

## COMPAGNONS DE VOYAGE!

Ofttimes me thinks of friends whom I have met  
 In foreign lands, or cities far, and yet  
 Right near they seem in fancy close to be  
 For friendship knows no bounds 'twixt them and me.  
 We've shared earth's beauties, watched the setting sun—  
 Or glimpsed that orb before it's course was run;  
 Or yet perhaps have chatted chair to chair  
 While listlessly we breathed the balmy air  
 Of southern climes, as o'er the waves we rolled  
 And of the beauties half has not been told—  
 Those opalescent waters, jewel isles,  
 And mem'ry takes me back o'er all the miles!  
 Or maybe through our own fair land we drift,  
 By Great Lakes to the Middle West we shift,  
 And in an instant there's a change of scene—  
 The past, the past it all seems but a dream!  
 From east to west the Continent we spanned—  
 We gazed on Colorado's Canyon, grand—  
 The desert crossed, we soon saw land reclaimed,  
 A Paradise on Earth we thought we'd gained,  
 And now we're at the mountains next the shore,  
 Perhaps we auto as in days of yore  
 By Missions quaint, along the silver strand,  
 'Till on the very bound'ry line we stand  
 Of Old Mexico and from there we change  
 To northern cities and Mount Shasta's range;  
 Glimpsing of course en route Sant' Barbara,  
 Del Monte and the Golden Gate afar;  
 To Rainier's Peak we motored all aghast—  
 Each sight did seem more wonderful than last;  
 Then on to Seattle, Victoria—  
 Queen City of British Columbia,  
 A winsome spot; Vancouver also blest  
 In environs, lends int'rest of the best.  
 Moreover, as we eastward turn towards home,  
 There is in store much for us while we roam  
 Midst canyons tortuous, o'erhanging peaks  
 Snow-covered—scintillation surely ekes  
 As through Canadian Rockies we pass  
 Our friends and selves see vistas which surpass.  
 Nor does the golden wheat belt fall amiss  
 In giving us rare sights as do cause bliss;  
 Then in a twinkling through the Middle West—  
 'Till all at once at home does end this quest,  
 And memory has carried me in thought  
 O'er many pathways deep with friendship fraught,  
 So now with greetings true these lines are sent—  
 To YOU, whose friendship does these dreams augment.

—Carmeta Hope Morehouse

1923.

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**ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND SPIRITUALISM**

I wonder, by the way, how many Americans realise that Lincoln was a convinced Spiritualist, and that he was sustained at the most arduous crisis by his help from the Beyond.

The story is clear and remarkable. Miss Nettie Colborn, a young trance-medium, went to Washington in the crisis of the North-South War. Her object was to get a furlough for her brother, who was a soldier and ill. Mrs. Lincoln had heard of the powers of Miss Colborn, and the President was asked to confirm them. Miss Colborn was asked to the White House. Upon the entrance of the President she was at once entranced and spoke for an hour in a most convincing and commanding way. Spectators seemed to have recognised terms of speech which recalled Daniel Webster. "Those present declared that they lost sight of the timid girl in the majesty of the utterance and seemed to realise that some strange masculine spirit-force was giving speech to almost divine commands." The spirit-orders were to instantly issue the proclamation on slavery and so give moral elevation to the war. Lincoln was much impressed and said, "My child, you possess a very singular gift, and that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here tonight. It is more important than perhaps anyone here present can understand." A later communication urged him to go in person to visit the Federal camps where the soldiers were much discouraged. The effect of these two measures coming at a time of such danger to the Republic was so great that it is not too much to say that the words of a medium went far to preserve the State—that very State which now makes such psychic sensitives as Miss Colborn to be harried by the police.

—From "Our American Adventure," by

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE