father freely and since that time has received many blessings from him.

Soon after this, at one of his private weekly sittings, his mother came and said: "Boy, I am very happy; I have found a doctor who can restore to you your eyesight."

He was very glad, but two weeks went by and no doctor appeared. One day at home he was thinking this over and recalled what his friend Dr. Graham had told him about smoking. Thinking to himself that this must be the doctor whom his mother meant, the idea came to him that the doctor had not come through because no effort had been made by him to stop smoking. He then decided to limit himself to one cigar a day and after a short time arranged for another sitting, not at his usual hour, but without telling me the purpose of it.

The moment the door of the seance room was closed a voice addressed him: "How are you, old sport?"

"That must be Doctor Graham, for no one but him ever greeted me that way."

"That is right and I have come to give you your eyesight. You may smoke one cigar each evening, but no more."

Within the next few weeks his eyesight became better than it had been in twenty years, and this without any medicine or earthly help. Any doctor will corroborate the fact that optical nerves almost completely paralyzed by nicotine require special treatment, absolutely no smoking, and a very long time to regain their sensitiveness when treated only by earthly means. His joy and thankfulness for this blessing was boundless. In spite of a return to moderate smoking, his sight improved until far better than that of most men of his age. His business gradually righted itself through the help of his Guides and enabled him to justify the faith others had in him. He passed to the Other Side a few years ago, blessing Spiritualism and the medium through whom he received the greatest boon a man practically blind could ask for.

Many years ago a young man came to my seance room who appeared to be in bad health. During his conversations at various times with his friends in Spirit, whom he accepted very quickly, it developed that he was suffering from tuberculosis of the spine. He had a very poorly paying job and no home, lived in a furnished room, and ate his meals at restaurants. His Guides and the Spirit doctors said that they would treat him and help him the best they could, but were afraid they

could not do much as long as he did not have wholesome, home-cooked food. I volunteered my help and was able to induce a family I knew well to let him have a room with them and share their meals. With improvement in his health came a better position. It required five years to build him up to normal health, and all this time his Spirit friends were helping, supervising his diet, protecting him as much as possible from ordinary illnesses which would retard his recovery, and assisting him to better situations. For years he has enjoyed excellent health and a good position.

This man is so grateful for the help he receives from the Spirit World that, when he found I was writing my experiences as a medium, he suggested that I might give his name and address to anyone wishing them, saying he would be glad to answer questions concerning his case.

I believe that it is conceded generally that cancer is incurable, in the present state of our knowledge at least, certainly so without an operation. That even this affliction yields to the efforts of the doctors in Spirit is proved by the case of a woman who visited me first in New York a few years ago. She was employed as a maid by a woman who had cancer in one of her breasts. It became necessary to graft some skin on to this breast and, because she was the healthiest one around the woman, this maid gave the skin from the upper part of a thigh. Soon after the operation she developed cancer in this thigh. Her mistress knew she was having trouble with it, but did nothing to help her. They came to America on a visit and while here this maid attended several of my seances. Each



time she was told by our Spirit physician to take good care of her thigh. Not paying much attention to sickness in general or putting faith in the Spirit World, she did nothing about it. Soon after returning to England the thigh became very bad and her mistress took her to several specialists. They inserted a tube to drain it, but did nothing more. The mistress was not willing to spend any money on her, and the specialists, of course, would do nothing without it.

After a time they returned to America, and the maid resumed her attendance at seances. Again our doctor in Spirit warned her about the thigh and told her it was in a serious condition. The woman was so close-mouthed and reticent about her personal affairs that none of us knew to what the doctor was referring.

Finally one day by accident I saw the thigh. My experience in hospitals was sufficient to enable me to tell that it was in a critical state and I told her that we should have a sitting immediately.

Our doctor came and said: "Well, at last I have been able to get the idea through to you that you have a serious injury."

Then she told us the story. Of course, the doctor knew all the time that she had cancer, but I did not realize it until I had seen the leg. By this time she had gained enough faith in her friends in Spirit to do what they told her, and when they prescribed a certain strictly limited diet she followed it exactly. This was all they insisted that she do, other than to have implicit faith in them—they would do the rest.

It took over two years, but finally the wound was healed, nothing remaining to show where it had been except a thread

of a scar about four inches long. How was this accomplished without the aid of the surgeon's scalpel or earthly drugs? I do not know. I know only that nothing is impossible to the Spirit World when proper conditions are brought to it by those seeking help.

This is another case where the person benefited is willing to tell the story of her help to any who may wish to hear it directly from her.

At one time a woman, a dressmaker by profession, attended our Friday evening healing classes occasionally and became much interested in several rather remarkable cures which she saw effected. One night she asked our doctor if he thought that he could help her. He told her that she seemed quite healthy to him and wished to know in what way she thought she needed his help. She explained that frequently she would get a sharp pain in her back near a shoulder-blade, especially when assuming certain positions. The pain was momentary, leaving her as soon as she returned to a normal posture. She had had a pain like this for many years, but in other parts of her body. It was only during the last year or so that she had begun to feel it in her back. She had applied liniments and plasters, but they had done no good. There was no mark on the skin to indicate what might be the trouble. The doctor told her he would examine her and let her know what he found out in a few minutes.

The seance continued, and in a short time he spoke to her again. He informed her that a needle was lodged in her back and was causing the pain she experienced.

"I suppose, then, that I shall have to have some sort of an operation to remove it, shall I not?" she asked.

"Don't do anything for a while, but come back here next Friday evening, and in the mean time I will see what can be done," was his reply.

The next week when she appeared we asked her how she felt, whether she had noticed any change. She told us she had, that she felt the pain very frequently and more severely than before and that a slight lump had appeared on her back which hurt her very much when touched. When the doctor came in, she told him the situation.

"Yes, I know all about it," he said, "I have been bringing the needle to the surface during the week and now am ready to try to remove it."

"Oh, but you can't do it here, doctor, it will hurt me too much; it is very sore," she cried excitedly.

"If you will have faith in me, I can take it out for you and it will not hurt, but if you have any fear or are uneasy, it will be best for me not to attempt it."

She had seen considerable evidence of what he was able to accomplish and told him she had faith in him, but was afraid of the pain. However, she was perfectly willing for him to go ahead and try to remove it.

He told her to turn around in her chair with her back toward the center of the circle where the Forces were concentrated and sit still for a few moments. She did this and all was quiet. Finally I asked her if anything was happening. She said she felt a slight pricking sensation in her back, but that was all.

Just then the doctor spoke and said: "Well, I have got it

out, but it must have broken off, because it is only half of a needle. I do not see the rest of it where this part was and therefore shall have to look further for it."

"Oh no, doctor," exclaimed the woman, "I remember about it now. You do not need to look any further. Years ago I ran a needle into myself, and when I attempted to pull it out, it broke off. I have the piece at home now. I left the other part in the wound intending to have it removed later, but it never caused me any trouble and I forgot about it. That must be the piece which you have just taken out."

No pain accompanied the removal of this needle; only a drop or two of blood appeared where it had come out. The woman's dress was not even loosened to allow the doctor to work. Yet the needle was removed and the woman had no more trouble.

Remarkable as are these cures effected by the Spirit physicians, it is in the realm of diagnostics that they are pre-eminent. This of course is natural because of their superior understanding and ability to see many things hidden from mortal sight. During all my years of work I never have known them to make a mistake in a diagnosis, even when it was exactly contrary to that made by several earthly physicians.

A little boy was playing one day with a gun which he did not know was loaded—the old, old story. When it went off, as they all do, the very small bullet lodged in the palm of his hand. He was taken to a doctor, but probing did not locate the bullet. X-ray photographs were taken, but no bullet appeared on them. Not knowing the exact location, doctors hesitated to cut such a delicate and complex member as the hand. It grew worse steadily until it became imperative that something be done. Then the boy's mother bethought herself of her friends in Spirit and came to consult Dr. Senn. He told her exactly where it was lying, under a bone and invisible on the X-ray photograph. The mother told the doctors where it was and finally, as there was nothing else to do, they cut and found it where he had told her. When she was asked how she knew its location, she told them she "felt" it was there, giving no credit to the source of her information. Does it seem just to deny those to whom one looks for help and benefaction when in difficulty?

A gentleman of my acquaintance was not so unjust or cowardly when a little daughter of his developed a sudden excruciating pain. He had taken the children to see the circus and of course peanuts, pop-corn, and all the accessories were indulged in.

The next day one little girl became ill suddenly, screaming with the pain in her abdomen. Her father called in their doctor, but he did not know what it could be and could do nothing. Immediately the man called me and asked me if I would go into the seance room and consult Dr. Senn. I did so at once, and had just come out when the worried parent appeared at the door. He had not been able to wait and had hurried over, so I suggested that as long as he had come, we both go back to the seance room and let Dr. Senn tell him personally.

He was told to take the child to a hospital immediately for

an operation, that she had a peanut lodged in her appendix.

Hurrying to his doctor at the Lake View hospital in Chicago to make the necessary arrangements, he told what the trouble was with his daughter. The doctor told him it was absolutely impossible for a peanut to become lodged in the appendix and refused to operate.

The distracted father called me again and told me what his doctor had said.

I told him to follow Dr. Senn's advice.

He insisted that they operate on his child. They finally did so and found the peanut in the appendix. Turning to the man, the doctor exclaimed: "My gracious, man, where did you get your information?" He was told.

A member of the Center was ill in bed with a severe pain very low down on one side of the abdomen. He was being attended by two doctors, a man and his wife, who professed to be Spiritualists. They diagnosed his pain as due to a hernia and brought in another doctor who agreed with them and said an operation was imperative. Our friend, sick as he was, refused to let them do anything until he had word from Dr. Senn.

That same evening the healing class met for its weekly seance. The two attending doctors were present at the seance, and when Dr. Senn came in, we asked him about the case. He told us that the man had a severe case of appendicitis and was to be removed to a hospital immediately and the appendix removed.

At this the two attending doctors, so-called Spiritualists,



became angry and said that Dr. Senn was wrong.

I promptly stopped the seance and telephoned the man, knowing whose advice he would take. He was rushed to the hospital, and the appendix removed. It was almost bursting from pus.

The angry doctor whose diagnosis was disbelieved refused to take anyone's word until he was shown the appendix. After viewing it I laughed at him and asked him what he thought of his "hernia" now.

A young girl had been suffering for some four years with what several doctors told her were gall-stones. She was not satisfied with what any of them told her and refused to be operated on. Finally she heard of me and arranged for a private sitting. She explained to Dr. Senn her difficulty and was told by him that it was appendicitis and not gall-stones at all.

I took the girl myself for examination to a doctor who, I had been told, was very good and conscientious. He also diagnosed gall-stones and wished to operate. I refused to let him. He then asked the girl if she was willing to undergo an operation for appendicitis when he diagnosed gall-stones. She said she was, but would not have it done unless I was present. He demurred at this, saying I might faint or otherwise create a disturbance in the operating-room. The girl refused to let him do anything unless she was assured I was to be present. Finally he agreed to this and told me the operation would take place at nine thirty the next morning. I promised to be there at that time and the girl went to the hospital.

When I got home, Dr. Senn informed me that the man

had not told us the truth, that he intended to operate at eight o'clock. Well, Mrs. Cook was there at a quarter to eight, to the astonishment and considerable chagrin of the doctor, who already was preparing for his work. So sure was he that he was right, and somewhat angry that his diagnosis should be questioned by one of the laity, and a woman at that, he had asked a professor at one of the medical colleges to witness the operation.

We went into the operating-room, the incision was made, and the gall-bladder examined. It was soft, with no evidence of gall-stones, and was pronounced by the professor to be in fine condition. The professor himself next suggested that the appendix be investigated. Looking daggers at me (I was smiling), the doctor did so and found it enormously enlarged, yellow with gangrene, and in generally terrible shape. It really was a wonder the girl lived.

When the operation was finished, the doctor turned to me, slapped me on the shoulder, and wanted to know "who the hell" I was and how I knew it was the appendix. I told him, and while he never professed belief in my Truth, he did come to me after that whenever a case "stumped" him and asked my opinion.

In detailing these cases it is not my intention or desire to cast any reflection on the doctors of our earth plane, because as instruments for the application of means to relieve suffering they are indispensable. I merely wish to emphasize the fact that they are human and subject to the same proportion of mistakes as are all other human beings. It is because of the acute and vital nature of their work, however, that they should

be more anxious than most, and should consider it their duty, to investigate and make use of any and all means of rendering their work less subject to error. It is most unfortunately true that as a class they do not do this and adopt a very positive attitude and assume supreme knowledge of their field, under the plea that such an approach is necessary to put the patient in the proper mental condition to have complete confidence in them. Wide acquaintance among members of the medical profession has shown me that, regardless of the theory of their attitude, it results from their training and habits of thought. Because they have acquired a specialized knowledge of a certain branch of human wisdom and have formed an organization strong enough to give them considerable political power and earning capacity, most of them have become egotistical and arrogant, denying that any but members of their organization have knowledge sufficient to alleviate human physical suffering.

I have attempted to show that even in their specialized field of diagnostics and healing they have much to learn and are far inferior in knowledge to their fellow doctors in Spirit. That they have even less reason to assume the attitude they do than is ordinarily supposed will become apparent when it is considered that practically all major advancements in medical science in recent years have been made by men of other professions, not by members of the medical profession. The newer remedies, the phenomenally improved hypnotics, anæsthetics, and antiseptics, all have been the work of chemists. The isolation of the germs of the more obscure diseases, such as influenza, has been the work of bacteriologists. The exact

nature of the course of a disease with the identification of the morbid compounds and products produced in the body and with this the intelligent application of counteracting chemicals has been the work of the pathologist, assisted by the chemist. Even the functioning of the normal body is being worked out by the physiologist and biologist. All these workers are toiling tirelessly to put in the hands of the physician knowledge and weapons with which to combat human suffering.

A careful perusal of medical journals, if the authorities should consider them morally fit to be read by the laity, in comparison with journals in the fields I have mentioned above will bring out very strongly what I have been trying to say. It will be found that nearly all the articles in the medical journals are accounts by some physician or surgeon of what he did or what happened in one or a half-dozen isolated cases. There is no evidence of a carefully planned and systematically worked-out course of action which resulted in a definite conclusion which would be safe to follow in the average similar case. Lengthy accounts are given of a case where one right foot is longer than the left, or of the way in which a rachitic infant was deformed, or of the vagaries and actions of a moron. A surgeon will suture a perineal tear a certain way and give a long account of one case. Usually there is no word of the ultimate result in many cases or its general applicability. If the results in many cases are given, it will be found they were so variable, though the underlying causes of the variability were not determined, or at least mentioned, that no definite conclusion can be made.

Now pick up a chemical journal and read the account of the

discovery of a new compound; how the investigator planned a definite course of action, how he tried method after method which did not work and why they did not work; and finally how he made the new compound and just how he did it. Any properly trained man can now make that same compound. Or read how a chemist thought a certain class of compounds would exhibit improved local anæsthetic action and how he systematically worked out the method of manufacturing the compounds and then tested them and proved himself correct.

Again I say that the arrogance assumed by the medical profession is unjustified by fact, and the political activity resulting in the passing of laws prohibiting any other agency from alleviating human suffering is unfair and definitely detrimental to progress. Such a course of action is no more fair or necessary than an organization of railroads forcing through laws to prohibit aeroplane travel because the new way detracts from the prestige and income of the old. It is strictly up to the old order to improve itself until it is equal to the new order or to adopt it, not attempt to throttle it. The doctor's responsibility to humanity should make it obligatory upon him to avail himself of every means for helping humanity.



PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS

The Physical Manifestations our friends in spirit are able to bring to us are very interesting and wonderful. To many people, however, Spiritualism means nothing but table-tipping, rappings, noises in "haunted" houses, and similar phenomena. Of these people, those who have given some thought to the subject say: "It seems to me that if there is a life after death, it must be a higher and better life than this on earth and I cannot see why my friends who are living it have not better things to occupy their time than such childish pursuits. My friend the professor who taught zoology at college did not spend his time rapping on walls and tipping up tables while on earth; why should he be playing foolishly that way in the Spirit World?"

On the face of it such an argument is reasonable and indicates that the individual presenting it has a better understanding and opinion of the useful and dignified life being led by his loved ones on the Other Side than those staid church-going folk and fanatical missionaries and revivalists who believe and teach that when we become angels, we are supposed to do nothing but flap our wings once in a while and strum a harp for God's benefit. If this were so, how monotonous and tiresome

life must be for the angels, and especially for God, who has listened to this for so many æons!

If further thought is given the subject, a different point of view evolves. Most people obtain impressions more quickly and clearly when their physical senses are appealed to than when their minds must be exercised to reason out a question. Even those used to thinking are often in a lazy mood and will react to a sense stimulus before they will to a mental stimulus. If our Guides and friends, understanding this, can by such means prove their actuality to doubters or impress it more firmly upon those who believe, are they not justified in doing so? When a daughter living in the Spirit World can come to her mother and give her a flower grown there, thus proving that her life continues amid surroundings similar to those on earth, is she not giving her mother a most beautiful experience and a remembrance to be treasured always? Every time the flower is looked at, even when faded and pressed between the yellowing leaves of a book, the consoling and cheering thought comes: "This is the flower my little girl brought me from her garden in Spirit soon after she left us for her new home." Anyone, no matter how ignorant or hardened in the ways of this world, could understand and appreciate such an experience. I certainly maintain that any Spirit friend's time and effort spent in giving a manifestation of this sort is well employed.

This actually occurred many years ago one cold evening in February at a private sitting I was giving to the mother, father, small brother, and two friends of a little girl who recently had passed over to the Spirit side of life. She already had proved her continued existence to them by many tests, and so convincingly that they now brought conditions to the seance room which gave her sufficient power to give them this most wonderful experience. They had been talking with the child for a few moments this evening when she said: "Mamma and Papa, I am going to leave you for a few minutes, but will come back with a surprise for you."

All was quiet for a time and I began to wonder what was going to occur or whether something had happened to the Forces.

Just as I was about to put my thoughts into words, the mother exclaimed: "I smell flowers, I think they are roses."

"Why, yes," said her husband, "I smell roses plainly."

The odor now filled the room. Suddenly a startled exclamation came from the mother: "Oh! they just laid something in my lap. It feels like a rose, because there are thorns on the stem. May I pick it up?"

"Certainly," came her daughter's voice, "it is a rose; I brought it to you and here is another one."

With that, one more was placed on her lap. Then the child gave two to her father, two to her brother, and two to each of the friends. Delighted comments and heartfelt thanks came from all.

"This is the worst of being a medium," I lamented finally; "you bring joy to everyone else, but no one brings it to you."

"Now, Medie," remonstrated the child, "I have not forgotten you. Wait just a moment."

Soon one, then two roses were laid in my lap.

"You see, Medie, I was not leaving you out. I had just a



dozen and I was going to give two to each of you."

I really had not meant what I said, but indeed I did feel much happier that she had planned her gifts so carefully.

As a sequel to this: I already have mentioned that this took place in February. The next day from curiosity I visited a florist and asked him if he could sell me a dozen roses like the one I showed him. "A dozen!" he exclaimed; "I could not sell you one. This is just the time when you cannot get roses in Chicago. Where on earth did you get such a beauty, a bud just opening up, that wonderful color, and a stem of such length?" I did not tell him, but visited two other florists, both of whom told me the same thing. Unknown to me at the time, the father of the little girl had taken one of his blossoms to several of the leading wholesale florists in the Loop and had been told the same thing.

On another occasion in New York flowers were brought to a man by his daughter in Spirit. This elderly father was an artist of note, and, hearing from a friend that most beautiful flowers could be brought into the seance room, he asked his daughter if she could bring one to him and what he would have to do to help her. "You have to do nothing, Father," was the answer; "you have come in love and faith, and that is all that is necessary. I knew you were going to ask me this evening for a flower, so I have prepared one for you. Wait just a minute."

After a few moments of silence a slight rustle was heard as something was laid on his knees. "Oh, Medie, she has given me a whole bouquet. I thought I was asking too much when I asked her for one. I thank her so much I cannot express it. I



wonder what kind of flowers they are."

I told him they smelled like sweet peas to me. His daughter then spoke and told him they were. When the light was turned on after the seance was over, we found he had a most beautiful bouquet of white sweet peas.

Flowers are not the only things which our Spirit friends are able to bring us from the Other Side. One day in New York I was sitting for a stranger for the first time. A very unusual occurrence took place soon after the seance began. My little daughter Gertrude came in and spoke to the man. Hello, Mr. —. I like you. You have a little boy and girl in Spirit. You make nice hats and my papa needs a hat. Will you make him one?"

The man was considerably taken aback, but he said: "Certainly I will make your father a hat. I will make him one for five dollars that sells usually for forty. What kind does he want?"

Gertrude described exactly what she wished him to make and told him she would pay for it.

This man came back the next week bringing a beautiful hat with him. We went into the seance room. I was carrying a tendollar bill in my hand and, after turning out the light and sitting down, placed it on my lap, expecting Gertrude to take it and give it to the man. After one or two of his friends had come in, Gertrude spoke.

"Papa's hat is wonderful. Please hold your hand out with the palm up."

He did so and she placed a ten-dollar gold piece in it.

"The hat is worth more than five dollars and I want you



to have what I have given you?

to have what I have given you."

I felt in my lap and found the bill still was there. Surprised, I asked the man what she had given him.

Before he could answer, she told me it was a ten-dollar gold piece; that she had asked for the hat, had said she was going to pay for it, and had paid for it. I was to keep my bill.

I then explained to him that I had brought a bill into the seance room expecting Gertrude to take it and give it to him.

She was not satisfied with paper money; she used gold to pay her bills, she informed us. Incidentally, this was at the time when gold money practically was out of circulation, as many of my readers will remember happened during the war.

The bringing of such apports as I have mentioned is one phase of the physical manifestation of our Spirit friends' power. Another phase is the materializing seance. While I have this power, I have not made a practice of holding such seances and therefore will not discuss them. Table-tipping and rappings need not be dealt with at length, although several amusing incidents have occurred at such meetings. When I was new at my work, I would hold any sort of seance my guests asked for, but I soon found out that amusement and not spiritual guidance was all that many were seeking. As I was not in the entertainment business, profitable as it might have been for me, I soon ceased holding such demonstrations. I should like to mention one of them, however, because of the lesson it gave with all its amusement.

A group of us had joined hands about a small but heavy



table and were receiving the usual tippings and movements when suddenly one of the young women present let out a stifled scream.

I had noticed her when she came in, a fairly good-looking girl with a head of wonderful black curls, very haughty and quite well satisfied with herself. From the few remarks she had made, it was evident she considered she was giving our Spirit friends a treat by allowing them to communicate with her. She had come to please an acquaintance, not from any desire of her own to learn about her friends in Spirit.

We asked her what the trouble was, but she would not tell us.

When the seance was over and the light turned on, we all looked in her direction and saw a straggly head of hair instead of the beautiful curls, puffs, and waves she had exhibited when she first came in! All around the table on the floor were lying the rats with which her coiffure had been stuffed. None of the hauteur was visible in her attitude, as she gathered up her belongings hurriedly and departed. I hope she regarded this lesson—that unwarranted pride never should supplant humbleness—in the light in which it was given and profited by it.

On another occasion at a public seance we were favored by the presence of a very smart and shrewd gentleman. There was nothing which he did not know all about; the Spirit World would have its hands full trying to fool him!

The seance began and soon he was addressed by some friend of his in Spirit. He would not accept the dear one, and his

remarks were so irritating that finally Snowdrop told him she would fix him if he was not more polite and amiable. At the next opportunity he began again. Suddenly we heard a gasp from his direction. Then people in different parts of the room felt something touch them which a few thought felt like hair. Every few moments I heard him say softly in a pleading tone: "Please, Snowdrop."

Each time she would laugh. Finally she said: "All right, I will take pity on you this time, but never come again to a seance and act as you have this evening. Next time I will not be so easy with you."

None of us found out what had been going on.

Next week he appeared again and, shortly after the seance started, began making his sarcastic remarks.

Snowdrop warned him, but it made no difference.

A little while later we heard a gasp from him and a sound as though something had been torn from his hands. Again we felt hair brushed across our hands. His pleading "Please, Snowdrop," commenced.

This time Snowdrop paid no attention to him. Needless to say, we were considerably mystified and very curious. When the light was turned on at the close of the seance, in the center of the circle we saw a toupee. Involuntarily every eye focused on our smart friend, now bald as the egg of the roc found by Sindbad the Sailor, as he lunged for his hirsute falsifier. Gone completely was his smartness, his overbearing egotism, as he hurried out amid most undignified laughter.

