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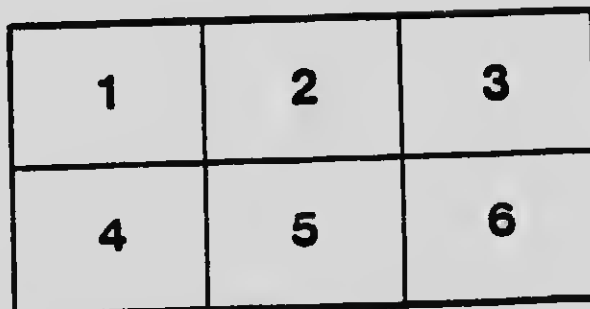
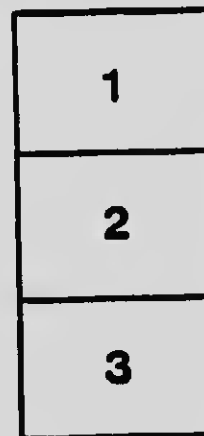
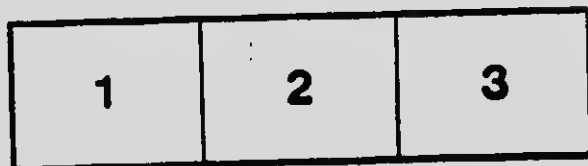
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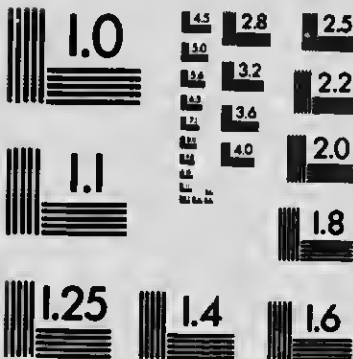
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What  
Converts Me



# Spiritualism

Edited by

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What —  
Converted Me  
To —  
**Spiritualism.**



One Hundred Testimonies.



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## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM



H. V. SWERINGEN, A.M. M.D.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Precisely as in the most embryonic condition the prefigured wing of the bird or fin of the fish infallibly indicates the element necessary to its life, so the whole analogy of evolution bears us with irresistible momentum to the conclusion that the religious nature and cravings of mankind are correlated with an unseen world.—*Prof. John Fiske.*

I regard it as a most logical, self-evident, incontrovertible proposition that if modern Spiritualism is false, ancient Spiritualism is false; and that if ancient Spiritualism is false the Bible is false.—*H. V. Sweringen.*

The man who denies the phenomena of Spiritualism to-day is not entitled to be called a skeptic; he is simply ignorant, and it would be a hopeless task to attempt to enlighten him. But I shall attempt to explain their origin on other grounds than the supposition that they are caused by the spirits of the dead. In other words, I admit the alleged phenomena but deny the alleged cause.—*Thomson J. Hudson. Vide "Law of Psychic Phenomena," page 206.*

I am to write upon what converted me to Spiritualism. Why am I a Spiritualist?

I am not a Spiritualist because I

had any natural inclination toward or experience with Spiritualism. On the contrary, I was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

I am not a Spiritualist because my parents and relatives were Spiritualists, for they were not. They were orthodox Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, &c.

I am not a Spiritualist because Abraham Lincoln, Prof. A. R. Wallace, Prof. Crookes, O. W. Holmes, Horace Greely, Bryant, Longfellow, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Lillian Whiting, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James Whitecomb Riley, John Clark Ridpath, Joe Jefferson, Edwin Booth, Prof. Hodgson, James Hyslop, G. F. R., the Rev. Drs. Thomas Nelson, Hepworth, Abbott, Beecher, Savage, Canon Wilherforce and Bishop Lightfoot and many others were and are Spiritualists.

I am not a Spiritualist because anybody else is a Spiritualist.

I am not a Spiritualist because Spiritualism is popular, for it is *not* popular. It yet requires no little moral courage to stand up and be counted a Spiritualist.

I am not a Spiritualist because much that is presented under the banner of Spiritualism meets my concurrence or approval, for the reverse is the fact. I am utterly disgusted, sickened, humiliated, ashamed, mortified with much that passes with the rank and file as Spiritualism, but I have been equally disgusted with Methodist revivals and camp meetings.

I am not a Spiritualist because the communications I have received from spirit friends were as full and complete and natural and satisfac-

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

tory as those I have received from them while yet embodied.

I am not a Spiritualist because of the vast amount of fraud, deception, humbuggery and imposition practised under the cloak of Spiritualism, but I am a Spiritualist in spite and independent of and notwithstanding this lamentable fact.

What then, has converted me to Spiritualism? Why am I a Spiritualist? Have I ever been to the Spirit world? No, I have never been there. I have never been in the city of New York, yet the evidences I have received of the existence of that metropolis are so great and numerous that I feel that I am justified in asserting that I know that there is in these United States a great city called New York.

Now, I have never been to the Spirit world, but I have received certain evidences that to me are satisfactory and conclusive that there is such a world—a world or condition in which the spirits of my departed friends still exist and are able under certain conditions, or by the observance of certain laws as yet but little understood, to make their continued existence manifest to me.

As little as I know about Chicago and New York, I know immeasurably less about the spirit world, of which I have as yet obtained but the faintest glimpse, hardly worth noticing. But I have had communications from the spirit world, as I have had communications from Chicago and New York. At any rate I have had letters on slates signed by the names of departed friends who were utter strangers to the medium through whose aura or peculiar influence—call it magnetic, electric, psychic, or what you will—they came, and concerning matters

that no one knew anything about save those departed friends whose names were thus signed to these messages, and myself. In many instances the medium did not touch the slates, nor were they at any time out of my possession. In most instances I could feel the vibrations of and hear the noise peculiar to slate-writing while messages were being written, and while the medium was seated at a distance from me, which fact alone would preclude the possibility of their being written by his or her hands. Where is the Keller or Hermann or other celebrated magician who can by trickery duplicate this phenomenon? I have witnessed the performances of both these renowned magicians many times and am amazed at their wonderful tricks performed by the aid of many assistants invisible to the audience, but they have always failed to produce the intelligence from and the names of the spirits of the departed which constitutes the essential evidence of the truth of modern Spiritualism.

I am a Spiritualist, therefore, because neither the theories of the magicians Keller and Hermann, nor those of Thomson Jay Hudson, are satisfactory to me as explanations of the phenomena I have personally experienced, many of which I am not permitted to reduce to writing.

I am a Spiritualist because all of the learned, so-called scientific explanations of the acknowledged phenomena of Spiritualism upon any other hypothesis than that of Spiritualism have miserably failed to explain, in my opinion. For example, do they or any one of them explain the following personal experiences?

In the year 1878 I was physician

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to the Allen County Infirmary. Three of the Irish inmates died so closely together as to be buried at the same time. In the night after their burial I assisted in the resurrection of their bodies and conveying them to the dissecting room of the Fort Wayne Medical College, which dissecting room was then located on Barr street. Guilty as I was of this then misdemeanor (now it is a penitentiary offence, but the law grants us the bodies of all who die unclaimed by friends, provided we make the proper application to the authorities) I say, guilty as I was of this violation of the law, I had almost forgotten it when a few years ago, in a seance given by Mr. George Hail, I was forcibly reminded of it by a voice in Irish accents through the trumpet, calling me by name, and purporting to be that of "Moike," who was "one of the three," as he put it, who were resurrected, &c., giving all of the particulars, into which it is not necessary here to enter. Suffice it to say that it was all true.

An intimate friend and near neighbor of my daughter, Mrs. Chas. Fellowes, residing in Chicago, but then at my house in Fort Wayne on a visit, had with his family, wife and two children, gone to Texas about a year previously for the benefit of his health, he being a consumptive. In a seance given at my house by Mrs. Hibbitts, of Muncie, the trumpet approaching very near to Mrs. Fellowes, a voice through it called her by name and announced its own as that of John Ure. My daughter, who had had little, if any, experience in or with trumpet circles, becoming somewhat excited, replied that so far as she knew John Ure was not dead. The voice responded: "I am not dead, having

only passed out of my body at Texas on Saturday, and my remains are now on their way to Chicago for burial." He entered into a number of details not necessary here to mention, of some of which my daughter was cognizant, of others perfectly ignorant. He spoke of the fact that he was glad his family was amply provided for by his life insurance, if it would take care of it, &c. This seance was held on a Monday evening. The next morning the postman brought a letter to my daughter from her husband, announcing the fact that a despatch had been received in Chicago conveying the news of the death of John Ure in Texas. On the following morning (Wednesday) she received another letter from her husband containing the statement that the body of John Ure had arrived in Chicago and that he was to act as one of the pall-bearers.

My wife and I, with several other Fort Wayne people, attended at Cassadaga in Aug. '94, a materializing seance, Mrs. Maude Gillette being the medium. The room was unusually lighted for a seance of this character. Every person in it could be readily recognized from any part of it. I believe that I could have read ordinary newspaper print by the light it contained. Up to this evening I had failed to satisfy myself of the truth of materialization. I had no more confidence in it than I had in the story of Moses and Elias materializing on the Mount of Transfiguration. Many of the forms that appeared in this seance built themselves up from two to four feet or more away from and independent of the cabinet, in the full view of every person in the room. The cabinet consisted of a few curtains stretched across a solid

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

corner of the room, a chair behind them on which the medium sat entranced. The curtains did not reach within three or four feet of the ceiling. There was no room behind but for the chair and its occupant. In the course of a few minutes the control of the medium announced to me in a loud, clear voice, that a lady desired to materialize for me. I responded with "I would be very glad indeed to witness the materialization." I was then directed to stand in about the centre of the circle, which was in the shape of a horse-shoe, the cabinet being situated at the opening. I must have stood from three to five feet away from and in front of the cabinet, which, apparently at least, did not seem to be concerned in the phenomenon about to be produced. I was directed to watch the floor at my feet. I did so. Presently I saw a light, cloudy something about as large as my fist, from which I did not take my eyes until it developed gradually, steadily, step by step, into a human form of a size as large if not taller than myself, which I recognized as the lady at whose transition in June I was present, and called her by name, taking her by her right hand at the same time. She was glad that I recognized her, talked lovingly of her family and reminded me of occurrences that took place in her room during the last few hours of her mortal existence, which no one present knew anything of but she and myself. Finally she called to her an old lady friend, who with herself had formerly been prominently connected with the First Baptist Church in Fort Wayne, who took hold of her left hand. She then called up to her my wife. Thus, three of us held quite a con-

versation and had a most momentous visit with her. In the course of a few minutes, however, she announced to us that she was getting weak and would have to go. While we three were standing in front of her, I having hold of her right and the lady referred to having hold of her left hand, this form began gradually to sink down, the lady and myself stooping slowly with it until it vanished entirely from before our eyes while we were in the stooping posture, and being unable to feel the sensation we naturally expected to feel by the severance in any manner of the grasp of our hands. Her hands, which for a time had felt so natural, perhaps not as warm as our own, seemed simply to vanish from our own without creating any impression or sensation. I know of no other word that will describe her disappearance before our eyes than that she "vanished" slowly away from us.

These are some of the evidences for the knowledge that is within me of a future existence and my stock is by no means exhausted. I could multiply them a hundred fold or more, but to no avail. A single one, if sufficiently attested, is as good as a thousand. Either those that I have here related are true, or I am a most colossal, diabolical liar, trifling with the most sacred affections of the human heart. If the reader decides upon the latter verdict he credits me with a genius for their creation and manufacture which I had no idea I possessed.

These and many similar phenomena are what converted me to Spiritualism, and I challenge all science, all theology and all philosophy to explain them upon any other than the Spiritual hypothesis.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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AARON K. PENNEY.

SAGINAW, MICH.

About 27 years ago, when a member and liberal supporter of the Methodist church in this city, my attention was first directed to Spiritualism by my son, who, with his cousin, had attended a seance given here by a Mrs. ——. Their accounts of the table movements witnessed and the story told by them that with their united strength they were unable to hold a table upon which the medium's hand rested, also the accounts given by them of communications given through the table movements purporting to come from friends and relatives in spirit life attracted my attention, and I freely expressed my opinion that they were imposed upon and that, had I been present, I could have solved the problem of what caused the table to move.

With a view, therefore, of detect-

ing the fraud or finding out the secret of the thing I went not long afterwards to a seance given by the same medium, and while seated at the table raps came in answer to questions proposed, purporting to be made by my father. I was far from satisfied and asked all to leave the table but the medium and myself. I soon found that the communications came as readily and as correctly as before. In addition, in response to my request, the table would assume almost any desired position, tilting to any angle, turning completely over and becoming entirely unmanageable so far as I was concerned, as I could not coerce its movements at all. It seemed alive.

I then thought that the medium and her friends might be in collusion, and, hearing my questions, were able in some secret way to direct the table's movements. So I asked mentally: "Father, can you understand my thoughts?" and I got immediate answer, "Yes," and thus mentally I asked questions and got answers as correctly as before. My father promised in this way to manifest through other mediums and did so later.

I became quite interested in the phenomena, and in attending class meetings occasionally referred to my experiences in Spiritualism, but the leader and minister both requested me not to say anything of this in the class, and the minister warned me that the Devil was seeking to ruin me.

I desired, however, to investigate the matter more thoroughly, and concluded to spend some time and money in so doing, and, in order that I might be assured that no one connected with my investigations could have the slightest acquaint-

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ance with myself and my past history, I took a long journey to Onset Camp, Mass., in the summer of 1886. From my notes taken down at the time I will transcribe, with slight alterations, some of my experiences at that celebrated Camp.

There were at that time some four or five places where materializing seances were held upon the grounds. I attended seances given by Mrs. Ross and also those of the Berry Sisters.

At the first seance of the Berry Sisters I witnessed the manifestation of many forms, but not of my own personal friends.

At Mrs. Ross' seance, Aug. 15th, 1886, Louisa, my first wife, and Gracie, my dear little grand-child, came to me and I recognized them, kissed them and conversed with them. It seemed as though a new world had opened to my vision.

On Aug. 16th I witnessed at the Berry Sisters' seance many materializations, among them Louisa, my wife, John K. Penney, my brother, with both of whom I shook hands and conversed, and my intercourse was as natural, free, and in every way real as any I ever had with them in their earth life.

On Aug. 23rd, at the Berry Sisters' seance, a materialized spirit of a man over six feet in height, said to be a Dr. Crosley, came out of the cabinet. He seemed so real and life-like that I went up to him. He had a beard larger and longer than my own. While standing near him a form of a girl about 13 years of age sprang up near us, apparently through the floor. She stood in front of and between us, and reaching up she stroked with either hand the long beard of Dr. Crosley and my own. On asking her which she liked best she declared, "Dr. Cros-

ley's, for it is the longest." Soon after she disappeared through the floor.

On Aug. 26th I attended Mrs. Ross' seance, where between 30 and 40 spirits materialized, most of them being recognized. They ranged from babes to old people and came one, two, three, and in some cases four at a time. My father and mother came to me here and were easily recognized. They came across the room to me. I stood up, grasped them by the hands, and putting my arm about mother, kissed her as I said, "Dear father and mother!" "Yes, my boy," answered my father. They both conversed with me, and those in the seance declared they easily recognized the likeness between my father and myself.

I may say that all the people were strangers to me and I cannot conceive of any way in which the facts concerning my past life and the experiences alluded to in conversation with these intelligences could have been obtained by the medium or her associates.

Since then my experiences in Spiritual phenomena have been numerous enough and have furnished sufficient evidence to convert the whole city of Saginaw.

With a variety of mediums at different camps, in my own home, with mediums who were well known to me and with mediums who were perfect strangers, I have received many messages of love and greeting from spirit friends and have witnessed much of the surprising phenomena of the seance.

I am satisfied there is no other religion that can elevate and comfort man like Spiritualism, and there is no explanation of Spiritualistic phenomena but spirit return.

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MRS. A. K. PENNEY.

SAGINAW, MICH.

My father was a Methodist exhorter living about 11 miles from Lansing, Michigan. I had been visiting and caring for a sick sister, and went from her home one evening 2½ miles through the wood to visit a brother, arriving about dusk. I found to my horror that three neighbors had just arrived and were to have a circle. I was compelled to stay or go home in the dark. I took no part with them, but while serving them to refreshments, placed my hands on the table and found that the table moved over on my lap and that the candlestick was not upset. I was sure, up to this time, that all table-movements, &c., were of the devil. I slept none that night and left without my breakfast. My sister on seeing me said, "Caroline, what is the matter?" I told

her, and she declared it was magnetism. I could not keep my mind off the subject, and felt assured if it was good and right it could occur there at my sister's as well as at any other place. So I put one of my sister's boys on her table and placed my hand upon it and it rocked him off. People flocked in to see me. Among others a Baptist minister came in and got the names of his father's family in the old country spelled out. When he asked the number in his father's family, the answer he said was incorrect, being one too many. Two weeks later he got a letter from England announcing the birth of a brother. He was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism and left the ministry.

The following Sunday I took my place as usual in the choir of a Free Baptist Church, Lansing, but my girl friends would not sing with me. The minister announced a sermon on Spiritualism, which he remarked "is getting into the church and has got to be rooted out." I went to him at the close of service and said "Bro. Barker, what do you know about Spiritualism?" "Nothing," he replied. I said, "If you preach against Spiritualism without examining it, I will put my hands on the altar table and make it dance up and down the aisles during service." He did not preach the sermon.

Two months later he came and asked me to come down to his house for a seance. So I went. I had attended his mother during her last illness, and she had asked me to lock the door and pray with her, and I had talked with her about her soul's



## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

salvation by request. The minister had questioned me as to what had occurred between his mother and myself, but I regarded that as sacred and refused to tell. At the seance, after singing a hymn and prayer that we might know whether this was the work of devils or of angels, we got messages through the table. The minister was very much interested, writing down answers that purported to come from his mother. He saw me home, and on the way asked if I would candidly answer a question of his, and I promised to do so. "Did my mother ask you to pray for her before she passed away?" he asked. I told him she did, and he then told me that she had given him this fact as a test through the table-movements, and showed me the statement as he had written it down at the seance.

Scores came to me—doctors, lawyers, judges and members of legislature, and all got satisfactory communications.

At Pine Lake Camp Meeting about 14 years ago, I was keeping a boarding house, when two strange men came in and seated themselves at the table for dinner. I tried three times to pour their coffee, but had to put it down and give them a message first, describing a lady that stood very near one of them. After dinner, the gentleman took out about a dozen photos and asked me if I could select the one I saw and I did so. "My God!" said he, "that's my wife—died six weeks ago—and I have not mentioned her name to any on the ground but my brother here. Your description of her putting flowers on my head is what she did daily in our home." On leaving, I was impressed to say "George, take good care of little Willie." "What do you know about Willie?" said he.

"Only what your wife tells me to say to you," I said. Willie was born when his wife died. He stayed 4 days, heard A. B. French speak, invited him to his home in Florida and organized a Spiritual Society there.

At the same Camp while we had 15 at table, a spirit came one forenoon and requested me to leave a vacant chair for her to occupy as she would come and communicate with a friend who was coming to dinner. I reserved the chair. That forenoon Mr. A. K. Penny, my present husband, came and occupied the chair next the vacant one. For three weeks he did not take a meal without communications from his mother in spirit life through this chair. At times the chair would seem alive and manifest joy and gladness by its rapid and remarkable movements. As we had two other mediums present the conditions were very good for such manifestations. I have been clairvoyant and clairaudient all my life. I regard Spiritualism as the highest and best and most comforting of all religions.

I witnessed a wonderful case of healing through mediumship under spirit control at Pine Lake Camp. At a certain cottage friends of a sick man had gathered together expecting his death, as four doctors had pronounced him incurable and agreed he could not live an hour. Mrs. Proctor, known as the "Oil Medium," under spirit control came rushing into the cottage, drove away all near the bed, tore open his shirt collar and holding her palm upward for a moment according to her custom, anointed his body with oil thus mysteriously collected. She sent for a drug and administered it, and in one hour and a half the man was sitting up and went home.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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HERBERT G. PAULL

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

I have always, more or less, been a devout believer in angel ministration and spirit return. Such a belief follows as a natural consequence the careful study of the Scriptures. This doctrine I have thoroughly believed and taught for twenty years. I have by me now a book of boyish verses, vagaries of my early days, some of them written before I was twelve years of age, and amongst others of a like nature is the following:

"I would that I were dead,  
Yet, though I dead might be,  
I still while in the spirit lived  
Might with earth's tenants be."

To me the story of Abraham entertaining the three angels means more than a lapsed possibility. The angel dream of Jacob to me has always been the divine teaching of

eternal communication between the angel and earth realms. The admonition of the apostle not to forget the entertaining of strangers because some had entertained angels unawares is not a fable. Reason assures me of the possibility of spirit return. Prophecy rests upon spirit instruction. Inspiration has not ceased. Spirit is still spirit and God is still God. Impressional preaching did not end with Isaiah or the apostles. The Bible without its spiritualism is lifeless and dead. The spirit only giveth life. Where there is no vision the people perish. There never has been a time when the world has been left without some evidences of spirit communication.

If Moses and Elias manifested themselves and became visible and recognizable, others under proper conditions may also appear. The testimony of truthful men to-day proves the truth of this assertion, and their testimony to the truth must not be disputed any more than the testimony of men of two thousand years ago, else the whole fabric of human credence in the probity of righteous men is at stake.

My own internal and external witness has always been to me a stupendous, unanswerable argument in favor of spirit return. I dare not, therefore, stultify my honest conviction. The psychic in my own nature asserts itself irresistibly and will not be disobeyed.

I watched alone for a few minutes by the bedside of my mother's sister as she lay dying, my mother being in the spirit world. I believed then, and believe now, that my mother's spirit was present at the time and witnessed the act and ar-

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ticle of my beloved aunt's death and welcomed her darling sister in the spirit world. I felt her presence sensibly and addressed her audibly as "Mother," and waved my hand in loving affection to her.

The unimpeachable testimony of the Rev. T. W. Jeffery on the Sabbath afternoon of his wife's death, as, in his own parlor, he essayed to console those who came to comfort him was genuinely in favor of spirit return. "She is not dead," said he, smiling tearfully, "for she is very near to me now." From the pulpit I have heard him more than once say the influence of his beloved wife was with him helping him in many ways and counselling him for good.

The living and dying testimonies of holy preachers and godly laymen have influenced me in the belief of spirit return and cannot be gainsaid.

The poets' raptures and the songs of praise of inspired hymnologists have borne their part in conviction, such as "There are angels hovering round," P.c., and Longfellow's clairvoyant verses:

There are more guests at table than the host

Invited. The illuminated ball  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The spirit world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere

Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense

A vital breath of more ethereal air.

The fact that Jesus said "I here is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," is prima facie evidence that intelligent communication exists between the seen and the unseen. Jesus assured his hearers that Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom, and we know

that angels are the advanced spirits of the departed of earth life.

I have witnessed various phases of modern spirit manifestation of wonderfully convincing character, for any evidence I have received in this direction corresponds identically with the records of Scripture, and the tests I have received have been under such conditions as absolutely to preclude the possibility of collusion or fraud, and in none of such instances has there been anything that would lead me to attribute the phenomena observed to any other cause than the one they purported to emanate from. I have received ocular and oral demonstration repeatedly. I have heard the whispering still small voice and a loud sonorous voice as clear and distinct as the preacher's from an ordinary pulpit. The best results have invariably come after reverent prayer and the singing of old time Methodist hymns of praise. I have received equally as clear evidence in the light as in the dark.

I have never heard or seen anything to correspond in the remotest degree to sleight of hand, diabolism or the "peep and mutter" humbug to which some sacrilegious ones frequently allude. My convictions have been strengthened after reading the reverent, scholarly and critical scientific researches of such men as Epes Sargent, Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir Wm. Crookes, Dr. Peebles, Rev. Moses Hull, Rev. Jos. Cook, Rev. Saml. Watson, Andrew Jackson Davis and others.

If the evidence of such men as these in favor of spirit return avails nothing then the truthfulness of Scripture may as well be called in question, and any argument in favor of truth collapses like a castle of cards.



MRS. I. E. CAMPBELL

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

When I first became interested in Spiritualism eleven years ago I was a Presbyterian, having been brought up to regard the name and doctrines of Spiritualism with abhorrence. It came to me; I did not seek it; evidently there has been a mediumistic strain in our family for generations back.

My sister Grace was very ill, in fact dying of consumption in Buffalo, and a number of the family were visiting at a sister's home where she was then stopping and where she afterwards passed away. When dying she said: "Here's Grandma, and there's the baby (sister); they've come for me."

About a month after, when four of us were sitting in the parlor of the same home, my sister L— be-

gan to act strangely and to manifest some agitation of manner and we became naturally alarmed. "She's going into a fit," said one. "Run for the doctor," said another. But the agitation soon passed and sister L— addressed us. "Don't be afraid," said she, but in a voice strangely like that of sister Grace. "You are going to understand soon one of the most wonderful facts of the world." By this time she had taken on the expression of face and exhibited the manner and voice of sister Grace, showing all the symptoms of the illness from which that sister had suffered. "I am Grace whom you thought you buried in the grave-yard," continued she. "When I passed out of the body I floated up to the ceiling of the room, saw the four of you weeping, saw my own body lying on the bed, saw all that was done about the burial, went to the funeral myself and saw my own body buried. You thought I was out of my mind when I said that Grandma was here and baby also. I was not. They did come for me."

She then spoke to us of the higher life, the better life, and told us we must all strive for it. "Don't weep for me," she said, "for I should rather weep for you, since you are still to pass through death and I have conquered it." She then came over to me and gave me privately some information about a personal and dear friend. Said she: "Mr. G—, your friend, is at this

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hour in — hotel in Detroit. He is with a company of jolly companions and is just now raising a glass of liquor to his lips. Tell him for me that it will do him no good. It will only lead him down with others." Soon after, on meeting Mr. G. I asked him if he was not in — hotel, Detroit, on a certain date, and he replied, "Yes." I then proceeded, from the description given me, to describe the room, the company, and when I had finished Mr. G. was greatly astounded and had to admit that I received the information in some occult and unaccountable way.

Shortly after she was controlled by the spirit of a gentleman who said: "I am Charlie S—. You know me very well." I said at once in astonishment: "I know Charlie S— very well, indeed. He is in Denver, Col., and his goods are stored in our home. So you cannot be Charlie S—." "But I am Charlie S—. I passed out of the body in Denver. My body is now on its way to Toronto and my wife accompanies it. It is even now passing the international line. My people will meet the body at the station. To-morrow you will get word concerning my death." He recalled a number of facts that I knew were within the knowledge of Charlie S— and but few others, and certainly succeeded in partially convincing me of his identity. The following day I got the letter from his widow which apprised me of his death and confirmed what had been spoken to me by some intelligence through my sister's lips. I remember, among other things, asking Mr. S— how he found things in the other life, and he replied: "I have not been weighed yet and don't know how much I shall be found

wanting."

During this same evening some fifteen or twenty different intelligences controlled my sister's body and spoke to us and gave us strong and satisfying evidence in some cases of their identity.

My sister went into the trance condition at 8 p.m. and did not come out of it till after 12 o'clock, talking constantly for four hours. When she recovered consciousness we said to her: "You have been entranced for hours." "Nothing of the kind," she declared. We all testified and pointed to the hands of the clock, but she thought we had moved them for some practical joke, and could not be persuaded that her organism had been used to voice the thoughts of the spirit world.

The next day, however, she became clairvoyant and saw a former Sunday school companion, who appeared to her in the doorway, and not very long after, in company of some French people, she both sang and spoke in French, and one gentleman present, recognizing the songs and lullabies of his childhood, cried out, "It is my mother who sings to me," and burst into tears.

In my own home in Toronto she was afterwards controlled by the spirit of a German, who tried by word and sign to make us understand he wanted to send a message to his son. As none of us could understand German he failed, but his daughter afterwards came and similarly controlled her, and as she spoke both German and English she readily explained what her father failed to make clear.

Since then I have had abundant reasons, through my own clairvoyant and clairsaudient powers for believing in the fact of spirit return and communication



JOHN STUBBS.

KING, ONTARIO.

It is a little over thirty years ago that my attention was first drawn towards Spiritualism. Previous to that I was a Methodist. I left that denomination and became a student of life and nature. As such I naturally became materialistic, taking great interest in the writings of Spinoza, Fichte, Hegel and other German metaphysicians. This resulted in my conversion to a kind of Spiritual Pantheism. Writings upon animal magnetism, clairvoyance and the occult sciences deeply interested me. This brought me in closer relationship to Spiritualism.

My first and most remarkable experience was with a deaf and dumb clairvoyant. I was then about twenty one years of age. He pointed out to me my future wife, and that she would die ten years after our

marriage. I looked upon this as nonsense, as I was then engaged to another, and hadn't paid the slightest attention to the one he referred to. Yet it turned out to be true. We were married and she died ten years afterwards, and upon the anniversary of our marriage day. I was at that time an officer of H. M. Customs, and stationed at Newcastle on Tyne in the north of England.

Is there a future life? If there is any answer to this vital and important question, I saw that it must be through Spiritualism, and to this I turned.

A half a dozen of us, honest, and earnest enquirers after truth, met together, sat three times a week regularly and punctually, had to commence with the alphabet of Spiritualism—table rapping. After six months, we obtained higher manifestations, such as the moving of solid bodies without contact, direct spirit-writings, playing of instruments untouched by us, spirit lights, or spirit-luminosity, the trance condition, with visions of spirit life, the production of fruit and flowers, substances taken from one room to the other, and the development of the sitters into various kinds of mediums. When we met in those harmonious circles of ours, it appeared as if the room was filled with a divine or spiritual afflatus. One member, a Methodist, said, "I would not miss one of these circles; 'tis like a little heaven below."

The communications we received satisfied every other member of our circle, but I was still a doubting Thomas. My wife developed into an automatic writer and trance medium. We frequently sat together. On one occasion she became entranced. I had a vision of the spirit world. She said, "Words

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cannot describe the beauties of that existence. I wanted to remain there but I was told that I must return for a few months."

My wife never was in better health than at that time, yet in six months she had gone to return no more except in spirit, and that she did seen and unseen. Just before we commenced to investigate Spiritualism, we had lost a lovely and affectionate boy, years of age. One evening, unknown to his mother, I visited to weep and sorrow at his grave. That night his mother and myself held a sitting, when he communicated in writing through his mother and said, "Father, weep not for me, I am happy."

Spiritualism came to me like an oasis in the desert plains of human life.

It demonstrated the certainty of the life beyond; it showed me the green fields of Eden over the river, that await the weary and worn out pilgrim. It destroyed my materialistic philosophy and lifted me up to a higher plane of thought.

### WHAT IT PROVES.

It proves that our spirit friends are cognizant of all our actions, that spirit has power over matter, the individuality of after-life, and the reality of things unseen.

It proves that our spirit friends are ever with us, can read the human mind, know all our thoughts, reveal to us the future, and take a part as it were, in the providence of life and nature. They can, if we will only permit them, be our spirit guides, or guardian spirits. They will warn us of physical dangers, and help to develop our spirituality.

I have realized their presence and assistance on the desolate plains of the far west, I have heard their silent whisperings urging me on my

course, and cheering me up in my loneliness.

They have come to me unseen, though not unknown, and rescued me from danger.

When I lost my little mortgaged home in the far west, in the City of "Saints and Sinners," I again heard their whispering voices saying,

"A home awaits thee o'er the Gulf,  
'Tis not mortgaged but free,  
No speculative thieves foreclose,  
'Tis waiting now for thee."

The question might arise how is it that the generality of people do not realize their presence? My answer is that the generality of people do not develop their higher spiritual natures.

They are selfish, thoughtless and worldly.

Spiritualism affirms and proves that there is no death 'tis but a birth into the life divine. It also proves that life is progressive, both in this world and the other.

It also teaches that there is still hope for the unfortunate and ill-conditioned here, those whom the conditions, surroundings and circumstances of life have prevented from developing their psychic or soul nature. The religious phase of Spiritualism is worthy of consideration. It is not a religious belief so much as a religion of practice—of equity and justice. It is essentially humanitarian. Spiritualism to me is a grand and great truth; it bridges the gulf that separates the two worlds and gives us demonstrative proof of the existence of the other.

So grand and great is this God of ours, "Psyche," that it would be appropriate to use the ancient Grecian metaphorical sentiment, and say "That her head reaches Heaven as on Earth she stands."

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J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., Ph.D.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Briefly, a desire for the truth, investigation, patient research, prayer and inspiring influences from invisible intelligences.

I was born at the base of the Green Mountains in Vermont, and trained in a Calvinistic Baptist Sunday School. The preacher (in memory I can see him now) was stern, solemn-visaged and gifted with a deep, sepulchral voice, well adapted to proclaim the terrors of Sinai. His five points of theology were: The fall of man, total depravity, trinity, vicarious atonement and eternal hell torments. Sunday was a day to be hated, while God, the devil, death and hell were all to be equally feared. Later, my academic school-chum, noble, generous and upright, died unconverted.

At the funeral the preacher selected these words: "Whoso believeth not on the Son, the wrath of God abideth on him." No hope was held out for the dead. The young man was doomed! The mother became insane, and I an infidel, saying in my heart, "If God eternally damns this young friend of mine, so good and true and manly in conduct, I hate that God. The devil could do no worse." I soon became an atheist, my four gospel writers being Hume, Paine, Volney and Voltaire. Browsing for a season in this dry pasture of atheistic desolation, I fortunately listened to a Universalist preacher. Universalism was a rebound from Calvinism. I accepted it and preached it for a while. It was a beautiful faith and nothing more. I had no positive knowledge that if a man died he lived again. About this time the most prominent member of my church, a birth-right Quaker given to seeing night visions, invited me to visit with him a "rapping medium." The thought shocked me, for I walked the streets with gloved hands, white necktie, and was solemnly and ministerially circumspect. He persisted. Nicodemus-like, I went in the evening time, under protest—went to expose the fraud and save my wealthy parishioner from heresy.

The pronounced spirit raps were very distinct upon the table. Thinking of machinery, I said, "Rap somewhere else." The sounds now seemed to come from the lady's feet. Thinking it might be the toe joints, I said, "If you are spirits, rap somewhere away from this lady," and the concussions were immediately heard



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upon the wall behind her, then distinctly upon the ceiling overhead, and then, to my horror, upon my coat-collar. Heavens! I not only heard these mysticappings upon my collar; but I felt the electric shocks, and I knew that about myself there was no machinery. I went to expose, but returned to ponder and pray.

In a few weeks I called again upon this lady and received several remarkable tests concerning my dead relatives, and was told, withal, that I was "a medium and had a marked future ahead of me." What! a preacher of the Lord Jesus Christ and yet a spirit medium! "Never!" said I. I was sorely puzzled, and the more so when Miss Rhoda Fuller, a very intelligent member of my church and a relative of ex-President Fillmore, became both a writing medium and a clairvoyant. I was now a conscientious student at the feet of these mysteries, rapping concussions, visions, trances, prophecies and clairvoyant tests, constituting a convincing network of clinching demonstrations that I could not resist. The evidences were overwhelming. I was a convert. I knew that the so-called dead lived. My faith had given place to knowledge, and my hope of immortality had bloomed out into a grand fruition.

Now came a trying time. Shall I confess to a positive knowledge of a future existence through ministering spirits and preach it, or shall I smother it, hide it and keep on preaching a creed—preaching faith—and preaching death the king of terrors, thus becoming a walking lie, as some preachers are, in the eyes of God and the angels; or shall I declare the whole counsel of God, saying with old St. Jerome, "If

the truth offends, be ye offended."

Resigning my pastoral charge (this was nearly fifty years ago), sick in body and soul, I cut loose from the sect, the creed, the church. The decision was prompt. The church trustees presented me in a few days later with a most flattering series of resolutions for becoming zeal, piety and Christian deportment. Now I was free! The world was my parish, and never did I before so fully appreciate the inspired words of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." It was freedom of the soul. It was evolution. It was making truth authority. It was growth based upon unquestioned evidences. It was graduating from the theological doubts and fears, inhering in Calvinism, up through the tremulous faith of Universalism, into the blessed knowledge of spirit converse, of inspirational mediumship and angel ministries—ministries that transform the shimmering shadows of death's evening into the golden sunbeams of an eternal morning of life, progress, and a peace that passeth all understanding.

And now, as eighty winters have whitened my hairs, and as I daily turn westward toward the sunset years of mortal life, I am more and more conscious of the presence of guardian angels, and of an eternity stretching on before me—an eternity that thrills the depths of my being with love and reverence towards God, and I cannot refrain from saying with Tennyson:

"I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not one life shall be destroyed  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.

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19



EDMOND P. BERNIER

290 RANDOLPH ST., DETROIT, MICH.

I was born August 2nd, 1861, in L'Islet, P. Q., and was a strict Catholic until 1899. One day I met a lady and she spoke about Spiritualism and asked me if I would come to a circle, and told me about Mr. W. E. Cole, trumpet medium. I went to his circle on Tuesday night, which was the first part of October.

My father had passed away 1890, on the 1st of June. He spoke to me, and later at another seance with Mr. Cole I went again and spoke to my uncle and my aunt and a guide, whose name is Dr. Leasure. He was born in 1806 and passed out in

1844 in Berlin and told me he had pursued his studies in Germany and he said he was attracted to me ever since I was a boy.

Now I have two bands of spirits, one being an Oriental Spirit Band. So I commenced to think for myself and persuaded my wife and my children to join the N. S. Association. I often think now how narrow-minded I was when I belonged to the church, but I would not go back to the old creed again if I were to be put in prison. I feel free and happy and my thoughts are higher every day, and I read my "Sermon" and "Progressive Thinker" and get my knowledge and wisdom through their lines of thought.

I sit for development and my mediumship will be a high one—slate-writing and drawing (independently) and other phases. I have had three messages alone. I feel very proud of my gifts. I am waiting patiently to develop soon. I am telling all the people how happy I am and urge them to investigate Spiritualism. I tell them I fear not death nor hell now. I am perfectly free from such slavish dread.

I met the Campbell Brothers Feb. 21, 1901, and I had never seen them or heard of them until that night, so I went to their seance and

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received a message from my father as follows :

I want to reach my son, Ed. Bernier, and Dr. Leasure helps me, and so do the guides present. I want you to know, my son, that dear Eddie is also with me with others, who send loving greetings to you all. Go on, my boy, in your search, and you will be rewarded.

Father Bernier.

And Feb. 25th, 1901, I went to a private seance at 221 Park st., Detroit, and received two other messages as follows (Campbell Bros.) :

My Dear Son—I want you to know we are here and I want to say you will yet hear of your sister Philonise. Your dear ones, Leon, Edmond, Eddie and Aurelia, with the others, come and all send loving greeting to you and the others. I wrote to you through these guides, impressing them so that they may write what I desire. Keep on in this truth, for it is a truth.

Father Bernier.

†*In nomine Patri et Filio et spiritui sancto.*†

My Pupil—I can no longer teach an untruth because I have found the eternal truth. I still see the Trinity,

but it is the Trinity of Love, Justice and Truth of Spirit ; so while I do not say in present teaching in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I do say in Justice, Love and Truth all will be made plain, so seeing the beauty of such a Trinity, here I come to endorse it.

Brother Chrisostome.

This last letter is from a Christian Brother who taught me in school when I was at the college in L'Islet, and he passed out six years ago and he comes to me. So I hope by these testimonies those who read them will become investigators in this truth. It is not a religion, it is a science, and the highest, which men cannot understand in one day or a week, but will understand it by investigating honestly and truthfully and not by expecting fraud. If you expect fraud you get fraud. Be honest and true in all things you do and your reward will be great. Your wisdom and knowledge and progression will be broad and your thoughts pure by so doing. Make the conditions for your spirit friends to approach you, live in accordance with the laws of nature, this is my prayer.

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21



J. K. CRANSTON

GALT, ONTARIO.

I was born near Galt, Aug. 14, 1856. My parents were Scotch and were of the sturdy, intelligent type that characterized many Scotch people.

As a child I had several peculiar experiences and was thought strange and imaginative. I grew very sensitive and felt the edge of criticism so keenly that I often wished myself out of existence. I grew reticent and kept my thoughts and experiences to myself or would go to the woods to ponder and commune with nature.

When 15 I left home to make my way in the world, going to Port Hope to learn the book and stationery business. I joined the Presbyterian church there and endeavored to live a consistent life, but found the good I would do was often left undone and the evil yielded to. My cry would go forth, "Oh, wretched man that I am. Who shall deliver me?" Returning to Galt some

years afterwards I engaged in the book and stationery business. Then I attended Knox church and entered heartily into the work connected therewith; but still life to me was very unsatisfactory, and I felt within me a call to a higher and better life. In my search after truth I learned of a people now called the Burnsites, who taught and claimed to be able to live continuously a victorious life. I sought them out and found to my own satisfaction that the truth they preached was of God and became one with them. Life had now new pleasures. I carried the good news to Knox church friends, and to my surprise got snubbed for my pains and was finally tried for heresy by the church courts, and I with six others was expelled—for what? Because we believed and taught that it was possible for the child of God in this world to live a continuously obedient life and for professing this as our personal experience. We did not claim infallibility or absolute perfection, but that holiness and progress co-existed, knowledge increased and would do so unto all eternity. We claimed that God was guide absolute unto all truth. We continued enjoying life as never before and our labors bore fruit and others learned a like experience. Still, ever and anon I would have strange experiences and felt strong forces at work within me that mystified me. I told friends of my feelings and I both felt and was thought odd. I could see, hear and understand what was thought by unseen intelligences. I did not believe in spirit return and was not aware that spirit friends were working with me to develop my forces so as to bless my life and others.

On Aug. 4, 1899, at Niagara

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Falls, I was awakened by a hand being placed on my shoulder, and looking up I saw a hand above my bed holding the Scripture motto, "In quietness and confidence shall your strength be." To make sure that I was neither asleep or dreaming I got up and washed my head and body with cold water and then lay down again, and almost at once my mother's (who is in the spirit world) face appeared and smiled upon me. She called me by name and talked to me about what I was passing through for about eight minutes and then disappeared. At a meeting that day I told of what I had seen and heard, and of course I was thought queer. Since then I decided to let the occult in my nature have full swing, as that was what mother seemed to say was necessary for comfort and development. I became clairvoyant and clairaudient. I saw and described distant scenes and what was going on in Canada, England, South Africa, and took pains to have what I described verified, accounts of which were published in the Sermon in Nov. and Dec., 1900, and in May, 1901. I found also that I had magnetic healing power, and have since been using that power for the good healing both of myself and others. I have on different occasions diagnosed and located diseases and pains which had baffled physicians. I have read and studied and attended lectures and seances and have become thoroughly convinced that our "so-called dead" still live, and can and do communicate with us by numerous methods, namely, by table rapping, slate writing, through trumpets, trance mediumship. I now frequently converse with my spirit friends in my own home and on the street and am able to recog-

nize their voices and have seen them and felt their kiss on my cheek. My daughter Helen, who died when three weeks old, is often with me and has told me time and again that she was my reminder. She often reminds me of things I am forgetting to do. In Toronto last December I lost an important order for books which could not be duplicated, and after I had looked in vain for it I asked the Lord to give me guidance. Almost at once I heard Helen's voice saluting me with, "Hello, papa. God sent me to tell you that your list of books which you lost is at Mr. B——, Yonge st." I went at once and found it there as directed. I thanked God for help received so promptly.

I find my own safety and the development of my psychic forces, character and happiness is dependent on my absolute obedience to the Guide Divine. I find also, that judgment, reason and good common sense are not outraged but harmonized with. It has proved to me that death hath no terror. Friends who are gone still live and communicate. There are natural or psychic laws which, if harmonized with, make it possible to both receive and transmit messages. The utilization of these laws is not necessarily confined to a so-called religion any more than the use of electricity is to a restricted class. The law is universal.

Let us not, however, be carried away by the mere "phenomenal side" of modern Spiritualism. Let us seek to develop the mental, spiritual and higher possibilities of the life that is bestowed upon us.

Living for those that love us,  
For those that know us true,  
For the God who gave us being,  
For the good that we can do.



FREEMAN WHITTIER SMITH

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 ROCKLAND, ME.
 

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I was born in Hope, Maine, July 17, 1836. My life work has been farming, teaching and insurance.

I attended my first spiritual seance in the fall of 1846. In a few years subsequent to that time I received a very convincing message from a dear cousin in spirit life under circumstances forbidding deception. This created a profound impression on my mind. I regarded it as something sacred, beautiful and beneficial. From that time to the present I have been a constant investigator, a firm believer, and a recipient of spirit blessings, the value of which and computa-

My wife's mother became a fine medium in the early fifties and for forty-five years continued to give unmistakable spirit messages to the great comfort of many hungry souls.

My daughter, Mrs. Gena Smith-Fairfield-Grant, became developed as an inspirational, clairvoyant, clairaudient, psychometric and musical medium at the age of 12 years. She has written over 400 poems, some of which have been published in a volume entitled "Forget-Me-Nots," and are of a high order. In my own home this daughter has described accurately hundreds of my personal friends (some of whom passed to spirit life before she was born) and given scores of convincing messages. On account of delicate health her education is very limited and yet her poems and musical compositions show a high degree of talent. Eminent musicians in spirit life were able to control her hands to execute upon the organ every variety of music in a most remarkable manner.

Her first husband was Dr. H. P. Fairfield, one of the very first trance speakers in Mass., and was widely known through the east and west.

In addition to the above home experiences my second wife, Mrs. Matilda Cushing Smith, who was

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for many years a school teacher in Hyde Park, Mass., was a fine inspirational writer, speaker and test medium. Prior to her marriage with me she was much in the home of Andrew Jackson Davis (her dear friend and physician) and assisted M. S. Ayer in the exercises in his Boston Spiritual Temple. After coming to Rockland she was actively identified with our local society and with the camp at Verona Park. She is now at work with the white-robed angels in the upper spheres of life.

I have been officially connected with the camp meeting at Verona Park for 17 years, being its president four years, and also at the head of our local society for several years.

My present wife, Mrs. Susan Sanford Smith, a strong healing medium, is clairvoyant, impressional and destined to develop other important phases.

It can readily be seen that with

about fifty years of experience with various mediums at home and abroad, with the reading of the Banner of Light 44 years, and other spiritual literature, that it is not strange that I am a confirmed Spiritualist.

One ounce of real knowledge is worth more than ten thousand pounds of theory or belief. I believe this grandest of all religions is destined to lead the world in all needed reforms, and eventually become well nigh universal in all civilized countries. It is in perfect harmony with reason, science and nature.

I am willing and anxious to engage more largely in the army of workers in uplifting humanity to a higher place of belief, justice and equal rights.

I shall be glad to answer calls to give lectures, officiate at funerals, or serve this great cause in any capacity in which I may be of service to humanity.



H. W. BOOZER

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

I became a Spiritualist because, being religiously inclined, I found in no other religion that which met my needs. It seemed to me essential that a religion must be founded on proven facts. I am religious, in prayer for the good, the beautiful and the true; and my individual worship is of all that elevates the individual and advances humanity. An important function of religion is that of a consoler. The sorrows of the individual life need this support, and Spiritualism alone can give it.

Conversion to a *knowledge* differs essentially from that to a *belief*, so that in my case it takes the form of a growth from the first few steps in investigation to the end of life. I began this study 50 years ago; have since been its continuous and

active student, and shall thus continue my conversion to the end of life.

My incentive to its first investigation was the desire, as a warm-blooded partisan Christian, to controvert its claims in favor of the clergy, whom I then supposed to be the only instructors in regard to the future life. Theory upon theory was then advanced to account for the manifestations which claimed to be and apparently were demonstrations. Upon each of these I read all I could get in the shape of human testimony in support of the new cult's claims, with the result that one after another of my old orthodox views were laid low with the cold logic of facts in sledge hammer style, and I then abandoned this part of my early investigations.

In 1858 I married a lady whose mediumistic gifts, then active, advanced her to the position of a professional medium, from whom, during a period of thirty years I received numberless evidences of a continuous conversion in the following phases, with the philosophy accompanying each: impressional proof; clairvoyance and clairaudience; psychometry; magnetic and medical healing; messages and sittings; manner and voice personations; prophecy; improvisation; inspirational speaking; metaphysical disquisitions that are now being popularized by the enemies of Spiritualism, then in advance of these latter day cults; the gift of tongues and translation of ancient writings; poetic and musical mediumship. I have now in manuscript copy for a book of six hundred pages of verse, covering every phase of spiritual thought and work, with miscellan-



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eous pieces of a remarkably beautiful and original character.

In 1890 I began a series of one hundred and fifty regular sittings with the well-known medium, Mrs. Amanda L. Coffmann, which gave me the additional evidence of my own mediumship. While these were in progress I obtained tests of the identity of friends now decarnate in many ways and without number. But the result of greatest moment to the sitter was the entirely unexpected gift of musical and poetic mediumship, of whose intent in its inception I had no idea, as it was afterwards revealed. It began with the intermitting interior sense of some familiar air, to which in time came words embodying Spiritualism's grand and elevating truths. This occurred while at my daily physical labor, the refrain or chorus, it there was one, coming first. I would jot the words down on any stray paper with blank surface. In the case of musical composition the new air would repeat itself to me till it was thoroughly familiar, and I would ask a musician to note it as I slowly gave it voice. I am not a musician. While passing through this development my mind was almost constantly absorbed with both the music and its newly adapted words. At work, riding on the cars, everywhere, I was audibly or inaudibly humming to myself some beautiful melody. Day after day, week after week, most of the time for two years this continued, resulting in the publication of my music book. The form and magnificent personality of my inspirer, Adela Mozart, a kinsman of the great composer, will ever be remembered by the many who have met him through Winan's mediumship, as described in "A Study in

Materialization."

The object of this effort from those gone before is a distinct and definite one connected with the cause of Spiritualism. Briefly stated, it is to place music before the world as a *service* to this truth in place of its use only as an *art*. As an art its mission is but that which it is to all other religious cults—an embellishment and an attractive adjunct to what is considered the real spiritual work. As a service it is *part and parcel* of that work. Without here detailing how this is I will only mention the subjects and occasions covered in its scope: Usual public service, conference, circle, lyceum, congregational singing, entertainment, sitting, anniversary, physical seance, funeral, spirit birth, ethics, aspiration, invocation, mediumship, trumpet and independent voice, slate-writing, messages, clairvoyance, clairsaudience and psychometry.

During the fifty past years I have met many mediums of differing phases through whom I have numberless evidences with their attendant philosophy, carrying with it my continuous conversion to this great twentieth century revelation.

While doubt is long past banished and the fact of the life to be is as firmly established as is any indisputable thing of one's daily life, yet the demonstration which overpowers all others is that of one's own experience, while the proofs, with the profound philosophic lessons which reveal to us the great mystery of life, will ever augment the conversion till it is completed by the spirit being released from its mortal confinement and ushered into the real life in comparison with which this is but an incident in the individual's career.



CHARLES E. DANE

LOWELL, MASS.

I have been a believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism for a number of years and a trance medium, or an instrument in the hands of the spirit world for the purpose of spreading the glad tidings of spirit return. My guides have given, through my instrumentality, many messages to those with whom I have come in contact. I also have given many readings by mail to people all over the United States. I formerly had many doubts in my mind, but the incident which I am about to relate was the farewell to every doubt that I ever entertained. It was eleven years ago that I laid away in the dark, cold grave my darling child; at that time I did not expect to see her until I, too, had crossed the silent river. I could appreciate at

this time Lilian Whiting's "Another May-time."

The May's fair mornings dawn for me and mine,  
Bird, bough and blossom, with their hints of spring,  
And thoughtful twilight with its lingering,  
Its opalescent light on sea and land.

And in the luminous air I feel the thrill of life,

Pervading wood and vale and hill.

What lacks the May-time?

Rose flushed buds unfold;

A thousand fragrances are on the air

The legend of new hopes again is told;

And sweet rejoicings that the world is fair;

And I—I turn from all this radiant bloom  
with blinded eyes

That only see through tears a sculptured cross—

Blue eyes forever closed—and all the lonely  
hours of all the years.

A few years ago I was on a vacation in a certain city, and wishing to take a short trip down the river, I was just about to buy my ticket when I felt a little child's hand placed in mine. Looking down at my side I saw no one standing near me, but I distinctly heard these words, "Don't go, papa." That dear voice of my darling child was all-sufficient for me. I gave up the trip. Within a few hours I heard that the boat I had intended to go upon had been condemned as unseaworthy. She has been a strong and mighty power to me in many a temptation. I well remember at one time I was strongly tempted to smoke, but every time I have taken a cigar in my hand with the intention of smoking two little arms have been clasped around my neck, and I have heard that loving, tender voice whispering in my ear, "I don't want you to

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smoke, papa." I listened to her dear voice, for these words came to me, "Grieve not the spirit." If my darling were with me in the physical form I should not want to grieve her; neither do I wish to grieve her when she comes from a happy Spirit Home to bless and give me so many happy hours. I am willing to sacrifice many of those things which I think would give me pleasure if by sacrificing them I can make my darling child happy. Hundreds of times have I seen that dear form standing before me when I have been discouraged and knew not which way to turn, and I have heard that loving voice advise me what to do. I have not been able at all times to understand why she has advised me as she has, but always when I have followed her advice I have found that it was for my own welfare. Many times have I felt those clinging little arms around my neck. Oh I how many times since my darling left me have I hungered for the presence of her physical form, but, my dear readers, you who believe in spirit return can understand the joy which continually fills my heart when I see the form and hear the voice of my darling child. Physically and mentally she has proven herself a power of strength to me since she left this life, but above everything else she has proven herself a tender and faithful little shepherd, who has led me by "the still waters and green pastures." She has taught me how to love my neighbors as my-

self with that pure spiritual love that is able to bring "that peace which passeth all understanding." The story and incidents of her life in the spirit world have spurred me on and encouraged me to live such a life that this world may be the better for my having lived in it. Spiritually she has helped me to pierce the clouds that sometimes surround me and see the glorious sunshine just beyond. My heart is filled with joy and thankfulness to that Father of Light and Love for having sent her as a little white rosebud into my life, but as she was not allowed to blossom in an earthly garden where I would have been so happy to watch over the tender little flower, I can not but rejoice when I know she is blossoming in the eternal gardens in the spirit world, watched over by loving angels. Of one thing I am certain, that the spirituality of her pure young life has been and is a great factor in my life, and as I catch the fragrance of her life which is wafted to me from her spirit home and I see the little form tripping toward me I thank God that I have a jewel in heaven, and my one prayer is that I may so live that when my life journey here is ended I may be allowed to claim my own.

"I cannot and I will not say  
That she is dead—she's just away;  
With a cheery smile and a wave of her hand,  
She has wandered into an unknown land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be since she lingers there.

And you, oh you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return—  
Think of her faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as here:  
Think of her still the same, I say—  
She is not dead, she is just away."

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MRS. SARAH A. WEBBER

GUELPH, ONT.

My experiences in Spiritualism began in the year 1890, when I was 47 years of age while lying sick with typhoid fever in the Guelph General Hospital. During that time, I was visited by a lady, now in spirit life, who opened up to me the truth of spirit return. What she then told me seemed a very strange belief and hard to accept at the time. From a child I was deeply intuitive and impressional, and would at times predict what would happen, and wonder why my friends would not believe it.

What I had heard would constantly recur to my sensitive mind until in 1883 my husband and myself "pulled for the shore" of Lake Brady Camp. While there we attended several of Mrs. Fie Moss' seances

for materialization, having the most indisputable evidence of spirit return and as the years roll by, the experience gained there has had a lasting effect. We went to other seances and enjoyed the lectures, but doubt remained in some instances. One who greatly impressed me was Moses Hull, that Prince of Bible Lecturers, although I had not the knowledge or strength of mind at that time to digest what I heard, as I was still in the orthodox church. I would like to mention an old lady whom we met there called Auntie Camp, who enjoyed these lectures. I asked her, "What made you a Spiritualist?" She turned to me with lines of over eighty years written on her face, and her eyes sparkling. "It was the Bible" she said. One thing impressed me above all else: these people are happy and sure about their reward, instead of hoping that they will be saved. I am thankful for the experience gained at Lake Brady. At the time as stated above I was still in the church, but I saw so many errors there that I was very far from being comfortable and was constantly criticising what I heard there. Orthodoxy was going fast and Spiritualism had not taken root then. I suffered more than tongue can tell for about four years, until the light broke in.

In the year 1894 we visited that beautiful Camp, Cassadaga, where we again met at Mrs. Moss' seance, and a dear young girl, whom I knew before she passed out of the body,

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appeared and spoke to me of her mother. She said she had accompanied me to the camp. Before I had time to write and tell her mother, she came through that grand and good medium, Mrs. Henderson of Toronto, and told her mother, who was present, that she had materialized to a dear friend from Guelph at Camp. This to me was a great test from the spirit world.

In the year 1898 I again visited Camp and had a sitting with the Bangs sisters. I received an independent spirit writing given in a sealed envelope between slates, which was more than marvellous to me, and I cherish it much. My last sitting at that time was with J. Clegg Wright, and I then had a most wonderful revelation which opened up my life.

And last but not least, my first sitting with Spirit Artist Campbell was the climax which entirely broke down all prejudice and incredulity that still lingered in my mind, and established indisputably the eternal truth of Spiritualism. It is impossible to imagine that I could have received more than I did at this sitting, but my spirit friends are doing a work for me, knowing that I have a work to do.

My dear mother comes to me through an old playmate of mine and gives me such words of comfort and encouragement as are beyond all doubt. The medium here referred to has not yet given out his powers in this direction. His reasons are manifold, but the time will come, we hope, when everyone can

worship under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to make him afraid.

The year 1900 found me at beautiful Lily Dale Camp again, when among other experiences I had a sitting with J. C. White, when eight of my personal and dear spirit friends came and wrote. One was a dear brother who only three weeks before had left the mortal for the bright summer land, and with whom I had talked in vain of this beautiful truth. He has told me since passing over that he thought I was a fanatic, but now he knows I was teaching a grand truth, and in finishing the writing said, "Go on, dear sister Sarah, it is all right," and in speaking of his family, who belong to the Plymouth Brethren, he wrote, "My dear ones will not believe this, but no matter. They will in time."

I could not tell why I was not convulsed with grief at the departure from this life of my dear brother, but can only say thus far that the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism was the comforter, so that sorrow was out of the question when I knew he was with the dear ones gone before.

I wish to thank my spirit friends in these and many other sittings for bringing this beautiful philosophy to my troubled mind. It has proved a comfort and solace to me in my quiet hours, while it is in a measure unknown, and as Miss Maggie Gaule said in giving me a public test, "You are where you dare not say you are a Spiritualist, nevertheless I am spreading the truth wherever I can and often suffer therefrom. I am waiting for this honest truth to reach this city of churches."

I wish to say in closing, in those beautiful words of Miss Abbie Judson, "It is my Light, my Life, my All."

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MRS. JOHN HENDERSON

TRANCE MEDIUM, TORONTO.

I was born April 16th, 1824, and am, therefore, in my 78th year. Since childhood I have been more or less clairvoyant, clairaudient and deeply impressional. I have lived in Toronto since I was eight years old, and have had the great joy of giving my services as Trance Medium to our own house circle of friends and enquirers—generally several times per week—for over 40 years. During that time hundreds of teachers, clergymen, professional and business men, have visited our home and professed to find instruction, encouragement, inspiration, in the messages that came through my lips, from unseen friends. A large number have thus become firm believers in spirit return. Lately my life has been lived seemingly in two realms, and rather more

in the spiritual than in the earthly realm. My friends in spirit life come to me at all hours of the day and night. I meet them in my house as I pass from one room to another, up and down the stairs, hear their voices and often sense their presence when I do not see or hear them. Frequently when unaware of their presence they join in conversation by answering some remark I have made.

When one's life is so constantly in touch with spirit realms, it seems difficult to select any particular experience for recital. I will, however, at Dr. Austin's request, mention a few of my experiences which will serve as fair samples of the rest.

About 1850, my husband, who has always been in deepest sympathy and kindest co-operation with my spiritual development and mediumship, was in London, Eng. One evening I was sitting on our verandah in presence of Mr. Boswick, his business partner, when I saw an immense glass-covered building and crowds of people thronging the avenues. I mentioned this to Mr. B. and he asked me if I recognized anyone. Almost instantly, upon looking down the aisle I recognized my husband, and he was walking up the aisle with a lady on his arm. We took note of day and hour and allowing for the difference in time, found my vision was absolutely correct. I also saw him at the day and hour his ship arrived in port. This was also verified.

About 21 years ago my eldest

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daughter lived in Port Arthur, Ont. I had visited her, but afterwards she had moved to a new house. One bitter, winter night I had a desire to visit her, and did so in spirit as I have frequently done in "soul flight" as it is called. I had a sensation of travelling, and at last arrived at her dwelling—all the surroundings being entirely new to me. I remember the sensation of extreme cold which I felt, and how I suffered from it. I did not enter the dwelling, but seemed to stand outside the window looking in. I saw her reading by the table—her husband lying on the sofa. Basil, the boy, was playing with his dog in the corner. He made the dog stand up, and placed his cap upon his head. Everything was so real and life-like, we took a note of time, &c., and on corresponding with our daughter found we were able to verify all the chief features of the vision.

On another occasion when my husband was on the sea, coming in with my wraps on I lay down on the bed and was soon lost to all around me. The doctor was called in next morning and I was restored to consciousness. Meanwhile I had followed my husband and was with him on the ship, and distinctly saw him by my side as we walked the deck. So real was it all to me I grew sea-sick. I appeared to myself, I remember, not larger than a child by his side.

At another time when my son Tom was in England, I distinctly heard him call me "Mother," three times, and I realized he was very ill at the time specified, and still unwell, and, as a consequence, Tom came home while my husband remained in his place.

While walking down street in this

city one day, I felt an instinctive desire to go over to James St.—a street I had seldom walked on. While walking down James St., I began to perceive a peculiar atmosphere about me. It was full of the smell of woods and flowers. Suddenly something grey passed over my shoulder and with it such a thrill of emotion and deep impression that I said "I have met with death." On entering the store shortly afterwards, my husband and his partner both asked me what ailed me, as I looked so ill. I said "I have met with death." It was 12 o'clock, and at that hour, my husband's brother, as we afterwards learned by letter, died in the west.

In my teens I was engaged to a young man, but felt and told him I should marry another. He was leaving for England and required a certain paper. I told him to go to a certain store and a young man, John Henderson, would give him the paper, and I remarked casually, "I shall be married to him before you get back from England." I was then but slightly acquainted with Mr. Henderson, but had on another occasion pointed him out to my uncle through the window of the store we were passing, with the remark—"I shall marry that young man some day."

I have witnessed under circumstances precluding the possibility of fraud on the part of the medium, the phenomena of materialization and held delightful intercourse with my friends and loved ones. To me spirit intercourse is as real as the communion we hold with friends in the body.

I have also had many deep impressions, seemingly unaccountable at the time, which have proved prophetic.

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ALONZO THOMPSON

FULLERTON, NEBRASKA.

It was on the 15th of January, '52, at the burial of my mother, that the question of immortality first forcibly attracted my attention. I was at that time an unbeliever in a future existence. I was 20 years of age and had seen no proof that man lived beyond the grave. At this time, however, I resolved to prove, if possible, the hereafter life and have continued my investigations from that day to this, nor have I investigated in vain. Every sense of mine has been thoroughly satisfied. I now know the hereafter life is a certainty and one of greater compass than our present mortal life. It was nearly twenty years, however, after beginning the investigation before I was fully satisfied, and since then experiences unnumbered and soul-satisfying have only confirmed my knowledge of the life immortal. I am now sure I did not derive the benefit I should have received from my earlier investigations because I

was not sufficiently developed to appreciate the spiritual character of what came to me, and because in those days I was investigating a truth along the line of fraud by trying to prove mediumship fraudulent. This proved to me a poor way of developing spirituality. Accordingly I floundered about in a sea of doubt and perplexity, often wondering why red men of the forest should come to me in place of my own friends whom I desired. After much examination along this line myself and my first wife were almost persuaded to give over the search after evidence, but the old question, "If a man die shall he live again?" would not down. About this time we removed from Jefferson City to St. Louis, where better opportunities were afforded us in investigation. Two friends, Major John S. Mellon and a Mr. Levey, took deep interest in us and brought a trance medium to our home, a Mr. Dunn, who travelled around the world with Dr. Peebles. At a seance in my parlor we blindfolded Mr. Dunn, padding the sockets of his eyes. Articles of value were placed on the floor—watches, rings, bric-a-brac, &c.—and yet with eyes thoroughly blinded Mr. Dunn could see as distinctly as we could, for he could seize any article before we reached it and dance among the scattered articles without touching one. This almost satisfied me of the truth of clairvoyance and was a stunning blow to my materialism.

Another noted medium came to St. Louis in the early seventies, Mrs. Hollis, and I attended one of her dark circles. My mother came to me and touched me with her improvised finger tips on the forehead, on my knees, and whispered to me something which at first I did not



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understand, but the memory of which soon came back to me: "Lonnie! Lonnie! Can't you recognize me?" Her voice was familiar and carried me back forty years. This was a revelation as the medium was unknown to me.

At a subsequent private seance with the same medium, there being present the daughter of the medium, who sat partly in the light of a fairly lighted room and partly enshrouded in curtains, we saw pictures formed above the head of the medium in succession, each remaining for nearly a moment and vanishing, to be replaced by another. There were five of them—all very beautiful, apparently 2 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. Some were portraits, some of which I recognized. My mother, my brother and Judge Vinsonhaler I clearly recognized. In the picture portraits I could see a winking of the eye and the passage of a smile across the countenance. I afterwards had a very satisfactory seance with her in London. Soon after I met Maud Lord (now Blake), a noted materializing medium and attended one of her circles in Boston. She occupied the centre of the circle, her hands being held by one of the circle. My friend, Mr. Nathaniel Tucker, lately passed to higher life, came to me through her mediumship.

Soon after I attended Onset Camp—a Mecca of Spiritualism—and had some very remarkable seances with a Mrs. —, then located on the shore of the bay. Two things that deeply impressed me in these seances were the hearing of bells ringing apparently some forty feet or more above the tent where we were sitting and the painting of a picture on a bit of pasteboard picked up in the room and held on my head—my

wife sitting three or four feet away meanwhile and watching the painting develop. I have this picture laid away at home among my spiritual treasures. I met a gentleman at Onset who went one morning to visit this medium, carrying a shell he had picked up on the shore. It was hinged and closed and washed out by the action of the water. He promised the medium \$50 and to pay for her breakfast if she would get him a communication on the inside of the shell closed exactly as it was. She promised him nothing but gave him a sitting and at the close it was found that the message had been written. He was greatly elated, for inside was this message:

Spiritualism is a great truth. You will do well to investigate it. It was signed by Benjamin Franklin, and accompanying it was a fine likeness of the philosopher. It was for this gentleman that the chime of bells was rung in the air above the tent, for it was a chime known to him in his native land, Persia.

While at Onset I also attended a seance of Mrs. Ross. While the medium was in the cabinet there appeared at one time at least 10 or 12 spirits, ranging from 1 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. in height. As I viewed this company from the spirit world it seemed to me like Pentecost repeated. The medium mentioned who gave the shell message was present at Mrs. Ross' seance, and while the company of spiritual visitors was present threw herself on the floor on her knees and looking up said: "I recognize you, Mother Superior," and also declared she recognized several others of the heavenly visitors. While outstanding before us this company of angel visitors sang a very beautiful little song, short, sweet and inimitable.

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MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS

NEW YORK CITY.

When I first became interested in the subject of Spiritualism I was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and like the majority of its communicants I unhesitatingly accepted its teachings without taking the trouble to verify them in any way; but when I was guided into an investigation of Spiritualism I soon found irreconcilable differences between the two, for while the former rests solely on tradition the latter was demonstrated to me in accordance with natural law and with a clearness and fullness which I may, I think, largely ascribe to my own medial powers.

My mediumship was gradually developed, and to the process observed by my guides do I attribute its constant growth, and above all its marvellous variety and scope.

My first phase was what is called automatic writing, to which I was limited for a few months. Then I received in rapid succession clair-audience and clairvoyance, both of which I still possess, and later came the power of etherialization and materialization, which, in my opinion, are two of the grandest gifts that it is possible for a human being to be blessed with. During the period of my clairaudient and clairvoyant experience I was attended almost exclusively by the spirits of my dear parents and some immediate friends, who gave me indubitable proof of their identity, counselled me in every way, and predicted that in a very short time I would be developed into a strong and convincing materializing medium. When I became thoroughly satisfied that I could see and talk to my father and mother and that they could see and talk to me I entered into a state of spiritual ecstasy and wanted to make public proclamation of such a stupendous fact, but they begged me to wait, as the time for such publicity had not come, my mother ending one of her admonitions with this sage advice: "My child, you will be tried; see that you are not found wanting. We have opened the doors of your soul, and through it and your senses proved the fact of immortality to you. But later higher and more advanced spirits will continue to unfold your mediumship and through you give to humanity such proofs of continuous life, both from a phy-

sical and mental standpoint, that they must be dull and bigoted indeed who will refuse to accept them." Soon after I was visited by the noble teachers and guides who still serve both worlds through my instrumentality, and the most sincere wish of my heart is that those mortals who listen to their good advice, their wise, strong counsel and their expressions of love for all that is in the universe worthy of love would profit by what they hear and convert their words into deeds, for it is not every day and in every place that people on the earth plane can listen to the voices of the angels.

For more than twenty years I have been a public medium in New York, and during that time I have made thousands of converts to Spiritualism, many of whom are still faithful attendants at my seances, among the number being men and women eminent in law, literature, science, finance, theology and art, all of whom bless the day they first found the truth of spirit return.

Since my inception into Spiritualism I have been closely identified with it as editor, inspirational teacher, clairvoyant and clairsaudient as well as materializing medium. I at one time opened a Children's Lyceum in my home where young people were instructed in the fundamental truths of spiritual philosophy, and in addition I founded at considerable expense the only free circulating library of spiritual literature in New York, and in every way, by every means in my power, I endeavored to do the work delegated by my spirit guides.

As can be seen I did not come before the public an unfledged medium; it was only after years of probation I was permitted to make the attempt. However, during this time I frequently sat with a circle of select friends, among them being the late Henry J. Newton, president of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York; Alfred Welton, president of the Second Society; Prof. Henry Kiddle, Judge Nelson Cross and other sincere investigators. As far as my experience goes I can safely assert that no matter how gifted a medium naturally is it requires the time and labor of spirits to develop his or her powers. There are no miracles in nature; everything occurs in accordance with law. That law may be unknown to us while thoroughly understood by spirits who are face to face with it, so the wisest thing to do is to obey them in all ways to the best of your ability. As before intimated, I longed to go before the world and proclaim the divine truth with which I had been blessed, but my guides were inexorable. I must await their permission, so that when I did appear before the public I could—or rather they could give through my organism unquestionable proofs of the soul's immortality.

At these sittings I was in the habit of giving messages and tests innumerable; describing the spirits present and repeating their speeches and comments with the utmost ease. While doing this raps would be heard; articles of furniture would be moved around the room in full view of my guests; a chair would frequently move across the room to the point where I sat, and on reaching my side would press down on me with a great deal of force. As my mediumship developed and the

manifestations became more pronounced I realized how wise the admonition to wait was, but finally after several test seances given in the presence of Mr. Newton and the gentlemen already mentioned I yielded to their solicitations and consented to appear in public. For a time spirits who appeared to their friends had but little power over the vocal organs; they merely gave their names and were identified by their appearance and the communications received from them by the cabinet guides who had no such difficulty in controlling the voice. Slowly but surely the manifestations increased in power and intellectuality until they arrived at their present state of almost perfection, when the spirits of men, women and children who manifest to their friends can not only give their names for purposes of identification, but wise counsel on terrestrial as well as celestial affairs.

In the early period of my public mediumship I was accustomed to give messages and tests to the friends present before entering the cabinet, but as the materialized spirits grew accustomed to taking on the form and became proficient in conversation I finally ceased doing so except on rare occasions. My guides, however, willingly answer all questions pertaining to the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, and this they do in a manner that has elicited the admiration of savants, philosophers and yet humbler investigators.

These and similar admonitions are being constantly given to the ladies and gentlemen who assemble in my seance parlors by such spirits as Preston T. Holliand, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William Ellery Channing, Frank Cushman, Abraham Lincoln,

Henry Ward Beecher, my overshadowing mother, Priscilla, Margaret Fuller, Phœbe and Alice Carey and others eminent in every walk in life. Remember these spirits appear before their friends in a good light, speak in their natural voices, which are readily recognized and under conditions which preclude all possibility of even an attempt at deception. I have in my possession thousands of letters from people all over the world testifying to these facts, and were I to publish a tenth of them it would make a good sized volume in itself.

Before closing a recital of some of my experiences when not in the trance state may prove interesting. Frequently I sit with a few select friends either in my parlor or theirs, and when the conditions are harmonious the results are simply wonderful. Let us suppose such a gathering at my home or at the home of a friend, when in a distant point of the room a small globe of light suddenly appears. Imagine the rapt attention with which it is followed; and as it approaches over the heads of the sitters how every eye is fixed upon it, and then as it gradually floats down upon the table how we all gaze in wonder when we behold it is a human eye—but beautifully luminous beyond anything of the earth. "It is wonderful! wonderful!" is sighed, rather than cried, as it rolls off the table and seems lost to the view. It is not lost, however, for soon a childish form appears and in a lisping voice cries, "It was I, Lady Mother! 'Bright Eyes,' who made that manifestation to please you and your friends." "Yes, that was 'Bright Eyes,'" comes the deep and sonorous voice of Frank Cushman, who bids all to keep still as more mani-

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festations are to follow ; and they do follow, to my delight, as well as to the delight of all present. Materialized in full form, "Bright Eyes" talks and laughs with childish glee, takes handkerchiefs out of the hands of some friends, describes and gives the names of spirits present, and in various ways assists Mr. Holland and Frank Cushman in making the evening a memorable and pleasant one for myself and friends.

Frequently before the "passing out" of some near friend I have a vision that points directly to that event. Only a few evenings since, while sitting at the home of Mrs. M. Morse, 814 West End Ave., a casket covered with roses passed before me. Being the first vision I had that evening I was loath to mention it, fearing it might have a disturbing effect on some of the ladies and gentlemen present, but in a little while it suddenly returned and came so close to my face that I was shocked into exclaiming : "I see a coffin ! We will hear of a death soon !" Next morning I received a letter from a dear friend, Mrs. Eicke, of Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., informing me of her husband's death.

On the 23rd of last March I was rather suddenly awakened a short time after midnight by one of my guides exclaiming : "Mrs. Kingsley is a widow !" I asked : "Is it possible Mr. Kingsley is dead ?" The answer came : "She is a widow. Mr. Kingsley is dead !" On arising in the morning I sent a messenger to ascertain if what I heard during the night was indeed true ; not that I doubted my guides—I merely wanted confirmation of the fact, as Mrs. Kingsley is my only child. He was unsuccessful in his search, but two days later I learned that

my spirit informant was right and that Mr. Kingsley had passed out in Colorado on the very day of the night I got the message.

There seems to be no subject so much misunderstood as that of spirit return. Its truth has been testified to time and again by thinkers and scientists all over the world. The men and women loudest in denunciation of its possibility are those most ignorant of it, and when it is considered that almost all persons have enough mediumship to ascertain its truth in their own homes we stand amazed at their attitude to what has no antagonism to any religion, but simply proves that those we love are not dead, and that though invisible there are conditions obtainable which enable them to show themselves and speak words of comfort to those friends who are mourning for their loss. Isn't it strange that people should fight this grand revelation by God to man ?

I rejoice to say that the manifestations at my seances are reported to be more convincing and stronger than they ever were. The etherealization, materialization and dematerialization of spirits outside the cabinet have given most unquestionable proofs of the reality of spirit return. The forms are more perfect and numerous and the exhibitions of spirit power more satisfactory in every way. For myself, instead of being weakened by opposition I have grown strong in the fight and hope for many more useful years on this plane of existence before I join those friends and companions of the higher life who have so successfully and for so many years co-operated with me in the dissemination of God's mighty and eternal truth—Everlasting life, continuous progress !

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W. H. EVANS

TORONTO.

If a belief in spirit communication constitutes one a Spiritualist then I am willing to be so classified, but I was not educated a Spiritualist. My education was strictly orthodox. The English Church catechism was so thoroughly instilled into my mind that in the year 1857 I was confirmed by the Bishop of London, Eng. For some years after that I thought I did believe in all the articles of the Christian faith until I began to think for myself.

Spiritualism attracted my attention some thirty years ago, at the time when the Davenport Brothers were astonishing the world. Having witnessed their manifestations through different mediums and listened to some of the most inspiring discourses through trance speakers I became interested in the writings

of Andrew Jackson Davis, whose books on the spiritual philosophy were indeed a revelation. The investigations of Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir William Crookes and other leading scientists at that time were giving the public the result of their researches, and prominent men of all classes eminent in other spheres of learning were also busy. Authors such as the late Wm. Howitt and S. C. Hall, editor of the Art Journal, all testified to the actuality of the phenomena as being the work of incarnated spirits. Reading such testimony led me to the conclusion that there must be some truth underlying those facts, and like Mr. Howitt, I determined to find out without a professional medium the truth for myself, so with a few others, about a dozen equally interested in the enquiry, and among these was the daughter and son-in-law of the most prominent minister of the town in which I was then living, a circle was organized and we met regularly on stated evenings for several weeks at my home and conformed as far as possible to the rules laid down for such gatherings. The circle was broken up temporarily by the marriage of two members of it.

Acting upon the suggestion we sat around a small parlor table that was in the room, resting our hands lightly on the top, when almost immediately it showed signs of animation by moving about in a restless manner. A message was spelled

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out by the table as follows: "Meet often. Admit no one. Be firm. Do right and I will be with you.—S—B—." The full name was given, which proved to be that of a deceased sister of Mrs. B.

Now, what does that prove? there being no professional mediums present, yet here was an intelligent communication, a direct answer pertinent to the subject we had been discussing, evidently produced by an unseen intelligence, whose name was given by which it could be identified, and who was seemingly quite familiar with what we had been talking about.

In carrying out these instructions it was decided to meet twice a week at my home again, when circumstances again occurred which necessitated the breaking up of the circle, and abandonment of the enquiry. However, during these meetings we had ample evidence of there being some outside intelligence other than ourselves directing the movements of the table. Frequently the sister of Mrs. B. and other personal friends communicated, occasionally we were favored by a name famous in history with a brief communication, and again by those whom none of us knew or ever heard of, who manifested their presence by controlling the table. One evening a spirit giving his name and as residing at Hamilton, Ont., when in the flesh, manifested. In answer to enquiries as to when he passed away dates were given, and as none of us could remember having known him I wrote to the city clerk at Hamilton to find out if any such name had been registered, and received a reply seemingly confirming the truthfulness of the spirit message.

We could not command what we

desired, but simply had to take what came. Sometimes we could not prevent the table from moving, could not hold it quiet; it has been laid down on the floor and held there that our united strength for a time was unable to raise it up, and exhibiting other eccentricities that would seem to preclude the possible theory that it was our subjective minds or unconscious muscular action causing these manifestations.

T. Jay Hudson, in his admirable work, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," accounts for much that is attributed to spirit agency by the powers of subjective mind, but his theory does not cover the whole of the facts of Spiritualism, and though it was intended to disprove them it has had the opposite effect, confirming them, for the same subjective mind that acts independently of the body while encased in it could surely have no difficulty in manifesting its power when released from the flesh when the opportunity was offered.

I have witnessed much of the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations, from the simple raps to the crowning act of materialization, through the mediumship of both public and private mediums, and in the latter cases, which is always the most satisfactory under conditions which precluded the possibility of fraud, deception, or simulation in any way whatever.

By these experiences I am able to corroborate as true, such scientific investigations as Sir Wm. Crookes has given in his "Researches" when he demonstrated in a strictly scientific manner that which James and John testified to on the Mount of Transfiguration was a possible fact, supported by the testimony of hundreds of living reliable witnesses who have seen similar phenomena.

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REV. JAMES C. BUDLONG

ASHAWAY, R. I.

I was born of poor but respectable parents in Phoenix, R.I., in June, 1866, and educated in the public schools, graduating from Howard Normal College with first-class honors in 1888. I was, as a boy, exceptionally fond of quiet, preferring to read and meditate rather than enjoy the usual boyish sports. I seemed naturally inclined toward religion and early manifested a desire to enter the ministry. I found an outlet for my religious instincts and impulses in writing for religious papers. Like Rev. Moses Hull, I was for a time identified with the Adventists and preached in their pulpits. For a period I was pastor of the Christian Church in Three Oaks, Mich., and afterwards engaged in evangelistic work in

Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. Still, though successful in my work and well supported, I felt there was something lacking in my religion, and moved by an impulse within I began an earnest study of the Bible from cover to cover, going over the various versions, making copious notes and comparisons. The various stages of my progress it is unnecessary to detail, but I may say that my conclusion of the whole investigation was that the Bible was permeated with Spiritualism—that Jesus and his apostles were undoubtedly mediums—and that the so-called miracles were performed by mediumistic power. I then began a critical investigation of the claims and teachings of Spiritualism, reading such exponents of its doctrines as the Banner of Light, Progressive Thinker, and The Sermon, also liberal magazines like Mind, and the writings of A. J. Davis, Dr. Peebles, Hudson Tuttle, Carlyle Petersilea, J. R. Francis, James Rhodes Buchanan and others and became convinced that Spiritualism is the only true religion, the only one based on demonstrated facts, the only one that will satisfy fully the mind and heart of humanity. As soon as this light came to me, like Saul I was not disoriented to the heavenly vision. My friends of former times have become my persecutors, but this inspires no malice or hatred in my breast against them—as I realize their benighted condition.



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I may say, then, in response to the question, "What Converted Me to Spiritualism?" that nothing but deep study and sound common sense converted me. My natural devotional nature led me to a system of philosophy in which I find food for spiritual hunger of my soul. I had read, I may say in passing, in earlier years, the works of Ingersoll and Voltaire and the scientists Humboldt, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin and others, and though I found in them much food for the intellectual nature, there was little or nothing to satisfy the spiritual nature of man. In my despair I swung from Materialism all the way to Adventism and found there much that is bright and beautiful, but not a satisfying portion. As I have stated I became more and more sensible of the weakness and deficiency of the Advent doctrines as the spiritual nature was seeking to unfold within me and I was often compelled to shudder at the thought of so many millions—including our loved friends—sleeping in the cold, unresponsive grave. At times I sensed, too, the presence of my loved ones passed

on. At other times I seemed to hear their sweet voices—or I got it impressionally—"Charles, we are not dead. We are with you. We watch over you. We love you more than we did in the earth life." At times, awakening in the night, I would hear music, not of earth, the very melodies of heaven.

Now, in reading the Bibles of all religions I find them full of these spiritual experiences. All agree in representing God as the Infinite Spirit and death as the passing through the vestibule into the many-mansioned home of our Father.

I can now say: "Whereas I was blind, now I see. I *know* Spiritualism is true. Talk to me no more of death, the grave and hell. Man can never die. We make our own heaven or hell. Spiritualism is logical and at the same time spiritual. It is the religion of comfort for mourners. Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory? Away with the crape and the cypress. Death is best represented by the lily and carnation. All the boundless universe is life; there is no devil."

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DR. MAX MUEHLENBRUCH

OAKLAND, CAL.

Why am I a Spiritualist? I shall have to begin with early childhood to give an answer which the reader can fully comprehend.

I am the fifteenth child of a strict Lutheran family, born in Labonetz, on the island called Usedom, in Germany.

All my people are yet orthodox. I am the only one who was cast upon the sea of investigation, and landed, through my experiences, deep and mystifying, in the haven of knowledge.

I astonished my parents time after time by describing different persons who had long passed out, and utterly impossible for me to have known them, and also sceneries which were connected with them in early life.

Father, with a puzzled look, gazed at me with an expression of "Holy Horror." Turning to mother, shaking his head, he said, "Dear mother, I am sorry this child was brought into the world, as I am af-

raid he has weakening of the brain."

My parents were not to blame, Spiritualism was almost unknown in Germany. Often my parents would find me in lonely places, under trees and amongst nature, the ocean being  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in front of our dwelling and the mountains just behind.

Then they would ask, "Son why art thou here?" and I would describe to them what I had seen and heard.

Father and I were walking one day, and away ahead of us I saw a funeral procession coming towards us. It was a most ostentatious procession, but the peculiar part of it was that all the horses were perfectly white, uniforms of all descriptions, and the coffin most beautifully decorated.

I called my father's attention to it. He smiled and said, "My son you are dreaming. There is not a horse in sight, let alone a funeral procession as you describe," but he could not pacify me, as they were coming directly towards us.

I pulled my father's coat being afraid they would run over him; he would not come, and in despair I ran home and told my mother, who, with great anxiety for her husband, followed me.

We saw my father approaching, shaking his head, but a short time after that a notification was received that the Emperor of Germany had passed away. I could not understand these things until I met my present wife, who is a physical medium.

At the time of our engagement, and even up to about six months after our marriage, I was not aware of her mediumistic faculties. Mrs. Muehlenbruch did not desire me to know it, as I had often expressed myself very bitterly against Mediums

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and Spiritualists, yet I could not account for what I received myself, until one evening a discussion came up between Mrs. Muehlenbruch and her sister, who was residing with us at the time, and myself.

I used to say, "Anyone believing in Spiritualism is insane, and ought to be locked up for safety."

After having made this remark one day, I noticed there came a peculiar change in Mrs. Muehlenbruch's face. She confronted me and said, "Will you believe if the phenomena is demonstrated to you? I said, 'If you can demonstrate it, I shall not deny the facts.'"

Mrs. Muehlenbruch said, "Let us sit at this table," and by the way we had a large heavy oak dining-room table, which I found later was only a toy in the hands of unseen forces.

We sat down, I with my keen intuition and eagle eyes, watched carefully for all movements of Mrs. Muehlenbruch and her sister. Not that I distrusted them, but I wanted the whole truth.

We had hardly sat down to table with our hands upon the same when it began to quiver, and with great astonishment was moved back and forth like a little toy.

Shortly raps came upon the table, but much to my discontent they came to the tips of my fingers and under my hands.

Mrs. Muehlenbruch and her sister said that I looked rather white, whereas my natural color is reddish.

I was instructed to ask questions. I had seen a good deal of life, and twice have had the pleasure of looking into the barrels of a pistol and never flinched, three times I have been in accident close to death, in fact my whole life has been a remarkable one, yet being requested to ask questions, made me, for the first

time, tremble all over.

However I summed up courage, and asked questions, which were answered, to my great surprise, with great rapidity, earnestness and correctness.

I was requested by the spirits through raps on the table to go to a certain lady by the name of Mrs. Stanely, of old Tacoma, as at that time Mrs. Muehlenbruch, sister and myself were living in New Tacoma, Washington.

After this information was imparted to me, the table rose right up to from the floor, and came down a few times with great rapidity, as to indicate great joy by those who performed it, that they had gained their point and at once the table was quiet.

Next day I went to see the lady as I was instructed to do. She invited me to come in. However, I responded not. She saw my hesitation and said: "You were sent here by the spirits, who instructed you through raps on the table last night at your home; therefore, come in—nothing will hurt you."

I submitted, went into a nice sitting-room, and I found her to be a motherly and true woman.

My surprise was to come as yet. She related things in my past life which even Mrs. Muehlenbruch had no knowledge of. She described my folks and also Mrs. Muehlenbruch's people perfectly, in fact she gave me a wonderful reading.

In conclusion she said: "You think that I am grand, but you will be one hundred times greater than I am."

All this has come to pass, as my capacity of psychic work at this present day shows. This lady was only known in her vicinity, whereas my name and powers have been published world-wide.

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MRS. WM. LIDDICOAT

STURGIS, PA.

In childhood I was clairvoyant and often in fright climbed from my trundle bed into the bed with my parents, who thought me delirious when I related what I saw. As I grew older things prophetic were shown me in my dreams. I saw no more clairvoyantly until thirteen years ago the present June. One afternoon I saw my spirit daughter, May. Oh! so beautiful! but still it was she, only more fully developed than when she passed, at 16, to spirit life, while as I saw her that afternoon she looked to be 25. I saw only the head and face near an opening of the window curtain where the light shone brightly upon her. I afterwards described the vision to Judge Adams, of California. He said it was an etherialization.

Induced by the testimony of friends I went to Lily Dale and got a satisfactory communication and test from my mother from Edgar Emerson.

W. A. Mansfield came to Waterford, Pa., the same fall. I took my own privately-marked slates and obtained a seance with him. He went out of the room when I wrote my questions. On returning he seated himself at the opposite side of the table and told me to place the questions on the table and point at them with a pencil, I having previously rolled them into round pellets. He never touched those pellets and I had been very careful not to say what relation the names I had written bore to myself merely asking them if possible to communicate with me. As I took up one of the pellets, he said: "Edgar. Why, that is Emerson's name; and it is your brother's; he passed out with some throat trouble—yes, scarlet fever would produce just that sensation." My brother passed to spirit life in Conn. in 1839 of scarlet fever at the age of three years, and he was unknown in Waterford, Pa., where I received that test. When I took up another pellet the medium remarked: "That is a very handsome young man whose name you hold in your hand; he passed out suddenly; he was shot." George Liddicoat, my husband's brother, was shot in Nevada many years before. No one knew of him in Waterford. I could not understand how my writing his name could have informed W. A. Mansfield how he looked and how he died, he being a perfect stranger to me and my spirit friends.

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He told me to place a bit of pencil between my slates and tie them together, which I did with a strong cord, resting the slates on my right shoulder, holding them there with both hands, the medium taking hold with his thumb and fingers, I closely watching him to see that he did not do the writing. Soon I heard the sound as of pencil writing on the slates. Upon untying my slates I saw my daughter May's own handwriting, she who had been gone seventeen years from our home. Pen fails to express the joy I felt.

I went to Lily Dale camp last year to test spirit portraits, expecting to have to sit several hours to obtain them, but the medium said I could obtain them in from fifteen to thirty minutes by holding them in the window light, if I could get them at all. We sat at a table, Miss Bangs placing her hands on some slates and I placed mine on the same slates, when the sound of telegraphy came and she said: "There are two of your spirit daughters here and are both going to give you their portraits." In presence of seven witnesses I picked out two frames with clean canvas on them the next morning, having previously examined the room. Having been told the night before I could have both of my spirit daughters' portraits as they were before they passed on or as they are now, I preferred them as they are now. I took the canvasses, held them in my hands while some of our party placed a little table in front of a window. The Bangs Sisters, one at each end of the table, took the canvas frames from my hands and rested them on the table, I sitting in front of the window at the table, the other seven of our party standing back of me. The background

gradually formed first, leaving a vacant place for the portrait. While the portrait was coming the thought struck me, how shall I know them apart? and I said aloud: "If this is Lilian I want a lily on her, and if it is May I want a bunch of English daisies on her." The lily was on her left breast before I finished speaking. The sisters said: "If you had thought that it would have come just the same." Lilian opened and shut her eyes several times before they stayed open. I received May's portrait three days later and the daisies are on her breast. It is the same as I saw her in my room thirteen years ago.

A lady friend timed the first portrait. It was fifteen minutes coming on the canvas. We could see it plainly, the canvas being in the strong light of the window. The second one was sixteen minutes forming. Every one of the parties present expressed themselves satisfied there was no chance for fraud, and the portraits resemble the pictures I had of them, taken at from four to six years of age, so that strangers are able to tell which is Lilian and which is May. There never had been a picture of these children where the Bangs Sisters could have seen them previous to my getting the portraits. While this is no more wonderful than the slate writing I had with Mansfield and have had with P. L. O. A. Keeler, and wonderful tests from other mediums, it is a fact that I understand the Bible after investigating Spirit phenomena as I never understood it before, and I can only hope my poorly written chapter may be a help to some benighted person such as I was before I had light from the spirit side of light. It has one merit—and that is, it is true.



MRS. GEORGE OLIVER

TORONTO.

I was brought up a Presbyterian in New Jersey and afterwards joined the same body in Toronto. I never helieved in infant baptism, declaring my children should decide the question of baptism for themselves. My husband's preference being in favor of the Baptist church I joined this church, though I was never a firm heliever in all the dogmas of the old theology, especially the vicarious atonement. The first thing that interested me in regard to Spiritualism was on the occasion of my visit to my father's house in '93 in New York. On the evening of my arrival they brought out an Ouija board, being Spiritualists, and my niece operated the board. The first to communicate was a little daughter of mine, about 7 years old,

who had passed away about six weeks previous. The message was to me and things were said to me which I knew were not within the knowledge of anyone present but myself. One message read: "Mamma, you can do this too." I was sorrowing, breaking my heart over my loss, and the child seemed happy. This seemed strange to me, and yet her words and manner showed her happiness. I sensed her condition clearly. She was happy and I was unhappy, and I naturally asked myself, Why? I was very tired that night, and after speaking for a time this message was spelled out: "Mamma, you are tired. Go to bed. Good night."

Next day I visited a medium in New York who said: "Three little girls stand by your side, one just recently gone out." This served to increase my interest in spirit communication and on my return to Toronto I purchased the only available Ouija board I could find and kept it in my house a year. The directions required two pairs of hands upon the board and I, in my ignorance, did not know that a single pair of hands might operate the board.

About a year had now elapsed since my purchase of the board and the impression became so strong that I ought to try the board that I went one Sunday afternoon to my room, locked the door and unwrapped the board. Placing my hands upon it I found it moved rapidly and

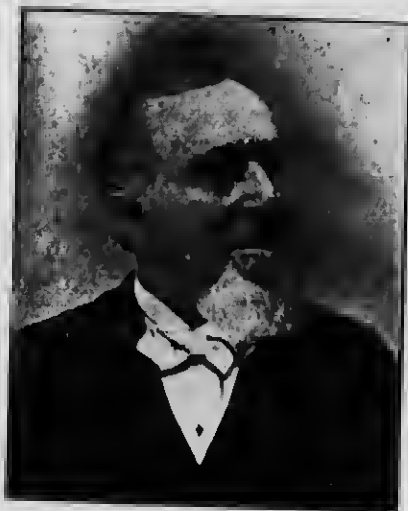
gave me message after message for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. These messages were clear and definite, giving names, dates, &c., of people I knew and of some who passed away in my youth and whose names I had not thought of for years. Of these intelligences I would ask: "Tell me some one else who is present that I used to know," and message after message came which I knew or afterwards verified as correct. This was in '94. Though satisfied of the correctness of the messages I still thought it might be sinful—especially on Sunday. Some of those who communicated were friends of Mr. Oliver, and as I told him of my new experiences he became interested also. So the following Tuesday evening I got out the board and Bessie, my daughter, still controlled it. Mr. Oliver glanced occasionally at the board while I was operating it and finally dropped his evening paper and became thoroughly interested with myself in the wonderful little instrument, so that for a few weeks the evening paper was entirely neglected and we pursued our investigations into the morning hours. One evening, or rather morning, about three weeks later, after Mr. Oliver had retired and I still sat with the board, the power being so strong I could not leave it, I finally got up, and just then I heard my little Bessie laugh. This was my first clairaudient experience. "I hear Bessie laughing," I said to my husband. He thought I was surely

losing my senses. I then felt I wanted assistance, instruction and guidance in exploring this unknown world. I had no one to go to—was groping in the dark. I did not know what clairvoyance or clairaudience was and had to get all my information from the board. I carried out the directions given through the board as best I could. I was told that if I would sit for a certain length of time I should get clairaudience. So I began regular sittings for development and not more than six months afterwards I got clairaudience but was not entranced.

As the new views grew upon us we lost faith gradually in the old theology, though still retaining our connection with the church. Soon after I heard Mrs. Prior, and this was my first and a most pleasant introduction to the spiritual philosophy.

A peculiarity of my first clairaudient experience wherein I heard speaking was the fact that the voice came apparently from my own stomach and was only heard by me when exhaling my breath. It was a man's voice, deep and clear, and the message was, "I have come at last."

Mr. Oliver was soon after elected chairman of the new society in Toronto, and this attracted church attention to us in connection with Spiritualism, and the church authorities wishing to call us to account for our conduct we sent them a joint letter asserting our views and intentions and practically withdrawing from the church. Since then we have found an increasing sense of freedom and joy in the beautiful and consoling religion of Spiritualism.



HON. THOMAS N. LOCKE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MRS. JULIA R. LOCKE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## THOMAS N. LOCKE

About 1859 or '60 I became interested in the subject of Spiritualism. At that time a writing medium named Mansfield visited Philadelphia and located at the corner of Seventh and Arch Sts. I called at his office but did not see him in person, but had an interview with his manager, who was an entire stranger to me. I made an appointment with him for four other gentlemen and myself. When the time arrived we were all on hand promptly. I was the first to be introduced to the medium. I had written on a little slip of paper the name of a sister who had passed to spirit life about two years before. Before going in I placed the slip in

my mouth, moistened it and rolled it up in a little ball about half the size of an ordinary marble. I sat down with it in my hand. The medium seemed in a dazed condition, placed his hand on mine, and then said: "I see a young lady with you. She says she is your sister Rachel." His hand then began to tremble and at once grasped a pencil and commenced to write. The message was a very lengthy one. Now, she had passed to spirit life about eight days after giving birth to a little boy. She selected the name of Lindorf for him. In the message she said to me: "Be kind enough to give my love to my boy Lindorf," and gave me many interesting and remarkable incidents that



had taken place during our childhood, some of which I had almost forgotten until they were referred to in the message. Now, the evening was disagreeable, being damp and cold. It was the latter part of April, and when I left home my wife had said to me that I had better remain at home. I told her I would not be absent very long. I was careful not to tell her where I was going. The medium, after writing some time, seemed exhausted, and sat for a little while quietly, and then spasmodically took hold of the pencil and wrote: "Thomas, I want you to know it is I, and I will give you some proof of it." The pencil then wrote: "Elizabeth is at home in the kitchen darning stockings and the children are all in bed," and then named them, commencing with the oldest, Iola, Emily, Estella and Alma, the youngest. Now, you see it would have been hard to guess these names, as they were not common names. But what seemed to me strange and improbable was that my wife should be in the kitchen, as she always spent her evenings in the sitting room when at home. When I arrived at home I asked my wife how she had spent her time during my absence. She said the fire had gone out in the sitting room and she had gone into the kitchen and spent the time in mending the children's stockings.

In the spring of 1862, during the civil war, two of my brothers, A. H. Locke and Henry C. Locke, enlisted in the Union Army—the oldest under Gen. John W. Geary, the 28th Penn. Volunteers, and the younger brother in the 23rd New Jersey. My brother A. H. often

wrote me and frequently sent enclosed in his letters a message to a lady by the name of Pearce, whose husband was in his company, requesting me to call on Mrs. Pearce and deliver the same. I soon learned that the lady could not read or write and my services were often needed in corresponding with her husband. She lived with her aunt, a Mrs. Sharpleigh, who was a Spiritualist and whose husband was in the same regiment. I soon discovered that Mrs. Pearce was quite mediumistic and proposed to a few of my friends to hold a developing circle at their home. After some delay six or seven of my friends met one evening each week. Mrs. Pearce became entranced and would give us information of those of our loved ones both in the body and out of it. She would describe accurately the location of the army and, if there had been an engagement, give particulars concerning it. She would vividly describe just what our friends were doing. We always found her descriptions correct upon corresponding with those she had seen and heard clairvoyantly and clairaudiently.

At the Battle of the Wilderness my youngest brother lost his life, and that evening, while the battle was still raging, she described him and the wound that was the cause of his death. In a few days a letter reached me from my oldest brother confirming what had been given by the control.

While entranced spirits would often control her hand and send messages to their loved ones. These messages came so often that we arranged to select one of our number to deliver them to different parts of the city. On one occasion a spirit purporting to be an Irishman con-

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trolled the medium and gave his name and said he had been in spirit life but a short time—that he had passed away suddenly and left his family in distressed circumstances. He gave us directions where to find them and told us that there was one man that owed him about \$1600. He said that he kept no books and that the family had no record to enable them to collect the debt. After some difficulty the medium wrote: "Go to the house and tell them they will find some due bills and papers in the corner of an old bureau drawer in the second story, front room." I called on them and found them in great distress. I found that what the spirit had said was true in every particular. He had kept horses and carts and made his living by digging cellars and doing work for contractors. After a good deal of persuasion and after I had almost given up trying to make them understand me, they told me they had looked all over the house and in the bureau and that there were no papers such as I referred to in the house. However, they did go upstairs and looked again in the bureau, and in a secret drawer they found the papers just as the spirit had described through the medium. I made due inquiry and learned that after some litigation they secured the money. The family afterwards acknowledged to me how greatly they needed this money and how indebted they were to us for our assistance.

Sometimes in our seances the spirit forces would carry the medium all over the room in a chair elevated 18 inches or 2 feet from the floor. This circle was kept up for about 2 years, and during the last year a spirit calling himself "Jack" would come and give us some beautiful se-

lections on the violin. The strangest part of the matter was there was no violin in the house and none of our number who could play had there been one there.

In 1859 I was interested in another circle composed of some 10 or 11 members, among whom was the late Dr. Henry T. Childs, John M. Kennedy, his brother William, and several others who have passed to the higher life. Some of them are still living, probably, but I have forgotten their names. The medium was a Mrs. Bonsall. She was a very fine sensitive, one of the best I have ever met with. On one occasion a spirit controlled her and said he was an Irishman and that he had passed to spirit life in a fit of delirium tremens. He was boisterous, profane, and seriously affected the medium. We told him he must treat the instrument better or leave. He implored us to give him a drink of whiskey. We informed him that we could not give the medium whiskey as it might injure her. There was another reason also. The circle was composed largely of people who were opposed to the use of intoxicants in any form. The spirit told us we need not give his medium the whiskey. He said: "Get some in a glass. Put it under the table, cover the glass with paper and hold it in your hands with the glass top flat against the table, and I will absorb it." We discussed the matter for some time and finally agreed to do it as a test. I went out and procured some and complied with his request. I held the glass, and in less time than it takes me to write this the whiskey was gone. This spirit often controlled the medium afterwards and eventually became one of the most interesting spirits that visited the circle.

MRS. JULIA R. LOCKE

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My testimony will be a brief one and I trust appropriate and valuable. One of the earliest and most convincing proofs of spirit return came to me through one of our home mediums, Mrs. Sadie Faust, who has been a medium for the spirit intelligences for many years. When she gives a reading she is deeply entranced, and of course entirely unconscious of the words and ideas expressed through her organism, or at least is unable to recall any of these afterwards. At the time I had this particular sitting the medium was only slightly acquainted with me.

The first spirit to come and announce himself to me through her was my brother. She said: "Here is a young man, dressed in grey soldier clothes, who says he is your brother John, and he brings several others with him. One is a lady who says her name is Anna. She is your mother. And there is still another Anna who is your sister." All of which was perfectly correct. She also gave me names and messages from several others whom I at once recognized.

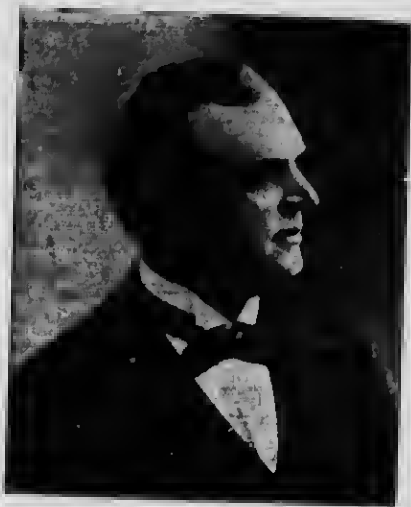
I will now give, however, the most singular and convincing part of the sitting. Mrs. Faust then went on to say: "Here is a lady

that gives me the name Elizabeth, and she wishes to be recognized by you. Can you recognize her?" After thinking for some time I said: "I am very sorry, but I have no friend or acquaintance of that name in spirit life." The spirit then said through Mrs. Faust: "I passed away from a tumor in my face." I then said: "Good Spirit, I am sorry, but I never knew anyone who died from tumor in the face." "Well," continued the spirit, "you knew my husband." I still was unable to recognize her. She then said: "You will know all about me in a few months, for I am going to be a sister to you." Well, the time went by and I found that I was slightly acquainted with the gentleman the spirit had referred to. When I came to know him better I learned that his wife was in spirit life. I asked him the name of his wife and he answered "Elizabeth." I then asked him from what disease his wife passed away, and he said, "A tumor in her face."

Now, to conclude my brief story, I will say that I have been married for twelve years to Elizabeth's husband, and that whenever I have a private sitting with a medium she almost invariably comes and always announces herself to me as "Sister Elizabeth." This may serve to illustrate the old saying that "Matches are sometimes made in heaven."

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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N. H. BRIGGS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Over forty years ago, when a lad, I lived upon a farm with my step-father, one Calvin P. White. On one occasion my step-father, returning home from Grand Rapids with some neighbors, was taken suddenly ill with a violent pain in his left knee. So alarming were the symptoms, intense was the pain, and inflamed and swollen was the knee that the friends accompanying my step-father, becoming apprehensive, removed the load from his conveyance to those of their own and he drove rapidly home. Upon his arrival home he was assisted from his sleigh, carried into the house and placed in bed, where he remained for several weeks. Physicians were immediately summoned, who did all their knowledge of medical skill dictated for his comfort and recovery. Yet my step-father grew gradually, but surely worse. His knee became swollen to gigantic proportions, and the pain so excruciating as to be almost unbearable. To be brief, his

condition became so serious that a council of physicians was held, and it was decided that the only means of saving his life was the amputation of his limb above the affected knee. He objected strenuously to the amputation, and feelingly assured all who were present that he much preferred death to going the remainder of his life a cripple. He begged of his family and his neighbors to protect him from the operation. So earnest and pathetic were his pleadings that the scalpel and other surgical instruments were returned to their cases, the "cutting" postponed for a time and the disappointed yet learned (?) surgeons took their departure.

At the time of this occurrence, and for several years prior thereto, my step-father was, and had been a firm believer in the philosophy of "Modern Spiritualism." At the time of which I write there was living in the city of Battle Creek a young man by the name of Charles Elisha Dunn. He was familiarly known as "Lishe Dunn." Said Dunn was reputed to be a medium, or instrument through whose organism the spirits of the so-called dead had returned and made themselves manifest, known and recognized. The day fixed for the council of physicians as above stated my step-father instructed my brother to go to Battle Creek and bring home with him the said "Lishe Dunn." He did as directed. Now, Mr. Dunn had never been an inmate of our house. Upon his arrival he was invited into the house and purposely was not introduced to a person therein. He was asked to explain, if possible, the ailment with which my step-father was suffering and to state the prospects of his recovery. The said Dunn thereupon,

much to my consternation and amazement, began writhing, twisting and contorting. After a brief period the contortions ceased, and said Dunn announced himself as "Powhattan," the spirit of a deceased Indian chief. While in that condition, and still claiming to be "Powhattan," the said Dunn, with eyes closed, left the bedroom where my step-father was lying, passed out of said bed-room through the sitting room to the door leading to the chamber stairs. He opened the door, went upstairs, passed down a hall and went into a chamber bedroom and there picked up and brought down stairs a galvanic battery which had been used by one of the physicians in attendance upon my step-father. During all this time said Dunn's eyes were closed and he was constantly talking in the Indian dialect. I very distinctly remember how how he amused me by calling the galvanic battery "Shamokeman's home-made lightning." Mr. Dunn had no possible knowledge of the existence or whereabouts of the galvanic battery.

After regaling those present for a time with a dissertation in the language of the "Red Man" he said, "Indian go; white man come." The transformation was indeed sudden. Said Dunn immediately became the personification of manly, cultured dignity. Instead of expressing himself in the almost incomprehensible and unintelligible Indian jargon, his every sentence was couched in the pure and correct diction of the scholar. From the many interesting sayings made by him at this time I will quote but the following. He said: "My name is Doctor Willis. In earth life I practiced the profession of medicine in the City of New York. Like the

surgeons of to-day, I was too fond of using the scalpel. Many amputations were needlessly made by me. Now, in the case of the gentleman who is lying ill before us, there is no reason for amputation, no necessity for his losing his leg. His affected knee is sappurating, and on the — day it will discharge and the patient will speedily, fully and entirely recover, and no permanent ill effects will follow." Upon the said day so selected by him his prediction or assertion was fulfilled.

Now, as evidence that the statements there made by the controls of that then uncultured, unlettered and ignorant boy from the streets were correct, and that the positive assertions made by the wise, trained, skillful and erudite physicians were wrong, I take great pleasure in stating that my step-father is still in earth life, and although at the advanced age of 83 years, thanks to the invisible intelligences, he rejoices in the possession and use of both his natural legs. And the particular leg that occasioned the writing of this article has never given him pain, trouble or inconvenience since the time I was first induced to investigate the beautiful philosophy that has given me so much pleasure and satisfaction, Modern Spiritualism.

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In closing, I unhesitatingly assert that in centuries to come, when orators shall glance back through the historic years of the world's existence to find themes to discuss that will interest their hearers as to what has been the greatest boon to humanity since the advent of civilization, they will search in vain to find one greater, purer, nobler and more uplifting than that of immortality demonstrated by Spiritualism.

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REV. MOSES HULL

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BUFFALO, N. Y.  
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If extremes do not meet I came a long way when I became a Spiritualist ; if extremes meet I was probably much nearer to Spiritualism than many who supposed themselves dwelling the next door to it. I came from the rankest Materialism into Spiritualism. I was a self-righteous-know-it-all-Materialist of the Seventh Day Adventist type. I believed, and based my belief, as I supposed upon the Bible and science, that death ended all. Of course I had the additional belief that by-and-bye there would be a physical resurrection ; that a new life would be given to man, and that if he was good and complied with all the conditions that life would be made eternal.

Notwithstanding this belief I now

think that I was always a medium. I used, from my earliest childhood, to hear voices and get other unexplainable things. The one manifestation which gave me a decided impulse toward Spiritualism I will relate.

In June, 1862, I held a debate with Rev. Joseph Jones, a Methodist minister, on the immortality of the soul. He had described the righteous as being in the highest heaven engaged in the work of psalm singing. In my reply I quoted the scripture about the dead knowing not anything. I told the audience about Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted for them, not because they were praising God, nor yet because they were in hell, but because they *were not*. I then asked the question : "How can that which is not, or is out of existence, praise the Lord?" I stopped a moment to see the effect of my question on my opponent and on the audience, when I heard a voice answer as distinctly as if it had been the voice of a mortal : "How can that which is not, or is out of existence, be raised from the dead?"

This question struck me so forcibly that I could not for the moment think of anything else. I could not think but that everybody else heard that voice as well as myself. I supposed that my opponent, when his time came to speak, would tell me that I was answered by an audible

voice from heaven ; and I was ready to confess that I heard the voice, and that I was not prepared to answer the question.

When I learnt that neither my opponent nor anybody else heard the voice then I began to think that somehow an especial message had been sent me from some other world. The debate closed and the people gave me the victory, but somehow the remembrance of that voice and the message it contained still troubled me. It was a Banquo's ghost—it would not "down" at my bidding. In spite of all I could do the question kept asking itself, more particularly when I was attending to my secret devotions. I could not pray without being interrupted with the question, "Had you not better try now to answer that question?"

At last I attempted to answer the question according to my theory. I believed there was nothing of man but flesh and blood and breath—nothing which survived the death of the body. Mind was not an entity and could by no possibility have an identity. If there was no identity how could there be a resurrection? I knew there could be no identity in the mind, for that did not exist, and I knew there could be no identity in the flesh, for that had changed every day since the child was born until he went into the grave ; and even after he went into the grave the changes continue.

If there could be no identity how

could there be a resurrection—where was the connecting link between the ante-mortum and the post-mortum man? The old thoughts of the former man were only the results of the actions of the former brain. The old brain ground out thoughts as a result of its action. In the resurrection the brain will be newly-made; the new brain will grind out new thoughts as a result of the new organization. These new thoughts being the result of the new organization can not antedate the organization which produced them ; therefore the man of the resurrection state can by no possibility connect himself with a past existence. There may be a new Moses Hull made out of the old material, but it can no more be this identical man nor remember the acts of this life than it can remember going to Noah's Ark to be saved from the flood.

Thus I very soon decided that if Adventism was right it was wrong ; that is, if all there is of man dies, if the unconscious flesh organized and kept alive the conscious intellect, then there could be no resurrection from the dead. I have not the space, nor is this the place to give the months of debate that went on in my mind on this question. I at least concluded that if there was no conscious entity connected with man then death ended all.

During the time of this conflict I had a debate with Mr. W. F. Jamieson, a noted young Spiritualist lec-

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turer. This debate so far settled me that I never got back to a full belief in materialistic Adventism. Mr. Jamieson's arguments were not stronger than those I had heard many times before, but my own arguments, as I presented them, replied to themselves. I saw as I had never before seen the weakness of my own arguments.

I argued as they all do that mind was a function of the brain, and hence an entity; that there could be no mind only as it grew out of a physical organism. Then when I attempted to account for the spiritual phenomena I did it on the hypothesis that they were caused by the spirits of devils. I had hardly finished this argument when I seemed to hear a voice say: "If spirits cannot think for want of a physical brain how can spirits of devils think without physical brains?"

This question was enough. I could not answer it. I made my argument the best I could, but that question haunted me until another equally as hard a question came to the front for an answer.

When this discussion ended I began to look in earnest for phenomena. Mr. Jamieson dehabited in an entranced condition. At its close we went to the home of a Spiritualist to await the midnight train. There Mr. Jamieson was entranced by several different spirits. No two of them were alike—no one of them had any resemblance to another

either in the manner or the matter of his discourse. One of these influences was a philosopher, who delivered a fine dissertation on philosophical questions, and gave us the privilege of asking philosophical questions. These questions he answered as if he had spent centuries in the philosophical schools.

Another, an old Adventist minister, delivered an eloquent discourse on the "spirits of devils working miracles," and fell on his knees and prayed for me with all the unction of a saint. He saw that I was as good as lost to the cause he loved. Another, a negro slave, was brought there by the guides conducting the seance to express his joy at his new found freedom. A sailor who had been lost at sea came and gave some of his experiences in trying to find himself, and get acquainted with his new surroundings on the other side of life.

When I spoke about the "diversity of gifts" Mr. Jamieson said he had, under similar influences, manifested as many as eighty different individualities.

By this time I was ready to proclaim my strong inclination to think there must be at least a shading of truth in Spiritualism, and was invited to attend seances in some of the best families in the city where I lived. At the first seance I attended, after a few commonplace manifestations, a friend of mine, who accompanied me to this seance, got



such tests as put it beyond his power to doubt that his daughter Eva had come to him. Also my mother and wife came to me in such a manner as to render doubt of their presence absolutely out of the question.

My mother told me of many of my childish foibles and tricks; of how differently she had to manage me from her methods with other children. She told me of the prayer I offered at her bedside, at her request, when she was dying. She gave me an outline of my life from that moment until the then present. She even told me of dreams she had given me—dreams which kept me from making mistakes. She gave me many other things which made me know she was my mother and that she loved me still.

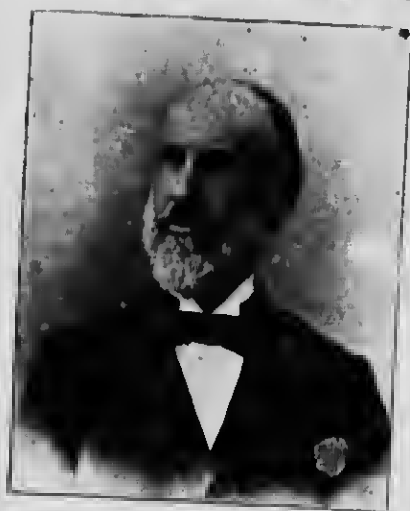
My wife told me the substance of conversations we had when we were locked in our private chamber; of the air castles we were building for the future, even down to the very day that she was attacked with the fatal malady which carried her out of the world. In short, I became convinced that it was she. Certain promises made by her on that night were thirty years in being fulfilled, and then were fulfilled to the utmost minutiae.

After this I began to feel what the friends said were symptoms of mediumship; and soon got so that I was controlled by an unseen power,

an intelligence which knew things which I did not know, but which was not always truthful. Indeed after a little while it was nearly always untruthful. Not only so but it was vulgar and profane. I wrote automatically, almost in my mother's handwriting, but I knew it was not my mother though her name was often signed to it. I knew nothing of mediumship and how to take care of it. Those with whom I sat apparently knew as little as I did about the matter. I sat entirely too much. One or two nights I went to my home and sat alone all night. The result was that I became either obsessed or unbalanced. A strange power came to me which came near overthrowing both my Spiritualism and my future usefulness. As soon as I cut loose from promiscuous sittings and became temperate in my Spiritualism this affliction, as I called it, left me. Not so my mediumship; for while the power has never seemed so strong and so determined to drive everything before it since that day, I have ever felt and known that an invisible, intelligent power was with me. This intelligence has so guided and protected me that I every day feel the force and truth of that scripture which says: "He shall give His angels charge over thee, and they shall bear thee up in all thy ways, lest at any time thou dash thy feet against a stone."

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REV. A. J. WEAVER

OLO ORCHARO, ME.

In 1892 I went to Boston, Mass., an absolute stranger, to find out if possible whether my "dead" wife was still alive or not. I went first to Mrs. Martin's materializing seances. The lights were lowered but not extinguished. Soon the cabinet door opened and human forms, robed in white, came out, greeted various parties present, and went back. This went on for a full half hour and I came to the conclusion that the whole thing was a farce. I pitied the idiots around me. I resolved to expose the whole thing in a Boston paper. As I could not get out I settled quietly back in my chair with my eyes on the floor. Suddenly my attention was drawn to what appeared to be a bit of white muslin lying as if by

accident on the instep of one of my shoes. I wondered what it was and where it came from. I thought it might be my handkerchief and my hand went instantly into my pocket. Suddenly it began to shake and enlarge and rise as if alive. It did not occur to me even then that it had any connection with a spirit or with the seance. It kept on trembling and growing till my feet were entirely buried beneath a pile of what seemed to be delicate lace. Soon I felt within it against my knees something more solid than the fabric. As this something grew in size I enclosed it in my arms. It quivered in every part. Soon there was an armful of lace piled up in my lap as it descended in fold after fold from this form. I examined this lace. It felt like a mixture of silk and wool and glistened like a snow crystal in sunlight. Suddenly all motion ceased, the drapery opened and a woman's form stood erect before me. She reached out her hand, took mine and I arose. Leaning her head close to mine she said: "I am your wife, Helen. I came in this way, right in your lap, because I knew had I come out of the cabinet you would not believe it is I. This body is not my body. It was made for me by spirit chemists. It was a great effort for me to come in this way, but I was determined to come so you would know me, even if I had to 'go right through the medium.'" Much more was said

She remained perhaps three or four minutes. Holding her right hand in mine with my left arm around her I went with her across the room to the door of the cabinet. There sat the medium apparently dead. Almost instantly the form melted out of my arms and nothing remained.

I went back to my chair a changed man. My good opinion of my superiority went down a hundred degrees in as many seconds. I concluded to postpone writing my expose of Spiritualism for the present and I said to myself, "Possibly I am the fool after all."

During my investigations I attended seven or eight seances for materialization, in every one of which my wife came to me in material form, but she never came from the cabinet. During the last hour of each seance the door of the cabinet was as a rule wide open with the medium in plain sight, apparently lifeless, sitting facing the circle. The spirits would materialize, two and three at a time, on the floor or on a chair. On a sofa directly behind my chair I watched two spirits while they grew up from what appeared to be a patch of light resting on the sofa seat into full form. When they stepped down upon the floor I laid my hand upon the head of one and said: "You have no hair—only a thick coat of fuzz." She at once raised both hands to her head, opening and closing her fin-

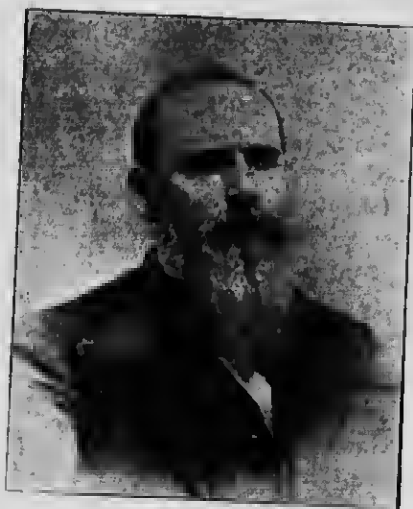
gers, when before my eyes hair began to come, and in less than two minutes it hung down to her waist.

