

WHY RED INDIANS ARE  
SPIRIT GUIDES . . .

MARION SKIDMORE LIBRARY  
LILY DALE, N. Y.



By *Frederic Harding*

# WHY RED INDIANS ARE SPIRIT GUIDES

By FREDERIC HARDING

---

Price, Ten Cents in America and Six Pence  
in British Isles.

---

Most people have been brought up without realizing how real and true is the invisible world which is in and about this visible world of ours. Most people never find it out until they themselves have actually become a part of that world which ordinary human sight does not know.

But to a small portion of humanity,—in one way or another—does come the truth about Spirit-life and its relation to the earth-life. That small fraction of knowing ones are very fortunate. It is a privilege to be among their number and to have the benefit of that rare wisdom.

Now when a person first contacts this truth, there always seem so many strange things about it. When Spiritualism is met for the first time, there are so many surprising new facts to be learned. This is because the ideas we were taught to believe all our lives were so different from the real truth.

Perhaps one of the queerest facts which the newcomer into Spiritualism meets, is the frequency with which there appear from the Spirit-side of life, members of a race of people which had not been thought about since childhood's adventurous imaginings.

Most men and women grow up in a gradually increasing forgetfulness of the original

natives of this American continent. But when they find out the absolute truth of the Spiritualistic phenomena, they are brought into a vivid and insistent relationship with the Spirits of the Red Skins. Indians are everywhere in mediumship. To be aware of Spiritualistic truth in America, and to some extent in other countries, is to be aware of the Red Man.

Now it is natural that the newcomer is puzzled and perhaps a little confused by all these vigorous Spirits of Indians who make themselves known. Not having thought about these people for years, the novice in Spiritualism wonders to himself why these Red Men and Women in the next life, are so much at home and so very strong in everything that is done at their end of the communication line in manifestations through earthly mediums.

Perhaps, too, some of us who have been acquainted for some time with the true conditions in the Universe as revealed through modern Spiritualism, may not understand this matter. We may not have stopped to think why there are faithful and amusing little Indian girls to make us laugh when we are getting too sad in circles and all those loyal, strong Braves in nearly everybody's Band of Guides.

Yet if we reflect upon and examine the history of the Red Man,—before the coming of the White Man,—we can begin to understand why all the communication through mortal instruments today is such a joy to these discarnate Indians. Let us look into it and see why things of the Spirit come so easily and naturally to the Red Man on the other side of the veil between the two states of Life.

The first thing we begin to learn is that things of the Spirit came very easily and naturally to these people while they were still in the flesh.

Before the white people landed and began spreading, and crowding the natives here in America, many centuries had passed by while these copper-complexioned folk had the whole land to themselves.

During the long stretch of time, millions of their Spirits passed the earth-term of their eternal lives here, in a way which brought them very close to Nature. Then they passed on to the etheric spheres of Nature with a marvellous knowledge of the expressions of the Infinite, to make the way easy and clear for them over there.

For all this great number of Spirits had closely studied and greatly loved what we call the "physical Phenomena of Nature." In addition, all this vast number of Spirits for generation after generation, had had a thorough idea of Nature's spiritual phenomena.

One of the chief characteristics of this race of people, all alone here with a whole continent to themselves, was their great love for their land and all it contained. They loved its superb scenic beauty. They were content with its frugal but sufficient bounty of food, clothing and shelter, which they had to win for themselves in constant struggle, making them keen, alert and active.

They loved their chance to be alive and thought it a blessing from the Almighty Creative Power which they spoke of among themselves as "The Great Spirit."

Until the white conquerors and missionaries arrived, the Red People never thought of God made as a Man who sat on a throne in

some far-off Heaven. They regarded the Infinite as a Power with an intelligence whose might extended everywhere into all things. They had no creeds nor clergy, no mythological systems of deities. They worshipped one God. And they called this Power that thought life into all living things, "Manitou" or in their tongue, "The Great Spirit."

God, to them, was Unity.

God could not be divided,—not into three parts nor into any other number.

Modern Spiritualism brings to us the same revelation as must have been brought, here in America, centuries ago to these primitive inhabitants. God is One; God is Infinite; God is a Power that thinks. The revelations to the Indians through their mediumistic "Medicine Men" agreed with ours of today through our mediums, for they believed that to the brave and worthy, God proved in the hereafter to be Love.

"The Great Spirit!" In all the religious history of the races of mankind, no name for Infinite Intelligence has been thought of which was better than that, for truth and simplicity and forcefulness.

What did all these Spirits of Nature-lovers, these out-door wandering folk, do when they found themselves separated from their old physical identity with the Nature of Earth?

Truly enough, they were in the Spirit World of wonderful etheric beauty, real in itself to their spirit senses. A Happy Hunting Ground with the joy of the chase but without the "kill." But still they had dearly loved that old America. They were still aware of it. Whenever thought-avenues opened to them which they could use to impress and so to mingle mentally once more with material

MARION SKIDMORE LIBRARY  
LILY DALE, N. Y.

conditions, they liked to use them. Furthermore, they tell us that it has always been the custom of the Angel Masters who act for the Infinite, to honor the Red Men in spirit with the responsible duty of acting as pickets or guardians of the integrity of lines of communication, once such are opened between the two worlds.

The Indians among spirit Guides must keep away from and out of the medium's aura and range of instrumentality, mischievous and trifling entities which are attracted by the light of an operating line of manifestations. Even more, they repel the entities, —singly and in bands who are malevolent,— and who would destroy the comfort and assurance that mediumship brings to bereaved and despairing humanity. Such exist!

The spirit Red Man patrols and keeps them out. As Mr. George Valiantine's Guide calls himself, they are the "traffic cops." Why? Because in all the history of the Red Man, despite false slanders, he was in the beginning before the white man tricked and corrupted him, the most loyal person to his trust. This trait of loyalty is recognized by the Spirit World and honor is done the Indian accordingly. And by this service to others, he is able to progress and to better his nature.

This liking of the Red Spirits to continue to contact their beloved country of earth, is very different from that condition which we call "earth-bound." The Indians are not bound. They do it because they like it. They do not have to return to or linger near their material surroundings of old.

Now "earth-bound souls" have lead such unworthy physical careers that their selfish misdeeds tie them down and hold them back

some far-off Heaven. They regarded the Infinite as a Power with an intelligence whose might extended everywhere into all things. They had no creeds nor clergy, no mythological systems of deities. They worshipped one God. And they called this Power that thought life into all living things, "Manitou" or in their tongue, "The Great Spirit."

God, to them, was Unity.

God could not be divided,—not into three parts nor into any other number.

Modern Spiritualism brings to us the same revelation as must have been brought, here in America, centuries ago to these primitive inhabitants. God is One; God is Infinite; God is a Power that thinks. The revelations to the Indians through their mediumistic "Medicine Men" agreed with ours of today through our mediums, for they believed that to the brave and worthy, God proved in the hereafter to be Love.

"The Great Spirit!" In all the religious history of the races of mankind, no name for Infinite Intelligence has been thought of which was better than that, for truth and simplicity and forcefulness.

What did all these Spirits of Nature-lovers, these out-door wandering folk, do when they found themselves separated from their old physical identity with the Nature of Earth?

Truly enough, they were in the Spirit World of wonderful etheric beauty, real in itself to their spirit senses. A Happy Hunting Ground with the joy of the chase but without the "kill." But still they had dearly loved that old America. They were still aware of it. Whenever thought-avenues opened to them which they could use to impress and so to mingle mentally once more with material

MARION SKIDMORE LIBRARY  
LILY DALE, N. Y.

conditions, they liked to use them. Furthermore, they tell us that it has always been the custom of the Angel Masters who act for the Infinite, to honor the Red Men in spirit with the responsible duty of acting as pickets or guardians of the integrity of lines of communication, once such are opened between the two worlds.