He had come to this seance determined to show Snowdrop he could act as he pleased whether she liked it or not. No feel-



ing of respect for his hostess even occurred to him. He was going to hold tight to his top piece and then say what he pleased. Whether in an unguarded moment or in spite of him, Snowdrop removed it, to teach him a lesson of respect to his hostess and to those who were superior in every way to himself.

Three years later he came back to me and apologized for his behavior, saying that he realized now how wrong he had been.

At seances held for small groups of people in their own homes many very interesting demonstrations have been given. Usually these seances have been held to commemorate a birthday or some other special occasion, and, all the people present being friends, those in Spirit have exerted themselves to make the party joyous, knowing they would not be misunderstood. as might happen if strangers were there.

One time a group of us at such a gathering were sitting in a small dining-room. With the chairs as close together as possible, the circle occupied all available space in the room except that left in the center. After some beautiful singing by several of those in Spirit one of them told us not to be alarmed, as they were going to have a little fun, but would not hurt anything. We heard a drawer pulled out of the sideboard standing in one corner of the room, then a short silence. Next a startled exclamation from a stout man who was sitting in front of it. Asked what the trouble was, he told us he and his chair had been picked up off the floor and put down again a foot or two inside the circle. Lifting a two-hundred-pound man in a



chair placed so that no human person could get behind or on either side of it is no mean physical feat, as you will agree. He told us he felt no one near him and felt no one touch him as he was being moved.

"We had to move you because you were too close to the sideboard to allow the drawers to be opened," said one of my Guides.

Soon table-linen was piled on several persons. Next cut glass and china was being handed round. "Don't worry, Mamma," said the hostess's little girl in Spirit, "we will not hurt any of your dishes."

She sensed her mother's unspoken thought. During the rest of the seance each person held some one or more articles from that sideboard. I had a large cut-glass fruit-dish put in my lap which I had to hold with my hands to prevent its falling off. When the light finally was turned on, not a thing was found harmed in any way.

Another time we were holding the seance in a kitchen. After the seance had been going on for a half-hour or so, our Guides told us they were going to have a little fun and for us not to be alarmed. First a man in the circle on the opposite side of the room from me was handed a piece of cloth which upon feeling he found was an apron. He was told to spread this on his lap carefully. Next I felt my chair suddenly lifted up and moved forward. Being naturally of a rather nervous temperament, I gave a slight scream, which brought a volley of questions from those in the circle.

"Medie was too close to the stove, we had to move her,"



said Snowdrop.

We heard some metal banged on the stove and then a gasp from the man who had been given the apron.

"Why, they have given me the top of the stove," he informed us.

"Yes, and that won't be all," said one of the children. "Be careful you keep it all on the apron so you won't get your clothes dirty."

The oven doors were opened and the wire racks inside taken out and handed to the man. Even a burner (this was a gas stove) was taken off and piled on the other things. We asked Pat why he allowed the children to act this way.

"Well," said he, "you see, they are having a good time and I can't control them anyway."

"Yes," said one of the little ones, "Pat is doing all the lifting. The iron is too heavy for us and we could not handle it without his help."

When the seance was over, this man's hands and lap were a sight; there was dirt all over them. No others in the room had a speck on them.

Was this all meaningless horseplay? Think a moment. The only person in the room with dirt on his hands was our friend upon whom had been piled the various parts of the stove and he was on the opposite side of the room from the stove. For myself I had on a white, rather thin dress which would have shown any trace of dirt most plainly. Any attempt on my part to pass behind my chair, even after it had been moved out from the stove, would have brought me in contact with the persons on either side who of necessity were sitting with chairs

touching mine. It served as a further very vivid proof to these people that the medium was not the one who performed these miracles. Under the conditions obtaining, all of which I have not taken the time to mention, it was obvious to those present that I could not have done these things even had I wished. As I have said in several other places in this book, our friends in Spirit never waste words; they do not say things without a purpose and do not give physical manifestations without an object, no matter how trivial or cloaked with amusement such words or actions may appear at the moment.

Another time I was holding a seance at the home of an Irish family in celebration of the birthday of one of the members. These people dearly loved any fun their friends in Spirit could have in their home and did not worry in the least, no matter what was touched or handled. Some of the children in Spirit decided to play the phonograph and did so, winding it up, putting a record on, and starting it. After the first record the host began asking for certain selections he knew were in the cabinet. Each one was played as he asked for it, not one mistake being made. Not only this, but needles were changed and records started at the beginning, not too soon or too late. Remembering all this took place in absolute darkness, is it not a very clear demonstration of power that is supernatural?

Sometimes physical demonstrations act as very definite tests to some one individual present at the seance and not to the group at large. Such was the case on one occasion when a Spirit came in and without a word began pinching a certain woman.

About three weeks before, a man and his wife who came regularly to the Sunday evening seances appeared with a stranger. This man was a good friend of theirs who had come to them on an unexpected visit just as they were leaving for the Center. They told him where they were going and he asked to accompany them. After getting into the seance room the woman discovered that the man was somewhat nervous and, being a practical joker, decided to have fun with him. In this case her "fun" was decidedly misplaced, and had I been aware of what was going on, I should have stopped the seance immediately. She had the chair next to his and began touching him and giving him sly pinches. He of course thought the "spirits," whom he had had no opportunity to find out were his friends, were doing this to torment him. Several times during the evening Snowdrop addressed the woman and asked her: "Please stop; don't do that."

The woman understood what Snowdrop meant and was the only one in the room who did. Nevertheless she kept it up.

When the seance was over, the man was almost a wreck, so frightened was he. Finding in what condition he was, the woman did not have the nerve to tell him, as she first intended, that she had been the one who had tormented him. Neither did she dare tell her husband.

So on this Sunday evening when some Spirit was giving her pinches, and no gentle ones, she was the only one who knew, as yet, what she had done three weeks previously. However, as this man had left them in good health, she did not connect the two incidents and finally cried out: "Goodness, what on earth have I done? Someone has been pinching me ever since the seance began and it hurts. They must have it in for me."

Then a voice spoke: "I am doing nothing more to you than you did to me three weeks ago."

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Frank."

"That can't be, because Frank left us only a few days ago and was feeling fine."

"I am Frank and passed over yesterday. You can find out by writing to my friends in the East. I am just giving you a little of your own medicine so that next time you won't frighten anyone you bring into the seance room. I want to thank you both, though, for bringing me that once. It has helped me greatly to realize what has happened. As soon as I passed, I thought of that evening, and it made everything much clearer to me."

After he ceased speaking, the woman explained to us what she had done that previous Sunday evening and vowed that next time any stranger was present, she would keep her hands to herself. This was good proof to her that what she did to mortals here on earth was noted well on the Other Side and remembered, and that retribution, sometimes at least, was as prompt as it was inevitable.

This remark of Frank's I have heard many times in the seance room. "I did not believe in the Truth while on earth, but the seances I attended helped me much, when I passed over, to understand what had happened and where I was." Our friends make this remark frequently, and while they may not have been grateful to us while on earth for what we tried to do for them, they are later, after passing over.



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EARLY MANIFESTATION

passes to the Spirit World cannot manifest his presence through a medium for a considerable period. Some people think it takes quite a number of days, although most have no definite idea of the length of time; in their minds it is just "a long time." Denying the presence of a loved one merely because his coming is more prompt than they think it should be is very unjust to the medium and to the one in Spirit. My experience always has been that the manifestation can occur in a very short time; a mere matter of a few hours or even a few minutes. The more familiar the one who passed is with Spiritualism, the more prompt his appearance as a rule. I have given several illustrations of this in other parts of the book and consequently will mention only a few additional ones here.

One day in New York an acquaintance of mine telephoned and asked me if I would have time to see her and a friend. When they arrived, I found the woman's friend never had been to a seance before, but was anxious to attend one.

A few minutes after the light was turned out, a voice said: "Hello, Tillie."

The strange woman answered: "This sounds like you, Emma."

"And it certainly is," replied her sister in Spirit. "You think this may not be me because I only passed over at four o'clock this morning, but you know that I was a Spiritualist and I was prepared for my passing. As soon as it occurred, I sought out Mrs. Cook and have been ready to speak with you whenever you should come."

She went on to give details about the way she wished her funeral conducted, and discussed it as she would any other matter of personal interest.

Another woman known to me personally while in this life passed over one Saturday. The next evening she came to the seance and told her relatives she wished her body to be cremated and gave them her wishes about the various other details of the funeral.

On another occasion I held a seance in the room where stood a man's casket. He came to us and said: "There lies my body and it served me well while I needed it. I do not need it now in my new home because God has given me a better one. I am very happy and do not want you to cry or grieve. Think of me as much happier than I ever was before and you then will feel better." The funeral was held the next day.

One young woman I had met two or three times went to a hospital to undergo an operation. She was no great believer in Spiritualism, although her mother and aunt were, and submitted to this operation against the advice of our Spirit doc-



tors. She had decided that she had a tumor, and a tumor it must be. Our doctors in Spirit told her there was nothing the matter with her that required any operation, but finally, as she was so insistent, said that she could enjoy her little party if she wanted it, although they were warning her that she was risking her life. The operation was performed and no tumor was found.

For some days she appeared to be recovering and regaining her strength. Seeing this, it was judged safe to give her a rather hearty breakfast one morning when she asked for it.

A few minutes after finishing it she suddenly developed a most excruciating pain and asked that her mother be notified. Her mother called me immediately and asked what our Spirit doctors thought about it. I was told that the Spirit doctors were doing their best to save her, but her mother had best go to the hospital immediately.

I telephoned this message and then set out for the city on a necessary errand. At twelve thirty o'clock, while in a large, crowded department store, I suddenly beheld this young woman's spirit in front of me. I told my companion what I had seen, and said that she must have just passed over.

I telephoned the hospital and found that she had passed over at twelve o'clock, only thirty minutes before I saw her. She had been thinking of me as she was lying in her bed and sought me out as soon as her spirit was released from her body. Her mother had not been there at the time because subsequent word from the hospital that her daughter appeared to be resting easily had caused her to disregard the urgency of the message I had given her.

One evening I was enjoying dinner at the home of a friend of mine when I suddenly saw a spirit form build up before me. I recognized him as a member of the Center who had been ill with cancer of the throat and I was just about to tell my friends I thought he must have passed over when I was seized by a most distressing choking sensation. I could not speak for several minutes, to the considerable alarm of my companions, who were unable to imagine what the trouble could be. When I was able to speak, I told them I had seen this man and now, after my seizure, was certain that he had just passed over. We called his home by telephone and were informed that he had passed only twenty minutes previously from a paroxysm of choking.

It happens very frequently that I am given the condition felt by a spirit at the time it passed over. This invariably is very painful to me and lasts for periods of a few seconds to several minutes. It usually is given me for purposes of identification to convince some person of his Spirit friend's presence and under this circumstance lasts until the identification is made. Fortunately for me, this sort of test is so definite and vivid that recognition usually is prompt.

In the particular case related above, the condition was given me, not as a test for anyone, but to impress upon me the fact that he really had passed and to tell me how it had occurred.

One family I knew well for years brought their children with them whenever they came for a seance. One little girl began coming when she was two years old. She was as familiar with her friends in Spirit as she was with those on the earth

plane. During her seventh year she became seriously ill and passed over one Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. That same evening she was the first one to come at our regular Sunday evening seance. None of her family were there, but her familiarity with her Spirit friends while she had been on earth had taught her where to come. She told us that nothing was strange to her and that she was with her little sister and cousin, both of whom had preceded her to her new home. She was very happy and wanted us to tell her mother so that she would not cry any more. We did, and, while missing the sight of her daughter, the mother ceased her tears and thought of her daughter's happiness instead of her own grief.

That we mortals should grieve when a loved one passes over is only natural. Grief and sorrow accompany love and are an integral part of it, just as joy and happiness are. Our companionship with a loved one brings us joy, and our separation entails sorrow. Criticism or blame from those we love is a hundred times harder to bear than it is from one to whom we are indifferent.

When a dear one passes over, we no longer can feel his companionship in a human way, no matter how well we understand Spiritualism or believe in it, and grief is inevitable. We must try, however, to keep our sorrow within bounds and assuage it as much as possible by communicating with our loved one and feeling that he at least is better off than he was while on earth, especially if he had been sick or ailing in any way. We must not allow our grief to become so intense that we long to go to the Other Side to be with our friends before our time

to pass over has arrived. We are put on this earth for certain experiences, and if we cannot be happy here or work out a satisfactory life, we shall not be happy in Spirit. Many people think that the Spirit World is such a wonderful place, and their friends so happy there, that they spend much of their time thinking about it and longing to pass over. There is happiness and beauty on earth, and it must be appreciated before any joy can be found in Spirit. The happiness and beauty in Spirit is created by the loving labors of those living there and does not exist, at least for a long time, for anyone who cannot create his own happiness on earth.

I have given several illustrations of the manifestation of a loved one very shortly after passing. It is my belief that their demonstration could be a matter of minutes if the opportunity were given them. Already I have said that a mortal acquainted with Spiritualism usually can return more quickly than one who is not. This is not necessarily so. To those in Spirit a medium on the earth plane stands out conspicuously among her fellows. I might compare her to a lighthouse whose rays are visible and a guide to those out on the unmarked ocean. To those in Spirit she stands out that plainly, and a new-comer to the Spirit World who was not a Spiritualist on earth can see her just as plainly as one who was, although he may not understand immediately what she is or can do for him.



A PRAYER

Watch o'er us and help us, Lord, we pray; We ask this in Thy blessed name. Oh! guide our lives from day to day And make our hearts with Thine the same.

Give us true charity and love For all the creatures here below. Humility with strength and faith, On us these precious gifts bestow.

Help those, O Lord, who are depressed And who in sorrow turn to Thee. Thou in Thy wisdom knowest best; Grant them the grace that they may see

That all Thy ways are fraught with good, Of all, Thou lovest them the best. They are Thy chosen ones and should With Thee at last be ever blest.





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SPIRITUAL WEALTH

HAT A LOWLY POSITION ON EARTH DOES NOT IMPLY LACK OF spiritual development I will show by the story of a motorman who came to my seance room and gave a complete account of the tragic accident which caused his passing over to the Other Side. A life well lived in honest effort to fulfill all proper obligations and an earnest desire to treat one's fellow human beings with justice and to help them in their difficulties is a far better way of insuring spiritual advancement and happiness than the mere attainment of the highest positions and power on earth. If a responsible position and fame may be secured while living a spiritual life, the highest possible development on earth is realized. Such is the case with many, our beloved Abraham Lincoln in particular. The multitude of us, however, are not fitted or destined for such a supremely happy combination of achievements and must live our lives to the best of our ability in accordance with our understanding of the right, in the firm conviction that our efforts are demonstrating their worth on the Other Side far more accurately than they may be doing on earth, and that our just reward awaits us even though we receive it not here. What does a delay of a few years, certainly not over one hundred, really

matter in the end to our soul's happiness in its progress during uncounted centuries?

It would be a very depressing thought to believe that all the marvelous human accomplishments before recorded history have gone for naught because we find only their mutilated remains. All the labor and thought and love which brought them forth developed the souls of the workers, and this development is retained by the soul as its reward in spite of the destruction of the physical evidence of the labor. We may say that all our labors result in an achievement which can be divided into a physical and a spiritual part. The physical evidence may be lost or destroyed, but the spiritual is permanent and remains an integral part of the soul's experience. Thus, although our efforts may not appear to receive on earth the rewards to which they are entitled, our souls are benefited and retain this benefit permanently. It is evidenced by Spiritual strength and power when we reach the Other Side, as will be seen from this story of the motorman.

A soul unused to communicating with those on earth is usually unable to give its first message with much strength or to remain in the circle for more than a short time, even when its loved ones have come with the best possible conditions. Considerable spiritual development is required to be able to prolong this message.

One evening in 1918 two quiet women appeared at my home, the Stead Center in Chicago, among many others coming to attend a public seance. So large was the number that I doubted whether I could accommodate everyone at a single

seance. Finally, however, all were seated, crowding the room to the utmost, and the lights were turned out.

It would be well if I paused at this point to remind my readers that the medium can see much that average mortal eyes cannot. So clearly do I frequently behold loved ones on the Other Side that I am at a loss to distinguish between them and those in the flesh. I cannot explain this except to say that to some are given the gift of music, to others painting, and to others still the gift of mediumship. While the seance room to mortals is dark it is not so to those on the brighter side of life nor, to a lesser degree, to the medium.

We had sung our opening hymn and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and I could see plainly many dear ones of Spirit. They formed such a multitude that they extended out into the hallway and into all the rooms in the upper part of the house.

These two quiet women sat behind me near the seance-room door and had spoken no word since entering the room. They made no comment, uttered no sound.

As I watched this loving gathering of the dear ones on the Other Side, I saw one man of medium stature hurrying through, pushing his way, pleading his way to the circle. He brought great strength with him—the strength of a life well lived. He came as in a pathway of light emanating from the two little ladies, who never before had been within a spiritual seance.

As this eager, determined man passed behind my chair, I turned and saw him stop directly in front of these women. Without picking up a trumpet he called in a clear natural voice: "Mary, oh, my Mary, this is Peter."

Mary, his wife, sobbing gently, said: "I am so happy to think you come, but, Peter, dear, why did you have to leave us that way? Why did you have to leave us at all?"

"Mary, dear, and Emma, my sister Emma, listen to me attentively. I was on my street-car that day, not two weeks ago, out on Colorado near Madison. The switch is supposed to be automatic, as you know, but sometimes it would stick and I had to get off my car and pry it open with a rod. I did this just as I have done hundreds of times before and noticed that the rails were slippery, so slippery that brakes were almost useless.

"I suppose I should have looked around, but when you do the same thing hundreds of times without incident, you come to take it all for granted. I was humming a little tune to myself and did not see the car coming up slowly to the rear of mine. The motorman applied the brakes, but the car did not stop; it simply slid into mine.

"I was pinned to the track by the wheels as they passed over my legs and severed them. I thought of you, both of you, dear girls, as I realized this must be the end. I never thought it would come like that. Jim, the motorman of the car which ran into mine, rushed to my side sobbing like a kid. Don't ever blame him; it was my time to go, that is all. You think I suffered, but truly I felt no pain, not during the whole time I lay there waiting for the wrecking crew to come. I gave some messages for both of you and tried to be cheerful. I thought of all the joys and sorrows we had lived together, so bravely and hopefully, while all the time above me was that mass of steel holding me to the pavement.



"Things only seem terrible, my dears, but they are not. God is very good. When the pain finally came, on the way to the hospital, I quit my earthly body. I lost my earthly habitation, but found a new temple in a far fairer land. It was a shock to me, as it was to you, but all my life I have done what I believed to be right. I had tried to live honestly and found that I had with me the only wealth which could be brought to this side of life.

"Everyone was so kind and good to me. They helped me and I seemed to learn so easily. Very soon I found out that we can communicate with you who are left behind on earth, through the power of those whom you call mediums. They are as lighthouses to us, showing us the way to reach our loved ones on earth.

"I started in right away to put you in touch with somebody who would send you to a medium, and I succeeded, didn't I? Only two days ago you heard of Mrs. Cook. Isn't that right?"

Both young women were sobbing, but there was a new note of bravery in the voice of his Mary as she realized that this one she loved so much was not lost to her, but merely had preceded her a little way in a land where all is brightness and happiness for those who have truly, nobly tried on earth.

"But, Peter, we want you so."

"Listen to me, dearest," Peter answered, and I could see the light of love and triumph in his eyes, the happiness that comes to those who find there is no death, no grave, nor need be even a barrier if the gates are left ajar by love.

"I left four thousand dollars in life insurance which you have. The Maccabees are to pay you two thousand more in a few days. That makes six thousand all together. I am right, am I not?"

"Yes, Peter dear, that is correct," sobbed Mary.

"I will see that both of you get along all right. We can do so many wonderful things here, never getting tired, always receiving power to help others. I will do endless things for both of you.

"I must go now, because other loved ones are just as anxious as I am to speak to their dear ones who are gathered here with you."

After a brief pause Peter spoke hurriedly and with new fervor.

"I will be with you every step of the way home, just as I came with you; just as I brought you here. Now, good-by, and God bless both of you for coming."

Peter was gone from the circle in which he could materialize his voice, but he stood between his wife and sister and in his powerful spiritual way comforted them and helped them to catch some of the glory of the other wonderful messages that came through.

If more people would come as humbly, and with love, as Mary and Emma came, demanding nothing, hoping and praying, placing their trust in God, more indeed would receive what Mary and Emma received.

If more people would devote a larger portion of their time and efforts to helping others and conducting their own affairs with justice, honesty, and love, and less time to personal aggrandizement, they would find that they would receive greater and more permanent rewards in the end and would



have great spiritual power, as Peter had, to help their loved ones. Worldly pomp, power, and money are left behind with the earthly body; only love and spiritual development may be taken to the Other Side.



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MATERIAL WEALTH

Acquainted with Spiritualism when talking to a Spiritualist is: "If, as you say, your Spirit friends are so much more highly developed and wiser than we on this earth, why do they not make you rich? Surely they could tell you how to get money easily and quickly."

This question really is of considerable interest to all of us who are not supplied over-generously with this world's goods and I will give a rather detailed account of several cases which illustrate different aspects of the answer. The real answer to this takes into consideration several facts. In the first place the question tacitly assumes that the acquisition of money is the most desirable thing in the world and best for the individual. In the second place no account is taken of the efforts put forth by the person to earn the money. In the third place it is rather evident that it is not intended that everyone be rich, and it may be this particular being's present experience to be poor. In the fourth place the person may deliberately turn down opportunities which are presented to him, or, in the fifth place, so dissipate his energies and what money he has

on foolish ventures that his Spirit friends are occupied entirely with keeping him from complete disaster.

Let us first describe the case of a man who turned down opportunities presented to him by his Spirit friends. He had been coming to the Stead Center for several years, his wife, children, and a number of relatives with him, all professing absolute faith in their Guides. He was a very good friend of mine, a substantial business man, operating an electrical goods store and electrical contracting business. His interest in his spiritual development was such as to induce him to join our oriental class to receive the spiritual teachings of our higher Guides. He assumed the duties of one of the officers of the Center.

One day at a private sitting he told my Guide Pat that he knew of a lot he could get for eighteen hundred dollars and he wished advice. This was at the time of increasing rents and prices during the war and he was considering the purchase of a lot and the erection of a store of his own on it. After investigation Pat told him by all means to buy the lot immediately, even if he did not build on it, because the lot was a very valuable one. For some reason he procrastinated until the lot was purchased by someone else. Two years later this purchaser sold it for twenty-five thousand dollars.

It would seem that one experience of this kind should be enough. If we do not grasp each opportunity that comes, they usually cease coming. This man, however, was fortunate. He again came across a piece of property, improved with a building containing stores, with apartments above them, which the

owner, facing foreclosure of a mortgage, was willing to sell for twelve thousand dollars. Again Pat's advice was to purchase immediately and he was reminded of the previous opportunity which he had allowed to slip by. Fear of the debt he would have to incur and possibly some other reasons of his own induced him again to disregard the advice he had asked for. Two years later this property sold for seventy thousand dollars. These two deals alone would have netted this man about eighty thousand dollars on an original investment of eighteen hundred dollars, all in about four years' time. If he had accepted the advice given him, no doubt other opportunities would have presented themselves to him.

I do not think that our Guides can be accused justly of not trying to add to our material welfare. What has been the result to this man of neglecting two such opportunities? Up to the present he has had no others, still is making a comfortable living from his business, but has not the worry-relieving fact of eighty thousand dollars behind him.

The following case illustrates the dissipation of energy and money on unwise ventures, and also the fact that it evidently was not intended that this man should accumulate wealth. Coming of poor parents, the boy found it necessary very early in life to go to work to help support the family. By the time he was twenty, he was practically the sole provider, his father finding much difficulty in obtaining steady employment at his trade. The boy was successful in each position he held, resigning for a better one each time. Gradually he invested small sums in Chicago real estate and made extra money. Finally

he went into business for himself when about thirty-two years old. His business prospered, but as he obtained money, he invested it in real estate, in gold mines, in oil wells, and other ventures without maintaining sufficient liquid capital to carry his business over any ordinary difficulty. The result was that a fire which destroyed his factory embarrassed him so financially that he lost his home and several other pieces of property. His investments in mines and wells never were any good, and all such money was lost. Nevertheless his company brought him a fairly good income, gradually decreasing, it is true, because of the character of his product, the sale of which depended on style in architecture to a great extent. After a few quiet years during which he had little money for any sort of investment, he became acquainted with me and my work as a medium. He sought advice and help from his Guides and used both. Finally the war came on, and while his business difficulties multiplied in many ways, by accepting the advice of his Spirit friends he was able to solve them and, by obtaining government contracts, to make an excellent showing in the business. Soon many old financial obligations were settled and money accumulated. His son had finished his college course and now contributed to the family income.

It would seem that, bearing in mind all the past mistakes and experiences in investing money foolishly, this man, now about sixty-five years old, would be extremely careful what he did with his resources when he was practically in a position where he could retire. But was he? First, a high-pressure salesman induced him to take on a large amount of suburban Chicago real estate, unimproved in any way. His Guides were

not consulted about this venture until it was finished. Against their advice he turned down an offer to sell his factory for a good sum. He purchased a small retail candy-shop without consulting his Guides until the deal was almost closed and the price agreed on. He was told that he was paying far more than the business was worth, but that if he operated it carefully and put no more money in it until it was showing him a profit, he probably could make a success of it. As soon as the purchase was completed, he had the shop remodeled with new fixtures; he could not operate it very carefully because of his other business and lack of knowledge of this one. The result was that it showed a loss from the start and finally had to be given up, all the money invested being a total loss.

Soon after this his factory burned down again, and with little cash on hand he had to sell the property at a very low figure and start manufacturing again in a rented building. Meantime the depression due to deflation after the war had set in and his business barely brought him a living. He could not meet the obligations on the suburban property he had contracted for and in the readjustment lost the most valuable of the lots and had to turn in the only other piece of real estate he still owned free and clear. When he passed over to the Spirit World a year or two ago, he left his widow a few shares of stock which brought in a steady although very small income, and several suburban lots which are being assessed continually for streetpaving, sewers, sidewalks, etc.—a continual expense merely to prevent their loss.

It will be seen that this man's Guides were so occupied trying to get him out of the troubles he continually created for

himself that they had little time to create opportunities for him. When they did once have him in a position where the way appeared clear and some careful investments would have brought him independence for his few remaining years, he undid all their work by his own unwise procedure. During the time when he was asking and accepting their advice in small matters, he had ample proof of their help and often said he could not see why other people acted contrary to the advice given by their Guides.

It would seem too that it was intended that this man be poor. He worked incessantly, surmounted difficulties in the conduct of his business that would have closed most in similar circumstances, earned hundreds of thousands of dollars, never spent anything in riotous living, and was a model citizen, always trying to help his community. Yet he passed over a comparatively poor man. Most people would say, and he himself believed, that hard luck followed him all his life, but a careful examination of his case will show that his own course of action proved his undoing. In his early life careful conservation of his money would have prevented the first fire, causing the loss of practically everything he had. A small amount of cash to use then would have meant that what the fire destroyed physically would be the total of his loss. In his later life, even without the advice of his Guides, a similar small amount of cash on hand would have prevented the disasters following the second fire.

These two cases show rather clearly why our Spirit friends cannot necessarily make us rich in this world's goods.

Another aspect of the answer to the question stated at the beginning of the chapter needs consideration. If we do not put forth the proper effort, our Guides cannot bring us material blessings. Most of us are acquainted with the good souls who say: "When my ship comes in, I will do thus and so," and then lie back in their rocking-chairs and wait for the ship. The chances are that if their ship docked a block away from their rocking-chair, they would not know it. Do they ever think that even a row-boat in order to "come in" must have someone pulling manfully at the oars? Does not someone first have to strain at the oars to take the boat away to be loaded with the blessings that are expected to return? How many liners such as the Leviathan and the Europa would come to port if many, many men did not spend their lives and energies planning them, financing them, building them, loading them with their cargoes, and piloting them through storms and dangers? All this work must be done conscientiously and well before it can be hoped the ship will come in carrying its cargo of blessings. We can sit in our rocking-chairs or go about our narrow circle of humdrum duties until Gabriel blows his trumpet for us to start climbing the stairs to heaven without having our ship come in if we do not build the boat and then operate and care for it faithfully. In fact, I think many of these good folk in this modern day will expect Gabriel or possibly St. Peter to provide them with an elevator so they will not have to walk up the stairs to heaven.

If we make the start and work hard with love in our hearts, we are going to have a return. We may be unable to keep the return, as was the man mentioned before, but it comes to us

just the same. If we do not make the start and do not work faithfully and cheerfully, we cannot expect our Guides to be able to bring us any blessings. Loving labor creates its own reward. If we have not created the reward, nothing can bring it to us.

The last aspect of the answer to our question: the assumption that the acquisition of money is the most desirable thing in the world for the greatest good of the individual, has been answered in the negative for ages by the best minds. I cannot improve upon what they have said, but merely will point out that laboring to get money for its own sake is almost certain to cause a person to neglect and stunt his spiritual growth. Money cannot be taken away to the other side of life, but spiritual growth can. Therefore it should be evident which is the more important. If we should remain comparatively poor, and none of the other conditions mentioned before are operative in our case, we probably will find upon careful analysis of ourselves that our Guides have brought us great spiritual development. It also has been my observation that a person who has acquired real spiritual development never suffers for lack of worldly goods. He may not have an over-abundance, but he always will have enough to suffice for his needs.

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THE GREATER LOVE

Hear Thou my prayer, great God of opulence: Give me no blessings, save as recompense, For blessings which I lovingly bestow On needy stranger or on suffering foe.

If wealth, by chance, should on my path appear, Let Wisdom and Benevolence stand near, And Charity within my portal wait, To guard me from acquaintance intimate.

Yet in this intricate great art of living, Guide me away from misdirected giving, And show me how to spur the laggard soul To strive alone once more to gain the goal.

Repay my worldly efforts to attain
Only as I develop heart and brain;
Nor brand me with the "dollar sign" above
A bosom void of sympathy and love.

If on the carrying winds my name be blown To any land or time beyond my own,
Let it not be as one who gained the day
By crowding others from the chosen way.



Rather as one who missed the highest place Pausing to cheer spent runners in the race. To do-to have—is lesser than to be. The greater boon I ask, dear God, from Thee.



INGRATITUDE

PERSON WHO HAS READ CAREFULLY WHAT HAS GONE BE-All fore might with justice ask another question: "Surely none of the arguments developed about 'material wealth' apply to a medium, unless possibly it is that Fate wills her to be poor. Why do not her Guides bring her a great deal of money when they know she would spend it wisely and in helping whomever she could?" It may be that God intends a medium to remain comparatively poor, possibly in order to insure the humbleness which is necessary for her work and personal development. Whatever the reason is, it appears that she receives no adequate monetary return for her services. For help which could be obtained in no other earthly way she will not receive even the fee of a mediocre lawyer. She never receives the tithe demanded by the well-organized church. She is not able to build a magnificent cathedral as a home for her religion. People of wealth are very willing to avail themselves of her services when in trouble, but are not willing to contribute financially to her support or to her cause in order that similar help may be brought to many others. Even for Spiritual blessings money is necessary to make available to the many the benefits which are enjoyed by a few who are fortunate

enough to understand what a medium is and know that they live near one. With adequate financial assistance she could establish centers from which this help could be obtained by any who wished it and could let the people know what this help is and where it could be found. Spiritualism is a religion of the heart and of the home and never has been organized on the business basis of other religions, but the superior consolation and satisfaction it offers could be brought to the multitude by proper monetary support.

Mediums sacrifice their meager resources to help everyone they are able because they believe in giving assistance to others, but they have been sadly limited by their own scanty supply. Why they have so little will appear from the following cases which I have selected from many similar ones.

Soon after I had started public work I was visited by a woman who had lost her only child, a young man of twentyone years. At her first visit her son gave her such proof of his identity that he assuaged her grief, which really was intense, and convinced her of his actuality in Spirit. She then told me that a man originally had made the appointment with me for her, and that she had canceled it, thinking he might have given some information to me about her. This indicated the woman's very suspicious nature.

She returned each week for a visit with her loved ones and after some time one day told me her name. It meant nothing one way or the other to me, although she seemed to think she was conferring quite a favor in telling me. I decided I would try once and for all to remove any suspicion from her mind as to the truth of her Spirit friends' communicating with her. I suggested that I would hold a seance in her own home to show her there was no trickery. She was delighted and we arranged the details. After the first seance she asked me to hold several others, but never offered me any recompense for my time, although her home showed she was a woman with considerable means.

One day she came to me bringing a sister with her who proved a very fine character and an old Spiritualist. For the next two years the sisters came regularly, sometimes together, usually on alternate weeks.

One week neither appeared. For three weeks I heard nothing from them. Finally the woman who had visited me first called me up and asked me if I had missed them. I replied that I had and hoped no one had been ill. She said she felt fine, and her sister was all right. She arranged for a sitting. When she arrived, I happened to be looking out my window. I saw her get out of her limousine followed by her sister. This seemed rather unusual, as they generally did not come together. They came into the room, and it was only as I was about to greet the sister that I saw she had disappeared and the woman was standing alone. Asking her where her sister was, she said that she had come alone today.

I told her that I had seen the two of them get out of the car together, but she only laughed in a peculiar manner and said I must be mistaken.

We entered the seance room, and the first one to come was the sister. She said: "Will you never be convinced? Why didn't you tell the medium I passed away two weeks ago?"



The woman had no explanation. She "wanted to see if her sister would come to her!"

Her sister then told her she had left a will and she wanted everything done exactly as the will said. She made her promise to be strong and carry out the provisions, no matter what came up. Of course I understood nothing of this, but at each subsequent sitting the sister in Spirit said the same thing.

Five weeks later, one Saturday morning, I found out what was meant. Three men came to my door and, after ascertaining who I was, showed me a picture which I instantly recognized as that of the lady who had just passed over. They asked me if I had ever met this woman and I said I had.

They asked me if I didn't think she was not entirely mentally responsible.

I became indignant immediately, as she was a fine character and most clear thinker. I told them so in no uncertain terms.

Then one of the men said sneeringly: "She must have been crazy to come to talk to spirits."

This made me angry and I invited them to leave.

Then the man who had not yet spoken said: "We shall get nowhere this way."

He explained that he was a lawyer and represented the two men with him, who were cousins of the woman and who had been left out of the will. What they wished to do was to prove the woman mentally irresponsible, and if I would testify to that effect, they would give me ten thousand dollars. The man showed me the money and said it was mine if I would give my promise.

If I had been strong enough, I should have thrown them



out. As it was, I only could tell them what I thought of them.

As soon as they were gone, I telephoned the woman to come to see me immediately. She protested, saying she had tickets to a matinée and did not want to miss it. I told her to come over, as I had something much more important for her than any matinée. With reluctance she came. I told her all that had occurred.

When I had finished, she said: "Well, what are you going to do? Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money."

I was so indignant at such an implication that I almost told her I would have nothing further to do with her, but, being young and strongly imbued with the idea that I must help everyone in trouble whom I could help, I told her what I thought of her for assuming I could be so mercenary as to do such a thing, and then took her into the seance room.

Her sister came and said: "Now you know what I have been warning you about. You are going to have a hard fight, but if you will do as I say, you will win."

For four years this case was fought out in the courts. The woman came to see me regularly all this time and to receive the advice of her sister on each point as it arose. In the end she won the case, received the one million dollars her sister had willed her, and as a reward to me for all these years of indispensable service sent me a ten-dollar cut-glass vase.

She had not even the gratefulness in her heart to offer me what I had declined from her relatives to perjure myself. This case illustrates one reason why a medium is not wealthy. If she demanded certain sums for her services, she probably

would get them, but when she leaves it to certain persons' grateful hearts, she can starve.

Somewhat similar to this is another case, the principal difference lying in the fact that nothing would have been known about the bequest had it not been for my Guides. Some friends made an appointment for a woman one day, and when she appeared, I found they had told her what to expect, although she never had been to a medium before. She was a widow, very poor and living on charity. (All this I found out later as her Spirit friends talked to her.)

She had been in the room a few minutes when a voice spoke and said: "Hello, Emma."

She was greatly surprised and said: "Who is this? It sounds like my father's voice, but he would not speak to me, because he was angry with me when he died."

"It is your father," he replied. After giving his name in full, he continued: "I am very glad you came here. For ten years I have been trying to get you to come. You know that I have been in Spirit for twenty years and that when you married against my wishes, I told you I would disinherit you. I let you believe this, but I did not do it. I established an estate for you and made the Bank of — executors of that estate. Now, in order to get this money you will have to have a lawyer and I want you to go to — and tell him your story."

She was so surprised that she wept and said that she could not believe her angry father could have left her anything. I told her she must investigate and go to see the lawyer whom her father had told her to see.

When she told her story to this man, he thought she was crazy, but, having reached the age and position in his profession where the unusual offered great attraction, he undertook to conduct the investigation. He found that an estate of one hundred thousand dollars was standing in this woman's name in the bank her father had named to her. The estate was left in a peculiar manner, one of the provisions being that it must be claimed in twenty-three years. Twenty years already had passed before she heard of it. It took five years to straighten out all the difficulties and meet all the conditions. During the whole time she was guided by her father step by step, and because she had no money, I gave my time and strength freely with no recompense.

Finally she got the money and promptly forgot there was such a thing as a Stead Center in existence or a faithful friend named Mrs. Cook. This time I did not receive even a cut-glass vase. For five years of labor in her behalf I received not one cent. The lawyer's bill was paid; it had to be. I presented no bill. I think the conclusion is rather obvious.

As a sequel and possibly a lesson from God to those who knew the circumstances, this woman enjoyed her money only a year before she passed to the Other Side. She has come to me many times since and told me that she regretted not having compensated me for my time and effort in her behalf.

At one time the wife of one of the wealthiest men in Chicago came to me regularly for sittings and also had me come to her home to hold them. Most of the people she invited came from curiosity only and made my work doubly difficult. In the course of time her husband passed over, and upon settling the estate no trace of a million dollars' worth of stock certificates could be found. These certificates were her personal property, but she had loaned them to him to use as collateral at a time when he needed them. From all records of the estate this collateral had been returned to him, but the certificates could not be found.

About a month after his passing I had a very vivid vision in which the man came to me and said: "Hurry and get dressed. We will go to Ella [his wife] and take her with us. We must go to the bank to get the stock."

I seemed to follow him to a certain bank on La Salle Street into which he went and up to a small room where there was a little safe. He showed me the dial and pointed out what numbers would work the combination. Then I awoke, and the vision was so vivid that I drew a circle and put in it the numbers he had shown me. This was about four o'clock in the morning.

I went to bed again and upon falling asleep had the same experience again. He urged me most earnestly not to forget, but to follow the vision exactly.

At nine o'clock I telephoned his wife and told her my experience. She said that he never had any dealings with that bank as far as she knew, but she would go with me. She wished to take her son along. After hearing our reason for wishing to make the trip he laughed and said it was all foolishness, his father never had anything to do with that particular bank, and he himself did not want to waste his time in any wildgoose chase. I assured them my vision meant something and for their own good they should go.

Finally he consented and we went to the bank. "Yes," said the man in charge, "Mr. — kept a small safe here."

I told him I knew it and could open the safe if he would take us to it because Mr. — had shown me the combination. He said that was very fortunate, because the combination was not known to them. He led us to the safe I had seen in my dream, and, remembering the numbers I had been shown, I opened it. The only thing in it was an envelope containing the million dollars' worth of certificates they had been unable to find.

My only pay was: "Isn't Medie wonderful?"

If some kind philosopher, or any helpful individual for that matter, will show me how to cash "Thank you's" and "Aren't you wonderful?'s" I feel sure I should be the richest woman in the world and would gladly give him half of the wealth for his work and not a "Thank you" which he would have to turn into cash! Pleasant as it is to be thanked and complimented, I have yet to find a grocery-store where they will give me a jar of jam for one of my "Thank you's."

Two more incidents of gross selfishness and ingratitude I will mention briefly and leave this profitless subject. The owner of an electrical manufacturing business came to me for the first time, without money, and with some seventy-five thousand dollars' debt. Careful adherence to the advice of his Guides, combined with their assistance when making competitive bids on contracts, not only put his business on a going basis, but brought him a fortune of a million dollars, all in a

few years' time. Then, not only did he refuse to recognize the Center, but he even denied he believed in Spiritualism.

Another man came to me in such bad health that the doctors he had gone to had all given him up and told him he had a very short time to live. He begged his Guides to give him health long enough to accomplish certain things he wished to do before he passed. They assisted him to retrieve a fortune and accomplish his wishes. They restored his health so well that he divorced his wife, married a young girl, and willed her all his property. Having everything he wanted, he promptly forgot there was such a place as the Stead Center or that it had ever done anything for him.

I think I have said enough to show quite clearly why mediums do not become wealthy and are not able to build the great churches that other religious leaders can build. We spend our time and energy helping other people, but never are given part of the wealth our work creates. If we devoted the same time and effort toward enriching ourselves, we undoubtedly should succeed as well as we now do for others, but something in a medium's mental make-up or her destiny prevents her from doing this; I know from my own experience that the study of business and making money does not offer one-tenth the interest that some human being perplexed with a sorrowful problem does. I will devote hours and days to bringing happiness to such a person by assisting in solving his problem and yet cannot give a small fraction of that time or thought to helping myself. I have come to the conclusion that God has planned for man to take care of His mediums in return

for the help and happiness they give, and therefore has not made provision for the mediums working for themselves. When they do so, from force of necessity to eat and live, they are much less efficient than when doing their proper work of helping others. It is the old question of a square peg in a round hole; the hole is filled very inadequately. Each person can perform best that work for which he is intended and a medium is not put on earth to make money for herself. Man's own selfish interests, if nothing else, should induce him to provide in such a way for a medium that she could devote all her energy to doing her proper work, because in this way she in turn would do much more for man than she can when part of her strength goes toward fighting for her very food against conditions so out of harmony with her vibrations. The question so often heard: "Why are there so few really good mediums?" would cease to be asked if mediums were properly taken care of by those whom they help. Not only would many mediocre mediums become good ones if relieved of the burden of providing for their material welfare, but God would see that man had as many as he needed. When man refuses to take proper care even of the few he has, he cannot expect to be given more. If a visitor takes a beautiful cut-glass vase and dashes it to pieces on the floor, he cannot expect his host to hand him another and say: "Do likewise with this."





DECEPTION

COME PEOPLE MAKE THEIR APPROACH TO SPIRITUALISM IN A Overy peculiar manner. They are curious about the subject, they may be very much interested in it. Some are in deep distress and realize it offers, probably, the only solution to their difficulty. Yet by some mental quirk they believe they must conceal their identity or even disguise themselves. If they approached a strange physician when ill or a strange lawyer when in trouble, it would not occur to them to conceal essential facts about their trouble. They place practically implicit faith in either, although one may be a quack and the other a crook. The ratio of charlatans in either profession to the honest upright members is just as high as that of fake mediums to the honest ones. If they really considered the matter very carefully, they would realize that a dishonest medium really could do them less harm than either of the other gentlemen. A quack, or even an honest but ignorant doctor, by a slight mistake in selecting the proper medicine could kill their bodies. If they are involved in legal difficulties, it could be quite easy for an unscrupulous lawyer to acquire most if not all of their money. A medium, even if dishonest, could cause them no physical suffering, because they accept nothing material from

the medium. Neither could the medium take away their money or property, because she asks them to sign nothing. They must furnish their lawyer with their signature on many documents whose contents they do not understand. Considered from this point of view, what have people to fear when visiting a medium? Most other contacts they make in a business way have a greater real basis of danger to their well-being than any possible contact with a medium. Yet to show the length to which people will go in attempting to fool a medium or the Spirit World let me give an account of the following cases.

One afternoon some years ago in Chicago a woman visited me very elaborately togged out in a red velvet dress and a bright-colored hat. She told me she never had been to a medium before, but that a friend had spoken to her about me and she had come for a visit. She seemed to me to be somewhat nervous, so I suggested that instead of having a voice seance in the dark, we have a trance reading in the light.

We no sooner had seated ourselves in the seance room than I saw a distinguished-looking man build up behind her. He wore a beard and was accompanied by a young woman and a young man of about twenty-eight and twenty-nine years of age, although I could tell that both had passed over when children. The man told me to tell the woman he was Uncle Doc and wanted to know why she came dressed as she was. He said she looked terrible.

She denied knowing any of the three.

My Guides then told me they could do nothing for her.

She had not come with the proper conditions, but had tried to disguise herself and would not acknowledge the Spirit friends who came to her. I merely told her that my Guides could not help her because she had not brought proper conditions to the seance room.

She protested, but finally went home. I thought no more about the incident.

Four days later the woman came to me dressed in mourning. I had no recollection of having seen her before, and after greeting her I told her she should not visit a medium dressed in mourning because the natural conclusion would be that she had just lost a relative or dear friend.

She said that it was all right, she had lost a relative and did not care if I did know it from her appearance.

We went up to the seance room and immediately the form of a man built up behind her who told me he was Uncle Doc. He was accompanied by the same two young people I had seen before. Then I realized this must be the same woman who had come several days ago in a red dress. I told her what I saw and asked her if she was the same woman.

She said she was.

The man then told me to tell her that she must recognize him and the children before he could bring the one with whom she really wished to talk. She broke down and cried and said that after she had returned home the other day, she remembered who Uncle Doc was and the children. They were her own children, but had passed in infancy, and her grief over a loved one's recent passing had been so intense that she had not remembered any of the three. She explained that this

man had not been a physician in this world, but had been nicknamed Uncle Doc by the family and especially by the children because of his expertness about a sick-room and his ever present cheerfulness.

He asked me to tell her that she could not fool the Spirit World, but by trying to do so she built a barrier about herself that made it impossible for them to do anything for her. I explained this the best I could and found she was a very intelligent woman. Her husband, the loved one who had just passed away, was a prominent attorney in the city and, after she realized with what conditions she must come to a seance, gave her many wonderful messages and great help.

Another case where deception was attempted occurred some time ago and involved a minister of the gospel. From any point of view it seems surprising that a minister should in any undertaking practice deception, but here are the facts.

One Sunday evening in 1916, with quite a number of people already gathered for the evening seance, a gentleman, two ladies, and a little girl, all of whom were unknown to me, appeared at the door. After a few words with them, which assured me they were intelligent and refined people, I invited them in.

The seance had no sooner started than my Guide Snowdrop greeted the gentleman with: "Hello, Jack, I am glad to see you here."

He thanked her courteously.

She then greeted the little girl, asking her who she was. Without waiting for a reply Snowdrop again addressed the man and told him to watch his child very closely and to guard her very carefully because the Spirit World saw a cloud about the child. What danger the cloud was an indication of they could not tell, but a very definite danger threatened her and would manifest itself within a few years.

After the seance had continued for some time, Pat came in and in his usual frank manner said: "I have my own opinion about people who preach the word of God and then come to our medium after parking their dirty little old Ford in an alley several blocks away so that nobody could see it. Why don't you clean the car up, at least? Then it would be respectable enough to park on a street."

Not a word came from anyone, and as several strangers were present, I could not tell to whom Pat was addressing his remarks. A little later he also warned the little group about the danger threatening the child and advised them to watch her very carefully. When the seance came to an end, everyone departed and I did not know yet to whom Pat referred, but his words remained in my memory because I knew he never spoke at random.

Eight years later while I was spending the summer on Cape Cod, a car drove up one day and two couples got out. One man and woman seemed to know me, but I had no recollection of ever having seen any of them before. The gentleman said: "Mrs. Cook, I do not suppose you remember me, but eight years ago I attended one of your seances in Chicago."

He went on to explain how they had driven from their home in Vermont one summer and had come to my seance and had had such wonderful messages that they never had forgotten them, and when they heard by chance that I was in Massachusetts, they drove down to see me.

I thanked him, but told him I could not remember him.

Then he said: "I think you will when I tell you what Pat said to me about parking my dirty little Ford in an alley."

Instantly I remembered him and to verify for myself the other part of the message asked him if he was a minister.

He said he was.

Not seeing the little girl with them, I asked where she was. Very sadly he explained to me that two years ago (that is, six years after the warning given them by the Spirit World) the little girl had been burned to death. They had watched her unusually carefully all this time, but in some way the accident happened. Pat's remarks had so impressed them with their absolute truthfulness that they had decided then to take Snowdrop's warning literally, although they never had believed in Spiritualism before. Each summer now they come to visit me and have had wonderful sittings.

The deception usually is not planned as elaborately as in the two cases just cited. Usually the person misconstrues purposely the first attempts of his loved ones to deliver their messages. Such a man once came to my home, and his doubt was so pronounced that I at first refused even to make an assay at a seance, but he pleaded so hard that he needed word from his loved ones that I allowed myself to be persuaded and we entered the seance room. Soon an indistinct whisper came through the trumpet.

"Who is this? Who? Oh, is this Henry?"



Through the trumpet came an indistinct: "Henry." The man chuckled softly to himself.

"My dear sir," I said to him, "you probably would go out of here saying this dear one claimed to be Henry, whereas you know no Henry on the Other Side. You have purposely or ignorantly so disturbed the vibrations that you cannot get a distinct message. I will tell you what this dear friend of yours replied. He said: 'I know no Henry.' He tells me that his name is Thomas, that he is your father, and that he passed over in a railroad accident over thirty years ago."