The main guide purported to be a young Indian woman. Sometimes, near the close of a seance, she would visit with us for fifteen or twenty minutes in a materialized form after other spirits had finished coming. On one occasion as we stood around her talking with her one of our number said to her: "Your dress is dark—can't you change it to white?" "I will try," she replied. Immediately white spots began to appear and soon the dress was white. Yards and yards of lace were produced, a small piece of which being carried to a factory, the superintendent said he never saw such goods before and he knew of no machinery which could make similar.

My next experience was with Dr. Stansbury, 80 Wes. Concord St., where I went for slate writing. We were alone in a well lighted parlor. I held firmly in both my hands two new, well-washed slates, bound together by a strong rubber band. Dr. S. then came across the room and standing before me, touched the upper corners of the slates with each forefinger, without my letting go my hold, when, suddenly, scratching as with a pencil was distinctly heard within the slates. In a few moments it ceased when I opened the slates and a fresh red rose, with the paint still moist, appeared on one of the surfaces and the margin was covered with writing purporting to come from my wife, with her name signed in her own handwriting.

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HON. ANDREW C. DUNN

WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN.

In the spring of '95, while visiting some friends in San Diego, Cal., I attended a lecture delivered by a man who claimed to speak under the inspiration of some departed mortal on "Is the Bible a Lying Humbug?" and was much impressed with the matter and the manner of the speaker. He claimed that the Bible was no humbug, but contained much that emanated from the spirit side of life, while some of the "Thus-saith-the-Lord" passages were inserted to justify the opinions of the writers. A few days after, on persuasion, I was induced to go to him for a slate-writing, so-called, having little knowledge of what that implied and no faith in the genuineness of spirit communication.

I wrote questions to deceased friends and securely sealed them in

an envelope and the medium, taking the envelope, burned it to ashes in my presence without opening it. I then cleaned some slates and kept them in my possession or sight, and the medium and I each held them (in sight) and I could distinctly hear what appeared to be writing on the slates. A few minutes after, on direction of the medium, I opened the slates and found I had messages from all to whom I had addressed questions, among them this one from my father:

"My dear son Andrew: I am happy and so glad to meet you here where I can communicate to you. I ask you to believe the message given to you through this medium, for I have been the control.

Lovingly,

Father Nathaniel Dunn.

Gano will soon come.

Mother Charlotte will soon communicate.

Father is happy. Love to Mary."

I have copied the above from the original on the slate now before me.

Soon after I found myself in Stockton, where I met an eminent physician, Dr. Forman, and learned from him that a Mr. and Mrs. Earl, genuine mediums, were then in the city, and on calling on them learned that owing to Mrs. Earl's health she was refusing all sittings that day. Indeed, while I was there she turned away several. I started to leave the house when Mrs. Earle stopped me and said, sick as she was, she was impelled by her guides to give me a sitting.

After entering into the trance, she sitting in front of me and holding both my hands, called me by name and gave my mother's name. Indeed, the intelligence controlling her claimed to be my mother, who departed this life when I was 4 years of age, and told me of circumstances that could not have been known to Mrs. Earle, who did not even know my name.

I returned to Minnesota with an intense desire to investigate fully the claims of Spiritualism. Accordingly, in Aug., '95, I attended a camp of Spiritualists at Clinton Park, Iowa, in company with a friend who was likewise an investigator and had no knowledge of my family history.

I arranged a sitting first with Mrs. De Wolf, of Chicago, on Friday, 16th Aug., the day of my arrival. It was in a small and poorly furnished tent, at 1.30 p.m.—the sun streaming upon us in a blaze of light. I wrote, by request, the names of persons deceased from whom I desired communication on slips of paper which I afterwards crumpled up so that no mortal could read them and kept them in sight before me on the small pine table—which I had carefully examined before. The medium then entered the trance condition and would take up a pellet and tell to whom it was addressed, and holding the slate under the table a moment would bring it out with messages from my friends. I was mystified extremely.

After a short time the medium said: "There is a spirit here who says he is your brother." "All right," I answered, "I have more than one brother in spirit life." "This is he who shot himself in Denver, and he puts his hand to his head to show me where." Needless to say I was astonished, as I had not written him or expected a communication from him.

I asked his name and she gave it, "Gano," pronouncing the a long like some of the family, but totally different from my own pronunciation. She then directed me to clean a small three-leaved book slate, which I did very carefully, and to put it on the floor and put my foot on it. I then requested that if my mother could write me anything it should be poetical. I soon experienced a burning sensation in my foot, and after the lapse of a few minutes took up the slates to find every page filled with messages from mother and Gano. The slate is before me now and I will transcribe:

"A mother never forgets her dear ones, but holds them close to her heart always. Some of them I have gathered into my home in spirit, and others I wait for close beside the door. I know the goodness of God now better as I unfold.

Mother."

The above in red crayon. What follows was in ordinary slate pencil.

"Dear Andrew: I am sorry that I done what I did, but it is past. It has left a shadow on those that are left. How sorry I am. I was

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crazed and did not know what I was doing. I shall outgrow the shadow yet, for Mother, pure and good, who watched over our pathway from heaven, is with me loving and caring for me here. Do not fear to die. It is waking to freedom. Don't think me unhappy here. I was only sick in mind. I tried to come so hard. They was all afraid of me, but not you. Father also is with us and other friends. Comfort those who are left and forgive Gano."

The other page contained a poetic verse in gold leaf, a most beautiful thing. It reads as follows :

"How pleasant 'tis to think  
That each familiar face  
Now gazes on us as of old  
From its mysterious place,  
With love that neither death nor change  
Hath power to sever or estrange."  
MOTHER.

On the same afternoon I had a sitting with Miss May Bangs, and under strictest test conditions, the slates being in sight all the time, I received numerous messages from father, mother and brother. In answer to my questions about Spiritualism and Orthodoxy I received the following messages signed by my father :

"My Dear Son Andrew : Let these lines prove to you my presence here to-day. I have solved the mysterious problem of death—the problem of life will require eternity. Yes, continue with your investigation of this. It should not conflict with the orthodox religion, if rightly understood. There is but one religion, and this is the true religion—Life Everlasting. I have seen all our loved ones over here. Your mother has advanced to the high

spheres. Hell, my son, is experienced every day with mortals.  
Father N. Dunn."

And again he wrote :

"My Dear Son : Spirit return and life everlasting is true. Never let any cloud of doubt obscure this grand and glorious truth. Is not this the great truth, is not future existence the basis of Christianity ? It was the resurrection upon which all depended. We immediately learn in spirit life that all men arise just as Christ arose. When the body is worn out the spirit comes out of it into a new world. Jesus said : "I am the resurrection and the life." His spirit was capable of arising. It had within it the power of arising out of the cumbersome body. He was the symbol in presenting this beautiful thought. This eternal and universal law of nature includes all men in this spirit resurrection. Science has utterly demolished the old resurrection of the body. It can never overthrow the spiritual resurrection. Paul fully understood the subject. He spoke of the spiritual body. Believe me, my son, this is the truth.

Father N. Dunn.

At a camp-meeting, Minneapolis, in July, '96, a medium, Mrs. L. A. Roberts, was impressed to ask me to sit at a table with her. After thoroughly cleaning and drying a slate it was placed on the floor leaning against my leg as we sat in broad daylight—the sun streaming in at the door. After the medium was controlled I requested that if my mother was present she would give me a stanza or two of poetry. When the sitting closed I found these lines on the slate :

"O, Thou whose love is changeless  
 Both now and evermore,  
 Source of all conscious being,  
 Thy goodness I adore,  
 Earth, I would ever praise thee  
 For all thy love can give;  
 But more than all, O Father,  
 I thank thee that I live,  
 Charlotte Templeton Dunn."

I witnessed under very satisfactory conditions the phenomena of materialization at Clinton Park Camp Meeting mentioned above, the medium being a Mr. Charles Winans, of Edinburg, Ind., having the opportunity during the day and at the seance of thorough inspection of the rooms and cabinet. Here, under test conditions I saw issue from the cabinet a form in male clothing and with a Master Mason's apron and regalia, and standing in the centre of the room give the signs pertinent to that degree, which were recognized by masons present. The form was identified as Col. Smith, my father-in-law. My mother also appeared to me here and made herself known and afterwards came to me several times and was recognized. She led me into the cabinet and convinced me by the sense of touch that the medium was there, entranced and sewn fast as the committee had left him, and as we found him at the close of the seance with the flour unspilled which had been placed as a test in his hands.

The above is the briefest outline of a few of my investigations from which, and from a multitude of similar ones, I conclude:

1. I have obtained evidence satisfactory to myself that life is continuous and progressive.

2. I have evidence that satisfies me that our friends, after the change called death takes place, are ever near us in their spirit forms, impressing us by their presence, making themselves felt by us, perhaps, in most cases, unconsciously to ourselves.

3. It is possible for our spirit friends, when the conditions are right, to actually enter into tangible communication with us here in the mortal form and to give us ample evidence of their existence in another bodily condition than that in which we live.

4. There is no supernaturalism—nothing above natural law. What we understand, or rather what we have been accustomed to, we esteem natural and reasonable. What we cannot as yet explain scientifically we regard as miraculous.

5. I am satisfied that after death, as before, our condition is what we will to make it. We are free agents and can progress after death as well as before.

Finally, this knowledge that has been given to me has made me happier than I ever was in my life before. I am rejoicing in a wide expression of thought which gives me a happiness and pleasure which I never experienced in my long life and work in the churches.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

65



JOHN LAWRENCE.

COLLINGWOOD, ONTARIO.

In response to the interrogation, "What converted me to Spiritualism?" I would reply that there were two main reasons why I became a Spiritualist:—One was experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism which I am positively certain was genuine. And the other was the exercise of rational common sense applied to things pertaining to religion, as we apply it in ordinary educational and business matters. I will briefly narrate some psychic experiences received through the mediumship of my wife.

A Mrs. R., wife of a prominent lawyer of Collingwood, Ont., who was an active worker in the Presbyterian Church during the pastorate of the Rev. A. J. Campbell, now of Victoria, B.C., died, and on the evening of the interment of her body while myself and Mrs. Lawrence were sitting at the table, having just partaken of tea, I noticed that she appeared to be falling into a sleep, and having assisted her to a

reclining position she surprised me by asking the question, "Is Mrs. R. dead?" when the following conversation ensued. I replied by asking, "Is she dead?" and she answered, "No, I see her, she is talking to her father." "Can you speak to her?" I asked. "I suppose so," said she, "but she is too busy talking to her father." "Can you give me a description of her father?" "Yes, he is an old gentleman 70 years of age, with a round face." Among others she saw at this time was a certain Mrs. B.'s niece.

On my first opportunity I mentioned this experience to Mrs. R.'s husband who survives her. And as he was desirous of knowing full particulars I subsequently gave him a copy of the notes I had taken at the time. He said that the description of Mrs. R.'s father was correct. Neither myself nor Mrs. L. knew anything about Mrs. R.'s father. While conversing with Mrs. B. herein referred to, I told her that I heard about a niece of hers in spirit life but did not know which particular one it might be as there was no description given. She replied that she had no nieces dead, and hesitating for a moment, said that there was a little girl of her brother John's who died in infancy, (her brother John was the late Rev. John Campbell and was the first Presbyterian minister who preached to the pioneers of Nottawasaga Tp., Ont.)

Another experience occurred one evening when Mrs. L. was playing the piano in the twilight. I was sitting in an adjoining room, when I recognized a strange touch on the piano, and after paying close attention for some time, I suspected Mrs. L. was assisted by some foreign intelligence, for certainly there was



artistic musical intelligence manipulating the keys with a dexterity and variety of touch the most marvellous and beautiful imaginable. Some eight or ten selections of different kinds of music were played in the course of about half an hour; sometimes the keys were touched very slowly, but every touch seemed an inspiration. At other times the hands flew with the rapidity of a weaver's shuttle, as Mrs. L. herself expressed it, and said that the left hand which is prone to stumble over an occasional note never made a miss. She appeared to have been in a semi-conscious state and did not altogether enjoy being drilled through such a classical exercise, and wished that I would come into the room as she felt that the least disturbance would break the spell, which she could not throw off herself until otherwise released.

An instance of telepathy attracted my attention early on Thanksgiving morning three years ago, when Mrs. L. received the thoughts of Miss S., school teacher, Collingwood, and daughter of the late P. S. Inspector for Algoma District. The distance that this wireless telegraphy travelled was about three miles. As above stated, the morning was Thanksgiving, and being a holiday and Miss S. being an artist was anxious to paint a certain picture, but my wife had the copy she required. Mrs. L. felt the impress of Miss S.'s thoughts distinctly, for she said to me that "Miss S. wants that copy that I have. She wants to paint to-day as it is a holiday. She would like so much to have it. I know she wants it. I can feel it." I said, "Supposing Miss S. should say that she didn't want that copy to-day?" "That wouldn't make any difference, for I know she does

want it and could wager \$100 that she does." Mrs. L. saw Miss S. on the following day and she said she would like to have had the copy to point on Thanksgiving. I also saw Miss S. in reference to this incident, and she admitted the facts as herein stated in regard to time, etc.

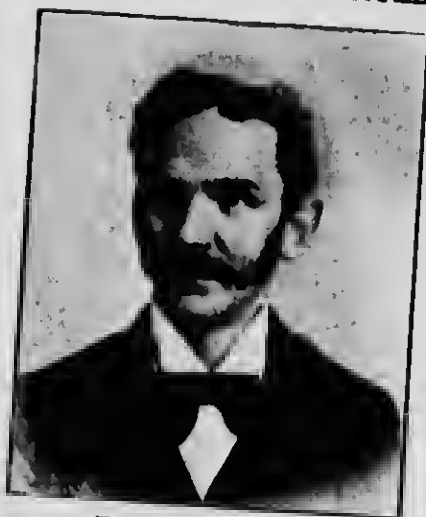
In conclusion, I may refer briefly to that second reason which was a factor in my conversion to the "New Theology," and will state that after seriously and conscientiously considering the doctrines and dogmas of the Old Theology I find that they are founded largely on Paganistic legend, allegory, folk lore and the most glaring irrationalisms of the childhood of the world, when reason, man's greatest endowment, which constitutes him a man, was apparently thrown to the wind. If a modern scientist with his keen, rational intellect and analytical methods were to adopt such an erratic haphazard system in science as men do in theology, his labors for the benefit of humanity would become useless. Imagine, if you can, the Supreme rational intelligence of the universe, who directs the untold planetary systems in their course according to fixed law and harmony, and who created man in His image mentally, as Sir Humphrey Davey expressed it:—

*"A spark created by his word,  
The immortal mind of man, his image  
bears,  
A spirit lingering, midst the forms of  
death,  
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal  
cares":*

expecting man to accept legend as literal history, fable as fact, or self-evident contradictions with the puerile apology, "that we are not supposed to understand all things, there is enough given us that we can understand."

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

67



E. W. WALLIS

ASSISTANT EDITOR OF "LIGHT," LONDON, ENG., AND SECRETARY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUAL ALLIANCE.

I became interested at 16 in the subject of Spiritualism through hearing my uncle, the missionary Pioneer Medium of Great Britain, deliver a trance address and reading the literature that he furnished. After several years investigations and many interesting experiences indicative of the operations upon and through my personality of a force directed by intelligence other than my own, yet for a long while I was unable to obtain *conclusive* evidences of the identity of the "operators at the other end of the line."

One of the most clearly marked incidents which convinced me that spirits were really acting upon and through my instrumentality may be

worth relating in some detail. An account of the occurrence was written by Mr. Carson, of Melbourne, Australia, then on a visit to London, and published in the *Spiritualist* of January 4th, 1878. I was sitting for development in a private circle in London and one evening the hostess introduced two gentlemen, entire strangers to the rest of the sitters. From my notes, published shortly afterwards I quote the following:—For some little time I felt uneasy; a strange and unfamiliar "influence" affected me; I was made to rub my leg as if in great pain, and then my head in a similar manner. During the whole of this pantomimic performance I was quite conscious, and felt that it was due to a spirit who desired to make himself known to the strangers. When the influence was withdrawn, I was controlled by my Indian spirit-guide who not only described the spirit who had attempted to control me to speak but intimated that he had but recently passed into spirit life and had done so on the other side of the world. This led Mr. Carson, the eldest of the two strangers, to inquire if it was a son of his in Australia, whereupon my hand was controlled to write the following message: "*I am in great pain or I would be able to speak. I have been wounded by the kick of a horse in my leg and head. I am not your son but a friend of his. Signed (Burt).*"

Mr. Carson stated in the *Spiritualist*: "The signature, like many we meet every day, was not so well written as to enable us to be sure what it was; but on the 27th of August following, when at Edinburgh, I received a letter from my

eldest son, dated Melbourne, 10th July, in which he, mentioning the death of a number of colonists, said, "Mr. Burt, brother-in-law to Mr. R., was killed off horseback during the month." I at once looked up the 'communication,' and had no difficulty in making the signature out. The accident was mentioned in the Melbourne papers of Saturday, July 1st, as having occurred on the previous Saturday, June 24th. To the above I may add that we were total strangers to the medium and the persons we sat with; that neither the son with me nor myself had ever heard of such a person as Mr. Burt, yet no doubt he was known to my son in Melbourne; that unless a telegram had been sent from Australia of the death, no one in the room could have been aware of it, the sitting being held about a month after the death; that we had no conversation with those we sat with to lead them to know or infer who we were or where we came from."

I could not detect any loophole in this case for "thought-transference" or "unconscious cerebration"—I felt then, and still feel, that no theory will adequately cover the ground of the facts but the Spiritualistic explanation.

Visiting a town some distance from London, I found myself the guest of a young man about my own age, but a widower. We slept together, and he told me of his recent loss, and also said how anxious he was to get a test from his wife, as she had promised to return to him if possible. Knowing from past experience that anxiety defeats its own end, I said, "You need not expect it from me; I am not a test medium." I felt that he was greatly disappointed. The next night I

got into bed first, while he knelt by the bedside to say his prayers. While doing so, I thought, "I wonder if I cannot pray, too, to some purpose," and mentally asked, "If there is any spirit-friend here who can give me anything to give to this man, will he kindly do so now?" I immediately felt a shock as of a galvanic battery thrill me through from head to feet; it brought tears to my eyes. My attention was attracted to a corner of the room where I saw distinctly a silvery light in the shape of a small cross up near the ceiling. As I watched it this light slowly descended until it settled upon the forehead of my friend. When he arose from his knees it disappeared and I informed him of what I had witnessed. He was very deeply affected and clapped his hands to his head; tears streamed down his cheeks, and he exclaimed in broken utterances: "My God, my God; come at last, come at last!" When he recovered sufficiently to explain his agitation, he said:

"Before my wife died I asked her, if she found Spiritualism to be true, and she could do so without injury to herself, to come back to me that I might have the assurance, to comfort me, that she still lived. She replied that she would do so, if permitted. I said that I should like some sign that I might know her by. I bent over her, kissed her, and made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and said: 'let that be the sign.' I have sat with several mediums, but although I have been satisfied that my wife was present I never, until to-night, received the 'sign' for which I waited and longed with deep anxiety. Can you wonder that I am glad and greatly moved!"

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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MRS. MARIAN CARPENTER.

DETROIT, MICH.

At the age of twelve I was stricken with diphtheria and after a long illness finally recovered, finding that I had lost my voice for singing which had been a gift from two years of age.

At the age of eighteen I married into a Spiritualist family, and my husband's mother being a fine psychic, and I, loving her next to my own mother, was induced to sit in her circles, at that time knowing nothing of Spiritualism, as I had been brought up a Quaker and taught to believe Spiritualism the work of the Devil.

At the third or fourth sitting I was peculiarly influenced by some invisible power which seemed like electric shocks passing through my body, nearly throwing me from my chair. From that hour I became clairaudient and heard a voice say, "What would you rather be?" I did not understand what was meant,

but replied, "If it is true that spirits can return, bring me my voice and I will ask for nothing more."

About six weeks after this I was impressed to sit down to the organ (being alone) and again felt the same strange influence. In a moment I began to sing and play a song that I had never heard. In the meantime Mr. Carpenter, who was a short distance from the house, hearing music and singing and thinking that I had a visitor, came in. As he stepped into the room the conditions were broken and I came to myself finding that my voice had been instantly restored and was stronger and clearer than ever before. After that I spent many hours at the instrument under the sweet influence of the dear spirit friends, improvising songs with their accompaniments. This was really the reason of my conversion to Spiritualism.

From that time I was very assiduous in my weekly sittings, developing the gifts of clairvoyance and inspirational speaking in the period of four years; also some physical demonstrations, as for instance independent playing on the banjo, which was kept hanging on the wall for the use of the spirit friends. (See chapter devoted to Mrs. C., of Detroit, in Sherman's "Science of the Soul.")

We moved to Detroit in 1892 through spirit advice, and by that move we lost all we had, even to our home. Then they (the spirits) said, "You must do *our* work. We will make it successful if you will follow our directions, and will restore to you your financial loss. We have taken this means to bring you into the work."

One of my first experiences in Detroit was marvellous to me. One

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

morning a gentleman called, whom I afterwards learned was James. Beaton, and asked for a reading (he at that time knowing nothing of Spiritualism). After some preliminary remarks, I heard the name of "Alexander" spoken and told him of it. He seemed startled and said, "Where is he?" I replied, "Your mother tells me this." He became deeply interested, and during the sitting found that the relative he had lost trace of for thirty years, were in Melbourne, Australia. He then wrote to the post master, and received a reply stating that a man of that name had lived there, but had just moved away, he could not tell where.

The gentleman had another sitting and the little guide (Snowdrop) told him that the mother said that he (Alexander) was in a certain part of New Zealand. He wrote to the post master, found that he was there, and thus inside of a year, established communication with his whole family. This fact brought him into Spiritualism. (This is unexplainable to me by Hudson's "Subjective Mind" theory, as neither Mr. Beaton nor myself knew anything about them until the spirit gave the message.)

The following experience the author desires me to relate, as being a realization of a prophecy given by the spirits and fulfilled after a season of darkened conditions:

In the year 1896 the little guide, Snowdrop, told Mr. Carpenter to purchase all the land he could that had timber on it, in a certain section in Northern Michigan. Mr. C. objected, there being no way at that time of getting the timber out to market as the railroads had been taken out after the first season of lumbering; but they (the spirits)

were persistent, saying they saw there would be a way opened to get the timber out.

Shortly after the land had been secured, Mr. C.'s father was passing through that section and found men surveying for a railroad. Within a short time the railroad was completed, thus enabling us to dispose of the timber at a great advantage, and proving the prophecy given us. Mr. Carpenter and I having promised the spirit world that if they would help us to make good our financial loss we would devote ourselves to their work, we have done and are continuing to do so. The middle of last October all the timber was sold, giving us what we had lost with good interest.

At one time I was dressing to take the train from Indiana to Detroit, Mich., when a voice said, "Don't take that train." I did not, and word was received shortly afterward that there had been an accident and several people killed.

I know now that all my life I have been a medium, but was taught to believe that the manifestations came direct from God. Now I know that a dear angel band has always guided and guarded me, and through their instrumentality I have been the means of bringing sunshine into many a darkened home.

*"As other men have creeds, so I have mine;  
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,  
And in the Angels ministrant between."*

—TILTON.

*"I hold a faith more dear to me  
Than earth's rich mines, or fame's proud  
treasure—*

\* \* \* \* \*

*A faith that plucks from death its sting;  
Communes with angels every day,  
Sees God, the good in everything,  
Where TRUTH ETERNAL holds her  
sway."*

—POWELL.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

71

FRANK ROSSMAN

HAY CITY, MICH.

My first introduction to the phenomena of Spiritualism was in '67 when I met at Pontiac the famous medium, Henry Slade. I then heard and saw an accordeon held in his left hand only—the keys being on the opposite side of the instrument—discourse sweet music, being operated by some invisible intelligence. I also witnessed the slate-writing phenomena, but got nothing personal. I then saw and heard nothing more of this character until about 1884, when I attended seances with Henry Allen, the "Allen Boy," as he was called, and saw much physical phenomena and became so interested therein I determined on a full investigation of the claims of modern Spiritualism. I therefore made a journey to Cassadaga Lake, or Lily Dale Camp, and, desiring to leave no opportunity for the medium to get possession of facts concerning myself and my history, I registered as Dr. —

I had a seance with Dr. Mansfield and was very cautious to give him neither my name, residence, occupation, or any leading fact that could serve in making up a message. I took my own slates, cleaned them thoroughly, and kept them in my possession. The medium did not touch the slates. I placed them on the floor beneath my feet. In this

position the message was obtained, as I distinctly heard the writing going on. My questions had been so framed as to give a stranger no information if, by chance, he should read them, being of a general character. One question was simply addressed "To My Mother," yet the answer was signed with her name in full. I also had two more messages from other members of my family, signed by their full names.

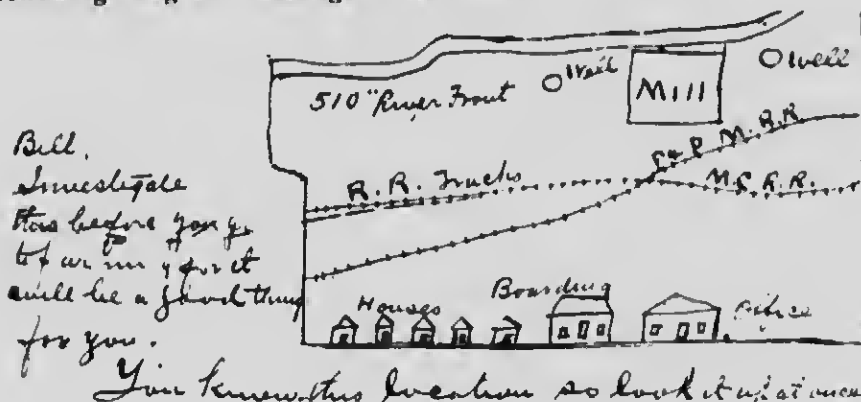
Some of the most marvellous demonstrations of spirit power and intelligence I have witnessed have been in my own home and through the instrumentality of a private medium and where no monetary motive could have prompted to deception or fraud. I have witnessed under these conditions many slate-writings, and the production of flowers under conditions rendering fraud or deception impossible.

On one occasion, in a small seance, I remember I was impressed to ask a lady present—who had never attended a seance before—to hold with me a perfectly clean pair of slates, and after a few moments we had upon the slates four messages in as many handwritings.

On another occasion, in the spring of '98, with the private medium aluded to, in a seance in my own home, we got a message on the inside of slates that had been cleaned and screwed together very carefully and the edges of the slate frames so filled with wax that nothing could

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

be inserted from the outside. Accompanying the message was the following diagram relating to a circle.



Bill  
Do not fail to look up that — property for it will certainly  
develop into something grand. If the second mortgage is fore-  
closed you would have use of mill for one year & then  
get your money back with interest. Make it before it  
is too late or you will surely regret it for you can certainly  
make some money on it

It will be noted that the message came from a brother counselling the purchase of a property at that time discarded and apparently valueless — and that the advice to purchase the same was repeated some weeks afterward — and that within six months after the last message was received the old mill property was purchased as a site for the Beet

Sugar Factory. Had the person receiving the advice followed it and purchased the property he would have cleared over \$20,000 on the transaction.

Note by Editor: I have seen the slates referred to and the above is a true copy of the message.—B. F. AUSTIN.

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D. R. HIGBEE, M.D.

WEST BRANCH, MICH.

I will endeavor to furnish some positive demonstration of the continuity of life, of spirit return and identity. My father was a large, strong man, the head of a large family, and lived most of his life in Delaware Co., N.Y. When calling on a neighbor he had a method of knocking at a door peculiarly his own. He rapped the door very heavily with his large knuckles, and whether his feet were clean or unclean, wet or dry, would shuffle and scrape and rub his boots in such a way as to attract attention. His knock was so loud as to be positively alarming to some persons of timid nerves.

About 1850 he was very sick with typhoid fever. I was in western New York, hundreds of miles away,

engaged in medical practice. I received word that father was dying and wanted to see me, but I could not go. In a few days word came that he was better and would probably recover. A few days later, while I was away from home, my wife and four children were sitting in the parlor about 3 p.m. when a very heavy shuffling of feet on the front doorsteps was heard and three very heavy raps on the door. All were shocked at the force of the blows only a few feet away. The door was at once opened, but no one was in sight. All went out and around the house, looked up and down the street, but there was no mortal in sight.

My brother, who was teaching district school three miles away, came down immediately after school and said they had had a scare at the school house. All in the school house heard some one walking on the door platform and scraping his feet, and immediately after, three very loud raps. My brother, from the rear of the school room, shouted: "Come in, but do not knock the door down."

Now, father had a relapse and died suddenly when no one of us expected it. All my family and my brother knew my father's method of knocking and of scraping his feet, and all—when they learned that no one in the form was at the door and that father had passed out—at once concluded that the rapping and



shuffling was to be explained only by my father's presence.

When the school house door did not open in response to my brother's "Come in," he opened wide the door and found nobody there. Several young men volunteered to go out and find the intruder, and hunted an hour. They searched through an adjoining nursery, went to several neighbors, but found no one. Both my wife at home and my brother in school noted the hour: it was 3 p.m., the very hour and day my father died.

Another circumstance I omitted to give in its proper place was that just previous to the alarm which my wife and children received a slight snow of about half an inch had fallen. My father wore No. 11 shoes, yet *no trace of footprints could be found on doorstep, yard or walk. This was particularly noted at the time.* These events occurred Oct. 7th, 1852.

Father never belonged to any church. I was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. We often talked on religious topics and we had a mutual agreement that whoever passed on first should manifest to the other *if possible*. This was, therefore, a fulfilment of father's pledge made years before. Prior to his death he was bald and had but a narrow zone of white hair from ear to ear. He had a wen on his head at death as large as an egg just one side of the median line. Soon after his death I visited a clairvoyant, who described father as standing near me with the tumor on his head, &c. We got no letter announcing his death until after he was buried.

I have had enough of spirit mes-

sages and manifestations myself to fill a volume of 1000 pages. Talk of Spiritualism declining! It was never so strong as to-day. It is sinking more deeply daily into the heart and life of families and nations. Rich soil like my Michigan garden produces rampant growth of weeds without a sharp hoe and thorough cultivation. So fakes and frauds in spiritual gardens multiply unless cheap books, pamphlets and magazines like those of the Austin Pub. Co., of Toronto, are disseminated among the people.

In our own home cottage we have had, through mediumship, large earthen and glass dishes taken from closed sideboards and removed to distant parts of the house—large pictures in frames moved from one room to another—spools of thread carried from our home to St. Louis and New Orleans and identified by friends there and brought back and dropped near the medium—clock alarms rung all times of the day and night—alarm clocks rung at our request at particular hours, awaking the entire family—a clock not running for over a year started the very day after a medium's arrival and kept running and regulated by a dear old lady, a Quakeress spirit, formerly of Kansas City—&c., &c.

Many cultured and highly intelligent spirits, on returning, tell us that the dogmas of man's fall, vicarious atonement, resurrection, endless suffering as taught by orthodoxy, are utterly false. Evolution, Endless Progress, Truth, Love and Justice are nature's pillars on which all may securely rest. All may know the truths of Spiritualism. Form family circles. Be honest, just, loving, persistent, prayerful and the Gods will come and sup with you.



MATTIE E. HULL.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

My work in the field of Spiritualism, dates to my childhood. Mediumship was manifested through my organism before my people had heard the terms, "Spiritualism," "Medium" or "Circle."

When this power came to me, I was treated for illness, and as my father was at that time engaged in a drug-store, his acquaintance among the country physicians was quite extended, and he spared no means, as far as medical treatment was concerned, to relieve me of the "spells" that caused me to act so strangely. One physician declared the "spells" were caused by a "rush of blood to the brain" and I was bled and blistered to relieve me, but all of this was of no avail. At last through the thoughtfulness

of a young physician and a clairvoyant, my parents were urged to allow me to go to his house and sit "with his wife and another member of his family around the table." Full consent was given, and the second evening of this experience, I was entranced — made wholly unconscious, and talked for some time. The doctor had not told my parents he was a medium, any further than he could make a diagnosis of a patient clairvoyantly. From that time on, I devoted much of my time to writing and speaking under this strange influence, but I had no conception or understanding as to the origin of the power.

About three years and a half after I made the acquaintance of the good doctor and his family, (my parents had in the meantime moved from N. H. to Mass.) I was invited by a Unitarian minister to deliver a discourse in his church one Sunday evening. Accordingly the arrangements were made, and in company with my parents and many friends from our own town, we went to the church ten miles distant from our home. It was a strange experience, one never to be forgotten. It was a large church in the town of Athol, Mass., and it was full; two stenographers were present, but when I went to the pulpit I had no idea their purpose was to report my discourse.

The minister kindly went into the pulpit with me, in which had been

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

placed a box for me to stand upon, and assured me that no harm should come to me. The choir was singing when I went into the trance, and was singing when I came out of the trance. I could not realize I had said one word. Turning to the minister I said: "I thought I was going to speak;" he replied, "Why little girl, you have talked one full hour." I rode home in a dazed condition and an inquiring mind. I asked my father what I could have said that seemingly affected the people so, for they met me as I went from the church and said so many nice things to me. My father replied, "I cannot tell you now, but I think you will know sometime." I wondered what he could mean.

The following Wednesday, my father brought a roll of manuscript from the office and gave it to my mother. As it was the dinner hour, nothing was said about it at that time. During the afternoon, my mother handed me the papers and said: "There is your sermon." As soon as I took the MSS. in my hand, I felt a peculiar influence, and thinking I would be influenced to write, went at once to my room. As soon as I entered the little room where I usually went to do my writing, I thought, I will not write until after I have read this paper. I was astonished upon examination, to find forty or fifty pages of closely written lines on foolscap paper. I read, but I could not realize one word on

that paper had ever passed my lips. It was as new and strange to me as though I were reading from a volume for the first time. I had not read very long, until it seemed to me there was a voice pronouncing every word as I read it. I was overcome and hastened to my mother. "Mother," I said, "did I truly say all of this? it seems as though some one was saying it to me now." My mother took the paper and read; soon she exclaimed, "Yes, my child, you said it all; surely some good angel must be with you; you could not do this of yourself." My mother read the long discourse to me; tears ran down her cheeks and mine. After she had concluded the reading she said: "O, how long it took us to understand that the loving friends we thought were dead can come back. Be a good girl and trust the angels."

This was my mother's and my conversion to Spiritualism—yes and that of my father also. After the reading of the discourse, I went to my room. I had never been taught to pray as had the children of orthodox people, but alone in that little room, child as I was, I fervently prayed as well as I knew how, that I might know more and more of the teachings such as had been given through my own lips. I then and there made a covenant with my spirit friends that I would try to understand them, to be guided by them and to trust them. And so for these many years I have walked by the light the angels brought to me. I have felt their influence almost continuously, and proven on many occasions that they bear me up in my ways, lest at any time I dash my foot against a stone. I love and I trust my spirit friends.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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A. KATZENBERG

FORT WAYNE, IND.

I was born in Germany on the eleventh day of March, 1855, being of Jewish parentage and brought up under strict orthodox teachings until I was 15 years of age, when I emigrated to this, the best country on earth. Here I was a foremost worker in the Jewish Synagogue and always held responsible offices. In 1894 my wife passed to higher life and up to this time I knew nothing of Spirit return. But shortly after a friend visited my place of business and asked me to go to a seance and investigate. I accepted his kind invitation out of curiosity and to my great surprise I could not only hear and recognize voices of people whom I had known well in the flesh, but could hear different instruments floating in mid air giving the finest music.

I visited the same place the following evening and received a message from a friend in whose company I had been until a few hours before his transition, he having been killed in a railroad accident.

At one time when visiting a clairvoyant, she told me to watch a man who had been working for me for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years, by the name of William, and in whom I always had the utmost confidence. This preyed on my mind so that I again visited the clairvoyant and asked her to give me the details about this William. She then went on to describe how he would steal wagon loads of goods from my warehouse and explained how he had accomplices to assist him, giving me names and description of the parties, also telling me how I could easily catch them. I followed the advice of the clairvoyant and caught the thieves and had one of them (William) arrested and he confessed to having stolen goods from me in this way for years and at the same time implicating the accomplices.

One evening in company with my sister in a materializing seance given by Mrs. Archer and held at the residence of Anos Miller at Canton, O., my dear wife in spirit appeared and walked out to my sister who was near the cabinet and called her by her German name, which we knew no one else could have known in that city. She also called for me and shook hands and kissed me and we had quite a con-

versation in the short time we were permitted to talk together, and when her time came to go, she did not walk away, but de-materialized right before me.

Last year I had the pleasure of visiting Lily Dale. I had many times heard of the Bangs Sisters and their spirit pictures, and my daughter Beatrice in spirit had often told me she would secure her picture for me, if I would go to them for a sitting.

When I arrived on the grounds, I visited their rooms and asked to have a picture of my daughter in spirit. After writing a message to my daughter, and placing it, together with blank paper in an envelope, which I sealed, I received a reply which was indeed most wonderful.

The Bangs Sisters had never seen or known me before this time.

I asked to have a friend witness the painting with me. He was also an Israelite and knew nothing of spirit return nor did he care to know, but when we saw the beautiful picture come gradually on the canvas, then disappear only to return more perfect, he as well as myself was dumfounded, but at the completion of the picture which took 17 minutes by my own watch, it seemed as though it was not in the centre of the canvas and like a flash of lightning we could see the picture move to its proper place. I will say my friend who witnessed the painting of this picture is now a Spiritualist.

Some time ago I had occasion to visit one of our local mediums, Mr. Parker, and while we were talking about tests, I thought of a test I

would ask him to see if a man called dead, could return before his body was buried.

It was a day or two after P. D. Armour, the great packer of Chicago, had passed out. I was well acquainted with him and at one time was agent for his products for 6½ years at Canton, Ohio. I wrote his name on a slip of paper which was placed in a sealed envelope and asked him if he remembered me and how. When the medium took hold of the envelope, he said, "I smell pork and hogs." He also gave a good description of his mortal form. Then he read a message from the crystal, which he used for the concentration of thought, telling some of our business relations, with an account of our first acquaintance about 15 or 16 years ago. I would say Mr. Parker never knew of my acquaintance with P. D. Armour, who has also come to me at different times since.

Miss Maggie Gaul, the platform test medium, told me two weeks ago at Lily Dale that I had a pocket-book in my possession which did not belong to me, that I had not stolen it, but had found it on other ground besides the one we were on, and described the pocket-book and all its contents to the smallest article; among other things the amount of money and the kind of money, also a rent receipt, and gave me the name of the owner as Miss Katherine Dwyer, Bradford, Pa., and that she is a Roman Catholic. I wrote to the lady above mentioned and received a reply identifying the pocket-book by giving a satisfactory description of the same and its contents. I have a letter received this morning from Miss Dwyer thanking me for the return of the pocket-book.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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DR. W. W. HICKS

TORONTO, CAN.

*(We make, by the consent of the author, selections from Chap. XI, of that remarkable book written by "Golden Light" — "Angel Visits to My Farm in Florida," which has such a wide circle of readers and admirers throughout the world.)*

**"The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.—New Testament.**

There are Spiritualists and Spiritualists. Belief in spirit communion, and the conscious practice of it, too, does not necessarily imply wisdom, love, devotion to humanity, and correct lives. We agree that, rightly viewed, it should do so.

In the exercise of spiritual gifts,—mediumship,—you may often find great contradictions, and, alas! lack of corresponding character and goodness.

It has always been so.

There were lying prophets in the olden times, and many who were gifted and honored as seers and diviners fell victims to evil influences, and after having been the medium of enlightenment to others, themselves became castaways.

The popular cry against Spiritualism, because now and then a believer or medium falls, or becomes entangled in evil practices and surroundings; the loud denunciation of mediums, because occasionally one is detected in the perpetration of fraud for notoriety or gain, ought not, in a just mind, to militate against the truth, nor should it be accepted as the legitimate fruit of Spiritualism. If churches were judged by such unfair methods, how long would Christianity be able to present its claims?

\* \* \*

After Pentecost the power of the apostles of Jesus greatly augmented, and their followers and dependants multiplied, recruited as they were from the afflicted and poor who were healed and blessed with astonishing rapidity.

In the record—Acts v., 12—16—it appears that, by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people. . . and believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes, both men and women; insomuch that they even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, at the least his shadow might overshadow some of them. And there also came together the multitude from the cities round about Jerusalem, bringing sick folk and them that were vexed with unclean spirits; and they were healed every one.

"How were they healed?"

By touch, by word, by look, by the power of sympathy — spirit-power—in the persons of the apostles and mediums. Their very shadow as they passed had a virtue in it, for as it fell in noiseless grace upon the prostrate and helpless victims of disease, health and vigor began to assert themselves.

\* \* \*

The works of mercy, such as casting out evil spirits, cleansing lepers, opening blind eyes, and healing all manner of diseases, by word, touch or look, wrought by the apostles,—not to speak of the light of hope shed into dark souls,—caused a great commotion, one day, almost a riot indeed, so that even the lives of the divine healers were in imminent danger, in the midst of their gracious work; the public streets being the hospitals in which the impotent and sick multitudes lay, waiting to be healed.

The High Priest and the Sadducean population, filled with rage and jealousy, had the healing mediums arrested and cast into prison. But prison walls are not sufficient barriers to hold in or keep out this power of spirits.

What was the result?

"An angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them out and said, Go ye, and stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this Life."

This was a bold movement on the part of the angel; but, if you will consult the records in Acts v., you will see that he knew his mission and his mediums, and accomplished the good work of vindicating the power that Jesus claimed for himself, and which his disciples, after him, possessed and exercised, by spirit control.

\* \* \*

Well, let us not be deterred from the right word nor the right work because of detraction or persecution,—but all the more persevere, rejoicing as our early prototypes did, that we are counted worthy to suffer for so good a cause.—Love will conquer. I do not know why I have interjected this chapter, unless it may chance to fall under the eye of some one who is being hounded down for truth's sake, and is just now in need of interference on the part of some good angel.

\* \* \*

When Jesus was in his great passion in the retreat of Gethsemane, forsaken by nearly all who had reason to cling to him to the last; hunted by his persecutors and subsequent murderers; as he swooned upon the pitying earth, no man being near to sustain or comfort him, an angel dropped beside him and ministered to him. Blessed angel; timely angel; opportune angel; thanks to thee!

So will it always be with the world's Christ, with the vicarious teachers and workers of, and for, humanity.

The burdens will grow unseemly heavy; the darkness will intensify, the fires of persecution will grow hotter and hotter, the human helpers and sympathizers will fall away or be overcome with sleep,—and you must drink the bitter cup alone, Not quite, not utterly. Not at all. Angels are picketing all the way your weary feet must tread.

Every cloud hides them. In the light of every star they shed the radiance of their presence upon you. Along invisible lines they come to you. In the supreme moment they will bear you up in their hands, and bring you through.

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J. C. MARKHAM.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Akaz, Jehovah, God, Manitou. These are names given to that part of Spirit Power, which is entirely beyond the comprehension of the human mind. Men talk as if they knew what they are, but no scholar, of all our highest schools, has ever given any better definition, than has the poor barbarian whom we are crowding off from the earth. We talk learnedly of magnetic forces, of electricity, of galvanic batteries, of chemical action, but who can tell how a blade of grass grows, or a flower blossoms and sends forth its mysterious odors? True we are now beginning to use some of these spirit powers, but with fear and trembling. We feel that such powers exist; we can safely say that we believe in God. There are times

when we feel this mysterious power drawing, attracting and impressing us with the great fact that it is by and in this power that we exist; and there are certain tendencies in us that seem to lead us, as for instance our desire for pleasure, happiness, joy, bliss. To acquire these seems to be the chief object and desire of all. Spiritual power appears to be the fountain of all happiness, —animal passions, the source of misery. Man ought to know how to recognize the impressions that this Spiritual power is giving him. The latest developments of science and philosophy seem to indicate that we can come so far into communication with this, through spirits who have lived on earth, and now live in the spirit world, as to enable us to know how to acquire the conditions we most desire. In the investigation of this subject are involved the most important questions connected with human life. But these questions are not new. Stupendous and comprehensive as they are, they have agitated the human mind through all time, through the dim light of Chaldean, Egyptian and Babylonian—through the depth of Buddhistic mysticism, of Atlantis, of the Mahatmas of India, Greek and Roman mythologies. In all the culminations of the great waves of human development, the profoundest minds have claimed the power to communicate with the disembodied spirits of men who have gone before. But the great mass



of mankind has been so absorbed, in the struggle for the greatest magnificence of material environment, that they have treated such things with contempt, and kings, lords and masters who feared that their powers might be endangered, have persecuted and suppressed all such investigations.

This collection of witnesses seems to me therefore to be one of the most important movements of this age; it is in perfect harmony with the work that has engaged my earnest efforts for the last few years, and I gladly add my testimony in this case by giving this short extract from a work that I hope to see published throughout the world. There is so much to say, and so many conditions to be explained, that it is difficult to know where to leave out. The facts that I herewith relate were those witnessed at the seances of Mrs. M. E. Williams, in New York. They are only a very small fraction of what I saw there, and I must say that of all demonstrations that I have met with, Mrs. Williams's are most satisfactory, and thousands agree with me in declaring that through her mediumship we have received statements of facts and circumstances from our friends and acquaintances in the spirit world, of which she nor anyone else knew anything, except ourselves and the spirit friend communicating. We have also received through her, knowledge of facts unknown to ourselves at the time but

found afterwards to be true, as told by the spirits. And not only this, but we do hereby positively assert that through her mediumship we have seen produced the materialized forms of friends and acquaintances whom she had never seen or known. In addition to all this I must say that I have become familiar with the most important fact that Mrs. Williams has a cabinet of ministers and councillors in the spirit world who are not excelled in wisdom, intelligence or integrity by those of any potentate or government on earth. This being the case, we regard her seances as among the most potent agencies for the elevation of mankind.

#### STATEMENT OF FACTS AND EXPERIENCES.

Being an entire stranger I was introduced by Henry J. Newton. The usual conditions of seances being so generally known, I do not refer to them. After a singing of "Nearer My God to Thee," by about half of the audience of some 25 persons, a voice of a child was heard to say, "Good evening," and addressing several of those present as if acquainted with them, then a rich male voice also said the same; then there appeared a white form in front of the cabinet, not half the size of the medium, and any candid observer would know from its appearance and motions that it was no mortal body; it moved across the room and *dissolved*. Several simi-

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lar forms were announced, generally recognized by some one present; then the voice which was said to be Frank Cushman's announced that the spirits of the mother and wife of Mr. Newton's friend, Mr. Markham, were present wishing to communicate. Then there appeared the form of an old man called Holland, who said to me, "We are glad to see you here. I will aid your friends in communicating with you; you shall see them." Then his form disappeared, it did not move away but *vanished*. After this the voice of the child, "Bright Eyes," said, "Here is a flower that Mrs. Markham has kissed and sends to Mr. Markham, and here is another that 'Bright Eyes' sends to him"; and two carnation pinks were placed in my hand by some agency invisible to me. (This was a favorite flower of my wife.) After this the voice of Cushman announced the spirit of a man present who said he was in sympathy with Mr. Markham, and giving the name Sir Christopher Wren. Here I should explain that in compliance with a request of Spiritualist friends I had submitted preliminary sketches for a temple for the Spiritualists of New York, and that I had in mind an idea of St. Paul's Cathedral of Sir Christopher's design, but had not thought of this at this time until this announcement was made.

At the next seance, April 27th, at the same place there were present some 20 others. After several manifestations addressed to others, the spirit voice which I at once recognized as that of Mr. Cushman, announced the presence of the spirits of my mother and my wife, and said, "Mrs. Markham is trying to materialize her form so that he can recognize it, but as this is her first attempt to materialize, she has some difficulty, and she fears she will not be able to speak to him." Then there appeared the spirit form of what was said to be an Aztec Princess who had lived on earth many years ago. She appeared clothed in a thin gauze flowing robe profusely decorated with brilliants and with a crown or wreath of these around her head. And she came forward near the audience and passed with a flowing, swinging motion along, and as she passed by she touched my forehead with her hand, which seemed slightly cold, and spoke in a human voice the words, "God bless you." Then the voice of Mr. Cushman said, "I feel that Mr. Markham wishes to see me, though he has not said so, and for his satisfaction I will show him my materialized form." Then immediately there appeared standing before me the form of a middle-aged man, about 6 ft. in height, of fine proportions, in the usual dress, with low-cut vest. He spoke inviting me to come to him, he standing about 8 feet from where I sat. I arose and went to him; he took hold of my hand and spoke in the most natural and gentlemanlike

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manner, and said, "I am glad to see you." Then he placed his hand on my head and spoke a few earnest sentences, referring to my advanced age, closing with, "I see shining on your venerable head the dawning light of a spiritual day." Then a female form appeared standing by his side, and he said, "This is my sister." Then she spoke, saying, "I come to assist Mrs. Markham to materialize." Then both disappeared. They did not move away, they vanished. Then after several other manifestations not addressed to me, the voice of the child "Bright Eyes" cried out, "Lady Markham is coming; don't be afraid, Mr. Markham." Then there appeared a shadowy form, and when I came near it I at once recognized the head of my wife. Not as I expected to see her in health but very pale, with her abundant grey hair hanging in heavy dishevelled curls beside her face, and with a blanket about her shoulders, as I had seen her in her last illness. She reached out her hands and took hold of both of mine. I said, "Is it you?" Then she spoke in her natural voice, "Yes, my dear! my dear! Thank God! thank God!" Then she disappeared, dissolved. (*This is what converted me to Spiritualism.*) Neither the medium nor anyone else present had ever seen her in this condition, and I did not expect to see her in this form. I returned to my seat and asked my friend Newton if he saw and heard

her. He said he did. I believe the evidence of my senses. There was no deception, no hypnotism. I know that no such phenomena can be produced by any artificial means. The next case that occurred to me at Mrs. Williams's was the announcement of the presence of the spirits of my mother, wife and a sister who had lately died at Clifton, N. Y., leaving among her papers a note given her for money loaned to her niece in Missouri, which she had told a cousin she intended to give in her will to this niece, Hattie Shaw, but which it seemed she had not referred to in her will, and I had promised this cousin that I would write to Hattie, explaining, but in the confusion of business I had forgotten to write. Now, all of this was entirely unknown to anyone within hundreds of miles, yet here came the spirit of my sister and said she was anxious I should write to Hattie. I wrote to Hattie. The business was done according to the directions given by my sister's spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Williams, and has been entirely satisfactory.

If this is not satisfactory, I am preparing a volume of facts and circumstances intended to illustrate the nature and character of SPIRIT POWER, not only here but hereafter—not only in the material life with which we are so intimate, but in the vastly finer, higher spiritual life towards which we are all progressing. It will be entitled, "Spirit Power," and probably be published by The Austin Publishing Co., Ltd., of Toronto, Can.



ARTHUR SHEPHERD

TORONTO, ONT.

Evolution of thought, and expansion of soul forces, forced me to accept the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

In early life I was carefully nurtured in the Methodist faith. When I was eleven years old our family moved to Genoa, N.Y.

In the year 1875 I left home and went to Postville, Iowa, and found hospitable quarters with a Spiritualist family with whom I was acquainted.

While there a Mrs. Morse, trance medium, came to Postville at the invitation of my host, Mr. H. B. Taylor, who also entertained her at his home. She delivered three able discourses under entrancement, the subjects being chosen by the audiences on three consecutive evenings.

After the last meeting, which was on Sunday evening, Aug. 23rd, two gentlemen accompanied by their wives called at Mr. Taylor's and requested a sitting with Mrs. Morse. They were total strangers to all of

us and after introducing themselves Mrs. Morse consented and a circle was formed, our host and hostess with myself being invited to take part. Many spirit messages were given, many descriptions of spirit friends and loved ones present, all of which were recognized with one exception, and it is of this to which my narrative relates, and which left such a strong impression upon my mind.

Mrs. Morse turned to our elderly visitor and said: "Mr. Hart, a young lady stands beside you with her hand on your shoulder," and then followed a general description of the young lady—size, comparative age, style of dress and other particulars pertaining to her. She said: "She is not your daughter but she is a very close relation to you, and she has but recently entered spirit life." Mr. and Mrs. Hart compared notes but could not recognize the visitor.

Mrs. Morse reiterated the description with more accuracy if possible and said, "Though you may not recognize her she stands there and is a very close relation but not your daughter, and has very recently entered spirit life. The lady was not recognized."

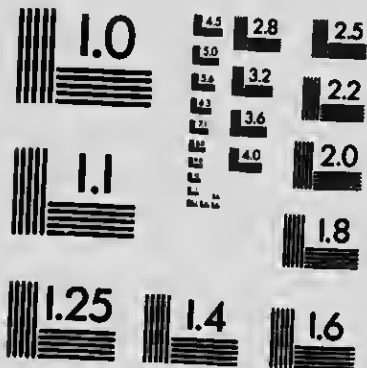
Mrs. Morse left Postville next day, and on Tuesday morning Mrs. Hart called on Mr. Taylor and informed him that Mr. Hart had just received a letter from his brother in Illinois stating that his daughter, Mr. Hart's niece, had passed into spirit life on the 12th inst., just eleven days prior to the evening when Mrs. Morse so graphically described her, and which description was most accurate, but said Mrs. Hart, "We never thought of her, for we did not know she was dead."

I will relate one more experience



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which occurred in Lincoln, Nebraska, during the summer of 1880.

By a series of circumstances, I was brought to the bedside of Mr. Fairbanks, a member of the Masonic fraternity, being engaged by Judge Palmer on behalf of that fraternity to rub the patient with towels, etc., in order to assist the circulation, my recommendation being that I had "some magnetism" about me.

My instructions were: "Go to the house in the morning, and if he is not dead, stay till he dies, which will probably be at 12 o'clock, as he always gets a change at that time." I took my place at the bedside and ministered unto him with my hands, giving light massage treatments. That evening the patient showed marked improvement. I stayed by request over night, and our patient rested well. I visited him and treated him daily, leaving him better than I found him each day. On Wednesday morning, on reaching the house, I found Mrs. Fairbanks crying. I said: "Do not cry, Mrs. Fairbanks; I believe Mr. Fairbanks will get well."

She turned upon me quite indignantly: "There is no use, Mr. Shepherd, for you to indulge any more hope. The doctors have just held a consultation, and they say he must die; they have given him the last medicine which could affect him, and that has ceased to act. They say that no power on earth can save him."

Much depressed, with a heart full of sorrow and sympathy, I took my place at his bedside. Every indication of an early dissolution was apparent. Truly my impressions were at fault, for death was even now knocking at the door.

"Man's extremity is God's op-

portunity," and so I found it.

I was sitting by the bed, occasionally dropping an ice pellet into his mouth to moisten his lips. I was alone with the sufferer—yet not alone, for a voice distinct to me spoke in my ear, "You can help this man if you try; are you willing?" I responded, "I am." "It may cause you trouble or persecution. Are you still willing?" "I am." "Then do as we tell you, and it will be well with him. Commence at his head and pass your hand rapidly to his feet several times; then commence at his head and pass your hand slowly over his body until it reaches the seat of the disease, when it will cut through and through the disease, and he will get better."

I did as directed, making rapid passes at first, then slowly passed my hand over him till near the stomach, when my hand was stayed, and the force of the magnetic current which concentrated at that point exceeded anything in my experience. Mr. Fairbanks stopped breathing, his hands fell limp upon the bed. I thought he was dying and my nerve weakened. Being only a novice in this work, I was in despair. I made passes over him and rubbed his hands and feet, and after a few moments he gave one long, gasping, shuddering sigh and then commenced breathing softly as an infant.

When the doctor called in the afternoon he said: "Mrs. Fairbanks! I am astonished. There is every indication that he will get well."

He soon recovered his health.

I am still an humble instrument in their hands, seeking to do good, and to spread the light, to scatter the truths of this soul-inspiring gospel of the Spiritual life.



MRS. GLADYS COOLEY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

My early life was full of sighs and sounds from the spirit side of life which frightened and often annoyed me and which I failed to understand, being brought up as I was a Methodist, though from choice I afterwards attended the Presbyterian Church. At nights I remember seeing every evening a dozen or more people, as I thought them to be, come into my room by the door and go out by the window. Frequently I saw things at a distance and had visions of things in the future. I saw people before they came to my house—heard their footsteps and their words in advance of their coming. On one occasion I remember on going to a neighbors I saw two men carrying a cooling board up

a stairway of a house we were passing. "Did you see them?" I asked my companion but she had not seen them. The next day I witnessed the same sight for a death had taken place in this house and the cooling board was carried up for the body. At another time at a friend's house, or rather suite of rooms for they lived in an apartment house, I sprang up and said to my husband, "Come, let us go out of this: don't you see the flames? the kitchen yonder is burning and all the house will be consumed but this corner." About a year after I was passing the same building and I felt a strong impulse to rush upstairs and pull people out of their beds as I felt the house was to burn very soon. That evening between twelve and one o'clock we heard the fire bells. "That's the building" I exclaimed and it was so. I then seemed to leave my body and in spirit went to the scene of the fire and approached so close I could feel the heat. The building was burned completely down except the corner alluded to and the fire originated in the kitchen as I had seen it a year before.

As I was far from admitting the spiritual origin of these things I explained them to my husband, who was a spiritualist, on quite another theory. I often heard sounds at midnight that could not be accounted for at that hour but had a natural origin and explanation in the daytime. For example, I would hear a German laborer who was emptying his flower pots in an adjoining conservatory all day and striking each one in turn, doing the same work apparently at midnight



when I learned he was at home and in bed.

Raps began to be heard about my house and especially at night often on my bedstead. My husband explained them as spirit raps produced through my mediumship. I did not admit it. At last we sought another house—but here I got not only raps but voices and my troubles increased. As early as four o'clock in the afternoon spirit forms would begin to come into my room and I, being frightened, used to keep my house ablaze with light through the evening hours as I found this lessened their power of manifestation.

Amongst others who came was an Indian whose appearance as he looked through the window into my room thoroughly frightened me. He had an Indian's body, (a fox's head), and a fox skin over his arm and in hand he held a bloody tomahawk. I cried out in alarm to my husband. Next day he came and entranced me and explained to my husband that he meant no harm but good—and he was trying the day before to give me his name "Red Fox" in symbols, the blood representing red and the head and skin of the fox representing that animal. He said he could and would cure me (I had been a life-long invalid—sick fourteen months at a time) and if I would only receive their help they would make me strong.

Some time after I was persuaded to attend a Spiritualist Camp Meeting as friends were there whom I desired to see and I thought I could attend or stay from services at pleasure. The second day I was entranced by an Irishman who has been one of my guides and helpers ever since. Another medium on the ground under control of the spirit of a Baptist clergyman who had not

outgrown his orthodoxy, my Irish guide and the Baptist clergyman got into an argument that lasted till 2. a. m. Next day it was renewed and in the midst of it I was seen to raise my hands towards the sky and heard to exclaim, "Coom on! Coom on!! Sure yure all welcome!" On being interrogated the Irish guide said: "I've played a bit of a joke on the Church people. Sure the'r coming here and ye'll all see them soon." He then explained that a Church Sunday School Picnic not knowing the exact location of their camping ground he had impressed the Captain to land them at our grounds—and soon after they came. Then I, still, under his control, was hurried away to meet them and at once began giving them spirit messages. It made great excitement, led to much discussion, converted some of them directly to Spiritualism. There was, however, the pleasantest feeling all round, as the church people attended our morning Conference and testimony meeting and took part in friendly debate with us in the afternoon.

I was much mortified on coming out of my trance and tried to get home but each attempt to go was frustrated for ten days.

The story of my opposition to spirit control and the spirit's persistent efforts until I yielded would be too long in detail but at length in the very city (Portland, Oregon) where I was born and married I was developed as a medium and made my first public engagement as a trancespeaker, in which blessed work I have now been engaged ten years.

I have had since childhood many remarkable experiences in Soul Flight an account of which I hope to give the world some day in a separate volume.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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MRS. MAY F. AYRES.

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.

I was born May 15th, 1853, at Ballston Spa, Saratoga Co., N.Y., and brought up under Methodist parentage, and until 1882 adhered strictly to that church. My husband's people were Spiritualists for years, although I did not consider the subject for myself and never associated with Spiritualists. On Saturday, Feb. 20th, 1882, I had my first sitting with Ella Sprague, a highly esteemed lady and medium living at Laingsburg, Michigan. My husband had urged me to see the medium, who did not even know who we were or where we lived at the time we called upon her.

With a sitting two hours in length many tests were given us, and the positive evidence of the return of our departed friends in a way that satisfied us fully. I will relate one of these tests.

My husband's grandfather came from spirit life through the medium and said, "Wes, my boy,"—a nickname of my husband (Wesley), "when you go home, you tell Lydia for me," (Wesley's mother) "to stop caring for the chickens and ducks so much or she will have a shock of paralysis. She won't die, at least right away from the shock, but will be a great care for the rest of you." The following Thursday night she was found in an unconscious condition, the whole left half of her body being paralyzed. She lived over five years after and was a great invalid and sufferer, never regaining her former health.

After that sitting I became somewhat interested in Spiritualism. The next January, Ella Sprague passed away, and the following May came to me through the Planchette, through which instrument I got wonderful tests for many different people. After ten days the communicating intelligences told me not to use Planchette any longer. I was to use a pencil and I could get com-

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

munications from the spirit realms much better in that way. Since that time I have ever been able to get automatic writing—tests and poetry. I have made many sorrowing hearts glad, and many people have become interested in Spiritualism through my writings. I have also a strong power to develop in others the automatic writing.

My father, a Methodist minister, was one of the first to become convinced of spirit return, and died a Spiritualist. I at once found I had a work to do, and could not be an idler. The world I felt ought to know these glorious truths. Living at that time in Laingsing I became acquainted with Spiritualists, where we founded a Spiritual Society, and where I earnestly worked for fourteen years. During six months I

held public meetings in my home, every Sunday eve until we were strong enough as a society to secure a place for meetings, which we afterwards did and have ever since sustained a hall and society in that place. As soon as the State Association was organized we took out a State Charter.

At the third annual Convention of the Michigan State Spiritualists' Association I was elected the Secretary, and filled that office for several years, being annually re-elected. I have earnestly worked for the cause since my first understanding of the truth, and shall proudly wear the badge of Spiritualism as a worker, until I am called to the higher unfoldments awaiting me in spirit realms.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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MRS. KATE BECKER

SAGINAW, W.S., MICH.

I was born the 28th of March, 1862, and am therefore 39 years of age. From my early childhood I have ever been deeply impressional and very sensitive, and have consequently had more intense sufferings as well as more exquisite enjoyment than falls to average humanity. I will relate two incidents that were thoroughly convincing to myself of the nearness and sympathetic aid of spirit friends. Indeed, had I passed through no other similar experiences they were amply sufficient to convince me that

*"The spirit world around this world of sense*

*Floats like an atmosphere,"*

and that unseen forces were surrounding me and upholding me in the great crises of my life. I have

undergone in my short life no less than five severe surgical operations. In the second one in a hospital under the care of the Roman Catholic church, where kind sisters ministered to my comfort, I was carried to the operating table and the operation partially performed, but the surgeons pronounced me so near death that it was considered useless to continue the operation. I was therefore carried from the table to die as all supposed. I remained for a time under the influence of the drug but at last came to consciousness again, and I saw around me nurses, surgeons, sisters. I heard their conversation, and while unable to speak or show signs of life, understood all that was passing around me. Among other things I heard them say: "She is dead." But strange to say, I felt no fear. On the contrary, I felt I was supported by some invisible power which upheld me and calmed all my fears. I heard a whisper from some invisible presence and distinguished these words: "Have no fear. You will not die. But the operation must be completed. You will know when to have it performed."

Contrary to all the expectations and calculations of the surgical staff, I did not die but rallied, and in the course of a few weeks began to feel so much stronger that my probable recovery was apparent to all. The operation, however, I had been assured was necessary, and with my returning strength came

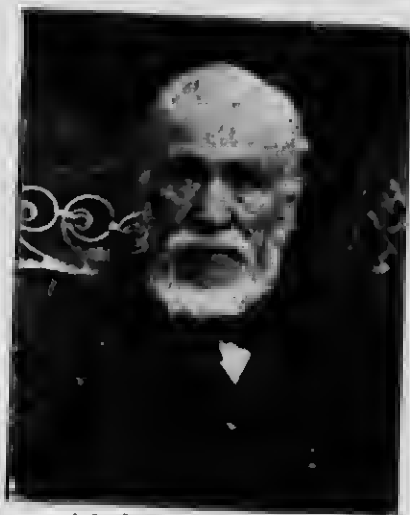
the thought of having it completed until it deepened into a settled conviction that the time had come. So I was carried again into the operating room and the surgical work was completed. I remember well that in submitting again to this ordeal I had not the slightest fear. I was upheld by a firm faith in the message whispered in my ear from spirit sources that I would survive the ordeal and had frequently mentioned this belief to my nurses and surgeons during the interval.

After the operation I did not seem to rally and again I was given up to die. When at last I recovered consciousness I found the priest was preparing me for death, the sisters were praying for me, candles were burning around my cot for the dead and surgeons standing around were seeking to find some signs of life in my body. My first conscious moments brought me no fear. I had an inner calm, a sweet serene confidence and I felt surprised that they thought I had to die. Just then I saw a light from the spirit world which illuminated the room in which I was lying and the beauties of

which no tongue or pen could describe. Again a voice spoke to me out of the unseen, and the words were: "You will recover—you will not die." And again contrary to all human expectation, contrary to the judgment of skilled surgeons, I rallied, and so remarkable was my recovery considered that it was pronounced a "miracle" and published as such. Physicians came from other states and visited me at the hospital to learn the facts of my case and hear the story of my recovery from my own lips. It is still talked about and discussed in medical circles and considered very remarkable and mysterious.

I am confident that I should never have survived the untold agonies I endured and rallied as I did from these operations but for the help given me by spirit friends.

Oh, that multitudes might seek and find the way to get help from those who have passed on before and to experience the comfort and strength and help that come to one who knows Spiritualism to be a glorious truth!



JOSEPH BARKER.

KINCARDINE, ONT.

In the summer of 1892 Professor Gustin a Magnetic Healer from Ingersoll paid a visit to Kincardine in the County of Bruce, Ont., and practised his healing art here for about three months with success. Almost immediately after his arrival I made free to call upon the Professor at his consulting room up stairs at Queen's Hotel. I went out of curiosity to see what kind of a looking being a Magnetic Healer was. He treated me with so much respect that I could not help liking him and promised to repeat my visit if he would not regard me as an intruder. Before leaving the room I noticed several books on the table two of which attracted my attention by their titles. The one was a large book entitled "Nature's Divine Revelations" by Andrew Jackson Davis, the other "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves. I got permission to carry the last named book home with me to read at leisure. This book start-

ed me thinking on a new plane of thought, so that I was ready to read the first named book, but before taking it away from the Professor's room I ventured to remark that there might be some opposition from my wife in the nature of a strong protest against my introducing such a book into the home circle. Mr. Gustin replied that he had a book at home that would suit Mrs. Gustin, the name of the book being "The Clock Struck Four" and the author was a Dr. Samuel Watson, an ex-President of a Methodist Episcopal College south. In the course of two or three days the book came and after the reading of the same, opposition to Spiritualistic Literature entirely ceased, and my wife and I were both quite willing to enter the seance room when the opportunity came. On the 6th day of August 1893, we were invited to Blyth to meet Miss Maggie Pollock at her parents' residence near Blyth, a comfortable farm house which we reached shortly after 7 a. m. on the 10th of August. We partook of breakfast with the Pollock family after which we retired to their sitting room and became seated as directed. Miss Pollock inquired if I would oblige her with some article which had been handled freely by me. Seeing a spectacle case showing itself in the outside pocket of my coat she said that would do and same was placed in her hands with the spectacles inclosed therein. In a few moments this medium passed into the trance condition and quickly began to describe the appearance of a spirit which the medium declared stood near to my right shoulder. It was, the medium declared, the spirit of a man of medium height and seemed to have passed from the mortal not long before, and he gave

to her an indication that it was a stomach trouble, inflammation, which was the direct cause of his passing to the spirit world.

"And now," said the medium, "I see something very strange. He holds in one hand a pair of spectacles and points the same at you, Mr. Barker. Perhaps you will understand the meaning of it." I said, "Yes, it is George Wilkinson, who comes with this test to assure me beyond a doubt of the reality of spirit communion. I noticed that the moment mention was made by me of the name George Wilkinson, the medium acted as though she received a sudden shock from an electric battery. I will now state why this pointing a pair of spectacles at me was regarded as a satisfactory test. Some ten months previous to this seance with Miss Maggie Pollock, I had occasion to go to Meriden, in the State of Connecticut, to see my sister, Mrs. Mary Wilkinson, who had about five weeks before my visit followed the mortal remains of her husband, the before-named George Wilkinson, to the Meriden cemetery, and on the day before my appointed time for leaving for my Kincardine home, my said sister brought to me a pair of spectacles in a case, and calling me

by name, said, "Will you try on these spectacles and see if they suit your eyes as well as those you are wearing?" I did as requested and informed my sister that the spectacles suited me well. She replied, "I am glad of that," and begged of me to accept the same and wear them instead of my own, and added these words; "They will serve to remind you often of dear George, and I am sure he would rather you would have those spectacles than any other person." I may state that this test fully satisfied me of the reality of spirit return and made a convert of me. I might add that before leaving Miss Pollock we had several seances, and Mrs. Barker as well as myself received some dozens of tests, which were to us highly satisfactory, coming as they did from parents, brothers, sisters and acquaintances who had passed over to spirit life. I could easily write of tests enough to make a good sized book, but that is not required. It is a matter of great regret to me that I did not commence to do my own thinking and investigating 50 years ago when I first heard of modern Spiritualism, instead of putting it off until nearly 70 years of age.

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### THE VISION OF MARY

BY FLORA McDONALD

*We lose them not who pass away,  
For round our path they linger still;  
In ministry of love, and fill  
Our lives with sweetness day by day.*  
—Austin.

I was still in my early teens. My school days had passed pleasantly with little care. I had taught school for a couple of years and disliked it very much, and now I began to realize that I must earn my own living, and teaching was the only vocation for which I was prepared. To keep on in the routine of a school-teacher's life was little more enticing to me than solitary confinement might have been. I decided to strike out in the world, and find something else to do. Much easier said than done. After striking out and endeavoring to find something to do I may have wished myself back in my little log school house, but to come to the night when I saw through different glasses.

I had undertaken a business at which I was a complete novice, and naturally made a failure of it. I had very little money and a bad cold had settled on my chest. It was shortly after supper and I was seriously contemplating the advisability of ending an earthly career that seemed so terribly discouraging. I went to a drug store and purchased something to relieve my cough, and

then to my room and went to bed, though it was not yet seven o'clock. I was in a sitting position on the bed. The room was hardly dark. Hope and ambition seemed completely dead, and from the depths of a discouraged soul I asked the why of it all. To what end were we so unhappy here?

I looked up, being attracted by a light, apparently on the opposite wall, for on this side of the room there was no window or door. The light began to take form, and presently it was as bright as, and much resembled the round light thrown on a white sheet for stereoptican views. (Mary Melville was my sister and had been dead a few years). Presently Mary appeared in the centre of the light. Her long, blonde hair was like scintillating threads of iridescent gold. Her face was beautifully happy, her eyes radiant, her form enveloped in a gauzy drapery that was exquisitely graceful. I was not at all nervous, and as I still looked she stepped down from the wall, glided, rather than walked, passed the foot of my bed, and came up nearer the head of it and stood beside me. I did not peak, and felt as though she were so ethereal I might have put my hand through her form. The light remained on the wall and she pointed to it. I looked, and a series of pictures passed along, all significant of scenes in our home life, and lastly I myself appeared—but so despondent, so discouraged, so crestfallen, that I



hardly believed it was myself I was looking at. As I gazed the face began to brighten, the sinking attitude gave way to one of upright confidence. I saw ahead of me work and endeavor—but success. I felt strong and well as I looked, and the world, instead of being the hated habitation of a crushed life, became a vast field wherein to endeavor and accomplish—to learn—and finally to know, and as the picture faded I turned to Mary. She smiled, and instead of returning to the wall to disappear, faded where she stood. A quiet peace I had not known for many days took possession of me, but I got up, dressed, and went to tell of my experience.

The next day I thought of little else beside my experience and wishing to be alone that I might get another glimpse of encouragement and assurance. About five o'clock I wandered to a large creek that ran through a woods. There was a fallen tree which spanned the river, and about in the middle of the stream the branches formed a very comfortable seat. I sat down to reflect. I had now perfect confidence in the future, and that life, after all, proved worth living; but I still wondered. What could I do? Where or how to begin? I was looking in

the still water when another series of pictures was presented to me. I shall not describe them in detail, but will say they were prophetic of the future, and out of the half dozen pictures shown me four have already materialized in my life. And what did this do for me? It convinced me that Mary was still living, and, under certain conditions, was able to make herself visible. It also proved to me that happenings can be prophesied years before. It also banished fear as to what might happen to me during this life or the life Mary was now living. It gave me confidence that all was well and the apparent evils were only burnishings to bring out the good.

This personal experience made me interested in Psychics and Psychic Phenomena, the study of which has not only proved most entertaining and instructive, but also taught me to master physical conditions in myself and others, and instead of being beaten by the material world I have been enabled to use it for my further psychic development as well as physical welfare.

*"Serenely I hold my hands and wait,  
What'er the cards of life may be;  
Faith guides me up to heaven's gates  
And love shall bring my own to me."*

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C. E. QUINLAN

EVANSTON, ILL.

Since my earliest recollections I have been gifted with clairvoyant and clairaudient powers, and had seen spirit faces and full forms in my own private room many times, and years before, I had ever heard anything about Spiritualism, mediums or seances.

The first experience I had that started me on the road to investigation was when I met a medium who had called at my house to visit a lady friend. After an introduction, and learning his profession, I suggested that he demonstrate his powers, as I was very much interested in the subject. He very willingly consented to give me a sitting, and requested me to write half a dozen names or more upon slips of paper, he remaining outside of the

room during their preparation. These I folded up well and laid them upon the table. Calling him in, he took a pencil, and, pointing to each one of the papers in turn, told me to take them up, that I would find such a name on this one and such a name on that one, &c., through the lot. One of these times I had intentionally misspelled. This he also told me, and gave me the letter needed to correct the error. He made no mistakes in the proper selection. The papers for the names he gave me. To me this was quite wonderful at the time, although this phenomenon might be accounted for on the mind reading theory. Still it led up to further investigation.

My next experience any note was with one of the Br. & Sisters for independent sealed letter writing in a sealed envelope, in the light, my letter being sealed and placed between two slates. During the seance she remarked "Why, you have a guide. You are a medium. Why don't you develop?" I asked if she could get his or her name. She described a female spirit and gave me the name of "Starlight," telling me that she had been with me all my life. This has since been proved to my satisfaction to be true. I concluded to find out more about this and began to look up other mediums to see if I could get any of this information confirmed elsewhere. It was at just about this time that I heard of Mrs. Maude Gillette, 218 E. 42nd Place, Chicago. I called upon her and was met at the door by her mother, Mrs. Foy, who informed me that Mrs. Gillette was busy giving a sitting and that I would be obliged to come again. "No," I said, "I will

wait." In about an hour Mrs. Gillette came down, and without giving her my name, arranged to have a sitting at once for independent slate writing. I had my sitting in Mrs. Gillette's well-lighted seance room, at which six slates were written full of messages from as many spirit friends, one message being signed "Starlight," the name of my guide as given me by Miss Bangs. In the message she stated that she would materialize for me soon and show me her face, which she did at the next materializing seance at Mrs. Gillette's. I have since procured her picture at the Bangs Sisters'. It was done in broad daylight, and Mrs. J. R. Francis, the wife of the editor of the *Progressive Thinker*, was with me at the time. The picture simply developed out on the canvas before us in the light. I consider it one of the most wonderful and most satisfactory manifestations I ever witnessed. Some time after this I had another sitting at Mrs. Gillette's. She gave me a new tablet of writing paper, telling me to go into the cabinet alone, to place the tablet under my vest and see what I could get, Mrs. Gillette remaining outside the cabinet. I did as requested, and at this sitting I got about sixteen pages of fine writing from four spirit friends, one message being four or five pages from my guide, giving me her full history, her place of birth, how long she lived in the body, &c. I have since verified it all.

I will mention as briefly as possible just one test seance for materialization given in Evanston a year ago last June. This seance was given for the special purpose of convincing a few skeptics who would not believe the manifestations genu-

ine unless produced outside the medium's home. I arranged with Mrs. Tripp, a materializing medium of Chicago, to come to Evanston and give a seance to a circle of fifteen. This seance was held at the house of Dr. Frank H. Edwards, 1562 Maple Avenue. I brought Mrs. Tripp out and put up her cabinet for her in Dr. Edwards' dining room, and we certainly had one of the most wonderful seances for materialization I ever attended. Mrs. Tripp was thoroughly examined by Mrs. Edwards and another lady before entering the cabinet, who announced to the circle that the medium had absolutely nothing about her person that could in any way be used in fraudulent manifestations of any kind. At one time four full forms were plainly visible to the entire circle. Miss Emma Tripp (Mrs. Tripp's sister) and one of her cabinet controls came out and materialized a large quantity of lace. Carrie Adams, another of Mrs. Tripp's controls, materialized at the same time, making quite an address to the circle. This seance was the means of removing the last shadow of doubt from the minds of the skeptical.

There was a time when it was considered a badge of mental weakness for one to acknowledge a belief in these phenomena, but that time has gone by and to-day anyone who doubts them, their genuineness and the fact of spirit return and communion, is simply ignorant.

I would like to state in closing that as far as I have been able to discover, Spiritualists, of all people, are anything but fanciful dreamers or theorists. They seek absolute truth and desire this beautiful gospel of truth, hope and optimism to rapidly spread to the multitudes.

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S. C. FENNER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

My wife, Caroline Regina Fenner, passed to higher life May 22nd, '95, followed seventeen days later by our infant son, Freddie. She passed out in travail at Camden, N.J., where we were then living. She was a good, true, noble, loving wife and mother. Two days after the interment I discovered that about the time of her death I had met with a considerable financial loss in our home. On relating this loss to a dear personal friend who called upon me, to my astonishment he advised me to consult a spiritual medium. Being a practical business man, strongly positive in my nature, I at first rejected the idea with scorn; but knowing my friend's honesty and integrity, and after hearing him

relate his remarkable personal experiences with a colored woman, a medium, totally blind for 35 years, I determined to call upon her, and did so. On entering the room she asked me to be seated, saying at the same time, "There is a lady with you." I informed her she was mistaken: there was none with me. She said, "I see her plainly." But I said, "Are you not totally blind, and, if so, how can you see any one?" "I see her with my spiritual eyes," said she, and gave me an accurate description of my deceased wife. This caused me to think seriously; but more was in store for me. She gave me the name of my wife, my own name, that of my father and mother and sister, and complete details of the loss I had sustained and full descriptions of the members of my family in the mortal and in spirit. I could only imagine that my friend had preceded me and informed her of these details—but then I had purposely led my friend to believe I would pay no attention to his advice. But this could not be the true explanation, for she next gave me an answer to a question that had arisen that very morning at the breakfast table, and said, "It is your mother, Hester Ann, that so advises." This shocked me and I became so chilled that for months afterward I would feel these spasmodic chills whenever the sitting was referred to.

I began attending spiritual meetings, and at the close of one after-

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

noon service heard a number conversing about a materializing seance to be held that evening by the Rev. Mrs. H. V. Ross, a medium of Onset, Mass. I determined to go, but on reaching the place found every available seat occupied, about fifty people present, and Mrs. Ross declared I could not stay. But on learning that I came from outside the city and was satisfied with a seat on the floor, I was allowed to stay. After the usual opening the forms began to appear and the people present professed to recognize them—some in infancy, youth, middle life and old age—but as nothing recognizable appeared to me and I could not understand the phenomena, I could only conclude that the people were being imposed upon by trickery and fraud. I determined, therefore, to seize the first form that came my way and expose the trickery—little knowing what was in reserve for me—and fervently prayed I might have strength to accomplish my good purpose and stop this desecration of everything that should be sacred to man. I was a perfect stranger to every one in the room. Mr. Leon Boeckel was then business manager for Mrs. Ross and he called my attention to a spirit form awaiting me at the entrance to the cabinet. My opportunity had arrived and I hastened to the spot to

be paralyzed with fright, for there stood a perfect counterpart of my dear departed wife. "Are you for me?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Sam, do you not recognize me, my dear?" I answered that she looked like one near and dear to me and asked her name. "I am your wife, Carrie Fenner," and, holding out her arms, the form of a baby materialized in them as she said, "Here is our little Freddie." By her side appeared my mother and sister.

\* \* \*

Soon after I entered Mrs. Ross' developing class and soon got clairvoyance, clairsaudience and slate-writing, and am now a trance speaker, ballot test medium and trance medium. For the past four years I have been associated with Mrs. Ross, to whom all credit for my development is due, and have managed over 1,400 of her materializing seances. She has given satisfactory test seances before the Psychic Research Society of Philadelphia, and in a seance held in Washington, D. C., permitted herself to be suspended in mid air, in a cabinet constructed by a body of scientific investigators, with Professor Robert Hare Powell as director. At this test seance 76 materialized spirit forms appeared, and most of them were recognized beyond all doubt.

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*Yours Truly,  
J. W. Dennis,  
Buffalo, N. Y.*

I have been asked to write a chapter on, "What converted me to Spiritualism," and have replied I never was converted to Spiritualism. I was born a Spiritualist. I write therefore rather on the theme, "What holds me to Spiritualism."

When I was five years of age I was frightened by my own clairaudience and clairvoyance and when I told my good little mother she replied that such things were of the devil and that he was trying to lead me out of the path of right, and that I must not think of this matter at all. But mother was a good Presbyterian and the good little woman had to lie out of the whole cloth, all for the good of the Presbyterian Church.

So do not blame her for it, for she is now in spirit life, and if ever there was an angel mother, she is one over there. Since I have grown to manhood I have found out that my mother was a medium and that

church people called her insane, all because she could commune with the higher life. I have also learned that whenever she visited her friends in the city of New York she invariably went to the best mediums there.

I will give a few personal experiences of what I have heard and seen.

I sat in a materializing seance with Mrs.—of Rochester, N. Y., she and I acting as mediums, when there appeared three shadowy forms.

Mrs.—being the better medium enquired, "Who is Henry?" I said, "He is the brother of my mother and the only Henry I have in spirit life." "Who is Joseph?" she asked and I replied, "My father." "Well," said she, "your uncle Henry and your father have brought your mother's spirit here resting in their arms. She is asleep." "Did I not tell you all this last summer that my mother was yet in earth life?" I asked. "Well she is not in earth life now," she said "but here in the arms of your father and her brother." I then told her that my mother had passed out that forenoon about ten hours previously. By this time I, too, could readily distinguish forms. I had held her little hands in mine just before leaving Buffalo for Rochester and she had desired me to stay longer with her as she said she was going away soon, but government business had compelled me to leave her. So I threw her into a hypnotic sleep and she passed out peacefully without returning to consciousness

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At one time I sat for a slate writing with Pierre E. S. Keeler, when I heard a voice out of the air say: "Dennis, why don't you get up and lecture and not sit around doing nothing?" So I told Keeler that I knew what was on the slates and when we opened them, there it was exactly as I had heard it. At the same sitting I heard the voice of Geo. Christy, Mr. Keeler's guide, and I asked him to give me a guide so that I could get slate writing and he answered "I will give you a guide over the left," and when the slates were opened I found precisely this message which I had heard clairvoyantly.

At one time at Lily Dale in passing the house of Rathmell, the telegraphic medium, he called me in for a seance. As soon as seated I saw the spirit form of my father and heard him say, "Make your valve seats elliptical". "Well, Well" I said, "you mean the openings," and he said "yes" and vanished. I was at work on a patent steam engine and had trouble with the openings and his advice would remove the difficulty. Without acquainting Rathmell with what I had seen and heard, I asked him to try his instrument and got through it precisely the same message. Then I saw the spirit form of my cousin Julia with whom I had been reared, and she said, "Cousin Jo, I love you yet."

Through the instrument I got the same message a moment later.

In Mrs. Moss's materializing seances I have been called to the cabinet and have seen and held the form of my first wife who also stood under my outstretched arm just as she used to do in earth life—for I was six feet two and she was only four feet six inches tall—and she has told me who she was—and this was satisfactory proof to me of spirit return.

In my own house a spirit doctor, formerly a dear earth friend, has appeared and at my request has gone to distant parts of the earth and found out how our friends were and he has returned and brought me such messages about the persons seen, the houses and rooms visited, that I could accurately describe them to others as they were at the time and place, and this has given me additional proof of my communion with the spirit world. In my bed in my own room I have heard repeatedly and recognized my mother's familiar voice. I have had sittings two seasons with the Bang sisters and regard them as the best all-around mediums I have ever met in spiritualistic phenomena.

My experiences have reached over 70 years and I could easily fill a volume with them, though I have been an active business man all my life. Naturally sceptical and materialistic, I have been compelled to recognize the fact that man's spiritual nature is immortal and endures forever.

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D. STEARNS WHITE, M.D. Ph.C

CHICAGO, ILL.

In 1888 my wife died to whom I had been married twenty five years and then this belief "death ends all," which was my creed at that time seemed especially horrible. I put her in the grave and made up my mind to spend \$10,000 on her tomb as there was all there was of her. I went to Vermont where I was born and visited Plymouth to see some G. A. R. friends and found a Spiritualist Convention in full blast. I was much surprised to find there many of the deacons and laity of the clergy when I was a boy and lived in the state. A friend wished me to go with him and get a sitting with that veteran medium, Lucius Colburn. The first intelligence communicating said he was my grandfather and his name was Daniel, and my name was Daniel and

he gave me five dollars for my name. This was either good guessing or he was my grandfather, for it was true, but this man was an entire stranger to me and could know nothing of the facts as they occurred so long ago. Then he gave me the name Dr. Winslow of Fort Arkansas, Wis. He said "Til" had spent all the seven thousand dollars left her. This was the name he used to call his wife and the statement was true. How did this man know this if Dr Winslow who had passed over was not there and told him. Then my wife controlled him and said she was so glad to let me know she still lived. She said she stood beside me at the coffin at the funeral when I was crying so, and touched me and tried to let me know she was not in the coffin but she could not make me know it. At this I cried, and she said "Now don't cry, or feel badly, you have done everything just right only you did not hold onto my hand long enough when I was dying." This was a good statement of the facts. I did hold her hand until I thought her unconscious, while she was dying.

Next day Joe Stiles gave tests in the hall there and gave one hundred and fifty full names in twenty five minutes, of people who had lived around there and had died, each telling how long they had been in spirit life and where they died and where they were born, etc. Now this shows that they must have given Mr. Stiles this information. All of this set me to thinking and the next year I went to Clinton, Iowa, making up my mind to investigate this and see for myself whether any part of it were true. I was very careful not to register my name or give my name to anyone. I was



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six hundred miles from home, not knowing a soul there. I asked for a materializing seance and was directed to the cottage of Mabel Aber (now Mrs. Mahel Aber Jackson 825 No. Clark St. Chicago). I bought a ticket to her seance for that evening hoping that this "new hope" or new philosophy might prove true and that I, living in a real true world where all the efforts of nature put out so grandly, would have some ultimate purpose to serve. The medium gave me a front seat and the seance began. The first person that came was a little girl about eight years old who said we were to have a good seance, and they all called her Nellie. I saw her little fingers plainly on the curtain and her whole form. This was a great revelation to me. She stepped back behind the curtain and said, "Dr. White?" I did not at once answer as there might be another Dr. White, but as no one answered I said, "Hello, Nellie." She said "Come up to the curtain as there is some one here that wants to see you very badly and you will want to see her just as much." I stepped up to the curtain and in a moment my wife stood between the curtains as plainly as she ever did in life and as natural as she ever was. She threw both arms around my neck and said "Hello, Cappie White," and we both kissed, the same as ever we did, she cried saying she was so glad to let me know she still lived. She took me into the cabinet and put my hand on Mrs. Aber's head and said "You think I am the medium but there is the medium but I am still your wife and you are my husband." She had two pinks in her hand and gave me saying, "You used to say pinks were the sweetest of all flowers and I

have brought these two hundred miles for you." On her head she had a crown with the letters "Maria" on the crown. She whispered and gave me many evidences of her identity by things that no one knew but ourselves—that happened in our married life. Her heart beat was thirty five in a minute and a mortal would faint away with so small a heart beat. I had my arms around her and she began to crumble and went all to pieces and out of sight. She then began to form from a spot of light about the size of a quarter of a dollar and fully materialized again, but this time had no crown on her head but had the letters on her breast, "M. E." the name I called her being Maria Eliza. Next day had a private seance and she came out and sat in my lap and took my handkerchief and wiped my forehead, untied my necktie and tied it over again and we discussed the future as we used to do. Have had very many evidences of her identity and of the fact that spirits can and do return, can and do communicate with their friends, are helping them to help themselves and gain the experience to round them out for a new condition in spirit life. I held two slates and a card between them and in a little while a painting of my wife came just like a photograph she had taken in 1876 which was in an album which was at that time six miles away. Materialization is true because we can't see a thing until it is first materialized from the elements. My little daughter gave me a painting through the Bang sisters (cor. Wood and Adam St. Chicago) a beautiful work of art. I have had thousands of proofs and am a spiritualist from the ground up. I don't believe it but know it.

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A. W. SPARLING

TORONTO.

My first experiences in the spiritual phenomena carry me back to the year 1863, again to 1873 and 1875. Of course at that time I knew nothing of Spiritualism, and hence looked upon the strange happenings as supernatural occurrences. It was not till the winter of the year 1897 that I, through curiosity, and with much prejudice, was induced by a friend to attend some of the addresses and manifestations that were being given in this city. My first attendance was at a trumpet seance at 25 Walton st., this city, my wife and another friend accompanying me. We were complete strangers to everyone present and had never seen, met, or heard about the medium, Mrs. Etta Wreidt, of Detroit, until she took her place in the circle. After the services were

opened with singing of such hymns as "Shall We Gather at the River?" "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "There Are Angels Hovering Round," "Nearer My God to Thee," &c., I came to the conclusion that these Spiritualists were not as godless and as closely leagued with the devil as they were represented to be. The medium suggested that we sing her guide's (Dr. Sharp) favorite piece, "God Save the Queen," so it appeared that in spirit life they still retained their loyalty to country and to Queen. This was sung, and during the singing of it another voice joined in, which seemed to be at different times in various parts of the room and above our heads, and on its conclusion a strong male voice bid the medium, "Good evening," and spoke to each one with great courtesy, stating that each one's friends were there and desirous of talking with them, also requesting that we act as ladies and gentlemen and exercise the same reverence as we would if we were in any church. The medium being seated next to me, I, as soon as the circle was formed and the light turned off, took hold of her dress and placed my foot in front of her, so that if she should attempt to leave her seat I would be aware of it, and also if she should be a ventriloquist I could detect it. I may say that as far as the medium was concerned during the whole of the seance I had her under test conditions satisfactory to me, and the results prov-

ed that she was perfectly honest and took no part in the manifestations that occurred. Our children and friends came and gave their names and identified themselves so completely, telling of circumstances and things that were only known to ourselves, and bringing messages of love, comfort, cheer, hope and encouragement, proving their continuity of life and interest in us, and the fact of spirit return. This seance led to further investigation of the phenomena, and a private sitting was had with the same medium and others, and the evidence obtained through independent writing, in which blank paper was placed in a sealed envelope between two common school slates, securely fastened, and never leaving our sight or possession and held above the table in the air, was satisfactory. The envelope and slates being opened by ourselves and all precautions against fraudulent methods being taken, I am satisfied as to the genuineness of spirit communication in that way.

Again I have had the great pleasure of seeing my dear arisen mother twice this summer and talked face to face with her, and also have in my possession now a spirit portrait of her and two of my children; also that of my wife's mother, who have all entered the higher life. These portraits were obtained through the mediumship of the Bangs Sisters during their late visit in Toronto and were produced in from 20 to 25 minutes and witness-

ed by several, amongst whom was a thorough skeptic as to the phenomena and who was also a materialist, and who examined the canvasses that were brought there by my own son Wesley, and opened by him and placed in position in the front of the window in the light and saw the production of the portrait. The testimony under oath of the witnesses to the production of these pictures can be had by anyone doubting the facts, the witnesses being fifteen in number, the canvasses used being the common Steinback used by all artists and obtained at the Art Metropole on Yonge St., a reliable firm. We will be pleased to have any of the readers of the SERMON or of this volume call and inspect them. I have had portrait artists of this city inspect them and each say it is beyond their power to produce such work, and place their value as works of art at from \$75 to \$100 each.

In conclusion let me say that the phenomena and fact of spirit return are demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt and proven by the testimony of thousands. We as Spiritualists do not ask the investigator to "Believe—believe or be damned," but simply say "Come and see," as the Samaritan woman did of old. Thus they will be led into fuller and diviner truth and enjoy a joyous liberty and find in our glorious phenomena and philosophy the key that unlocks that mysterious and so-called sacred book, the Bible. I trust that this simple story may add to the greater spread of the truth, especially among my old circle of friends in this and other places and lead them to investigate and find the truth.

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JAMES BAXTER, M.D.

CHATHAM.

Had time permitted I intended to have given in this chapter a sifting of the results of 10 or 15 years of private sittings in my own office, but as it is impossible under present circumstances to do so, I will give one or two instances of experience that "led up to my conversion" to Spiritualism.

In 1870 I was boarding in a house in Boston and attending classes at "Harvard." On the fifth of July the daughter of the landlady committed suicide by shooting herself through the heart. Her mother and I heard the report and rushed together to her room where we found her as stated. About 3 or 4 weeks after the landlady received a note from a medium up Washington St. at the

"Neck," saying that the spirit of her daughter wished to speak to her and appointing the next Sunday for the meeting at her rooms. She showed the note to me asking my advice. I said, "Do not go, she is a fake, she knows you by sight probably because the occurrence has become public property and she will 'stuff' you with all manner of nonsense, but she probably does not know me and your daughter does. I will go, and if there is anything in it your daughter will speak to me." I went, and found a room with about fifty or sixty persons present, took a seat quietly in their midst and awaited developments. By and by a lady of 45 accompanied by her husband entered and took a seat on the dais, became controlled and gave messages to several, mostly unimportant and altogether trivial it seemed to me. Then she arose, walked down the aisle with closed eyes and, placing her hand on my shoulder said, "I wish to speak to you, follow me." I did so and she led me into the adjoining room, and shutting the door, turned and said "You are from the provinces, your father had so many children, you have a brother in New York studying medicine" and she gave me many details of the manner of her death and things that had transpired before, many of which I was at the time ignorant of, and which I afterwards verified. I was not at this time a Spiritualist.

In 1880, in July, I was visiting the

brother spoken of in the last paragraph and was then practising in M— We drove out into the country one day and the subject of discourse being "immortality of the soul," I affirming and he denying, for he was a confirmed materialist and said that when a man was dead he was "well dead" as the French say, and that was all there was to it. In four weeks afterward he was dead himself. Some months after (I forget exactly how long) a medium J—H—(a friend of mine who had barely known my brother) came into my office and we began talking over our experiences in spiritual matters when he suddenly became controlled and placing his hand on my shoulder he said "Jim, I am glad to be able to meet you again." I said, "Who is it?" "Your brother G." I at once thought of putting a test and said, "If you are he whom

you say you are, you can doubtless tell me the subject of discussion that day going to and coming from the lake." He said, "Oh yes, but I have found cause to change my mind since then and why? For the best reason in the world—I died and am alive. There is such a thing as life after death. I was mistaken." I will only further add that the above-mentioned medium—J. H. died in San Francisco and a month or two after I received a message from him from Texas through a medium, a complete stranger, who said, "I do not know either of you but I am requested by the spirit of J. H. to tell you &c." Now I do not know of course whether J. H. knew him or not, but I certainly did not. Now, kind reader, let the brevity of the time at my command be my excuse for the imperfections of my testimony.

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GEORGE DAWSON

MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

It was in the year 1884 that my attention was first seriously directed towards the subject of Spiritualism. At that time I was a member of the Anglican Church, and a constant attendant upon her ministrations. The sudden and unexpected death of a near and dear member of my family caused me to turn my attention very earnestly to the question of the immortality of the soul. Up to this time I had believed the doctrine in a general way, or thought I believed it; but now, I wanted to *know*, not merely to *believe*. The question now assumed an importance it had never previously had in my mind. I began to examine the grounds of the Christian belief in the immortality of the soul, but the more I examined the weaker they

appeared to me. The more I searched the Bible for proofs of the doctrine, the more I found myself in doubt as to which side of the question—positive or negative—the Bible really sustains. I was particularly distressed on finding that the chosen people of God, the Jews, had nothing in their sacred books of the Old Testament to show that they believed, or had any reason to believe, in a future life. It was surprising to me how God, in making a revelation to these people, could have overlooked or forgotten this subject which appeared to me of such supreme importance. Failing to find satisfactory proof of immortality in the teachings of the church or in the pages of so-called Holy Writ, I began to consider if it might not be possible to obtain it from some other source. I reasoned that if immortality is a fact in nature, it should be possible to find in the nature of man some indication of the fact. I turned, therefore, from revelation, so-called, and took up the divine book of nature to see if I could learn anything from its pages regarding the nature and destiny of man. I had already acquired some knowledge of mesmerism, mind reading, clairvoyance, telepathy and kindred subjects, and had seen enough along these lines to satisfy me of the existence of a subtle and mysterious influence that could be exerted by one mind upon another. I found, therefore, no difficulty in accepting the

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tion that if one mind in the body could influence another mind also in the body, it was reasonable to believe that a mind or spirit out of the body could likewise influence a mind or spirit still in the body—provided suitable conditions were afforded.

Having become thoroughly aroused and seized with the immense importance of the subject, I read everything pronounced that I could lay my hands on. I procured quite a number of the best books extant on Spiritualism, and read them with avidity. The works which impressed me the most were those of Col. Olcott, Rev. Samuel Watson, Rev. Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon), Prof. Sir Wm. Crookes, Alfred Russel Wallace, S. C. Hall, Emma Hardinge Britten, Judge Edmunds, Epes Sargent and Moses Hull. In the works of these authors I found proof sufficient to satisfy any reasonable truth seeker of the continuity of life after the change called death. These writers and a host of others have submitted to the world an overwhelming mass of evidence in favor of spirit return which no rational mind can afford to treat with indifference. If this evidence is inadequate to establish the truth of spirit return it is impossible to establish anything by means of human testimony. I do not wish, however, to be understood as saying that I have witnessed no spiritual phenomena. The point I want to make here, is that I was converted to a *belief* in Spiritualism by the

study of the literature of the subject. The phenomena came afterwards, and served to confirm me in the belief—*or* rather to give me *knowledge* in place of *belief*.

In the summer of 1887 I visited, for the first time, the Onset Bay Camp Meeting, where I arrived a perfect stranger to all the people who were there as well as to the place itself. When leaving home I was careful to keep my destination a profound secret, and during the journey to Onset I changed my name, and registered there as Jno. Wilson of Toronto, by which name I was known while I remained at the Camp. A few hours after my arrival at the Camp I had a sitting with Mrs. Pennell, clairvoyant and trance medium. Mrs. Pennell did not ask me any questions—not even my name or where I came from—and yet I was not five minutes in her presence when she, or rather her spirit guide speaking through her, addressed me by my name George, and told me that I was not the only George in the family, which was perfectly true. She then gave me messages from the children of mine who had passed to spirit life some years previous. She described these children accurately, giving names, ages, color of hair, color of eyes, and mentioned incidents in lives that no stranger could possibly know anything about unless the knowledges were procured through occult or spiritual sources.

In 1894 I again visited the Onset

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Bay Camp Meeting, and met a spirit photographer named Green. I had a sitting with Mr. Green, and on the photograph which was produced there appeared around my own several other faces, none of which I recognised except one which bore a strong resemblance to a cousin of mine who had crossed the great divide four or five years before. But, besides these there was a picture of a little girl's face embedded, as it were, in the lappel of my coat. It appeared as if the face were underneath the lappel and shining through it. I naturally supposed the face to be that of a little daughter of mine who had passed away some nine years previous as the result of an accident; but this was merely a surmise. I had no actual proof as the picture was not distinct enough for positive recognition. Three years later (Aug. '97) I attended the Camp Meeting at Lily Dale on Lake Cassadaga, where I obtained the required proof as to the identity of the child. I was accompanied on this occasion by my wife and her sister Miss C. McG—-. We were all complete strangers to Lily Dale and the campers who were there at the time. We knew nobody and nobody knew us. The first night we were there Miss McG—- and myself attended a trumpet seance given by Mrs. Etta Wriedt. To give a full account of all that occurred at that wonderful seance would require a whole volume. Some six or seven

spirits came and spoke to me through the trumpet giving their own names and relating facts and incidents which sufficed to prove to me that they were really the personalities they represented themselves to be. Amongst the number was the little girl already referred to. She came, and in her own childish voice conversed with us for some minutes, giving satisfactory answers to all the questions which I put to her. I did not at first think of the photograph, but suddenly the thought occurred to me that an opportunity had at last arrived to get some definite information on that subject. So, I began by questioning her as follows: "Daisy," said I, "do you know anything about a photograph that I had taken at Onset some years ago?" "Indeed I do," said she, "for I am on it." "You on it," I exclaimed, "what part of it are you on?" "Right on you," she replied. I then asked, "Whereabouts on me?" In answer to this inquiry I was touched by the end of the trumpet on the left shoulder right on the spot corresponding with the position of the child's face on the photograph. What better proof could any reasonable person require? What better proof of identity could any spirit give? But, this was not all that I obtained from that spirit child on that occasion. Much of what she said that evening is too sacred to me to be inscribed on these pages. There is, however, one more incident



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which I feel that I ought to relate before I close. "Now, Daisy," said I, "I would like you to tell these people here how you came to die when you did, or what was the cause of your death?" "It was an accident," she replied. "Yes," I said, "I know it was an accident, but please state what kind of an accident it was." "I fell," was her reply to this inquiry. "O yes, I know you fell," said I, "but I would like you to tell what made you fall." "It was all Dowie's fault," she replied. As I did not understand who or what she meant by Dowie, Dowie, or Dixie, I had her repeat the word several times in the hope of catching her meaning but without success. As I was on the point of giving it up in despair, my sister-in-law who, as I have already stated, was with me at the seance came to my assistance by saying, "I know what she is trying to say; she means Dusky." "And who is Dusky?" said I. "Why," said she, "Dusky was the name of the dog, but she always called him Dowie; that was as near as she could pronounce it."

In order that the reader may be enabled to fully comprehend the above statement it will be necessary for me to give an explanation at this point. Twelve years previous to the date of this seance another sister-in-law of mine (a sister of Miss C. McG—) was visiting at my house for a few days and brought with her a pet dog. One morning the little girl, who was then three years and four months old,

and this dog were romping together through the house when she fell backwards into a small tub of hot water and was scalded so badly that she died the following night. Nobody saw her fall, but the presumption is that the dog put his fore paws up against her breast in play, and that in stepping backwards from him she came against the tub with the result already stated.

Having ascertained what she meant by Dowie I got her to repeat her answer once more—"It was all Dowie's (Dusky's) fault, but," she added, "he did not mean to do it." Is it not a remarkable circumstance that this spirit child, twelve years after her transition, and 500 miles from the place where this accident occurred, should be able to tell so much about it, even to the name of the dog which caused her fall (a name which I had never known), at the same time exonerating the dog from all blame in the matter?

Another remarkably strong test was given me at the same seance by spirit H. B. Ronan, of Ottawa, Ont., who passed to spirit life in the spring of 1897. In the course of a conversation with him I asked him, "Where is your wife now?" To this question he replied, "Oh, she is all right. She is in Toronto." As Ronan's home was in Ottawa I naturally supposed that his wife would be there, and, of course, I was somewhat surprised to hear him say she was in Toronto. In fact, I very much doubted the truth of the statement; but on making inquiries of his friends a few weeks after I found that the spirit was right and my doubts and suspicions were wrong, for she was actually in Toronto on a visit to her daughter at the time the conversation took place

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GEORGE HARVEY BROOKS.

NEWPORT, KY.

I was born in Munnsville, Madison County, N.Y., Oct. 2nd, 1853. My parents were strong Universalists, and, strange to relate, their parents were converts to this thought, hence there was instilled in me from my youth up, strong liberal tendencies, but no thought of the spiritual, or any inclination toward the same. I never heard anything of Spiritualism or of mediumship until somewhere near my twentieth year, then only in the usual form common to all who do not understand. I was deeply devoted to the Church, and in my 17th year united with my mother with the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, Ill., and was put in charge of a Sunday school class and worked up the largest class in the room, and kept the

same unbroken for over five years. As far back as I can remember I had strange mental experiences. I used to see spirits and hear their voices, and can never remember the time when I did not in some way feel my father's influence around his little family, he having gone to the spirit world before I was born. I grew prophetic in my spiritual experiences, and never attended church but that back of the minister I would see spirits, no matter what church I would attend, the same experience would accompany me. I never told any of my experiences to anyone, I did not know what they were, nor do I know as I cared very much, but I always felt I would never be understood if I told of what I saw and heard. Later in life I found my early impressions were correct. Before I joined the church, and more especially afterward, I had a strong inclination to enter the ministry, but was held back for many reasons, one of them being a severe impediment in my speech; but let me say, before I go further, the spiritual power removed that from me shortly after I began my work. When at last I made my desire known, I was bitterly opposed by my family, but in spite of all I insisted, and as I had resolved that such should be my course in life, a way was opened for me. After some preparation I began my work as a missionary and a worker for the Munford's Magazine, intending in time to complete

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my course and become an ordained minister. It was while I was preparing myself for the work that lay before me, that I had marked spiritual experiences, which I would like to relate, but cannot. They were physical as well as mental. I never entered the pulpit to do my work, but just as soon as I stepped on the platform I would receive a thrill and would feel ready for any emergency. Up to this time there had never entered into my line of thought any discussion on the subject of Spiritualism, nor was I in any way acquainted with the workings of the spirit, had never read one of its papers, nor heard a discourse, or met any of its people, but foolishly held a strong prejudice not only against Spiritualism but against all other forms of religion, believing that Universalism was the sum total of all truth. It was while in this missionary work that I had my first experiences with the spiritual people and with mediumship. Strange to relate, in every place I stopped, no matter whether Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, or any other state, the people seemingly had all become Spiritualists, and that subject was always discussed. It was while in Glenwood, Mo., I had my first experience with a medium, Mrs. Phebe Kennedy. Her phase was the raps. Never since have I seen or heard her equal in that line. I then heard, saw, and felt what I never did before, and received communications from spirit friends. It did not convert me, in fact, I was not so greatly interested, but that first seance had a marked

influence over my life, and I can truly say I was a changed man from that moment. On my return to Chicago I investigated as best I could, and among those who were of great help to me was Daniel Hale, who helped me in many ways. I had sittings with Mrs. Simpson, the noted Flower Medium; I sat in one of Mary Basten's circles; also with Mrs. Weeks, and others, but could not give up my early training and my connection with the church. It was while attending the Mitchellville Seminary, Iowa, that I began another form of investigation. At the house of Dr. T. Seems, in company with his family and some of my class-mates, I sat in the circle for the first time. Space forbids giving details of my mental and physical experiences, which were many and varied. After a long experience, much mental anguish and persecution, I at last gave up my church connections, bade farewell to all my family and associates, and took my stand for the eternal truths of Spiritualism. For over eighteen years I have advocated its truths, have gone from the Atlantic to the Pacific proclaiming the facts of spirit communion, I have ever tried to impress truth upon the people, and to be true to the mediumship which is mine to enjoy. I can truly say as the years come and go, and my experience widens and deepens, and I come in contact with the world, I know that Spiritualism is the one great power that will save the world and lead mankind to a higher realization of their duties one toward another, giving to each a higher conception of life, and the beauty of true living, the joy of soul communion, through the knowledge of intercourse with the world of spirits.

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WILLIAM JOHNSON.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.

In June, '92, I went to Anderson, Ind., and found the spiritualists there building a fine temple. I began to wonder what kind of a religion Spiritualism was, and went with my wife several times to their meetings. We began sitting in our home and soon got raps and table movements. I satisfied myself that these were produced by an unseen intelligence, and this will explain how I did so. We were old country people (English) and had neglected to write home for about 16 years, so we did not know whether our friends were alive or dead. One Sunday morning my wife heard a voice telling her to go to the Temple. This she heard several times, and so got herself ready and went. Almost as soon as she en-

tered, the medium, Mrs. Maggie Waite, came to her and said, "Lady, when you came in an old lady came with you, and she tells me she is your mother, Sophia Fuller, that she died three months ago, in Minster, Kent, England, and how grieved she was at not hearing from her daughter Ann, for so many years." So my wife wrote home and found that my mother had died at the time and place the medium had mentioned. This one test started us in earnest to investigate Spiritualism. I determined to probe it to the bottom. I visited several mediums and got wonderful results. In a circle of Mr. King's, in Michigan, my brother, who died 35 years before in England, came to me as natural as in earth life, and while he was talking the form of an uncle jumped up as it seemed to me outside the cabinet. My wife and I both recognized them, and they seemed very glad to be able to manifest themselves. Their forms and expression seemed familiar and natural. At the same circle a little girl, whose body we buried in England, came in apparently the same body and put in the coffin, and came also in the same way at another seance. Meantime I had found out from reading the literature of Spiritualism that children grow to maturity in the spirit world, and so I asked her to show us how she looked now. She came again, and of all the grand sights I have ever beheld she was the most beautiful.

She was almost the size of her mother, and her style of dress almost dazzled the eyes to behold. I no longer wonder at some of the old prophets worshipping a human spirit as a God. Hers was the most beautiful form I ever saw, and her smile was heavenly. When I asked if I might touch her, she shook her head, waved her hands and disappeared from view.

At another seance my wife's brother came to us. He came out of the cabinet, took our hands in his, and talked with us several minutes. When wife asked if her mother could come, he said she was still very weak, having only been four months in spirit life. He said, however, he would try and help her, and in three or four minutes up he came again just as if he grew from the floor, and (outside the cabinet) with his arm around his mother stood talking to us for half a minute, when mother seemed to slip from his grasp, and left him standing alone. He staid for, I should say, five minutes and gave a good talk to all present.

Yet I would sometimes doubt the evidences of my senses, and wonder how a spirit could take power and substance from a medium and build up a natural body dressed in good clothes, &c. But I have proved that this can be done, and seen it done in my own home, myself and

wife sitting alone. We only had to sit a few times for materialization. The first time it occurred I felt a queer sensation up my back and side, and power was taken from me, and a form grew, as it were, out of me, from my back and side, and leaned over me, and spoke to me. But it seemed to hurt and weaken my shoulder. The next time power was taken from my side and thigh, and it seemed like drawing fine strings from me. This time a full-sized form left me, and went and caught hold of my wife, but could only stay a few seconds when it dropped to the floor and formed a large light as big as an average sunflower, and much the same shape. The same light has passed frequently from one to another in our own room in a peculiar manner. I had to give up sitting for materialization as I found it weakened me and rendered me unfit for work.

I sat with A. A. Finney, trumpet medium, and talked with his control and he told me the phenomenal work is only the primary class for spiritualists, and it has come to teach men that to do good is all the religion humanity needs. My wife is often entranced, and makes a beautiful lecture in our home—one of her controls being a former English Church Minister, a clergyman of her own village, Minster, Kent, England.

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WILL J. ERWOOD.

LA CROSS, WIS.

Born and reared in the Catholic faith, my early environments were not such as to encourage the investigation of psychic phenomena, and in fact all such phenomena were looked upon with great suspicion, and its origin was always questioned.

As a child I frequently saw different objects which others could not see and I described them, only to meet with reproof. I can distinctly remember many things of this character that occurred during the earlier years of my life, but all of these manifestations were looked upon as being either of satanic or divine origin, as the case might have been.

Everything that savored of Spiritualism, was avoided most studiously, by myself and relatives until

after our home had been removed from Chicago to Los Angeles, Cal. There, at the age of about twenty, I met, for the first time, real Spiritualistic workers.

My first experience in a spiritualistic seance is just as vivid as though it occurred but yesterday. It was not marked by any particularly strong manifestations, in fact I remember thinking, after listening to the broken language of the spirit controlling the medium, that never, as long as I lived would I be guilty of making such a fool of myself as that girl did. I had no sooner allowed this thought to enter my mind than the medium turned to me and in the vernacular of the controlling spirit, said, "Chief, I would like to try and put you out." The friends explained that he meant he would like to try and control me.

This amused me very much, and I fear I expressed my amusement a little strongly, for it seemed to vex the control, and turning once more to me, he said, rather firmly, "Chief, inside of a year you will be a medium and I shall control you." He evidently knew whereof he spoke, as his words were literally fulfilled within the appointed time.

This was the beginning of a series of events that soon culminated in a declaration of my belief in Spiritualism and its phenomena.

A few of my investigations may be of interest to some who have not had similar experiences. One manifestation that probably did as much toward clinching my belief in the life after death, and the possibility of the return of spirit, occurred

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in Los Angeles about six years ago, and in a comparatively short time after my experience with the above mentioned Indian control.

I was in my own room, which by the way was in the second story of a house that stood alone on a hill top. The door was securely fastened, and I busied myself with a novel till the clock struck twelve, midnight. Everyone else in the house was asleep, and finishing my book, I prepared for bed, and extinguishing the lamp, retired. I had scarcely drawn the comforters upon me, when I distinctly saw a form start across the room, approach my bed, felt it strike me forcibly three times and call my name twice in rather an excited voice, and quite audibly too. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was out of that bed and had a light. I examined doors, window, closet and everything in the room in search of the intruder but she had disappeared as quickly as she had appeared. The novel I had been reading was entirely foreign to the subject of Spiritualism, and taking into consideration the fact that I never used intoxicants and was consequently entirely sober, also that all doors were securely fastened, we have something that can hardly be accounted for by the theory of delusion or hallucination.

At another time I was worried about an old friend, a man of seventy-four years of age. He lived at Long Branch, Cal., and I in Los Angeles. I wished to convey some good news to him, but none came to send him. Word came that he was ill, and I longed to see him, but could not get away.

One night I retired, lost consciousness, then suddenly realized that I was on my way to his home. I

entered his home and saw him lying upon a couch in delirium. I went up to him, when he suddenly looked up and saw me. Reaching out his hand he exclaimed, "Bless you! Bless you!" He always greeted me that way. We grasped hands for a moment and then parted, I awakening and finding myself in my own body once more. Hallucination never could explain this, as we were each conscious of that phenomena. My own life has been saved more than once by the voices of warning that have accompanied me for the past seven years. Sleeping or waking these angels from another shore have come to guard and give warning of impending dangers. Slate writings I have received have been but additional evidence to prove the continuity of life and spirit return. One slate writing in particular had five different hand writings upon the slate, and names that I knew nothing of. Upon taking the slates home and showing them to my father, he told me that the unknown names were relations of his who had had passed away in England years before I was born. Can mind reading be given as an explanation of these phenomena? We think not.

The preponderance of evidence is so great that I am forced to believe, nay more than that, to know that Spiritualism is not a theory but a demonstrable fact. Though I have no quarrel with my Catholic relatives or friends, not for worlds would I go back into that fold.

Once we have tasted the true freedom that comes with an understanding of truth we can never be satisfied with bondage either mental or physical. Spiritualism appeals to me as a synonym of Freedom and Truth and the truth makes us free.



C. F. BROADHURST

ARNPRIOR, ONT.

At the age of 22 I was engaged in Christian work in Hereford, Eng. I left there and went to my home, my father being a farmer living near a village called Mamble in Worcestershire. I had been at home two weeks and each Sunday had attended the church at Clowstop, one mile away. The third Sunday morning when I came down I told my father that I had to take the service at Clowstop. He asked me how I knew. I told him I had seen myself three times in the night standing in the pulpit preaching to the people, and every time preaching from the same text. He said, "Go, my boy, and the Lord be with you, but if you are going to preach at Clowstop to-night you ought to prepare yourself." I asked him what

preparation I needed, as the one who gave me the vision would speak through me. That night was stormy, but I started off by myself and sat by the door. The chapel was well filled. Each time the door opened people would look around for the minister, but none came. After waiting twenty minutes I walked up into the pulpit and began the service. All went well until I gave out the same text I had used in my dream (the conversion of St. Paul). That was all I remembered. I felt as though I was floating. When I came to myself I saw by my watch I had been speaking three quarters of an hour, but knew nothing that was said. I went home greatly mystified. I have had the same experience many times since.

I came to Canada in '93. I had heard a great deal about Spiritualism in England, but it was supposed to be of the devil, so I steered clear of it.

On the night of Feb. 3rd, 1900, we had retired for the night. I was awake, thinking, when I felt a strange feeling and heard a report as if a revolver had been fired. I looked, and standing at the foot of my bed was a man in shining light. The hair was dark, his eyes blue, and he was standing like a statue. He had purple pants, but the rest of the body was nude. I did not speak—I could not. He gradually passed away. I told my wife what I had seen and got up, lit the lamp, looked at the clock and found it was



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12.30. We retired about 12. I met a friend, Mr. M—, a miner, who is a medium. I asked him to come up in the evening. He took up a slate and pencil. I then asked who it was I saw the night before. His hand began to move and wrote "Theodore Brown, West Bromich, England." He then spoke through the medium and said, "Mr. Broadhurst, you have seen me." I said I did not remember him and had only been through West Bromich once, and then on my wheel. He then asked, "How would you like to see my astral body?" I said I would like to see one. "What did you think of me last night when I came?" I asked him what he was in England. He said he was a minister of the Gospel. He also gave me good advice respecting my health and said he would come again. I asked my wife if she knew him. She said she was once introduced to a young lady who was to be married to him, but had not seen him. He came again the night of the 3rd. I have not seen him since, but others have, and given his name in full. At a sitting with Mrs. Etta Wreidt, the trumpet medium, I had a long talk with Theodore Brown.

My first "soul flight" was early last winter, while staying in Victoria, B.C. We retired about 9.30. I felt a great power pass over me. I wondered what it meant. The thought came to me: Resist not the spirit. I kept passive and felt a sensation of floating away. My

eyes were open to a glorious sight, which I have longed many times to behold again. Under our feet were lovely flowers, on each side beautiful trees. I was in company with one whom I knew. We were floating over the country at a rapid rate. I could see myself. I looked the same as in my body. I said to my companion, "This is grand; let's keep on going." I was travelling on the right hand side of him. At last we came to some great mountains. We seemed to be going at lightning speed. I heard the roar of rushing water, and in an instant I seemed crowded, and struck the great volume. I had the sensation of spitting it out of my mouth. I was afraid. My companion took my hand and said, "Be not afraid, though you pass through deep waters I will uphold you." We went on over a great lake. I could see for miles the sparkling water on my left and the great waterfall on my right, which must have been hundreds of feet high. In front was an opening between two mountains, where we tarried, standing upon flat rock. Behind us was the lake. Here we talked together. Every word of the conversation I can remember and never could forget. At last we started to go. The lovely sights passed from view. I lost consciousness and could feel I was gradually coming to myself. My wife asked me what was the matter, as she had been trying to make me hear her but could not, as I was like one dead. I have been away several times since.

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SUSIE C. CLARK

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

My earliest remembrance of seeing a spirit was during a severe illness when, at times, the nerves about the heart contracted, causing painful spasms. I was convalescing, so that the customary night watch (on the earthly plane) had been omitted. I was therefore quite surprised on this occasion, when in comparative comfort I opened my eyes and looked about the room, to see in the moonlit bay-window, my mother (as I supposed) sitting in her old place in the rocking chair. Just then, trying to turn unaided, a recurrence of the contraction suddenly induced the approach of a violent spasm. Although powerless to call my mother, the form I supposed hers quickly arose and, gliding to the bedside, leaned over me and placed one hand firmly upon my heart, with an indescribable effect, one of perfect relaxation and peace, accompanied by the tingling of new life and influx of strength. She stood quietly, tangibly bending above me, until, relieved and soothed, I sank to sleep. The next morning I remarked in surprise to my mother: "Was it not singular how quickly you helped me last night? You never produced such an effect before," and was assured that she had not been out of her bed during the night.

Later visitations of this spirit in the broad, honest daylight, when I was a more critical observer, revealed the personality of an aunt who died in my early childhood, and had been since then a self-constituted guardian of my welfare, in matters both grave and trivial, often by a loud admonitory rap warning me to

put on a warmer wrap than I had purposed wearing, and through deeper, more subtle suggestions showing her strong, untiring interest in my spiritual growth and grasp of higher truth. It is now remembered that among the last words uttered by this spirit before her transition, when I, at the age of two years, was brought into her room, was: "Take good care of that child," not knowing then that such faithful task would be hers.