The Indians among spirit Guides must keep away from and out of the medium's aura and range of instrumentality, mischievous and trifling entities which are attracted by the light of an operating line of manifestations. Even more, they repel the entities, —singly and in bands who are malevolent,— and who would destroy the comfort and assurance that mediumship brings to bereaved and despairing humanity. Such exist!

The spirit Red Man patrols and keeps them out. As Mr. George Valiantine's Guide calls himself, they are the "traffic cops." Why? Because in all the history of the Red Man, despite false slanders, he was in the beginning before the white man tricked and corrupted him, the most loyal person to his trust. This trait of loyalty is recognized by the Spirit World and honor is done the Indian accordingly. And by this service to others, he is able to progress and to better his nature.

This liking of the Red Spirits to continue to contact their beloved country of earth, is very different from that condition which we call "earth-bound." The Indians are not bound. They do it because they like it. They do not have to return to or linger near their material surroundings of old.

Now "earth-bound souls" have lead such unworthy physical careers that their selfish misdeeds tie them down and hold them back



in spiritual darkness until a purging occurs slowly through higher aspiration and service to others. This is not the case with the red-spirits. With them, it is a matter of free will and of service. They have great spiritual power which is of the utmost use in the delicate "tuning in" which goes with setting up vibratory conditions which will admit of communication through mediumship. They delight in the ease and strength with which they can help. In a way, this service of theirs is glorifying God, for it is proving and expressing their qualifications which they earned through loving God's manifestations which we call Nature.

We white people did not treat the Indians very well. We broke faith with them, taught them evil ways and took their possessions. We now live on that land which they used to love. We are many. But as a result of the centuries of time that Indians lived here before we came, their Spirits are many, too. We have little idea how many there are. They have forgiven us for what we did to them or to their descendants.

Among us, they find individuals who attract them, who give their spirits congenial outlets. They attach themselves to these individuals, to guide and to protect and to strengthen them during their terms of earth-life.

So we get some idea why the Indians from the Spirit side of life like to enter into mediumistic manifestations and why they like to join bands of Guides.

But now let us see why it is that they do this so well. Let us see why the girls, or squaws appearing as girls, make such marvellous little "messenger" or "jester" guides

to dispell possible gloomy thoughts which might intensify the nervous condition of the sitters and so inhibit the functioning of the phenomena. And why the braves make such able pickets and why their medicine men make such strong resourceful healers. We shall have to look at their spiritual ideas and at their ways of living, in groups and as individuals.

To be rightly understood, the moral and spiritual life of the Red Men must be divided into two periods. The first is the time before the coming of the whites, when the minds of the native Americans were attuned in a simple and genuine harmony with the Infinite Spirit in all things.

The second period dates from the Indians' contacts with the white people from across the great waters. It is of the Indians of this latter period that nearly all our literature of Indian life has to tell. The stories show an increasingly debased type of people, different from the Indians' own stories of what their race used to be like.

In the first period extending for centuries was rooted and built up the spiritual strength and harmony of their kind. It is this heritage of noble appreciation,—of keen and clear wisdom of Nature in all her moods and aspects,—which gives to the discarnate Red Spirits their power and grace in our times.

It was the white man's greed, his abuse of the earliest trust of the natives, his false trading, his loose moral code, his inconsistent religious life, and above all, his "fire water," which gradually and inevitably corrupted, embittered and ruined the spiritual life of the Red People.

Of the countless thousands of free men and

women, worshippers of the Great Spirit, who were here before those tiny ships of Columbus arrived, there remain today but a few thousands of survivors. They have little left of the spiritual legacy which should be theirs, from those ancestors so close to Nature. We should not judge the Soul of the Indian, the Spirits we know through mediumship, by these relics of a formerly great race of mankind.

No, we must look back at the original natives as they were before their invaders spoiled them.

When the Red People lived alone in America, they had some beautifully poetic ideas about what the Great Spirit wanted them to do with their earth-lives and what awaited them after leaving their earthly bodies. They were, originally, generous, fair-dealing and spiritually humble. They lived the great maxim of Andrew Jackson Davis, "to hold an even mind under all circumstances." Especially were they silent. One of their wise men declared that the fruits of silence were "self-control, true courage and endurance, patience, dignity and reverence."

In eating and in all bodily indulgence, they were temperate. They used a great amount of hard exercise, especially at running and swimming. In their original days, they took frequent vapor-baths, which they managed by pouring water on heated stones inside of a wigwam.

They held a high regard for personal honor and for cleanliness of life and ideals and for unflinching bravery. Even after familiarity with the loose and deceitful ways of white pioneers had spoilt their standards, these traits lasted. They used to hold annual cere-

monies of a somewhat religious nature to impress upon the young men and women their obligation to their personal honor.

They felt deeply that material possessions held a menace to their prized freedom and to their spiritual ideals. So they gave away everything they gained or won until there remained only such things as they couldn't do without. Among the Red People, mean selfish individuals were despised and were held up as bad examples to the children. Those rare members of their tribes who wanted to spend their lives in one spot of ground, farming and collecting domesticated animals, were regarded with contempt by the true Indian.

To the orphans and the aged, the whole tribe would be kind. Although a reputation for bravery in fighting would be eagerly sought, that same mighty warrior, when at home with his squaw and children and old parents, was gentle as he smoked his pipe by his wigwam.

As they never locked up anything, having neither doors nor windows, nor strong-boxes, a proven thief was among them, an object of life-long scorn.

The great Seneca orator, Red Jacket, in his reply to a missionary named Cram, declared:

"We have a religion which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. It teaches us to be thankful, to be united and to love one another."

There is a certain familiar ring about these words, is there not? Not bad for a so-called "Pagan," supposed by the missionaries from Europe to be dwelling in dense spiritual darkness.

As children, the boys and girls were taught that their relationship with Manitou was

strictly individual. All their lives, they carried out this idea. The Indian nearly always worshipped alone, usually at sunrise or sunset. Apart from very rare occasions of ceremony, they did not worship in groups. The Red Man went to Manitou in solitude, because he recognized that the binding of his own Spirit to the Great Spirit was a thing with which no one else had anything to do. He knew that he needed no spiritual intercessor with his God. He needed no human mediator to plead for him. He and Manitou were always face to face.

In this, he was aware of a great truth.

Those white missionaries who, later on, called him "infidel" and "heathen," did not know this great truth that he knew.

Among the Red People, no one meddled with another's religious life. They respected the intimacy of each man and woman with the Great Spirit. Among all their many tribes and in all the wars into which their daring natures lead them, the Indians never fought over religion.

With a pitiful contrast to this fact is shown by the history of European races with their cruel struggles over creeds!

The Red Man had no temples nor shrines nor sanctuaries. Wherever he was, that place was where God was. The Great Spirit was ever near at hand, in all things at all times. Among them, nobody ever preached God, but nobody ever denied God.

When the Red Man lifted up his lean bronzed arms to the rising Sun, his rugged head thrown back, his keen eyes welcoming again the glow of Day, a few muttered words of invocation coming spontaneously to his lips, he was tuning in closely with the Infinite.

When he studied hour after hour, the ways and habits of every living thing,—animal, bird, reptile, fish and insect,—until he knew them all better than has done any other race of men in history, he was mentally vibrating as close to Mother Nature as it is possible for humanity to bring itself.

When he learned by patient search, all about the trees and bushes and flowers and more especially about those barks and herbs and roots which drove away sickness and were good for burns and sprains, he developed a lore of medicine.

This lore his healers were able to make stronger by their spiritual mediumship and by the co-operation of the spirit healing forces. For there were a great variety of wonderfully developed mediums among the Red People. The mental phases especially prophecy, were common and often amazingly true. The physical phases were powerful and proved how the Great Spirit was in everything. For the collection and condensation of the ectoplasmic discharge needed for levitation and for direct voice and for materialization, there couldn't be imagined a better cabinet than was made by a wigwam with its narrow slit of an opening.

Is it any wonder that incarnate spirits who had lived such lives of intimacy with Nature's truths,—when passing out of the flesh,—should make such able helpers in spirit communication through mediumship? Especially when we remember that these people when on earth had absolutely no injurious counter-interests of business or cities or collective scheming or confinement indoors in artificial occupations. Remember, too, that the sole nervous stimulant they had was tobacco.

It becomes easier to understand why we hear so much of the Indians in Spiritualism in America.

For as we have just hinted, it is a fact that the life of our modern so-called "civilization" with all its complex conventions and unnatural ways of thinking and living, puts Nature so far away from our souls that we who live it, suffer a great spiritual loss.

What are those powerful impulses we get once in a while to go off on a camping trip in the woods away from everything? It is the starved soul crying out to our consciousness for spiritual sustenance, for a vibration closer to the harmonies of the Infinite!

Yes, we who adopt the conventional modes of life, find that it serves best for the end of material gain and for soft fleshly comforts. But there are a few of us who realize how dearly bought, spiritually, are these goods of this world.

In his original condition, the Red Man had few settlements which might be called permanent, except in the far Southwest. The Indian of the forest and of the plain was by nature, a trapper and hunter rather than a farmer or a trader. He liked to move about. He wanted to carry as few articles of possession as he could do with. What little he could not dispense with, he packed on his pony's back, or it must be admitted, upon his squaw's back. But this was because he had to keep his own arms always free to use his weapons for defence or for killing game for food.

Now it is significant that when the original Red Man killed an animal for food,—he never killed for so-called "sport,"—he wished the animal's departing spirit a good life in its next condition, saying he was very sorry he



had had to take its earthly body to eat.

No, the Indian could not bear to be housed in nor to be confined to one place. He wanted to roam, to see this world which Manitou had made for his own Spirit to enjoy while it was still in the flesh. And so, sacrificing as a wanderer, the worldly benefits of accumulated possessions, the Red Man gained despite his hardships and privations, a rich spiritual harvest of power and understanding. So to some extent have done all open-air wanderers among mankind. Those who have lived where solitude and great open spaces were all about them and vast star-lit firmaments overhead, have always drawn close to the Infinite. The men on old sailing-vessels on long voyages became sensitive to Spirit influences. The shepherds of all times and all races have become canny in their isolation. On the desert, the Arabs became aware that they were not alone on that terrific expanse of sand but that they were in touch with another although an invisible world. So did the Red People in their immense forests and upon their enormous prairies.

Such is the treasure of ancestral traits upon which the Red Spirits are drawing today in our own Bands of Guides. This is the background by which we should judge these well-known friends in the next Spheres of Life as they demonstrate through nearly every medium in America today.

What a pleasure it is to understand these facts!

Now we can welcome and trust these Red Friends more than ever before when we realize how close to the Great Spirit they lived when on this wonderful country of ours that



we now call the United States,—and truly, too, Canada.

We can remember how the Indians scorned death. They had not the least dread of it! They knew its real nature. All they sought was to end this earth-life honorably, and above all else,—unafraid. Their faith in the Spirit World knew no bounds.

Ours should be the same!

We who know the proofs of Spiritualism can face the inevitable transition before us with the same calm courage as did the Indian. And although the loss of the earthly companionship of loved ones is often a cruel and bitter trial to us who have been left behind here, yet we share the Red Man's trust in the ending of that distress of separation in a final re-uniting in a happier world.

We have the knowledge he had!

It is a knowledge as old as time, always waiting for open minds to allow it to enter and to be at home. The knowledge that the Great Spirit is in all, that it is all, that there is nothing enduring but Spirit and that Spirit knows no end and can know no end.

And to my own faithful and loved Guide, Big Horn of the Cherokee tribe, I now give my thanks for his aid in the preparation of this lesson about his people; I know that he has been helping.

MARION SKIDMORE LIBRARY  
LILY DALE, N. Y.