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed the man; "I thought your spirits would try to fool me, so I intended to fool them first."

"You are fooling no one but yourself. Instead of getting a beautiful message and one which you claimed you need, you are fooling yourself out of it. If you sincerely desire to attract your dear friends and the help they can bring you, you first must come in love, bringing truth with you. In no other way can you attract blessings or deserve them."

In connection with deception I should like to relate a little story of a visit I once made when young to a church social as the guest of one of the congregation. I did not know it at the time, but my hostess had brought me to show the rest of the members that I did not look like any of those people who are pictured riding on broomsticks. That seemed to be their idea of a medium and she wished to show them that the reality was at least a trifle different.

When the young minister got up to give his customary talk, he did his best to disparage me and my Truth. He said that

he could not believe that God would allow any of our friends to come back, because He takes them for a much higher and better work than they could do here. Then he told about a lady who had lost two lovely children, a boy and a girl, when they were about eighteen years old. Two years later she was watching at the death-bed of another daughter, seventeen years old, when suddenly the girl opened her eyes and said: "Mother dear, I do not wish you to worry or grieve. I will leave my earthly body at midnight, but brother and sister are standing here at the bedside waiting to take me and help me."

As her daughter was speaking, the mother herself saw the son and other daughter, who already had passed, dressed all in white, looking beautiful and well. She said they looked just as they had when in this world, but more lovely and she could see how happy they were.

"Now," said the minister, "was that not a wonderful experience for that poor mother to be shown that her daughter would go to her brother's and sister's arms and be well and happy with them?"

When he had finished speaking, I got up and said: "You claim that you do not believe that our loved ones come back to help us. What have you just told us if it is not that? Can you explain to me what the difference is between your church and mine if you believe this story?"

He became somewhat angry and replied: "I know this lady; she is a member of my church and I know the story is true."

"I, too, know that it is true, but I cannot understand how you can preach that our loved ones do not return to help us, and still believe this story."



This question still puzzles me. Most ministers with whom I have come in contact have had experiences of this nature, but they still will get up before their congregations and preach that the "dead" do not return. They all teach that there is a life after death and yet in spite of their own personal experience to the contrary will deny that any communication can take place between those living that other life and us on earth. Some attempt to explain it by saying, as this young minister did, that God has taken our friends for a higher and better work than they could do here. Still they ignore their own experience. I can come to no other conclusion than that this should be considered deception, but why they should practice it or what is gained by it I do not know, unless those ministers think that their congregations do not wish to believe such experiences and would supplant them by other ministers who would preach what they did wish to believe. The question is an involved one, but it seems to me that people truly believing in a future life would be very anxious to learn as much about it as possible and would not be content to accept the single picture of heaven or hell, fire, and brimstone presented to them without trying to see if there were other pictures. All of us would laugh pityingly at a man who would say: "Aeroplanes do not exist because my father told me that people can travel only on the ground or on water." He refuses to recognize any mode of transportation other than the ones described to him by a certain person. We should laugh at him; but are those people any more reasonable who will not even investigate a different idea of their soul's future life than the one described to them by a certain person, their minister?





MY PRECIOUS SECRET

I've a secret in my bosom
That the world can never know,
In each trial reassuring,
As the moments onward go.
Only those who do His will can its priceless
Value tell.

Round me sweep the waves of sorrow, And their surgings press the soul. With this secret still before me, Tempests rise and billows roll. Secret of undying love, lifts my heart to Worlds above.

At our comrades' fading sunset,
When the spirits pass away,
But for this most precious secret,
Here my soul could scarcely stay.
In accents sweet I then can hear: "He thy mansion
Will prepare."

Fade life's transient dream of splendor, Let my soul in Him confide,

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The Voice Triumphant

For I know no hand can sever, If this secret in me bide. Keep my heart and I shall be "Thine through all Eternity."



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SKEPTICISM

PRACTICALLY EVERYONE—I MIGHT SAY EVERY PERSON—ATtending a seance for the first time is skeptical. This is not at all surprising and is not an attitude to be censured. God created us with minds of our own and intended that we should use them whenever the necessity arose. To believe everything someone tells us, without making any investigation of the matter, is not using our minds as they should be used. Neither are we employing them properly when we form firm opinions and pass judgment upon things about which we know nothing.

I have shown many times that a questioning attitude with a mind open to receive what may be presented will allow our loved ones in Spirit to come to us and prove their identity. Previous faith is not required; questions asked with love suffice. What I wish to illustrate in this chapter is the skepticism which no proof will remove, the unreasoning attitude which denies everything.

Some people seem to understand and accept Spiritualism as soon as they find out what it is. It is a part of themselves. Others accept it after a period of careful investigation and mental uncertainty, after irrefutable proof has been given them. Still others will accept it under no circumstances. They may be

curious about it and interested, but nothing is proof to them. It has become very apparent to me that a person must be born on a plane of sufficiently high spiritual development to be able to understand and appreciate the beauties and comfort of the religion. Others develop to this understanding through their contact with it. The rest are on too material a plane to comprehend its meaning. It is the last two of these classes which I wish to illustrate here.

Soon after I began giving public seances a woman came one night who among several others was a stranger to me. Not understanding my gift very well as yet and how important it was to those who were in need of messages from their loved ones, I paid no particular attention to the people attending my seances, although I did note that this woman came again the following week.

Soon after the seance started, a voice came to her and said: "I am your brother," and gave his name in full.

"My stars, are you dead?" she asked in astonishment.

This is all of the conversation I understood, because they soon began to speak in Danish, the woman's native language. After the seance was over, she explained to me that her brother, after a quarrel with her some years before, had left and gone to San Francisco and she had heard nothing from him until this evening. He told her he had just passed away two days before and had left instructions for his body to be shipped to her. He said it already was on the train and would arrive the following Friday at the depot. He told her he had left some insurance made out to her and he wished her to use a little of it for a very simple funeral, and the rest of the money to buy a house.

Needless to say, the woman was completely bewildered. Returning home, she told her husband what had happened.

He merely laughed at her and said she was crazy.

Everything, however, turned out exactly as her brother had told her—the body arrived at the time and place he said it would, the insurance came, and then she asked her husband if he believed in her Spirit friends.

He said that he did not.

Finally she brought him to several seances, but he was unconvinced. At the close of the fourth seance he attended, I said: "Is there anything I can do to convince you of the truth of communication with your Spirit friends?"

(This shows how young and ignorant I was at this time. It is impossible to convince anyone of something he does not wish to understand and has not development enough to comprehend.)

The man said: "Yes"; if I would hold a seance at his home and use a trumpet he would provide.

I agreed to do this.

When I arrived, I found a great cumbersome horn he evidently had made himself, so heavy I doubted that my Spirit friends could use it. He asked me to go into a bedroom with his wife and daughter, remove my clothes, and put on some of his wife's. I did so, and when I came out, I looked a sight. I was a slim young girl, and his wife a woman weighing about two hundred pounds. Nevertheless I was willing to do anything to help people to an understanding of my beloved Spirit



friends. He asked me to sit next to him, which I did, in order that he would know if I moved. The seance started and the first thing to happen was for that heavy horn to come down on his head with a bang. I was pleasantly surprised to find my Guides could use the thing. He was surprised also, but not so pleasantly. Then a voice said: "Charlie, I am your mother and I am glad to speak to you."

The reply was something like this: "If you are my mother, you can tell me my complete name, where I was born, and how old I am."

(A beautiful welcome to give one's mother who came out of love to greet her son.)

His mother said: "All right, I will tell you what you ask, but you will not like it."

She gave his names, of which he had four, she told him where he was born and gave his correct age. This last was the thing she predicted he would not like. For twenty-five years of married life he had posed to his wife as being five years younger than he really was. He had forgotten this, and his mother gave his correct age. At first he denied she was right, then admitted she was.

His mother then told his wife to send to the town in Denmark she had named as his birthplace and ask for a copy of the birth certificate.

(This was done, and when it arrived, it proved his mother was correct.)

After the seance was over, I asked him if he believed now.

He said: "I don't know."

He never attended another one of my seances; I can assure



you of that.

Some years later he became very ill and after two years of invalidism passed away. Meanwhile his wife came regularly once a week to the Friday evening healing class for help for him. He actually admitted receiving this help, saying he felt something around him which seemed to keep away the pain, but he did not know what it was. It became a habit to ask his wife how he was getting along and I did this one Friday as usual with the accustomed reply that he was getting along all right. When the seance started, the first voice to come said: "Well, Emma, I found the place and didn't need the card."

At first we did not understand; then we realized it was the woman's husband. He had passed away the preceding Monday and his funeral was held Thursday. His last request to his wife had been that she put my card under the pillow in his casket without letting anyone know she had done it. He told her he wanted to be sure his spirit would know the address so he could come to talk to her at my seances. As a further test for herself his wife had not even told any of us about his passing, much less about the card, wishing to see if her husband would come and tell her about it.

It is very evident that this man was a totally unreasonable skeptic, but his wife, after coming to my seances regularly for ten years and receiving test after test, felt she needed one more. Was she not a greater skeptic?

Cases such as this almost have convinced me that tests are not of much value when people really are not ready to receive the truth. No matter what their Spirit friends give them, they do not understand. They may think they do, but they miss the essential point. If a person is ready, a single test frequently convinces him and he sees the Truth and what avenues it opens up before him to a better, more useful, and happier life.

Once a gentleman came to a seance of mine who accepted nothing. He came again with the same result. After four or five visits I told him it was useless for me to try to help him.

"I do not see why. I wish to believe and have heard so much about you, Mrs. Cook, that I am sure you can bring me in touch with my friends in Spirit."

"In your present state of mind I can do nothing for you. You are so tight and unyielding when you enter the seance room that every spiritual thought sent in your direction bounces right back as though it were a rubber ball hitting a stone wall. You must bring more into the seance room than the wish to believe. You must bring a mind open to receive whatever blessings your friends may have for you, not a determination that such and such proof must be given you. If you really are willing to make an effort to do what I say, you may come again next week and we will make one more attempt."

Trying his best to bring the proper conditions, he returned the following week and the seance began.

"Cliff," the sound of his name spoken in a very low whisper startled him, "Cliff, this is Aunt Tine."

"She is not dead," he replied.

"No, I am not dead, dear boy, but I passed over yesterday. Call Nettie [his wife] and ask her."

She left, but Snowdrop explained: "This aunt lived in the



East and passed over yesterday. We will stop the seance now and I want you to go to the telephone and call your wife. You will find she has received a telegram telling her what we have just told you."

He called his wife and found she had just received the message as Snowdrop had said.

At a later seance Snowdrop said: "Cliff, you must not quarrel so with your wife. You must be more patient with her. Be as good to her as you can, because she is not going to stay on this earth much longer." Within two years cancer caused his wife to pass over to the Other Side. Then he knew why she was so irritable sometimes and seemed unreasonable.

This man had been going to mediums for years and never received any better results during all this time than he did in his first few seances with me. The very fact he was so persistent, however, indicated to me that the man probably wanted to believe the Truth, but just did not know how to bring the condition that would allow his friends and Guides to prove their existence to him. With his unyielding attitude it was impossible for them to get through to him with any convincing message. After I had explained the matter to him, he began to look at it from a different point of view, and this was all that his Spirit friends needed to permit them to bring him their proof. They always are most anxious to do this and fail only when the mortal builds such an impregnable wall mentally about himself that they cannot penetrate it.

Sometimes the Spirit friend finds it easier to give the proof to me in the form of a mental picture, if I may call it such, to

be described to his loved one. This usually is done when the passing over has occurred in a peculiar manner, a picture of which is sufficient to establish his identity.

This happened to a woman who had had no previous experience with a medium. She came unannounced, but, finding she was refined and sincere, I took her to the seance room. Possibly because she was a strict Methodist church-goer, her state of mind was such that for perhaps ten minutes nothing came. Then a picture began to take shape before me, a gruesome one. I told her I was getting nervous, that I saw before me a twostory frame house which then disappeared, the attic in this same house coming into view. I saw a man kneeling on the floor who had a rope around his neck.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the woman; "my husband committed suicide in our attic, and when I found him, he was on his knees as you describe him."

Her husband then came and spoke to her, his identity thus established without his saying a word. "It is too bad that we have to bring you scenes of agony and suffering in order to convince you. Mortals are so ignorant of spiritual truth that we have to show you such things. God never punished me for committing suicide. I had cancer and the agony was so terrible that I could not stand it."

Later her niece came. "I am here too, your little Toota."

She recognized this nickname, but asked Toota to show me how her passing had occurred. I saw the niece standing in front of the woman with a revolver in her hand and told her what I saw.

"Yes, she shot herself three weeks ago."



This woman received many more tests during the next two years in her sittings with me. Yet when a certain well-known man—the agent who was to attempt to bring some disrepute, by any means whatsoever, on Spiritualism because it was bringing freedom through truth and enlightenment too rapidly to those whose ignorance was the foundation and power of a large organization—began his machinations, this woman came to me and asked me why I did not come out and wage combat with him. "Surely, if this is the truth and our friends in Spirit really communicate with us, you should not fear to tell him he is wrong and can prove it to him."

Such was her line of reasoning, and, recognizing the type of mind, I contented myself with telling her that she would know very soon whether her friends communicated with her or not and also why I did not fight with the man. "If after all the tests you have received you still can have doubt in your mind, nothing I can do will remove it," I told her.

She passed over to the Other Side six months later, then came to me one night as I lay in bed and said that she now understood and was very sorry for me when people doubted!

I knew at the time that it would have been useless to try to explain to her that nothing can be proved to a person who does not wish to believe. She would not have understood. This man knew that the beliefs of Spiritualism were true; he knew that those in Spirit could and did communicate with those on earth. He had considerable mediumistic ability himself, and a large part of his success in his business came from that fact. I knew all this and knew too that when such a man chose to give money and notoriety preference over his conscience and what he knew to be truth, no one could "convince" him of anything. He had all the facts and made his own decision. The man who chooses to state that the earth is flat and to ignore all established facts to the contrary will not accept any further facts and be "convinced" it is globular.

Skepticism often is due to ignorance of facts and, when it is, cannot and should not be held to a person's discredit. After receiving tests or proof beyond controversy it is due either to mental or spiritual deficiency or a purposeful disbelief, usually with money at the bottom of it. The four cases mentioned here illustrate each of these reasons.

Another case of purposeful disbelief, due probably, I think, to a desire not to be burdened with moral teachings or restraint which she feared, mistakenly, her friends in Spirit might lay upon her, was that of a middle-aged woman living in Chicago many years ago. Her mother, a very worldly woman, was quite wealthy, but for many years did a great deal of sewing to occupy her time. She did beautiful needlework and expended all her talent on a pillow which she told her daughter must be put in her casket without fail when she "died."

Finally she passed over. All her money was willed to the daughter, and the latter obeyed her request by putting the pillow in the casket.

Soon after the funeral the maid employed in the family became frightened and left. A succession of maids followed, all leaving through fright. Finally an Irish girl came who professed to be afraid of nothing. After a few days she went to the

woman and said: "This house is haunted. Someone who died recently is bothered about something. She came to me last night and I saw her clearly, but do not know what the trouble is."

"What did she look like?" asked her mistress.

The maid described the woman's mother and said they would have to get a medium to find out what was the trouble. Neither was a Spiritualist, but the maid knew enough to know that a medium was necessary. "If I go to church, I expect my priest to be there to conduct the service. If I want to talk to Spirits, I look for a medium," was the way she put it.

They heard of me and came over to tell me their difficulty. I realized it was the woman's mother who wished to tell her something and agreed to go to her home and hold a seance. The woman, her husband, and the maid were present. The mother came right away. "Why aren't you happy?" asked her daughter. "You were a good woman."

"Yes," said the mother, "but I find I don't need money in the Spirit World. I want you to have my casket taken up and opened. Take out the pillow I made and rip it apart."

They did not do this, and the maid kept seeing the mother. They came for another seance, and the mother pleaded with her daughter to open the casket and rip up the pillow.

Finally they decided to do so and found thousands of dollars in new paper money inside it. She realized after reaching the Other Side that she had no need of this money and wished it to be put where it would do good. "Give it to charity," was her order.

The daughter did as she was instructed, but said she wished

to have nothing further to do with Spiritualism. She said that she thought her mother should keep on progressing and keep away from her.

I could detail many other instances of skepticism, but do not think it is necessary in order to bring out the point that a person must have attained a certain amount of spiritual development before he can understand and appreciate the truth and the benefits of communication. Until this stage has been reached, nothing can convince him. I will attempt no explanation of the attitude or make any comments about those who have reached this stage, have had the facts presented to them, and then choose to say: "I do not care to believe."

PROTECTION OF THE SEANCE ROOM

THE HOLDING OF LARGE PUBLIC SEANCES THROWS A HEAVY 1 burden upon the medium and her Guides in many different ways. I have explained how sensitive a medium is to the vibrations thrown out by the people around her. Consider what this must mean in a crowded seance room where all are under a nervous strain, some very slightly so, others, the newcomers, terribly so! The number of people to receive messages at one seance multiplies the physical drain on the medium much more than private sittings because there is no let-up or rest until the close of the long seance. The Guides not only must arrange all the conditions necessary to establish communication, but have the added burden of regulating the conduct of the visitors when it becomes necessary and seeing that no persons or conditions are present that will disrupt the harmony or endanger the medium. In this chapter I wish to discuss the last of these tasks, which probably is the most arduous, for the Guides at least, because of the gross ignorance of spiritual laws of otherwise intelligent human beings.

One large seance had commenced, but the results were very poor. Spirit friends who usually came in strongly and

cheerfully could scarcely hold a conversation for a minute. I knew that something was decidedly wrong, but could not tell what it was. Finally after quite a pause during which no voices were heard, Snowdrop stood before a stranger and said: "Mister, why did you bring that thing you have in your back pocket?"

"I have nothing there," he lied.

"Oh yes, you have," Snowdrop corrected him. "It is a bottle of whisky, and no man can come into this sacred place, seeking his loved ones who have gone before, with any such thing as a bottle of whisky. We will excuse you, and hope, for your own good, that you throw the bottle away as soon as you get outside."

The seance recommenced after he left, and proceeded with its usual cheerfulness and harmony, the discordant vibration having been eliminated.

On another occasion the light had been put out, but the seance had not started, when Snowdrop stepped before a man and asked: "What is that you have in your back pocket?"

"My handkerchief, I guess," was his reply.

"Oh no, it is not your handkerchief, but a flashlight. You came here intending to flash it on our medium, didn't you? You don't realize in your ignorance that light flashed on her at such a time would render her unconscious for hours if it luckily did not kill her. Now, we shall not proceed any further with the seance until you have left our home. Kindly leave at once and take with you the two other gentlemen, your friends, who came in separately, pretending not to be with you."

I turned on the light and three men, all sitting in different parts of the room, arose and with hanging heads filed out the door.

"Honestly," said the man with the flashlight as he passed me, "I meant no harm. I carry it to light up my garage at night."

"You three gentlemen all getting up together is sufficient evidence of the plan my Guide exposed. Kindly do not return."

This flashing of a light on a medium is the most dangerous thing she must face in her work. It is the first and foremost thought in the mind of every critic and "investigator" of Spiritualism. In one way it is an excellent proof of the individual's mental development, as he shows by this thought that he trusts none of his senses except his physical sense of sight. He admits tacitly that his mind and mental processes are not on a par with those of the medium. He acknowledges that if trickery did play a part in any of the phenomena he meets, he would not be able to detect it except through his sense of sight. He thus exemplifies the findings of educators—namely, that a lesson can reach a child's brain through the channels of sight when it cannot be made to through any other channel. Thus his mental development corresponds with that of the backward child which must see everything before it can grasp it. The man of brains who exercises his mind with many more than the proverbial single daily thought process has sufficient confidence in himself to come to a seance, sit in the dark, and allow his Spirit friends to convince him by appealing to his reason. Practically every case mentioned in this book contains

at least one test which would appeal to the reason of anyone who was able to use his mind in a logical thought process, and shows that such tests are given without end.

Throwing a bright light on a medium during the course of a seance is the work of a moron, for the reason just given; of a coward, because no chance is given the medium to defend herself from injury; and of a selfish fool, because no good possibly could be obtained by the act.

After the damage has been done, the fool will say: "I did not know that a light could hurt her." After all the precautions he sees are made to prevent the ingress of light into the seance room, he should have sense enough not to produce any light himself until he finds out whether it would do harm or not, but of course an individual of this mental caliber is incapable of reasoning to such a conclusion.

Would such a man go into the developing-room of one of the major motion-picture companies and turn on a white light while the original negative of a super-production was being handled? And if he did, what would happen to him? Yet the loss would be only that of a picture, representing, it is true, a large amount of money, time, and brains, but not, as with a medium, at the least great pain to a human being, at the most the death of a human being. Would a fool like this go into a research laboratory of the General Electric Company and throw switches at random? What would happen if he did so in the section where high-voltage work is being done?

Why would not a person do these two things? Is it because he knows better and might do harm? No. It is because he knows he would be punished severely in some form or other. Plenty of people would delight in spoiling a negative just for the excitement if they knew they would not be punished. Plenty of people would throw a switch in a power-house, knowing it would ruin an expensive generator, if they could do so without punishment. That is why I say such a man is a coward to throw a light on a medium. He knows of no punishment for his act. He is interfering with a natural law, however, and will find there is a penalty, and a most severe one, when he reaches the Other Side, as he usually will in a very short time.

To protect the seance room and the right of a medium to hold seances, it has been necessary several times for me to undergo arrest at the hands of the police both in Chicago and in New York.

On one occasion in Chicago two strange women appeared at my door and asked for a sitting. My Guides told me immediately that they were policewomen, but to give them a sitting. I did so and both received messages which they said were true.

They left and soon after I was served with a warrant charging me with the "practice of Spiritualism."

I appeared in court. In answer to questions both by my lawyer and by the judge the two women testified that the messages they received were true. One of the women then volunteered the information that she had observed a little door in the wall of the seance room and she was sure it was through this that my accomplices came to fool my victims. Questions by the judge developed the fact that this little door, about four by five inches, had been put over my light-switch and could be locked so that no one could switch on the seanceroom lights during the course of the seance.

The judge said that he did not think many accomplices could get through that door, and as the messages given the women all were true, he could not see where I had violated any law. And lastly he informed everyone that Spiritualism, being a religion, could not be interfered with and was protected by the Constitution of the United States.

The case was dismissed.

When I was arrested in New York, the authorities attempted to prove that I was a fortune-teller, but were unable to do so. My standing as a medium was upheld.

Really, my friends, after almost thirty years of public work, the apparent hopelessness of instilling love and gratitude in human hearts after bringing most wondrous blessings from the Spirit World, the persecution and battle undergone for the sake of bringing these blessings where I think they are needed, and the wrecking of my physical health from hard work and meeting conditions so contrary to the vibrations the Spirit World throws around a medium, I am almost ready to say that the work is not worth the suffering.

People hasten to a medium as quickly as they can when in trouble, but as soon as they are out of it, the medium is forgotten. When I was arrested, many of my friends appeared in court to assist me if they could, but they were a mere handful compared with those who have been helped by the Stead Center. After I was acquitted, many of the others came to congratulate me and to excuse themselves by saying they could

not get away the day of the trial or had been sick, or with other pretexts. They would not support me when I was in trouble, but they expect the ultimate in help from me when themselves in trouble.

I enjoy nothing so much as to give sittings to my few loyal friends, bringing them blessings which I see them enjoy and, by their work, deserve more, but to "cast such pearls before swine" does appear to be useless, as our dear Jesus found out so many hundreds of years ago.



SOME TIME

Some time when life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me; How when we called, he heeded not our cry Because his wisdom to the end could see. And even as prudent parents disallow Too much of sweet to craving babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes commingled with life's wine, We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink, Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this potion for our lips to drink. And if someone we love is lying low,



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Where human kisses cannot reach the face, Oh, do not blame the loving Father so, But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friends, And that some time the sable pall of death Conceals the fairest boon His love can send. If we could push ajar the gates of life And stand within and all God's workings know, We could interpret all this doubt and strife And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart; God's plans, like life's, pure and white, unfold. We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart, Time will reveal the calyxes of gold. And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where tired feet with sandals loosed, may rest; When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say: "God knew the best."



VOICES IN THE SUNLIGHT

The People, and they are many, who believe that communication between those who have passed through a change called death and us who remain on earth is possible, but is instigated by the devil cite as their principal argument the fact that communication takes place in the dark. The world from time immemorial has been taught that darkness is the realm of the evil one, and light that of God. Therefore it is not surprising that this view of communication should be held by some. Proof beyond controversy has been given them of the actuality of messages from their Spirit friends and they cannot be convinced of the contrary. As it is to the interest of certain organizations to prevent them from profiting by these messages, it becomes necessary, therefore, to instill fear into their hearts, and this is done by teaching them that it is the work of the devil.