But my entrance into Spiritualism was not made through the avenue of phenomena, of which more wonderful illustration will be offered in this volume than I could furnish, but my devout allegiance to this grand philosophy was gained through the gateway of pain and prolonged prostration, which the most erudite medical science was powerless to relieve. Spiritualism, with its wonderful healing potencies came as the angel of emancipation, revealing thus the hidden laws of being and their consequent proclamation of freedom from all bondage, physical and mental.

May we not say that the acceptance of spiritual truth comes to all naturally through growth (even as the world is revealed to the kitten that gets its eyes open); it comes from our growing ability to grasp that which is true, since Truth is supreme and must, sooner or later, possess every mind. Is it not, then, almost amusing that we should find it necessary to tell the world "what converted us to Spiritualism"; why, when, or how we outgrew our swaddling clothes and began to be men? Since when did we discover that water runs down hill and the morning dew exhales itself toward the sun, or any other self-evident fact? How could the en-

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lightened, progressive mind do otherwise than seek to be fed on the strong pabulum of advanced ideas? How could the aspiring spirit fail to find its own, its union with all spirits

in every realm, its vital at-one-ment with the Great Source of all Wisdom—Omnipotent Spirit? Thus will all men eventually come to a knowledge of the wealth, the beauty and truth of the spiritual philosophy.

GEC. WASHINGTON BURNHAM

WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

I was born in Ohio in 1818. In early life my parents removed to Connecticut and joined the Shakers. My father became elder and promoter of the Shaker faith.

I was naturally religious as a boy and became identified with, and an earnest supporter of the Shaker faith. My friends used every legitimate inducement to persuade me to remain a Shaker, but I outgrew it, and my next step was into Universalism. Into this I drifted by my own growth and development. I was then about 18 years of age. About ten years later I became somewhat acquainted with spiritual teaching through the spiritual papers, and becoming interested, embraced what few opportunities came my way for looking into spiritual phenomena.

About this time a woman lecturer came to Willimantic, and so instructive and consistent were her teachings of the spiritual philosophy that all my doubts were dispelled and I saw the naturalness and reasonableness of the system of truth presented in her teachings, and was so impressed with the evidence of spirit return that I became an avowed Spiritualist. Since that time—45 years ago—I have seen no reason to change my opinion of the truth of spiritual teaching. Experience

has but deepened my conviction of its absolute verity, and experiences in connection with the phenomena have changed my faith in man's immortality, in the conscious survival of the spiritual nature after the change called death, into what I regard as positive knowledge.

From my own experiences also, as well as from the "great cloud of witnesses" to spirit return and communion, I may assert a positive knowledge of the fact of spirit return and communion. To me the so-called "communion of saints" is a reality, and not a fancy.

Accordingly, I have since been identified with the Spiritualistic movement, and in 1865 was chosen President of our State Association, and again in 1869 I accepted office for the purpose of organizing a camp meeting at Niantic, and acted as President of it in 1881 under the State organization. I also took a prominent part in the organization at Lake Pleasant Camp for some years. In 1876 I was again elected President of the State organization and held the office for eight years since. I have also been honored with appointment as delegate to the N.S.A. convention for two years in succession.

I have always stood ready by voice and pen to expound and defend the sublime message of Spiritualism to the world, and now at 83 find my interest unabated and my desires increasing to see it carried to the ends of the earth.

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A. R. McDONALD.

President of the Toronto Spiritualist  
Association.

TORONTO.

Prior to 1896 I did not know the meaning of the word Spiritualism. We lost an only son of seven years, who has availed himself of every opportunity of coming back, and with loving messages to his mother and myself, has proven conclusively that there is no death, and that a spirit can return and comfort those on the earth plane.

During one of my many trips across the Rocky Mountains I received an account of a trumpet seance held in Toronto, the first attended by my wife, when a spirit sister, who had passed over to spirit side of life before my wife was born, and had grown to maturity, revealed herself and proved her identity by telling her name, also the names of our children, and that to her was entrusted the keeping of our children (four in all) in spirit world. (What a comforting thought!) Later, on my return east I stopped in Detroit. I saw an advertisement of Mr. W. E. Cole, the famous medium. I went to him a total stranger. I did not know a single person in Detroit at that time. During the seance my name was called through the trumpet. I asked who was speaking.

The spirit gave name and relationship, also named my children who were with her, and sent a message to my wife, calling her by her christian name. In Toronto my first phenomena were table rapping, in which I had convincing proofs of life beyond the grave, a brother spelling out his name and answering numerous questions, giving facts known only to my wife and self. A brother-in-law, a mere lad who was killed by falling from a tree when nutting, after telling his name, age, &c., and when asked the cause of his death, simply spelled the word tree. My first public message was given by Mrs. Kates in this city. Her words were "I see the date, April 7th, 1879. It is for a gentleman in the audience," describing myself, "and the paper with this date changed your whole life." I was then pointed out. I failed to recognize it. She then described an office desk very minutely and certain pigeon holes and drawer which corresponded with one I had in my office then, and said that in a certain drawer I would find the paper. And every word was verified later. This event having entirely left my mind after nineteen years, was thus publicly given by the medium. Mediumship developed in my own home.

My wife developed writing inspirational poetry, which was very surprising to me since she had not shown the slightest trace of poetical talent previously—in fact, had quite

an aversion on her part to even reading poetry.

I received over fifty verses of poetry from my own mother, in which was described in beautiful verse her own deathbed, and her meeting with my father and sister who were waiting in the room to welcome her spirit to the world beyond. She also described the reclaiming of a son from the lower spheres—in which she says, she helped him to atone for his sins, and enabled him to ascend to a higher life. No price could buy these verses if I could not replace them. This inspiration only lasted a short year, and then left the medium (my wife) except at rare intervals.

At a trumpet seance, held in my home by Mrs. Wreidt, the great prima-donna, Miss Emma Abbott, joined in a hymn then being sung. At my request, she gave her name, and also sang several selections. She also said the last time she sang in Toronto was at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House, before the fire. She requested my brother-in-law, who is a violinist, to play, and she would sing. His violin was brought and his first selection, to which Miss Abbott sang, was "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," followed by "Ave Maria," part of an opera, and then "Home, Sweet Home," which was certainly the most heavenly singing ever heard by mortal ears. My brother-in-law, who has been a leader of an orchestra for years, said that he had played for crazy people, drunken people, but never to ghosts before. Many striking and convincing physical phenomena occurred in the same seance. A pleasing incident at same seance was a talk between

my son, Lloyd, and aforementioned lad, his boy chum Rohhie (when on earth life) who accompanied his father and mother, and sat on a stool at their feet. It sounded as though one boy had been off visiting and was relating to his boy companion what had happened, and asked numerous questions about other boy playmates, and spoke of events that happened during his lifetime.

During a visit to Lily Dale I had spirit slate wrtings, and they were very satisfactory, my questions being answered. I selected and washed three slates, which never left my sight or possession, and in a few minutes I had answers to four questions by spirit friends, whom I called upon, all in bright daylight, the sun shining into the room at the time. One by Lloyd, written in boyish capital letters in red crayon. When in earth life he delighted to write with a red or blue lead pencil, and invariably made capitals. The other messages were by common slate pencil, the slates being tied together all the time, and held by the writer. These slates can be seen at my house to-day.

Our boy, when in earth life, had a common cardboard A B C card suspended from a shelf in the dining room, and when learning his letters used to kneel on a chair and turn the card around repeatedly, comparing the capitals with the common letters, and the card is turned the same way very often now, in fact, almost daily, especially when the family are assembled around the dining table, and some time ago a clairvoyant happened to call and observed the card moving, described a spirit boy kneeling on a chair examining the card, he knowing nothing of our boy or the event.

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LYMAN C. HOWE

FREDONIA, N.Y.

My first experiences in modern Spiritualism were in 1854 at the home of Gilbert Williams, in the town of Hornersville, N.Y. I was teaching a district school in the "Hendershott school house," and, as was the custom then, "boarded around." One evening while I was at the Williams home a circle was formed, consisting of six persons, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Hillahrant, the three children—all pupils in my school—and myself. We were all novices and had to learn by experience and reason our way to conclusions. Nothing was then known of thought transference, the subconscious ego, the subliminal self, telepathy, the Astral, mind reading and other substitutes for truth since then invented to escape the one rational interpretation of the new or-

der of facts, which had their first striking illustration at Hydesville, N.Y., in 1848. We were after truth, and nothing more. When Eliza Jane, a bright girl of about 12 years of age, showed signs of unusual character, as we sat around the table in an enquiring turn of mind, all were eager to note any new phenomenon that might develop. We were sufficiently posted to realize that first phases of mediumship were likely to be crude and imperfect, and we were not looking for miracles. Eliza Jane Williams was moved to act in a variety of ways, quite unlike her normal self, conspicuous among which were automatic movements of her hand and organs of speech. We questioned and got many striking proofs of an intelligence acting upon her, and apparently seeking to instruct us in the meaning of this new manifestation. We soon discovered that this intelligence could not only hear and sense our oral questions, but could also read our thoughts. In the days of Jesus this wonderful gift was regarded as proof positive of his divinity. But here was an unpretentious school girl doing the same thing, and no one suspected her of being a god, or a special daughter of God, because of this remarkable phenomenon. This girl—or the intelligence acting upon her—gave direct and positive proof in many ways by responding to mental questions almost immediately after the questioner had formed the

words in his mind. Believing, yet doubting, I watched, questioned and meditated. There was no escaping the evidence of the senses. Something was there which could understand a mental question and move this girl's hand, or her organs of speech, to answer it. This was tested and verified over and over, I think, hundreds of times. But the question was always directed to the spirit that controlled, and not to the girl who was the medium. There was no effort to fix and hold the mind upon the object thought of, nor did anyone touch the medium or make any sign or suggestion audible to mortal ears. The thought or request, directed silently to the spirit, received immediate attention and prompt answer, with an occasional exception or failure. This is common to all mediumship. Even Jesus required conditions, and faith was his common ally; and sometimes faith did it all. "Thy faith hath made thee whole" is his evidence.

After a few sittings I was startled and amazed by my right hand being lifted from the table by an unseen power, without any co-operation of my own volition. Rapidly followed many startling phenomena, all indicating the directing presence of unseen human beings, or something that could see, hear, think and talk, presenting the characteristics of human intelligence. It was not infinite—it knew more than we did, but it did not know everything.

After many experiences, in which I was entirely conscious, and constantly demanding more proof that it was really incarnate human being moving me, I made the ultimate demand, "If you will make me talk I will doubt no more." This I thought impossible. Almost im-

mediately my lips began to move as if speaking, but there was no voice, not even the faintest breath. It appeared as if I was expected to furnish the voice and the spirit would use it to express words. But I refused. "If I give you the voice I shall suspect I do it all. If you are to make me talk you must provide the voice without any help from me." This was my ultimatum. Very soon a new phenomenon surprised me. A strange vibration set up all through my chest, rapidly increasing in intensity, and soon accompanied by a deep, regular, but entirely abnormal breathing, which increased in force and volume, and produced a strange, subdued guttural sound, seemingly at the base of the thorax, which steadily grew in volume, and changed position, until it became a voice, akin to, yet very different from my own. Changes rapidly followed until my lips and tongue were benumbed and out of the control of my volition, but evidently subject to a superior will. In less time than I write it this artificial and temporal voice was used in connection with my tongue and lips, all moved by a power not my own, and with decided emphasis spoke the one word, "TRUTH." Almost instantly every vestige of this strange condition was gone and I felt as natural as if nothing had occurred. The next evening a similar process evoked, "*Truth—believe.*" Very soon this was extended, and I was talking in perfectly measured rhythmic rhyme, and not a word or syllable was known to me before it was uttered. Perfectly conscious, and criticising every sentence, yet I had no hint of a word in advance, and often watched with curious wonder to see what the word would be to rhyme with the preceding line, but

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not a syllable or sound did I get in advance, and it never failed to make the rhyme complete.

I could write a week in this line without telling half the incidents, tests, prophecies and marked experiences that testified to immortality in those days of our spiritual childhood. The facts that developed spontaneously bore as definite testimony to a future life as the more marvellous phenomena that have since then challenged the skepticism of the schools of science and compelled the attention and confidence of many of the brightest intellects in the world.

As an illustration of the methods employed to develop and at the same time convince the sensitives, as well as the observers, I will relate a few incidents. Marshall Williams, a young man about nineteen years of age, was subject to the same psychic influences; but like myself he was constantly doubting the spiritual claims, and asking further proof that human spirits moved his hand to write. We sat together in the school house many nights until 11 p.m. or later experimenting. One stumbling block was that while these automatic movements to write, signal, talk, etc. were seemingly independent of our volition, we could stop them by the exercise of the will against them.

The hand, lips and entire body would perform a great variety of movements, exhibiting a directing intelligence without any conscious cooperation of our volition, or any suggestion, or anticipation in our thoughts, and these manifestations often surprised us with intelligence and special statements of facts before unknown to us, and frequently in direct opposition to our previous understanding and belief,

and against our prejudices, and all, apparently directed by individual intelligence invisible to us, often manifesting surprising power over physical things, yet by a positive resistance the whole could be stopped in a moment. Here was something to study. Facts without interpretation do not instruct or profit us much. Whatever was inducing these phenomena was manifestly extraneous to the consciousness of the medium and acted upon the organism by some means closely allied to the human will. But it had not the power to supplant the will of the subject, except temporarily and by consent, and whenever the consent was withdrawn, and the subject exerted his own will, all abnormal manifestations ceased in an instant. Let the medium withdraw opposition and again the supernormal action asserted itself. This seemed to show that the unseen operators formed a conjunction with motor centres of the organism, or the psychic aura that permeates the brain and nervous system, and serves as a medium between conscious intelligence and the molecular structures of the body. But the soul in the body is its rightful owner and is in closer sympathy with it than any outside person can be, so long as it chooses to hold its place and exercise its sovereignty. But when, for any purpose, it surrenders its authority for a season to another, the volition of the outside person may use the organism by the same law and process, but not so perfectly as the natural owner of the organism, and in many instances there seems to be a co-operation by mutual consent between the incarnate soul and the indwelling ego. And this appears to be the superior state and highest manifestation of mediumship.



It was a peculiar feature in all these early experiences, and has accompanied me all through life, that in the action of spiritual influences, no matter what the phase of expression or degree of exaltation, consciousness has always held its throne undisturbed. Under the most powerful influences, in which I seem to be transformed and translated, I am always conscious, usually more intensely conscious than at any other time. I reason, question, criticise and thrill with pleasure when some new idea suddenly rises before my mental vision, while spiritual intelligences manipulate my brain and evoke its possibilities.

At the home of Gilbert Williams we had many seasons of curious experience. Mr. W. was a carpenter and joiner by trade and was seldom at home except Saturday nights and Sundays. He took no interest in spiritual matters. He said he expected there was something in Spiritualism, but he was not going to bother his head with it. "Let the fools find it out, and then there will be time enough for me," he often said.

One Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, he had retired. Mrs. Williams was anxious to improve every opportunity to learn. She quietly shut the door to his sleeping room, and asked me to allow the spirits to control me. At that time they seemed to be always present, waiting for an opportunity; and whenever I gave my consent their operations commenced. As if to aid in the control of my speech, my right hand and arm were constantly moved to keep time with the voice and measure the sentences. After some unintelligible utterances, the voice through my lips began to repeat, in measured regularity, and

with forceful emphasis; "He sees, he knows, he sees, he knows, he sees, he knows;" and this was all. After some ten minutes of this repetition and apparently meaningless expression, Mr. Williams called in angry tones to his wife in the following ecclesiastical style, "*Go to bed!*" Such d—nd witchcraft as that must not be in my house. The rules will be laid down in the morning, and there'll be no more of this foolishness and deviltry around here." He concluded that something could "see and know," and Mr. W. told his wife, that he was awake when she shut the door, and he suspected something and got up and watched us through the aperture of the imperfectly closed door, and saw and heard all that transpired. This may seem a trivial affair to write about, but in that crude simple way was demonstrated the presence of an intelligence controlling my speech that saw him watching and listening and reported it to us—though we were too stupid to interpret it until he called out and closed the seance. Years afterwards, I heard he became a thorough Spiritualist, and died happy in the knowledge it imparts.

The one all sufficient explanation of spiritual phenomena in those days was Psychology and Electricity. They were made to do service on all occasions, and endowed with qualities akin to omniscience and omnipotence, when spiritual phenomena confronted the skeptical critic; and then, as now, the doubting scoffer displayed the most guillible credulity in the acceptance of the most ludicrous absurdity and impossible assumptions, when they were offered as substitutes and explanations of spiritual phenomena.

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MRS. ALICE BAKER.

Pastor of the Spiritual Progressive Society

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

My father was Rev. M. Squibb, a Baptist Minister. From a very small child I was pronounced very strange and peculiar. I had an unknown power of relieving the sick and cheering the disconsolate. People would come to our home when in serious trouble, feeling that my father could give them words of encouragement, which he always sought to do. Often upon these occasions things would come to me, seemingly from some invisible source, to say to people, that would be just what they needed. Afterwards I would condemn myself for rudeness in interfering in conversation, and I have many times said,

"Papa, what makes me do those things I don't want to?" Invariably his answer would be, "I can not explain it, daughter, but you surely have a God-given gift to help those that are in trouble and sorrow. Do not fight it off, encourage it, for it is certainly good." Seventeen years ago my father passed to spirit life, and his passing out brought many troubles into my early life. All this time I knew nothing about Spiritualism, but felt my friends in spirit were with me. I felt their presence so much. Some times I could see and hear them. Finally, I concluded to quietly visit a medium, which I did after night, not wanting any of my friends to know it, as I was very popular in my church, being an ardent church worker all my life, and I knew if they caught me visiting a spiritual medium, vengeance would be upon me. The medium told me I was a very strong medium, and that my spirit friends were trying to reveal this fact to me—to reveal my own powers to myself. Environments were such I could not do much investigation or developing for some time. My spirit friends told me to keep up courage, that the time would come when my conditions would change, and I would come into the full light. And conditions did change. Four years elapsed, and I went to this same medium again a number of times, and the light began to dawn.

Then I visited another medium in

Cleveland. Through her I gained a great deal more light, the scales falling rapidly from my eyes. I became a bold investigator to the consternation of my many friends. The medium said to me, "You must try giving a few private readings; that will give you more light and strength, and you will better understand yourself and what the angel world has in store for you." I attempted a few private readings, and to my great surprise and pleasure, my trial was a perfect success. Then I went to a spiritualist camp meeting and heard some lectures, that did me a great deal of good. I went home and began attending spiritualist meetings. Soon after this I was taken ill, and while convalescing physical phenomena came to us in our home for a short time, in the form of raps and telegraph messages. Tables and dishes, &c., were moved by spirit power, and, in fact, the manifestations began all over the home and in various forms, became so strong that we dare not put out the lights for a number of weeks. I told my mother it was spiritual manifestations, but she did not believe. But one night the raps began to come in her room—on her dressing case, pillow, head of her bed, &c. She soon made up her mind I was right. Every night soon after I would retire the clicking of a telegraph machine would commence, and would keep up for an hour or more. It sounded like a telegraph office. None of us knew anything about the code, so we could not understand it. Finally, these phenomenal conditions became trying and tiresome to us, and I asked my spirit friends to kindly stop them, but if there was anything they wanted me

to do, and could reveal it to me, I would do their bidding if it was possible. Soon after this my father came one night when all was quiet in the house, and I was just about going to sleep, and told me I would not be disturbed in that way any more, that it had been done for a purpose, and that purpose was gained, and I never have been troubled since. My mediumship has been of a very quiet order ever since. He told me I would be a public speaker and medium, that the spirit world had a work to do through me, and that it was a beautiful spiritual work, by which a great deal of good would be accomplished. He told me I was always a medium, but had not been understood, and that high spiritual forces had been preparing me all my life for this work, and he wanted me to open the avenue as fast as I could for them without further delay.

Soon after this I was at a spiritual meeting. After the lecture the medium asked for articles to psychometrize, I gave her my watch. She told me about the same things my spirit father had told me. In a few days after that I went to have a private reading with a medium I had not visited before. He could not give me a reading that day, but made an appointment with me. As I started out at the door he said, "Lady, there is a great work before you, and you will be on the rostrum inside of one year." I answered, "Oh, you are mistaken, it does not seem possible for me to go on the rostrum, for my relations and friends would all forsake me; but if I should, it will take me at least five years to prepare for it." The medium laughed, and his prophecy turned out true.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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E. G. PIERCE.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

I was born in Massachusetts, Nov. 4th, 1835, and am, therefore, in my 66th year, and too old to write what I do not know or believe. I cannot tell just when I was converted to Spiritualism, as it has been a slow, steady growth, like the oak tree sinking its roots deeper into the soil for firmer hold, since the Rochester excitement in 1848.

My first great surprise came on seeing a very near relative of mine attempt to hold a large stand by placing his feet around the pedestal and his hands across the top, and a gentleman next to him proposed to brace it the other way, and when they were both in position the stand moved away apparently without opposition, and the last named gentleman disengaged himself from the stand, but the first was drawn out of his chair and several feet along the floor—rather an embarrassing position truly for a Baptist deacon. Two little girls were the media in this circle.

Since coming west, I have taken a more active part, and have in-

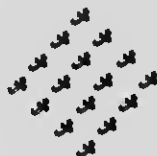
vestigated phases of more recent date. In a trumpet seance, a voice came to me claiming to be from the spirit of an acquaintance of mine who, I was sure, was alive and well. I ordered him away, and told him not to come back as I wanted the truth or nothing. He pleaded so hard for a chance to identify himself that I allowed him to talk, with the understanding that I would not believe. He remained in conversation with us nearly half an hour, giving me full particulars of his sickness, stating that he died on Thursday, his body was buried on Sunday, and he was now in my circle talking with me on the following Tuesday. When I expressed my doubt of the truth of the statements, he said it should be proven to me on the following Thursday. This was done. He also told me that during his sickness he had suffered much with his head, that the doctors had used the X ray upon his head, and that he instantly became blind. These and many similar statements we found to be correct on subsequent investigation. His identification was therefore proved to me beyond a doubt.

In another seance my daughter materialized in the centre of a large room, not two feet from me and

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my wife, where the gas light was strong enough to distinguish anyone in the room. Starting with a small white spot upon the floor, slowly ascending like a column of mist to the proper height, the body consolidated itself, and I saw every feature of the face form as plainly as I could wish. When she spoke she told me what no one in the room knew but ourselves. She passed from me to my wife, through the strong gaslight, about four feet, several times. I had her in my arms; she was as material as I. When she said she would have to go, I grasped her hand, determined that nothing material should escape me. She began to dematerialize, and as I bent forward toward the floor, still holding her hand, with a smile she disappeared through the floor, and my hand was empty.

With such evidence as I have had I think I have obeyed the New Testament injunction, and have added to my faith-knowledge.



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NATHAN E. NASH

TORONTO, ONT.

I was brought up in the Baptist faith, baptized 40 years ago, and joined the church. I cannot say I was ever a very ardent believer in the orthodox doctrines. I had my first experiences in Spiritualism in '88, and it was at a materializing seance of Mrs. Allen's, in Providence, R.I. A number of my associates had attended her seances and urged me to go. I decided on going and did so, but it was entirely unknown to all my friends. It was a distance of 50 miles, and I went alone—not allowing anyone to know my purpose—so that every one at the seance was a stranger. There were about 40 present. A form materialized in the cabinet and said he wanted to see his brother. He was asked to point him out and he did so—pointing to me. I asked him to come out, and he came out. "Who are you?" I asked. "I am Wm. H. H. Nash, your brother." I was not satisfied, though the form, features, &c., were wonderfully like my brother. I said, "If you are my brother, tell me some incident of our boyhood days known only to ourselves." After a pause he said: "Do you recollect when we were boys being on the ice in Narragansett Bay one day, when you fell through and sank three times and I

pulled you out?" I did recollect the incident perfectly.

At this seance a Miss Lizzie Hatch (daughter of Banker Hatch, of Fitch, Hatch & Co., of New York) came to me and promised that when I was in New York at some future seance she would come and talk with me. A week later, in New York, at a materializing seance at Miss Carrie Sawyer's, Miss Hatch came to me, and, taking a seat on a chair near me, said, "Well, I have come as I agreed to down at Mrs. Allen's." (I was a perfect stranger to all the circle). She said she would like if I would go over to her father's house in Astoria and get acquainted with her father, and she also said that there would soon be an opportunity for the necessary introduction. Two nights later I was at a materializing seance at Mrs. Williams' when she came out and said: "There is a party here tonight who will introduce you to my father." She then called up a Mr. Sullivan and requested him to take me over to her father's place, which he did. On being kindly received by Mr. Hatch I was shown his daughter's portrait and recognized it at once as the likeness of the girl who had on several occasions distinctly manifested herself to me. I then learned the object of my visit there—to receive this clear evidence of her identity through the picture. Since then Miss Hatch has come to me in a dozen or more American cities through a variety of mediums.

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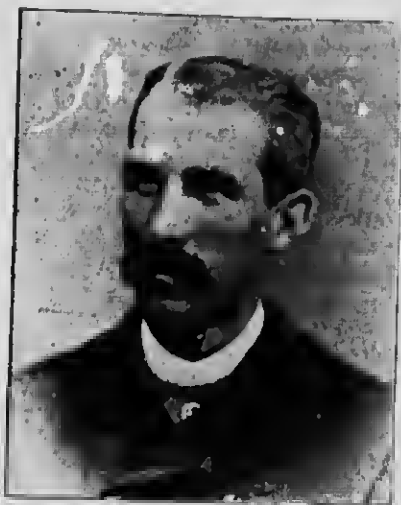
On the following Xmas I was invited to be present in the Hatch home, as the daughter always materialized on Xmas eve in the old home, and without any recognized medium. She came and requested her father to present me with her portrait, which he did. All her appearances corresponded with each other and agreed with the portrait. I would readily subscribe to all this under oath. She often comes now to my own circles at Mrs. Henderson's, 125 Oxford St., and has come to me through Mrs. Wreidt's mediumship and sung for me with the "Unknown."

At a later seance with Mrs. M. E. Williams, she materialized and I asked her if she would go down to Providence and find out who, of my friends were present at Mrs. Allen's seance at the same hour. She promised, and after a time came and reported to me their names. Next day, on returning to Providence, I dropped into a friend's office, when he at once said to me, "I know

where you were last night, for Miss Hatch came to our circle and said you had sent her from Mrs. Williams' circle to report who were present at ours."

Since then I have developed several phases of mediumship myself—having a slight measure of clairvoyance and clairsaudience. I have had several phases of physical phenomena. Seven years ago I gave particular attention to slate-writing, and while the gift was in use developed a considerable degree of success with it. Of late years I have given more attention to trumpet circles, and the speaking and singing in my circles have been on many occasions remarkable. Levitation of heavy objects often occurs in the circles.

I have full faith in the ministrations of angel friends and guardians, and know that on several occasions my life has been saved by timely warnings received and heeded from the spirit realms.



CHAS. A. BROWN

ORRINGTON, ME.

Few if any of the other writers for this book have traveled so long and rough a road as I to reach the freedom and joy of the Spiritual Philosophy. Reared in the narrow views of Adventism and taught to believe in man's mortality and to search the Bible and nature for arguments against the orthodox doctrine of man's natural immortality, I emerged as from a dark cavern into the light and comfort of spiritual day.

The first ray of the light of the Spiritual Philosophy shone upon me at my grandfather's funeral. The Methodist Presiding Elder, a warm friend of the old man, preached the sermon. Grandfather survived his partner in life but a few weeks. He had enjoyed a happy married life of

65 years, and so lingered but a short time after his companion was taken. Among other beautiful things the minister said :

"When her immortal spirit had left its tenement of clay and was about to wing its flight toward the latticements of heaven, she paused to touch with a tender caress the whitened hair of her life-long companion, and whispered in his ear, 'Come, go to the beautiful land with me,' and his inner spirit caught the sound, and in a few days, or weeks at most, he hastened to re-join her on the other side, and to-day, this hour, SHE STANDS WITH HIM BESIDE HIS CASKET WAITING TILL THE LAST RITES ARE OVER, READY THEN TO QUIT THESE EARTH-BOUND SCENES TOGETHER." For a moment my spiritual eyes were opened and I saw grandmother, dressed in white and smiling as of old, standing at the head of the casket.

My uncle, Chas. A. Brown, was a sea captain, sailing from New York in the West India trade early in the '60's, or just before the war. He had left home in the spring to take charge of a new vessel owned in New York, leaving his wife at our house to board with our people until he should send for her to come on and join him. She received one letter from him saying as it was sickly in Havana he had concluded to sail without taking his wife, and should come to Bangor from Cuba with molasses and sugar, and she could join him there on his return. So he went out to Havana and that was the last news she had from him,



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Four weeks rolled by and she was almost wild with anxiety about my uncle, when one morning she appeared at the breakfast table with a pale and anxious face and said: "I think Charles is in trouble, for I dreamed I was in the cabin of his vessel in the harbor of Havana and saw him sick in his berth, and heard him say, 'Oh, Lizzie, come quick if you want to see me alive.'" We told her that her anxiety had given rise to the troubled dream, but she kept saying all through the day, "I think I ought to go to Charles." The next night she had the same dream, and said her husband stood beside her bed and repeated the words, "Come without delay, that I may see you before I die." She could wait no longer. Father lent her the money and she started for New York that very day to catch the first steamer for Havana. Arriving there *she went into the cabin of that strange vessel and found everything as she had seen it in her vision,* and uncle was in the last stages of ship fever and passed out within a day or two; but she had time to talk with him and arrange his business affairs to his satisfaction and came home with the body. Is not this also a strange psychic experience?

These things made a deep impression on me at the time, and, although I could not fathom their meaning, were opening my mind to truth in experiences to come later on.

At the age of 24 I married, being at this time engaged in evangelistic work for the Advent mission of Boston. My wife was a good singer and a beautiful woman, a true helper in Gospel work, and the future looked prosperous and bright. For a little over a year we labored to-

gether and then her health failed and I was compelled to leave my labors in the field and take her to my home among the hills of Maine. I am thus explicit in my details, for it leads up to a still stranger psychic experience that came to me.

After three weeks of terrible suffering we all thought the danger past, and the attending physicians told us she was on the safe road to recovery. I left her one morning to attend to some duties on the farm, among other things to rake up some meadow hay in a glen fully a mile from the house. I had hardly taken my rake in hand when I heard my wife's voice calling me by name as if in distress. I tried to think it might be some children after berries who were calling to each other, but listening, I heard it again. I was about to start for home, I felt so anxious to know what it meant, when a boy on horseback came riding through the pasture to tell me that my wife was dying. I hastened home, to find his words too true, for the dear woman never recovered consciousness in this life, and passed beyond the veil in the afternoon hours as the tide was going out.

*We laid her at rest on Nature's breast,  
Where early violets bloom,  
And the light died out of the golden west  
And filled my heart with gloom.*

But I want to say that whenever I visit the spot in summer alone, where she called me to her on the day she died to the mortal, *I can hear her voice say "Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!"* Three distinct calls, but growing more joyful year by year. For seven years I led a single life, drifting farther and farther away from materialism into the bay of spiritual interpretations.

While lecturing in Boston one winter I became acquainted with a

lady whose people were Spiritualists and who was herself influenced and controlled at times by an Indian spirit calling himself Pawnee Chief. I became so deeply interested in the communications she gave that I finally married this medium and we lived happily together for several years. During this time I had the privilege of listening to many wonderful messages and predictions, and of seeing some wondrous phenomena right in my own home. These were years of good success in business, and might have been more so if I had put more confidence in this counsellor and guide which the angel world provided. On many occasions, when in doubt what course to pursue, Pawnee would come in and try to direct the way. I see now that *I sometimes made a mistake in not heeding his good advice.* If there was sickness or trouble in the family connexion on either side of the house, this faithful messenger could be sent at any hour of the day or night and would tell us of their welfare, or describe unfavorable conditions, often *in the same language conveyed in a letter a week later,* and if he foretold an event you could rest assured it would occur, perfect in time and circumstance as he had given it. More than once when I had laughed at his nonsense, as I called it, he would retaliate by grasping my scalp lock in true Indian fashion, and at such times I could hear the swish of his hunting knife through the air. Again, if "His Medie," as he always called my wife, opposed or displeased him he would hold her rigid and unconscious for hours until she yielded her will to his own, and very startling communications were sure to follow such a trance condition. I am relating facts, and only a small

part of this mysterious home development, as it was accompanied by sights and sounds too numerous to mention. I was led by this Indian influence on my wife to take every door leading from the front hall off its hinges and place heavy portieres in their places, and it was a common thing, as I sat in the library reading or writing, to hear a rustle of wind and look up to see *the curtains at the doorway lifted and held back on either side by some unseen agency, or to find some favorite book spirited away from me into its nook in the bookcase,* and, strange as it may seem, I could go in the dark, or with my eyes blindfolded, to the long array of shelves in that library and pick out at touch any book desired by myself or my friends. If an article was lost the guide could invariably find it, and if mislaid or left behind he knew all about it, and we got so at last we did not think of disputing Pawnee's word on any trivial matter.

I was brought into close relation two years ago with a little band of spiritual workers who call themselves the Progressive Spiritualists' Union. It is of some messages given and tests received at their meetings that I wish to speak next. Our gatherings, or social circles, were held once in two weeks at the homes of members, with a general meeting at some large hall two or three times a year. Our band of mediums was made up of local talent entirely, chiefly the wives and daughters of farmers or laboring men. When I attended the first meeting of this little organization I was an entire stranger to every one present, and only two or three knew even my name. I had looked for some communication from my companion who passed out years ago.

I had sought to be brought in touch with the dear departed one through renowned mediums in many different cities, but all in vain. No one up to this time had been able to tell me anything of my past life. But in the fall of 1899, at this circle held in a large, old fashioned kitchen, I found, like the woman at the well of Samaria, some one who told me all things that ever I did. The first message I got was from the noble Indian spirit, Pawnee Chief. He came through an entire stranger and introduced himself to me in the old familiar style and speech when I was not thinking of him at all; and *this was after an absolute silence of over ten years.* He recalled the past in the relation of many striking instances and *told some secrets that could have been known to no one present in the body but myself.* When he went away a Quaker friend came and gave his name, a man who had befriended me over a quarter of a century before when I was a young evangelist travelling with the mission tent. Then came a message of love from my wife and assurance that she was my guardian angel and as much interested in my welfare as when on the earth. I was overwhelmed with evidence of spirit intelligence and the joy of restored communion has never left my heart since that day.

I want to refer to the lesson taught me by this experience. It is that we may look for years with our minds bent in one direction and not get a word to satisfy us, when from an unexpected source will come the true and convincing tests that compel all doubts to vanish.

And another truth is this—that God and the angel world will choose their own instruments, and often out of the mouths of babes will bring

forth profound sentiments of knowledge and wisdom not born of mortal minds through earthly education. The schools of spirit life are not all beyond the veil, for often the disembodied ones come back to earth for enlightenment and aid in progression. While we are feeding on the thoughts of angels let us realize the fact that angel hosts are feeding continually upon our thoughts, and therefore we ought to be pure in thought, word and deed. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God (or good) in everybody.

The past year has been one of great progress in both philosophy and phenomena. When these two go hand in hand steady growth is made. One of the most convincing arguments in psychic research is to have poetic inspiration seize on the brain of a speaker, who, after three or more distinct subjects have been given him, will instantly weave them all into a wreath of immortal beauty by extemporaneous poetry that comes flowing from his lips, perfect in rhyme and diction as if labored on for hours, and embodying grander ideas of spiritual achievement than Shakespeare ever knew in his earlier compositions. The muse of poetry, about which bards of all ages have sung, becomes to the poetic medium a living reality. He finds an intelligence whispering to his soul communication as real as the conversation of a friend. As he walks the fields and views the glories of nature the spirit that walked with Burns beside the plow nods up at him in every blade of swaying grass, and the angel of harmony smiles from every tiger lily that grows beside the wall. Thus earth becomes a garden of spiritual delights, in which the baser passions find no place.

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MRS. MAGGIE WAITE

ST. LOUIS, MO.

I was born in New York city. At five years of age I went to reside in San Francisco, Cal., where I made my home until seven years ago. I was educated in a convent until I was eighteen years of age. Shortly after I left the convent I was married. Up to that time I had heard little or nothing of Spiritualism, although from childhood I could see and hear what I afterwards learned were spirits.

My first experience of the return of the so-called dead happened when I was visiting Mrs. Ada Toy's seance, where the spirit of my grandfather was communicating. I felt a pair of hands, very tangible, clutch me around the waist and lift me quite a distance from the floor. I was very frightened at the time, but

Mrs. Toy said she saw the spirit of my grandfather raise me up.

The first remarkable occurrence of spirit power came to me through the mediumship of John Slater and was the means of converting me to Spiritualism. He repeated to me a conversation that had transpired between my husband and myself that morning; he called me by name when he had never seen me before; he also gave the name of my spirit father. This greatly aroused my curiosity and I determined to investigate Spiritualism thoroughly. I was advised to join a developing class. The first time I sat in the circle my hand commenced to write automatically, and wrote in full the name of a spirit who claimed to have passed out of this life two years previous. One of the gentlemen recognized this and said it was the first time he had heard from this spirit since his transition.

Being very much encouraged by this display of my own mediumship I determined to form seances in my own home, which I did. One of the communications that came gave me faith in my own mediumship. It came from the spirit of a little girl who gave her name as Maude Phillips, giving me her father's and mother's address, Jay St., Sacramento, Cal., telling me she had passed out with diphtheria some years previously, and that there was another little girl in the home now named after her. The following morning I wrote to the name and

address she had given to me, making enquiries if such a child had been in existence and if what she had given me was true. Imagine my surprise in about five days afterwards, receiving a letter from the father of the child corroborating every word that was given through me.

Another remarkable evidence of spirit power occurred on March 16th, 1893. A gentleman came to me by the name of Alvin McKay, who was an inmate of the Old Soldiers' Home in Grand Rapids. He had been paralyzed on his left side, arms and limbs for a number of years, and was under the care of a prominent physician at the time, who could do nothing with him. Mr. McKay came to me for a reading at my office, 54 Bostwick St. At the conclusion of his reading he began to move his fingers and attracted my attention to them, saying he hadn't done that in years. I laughingly replied that if I had done it once maybe I could do it again, and invited him to come the following day, which he did. On that occasion the entire arm moved. On the third treatment, which was done in presence of all the members of the society I was then working for, he threw away his crutches, and on Thursday evening he danced the Virginia reel in presence of 600 people at the society's entertainment. The Sunday previous he was a cripple. Taking his stand on the platform, with tears streaming down his face, he made public his mirac-

ulous cure through spirit. He then made an affidavit, which I hold in my possession. It was signed by Joseph O. Bellair, notary public.

While giving a communication from the platform at the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, under the auspices of the Progressive Society, the spirit of a lady came to her husband in the audience, giving her name in full. With her she brought the spirit of a young man, who told me he was living at the time, but that his body was in sleep. He said he wanted his father, who was in the audience, to forgive him for the wrong he had done. He gave his name as Frank Higgins, stating that if his father would write to the postmaster at Cincinnati the letter would be given to him. The father, who was nearly 70 years of age, arose to his feet, and with tears in his eyes, acknowledged the name of his spirit wife. He said his son had done him a serious injury years ago and he did not know whether his son was living or not. He said he would follow out the instructions given and would write. Four months later my labors took me to Los Angeles. I was very much surprised to see the same old gentleman there. He arose to his feet in the meeting and asked permission to speak. It was granted. He said he wrote to the postmaster at Cincinnati, the letter was given to his son, who had answered it, and he was expecting him in a short time to come to live with him in Los Angeles. The most remarkable part, he said, was that his son had no remembrance whatever of coming to me and communicating in any way. This I consider most remarkable, as both the living and the so-called dead came together.



EMERSON J. MACROBERT

LONDON, ONT.

I was born near Bryanston, Middlesex County, Ontario and received my early education in the public school there and at London and Collingwood Collegiate Institutes, and finished my education at Toronto in 1880, afterwards following the profession of a teacher. I taught in London, and was for two years Principal of Rodney Public Schools in the County of Elgin, resigning my position to enter the insurance business in the City of London which avocation I still follow.

I was married in 1881 while teaching at Rodney and my wife passed to spirit life on the 25th of June 1882, leaving a son thirteen days old. This boy also passed to spirit life on the 18th of September 1890.