Even if it were true that the manifestations of those in the Spirit World always occurred in the absence of light, I believe I have given a reasonable explanation for it. It is not true, however, that darkness is absolutely necessary, and consequently we can remove even that prop from the house of cards which selfish teachers call "proof."

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There is no darkness to those on the Other Side—light is eternal. Darkness exists only for us of the earth plane, who are not sensitive enough to perceive the light that is present. Of course it is true that the kind of light is different and is not perceptible to our physical sight, but it is there for those who can see it. I already have given examples of the effect of daylight on several physical and chemical phenomena and of the way it interferes with a seance. There is another effect which it has, and that is on the individual: it makes him tense and resistant to everything beyond his view. His sense of sight is functioning strongly and is bringing vivid pictures to his brain. Very little chance remains for the infiltration of other impressions.

Thus it becomes quite evident that a very highly developed and sensitive medium is necessary in order to make it possible for communication to take place in the light.

Let me pause at this point for a moment to say that when I make statements of this sort anywhere in this book, I do not want my readers to misunderstand and think that I am given to self-praise. I am doing my best to state facts and nothing else and I take absolutely no credit to myself for my mediumistic development. This is a gift from God and my Guides, and if I have been able to increase my sensitiveness and power by my efforts to live a life worthy of my gift, I am glad that I can bring just that much more help to the world.

To resume: a medium always furnishes by far the greater part of the power required to build up the Forces at a seance. Those who are sitting must furnish some part, but when the demonstration takes place in the light, and the power from the sitters is cut down almost to nothing, the medium has to shoulder practically the whole burden. If she is not very sensitive and strong, no manifestation occurs.

If I had secured the voices in the light but once in my life, I still could point with pride to that achievement. I have secured them, however, hundreds of times in the light, and often over long periods.

The method employed may be described briefly as follows: No attempt is made in any way to darken the room or prevent the ingress of daylight or artificial light. The sitter holds the small end of the trumpet toward himself, usually in his open hand. It rests gently, with the large end toward me, but the large end is not up to my mouth, or within a foot of my head. I usually hold the large end of the trumpet in my open hand, with my head turned from the trumpet, as all who are present can see plainly.

The communications generally are in loud whispers, but often singing will come through in a clear voice. Even the whispers can be heard for some distance. The singing could be heard for an ordinary city block or more if there were no near-by disturbance. At times the voices are natural and clear. They are what we call independent voices. This, however, necessitates an experienced and absolutely sincere sitter and the perfect harmony of the others present. The communications are as lucid as they are in a seance room. They are as complete. The identification is just as satisfactory. During one of these bright-light seances, sometimes as many as thirty or forty or even fifty voices will come through, each different. Perhaps four or five will sing.

I repeat that these communications often are held in bright light, contrary to the theories of the opponents of our great Truth, some of whom decry our work as trickery and rank fraud, and others again as the manifestation of satanic forces.

There is little that can silence the critics, however. I can hear many at this moment say: "Yes, she holds the large end of the trumpet near her. The small end is near the sitter. It is very simple indeed for a ventriloquist to throw his or her voice, especially as a whisper which is not easy to identify, in the direction of that sitter, causing him to believe that it comes through the trumpet."

I expected that, and therefore I shall present a further illustration that will make such an explanation most difficult of acceptance.

In the Stead Center in Chicago, which was located on Grant Place, we had a large living-room, which was used as a meetingroom, the dimensions of which were about thirty-two feet by eighteen feet. This room faced on the street and had numerous windows, sufficient to flood it with light. It had windows on the north or street side, and on the east side, overlooking the entrance to the Center. There was a large doorway near the west end of the room, opening into the library. A larger doorway near the east end of this room opened into the reception hall, from which the stairs led to the seance room, and other rooms, on the second floor. There was a fireplace in the west end of this room, the west wall being the outside wall.

We have held tests here for our own satisfaction which would rather disconcert our critics. I use the word "tests," however, in a different sense from usual. These were not tests or experiments in the sense of trying to detect fraud. I believe that the conditions obtaining answered completely any accusation of fraud that might be advanced. Their purpose was to determine to what extent we could open the door and permit our loved ones to communicate with us. We tested ourselves, not my mediumship as a matter between fraud and honesty, or the Spirit World as a source of genuine intelligence.

A sitter has placed his chair in about the north center of this room, with the house lights turned out, but with the electric lights from the street flooding the room. It was so light that it was easy to distinguish the identity of every person in the room; newspaper print could be read with facility. In company with four or five others I stood near the east wall, and the sitter held his trumpet, the small end toward his ear, with the large end pointing about northwest, or away from me.

Not only did the voices come clearly, but they were so loud that we who stood some eighteen feet away could hear every word.

Not satisfied with this remarkable manifestation, we had the sitter move to the west end of the room and sit this time, for greater magnification of the sound, with the large end of the trumpet near his ear and with the small end placed almost directly against the solid west wall. The distance from myself and the others with me was fully thirty feet.

Again the voices came through so clearly and loudly that we in the east end of this large room could hear every word. Singing supplanted the voices at times—singing that could have been heard plainly by any passer-by on the street.

Now, if I can "throw my voice" this distance, without the



aid of any instruments or wiring or telephones, then I am several hundred per cent better than any ventriloquist on the stage and could make far more money for myself than ever has been donated to me as a medium, and with more ease and no criticism.

All mediums do not secure the same manifestations. One medium cannot get the same results with all sitters. As far as the loved ones on the Other Side are concerned, they are always ready to communicate. If there are barriers, they are earth-made or man-made. If there are climatic conditions that prohibit clear communication, then it is because such conditions affect mortals. They do not and cannot affect the other life. The lower never can command the higher, and those who have passed through the change cannot or will not come to us and manifest their presence and intelligence if we do not permit them to, or if we shut ourselves out from such glorious evidence of immortality through our ignorance.

One may say of these phenomena: "This would be remarkable if it were true. How do we know that it is true?"

There are persons in this world who would not accept an unsupported statement upon any condition. There are many who would not accept even the sworn accounts of scores. However, I present this as true, and there are today in the world thousands of persons who know that the statements I make in this volume are true. This number includes many prominent lawyers, judges, physicians, educators, ministers of the gospel, corporation officials, bank officials, manufacturers, merchants, and others generally regarded as sane.

Beyond all that, however, is this further fact that to me is

vastly more important:

What has occurred can happen again. This communication in the light has been secured by many mediums. It will be obtained by many more. It is as much an established fact that communication is possible and practicable in the light as it is that there is communication in any form.



OBSESSION AND IMPERSONATION

What there is no such thing as obsession by evil spirits or impersonation of our loved ones. The belief, however, in both these conditions is so widespread that we will consider at some length how it arose and why it is illogical.

Obsession implies evil and harm and is feared by those believing it is possible. Probably the easiest way of keeping people in subjection is to instill fear into their hearts, fear of the unknown, and keep them ignorant, because with knowledge comes release from fear. This has been the almost universal practice of all religions of which we have any record and has proved a very effective means of enriching their clergy and forming strong religio-political organizations.

After thoroughly frightening a man by horrible tales of the unknown, it is not hard to sell him the idea of protection in return for money. The narrator of these tales, calculated to inculcate fear, claims intimate knowledge of the method of combating the evil, and the power to do so, and undertakes to protect his victim as long as he is paid to do it. In order to assure a steady income it is necessary periodically to awaken anew this fear in the congregation, and thus a powerful organization

of professional fear-instillers (if I may use such a term), who are too lazy or ignorant to earn their living any other way, is built up and supported by those whom it has made its victims.

Since the world always has had those selfish individuals who care not what harm they do, provided they attain to temporal wealth and power, it always has had its great mass of people kept in ignorance and subjection by these individuals through fear, and in consequence has made very slow progress during the ages.

By what means has fear been instilled into man? For some reason the unknown to most people is fearsome, and, knowing this, the worthy gentry use it to maintain their power. They know that with knowledge comes release from fear, and therefore endeavor to keep their victims in as dense ignorance as possible. Because abstract ideas are the most difficult to prove, they have invented a force they call evil, and a devil to supervise and direct it. The devil is described in the most terrible terms in order to create as great an effect as possible. He is supposed to obtain his power from his dominion over an unnumbered host of evil spirits whom he may set upon mortals to suit his pleasure. He often is credited with more power than God, because it is maintained that even good people can be obsessed by these evil spirits if they fail to buy protection from the devil or to appease him.

Has anyone ever proved the existence either of evil or of a devil? We are taught by our Guides that there is no such thing as evil. God intended that there should be good only. On earth, because of ignorance, but only on earth, we frequently

have a considerable lack of good and have called it evil. It is this idea which has been seized upon by the professional religionist through the ages and developed into the idea of a powerful force, equal to, if not greater than, the force of Good. Through indifference and ignorance we are breaking God's natural law continually, and consequently do not attract the happiness and love we desire. Then we say we are visited by evil. We are not suffering from evil or anything else; we are suffering, it is true, but it is from a lack of something, the love and the joy which our souls tell us we are entitled to. Not knowing any better, we are inclined to listen to explanations about "evil" from those who claim to know.

It might be asked why God should give power to those on earth to do harm to others through their ignorance. He does not do this. Those who attempt to injure others create nothing but trouble for themselves. They may cause great inconvenience and sorrow to their victims, but the injured ones are repaid many fold usually on earth; if not, on the Other Side; and restitution comes solely from the one causing the injury. It seldom goes directly from the injurer to the injured, but the wrong deed seems by its nature to raise up a good deed of equal or greater force to counteract it, and the good is given to the injured. The injurer pays sooner or later for the good deed which God lent to his account.

Many people in their undevelopment think this idea of evil is of great help to them. When they involve themselves in difficulties, they find it very convenient to have such an idea to fall back upon. They can say the devil made them do thus and so, or, if they have heard of Spiritualism, can say they were

obsessed by an evil spirit. This proves so helpful to their undeveloped and lethargic minds and so convenient to their aversion for accepting any responsibility that they cling tenaciously to it without any thought of examining to find out whether it is true or not or how much harm it may be doing them. Through it they are missing much happiness that might be theirs and are not acquiring spiritual development, the only earthly possession they can take with them to the Other Side.

Every religion teaching Love and Truth and attempting to remove fear from the minds of men in order that the way may be opened for the entrance of Good and Knowledge for the soul's development has been fought most vigorously by these organizations fostering ignorance and has had relatively few adherents because few are those who will labor and fight for something from which they can see no monetary profit or which does not compel them to do so through the fear it inspires. Beauty seems to be something which everyone enjoys, but which few are willing to labor for without material reward. Many will work for anything from which they derive material profit or which they fear, no matter what it is, and will destroy Beauty in its name.

How can we expect anything but trouble and disasters on earth when men are imbued with such ideas? They create these misfortunes for themselves and must suffer until they learn to put themselves in harmony with God's plan. All this "evil" they talk about is nothing more than their own ignorance and failure to live as God intends we should live. If we lived in harmony with His plan, we should find that "evil" had no existence.

Nearly everyone agrees when discussing the subject that passing over from this life to the next involves an improvement and not a retrogression. If any sort of existence after earthly death is admitted, it is natural to regard this existence as an improvement over the earthly one. Life, whether on earth or in any other place, would lose all meaning if we continually were to be set back after working decades to improve ourselves. It would be a very foolish and pointless existence to labor and strive for years to develop our understanding and our souls only to be put back where we started after leaving this earth. We should be no better than human elevators, going up only in order to come down again. The organization of the physical universe shows such perfection that no seriously thinking person can believe for a moment that God would be so foolish and inconsistent in His organization of the souls peopling this universe.

Logic and all the facts in our possession show that a definite plan is in operation and that everything has its place in that plan. We do not know of its beginning or of its end, but we do see a continual progress in everything about us. When we labor with understanding and with love, we find we improve from babyhood to earthly death. Should not this improvement, in order to be consistent with any definite scheme, continue when we are in the Spirit World?

Believing, then, that passing over to the Other Side means progression, and that evil has no existence, we find that there can be no such thing as an evil spirit. There are many who have passed over who are ignorant and undeveloped, many who lived entirely out of harmony with God's laws and sought

to injure others while on earth, but all these now are unable to cause any harm or disturbance. God gives power to those in the Spirit World to do good only. It is on earth alone that He allows His souls to do much as they please in order to develop themselves. That is their earthly experience. When they have finished with that, they go to a world where they have other experiences, but power to do anything contrary to God's law is not one of them.

It is because of false teachings designed to instill fear that persons otherwise quite sane, living good lives and with no ulterior motives, insist with all sincerity that they are obsessed by an evil spirit. I will recount two cases, among many with which I am acquainted, which show how mistaken is this belief.

Answering my door-bell one day, I was confronted by a large, dark woman who had a towel wrapped around her head, giving her a rather wild, disheveled appearance. Somewhat taken aback, I asked her what she wanted.

She told me that she was lost, but when I asked her whether she lived in the neighborhood or not, she said: "Oh, I do not mean lost that way. I know where I live, but I have been abandoned by God and am possessed by evil spirits. I have been to many places, but nobody helps me. One woman told me to come to you."

I called in a neighbor, as I was alone and somewhat afraid of the woman.

After conversing with her for some time and making no progress, I decided the three of us had better enter the seance room to find out whether the Guides could offer any suggestions.

The woman asserted that she was not afraid of the dark or of a seance and, as soon as the light was turned out, proved it by becoming quite calm and rational. She explained that many years ago, when sixteen years of age, she had run away from a convent in which she was confined and believed now that the spirits of the nuns had found her and put a curse on her.

I told her that such a thing was impossible, that God did not allow anyone in Spirit to harm mortals. There must be something else causing her trouble.

One of my Guides came in and, addressing her, said: "There are no evil spirits around you. Even if there were any in the Spirit World, they would not be allowed to trouble you. You have been hurt. Don't you remember that six months ago you fell from a street-car and struck your head? This injury must be corrected, and when it is, you will find that all idea of evil spirits around you will vanish."

Leaving the seance room soon after this, I called up a surgeon with whom I was acquainted and described the case to him. I asked him to bring two or three of his colleagues and come to examine the woman.

Four physicians and surgeons entered the seance room with this woman and me and listened to my Guide explain that a small fragment of bone was pressing on her brain at the point where she had struck her head six months before. He said an operation was necessary to correct the trouble.

The four doctors held a consultation and decided to take her to the county hospital. A careful examination proved the need

Two weeks after it was performed, the woman had lost all idea of evil spirits troubling her. She had previously become so erratic that her husband had left her, going to California in his search for quiet. Coming back, after receiving word of her operation, he found his wife as she always had been during the many years of their marriage and resumed his happy life with her.

Another case was that of a gentleman who came to me one day complaining that evil spirits played about his head continually and caused pain in his nose and forehead. My Guides explained to him that there were no evil spirits about him, but that there was pressure on the inside of his nose caused by a growth which should be removed. After submitting to the necessary operation all idea of evil spirits left him.

These two cases, among many other similar ones I might describe, show that the idea of obsession can be caused by a physical disability and can be corrected by physical means. In the majority of cases, the claiming of obsession is nothing more than an excuse, as I have explained. In a few other cases it is believed in honestly by people who seek to ascribe some personal idiosyncrasy or erratic behavior to a cause external to themselves. These last should remember that like attracts like all through the universe, and, even if they are not willing to subscribe to all the spiritual teachings I have written down at the beginning of this chapter, that they cannot attract evil unless they themselves are evil. If they know that their daily

work is done with love and joy, they may be assured that good and happiness are the only things they will attract unto themselves.

I believe that the question of "impersonation" should be considered here, because many things said about obsession apply also to this idea. I have found many, many persons believing in Spiritualism to be of the opinion that their loved ones in Spirit are impersonated frequently by others whom they consider "evil spirits" or ones who love to play a joke on mortals. The teachings of the Guides attending the seances at the Stead Center are directly opposed to this. As progression takes place when the transition called death occurs, so also does God's plan prevent harm or injury of any sort being visited upon mortals by those in Spirit. Practical joking is meaningless entirely and consequently can have no place in a serious, orderly system such as God's plan is. Also, mortals raise so many barriers of their own between themselves and their loved ones in Spirit that God, if for no other reason, would pity them and not allow further barriers of misunderstanding to be raised by practical jokers on the Other Side.

Some serious-minded people will say that they do not think that their loved ones would be impersonated by others who wished to play a joke, but that the impersonation is intended to fool them. Please tell me what the Spirit World would gain by such a procedure. There is absolutely nothing possessed by a mortal which would be coveted by one in Spirit and consequently there is no reason why he should be fooled.

The only other reason for impersonation that I ever have

heard expressed is that the one in Spirit is so anxious to hold a conversation with the mortal because of his importance that friends of his will be impersonated by the Spirit. This reason is absurd and is given only by a person who is extremely egotistical and who, usually, has little cause for his egotism. Heroworship as we know it on earth does not exist on the Spirit side of life, and even if it did, anyone will grant that there are so many there who could deservedly inspire it that no Spirit would have to seek out a mortal.

The Law of Attraction prevents any impersonation by those in Spirit. When we come to understand this properly, we find that souls, whether on the earth side of the veil or the Spirit side, are attracted to one another only through love and from common interests. A person attracts only those in whom he is interested or who are interested in his work and seek to help him. Even should he be of such character that he attracts ignorant and undeveloped Spirits, God has so arranged it that these are not able to harm him or to help him in any wrong acts he may attempt. If you will cast out fear from your mind and remember that you attract only those Souls who love to come to assist you, you will find you will have no ideas of obsession or impersonation.

So far I have been considering impersonation from the point of view of those who profess a belief in Spiritualism. I should now like to say just a few words in answer to skeptics who claim that the medium impersonates their friends. To do this, and to give the tests which even skeptics admit are true, assumes necessarily that the medium is in possession of the most intimate knowledge possible of that person's life and friends.

How is the medium to obtain this knowledge? Strangers come to her who have made up their minds at a moment's notice to visit her and have told none of their intentions. To acquire the personal history of a mortal is, as we all know, an expensive procedure and one which takes a very long time. There is no such thing in existence as a card index of the intimate personal history of every mortal, and this is the only thing which would make possible any plausible impersonation by the medium of anyone's departed relatives or friends at a moment's notice. Even if such an index were in existence, the resources pooled together of all the mediums on earth would not pay even the running expenses of keeping it up to date, much less the cost of the original compilation.

Impersonation is impossible if considered as being done by a medium. It is impossible if considered as being done by a Spirit, because God's Law of Attraction will not permit of it. Considered from any point of view, it is not reasonable, because nothing good could be gained by it and those in Spirit have developed to the point where they do nothing at random. The idea is born only in man's earthly, suspicious nature and has no place in the Spirit World or among those earnestly seeking to live their lives to the best of their understanding of a loving God's beautiful plan.



HAUNTING

The Belief in spirits' haunting such places as houses and burial grounds is age-old and the proofs have been too numerous and have come to too many people to be dismissed lightly with an "Oh, those people imagined it." Haunting, however, always has been considered something evil, something that will annoy or harm man, and in consequence inspires fear.

This it should not do. As I have explained before, there is no such thing as evil; there is no harm coming to man from the Spirit side of life; only help and love. If a man while on earth dearly loved his home, spent many happy hours planning it and building it, and saw his children grow from babyhood to manhood and womanhood in it, there is every reason why he would visit it and linger about it after passing over. He would in absolutely no sense be earth-bound, as some people think. He appreciated some of the beauty of earth while he lived here and is in a better position to appreciate the beauty in his new surroundings. Endeavoring to console his loved ones and to help them, he is more than likely to try to let them know he is around by rapping on a table or any other object that will give forth a sound. Such a manifestation should be received

with thankfulness and with the prayer that soon strength for more beautiful evidences of his presence will come.

Other persons linger about their earthly abodes for a short time because they do not realize as yet that they have passed through the change called earthly death. They still go about their affairs as they did while here. The account of the landlord who came to collect his rent, although he had passed over, illustrates this point. (This is in the chapter on "The Other World.")

That those on the Other Side often are seen about cemeteries is not at all surprising. Those who passed with little spiritual development and understanding do not know what has happened. They follow their earthly body to its last resting-place and then linger by it, knowing not where to go and often thinking there is no other place. It sometimes takes our Spirit teachers several days to bring such persons out of the daze they wander in, and until this is done, it is no wonder that they may be seen about their burial place. Far from being feared, they should be pitied, and those people who are sufficiently mediumistic to see them should rejoice in their power and not be frightened.

Sometimes a place is haunted because a wrong has been done there and the one in Spirit is trying to correct that wrong. Until he does so, he visits the place frequently because his own development in Spirit depends upon his success. The following case turned out to be one of this type, and the man involved should not be considered earth-bound. He had a task to perform and he was doing it. The labors of many on the Other Side are concerned sometimes almost wholly with the affairs

of earth, for a while at least, but as all is part of God's universe, they are spiritual labors and contribute to the Soul's spiritual progression.

The term "earth-bound" should not be used indiscriminately, as it almost always is, but should be reserved for those in Spirit who so love the vices of earth that they consort continually with those mortals of similar tastes. It is to be remembered that they have no power to influence these mortals in any harmful way; they can enjoy the mortal's pleasure to some slight extent, but are powerless in every way over him. If such an earth-bound soul, after a period of years, refuses to try to develop himself, he is reincarnated, usually in a place where temptation to his particular earth longing is slight, in order that he may have every possible opportunity to improve himself.

Some years ago a house in Chicago, belonging to a wealthy woman, gained the reputation of being haunted. It was a three-story red brick building surrounded by spacious lawns. At that time such a piece of property in its neighborhood was worth a great deal of money, but this woman could neither rent the house nor sell it. It stood empty for years.

Finally I was asked to organize a committee to investigate and determine whether it really was haunted as reports said, or not, and if it was, to find out the reason if possible.

I gathered together a group of three men and a woman, most of whom were emphatic in their disbelief in haunted houses. The five of us went to the place and entered the building.

No sooner were we inside the door than we began to hear noises all over the house. The stairs creaked as though someone were walking up them. Sharp cracks sounded from many different places. We finally found that in a large clothes-closet on the second floor, we had partial darkness and could hear the sounds loudly. Standing in a group in it one of us asked: "Is there any dear Spirit here who would like to speak to us?"

The answer came distinctly in a man's voice: "Yes!"

We asked him why he haunted the house so that it could not be rented.

He told us that he had bought this house from the woman years ago and brought his wife and four children to live in it. She held an eight-thousand-dollar mortgage on it and told him she would be lenient and that he need not worry if he could not pay it when it became due. Being a hard-working, strictly honorable man, he struggled to meet the payments and succeeded until the mortgage itself fell due. He was unable to pay the whole of it, and, instead of being lenient with him as she herself had volunteered to be, she foreclosed. The shock and sorrow were so severe to him that they caused him to pass to the Other Side. He said: "I am not an evil spirit and I am not revengeful, but this woman did a very wrong thing. She is wealthy and had no need of the principal of the mortgage and should have renewed it. God gives people money to help others. As the retribution she can understand best is loss of money, I have been given the power to come here whenever it is necessary to prevent her renting the house or selling it for any amount near its value. I am guiding my children and they are getting along all right. People on the earth plane do not



understand that it all is God's earth and everyone has the right to live on it in peace and happiness."

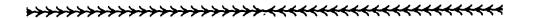
His story made the situation very plain and we left entirely convinced of the righteousness of his cause.

The woman finally sold the house at a figure so low that she lost much more than the amount of money out of which she had defrauded him.

Cases somewhat similar to this occur every once in a while and show that people do not escape the consequences of the injuries they attempt to inflict on others.

I believe that haunting usually occurs because of the love the one in Spirit has for a place or his friends in it. It should not be considered anything fearsome, and the weird tales about such places should be viewed as wild flights of fancy based either upon harmless facts or, most often, upon no facts at all.





THE JOY OF LIVING

by Ed. Hearne, inspired by SNOWDROP

I used to roam in darkness;
Tried to climb the steeps alone;
Tried to believe that life was cold and bare—
Till one day a voice I heeded,
Then no other proof I needed,
For I found that joy was everywhere.

Day and night that voice is with me, Teaching me just how to live; Giving me the things that I've longed for. Now life's path is strewn with flowers, Weeks and months seem but as hours, 'Cause that voice is with me evermore.

I once failed to see the beauty
Of God's flowers in the wood,
Till one day a face I saw beneath the bloom.
I now easily can trace
The magic beauty of some face
Within each budding blossom in my room.

Day and night those faces guide me, Show me joy where once was pain, 249



250 The Voice Triumphant

Lessons to me always they are giving. Since these voices came to me, And these faces I can see, I have fully learned the Joy of Living.



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INTIMACY

with the Spirit World confined to the seance room and the wonderful things her Guides can do there through her. I often have beautiful personal visions and also see and talk with those on the Other Side at any hour of the day or night. Sometimes, even though I am used to this and know it will happen, I am frightened or embarrassed at the moment, the absolute clearness and realism of the Spirit presence preventing me from telling that it is not human.

I received quite a fright one night in my home in New York. Because of an unusual infestation of mosquitoes I had formed the habit of retiring in the dark, depending only on what little light came from a street-lamp some distance away. On this particular night I was preparing for bed when my hand hit a man in the abdomen. In startled surprise I looked up and saw a large blond man smiling at me. I threw my gown around me and rushed downstairs, telling my mother-in-law that a burglar was in my room.

"Nonsense," she said, "no one could get up there."

"But I touched him and he was like flesh and blood," I exclaimed.

Finally I calmed down and, remembering that he had been smiling at me, I gained courage to go back to the room. I could still see him clearly, as he said: "I am sorry I frightened you, but I did not know I was not supposed to come wherever a medium was."

This impressed me greatly, and to the guests assembled at the next Friday evening seance I told my experience and described the man. While I was talking, a woman who never had been to any seance before began to cry. I asked her what the trouble was and she said: "You are describing my husband, who died two weeks ago."

Later in the seance he came to her and said: "You know that I am new here, and when they told me I could tell a medium by the radiance she shed all about her, I came to Medie Cook as soon as I saw her light. I guess I arrived at the wrong time, but I knew you were coming here and I wanted to prepare to greet you."

Another time, while bending down doing my "daily dozen" in the privacy of my room, I glanced to my right and saw a long pair of masculine legs. Hurriedly straightening up, I saw they belonged to a man whom I knew, but did not know had passed to Spirit. I told him that even a medium should be allowed a little privacy and that he should not come at such a time. He just laughed and stood there watching me as I continued my exercises.

While I was taking a sun-bath one day, an elderly gentleman whom I had known for many years and who recently had passed over came to me to tell me he wanted a party on his birthday and wished a certain kind of ice-cream. I told him I

already was arranging his party and that he might have waited until I had finished to tell me this. He said that he knew it, but was so anxious that I get the right ice-cream that he couldn't wait.

This same man came to me the morning he passed over. It was Christmas day and I was sitting at my piano practicing. Suddenly I heard someone say: "Please, Medie, play 'Lead, Kindly Light."

I began it and then saw him—he was a great lover of that hymn—build up beside the piano. "I am not sick and in pain any more, Medie. I passed over this morning, early."

A few hours later I received the telegram telling me of his passing.

A year or two ago in New York Dr. Senn came to me one day and told me that a member of the Center, a young man, was very sick in a hospital in Chicago. The Guides were doing all they could for him, but promised nothing. A few days later I went into the seance room, and just before I turned on the light, I saw him standing there. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. When we had a brief family seance a short time later, Snowdrop told us he had passed over at six thirty.

His mother's letter later confirmed this and proved he had appeared to me only half an hour after passing over. This is one of the reasons for my statement in another part of the book that I know a Spirit can manifest his presence to a medium within a few minutes of his passing.

I went to see my lawyer one day in New York about some papers he was preparing for the Center. Finishing our consultation near noon, he told me to wait in the outer office for a few minutes and we would go to lunch together. As I stepped out of the room, I saw two men sitting on a bench. Thinking nothing of it, I sat down in a chair and then noticed the younger man looking at me intently.

Presently he spoke and said: "Are you not Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, the medium?"

I told him I was, but that I did not know him.

"I was sure it was you because I have seen your picture in the magazine. Isn't it wonderful I should meet you here on my first visit to this office? Won't you come over here to this bench so that I can talk with you?"

I went over, and as I sat down, the older man who had been sitting with him disappeared. I looked surprised and the young man asked me what I was looking at so queerly.

I said: "Who was the good-looking elderly man who was sitting with you and where on earth did he go?"

"I have been here almost an hour and no one has been near this bench except you," he replied.

Then he asked me what the man looked like, and when I described him, he cried: "Goodness, Mrs. Cook, you are describing my father, but he has been gone twelve years."

"I don't care how long he has been gone, that is the man I saw sitting with you and I thought he was a human being."

The young man went on to tell me that he had thought of going to Chicago (where I then lived) to see me. He had been interested in Spiritualism for a number of years, but never had received any satisfying results.



"How wonderful it is that I should come into a public office like this with no such thought in mind and receive word from my father!"

He subsequently had many beautiful experiences.

A number of years ago in Chicago several of my pets were poisoned, one after the other. I could not find out who was mean enough to do such a thing, but finally suspicion rested on a neighbor, a woman who had expressed a dislike for me and my Truth. I could prove nothing, but not long after this she passed to Spirit. One night while I was lying in bed, she appeared before me and begged forgiveness, saying she had poisoned the little dogs not realizing how wrong she was to do such a thing.

A few months ago while I was riding in an automobile on a long trip, a woman appeared to me who years ago had attended many of my seances. I had not seen her for a long time, but realized she must have passed over recently. She seemed very happy and told me how much she loved her new home. A few days later I received word of her passing on the day I had seen her in the car.

The frequent appearance to the medium of those on the Other Side and her visits with them, as natural as with persons on earth, place her in the position of living in two worlds at once, and it is the beauty of thought and expression she sees on the Spirit side that makes the earth side, especially in its coarser aspects, so painful to her. When one has not experienced a certain beauty, one cannot miss it; but after having seen this beauty of the Other Side, a medium desires most intensely to bring as much of it as possible to earth so that others also may enjoy it.

VISIONS

THER SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OCCURRING TO ME OUTSIDE the seance room are the beautiful visions I have so frequently. They usually come when I am asleep and sometimes are difficult to distinguish from an ordinary dream, but usually they are so very clear-cut and definite that I have no trouble deciding. My spirit seems to leave my body temporarily and journey in the astral world, where it is shown some scene or experience, which almost invariably is symbolic. Sometimes, on waking, the meaning of the vision is quite clear, often it is not and I must wait days, months, even years before finding out its portent. As such visions always give warning or consolation to me or to members of the Center, I do my best to learn their meaning and interpret them correctly. As I have shown all through this book, my Guides and friends on the Other Side continually are at work consoling us and helping us, but sometimes it appears that they either do not know of some impending event or are unable to communicate it to us properly. Under such conditions I usually have an astral experience, and by receiving the message in that way I know that it must be important and deserves careful consideration. Such a beautiful experience, too, offers great consolation in time of trouble

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When I suffered a nervous break-down, superinduced by a case of ptomaine poisoning, I had two very beautiful visions, both before I became seriously ill with the complications that set in. All my life until that time I had been healthy, although I was very sensitive to disease because of the great drain my work puts on my vitality, but a short treatment and rest always brought me through in apparently unimpaired condition. For this reason I was inclined to overwork and neglect proper care of myself, feeling that a slight illness which I readily could throw off would be the worst result. I felt too that my Guides would protect me. They told me quite often that I should not work so hard and should take a good vacation each summer, but for years I never did, feeling that always I should be accessible to anyone in need of my services.

I have found out that I was wrong in several ways. In the first place I was putting an unnecessary burden upon my Guides. Effort they were using to keep me well could have been applied elsewhere. In the second place I was progressively weakening my system. Prompt recovery from illness was not complete recovery; some of the poison from the disease remained in my body and was added to by each succeeding illness. Finally, after it was too late, I began to take short vacations and tried to ease my work. I was able to defer the day of reckoning, but that was all.

Dining one day at a big hotel in New York City, I ordered a vegetable luncheon. It was very temptingly served and tasted good. As I started to eat it, I seemed to get an impression from a Guide of mine who was a doctor that I should not do



so; being hungry, however, and in a condition far from suitable for clear reception of a message from my Guides because of the bustle and confusion about me in the large dining-room, I thought I must be mistaken and went on eating. Soon after finishing and before rising from the table I became so sick and dizzy I thought I should faint. Not realizing what the trouble was and thinking the fresh air would revive me, I made a great effort to reach the street. How I got home I do not know to this day. I went to bed and stayed there for months. The ptomaine poisoning, caused by a spoiled canned vegetable in the luncheon, my Spirit doctor told me, was the spark that set off the whole train of sickness from the overwork and accumulated poison of years.

As I was recovering from the ptomaine poisoning and thought I was getting well, I had a vision one night. Both my parents are on the Spirit side of life. I saw my mother approach me. She looked at me for a few moments without saying anything. I asked her where my father was and she then spoke and said he was there too. "You cannot come to us yet, dear, no, not yet," she continued.

Then my father appeared, smiling tenderly at me, and told me the same thing. He seemed to have rich black dirt in a basket by his side and now began scattering this around.

"You must stay in the earth plane because you have much to do yet. Your work is unfinished and you must be brave and fight to get well so that you can complete it before you pass over. Do not worry, because you will come out all right; all your Guides and friends on this side are doing their utmost for you."

Saying this, he disappeared, taking my mother with him. The scattering of the black dirt was a sign that I had many things yet to start and to carry through before I should go to the Other Side.

The next day I talked this over with my nurse, but I could not see why I should receive such a message. I was recovering and felt that, as always in the past, I should be up and around in a few more days. I had many things planned, and no thought of not being able to finish them had occurred to me until now.

Two weeks after this I had another vision. A group of friends and I appeared to be standing at the edge of a bay looking across it at a beautiful large white boat anchored in deep water. It was so splendid that after observing it for a few moments I exclaimed: "Oh, we must go on this magnificent ship, all of us."

We saw a small row-boat near us on the shore and climbed into it. The others started to row while I stood in the center and watched the large boat. While some distance away, I saw the anchor being weighed and called out to them to wait for us as we wanted to go with them. As we neared the side, I saw a kindly-faced man, serene with the dignity of authority, looking down upon us. Instinctively I knew he was the master.

"Oh no, you are not ready for this boat, none of you. You cannot come with us."

Pointing to one of the young women in the row-boat with me, he said: "It won't be long before that young lady can come, but you yourself are not ready yet."

Exceedingly disappointed at not being allowed to go aboard

that splendid ship, we rowed sadly back to shore.

The next day I thought over this vision carefully. It must mean that the persons boarding that boat were those passing to the Spirit World and that our failure to get on it was a message saying that, no matter what happened in the immediate future, we should not pass over, myself in particular. Yet the master had said that one of us, whom he had pointed out, would be able to go aboard soon. This girl lived in Europe, and, while I knew she was not in the best of health, still I had no reason to think that she was dangerously ill. However, she passed over within a year.

A week after this I was desperately sick with a complication of influenza, nervous break-down, and several other things. I certainly realized now why I had had those two visions, and the message conveyed through them was so definite and inspiriting that I fought to get well, knowing that the time to terminate my earthly existence had not yet arrived. I must stay here to complete the work the Spirit World had planned for me to do.

Sometimes I have visions while awake, usually in the seance room. Such visions always refer to one of those attending the seance and almost invariably to the imminence of his passing to the Other Side.

On one occasion a man and his grown son were present at a seance. No sooner had it commenced than I saw a woman in Spirit build up near him. I described her and was told that she was the boy's mother. Then she rose slowly up, going higher than the material ceiling of the room. All the time she kept

her face toward her son and beckoned to him.

I said nothing about this at the time, but later, when alone with the father, who, by the way, was a medium himself, I told him what I had been shown.

"I hardly understand that," he said, "because the boy certainly is strong and well and has no appearance of one about to pass over."

I agreed with him, but felt that that was the only reasonable interpretation to give the vision. He finally agreed with me.

This was in December. The young man was taken sick the following February and passed over in a few days.

Another time a woman was brought to me by a common friend. The first thing I saw when the two of us entered the seance room was a coffin with this woman in it. Above it I could see a large figure 3. I knew that no other message would come or be of any use to her, so I got up and told her that I could do nothing for her. She was very much surprised, as likewise was her friend waiting for her.

Later my friend came back and asked me what the trouble had been. First obtaining her promise not to report what I should say, I told her of the vision.

"I thought it must be something like that," she said, "because I knew the Guides could give her a message."

The woman was young, quite healthy, and of the very strong type, happily married, and with three lovely children. She certainly gave no impression of one about to pass over, but three weeks later to a day, she did pass.

She loved her husband and children and for a long time was



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inconsolable. Finally she found she could help her loved ones from her new home and gradually lost her grief in her loving labor.

I know of a number of people unacquainted with Spiritualism who have had visions similar to mine. One of these is a Milwaukee school-teacher whom I later became acquainted with.

For years she had been an intimate friend of the principal of the school she taught in and of his wife. They had an only child, an extraordinarily lovable boy, whom she knew from the time he was born and whom she loved as much as any child which might have come to her. He reached high-school age and was a member of the class she taught.

One night she had a vision in which she saw this boy standing and gazing up into the sky. Following his glance, she saw a cloud which appeared partially to support and cover a group she took to be angels. As she was looking, the boy seemed to float up to this cloud, and as he reached it, he turned around to wave back to her, saying: "I am going to my new home. It won't be long now."

Waking up, she was so agitated she could no longer sleep. She realized that this must mean something about the imminence of the boy's passing and she prayed that he be allowed to remain on earth for a long time yet.

The next morning she sought out the principal and told him what she had seen. He was very much disturbed and interpreted the vision in the same way as she had done. They decided not to alarm the mother, but to tell the boy himself.

When informed of it, he smiled and said it was all the same to him; he was happy on earth, but was sure he would be in heaven also if it was his time to go.

(Remember that none of these people knew anything about Spiritualism. They truly showed remarkable spiritual development.)

One month later he was taken ill and passed over to the Other Side within a few days.

Two weeks after his passing I visited Milwaukee, and this teacher came to one of my seances. The boy was the first one to come in. He told her that she had been shown a vision a short time before to let her know that his time to pass had

This was a beautiful test which she accepted gratefully. She reported her experience to the boy's father, who came to the next seance with her. Both were beautiful characters and became steadfast Spiritualists.

Visions are most beautiful experiences and come to mediums, and occasionally to other people of some degree of spiritual development, when there is any necessity for them; when they can bring help or consolation.

EXPERIENCES OF OTHERS

JUST AS VISIONS COME, SO DO OTHER BEAUTIFUL SUPERNATural experiences come to people without the presence of a medium. For this to happen it is necessary for the person to be sensitive spiritually, although not necessarily aware of Spiritualism. I should like to recount a few cases where friends of mine have received such experiences as these, frequently when I have been far away from them. In this connection it will be interesting to refer to the minister's story of the woman of his congregation seeing two of her children who had passed over. This appears in the chapter on "Deception."

One night a young married woman was awakened, she knew not how, from a sound sleep to find a spirit of a man standing in the doorway of her bedroom. Considerably frightened, not realizing he was in Spirit, she attempted to waken her husband, but found she could not move or speak. This man walked round the foot of the bed to her side and said: "Don't be afraid of me. You do not know me, but I want to give you a message. I worked as a mechanic on this apartment building you are living in and never did anything wrong in my life. One day I was accused of stealing some tools and discharged. I want

you to tell them I did not do it."

The man disappeared, and as soon as he was gone, she found she could awaken her husband. Doing so, she told him what she had seen and heard.

They came over the next day to see me, and our Guides told them that it was true, such a man had worked there and had been discharged, the shock of the injustice causing him to pass over. They were told to go to their landlord and ask him about it.

He had appeared to this young woman apparently because he realized that through her his message could be conveyed and he could be helped to overcome his feeling of sadness. In a situation of this sort a man conscientiously trying always to do what was right will retain a feeling of sadness at the injustice done him and possibly some resentment if he has not developed past that stage, and almost invariably will visit occasionally the scene of his trouble. These ideas occupying his mind will retard his progress. The friends he meets on the Other Side, few, because he does not seek them, will try to help him overcome this condition, but may not have the power to do so completely. As he begins to understand what is necessary, he will seek it, and in this case he evidently realized that the young woman was in close contact with powerful Guides and not only would deliver his message, but also would bring him into touch with our Guides of the Center, who are used to teaching, not only mortals, but those on their own side of the veil.

This is what happened, because as soon as the story was told to Mr. Stead, he sought the man out and was able to explain everything so clearly that the man cast off his sadness and began the useful work and progress which his efforts on earth entitled him to.

(In this connection it will be interesting to recall what was said in the chapter on "Haunting.")

One little girl about two years old would sit on the floor and talk and play by the hour with two playmates she called Sarah and Marcella. No one could see anyone with her, but she acted as though there were. After this had gone on for some time and I had seen it myself, I asked her why she talked to no one but those two children whom the rest could not see.

In her baby way she told me they were two little girls who came to play with her from that nice place "pirit" and that they were twins.

Finally I decided to ask my Guides in the seance room and they told me the baby was right, that the two little girls were twins and did come to play with her. She even had their names right.

The sight a man had one time of a friend of his who had passed over to the Other Side was the cause of his first visit to a seance. Like so many people who have turned to this Truth as the only satisfying philosophy of life after so-called death, this man, who was an artist, was little short of an infidel when he first entered my seance room. He gave no thought to the morrow, had no belief in any existence after material death. He had a friend, however, who had been his pal from boyhood—a splendid fellow whom he affectionately termed

"Red" and who in turn called the artist "Charley," though Charley was not his name. Almost from babyhood these two boys had been friends; they grew up as schoolmates; they were boon companions as the years rolled by.

Finally the day arrived when Red's earthly existence was to end, and he passed of gastritis within two hours of the time he was stricken.

That day something seemed to come between the sun and the artist friend who was left behind. The light seemed to have gone out of his life. His grief was deep and terrible. Because he had no sustaining belief in any hereafter, he almost was incapacitated for business; the artistic touch had gone out of his work. He walked round doing his daily duties, but appeared as one in a haze.

Some three weeks after his friend had passed over, Charley was walking north on Dearborn Street-on the west side of the street—crossing Monroe, when he glanced up and saw, crossing the street diagonally toward the northwest corner, his friend "Red," smiling as only "Red" could smile. Bewildered, but believing his senses implicitly, Charley hastened to catch up with his friend, who had turned east on the north side of Monroe Street as soon as he saw he had attracted Charley's attention. Twice or thrice he caught sight of "Red's" tantalizing smile, but, as he was not overtaking him, began to run. In front of the Majestic Theatre he collided with a friend whom he had not seen for years. "Red" had disappeared.

"Why, old top," exclaimed his friend, "why this wild-eyed haste? You look like a man who has seen the supernatural."

"I have," Charley replied, and hastily recounted his strange



experience.

"Then," his friend observed, in a most matter-of-fact manner, "why don't you go where you can talk to 'Red'?"

"Talk to him?" Charley asked incredulously.

"Certainly," responded his friend, and proceeded to tell him about me and gave my name and address.

The next Sunday evening Charley came to my seance, and his friend "Red" was the first one to come in.

"Charley," said a voice in front of him, "this is Red. I finally got you to come to speak to me, didn't I? I wanted you to bump into Fred because he could tell you where to come, and when you saw me Friday afternoon, I was able to lead you to him. You see, old boy, you were all wrong about that death idea. You never stop living. God gave us life, and He never takes away anything He gives. He never takes away a dear friend or companion. Nothing ever is lost. I am not lost to you, even though you no longer can see me. Now, old boy, get back to your paints and your brushes and crayons and don't feel down-hearted. Get more of the love of God in your heart and you will find that your sorrow will leave you."

Thus was Charley introduced to his friends and Guides on the Other Side.

There is a professional man in Chicago who lost his daughter many years ago. Nothing else in all his experience struck him quite so hard as that. It was a crushing blow. He felt that the end of all things had been reached until he finally began to come to my seances. Often now he had private sittings. He held long communications with his dear one. His heart was hungry, and his soul athirst for more frequent visits from her, or recognition of the visits which she assured him he did receive.

Patiently he did all he could to develop spiritually, to strengthen the bond of love uniting him with his dear one on the Other Side. Father and daughter had understood one another fully. They had been the most intimate of companions.

Finally the time came when he both heard and saw. He saw his dear one as clearly as he had when she was in this world. He heard her voice as naturally. Often she told him things that still were to transpire. She helped him in his business. She gave him information about loved ones on the earth plane who were absent. She was a beautiful consolation and inspiration to him.

Such experiences as this man has indicate that he possesses a considerable degree of psychic power.

One family in Chicago, devout believers in our Truth, often reported unusual physical manifestations in the light. For example, in their home was a built-in china-closet at one end of the dining-room, just above a built-in buffet.

One noon they were eating luncheon when they heard a loud knock in the china-closet. Looking up, they saw an entire pile of dishes suddenly turned upside down-the bottommost becoming the topmost. Not one plate was chipped or broken!

At other times cups would set up a lively jig and keep this up for some moments, and yet not one of the other dishes would move.



A friend of mine in a restaurant one day was about to cut into a piece of pie when the pie without any evident reason flopped off the plate and on to the floor. Others near by, witnessing the strange freak, laughed and were greatly puzzled.

Later, at a sitting, his Guides told him that the pie was spoiled and would have poisoned him. There was no time to wait. They drew upon me, at a distance-miles away-and upon him and upon others for the force required thus to manifest physically. They prevented his eating the pie.

Another man, while riding in a street-car, felt a distinct nudge at his elbow. There was nobody close to him, but he looked round and saw a friend passing on the street whom he had not seen for months. The friend surely did not nudge him!

While a child, and before I was aware of the nature of the phenomena with which I was in such intimate contact, I knew of a case of Spiritual manifestation of power in the absence of a medium. At the time it seemed only natural to me, because I knew nothing about mediums. A man in our community willed his estate to his wife and asked her very earnestly and sincerely not to will it to a second husband if she married again, but to give it to certain relatives whom he named. He wished it to remain in his family as it had for several generations.

Some time after he passed over, his widow married again and for some reason or other disregarded her first husband's earnest request and willed the estate to her new husband.

She passed over to Spirit not long after this and soon was

seen by various people at ten o'clock each night walking in her garden. I saw her myself. Her second husband saw her and, feeling that he must have persuaded her wrongly to give the property to him, deeded it to those to whom the original owner wished it to be given.

This is another case where people might consider a spirit was "haunting" her old home. She loved her garden, as everyone in the neighborhood knew, but what she was trying to do was to correct the mistake she had made.

Soon after I started my public work, a woman came to me in great grief. She recently had lost her little boy, a child seven years old, and was almost distracted. Her child came to her and begged her not to cry so. There must be a reason for his passing and he wanted her to take joy in the fact that she had not really lost him and could talk to him whenever she wished. She seemed to feel, however, that she left him in the seance room when she went home. It was a pitiful case, and but for the fact that she could speak to him she would have committed suicide.

As her grief showed no signs of abating as time went on, I finally one day said to her: "Lady, you do not seem to get any consolation from this Truth; why do you keep coming to me?"

She told me that she longed to have her son come to her at home: then she could feel that he was with her even when she was not in the seance room.

I told her that if she had faith and asked God to allow her son to come to her at home so that she could see him, I be-



lieved that he would be able to do it.

I had become intimately enough acquainted with her, from her sittings with me, to be fairly certain that she had sufficient psychic power for this to take place.

That night while lying in bed and sobbing she prayed to be allowed to see her child. Suddenly he appeared in all the beauty of his new surroundings and, touching her, begged her not to cry, because her tears hurt him so. Except for this he was very happy and wanted her to be also. God had taken him to a better world, but allowed him to be with her to comfort and help her.

She came to me and told me what she had seen, and never wept again.

"Faith can move a mountain" is a saying which is familiar to all of us. How true this is was demonstrated to me I think most forcibly by the case of a young couple I was acquainted with in Chicago. The young man came to my seances rather frequently, his young wife occasionally. I have seldom met a more happy or loving couple than this one. They were devoted to each other, but in spite of this the young woman's parents, living in Germany, refused to recognize her husband because of his English descent. Appeals of their daughter fell on deaf ears. This did not make any particular difference, however, until the time when the young wife developed tuberculosis and was advised by her doctors to return to her native Germany. At parting her husband told her that if anything should happen to her while away, the only thing he wished was her wedding-ring.



She said that if she thought anything of that sort was going to happen, she would leave it with him, but he refused this, saying he wished her to wear it as long as she lived.

His premonition came true. She passed over, her last moments spent in urging her parents to return her ring to her husband, telling them this was the only thing he was asking of them. The ring never was sent. In my seances the young wife told her husband she was trying hard to get her parents to return the ring, but they were so obstinate she could do nothing with them. Finally she said: "If you have faith, dear, I will bring you the ring myself."

I told her not to bring it to him in my seance room, but if possible to bring it to him in his own home.

For almost a year the young man would sit by himself each evening for about an hour thinking of his loved one. One morning he woke up and found the ring on the pillow beside him. Careful examination proved it to be the ring he had given her. Much as she may have wished to bring the ring from Germany to this country to her husband, she would have been unable to do so had not he had such implicit faith in her.

Another very loving couple living in Chicago were entirely unacquainted with Spiritualism. They meant everything to each other, but finally the time arrived when the young man had to join his friends on the Other Side. His wife was inconsolable.

Both had led spiritual lives, and after a time power was given to the man to show himself to his wife, to console her and to prove to her that she really had not lost him. He appeared one night as she was lying in bed, weeping in her loneliness.

"My dear, God has been kind to both of us; he has given me power to show myself to you so that you will know I am not lost to you or even separated from you by any distance."

She was overjoyed and begged him to come to her often.

"That I cannot do, darling, because you are not a medium. God has allowed me to come this time, but it will occur very seldom. It is necessary for me to have an instrument before I can come whenever you wish me to and this instrument is called a medium. I will help you to find one, and then we can talk to each other whenever you visit the medium.

"God bless you, and remember I am with you all the time."

He disappeared, leaving his wife filled with a new-born hope and the realization her beloved had not been lost to her.

She never had heard of a medium before, but her husband had told her to find one, and next morning she began so early and searched so diligently that before evening she had my address.

She came for a sitting. The first message her husband gave her was to remind her of his visit two days before and to repeat what he had said then.

All of this was a most beautiful experience for a despairing woman and shows what the Spirit World can do for us if we live spiritual lives, developing our psychic powers.

One woman who came to me occasionally for a sitting lived some two hundred miles away. She had been endowed

naturally with considerable psychic strength and not infrequently would have some beautiful experience in her home.

One night she had what she at first took to be a dream. She seemed to see a neighbor's girl, a close friend of her own daughter, struggling in a river. She became weaker and weaker and finally sank beneath the surface. Then the woman seemed to find herself three miles down-stream in a clump of bushes which grew out into the water. Looking down, she saw the body of this girl caught among the branches.

She woke with considerable uneasiness and wondered what the meaning of her "dream" could be. The thought came to her that it was a vision, but she could not interpret it.

Three days later, in the afternoon, word was brought to her that her daughter had drowned herself in the river. Instantly she remembered her vision and told them that they would find the body three miles down-stream, caught in some bushes. She described the spot clearly. There the body was found, just as it had been shown to her by the Spirit World.

I have related these few instances of people having had beautiful spiritual experiences when alone, with no medium present, as another answer to those critics who maintain that the medium produces the phenomena coming through the seance room by physical means and who deny any spiritual agency.

Most of my readers undoubtedly have had personal experiences of this nature or have intimate friends who have been so fortunate and are aware of the help and consolation given to them by their friends in Spirit by this means. I



don't believe any of these will wish to subscribe to the explanation offered by some critics of these phenomena—namely, that they are hallucinations—because a normal person is quite well aware that he is not mentally defective and rightfully resents any such implication from some person his manifest inferior in spiritual development. Resentment is fully justified when a person on such a low plane that he is unable to experience or appreciate beautiful spiritual phenomena comes up to one who can and says: "It is all bunk; you are just a little crazy, that is all. You only thought you saw and heard a spirit, because I know that you did not."

The fact that Sir William Crookes, the great scientist, held long conversations with the spirit of Katy King, danced with her, and had many other Fellows of the Royal Society present when she manifested, and clipped a lock of her auburn hair, which remained in the material after she had returned to the spiritual, meant nothing to his critics.

They had nothing to say about Katy King, but much to say about Home, the American medium, whom they accused of being a magician. They centered their criticism on the physical manifestations of Home. They left out of consideration entirely the oft-materialized spirit of Miss King, or the fact that the child medium Florence Cook, entranced and in an adjoining room, could be seen clearly while Miss King manifested. They overlooked the fact that she told who she was in this world, and where she had lived in India, and that investigation proved every statement to be true.

There is nothing one-sided in this relationship between us and our loved ones on the Other Side. Our co-operation in the

form of faith and earnest endeavor is absolutely essential in their work of helping us. Faith is a law of God and has not been made by us or our Spirit friends.

Lack of faith and an antagonistic attitude are the fundamental reasons for the negative results obtained by many officious investigators of psychic phenomena. They set out with the attitude: "I know this is not true and that the results are faked and to prove it to the gullible mortals who believe in it will do some investigating. My negative results will show them they are fools to believe in anything of the sort."

Man-made laws may be evaded to a certain extent, but God's laws cannot. When God made laws which say that like attracts like and that faith and a belief in Him are necessary in order to communicate with those in Spirit, no mortal is going to change them just because he wishes to. Negative results are inevitable to such a person and prove nothing. No true scientist puts any belief in negative results. Scientists, because of their training and life spent in earnest investigation and research into the unknown, are better qualified to judge what constitutes proof of any question than any other class and they never accept negative results as proof. For untrained and insincere meddlers to do so and then be allowed to scatter this misinformation broadcast through the columns of certain types of newspapers is really an insult to the intelligence of thinking people.

For these same "investigators" to assert they can reproduce by trickery certain spiritualistic phenomena also proves nothing. The fact that a reconstructed ruby can be made so nearly like the natural stone that only an expert can tell the differ-



ence does not prove that the natural stone does not exist. The reproduction of the appearance and movements of an amœba by a drop of oil in certain solutions does not prove that a real amœba does not exist. Many results in every field can be obtained by more than one means. To show that two plus three makes five does not prove that four plus one does not make the same thing.

Do I hear someone say: "Why, such things are so foolish they are childish! Anyone knows that imitations, no matter how good, can never prove that the genuine does not exist"?

Foolish, yes, but that is exactly the sort of "proof" presented by most critics of Spiritualism. They rely, apparently, on the mistaken belief that few people are able to reason and will detect the absurdity of their argument. Personally I have found people, even those who have not had the advantages of schooling and are usually considered by certain classes of people to be ignorant, to be very intelligent and able to reason clearly when they can be aroused to make the effort. When they do not reason thus, it usually is due to lack of trying, not to lack of ability.

Even at their best, magicians reproduce only the simpler physical phenomena, and their work can be recognized by an expert any time. They never have reproduced, and never will, the consolation brought by the Spirit Forces to a sorrowing mother in the form of her loved and loving child. The supreme anxiety of the little one to greet its grieving mother and to prove to her its continued existence, once heard, never can be forgotten and cannot be reproduced by any magician's black art. Their few attempts of this kind have been such

palpable trickery that they would be laughable if they were not so tragic to the person being victimized.

In the next chapter I shall discuss another class of people, those who attempt to force the production of spiritual phenomena in the absence of a medium. They seek to command the Spirit World and God, although often they do not realize this. Magicians seek to duplicate by trickery the true spiritual marvels; the other class tries to produce the genuine. Both cause a great deal of harm, not only to themselves, but to the world in general, by giving it a false picture of the religion which can do so much good for it.

Psychic power and some degree of spiritual development are necessary in order to experience these manifestations of our loved ones in the absence of a medium. It is by means of the special power belonging to a medium alone that communication in the true sense can be had. The other experiences come seldom and never at any particular time nor just when we may wish them. They are possible only when great love unites the mortal with his Spirit friend or when some task must be performed.

I shall leave this subject with the reminder to my readers that one of the strongest supports of the doctrine of communication with those who have passed over comes from beautiful experiences the individual, unacquainted with Spiritualism, has, possibly only once in a lifetime, when no other mortal person is present.

SITTING FOR DEVELOPMENT

A question very frequently arising, especially in the minds of those who recently have become acquainted with Spiritualism and convinced of its truth, is: "Should I sit for development?"

This always can be answered in the affirmative, but all the conditions connected with it first must be learned and the proper attitude adopted.

Many sincere people acquire the desire to have frequent physical evidence of their loved ones' presence in the absence of a medium. In other words, they wish to be mediums themselves. This desire is legitimate and easily understandable, but, as I have said elsewhere, mediums are born, not made. The power possessed by certain individuals which those in Spirit can use to manifest their presence in a temporal way has been given by God and cannot be obtained from any other source. No amount of "development" can bring it to others. This fact is apparently unknown, or ignored, by the numerous clergy who say that if there was any communication between those in Spirit and those on earth, it would take place through "God's anointed"—themselves, in other words. They say that God would never let it come through any of the laity.

This is very true, the only question being who are the anointed. God never selected the majority of them for the posts that so many of them are not fitted for. They selected themselves and all their "calls" and "anointments" are man-made, not of divine origin. Those really selected by God to be the spiritual leaders and teachers of men are the mediums, the ones to whom He actually gives the power which the higher souls can use to bring knowledge, love, and consolation to the earth folks. Setting oneself up as a religious leader and arrogating spiritual knowledge and divinity does not obtain it for one and does not enable the higher Forces to use one to manifest their presence and their love.

Likewise, people with little spiritual development who set themselves up as mediums and claim this God-given power when it is not theirs do not obtain it, no matter what their claims are or what they think. The greatest force Spiritualism has to combat comes, not from its critics or the selfish folk who fear its liberating knowledge, but from those who, professing a belief in it, do not really understand it. It is a constant occurrence to have a new-comer, just beginning to comprehend what sources of beauty and love have been opened up to her or him through communicating with Spirit friends, say: "I wish to be able to talk at home with my loved ones; why can I not be a medium myself?"

From the love they bear her, her friends in Spirit may some night give her a beautiful vision as she lies in bed. Instead of accepting it with thankfulness and praying that she will be so favored again, she immediately gets the idea that she is a medium. Hurrying to some medium who may not have a great deal more development than herself, she tells her story and promptly is told she is a wonderful psychic and should sit for development.

She immediately "sits" and does not even wait for the length of time it takes a serious-minded hen to hatch a brood of chickens before she is "controlled." Stamping her feet, with loud mouthings she claims that a "spirit" is trying to control her to give an important message. More mouthings, then she announces that John has just passed over to Spirit. All the listeners then think of every John they ever heard of, but out of the dozens they recall, they cannot find one who has passed within the last five years. When this opinion finally is arrived at, she then tells them she was controlled by an undeveloped spirit and made to give a false message.

This is a sad, sad commentary on the spiritual development and mental and moral integrity of one who claims beautiful Spiritualism as her religion. That I am not exaggerating I will show by two cases below. I have encountered this condition so many hundreds of times that I have had difficulty in narrowing my selection down to two cases, but I feel that they will be enough to illustrate my point.

Some years ago in Chicago three young women, living together, attended a few of my seances. Soon they decided to be mediums, purchased a ouija board, and began to get "messages." It was wonderful! The rapid development of their power truly was marvelous! It was not long before they were "told" that a sister of one of them recently had passed over in Colorado and that they should go to the depot at two o'clock

the next day to receive her body. They were there at two o'clock, but no body came. Returning home, they consulted their ouija board and were told to go next day at two o'clock. The result was the same. This happened three times. The last time they found that no train came from Colorado within several hours of two o'clock.

Finally they decided to call me up and ask for an explanation. One girl telephoned me and told me that they had received word to meet the body of the sister of one of them, but had failed to find any body after three attempts. She wanted me to ask the Guides what all this meant.

As she made no mention of the source of her "message," I, without giving the matter any particular thought, assumed they had had a letter or telegram and went into the seance room for advice. Pat told me he already had been to Colorado and had found the girl whose body they were looking for healthier and happier than she ever had been before. She was writing a letter to her sister at the time and this should be received the following Friday morning. Pat said they surely were mixed up somehow.

I phoned them what Pat had told me.

They seemed doubtful, but with Friday came the letter. All three came over that afternoon to see me, and then it was that I learned the source of their previous "messages."

For their own good I took them to task for thinking they could receive messages from the Spirit World by themselves when none of them were mediums and none of them understood even the fundamentals of the law of communication. They were playing with forces about which they knew noth-



ing. Was I teaching them anything? They informed me that an undeveloped spirit had controlled the ouija board and given the false messages. They knew more about it than I did and could give me information which my Guides could not.

The second case shows how badly a person can be misjudged and how much misunderstanding can be caused by these so-called "messages."

One summer I paid a visit to a family in the Catskills. They claimed to be Spiritualists and had attended several of my seances in New York. Upon their invitation I went to their home for a few days. There I found out that the woman was developing into a great medium. In fact, I was informed confidentially by her husband that she was going to have the power to get the Voices in the light whenever she held a seance. Darkness would not be at all necessary for one with her strength. A true medium always can recognize another medium without any words being exchanged, but I failed to sense any mediumistic power about any member of this family. To make sure, however, I asked my Guides and was told that not only were they not mediumistic, but they were not even true Spiritualists. They believed in its phenomena, but refused to learn anything about its laws. They were well satisfied with their own interpretation and their own ideas.

The next year I had occasion to go to New York on a business trip and just before leaving mailed a short note to this family telling them I was starting for New York. I overlooked saying anything about the probable length of my visit.

I remained just two days and then returned in the company of a friend.

About a month later I received a letter from the man to whom I had sent the note and most properly was upbraided for remaining in New York for three weeks, holding seances for many people during that time, and then not being grateful enough for their hospitality of the year before even to pay them a week-end visit.

I could not understand his letter at all, but further correspondence developed the fact that through his wife's "mediumistic" power they had been informed of all these happenings and it was not until I told him to write to the friend who had accompanied me home, to verify my statement that I had been in New York only two days, that he admitted their "message" might not have been correct. He informed me then that they had just received another one through his wife which informed them that an evil spirit had given the first!

It is quite evident that no "evil spirit" would have given that message to the woman had I mailed them another note on my arrival home, telling how short my stay had been. There seems to be but one possible source for such "messages"—the mind of the person giving them. Would that I could make so clear to these people the harm they are doing to themselves and to the cause they claim to support that they would cease their imaginings and pray to God for spiritual enlightenment and for whatever benefits it is right and proper for them to receive! Then would they truly develop and be a credit to themselves and their religion.



These imaginary messages and the illogical behavior of socalled mediums have done infinitely more harm to the cause of Spiritualism than any outside agency. Thinking people coming into contact with cases such as these cannot fail to form a poor opinion of the religion professed by such foolish individuals. If this is the aspect of the religion which they encounter first, they cannot be blamed if they search no further in Spiritualism for the help and consolation of which they are in need. In fact, nearly all the criticism directed against our cause is based on such incidents. Our opponents, however, are at great pains to publish and emphasize this feature and cover up the good and the genuine parts with which they also are acquainted. They should be fair enough to admit that Spiritualism should no more be condemned for incidents such as these than Jesus should be blamed for all the atrocities committed in His name by the Inquisition. We cannot expect this; neither can we afford to indulge in self-pity. It strictly is up to real Spiritualists to clean their own house until it is beyond criticism, and not waste time and energy blaming their critics for the disrepute in which the world holds them.

It is my advice that all such things as ouija boards, planchettes, automatic writing, messages on slates, card-reading, crystal-gazing, and so forth be let strictly alone, unless by a highly developed medium, because more harm than good comes from them. There being no such thing as an evil spirit, the false messages come only from the operators deluding themselves. They are playing with Forces they know nothing about, and no good can come from such a pursuit.

Perhaps my reader now is wondering why I said at the beginning of this chapter that it always is right to sit for development, proper conditions being present. I will explain.

It is a fact that many persons possessing mediumistic power are unaware of it and could develop into mediums under proper conditions, but the majority are not so fortunate. One may have a strong desire to become a medium, and it is quite proper to try to find out whether the power lies there undeveloped. After learning the laws governing mediumship and other natural laws such a person may sit for development under the supervision of a strong medium in a sincere effort to find out whether the power is present. If it is, the evidence soon will come unmistakably. If it is not there, no evidence will be seen and it is very wrong and shows an entire lack of understanding of God's laws then to imagine oneself "controlled."

Few have mediumistic power, but all have some spiritual development. Everyone has a soul and a conscience. Probably the majority of people, certainly all who live a clean life, performing their daily labor with love and thankfulness, have sufficient psychic power to receive impressions and ideas from their friends in Spirit and once in a great while to have a beautiful spiritual experience. All this, spiritual development, the voice of the conscience, psychic power, and spiritual experience, can be advanced and strengthened by proper sitting in loving concentration upon God and one's friends on the Other Side, praying that whatever is right may be given.

Do not expect results that only a medium could obtain, do not be disappointed and discouraged when they do not come.



Fifteen minutes a day spent sitting quietly and peacefully, sending out loving thoughts to friends on both sides of the boundary, offering prayers for those in need of help, asking for spiritual knowledge and guidance, will bring a wealth of return in happiness and increased appreciation of the beauty of earthly life. The soul's development will be proceeding markedly even though physical evidence of it may not be seen immediately. Beautiful spiritual experiences probably will come more frequently. Help and assistance when in difficulty will be given promptly and strikingly from one's Guides. The wonderfully sustaining feeling of the all-pervading power of the Spirit World will be felt strongly, giving whatever strength is necessary to meet any trying situation. Without being able to bring to one's friends any manifestations possible only by a medium, nevertheless one may so develop oneself that personal difficulties and troubles can be solved and overcome promptly and easily and a happiness on earth attained which is possible only to those living close to their God and their Guides.

There is another benefit produced by the loving thoughts sent out during these little sittings which is seldom realized or understood. Several times I have mentioned the power for good or for harm possessed by thoughts. Good thoughts help the soul, wrong thoughts harm it. I also have said that wrong thoughts can harm no one but their author. They have no effect on the one to whom they are directed. All this is personal.

The power, in addition to this, can have a mass effect. This I have seldom heard mentioned or discussed except by the Guides of the Stead Center. They teach us that all the selfish, vindictive, jealous, and wrong thoughts sent out all over the world accumulate until they are cleared away by some calamity. Sometimes it is a storm, sometimes an earthquake; usually it is a war. Whatever it is, it is necessary in order to clear away the baneful influence which is holding the people away from love and happiness.

In a similar way all good thoughts sent out benefit not only their author personally, but accumulate to benefit all others as well. Be we, then, either utterly selfish or supremely altruistic, we should be the parents of nothing but loving thoughts of which we justly may be proud.

Sitting for development when it is done in love and with a clear understanding of its object is a most potent means of gaining understanding and happiness.



CLIMBING

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary, I climbed till my brain was on fire, I planted each footstep with wisdom, Yet I never seemed to get higher;

For this round was glazed with indifference, And that one was glazed with scorn, And when I grasped firmly another, I found under velvet a thorn;

Till my brain grew weary of planning And my heart's strength began to fail, And the flush of the morning's excitement, Ere evening, commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last gained round,
When my hopes coming back from the future
Were sinking again to the ground,



One who had climbed near the summit Reached backward a helping hand, And refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened, I took once again my stand.

And I wish—oh! I wish—that the climbers Would never forget as they go That, though weary may seem their climbing, There is always someone below.

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THE OTHER WORLD

UMANITY SEEMS HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAND beyond the veil, but only when humanity is prepared for such knowledge can it become universal. It is possible, however, for us to learn something about the Spirit World, even though our knowledge never will be complete. Our friends answer many questions about their world and their life, but do not answer many more because we could not understand them, nothing on our earth or in our experience giving us anything with which they could compare their experience. The picture the average man would have of a problem after hearing it stated in terms of calculus would be just about as clear as the picture we should have of many phases of life in Spirit if our Guides attempted to explain them to us. Our understanding would vary according to our previous knowledge and prior contact with the subject and also with the familiarity and advancement of our instructor. Considered from this point of view, it is not surprising that so many apparently different descriptions of life on the Other Side have been reported.

It is not the purpose of this volume to tell you about the spheres of Spirit or to enter deeply into the philosophy of the

teachings. (I hope, however, that you will have gained much of this rich philosophy, for the facts I tell you have been given to me from the brighter side of life, and frequently by teachers who long ago passed into the realms of the beyond and have made marvelous progress as students and preceptors.) I, therefore, will not attempt a detailed description, but will confine myself to certain phases of the Other Life with which I am familiar from occurrences in my seance room.

You may say that you know New York, but do you really know it? What is it you know—the subways, the elevated roads, the appearance of streets and buildings, the bay, the various boroughs? There are students who know New York for its learning, its libraries, its art treasures, its philosophy. To them the streets and the subways and the tall buildings are but incidents. It is the spirit of the city they know. Others know it as a place where physical pleasures and thrills abound. They know it for its chummy meeting-places and its excitement. Still others know the city for its spiritual treasures. They find that it has harbors of refuge for weary souls. They realize, too, that all cities—no matter how large or small—are in poverty when it comes to the truly spiritual things.

Considering all this, you will not be surprised to hear those from the Other Side tell you, variously and depending upon their experience, that the next world is the same as this world —or that it is wholly different. The person who is of the earth, earthly, still sees this world in passing beyond. One who has lived a spiritual life will comprehend the spiritual beauty of his new home. We enter the next realm as we leave this one. We see what we are prepared to see, and not all of us see the

same things, even in our own neighborhood on the earth plane.

"Why, I am right where I always have been," said one loved one. "No, there is no other world. It is just this world."

Another says: "Oh, this is gloriously different. We have no cities such as you have, but parklike cities of great size; beautiful and palatial homes; such flowers—of a beauty and perfume and variety beyond description!"

In a similar way one might variously describe New York. A person living in the lower East Side squalor might say: "Oh, New York is crowded and filthy and miserable." One residing on Park Avenue probably would observe: "New York is majestic and splendid beyond words." They speak of the same city, but unless we knew it to be the same one, we should have no way of so recognizing it.

To write about a world that is different from ours and yet coincident with it is asking humanity to believe something that the corporeal senses cannot grasp. I wonder, however, if it is half so important to know what the worlds to come are like (for there are successive stages of progress—all eternity is progressive) as it is to find out how to be happy here and to prepare for genuine achievements later on. In the life beyond ours the state of spiritual development is of greatest importance; locale is of smaller moment. How well the spiritual growth is faring is vital. There discerning of the state and stage of spiritual progression is clearer than it possibly could be in this world and much more important than the region where it takes place. While a thousand friends may tell us seemingly a thousand different stories about their world, they are only different interpretations, none of which could possibly

be a complete description.

To make all this clearer, let us consider translations from one language to another. Much is lost, because all languages do not have words that convey just the meaning that was implied in the original tongue. Therefore if a book is translated from English into German, from German into Spanish, from Spanish into French, from French into Russian, and so on, much is going to be altered.

Now picture a condition wherein there is no language of earth that can describe the scenes and facts of the land beyond. The Bible is filled with parables. Why? Because only through comparing spiritual with earthly affairs could the lessons be conveyed. Then there arose the danger of accepting literally what was intended as a figure of speech.

A similar situation arises in trying to describe the kind of life that awaits us. The loved ones attempt seriously to picture to our minds the condition, and we miss it. We are seeking to think in a language which we do not know. We are trying to understand something that calls perhaps for organs of understanding which we do not possess—or, if we do, which still are asleep, or not in use. It is as though one expected an egg to function as a bird while it still is an egg. Consequently, with these many efforts to describe conditions wholly unlike anything we have in this world, the dear ones do the best they can. The sum total is a collection of seemingly different descriptions. They are merely different interpretations—first, from those in various stages of progress; second, to those in various stages of development.

If organs had one hundred thousand keys, the variety of



airs to be played would be beyond counting. The world to come is as much an improvement over this, if we are developed to behold it, as the instrument with one thousand keys would be over the organs which we know.

To live each day to the best of our ability is task enough. We need not worry what the next world or worlds may look like. We shall see them one after another as we are prepared to view and understand them. Worlds at best are only settings for the most precious things in God's great kingdomliving souls!

Let us consider, however, a few views of the Other World: first that of the spirit newly passed over who knew nothing about the world to come, but who lived an upright life while on this earth. To such a one his passing is so natural and the world he sees seems so familiar that there appears to be no difference. There of course is a difference, and a marked one, in the fineness of vibration there, the peacefulness, harmony, and understanding, although to a casual observer this may not be immediately evident, and we can say that in physical appearance parts of the Spirit World may be so much like ours that one who passes over often finds everything so natural that he does not know he has passed. He continues to go about his business on earth in ignorance of any change and wonders why his mortal friends no longer pay any attention to him. He sees his neighborhood and his home as he always has seen them and, looking about him, sees a world which seems merely a continuation and part of the one he has left, and he realizes only by degrees that there has been any change. As he meets and talks with friends and relatives whom he long

has considered "dead," it gradually dawns on him that something must have happened. He may not believe them at first when they tell him what it is and returns to his mortal environment only to find his friends there no longer heed him. He may become even a little incensed with them for a while and unbraid them for their discourtesy, but finds he gets no response. Often his friends in Spirit find they can enlighten him most easily by taking him to his own funeral. As he views his mortal body and realizes he himself no longer is a part of it, he recognizes the truth.

To show how natural the Spirit World appears to a person in this situation I will tell about the landlord of a friend of mine. This woman, whom I had known for several years, was a physician and occupied a house the upper floor of which she used as an office and consulting-room. Her landlord was a fine old German, very thrifty, and in spite of being quite well off always collected his rents personally. He came around promptly on the first of every month and expected all his tenants to be as punctual with their payments as he was with his visits.

My friend had occupied this house for about two years when one day, as she was treating a patient upstairs, she heard a loud crash. It sounded to her as though someone had bumped into her dish cupboard and knocked it over. Rushing downstairs, she found the cabinet and dishes unharmed and, looking over the whole floor, could find nothing out of place. Considerably puzzled, she finally returned to her patient, but no sooner had she seated herself than she heard further knocks, and footsteps coming up the stairs. Out of the room she hurried again, but could find nothing wrong anywhere in the house.

The next morning she heard loud noises all over the place and decided to come to me to ask me what I thought of the matter.

Laughing, I said: "Yesterday was the first of the month, wasn't it? Maybe your landlord has passed over to Spirit, but came to collect the rent just the same."

I do not know what prompted this idea, but it occurred to me as soon as she started to speak.

"Why, yes, it was the first of the month," she replied; "I had forgotten about it because my landlord never came. He always is punctual, almost to the hour."

We entered the seance room a few minutes later and were greeted by Pat. "Yes, your landlord passed to Spirit three days ago, but does not know it yet. His friends cannot convince him that he has done so, and because your rent was due yesterday, he came to collect it. You paid no attention to him and he did his best to let you know he had come for the money. His funeral takes place today and we are going to take him to see them bury his body. I believe that will convince him and you will hear no more noises at home."

When my friend returned, she inquired of her neighbors and found out that the man had passed over and was being buried that afternoon. After the funeral she heard no more noises about her home.

Another case involved an artist whom I never had met on

the earth plane. He was a friend and the employer of the artist Charley, who saw "Red" on Dearborn Street, whom I have told about elsewhere. Charley came often to the Center and one Sunday evening had two friends with him, both of whom I knew. The seance began and the opening hymn was sung. As it ended, I saw a tall man standing directly in front of these three men, a spirit whom I had never seen before. He was smiling doubtfully at them.

"Well, you're nice guys," he began, "fine friends to let me stand here like a fool and not even give me a greeting. Say, what kind of business is this—a Sunday-school? Everybody sitting around in a circle, some with long faces, some smiling, and you three fellows with glassy eyes looking right through me as if you didn't see me. What kind of treatment is this, anyway?"

"Who is this speaking?" inquired one of the three men.

"Who the dickens do you think it is? Trying to upstage me this way? Why, even my friend there sits with that same glasseyed gaze. What's the matter with you fellows? You think it's smart, I suppose."

"How did you get here?" asked one of the men.

"How did you get here yourselves? I came every step of the way with you, sat downstairs with you, came up here and heard you whispering together, but couldn't quite make out what you were saying.

"I don't feel sick any more. For two days I have felt well, only everybody's gone back on me. Nobody I know will talk to me, excepting a few whom I have not seen for many years, and they act so queerly. It is said that when a man goes crazy,



he thinks everybody else is crazy. Well, I guess I must be off my axis all right."

"But don't you see anything you never saw before?" queried one of the men.

"No! Say, I go around and slap my good friends on the back till my hand stings, and they never so much as pass the time of day with me. That's all right, though; I always paid my bills and people don't have to talk to me if they don't want to. Only-I don't like it. I am as good as they are, as good as any one of you three. In fact, I think I am as good as all of you put together."

"Are you talking through the trumpet?" they asked him.

"The trumpet? Do you mean that tin horn standing over there? Say, that's all well enough for the men who call taxis after the theater, but I am talking, am I not? Do men talk through tin horns? There is that silly little pan of water on the floor; and that blonde sitting here in the middle of this strange gathering. I suppose she thinks she is queen of the May, doesn't she? There's a grinning Irishman standing by her [my Guide Pat] who seems to think this is a great joke. Well, it isn't."

"Fred, how do you travel around?"

"Just as I always did, mostly in street-cars and on the L. Only that is funny: I get by without paying my fare! Funniest thing you ever heard of. They never give me a tumble. One fat woman today sat down on my lap. Seemed as if she sank right into me. I thought everybody would laugh, but they paid no attention to it. I got up, and maybe I didn't bawl her out, but the big fat hussy never even begged my pardon. Nice

way to steal a gentleman's seat!"

"Where do you sleep?"

"Oh, what a lot of goofy questions. Say, where do you sleep yourself? Out in the garage, I suppose. Well, I sleep in my bed, where I always sleep. I guess my wife is sore at me though, for some reason. She just cries. I haven't been around home much lately."

"You never were—very much," his artist friend murmured.

"Is that so? Well, I'll say this: I don't care for a drink any more, or even to smoke since I got well. Funny how these things left me—just like ideas, or dreams, that weren't there after I got better."

"Well, Fred," one of the men finally said bluntly, "you don't suppose you probably died?"

"Oh, of all the star-spangled idiots. When a guy dies, he is dead, isn't he? Do I talk like a dead one? You boys are getting funnier all the time."

"But, Fred," the man insisted, "you go home tonight and look all around and see what you can find. Then learn what takes place at your home tomorrow at twelve thirty. Will you do that?"

"Sure, if you'll speak to me later."

"I'll speak to you right here again tomorrow night."

"I suppose the blonde will be here again, with her silly little pan of water and those two tin horns, and that laughing Irishman, and the others. Say, some of the others are peaches. Nobody I ever saw before can compare with them. I don't care so much, though, for a bunch of the others standing around giving me broad smiles or outright laughs. I am getting



blamed tired of that kind of treatment. Yes, I'll spend a few hours around home and let you know what I find out."

The friends bade him farewell, but before he left, he said briskly: "Say, there is one mighty funny thing. I was down town today, over to the office on Dearborn Street, and then walked down State Street. I saw twice as many people as Chicago ever had before, and blame me if some of them don't walk right through the buildings! They don't even stop to go through the doors!"

In later seances this man admitted that he guessed he must have passed through a change known as death, but he still did not grasp it all. As the days passed, he began to see what might be called an additional view of the world. Things looked differently to him, he met friends whom he recalled as having "died." He began to find himself and his work. He ceased wandering the streets. He had great love for his friends, and those who remained behind in this material sphere were able to help him just as much as those whom he met on the Other Side. Little do we know how greatly we can assist friends who have passed beyond!

For some time he came through in my seances even when none of his earth friends were present. He showed remarkable development; naturally, he was a bright man. In this world he had been a rough sort of person, evidently not choice in his language, but he was possessed of a mind above the average.

It is not easy for many people to understand that one enters Spirit as one has lived. The tree lies as it falls, says both Holy Writ and an adage of the ages.

Finally he found his work. His loitering days were over. It

is no more all holiday time there than it is here. There is work to do. Artists here are still artists yonder, some devoting their time to a finer and higher development of their talent, and others impressing young and aspiring artists in this world.

Whence come these inspirations of artists and literary folk? Do you know that many a novel has been written through the hand of an earthly author, without passing through that person's brain? The writer may sit and watch in amazement as a pencil forms the words, not knowing what is to come next.

Does this come direct by Divine Inspiration, or does God work through His children? We know in this world, for example, that a farmer plants his seed in the ground and tends it carefully. It is not God who miraculously causes the empty field suddenly to yield a bountiful crop. Man does his work. Man beyond the grave is man still and does his work in much the same way, the difference being that he is a trifle freer, and open to greater possibilities of development.

It took our artist friend some days to realize that he had passed through the transition. Those who will understand the reality when it comes through contemplation of this true story, but who may never have the privilege of similar seance experiences, still will have gained much. When they have entered the next expression of life, these truths will come home to them. They will know what has occurred.

Men such as this artist, once they have begun to learn more about the beautiful philosophy of life on the brighter side, become great helps to those whom they can impress on the earth side of life. Many a "change of heart" has come through the whispered impression of some dear one beyond the veil

who is opening the spiritual eyes of a loved one in the flesh.

There are more true wonders in life than we ever could recount or correctly guess, and every one of them is for the express benefit of the children of the Creator.

Let us now consider some of the differences between the Other World and ours.

The famous scientist Einstein speaks of the fourth dimension, which consists of time plus distance. These he regards, I believe, as artificial quantities, and if he does, he is more nearly correct than he probably surmised when he voiced his famous theory that few people are supposed to grasp.

To illustrate, there is the experience of a man who came to me for many years, beginning about 1909. One day at his sitting he was conversing with his sister and casually asked about his mother, living in Sweden.

"She was all right the last time I saw her," the sister replied, "but wait-"

Other loved ones then came and greeted him, and he was unmindful of his sister's absence until she returned.

"Mother," she reported, "is sitting in the chair that father gave her, spinning linen thread."

"When?" he asked in surprise.

"Now," his sister answered him.

"But Sweden is thousands of miles away, and you were gone just a few minutes," he protested. "What kind of transportation do you have there?"

"Brother," the dear one replied, "on a clear night, when



there are no clouds and there is no moon, you gaze up at the heavens and see countless millions of stars, and yet many of them are billions and trillions of miles away from you. You see them, nevertheless."

"Oh, certainly," he replied, "but there is nothing to obstruct the view of the stars, they are great in size, and they emit their own light. Mortals, on the other hand, are small, and distance has to be traversed. How can you do it?"

"As easily as you see those countless stars we see our dear ones and others on earth. It is not simple to explain. There is nothing in your experience that permits me to explain. You could not understand, because you have dormant faculties about which you know absolutely nothing. Yet we do these things easily."

Why should we doubt? In our own time we have witnessed the results of many remarkable inventions. Still others are to be revealed and today are known in Spirit. They must be known there before they can be known here. The real building, the actual planning, is all done there. It comes from the higher to the lower. We simply interpret, but our hands are guided just as our minds are guided.

Today it is possible to transmit a photograph by wire, or even without wires, no matter what the distance on earth. Is that any more remarkable than to learn that the dear ones have the use of faculties that are denied us? They have facilities, "senses," and properties about which we know nothing. In those respects they are different from us. In that degree there is a great change after "death." Even the murderer who is electrocuted recognizes that a tremendous change has come



over him, and that he did not die. Nor could the one he murdered have died. He has disturbing as well as sustaining thoughts.

Times beyond counting, my Guides and other dear ones attracted to my seance room have made these hurried trips often half-way round the world-and accurately reported what was occurring.

In the final weeks of the World War almost daily sitters in my seance room received accurate reports of the fighting and of the true condition of things—long before those facts were made known to the outside world.

I recall distinctly in late October 1918, during a private sitting of a gentleman, the Guides said: "We really have so much to do on the battle-fronts we can't stop to talk much. The Germans are being badly beaten. They are dropping by thousands. The casualties are countless. Every available worker on this side is doing double duty. This is the world's greatest war, and the largest number ever killed in the same length of time are coming precipitately into Spirit.

"Many come over still fighting, still filled with the red anger and hatred and fear of battle. All are disconsolate when they find that they are removed from dear ones on earth. However, it soon will be over—very soon, thank God! It is the most cruel of all human errors—the mightiest of all wars —but it has nearly spent itself.

"Only, for those who drop in battle, there still is much to be done. Their poor mortal bodies may be left where shrapnel or machine-gun fire has mown them down, but we cannot let them come here unattended. We have hospitals here—and

they are filled with those who are struggling to understand. Those who had limbs amputated are at a loss to understand why they have their limbs now. Those who were blinded marvel that now they can see.

"Often we have to keep enemies apart until they have been calmed and made to understand that on this side of the great boundary, here where the thought of eternity begins to be felt seriously and fully, there can be no enmity. All are children of God. All are friends. All are brothers and sisters throughout eternity."

One thing, evidently, cannot be emphasized too strongly: that progress on the Other Side is rapid and certain for all who wish to go forward. They have every possible opportunity to realize their desires, and the greater their effort, the faster and further they go. Almost any man whom you might question would tell you that of course those existing in any future life there may be are in a situation superior and better than we are who remain on earth. Yet almost innumerable have been the times I have heard wonder and doubt expressed in the seance room when some loved one has come and spoken in English instead of the language they used while on earth. A man offered as proof positive of the incredibility of a message purporting to be from his mother the fact that the message was in English! He said his mother could not speak English on earth. I dare say that he would have resented most forcefully any implication that his mother was such an ignorant soul that she was incapable of ambition and the ability to progress, yet his very statement meant nothing else. Most

people making assertions similar to this have usually been credited with a lesser mental endowment than was this particular man, but I myself cannot see any great difference.

The desire for progress is the basis of any civilization. Without that desire man still would be contesting with sabertoothed tigers for his raw antelope steak. We have advanced somewhat beyond that stage, and the further we go, the more rapid is our improvement. It certainly is not reasonable to suppose that the labors of countless generations of men have reached their acme and ceased in our present earthly state. Surely their work and development must continue when their souls quit their mortal bodies and find freer and greater expression amid their new surroundings. All earthly evidence points to continual progress. Progress is parabolic.





THE MEDIUM

Religious that there is need of an explanation about a medium's contact with her family and close acquaintances in daily life apart from the seance room, and feeling that this should be written from the point of view of the people surrounding her, rather than from her own, I have asked a friend who has attended my seances for the past twenty-two years to write it. From what he has written it would seem that a medium was the center about which her associates and their activities revolve, and the guiding and ruling individual to whom all must look for instructions. This certainly is not the feeling a medium has toward those about her, but intimate contact with her Guides gives her the knowledge of the proper thing to be done at any time which the others do not have. I believe that this has been explained clearly below and now will give his point of view of this relationship.

"The most vital part of Spiritualism, and the least understood, is the medium. As far as we on the earth plane are concerned, she is indispensable and irreplaceable. Without her we should be unable to communicate with those on the Other Side and receive the absolutely inestimable help and

consolation which they are so able and willing to give to us. We should not know even that there was another phase of life beyond this one and the change we call death. None of our great religions would contain its beautiful teachings of a future life if a medium had not been on earth to give this information to those forming the religion.

"God selects and puts on this earth a soul who is a medium. No matter how much we may wish for one or long for one, we cannot make one. If we need a new lawyer, doctor, or minister or any other specially trained individual, all we need do is to pick a young man or woman almost at random from the street, send him or her for a few years to a good school, and we shall have a quite acceptable performer. Not so with a medium. No matter how much the knowledge or the lack of it, no matter how sophisticated or innocent, we cannot make an individual into a medium. Years in college mean nothing, a lifetime spent in honest effort to alleviate pain or relieve want or in teaching what is believed to be true in religion cannot accomplish it.

"It behooves us for our own good to study the medium most carefully and do the utmost in our power to help her in any and all ways that we can. At the best our utmost is little enough for the benefits we receive from her, our insensitiveness rendering us slow and unresponsive to both her mental and her physical needs. Even when trying the hardest to help, we may say or do something which her exquisite sensitiveness tells her is not right, and this jangles her nerves as badly as a riveting hammer jangles our ears. She cannot help this nor control her reaction. In words this censure may offend

us in our consciousness that we were doing our best to help, but this offense we take is wrong. If we throw a stone into still water, we do not become offended because the little waves and ripplets roughen the mirror-like surface until we no longer can see our perfect reflection in it. We threw the stone and we know that we are to blame for the disturbed surface. All we can do is to wait until the disturbance subsides. In the case of the medium we can do a little more: we can keep on trying to help, using more care and intelligence to prevent doing wrong again and throwing ourselves out of tune with her.

"In what ways can we help a medium? There are many ways and I will mention a few.

"In the first place we always should keep our minds tuned as closely to hers as possible in order that chords and not discords may be struck when the vibrations meet each other. If we are thinking, ever so slightly, of any disagreeable or unhappy experience, we send out thought vibrations which will disturb the medium—and she must not be disturbed. She cannot tell what we are thinking about, but she knows that it clashes with her thoughts, which are in tune with the infinite. This discord will arouse a positive reaction in her: she may be short in her greeting or apparently hypercritical of us, but, whatever the reaction, it has been brought on by us and not by the medium and we immediately should try to find out wherein we are out of tune and correct it.

"We can help a medium by surrounding her with beauty in all its manifestations. Beautiful thoughts cost us nothing and should be the form of beauty we could surround her with

the most easily, but it seems to be the one form which we do not give her. Probably because she helps us out of difficulties so frequently, we fall into the error of coming to her with nothing but difficulties. Two friends will have words about some trivial matter; the more trivial it is, the more words there will be unloosed. If both were true Spiritualists, there would be no words in the first place, nor any misunderstanding. If they even had the medium's happiness uppermost in their minds, as they always pretend to have, they would not run to her immediately and agitate her with their controversy; they would settle it themselves as speedily as possible. If the various members of the household cannot decide among themselves whether two bottles of milk should be purchased or three, the question is laid before the medium. It makes no difference whether she may be sitting by herself in rapt communion with some loved one on the Other Side, or whether she is playing the piano, attempting to bring some of the sublime music of the Spirit World to the earth; she must be interrupted with the burning question of the minute. She never complains because those around her are incapable of assisting her in her efforts to bring beauty to the earth, but she is fully justified in resenting interruptions in her own efforts.

"Most people come to the seance room with difficulties to be solved or sorrow to be alleviated, seldom with bright and happy thoughts to be exchanged with their Guides. It is not enough that the medium must listen to all this unhappiness in her work, but she encounters the same thing with her friends. Personally I am very much afraid that if I were a medium I should have great difficulty in preventing myself

from becoming a pessimist. It must be that the beauty of thought she sees evidenced in the Spirit World is the force that saves her from such an unfortunate state. Greater and much more successful efforts must be made by us who are on earth to surround our medium with mental harmony.

"Because we fail so signally in surrounding our mediums with mental beauty and stimulation, we should make up as much as possible of the deficiency with physical beauty. Personally I advocate very strongly the giving of a definite sum of money to the medium for each unkind or sordid thought which comes to us, not with the idea that unkindness or sordidness can be evaluated by any monetary standard or can be atoned for by such means, but in order that she may have the opportunity to get at least an iota of physical beauty with this penance to counteract some of the mental ugliness about her. I am very much afraid, however, that the average income would prove entirely inadequate to support such a restitution.

"We should supply her with the very best home that we possibly can, the most beautiful furnishings, the most attractive grounds. If earthly beauty ever justified itself, it does in bringing happiness to a medium, who spends her life bringing spiritual beauty to the earth. Physical attractiveness brings joy to many of us, but such joy is personal only; it not often is of a kind that engenders further happiness that we in turn disseminate. We are gladdened by the beauty, but seldom are inspired by it sufficiently to create more of it ourselves. To a medium, on the other hand, the beauty is of definite and concrete assistance in her work of bringing happiness to others.



While she never sits in idle contemplation of it for its own sake, it, together with love and harmony, forms the framework upon which she builds.

"Another way by which we can help is to co-operate with the medium as much as possible in anything she undertakes. When she expresses an idea or suggests a plan of procedure, we should help her to carry it out, not start an argument by setting forth our own very inadequate thoughts about the subject or procrastinate until she believes we are unwilling to help her. Most of her ideas and plans are suggestions of those on the Other Side and we should do well to assist to our utmost in bringing them to consummation, whether we understand the reason for them or not. A reason, and a very good one, is there or our Spirit friends never would waste their time giving the thought to us.

"Does someone say here that the medium after all is human and must have some human ideas, which may be just as fallible as the ideas of other mortals? Suppose we assist such ideas, not being able to distinguish them from those of Spiritual origin, and find that our efforts have been for naught?

"Let us grant the existence of such ideas. It does not change in the smallest detail our duty to give complete assistance and co-operation to her. Failure on our part at any time is so disconcerting and disturbing to her that it causes infinitely more harm than a little work which we might possibly do uselessly. I have found out, however, that even if an idea she has given us and upon which we have worked proves not of the best, our Spirit friends through her correct the mistake by giving us the necessary advice and assistance to enable us to change it

until the results are of the best. To state this a little differently: you are gambling on a sure thing when you help a medium, whether with labor, money, ideas, or anything else. You cannot lose in the end, no matter whether her ideas are wrong (and this happens extremely seldom) at the beginning or not. Whatever the kind of help you give her, it is returned at least tenfold in some way.

"From a wholly selfish point of view, therefore, mortals should give to their mediums to the utmost of their means, as the medium is the source from which they may obtain their desired happiness. Even though their earthly joy consists solely in making money—something, of course, which brings no permanent benefit—the Spirit friends with whom they can be brought in contact only through the medium can assist them in achieving this goal. Personally, I am unable to conceive of any form of normal human happiness which a medium is not able to assist us in gaining and consequently am of the firm belief that we cannot acquire our earthly happiness, no matter what it may be, more easily than by supplying our mediums with the very best of working conditions, which are, as I have intimated, beautiful physical surroundings and the utmost of mental harmony."

Such are the views this man holds of the relationship of a medium to her intimate friends and to the world at large and he is correct as far as my experience extends. The people coming in contact with a medium often hinder her in her work, mostly through no conscious fault of their own, but simply because they make no effort to cast off the earthy vibrations with which they surround themselves. A little effort on their part would do this and put them in much closer tune with God and the Spirit World, to the great assistance of the medium and to their own good.



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WHEN ALOES BLOSSOM

by Snowdrop

You've suffered? I know, but Christ suffered, too, As a lesson in patience for such folk as you Who try and in trying are ever denied; You've suffered; remember, He was crucified!

You're criticized? Truly, you're not understood, As few can be ever whose mission is good. You've been bruised, and risen, to fall once again, And the love in your heart has brought little but pain?

I understand, and by that token know
That your cup has been filled to o'erflowing with woe.
Christ knelt in Gethsemane, prayed through the night,
Not for Himself, but for all that is right.

You carry a cross? Ah, He carried one, too, And is sharing the weight of the cross willed to you, And He leads you each foot of the trail that He trod, That trail that you'll follow; it's blazed straight to God.

Oh, the years may seem leaden, the aloes may grow; So bitter the aloes, the emblem of woe, But the aloes will blossom and happily flower. Be patient, so patient, for dawn's golden hour!



CONCLUSION

I come now to the end of my volume with some feeling of regret—regret that I may not have been able to explain my teachings and relate my experiences as well as they should have been. The beauty and the love and the consolation brought always by our Spirit friends to us from God is beyond expression. It is felt by the soul, but cannot be described adequately. I have done my best, but realize that I have not done full justice to my subject.

I expect criticism and shall welcome it gladly. All I ask is that it be given with as sincere a desire to help me as my labor has been given to help others. Nothing on earth is perfect and no person is infallible. One may do one's best, but several working earnestly and in harmony may be able to do better.

It has not been my purpose to try to convert my reader to Spiritualism. Nobody can make a Spiritualist or make anything else out of you—you make yourself what you are. My attempt has been to place before my reader as clearly as I have been able the teachings and the facts given by the higher souls in their ceaseless labor of love to help humanity live its life on earth to the fullest. Human mistakes and human sorrow never will be completely eliminated, but a clear understanding of the

right and of God's Plan as it applies to us will assist greatly in correcting the mistakes and assuaging the sorrow. It is inevitable that earthly death will cause loneliness in those remaining on earth, and this grief will be in proportion to the love existing between them. It is at such a time that a sincere belief in communication between those on both sides of the veil is priceless. All religious cant and high-sounding altruistic precepts then are feeble consolation compared with the simple thought: "My loved one is beside me and I can talk with him whenever I may wish to seek a medium." The feeling of loneliness may persist for a time, but the despair caused by the sense of irrecoverable loss is not present.

I wish to remind my readers in closing that Spiritualism is a religion of love and hope and does not countenance teachings of evil and fear or any others which hold man away from his God and his just happiness in earthly life. Contrary to other religions, it does not believe that man can be kept in the "path of rectitude" only by making him run after a sugarplum dangled in front of him, with the thought of the devil at his heels if he pauses in his treadmill flight.

Spiritualism has a very much higher concept of man-that of a soul having a definite place and a duty to perform in God's Great Scheme of existence. He will avoid error and wrongdoing if he is taught properly what error and wrongdoing are. He most emphatically is not created with a perverse desire to do wrong. He has come to this earth with love and in innocence, and only false teachings have misled him. His religion should help him by true instructions, not make his path harder by untrue preachments of fear and devilish horrors.

Our Master Guides have given us a word to signify the personal qualities we should cultivate in order to live our earth life to the best advantage—VANZIP. It is formed from the first letter of each of the following:

> VALOR ASPIRATION NOBILITY ZEAL INSPIRATION PRAYER

Cultivate these qualities and join them with Love and Harmony and you will make the greatest advancement during your earthly existence and obtain the utmost in happiness from it.



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SET UP, ELECTROTYPED, PRINTED

AND BOUND BY VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, INC.,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.,
PAPER MADE BY S. D. WARREN CO.,
BOSTON