At this time I knew nothing about Spiritualism, in fact had never heard of it. Sometime during the month of January 1892 a personal friend of mine, Mr. S—, called at my office one day and told me of some very peculiar things which took place at a meeting he attended with some friends, in a hall in the very building in which my office was. He said friends of his who had been dead for years had spoken to him. I laughed at the idea; however, he said it was true and he would like me to accompany him to one of the meetings, which I did, and, much to my surprise, a voice spoke to me claiming to be that of my departed wife. I asked some questions which I was satisfied no person could answer other than my wife, if she were living. I was bewildered with the accuracy of her answers. I might say that this was what was known as a dark seance with independent voices and physical manifestations.

I went home and thought it over very carefully and arrived at the conclusion that the medium, a Mr. Church, was a mind reader and ventriloquist. I explained what took place and my deduction to an intimate friend, Dr. C—, and we concluded we would investigate the matter thoroughly and arrange another meeting. Dr. C— and I were to make our own conditions. There were about fifteen in the room including the medium. We first tied the medium in his chair, then fas-

tened the chair to the floor and put a string through a button hole of every person present. I held one end of the string while my friend Dr. C— held the other end and some wonderful manifestations took place. Instruments were played upon and chairs thrown around the room. An old College mate of mine came to me and said he died suddenly. No other person present ever heard of or had seen him. On making enquiry the next day I found that Dr. J— had died just as he had described, giving day and date. When we turned on the lights we found the medium still tied and everything in the same condition as when we shut off the gas. We were now puzzled more than before and we continued our investigations for some months, twice a week. The medium got the worse of liquor one day and we caught him faking. We at once accused him of doing the whole thing. A newspaper controversy started. I wrote a number of very vindictive letters against Spiritualism which were published in the daily papers and copied by other papers throughout the country. My investigation of Spiritualism then ceased, I, like many today, firmly believed I had been hood-winked and that Spiritualism was a humbug.

In August 1893, Dr. C— and I started for Lake Brady, Ohio, where Spiritualists were holding a Camp Meeting, to have some fun and of course expose the mediums, as we

thought we had done with medium Church. We told no person where we were going but left on the afternoon train for Detroit and the same night took passage by boat for Cleveland, arriving there the following morning and at once left for Lake Brady which is about 35 miles south of that city, arriving there about noon. We did not register or give any information to any person, but amused ourselves by taking in the sights, with hundreds of other people on the grounds. We knew not one individual. We found during the afternoon that a full-form, in-the-light, materializing seance was to be held that evening by Mrs. Effie Moss. We decided to go, separately. I went first to the door and was invited to come in. I took a seat at one side of the room with some other people, and spoke to no person, nor did any person speak to me. Shortly after Dr. C— came in and took a seat on the opposite side of the room, which was in the form of a square. An invitation was given to any person wishing to examine the cabinet to do so, (which was simply a curtain drawn across the dead corner. I with others accepted the invitation and examined it very carefully, also the carpet which was loose upon the floor.

We went to our seats and the seance began by the singing of a familiar hymn, during which time a little child came out of the cabinet

and spoke to several present. She was supposed to be a cabinet control called Lilly Grav, a very pretty little girl. Of course we could account for that manifestation. The medium who still sat outside, near the cabinet, had smuggled this little girl in, under her skirt; however, the next spirit was that of a larger girl who ran across the room and jumped upon the knee of my friend, Dr. C—. She called him "Papa," and asked him why he had not told her Mamma that he was coming to Lake Brady. (He had not told his wife where he was going.) He asked the spirit her name and what she died of. She gave the name, and said that she had died of "Diphtheritic Croup." Immediately my friend took his handkerchief and began wiping his eyes. I was dumb-founded. I did not know he had a child in spirit life at all, and could not understand such actions on his part; however, after his little spirit daughter had sent a beautiful message to her mother, she returned to the cabinet, and the doctor continued to weep. The medium then went into the cabinet, and the next spirit that appeared was that of a young lady, which I could not mistake at sight. The gentleman who attended the curtain of the cabinet asked the spirit whom she wished to see. She answered "My husband, Mr. MacRobert." He immediately said, "This spirit wants to see her husband, Mr. Roberts." As that was not my

name I did not answer. The gentleman then turning to the spirit said, "You will have to go back, you are not recognized. Your husband is not here." She replied, "I am recognized. You have the name wrong, it is MacRobert and he sits there," pointing to me. He said, "Is your name MacRobert?" I answered, "Yes, but you asked for Mr. Robert." He said, "You knew who I meant, come and see your wife." I had no doubt whatever as to the spirit being my wife, her make up was perfect. She never looked more natural. I went up to her, she took me by the hand placing her arm around my neck, embracing me saying, "I am pleased to meet you, dear husband." I said, "You are not my wife. I do not know you, I live in Chicago." She quickly answered, saying, "I am your wife. Your name is Emerson J. MacRobert. You live at 507 Queen's Ave., London, Ont. You and your friend, Dr. C— came here to expose the mediums. I am your wife, was married to you in 1881, during the time you taught school at Rodney. My name was Elizabeth Kennedy Gawley. I passed to spirit life on Sunday evening, July 25th, 1882, my baby being only thirteen days old. He is now with me here. His name is Emerson Burt. Would you like to see him?" I said, "Yes," and she immediately withdrew to the cabinet leaving me alone with the cold chills passing over me, as I was not just prepared



to see my first "ghost." My wife came from the cabinet leading "Burt" by the hand. He was at this time eleven years old. They both conversed with me, and then my wife asked me if I was satisfied it was she. In reply I asked her to give me the name of the little dog she had in life. She at once said, "Jet. You brought him home in your coat pocket one rainy day. Mr. B—, the butcher in Rodney, gave him to you. Your mother has him now at her home." (This was all absolutely correct.) She took my hand in hers and holding it up said, "Where are they?" I said, "What do you mean? She answered, "My two rings, I placed on that finger just before I died and which you promised to wear in remembrance of me?" I answered, "They are all right but I cannot at this moment say just where they are." She immediately

answered saying, "I will tell you. They got too small, you took them off and put them in the third drawer of the safe in the office, (I found them there on my return) but will you now promise to have them enlarged and once more wear them in remembrance of me?" I answered "Yes," and have done so.

I have talked to her hundreds of times since then. I have had portraits of her painted while she stood in materialized form for the same. I have had her photographed under similar conditions while she stood beside me with my spirit son on the opposite side, and in many ways have had proofs innumerable of her identity and that of my son, and other friends who have passed away.

These are a few of the facts that have made me a Spiritualist, and I could recite you hundreds of others equally as convincing.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM



MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE

BOSTON, MASS.

Looking back over my childhood, and especially through the days of my early girlhood, I can see that between me and the knowledge of spirit influence there was but a step, and it only needed some strong experience to waken me from a half-dreaming consciousness into the fullest realization.

My mother passed into the other life when I was four years old, and while I have only one or two distinct recollections of her while in the body, she has always been a living mother to me. Like many children, and I believe like most children, I had an intuitive feeling that she was near me, and when I had been reproached or corrected, or troubled in any way, I would run away to my own room and stand

before her picture and talk to her and tell her just how I felt, and would always feel so comforted and strong after my one-sided interview.

Of Spiritualism as a philosophy, or of spirit communion as a fact, I knew nothing, for all my early associations in home, school and social life were of a strict, religious nature. At the time of my marriage I had seen three mediums—one in Bangor, Maine, to whom I went with friends as a matter of curiosity; one in my father's home, a lady who visited my home in company with an old friend of the family, and who took me aside and gave me a talk under the influence of her guide, which frightened me much more than it impressed me at that time. The third was a child, twelve or thirteen years old, whose father invited me, with a dear friend of mine, whose name I will call Polly, and Mr. Soule to come and see his little daughter. The little spirit controlling the child wrote three letters in the dark—one for each of us—from our respective mothers, and at this sitting I learned that Mr. Soule knew something of the subject of Spiritualism.

Soon after this I was married and went to New Jersey to live. The friend who had been with me to see the child medium accompanied me and was to make her home with me, but we were hardly settled when she grew ill and we became aware that she was a victim of consumption. Through the months of her illness we frequently talked of the

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little medium in Somerville and of the possibility of spirit communion, and I finally got a reluctant promise from her that if it were possible for her to return she would do so. She passed away when my baby was three weeks old, and a night or two after her death I saw her mother, who had gone on some years before her, but whom I knew, standing in the door-way of her room, and looking so earnestly at me that I was rather troubled, and spoke to her, saying, "Oh, what is the matter? What have I done? Don't you think I did all I could to save Polly?" and she smiled and walked away. This occurrence troubled me so much that we moved as soon as I was able. Not long after Mr. Soule was taken very ill, and we were obliged to come to Boston.

When my baby was six months old we began to have some startling experiences and manifestations in our home. As soon as Mr. Soule left the house the clock would stop and the fire would go out, nor could I keep the clock running or the fire burning unless he were there. One day he had just left the house, and a neighbor who had been calling walked over to the stove, and, lifting the cover, laughingly said, "I guess you will be able to keep your fire to-day, for it looks as if it would keep until Mr. Soule comes home." As she said this she walked out of the room, and before the sound of her retreating footsteps died away the kettle stopped boiling, and

rushing to the stove, I lifted the cover and found no sign of fire, but everything as black as if it had been out for some time. I was much frightened and called my neighbor back, and when she looked into the stove she gasped, "Take your baby and come into my house as quick as you can, for this house is bewitched." I needed no urging, but took the baby and stayed with my neighbor until Mr. Soule came home. This was Saturday, and the baby went into the other life the following Wednesday, after having a short sickness of twenty-four hours.

As soon as I was able after our baby went away Mr. Soule and I went to see the little Somerville medium who was so good to us, but who never in any way referred to what was coming into my life. She did tell me, however, that my friend Polly had made the manifestations in our home, hoping that we would make an effort to communicate with her that she might help us through our grief.

About this time the father of my little friend gave me a planchette, and I tried it on various occasions, and with many people, but could get nothing, and so put it away. About two years later my brother was married and brought his wife to live with us. One day I came across my planchette, and told my brother's wife what it was used for. She wanted to try it, and, to my amazement, she no sooner touched it than

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it began to write. But as she was fond of playing pranks I doubted the genuineness of the manifestation. I put my hand on it and it kept on writing; and that was a day long to be remembered, for we wrote with the little planchette until two o'clock in the morning, receiving remarkable messages from my friend Polly, and from my mother. On Sunday morning following the first writings with the planchette we were all at the breakfast table, when I passed the spoons to my sister-in-law. She took one and her hand shook and trembled, and she had no control over it. We all exclaimed in one voice, "It wants to write!" and when we put a pencil in her hand she wrote a long letter from my mother, with tests and assurances of her presence with us. The writing was almost identical with that of my mother's when she was in earth life. I took a pencil and got some writing, too; and then followed some months of experiments with automatic writing for both of us. For a year these automatic writings were put aside because of serious complications and trials in connection with a near and dear relative to whom, and for whom it was my pleasure to devote my time and energy. At the end of that year a much loved aunt, who lived in New Hampshire, passed away after most intense suffering. I went to the funeral, and while the body was still in the house had a conversation with her husband, in which he told me of her effort to write something after she was unable to speak. The matter troubled him exceedingly, and leaving him I went alone to the room where her body lay, and became conscious of her presence. In that hour I knew that I would hear from her, and would at some time be able to give the message she tried so hard to write. I stayed ten days in New Hampshire, and on the first evening of my return, my cousin, a young man who was living with us at the time, and Mr. Soule and I decided to try and see if we could get some communication from the spirit. Accordingly we sat down to a little sewing table. The table tipped about in a very lively fashion, and after a few minutes the hinges were loosened and I feared it would come apart, so I suggested that we give them a stronger and heavier table. We then went into another room and sat around a heavy mahogany dining table, and waited patiently for results. We all became conscious of an unusual power, and soon both my cousin and Mr. Soule were fast asleep. We still kept hold of hands and suddenly I became entranced. I was perfectly conscious of all that happened, but had not the slightest power to control my speech or action. I laughed and shouted, and spoke unintelligible words, and it seemed to me at that moment I was more like an insane person than a woman with her senses. I was so shocked and frightened that as soon as I could regain possession of my own body I begged Mr. Soule to do something to prevent a recurrence of what had happened. I was sure I had gone mad, and it was some hours before I could be induced to talk of how I felt. The idea of control never entered my mind, strange as it may seem, for I had never seen

anyone act in any different manner under influence than an ordinary one, and had never associated any influence with myself except my mother and Polly and my dearest friends.

The next day I decided to try the sitting again and see what the result would be, and was rewarded by a much milder exhibition and a more coherent communication. It was at this sitting that we learned that it was a little Indian who was trying to talk through me, and that her name was "Sunbeam," as she herself told us. Immediately after the second attempt to control, Mr. Soule went out and bought a *Banner of Light* and found where Spiritualist meetings were held, and we started out to attend one the next day, Sunday. We went to four that Sunday, and at every one I got a message — one from my friend Polly—and, curiously enough, each medium told me I was a medium. At one of the halls we had a long talk with the chairman of the meeting after the service, and Mr. Soule explained to him what had happened to me and asked him if he could account for it by mediumship, and he said that undoubtedly I had been controlled and needed to be unfolded. He told us of a Thursday afternoon meeting which he held, where inexperienced mediums were given an opportunity to take the platform to see what they could do, and invited me to come to the next one. I did so, and when he invited me to the platform I went without the least hesitation, and Sunbeam took me for the third time and told me some of the things she saw. From that time she worked through me in public, and I never had the least doubt about her being able to prove the truth of her assertions.

She was soon followed by other guides and friends, and they became as much a part of our home life as any friends we had in earth-life. I was so proud of their friendship and love, and always felt such a desire to have them tell everybody something that I did not know.

I can hardly relate any single experience that converted me to a belief in Spiritualism, but I have numberless ones to prove to me that my guides were not under the same limitations as I; and their faithful attendance upon me, or anybody who happened to come to them, their loving, wise counsel, lofty, spiritual desires for me, could not fail to convince me that mediumship is an unfolding of our spiritual natures to receive what our spirit desires; and as mediumship is the foundation stone of Spiritualism, I must be converted to the knowledge that Spiritualism is a power for good.

I am more or less familiar with the arguments in favor of mind-reading and subliminal consciousness as an explanation for the various manifestations of the spirit, and I frankly admit that if in these arguments, which are so far theoretical, I could find explanation for all my experiences, I would be obliged to ask my guides to go a step further and demonstrate more fully and plainly their life, consciousness and power aside from my personality; but I find no such explanation. Theories may read well and hold together in print, but under the light of experience, especially in the line of psychic phenomena, they fall to pieces and leave us with what I am pleased to call positive proof of the continuity of life and love, and an ever-growing interest in all things that tend to uplift the soul-life of humanity.

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LINDLEY H HENLEY.

MARSHALL, TEXAS.

In the wee small years of my life, in the days of the terrible civil war in Virginia, things came into my sad young days that I afterward found would be counted miraculous to most people. On the day I was seven my poor dear and much troubled mother was suddenly taken from me, and even before this time I really do think, intelligences who did not abide in the flesh became known to me—I only know that I thought so then, though for many years until I was a young man and married, I do not remember hearing of Spiritualism, save that it was a deadly sin, and was akin to witchcraft, and was allied with materialism etc. When I was eight I certainly thought I saw my mother come to me in broad day light, just after I had been severely whipped by strong hands that seemed to feel no sympathy or charity for my queer

notions and odd ways. Later I tried to disbelieve the evidences of my senses, though sight and sound came clearly into evidence often as they do yet on some occasions. Then I saw and heard less frequently, because of objective training, and later instilled prejudices. When I was twenty I saw and heard once again, and this I could not doubt as I had done before but I could and did keep still about the wonderful things that now seemed to disturb my quiet and caused me to fear the darkness as it had not done in my tender years. I told a preacher about my experiences once and he told me that it was of the devil and that I was soon going to die, and go to perdition if I did not repent of my many fearful sins and be converted. This I tried at the meetings and did my level best at the mourners' bench and elsewhere, yet found no condemnation and no disposition to shout as others did. Some said I had committed the unpardonable sin and the like, and I made up my mind to soon meet hell with all its fiery fury in a lake as big as Texas and as hot as cinders.

So when the happy throng once more approached me with their "last time and opportunity" to be cleansed, I remember telling them squarely that I would sooner take a good decent devil and be done with it than to go further with the effort that had proven so fruitless for the past several years in so silly a way. So without hope of any kind to speak of

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I approached my 28th year when I found my health was failing. I was then, or soon after a matriculate of the Vanderbilt Dental College of Nashville, Tenn. I was moved to the medical department Hospital and my case was diagnosed Brights disease—diabetes. I made my mind up to go "yonder," according to the cook and the Vanderbilt rules etc. perhaps 3 months hence at most. My case seemed bad to me. I was very weak. I knew it must all be true. One evening about 3 o'clock as I sat reclining I dropped, as I often did into a semi-conscious state of mind, in which I plainly saw above me a scroll turning, and upon that scroll the figures "1921" and then "Sept 23rd—4th" and then I heard the voice of a woman about 40 years old, saying, "You may expect to live on earth to this date, to about midnight on Sept. 23rd, 1921, and no longer"—This came to me in 1886—I knew my condition promised nothing of the kind and I did not believe it. I told Dr. T. I. Winkler, a son of the eminent Baptist divine, Dr. Winkler of Ala, who was in the room at the time and who was in apparent good health. He kindly shook his handsome head to be honest with me. He was my close friend then and was very kind. I then resolved to take no more drugs of any kind, and save a little Warner's Safe Cure, I kept that resolve, but as strange as it may seem, in 6 months I was again in perfect health and Dr. Winkler had died of tuberculosis. And I have never seen another sick day thus far. Then I was on one occasion notified by one Rosier Shirley, in Monroe County, Ala, and where he still lives, and where I lived at the time, that he would kill me at first sight, owing to a slight difference growing out of the division of a lot of poor land. When I arrived at home I saw him coming one day about 11 a.m. on horse back with a double-barreled shot gun across his saddle in front. My own was well loaded and above my head and I then knew there would be a funeral but just then I heard this same sweet voice say, "Don't shoot him! He won't hurt you. Don't be afraid"! He was known to be a very desperate man and very bloodthirsty, but without care or fear I met him at my gate asking him what he wanted. His face trembled and he rode off without a battle, and we had no funeral at all. No sum of money could have hired me to take that risk which that still small voice made me take at a word. He seemed stunned thoroughly, and I cannot fathom the mystery yet. In like manner many times has my life been saved by this voice, but whose voice it is I have never been able to learn from any medium—though I have often sought to know—but have often been told I would never know in earth life.

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FRED P. EVANS

NEW YORK CITY.

I was born in Liverpool, England, June 9th 1862, and was subject in early life to strange psychical experiences which indicated my mediumistic nature, but concerning which I had then no knowledge. My parents were of Welsh nationality. One of my great grandfathers being no less than that great humanitarian and reformer, Robert Owen, whilst my grandmother was first cousin to Lord Dinorben of Cimal Hall, Denbigshire, Wales. At the age of thirteen I entered upon a seafaring life. This period of my life, from the age of thirteen to twenty-one, was one of unusual hardship and danger. My first venture was on the barque "Lorraine," which was wrecked in the English Channel, and I barely escaped with

my life. My next venture was upon the steamship "Teutonia" which was unmarked by any important event. But my next voyage on the same steamer was one of continued accident and danger. A fearful gale was encountered off the coast of Spain. The vessel lost her propeller—her sails were blown away and for nine days the vessel drifted at the mercy of the wind and waves. In endeavoring to land in small boats several of the crew lost their lives. A harbor was finally reached, repairs made, and the ship set sail for Havana. Before reaching its destination its propeller again dropped out, and a great difficulty was experienced in making a harbor. All these accidents were foreseen by me in dreams and I warned the Captain to prepare for them. But my warning was unheeded. Without attempting to follow or note the many important incidents in my seafaring life I will only touch on the most phenomenal points. In a voyage from London to Australia in the barque "Cynosure," the cook, who had been acting very strangely for several days, after preparing the evening meal ready for serving, jumped overboard and was lost. Lots were cast to supply his place and I was elected. On entering the galley or kitchen to serve up the food, the dishes began to clatter and skip about in the most unaccountable manner and I fled in dismay to the deck, but I soon overcame my fears and



returned to my task. It was during this voyage, in a fearful storm, that a wave broke over the ship washing me overboard. I could see the stern of the vessel raise high on the waves until her keel was visible and recede away from me. A few moments afterwards, by the lurch of the vessel, or possibly by the aid of those powers which have ever attended me, I found myself thrown on the lee rigging of the mizzenmast uninjured. In fact I seemed to bear a charmed life in my perils by sea. The storm raged with great fury for many days. During its progress, when the crew were working on deck for dear life one dark night, to save the ship, I was sent to the fore-castle to get a gasket or small rope from a pile of such stuff that was kept in a spare bunk. The place was quite dark. Whilst groping for the rope in the dark fore-castle, I suddenly became aware of a luminous light. I looked up and saw a strange man standing near me. He showed me a knife wound in his breast from which the blood was flowing. I noticed his dress and appearance but I did not stop to make his acquaintance. I told my shipmates what I had seen and the following day the captain sent for me and requested me to recount my experience of the previous night which I did. The Captain then said, "How strange, the description tallies exactly with that of a Spaniard who was stabbed and killed in a person-

al affray several years ago on board this barque."

This voyage lasted over eighteen months and was a series of accidents from first to last. I was warned in my dreams not to ship in the vessel again, and although the Captain, who had treated me very kindly, urged me to do so, I refused. In her next voyage the ship was wrecked off Cape Horn, and all hands were lost. Space forbids my giving any more of my nautical career. Sufficient to state that whilst I was Quartermaster of the S. S. "Walla Walla" running from San Francisco to Puget Sound ports in January, 1884, I was invited by a brother officer, whilst in San Francisco to attend a spiritual meeting given by Mrs. Ada Foye, the well known rapping and automatic writing medium. At that time I had never attended a spiritual meeting or seance—never heard Spiritualism, and when my friend told me that this woman gave messages from the so-called dead, I hardly knew whether to treat him seriously or not. However we attended the meeting. There were about four hundred persons present beside ourselves. Among others who received messages my companion was surprised to receive one from an old chum who had been drowned many years ago.

The medium went on describing various departed relations and friends for about an hour, and I began to wish she would give me some

evidence, when suddenly the name in full of an old shipmate was called out by the medium who, pointing to me, said, "He wants to talk to you, ask him some questions." After I recovered from my surprise I asked the following question, "How did you die?" The answers were: "I was killed by being thrown against the capstan during a storm on board the 'City of Berlin,' about one hundred miles west southwest of the Scillys—March 1879." All of which I knew to be correct. This test set me thinking very seriously. I visited many mediums trying to get more light, but got very little to satisfy me excepting that all were unanimous in assuring me that I would be a very powerful psychic myself if I would only sit for development.

This I finally concluded to do, and, after sitting every evening for about three months, and when about to abandon the effort in disgust, I began to receive, in a crude manner, the evidence of the gifts of Independent Slate-Writing, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience and many other phases. The full account of my development is given in my book "Psychography."

In Feb. 1885 I gave my first professional seance, since which time I have been constantly employed. At first I gave my seances free of charge but my means becoming exhausted, I found it necessary to receive pay for the exercise of my gifts. My first public seance for slate-

writing was given in San Francisco on June 21st, 1885, under the auspices of The Society of Progressive Spiritualism, on which occasion thirty messages were produced between closed slates held in the hands of a committee chosen by the audience. These messages were signed in full by the names of relatives and friends of those present. The committee concluded their report of this seance as follows:—"The exhibition was given in broad day light, before an audience of over four hundred persons and under conditions which excluded the chance of trickery or fraud."

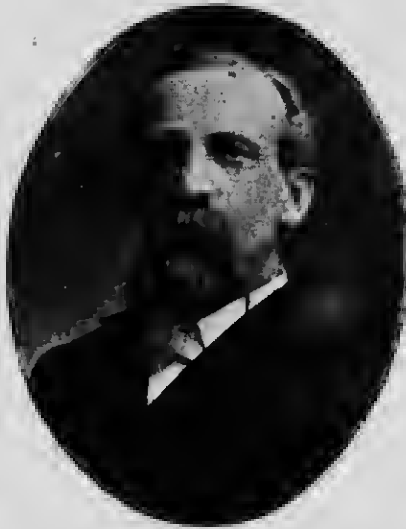
I then, under the management of the late Senator J. J. Owen, gave public slate-writing seances in all the principal halls and theatres west, creating a profound interest wherever I went. The news of my wonderful powers spread over the civilized world. The Psychological Society, of which Sir Thomas MacIlwraith was a member, created a fund to bring me to Brisbane, Queensland for experimental work. After remaining three months the society presented me with an illuminated testimonial and a purse of sovereigns. *Psychic Notes*, the official organ of the society, had this to say at the conclusion of my visit:—"We maintain, from the facts that we and others have observed, that the phenomena of psychography occurring here in the presence of Fred P. Evans have been thoroughly proved."

I then visited all the different Colonies, in Australia appearing before their societies and received marked evidences of their pleasure and satisfaction, returning to San Francisco in 1889. Since then I have been busily engaged giving private and public seances all over the country, answering in the affirmative Job's question, "If a man die shall he live again?" and proving by independent demonstrations that there is no death. What seems so is merely transition from one plane of life to another.

In conclusion, I will say that I have had so many evidences of disembodied intelligences communicating through me, that Hudson and others who attribute the phenomena to unconscious cerebration, involuntary muscular action or some other six-syllable nonsensical reason must be in need of a keeper to guide them through life.

I recall the slate of twelve languages produced in the presence of Senator J. J. Owen and others in which these gentlemen remarked that the production of so many languages proved in itself the evidence of independent forces operating, since out of four investigators and mediums present only three different languages could be spoken or understood, showing conclusively that the minds of those present during the seance had nothing to do with the phenomena produced. Again Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.G.S., after his seance with me,

stated that some of the messages he had received at his sittings were entirely foreign to him until subsequent events and enquiries proved them correct. One of the principals of a New York school called upon me yesterday and informed me that last June just prior to my leaving for vacation he had a seance with me and requested the spirit of his grandmother to draw a chart locating her grave, because he wished to carry out the wishes of a recently deceased relative and place her body in the family plot. His grandmother he remembered, had been buried in 1864. The chart of location was duly given on the slates and the gentleman informed me that he placed no faith in the location given. He had an idea himself where the body might be, so he wrote to the grave-digger describing two places that he thought the body could be found. The grave-digger wrote him that he found no evidence of the body. The gentleman then sent a copy of the chart given by the spirit grandmother. A few days later he was informed that the body had been found in the place described in the chart. I could go on indefinitely giving evidence of this kind that would make the thread-worn arguments of unconscious cerebration, mind reading ect., sink into insignificance, but must leave space for other writers who are adding their testimony in this work, to the grand truths and reality of spirit existence and return.



S. GODBOLD

TORONTO, ONT.

I received my early religious training in the Methodist church, and believed, or believed that I believed, all that was taught and practiced in this church up to about 30 years of age. I then began to question some of its doctrines. I immediately found myself in disrepute with many who up to this time had chosen to look upon me as a model man. I obtained and read many books not strictly orthodox in their nature. I disputed with all who would dispute with me, entering into controversy with ministers and laymen alike. I did all this not for the sake of dispute or controversy, but I was anxious to know the right. This continued for about fifteen years, when on picking up the

Evening Telegram and looking down the church notices my eye rested upon a notice that W. F. Meyers, lecturer, would speak on Spiritualism, in Richmond Hall, on the subject of "Heaven—What and Where is it?" I went and listened and was well pleased. I went again and was better pleased. I continued going to every lecture that Mr. Meyers delivered in Toronto and must say that in over forty years' experience in Methodism, Presbyterianism, Atonisticism and Materialism, I had never heard anyone express my views more clearly than did Mr. Meyers. He spoke of Heaven and Hell as conditions and not as places, gave his reasons in a clear and concise manner, until like Paul, I was almost persuaded, but said to myself: wait, investigate further, hear more of this. I determined in my own mind to avail myself of every opportunity to learn more of this philosophy which hitherto in my experience had been treated rather as the ravings of insane minds than, as I now discover, the grandest and most soul-inspiring philosophy that has ever been presented to the human race. These lectures were delivered during the winter months. Next summer I attended Lily Dale Camp-meeting and had the exquisite pleasure of listening to some of the brightest minds on the American continent. I bought books treating of this philosophy, read and studied them, compared their doctrines with what I had been formerly taught to be-

lieve was necessary to man's unfoldment and future happiness. I finally became fully convinced of the truthfulness of its philosophy and cast in my lot with the Toronto Spiritualist Association. Shortly after this I was chosen President of the Association, and served in that capacity one and a half years. Up to this time I had never seen any of the phenomena connected with Spiritualism, but I had not long to wait. Mrs. Wreidt, the well-known trumpet medium, paid Toronto a visit, and I availed myself of an invitation by a friend to a seance to be held at her house on a Sunday evening. After the friends had assembled (nearly all strangers to me) we seated ourselves in a circle. We repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison; then after singing a hymn and waiting in silence a few moments, to my great amazement a voice low, sweet and musical addressed me as, "Brother." This purported to be the spirit of my sister, who had passed into spirit life about 18 years previously. This voice and I conversed for some time about friends she had known when in earth life. She also related incidents connected with my father and mother and other members of the family, which I am positive none of the friends assembled could possibly have known, and which had taken place many years before, some of which I had almost forgotten, among which was a parting injunction in which she told me to continue "scattering seeds of kindness," knowing this to have been one of her favorite songs when in earth life, I requested her to sing it if she could, and immediately, upon one of the friends leading off, she joined in. I never before or since heard anything to compare with the sweetness of mel-

ody produced. The trumpet seemed to float in mid air throughout the singing.

During my visit to Lily Dale, I with a friend visited a trumpet medium who was staying at one of the cottages, one of whom I had never previously heard, and am certain the medium had never heard of me. After being seated in her parlor about five minutes, there came a voice from where I believed the trumpet to be, and upon enquiring as to who it was, I received the answer that it was my father's brother. This voice spoke intelligently about my father and his affairs, also of the widow he had left on earth. After this a number of others spoke, among them a brother who had been in spirit life about 40 years, and finally my sister (the one previously mentioned) announced herself. After conversing sometime, she enquired if there were any of the other friends with whom I should like to converse. I answered that I should certainly like to speak to my uncle George. George was my mother's brother, and had been of a wild, rollicking disposition, would sometimes imbibe too freely and sometimes use profane language. My mother, a very pious woman, had on two or three occasions expressed a fear that George had gone to a place of woe, and it was concerning this I wished to speak to him. In a few moments I again heard a voice at the trumpet, announcing itself in tone and manner certainly very, very characteristic of my uncle George, saying—"Did you want to see me?" I answered, "Not so much for my own sake as for my mother's." Judge of my astonishment, when he immediately answered, "Tell your mother that her brother George is not in hell."



B. F. AUSTIN, B.A., D.D.

TORONTO, CANADA.

(The following are Extracts from Dr. Austin's Defence before the London Methodist Conference on the occasion of his trial for Heresy, June 1st, 1899—taken from "The Heresy Trial.")

## THE BURNING BUSH OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

"Modern Spiritualism is but a half century old, yet it numbers its converts by millions. As a great majority of those converted to its philosophy are still identified with some of the Christian churches, it is difficult to get any approximate idea of the number of spiritualists in America. There can be no doubt that they number many millions, since they are found in every town and city of the American Union, have extensive and flourishing publishing houses, a large number of well sustained papers, magazines, and number in the list of their converts, many men of national reputation, distinguished jurists, divines,

authors, scientists and professional men. The list of platform speakers runs into thousands and its bibliography is so extensive that one firm advertises over 700 volumes in its list.

The number of converts is rapidly growing and many of these are from the ranks of the thoughtful, educated and scientific classes.

Of course it has been opposed as all new philosophies of life (and especially those that touch very closely theology and the Bible) are opposed, most stubbornly, bitterly and with every weapon known to modern argumentative warfare. Ridicule has been poured upon it in torrents, the Bible has been interpreted in such a way as to damn it, the pulpit has denounced it, many old laws on the statute books have been revived against it, and again and again it has been exposed (?) as fraud and humbug and yet it lives and grows.

A little exercise of the divine gift of common sense would teach the opponents of this philosophy that what was exposed was fraud and not Spiritualism and that a doctrine that thrives in the midst of bitterest opposition and grows in the fires of persecution has some measure of truth in its keeping to give it vitality. Truth lives, error passes away. *The fiery flame can never consume the bush in which an angel hides.*"

## A PERSONAL STATEMENT.

"I had purposed when I first determined on this defence to give in detail a series of my own experiences as a reason and justification for belief in the Phenomena and Theory of Spiritualism. Several reasons have led me to decide.

against this course, the chief of which is that a detailed account of such personal experiences and a statement of what I have witnessed, would almost fill a small volume and would be, after all, but the testimony of one witness, whereas the testimony of great names in literature, science, art and religion, is at hand and this will better serve my immediate purpose.

Some day, should the occasion arise, I will give to the public a series of my experiences in Psychic Research, which will be ample justification for any views I have expressed either in favor of the Phenomena or the Philosophy of Spiritualism. I content myself therefore at present with the following general statement. All the phenomena I have described above, I myself have witnessed—except the passage of matter through matter, the levitation of the human body and the production of flowers—and I have witnessed all this over and over again, under circumstances utterly precluding the possibility of fraud. In the quiet home circle, where no preparation had been made and no one anticipated a visit; in the room where all ingress or egress was positively barred and no confederate could be lurking; with the medium of continental reputation and with the medium unknown outside the limits of her home circle; under conditions rendering the production of the phenomena on the part of the medium or by any one in the circle, a physical impossibility; in Toronto, Rochester, Detroit, Buffalo, Chicago, New York, under a great variety of circumstances and with full opportunity of investigation before, during and after the seances; with people to whom I was an utter stranger and with people well

known; under conditions of my own imposing and with single desire to know the truth and that only, I have seen again and again these phenomena produced, heard these voices from the angel world, caught their living words of instruction and inspiration fresh from angelic lips, seen their forms materializing and dematerializing like a cloud vanishing from sight, held them by the hand, and have felt their hands in benediction on my head, and have learned to know and trust, and love those inhabitants of the spirit world individually, even as I know and trust and love friends in the flesh.

\* \* \*

What, then, is my crime and what the nature of my offence? Simply this, I have dared to investigate an unpopular subject, and, so investigating, have seen a truth amidst the rubbish and fraud and deception oft encompassing it. That truth shines like a diamond in the mine and I have dared to pick it up and hold it out before men that they may see its beauty and rejoice in its light.

\* \* \*

I have found a truth that humanity needs, that brings unspeakable joy to human hearts and homes, that brightens all the life, that assuages sorrow, that dispels care, that kills the materialistic spirit of our age and lifts manhood unto nobler thought and life. What is my duty?

To seal my lips and keep my thoughts imprisoned! Of all men, I consider the man, who has a truth in his heart he fears to tell to his fellows, the most contemptible, and the minister who hides his honest conviction of truth is a craven coward.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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LYMAN E. STOWE

DETROIT, MICH.

My wife and I were once members of the Christadelphian Church, a branch of the Adventist, who believe in the resurrection, and that there are angels but no spirits.

In 1894 I lost a little grandson. I took the loss to heart so sadly that I was ready to hail with delight any evidence that he still lived and might communicate with me.

I was then writing my book, "What is Coming?" on Bible prophecies. Finding in Daniel's vision the beasts were symbols of nations which had their parallels in history, I sought for parallels in history for the symbols of John's vision in Revelations. I found everything satisfactory until I reached the "great red dragon," finally concluding this had reference to a certain financial system and the date it was established. I searched long and earnestly for the historical evidence of it. Not finding it, I was much worried and I would not use it without such historical evidence. On the night of December 3rd, 1895, I went to bed in a very unsettled state of mind. As I sought every avenue for relief to my distracted mind, I thought of the biblical passage, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you." So I prayed very earnestly that it might be shown me whether there

were spirits and angels, and if so what is the difference? and also for the truth concerning "the great red dragon." I went to sleep still breathing this earnest prayer.

Does God answer prayer?

Here was a prayer, earnest, honest, unselfish, seeking truth. Surely if God would ever answer a prayer he would answer this one. Nor would he allow me to deceive myself by dream or hypnotism, for such deception would be satanic rather than of God. No, God will answer my prayer. Did God answer my prayer?

My sleeping room is a large one and pretty well lighted by an electric street lamp. I awoke between twelve and one o'clock and looked out into the room. On turning over on my back I saw a person coming from the hall toward the foot of my bed. My first thought was of burglars, and I dropped my hand to a police club which rested near the head of my bed. But I now noticed the person had no hat on and was dressed all in white, and was smiling. As the apparition resembled my daughter; Mrs. Krantz, who lived at home with us, I next thought some one is sick and Mrs. Krantz has come in her night dress to call her mother. As I looked earnestly to determine who it was, the spirit, as it proved, arose to the ceiling. Coming down through the ceiling was another form, in a halo of light much brighter than the former. I was impressed to go to Encyclopedia Britannica under the head of "Flags", which I afterwards did and found parallels in history for the information desired concerning the "red dragon." I thought my wife was awake and I cried, "Oh!



look at that! Oh! Look at that! Is it not beautiful?" If this was hallucination, it was for a purpose.

If it was the work of the devil, then the devil is doing God's work answering prayers.

If spirits or angels do not exist and visit man, then God does not answer earnest prayers and the Bible is a lie.

Here was an answer to my prayer. The spirit was on a level with myself and ascended. The angel had to descend to communicate with me.

The above experience caused me to pursue my investigations and two months later I attended a seance at a friend's house, a Mr. Church was the medium. Mr. Church had once been an orthodox divine and of course his enemies declared him to be a sleight-of-hand trickster and ventriloquist. Having practised these arts in my younger days, I was well prepared to detect any trickery.

Fate seemed directing my course. I picked up my Bible and read 1 Corinthians xii, 8, 9, 10. "For to one is given, by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit; to another the gift of healing by the same spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits."

Here was a biblical admission that spirits exist and God grants gifts to discern them. Surely my prayers are answered and I am put upon the right road to truth, but I read again 1 John iv 1. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.

Hereby know ye the spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."

Here then is an actual permission to investigate and enquire of the spirits.

In a seance which I attended a clear and musical voice was heard above our heads, a voice which no ventriloquist could imitate.

I asked the name of the spirit addressing us and he said his name was Dr. Lamont, that he was a Frenchman, and that he was killed in a duel two hundred and fifty years ago.

I now put the question authorized by John, and asked, "Dr. Lamont, do you believe in Christ and that he came in the flesh?"

The reply came emphatic, "Yes sir, I do." He then gave us a fifteen minutes address, eulogizing the character of Christ, and he dwelt upon that beautiful illustration of godly tolerance in John viii 8 9 10, referring to the woman caught in the act of adultery, when Christ looked up from writing on the sands and asked, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" And she said, "No man, Lord." And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

After closing his dissertation he asked, "Mr. Stowe, do you know what Christ wrote in the sand?"

I replied, "I do not, as it is not recorded in the Bible, but I would like to know." He then gave us the following saying, "This is what Christ wrote upon the sands: Write the errors of your fellow-man and sister-woman in the dust, where they can be easily obliterated, where the slightest breeze will sweep them forever away, but their virtues engrave upon tablets of enduring memory, and learn to cherish and imitate them."

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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W. M. LOCKWOOD

CHICAGO, ILL.

### CONTINUITY OF LIFE—A COSMIC TRUTH.

For untold centuries of time man has questioned the possibility of "life beyond the grave." As the human approaches the western horizon of earth life this question becomes an absorbing thought, and in the higher ranks of civilized life it attracts the attention of sage and seer, of wise men and philosophers. But unfortunately, as it seems to the writer of this, these important questions have been, by popular consent, left to the speculative imagery of poets and priests, who have claimed the exclusive right of determining the destiny of the human race and of piloting the soul of man to Nirvana—a place of extinction, to Heaven—a place of harps and static bliss, or to Hell—a locality where human ferocity, aided and abetted by the gods, has glutted its dominant characteristics in the promotion of eternal torment on its fellow man. It seems incredible that such low, vulgar and inhuman concepts could, for so many centuries, have held the beliefs of intelligent minds, and more incredible that these beliefs could in any way have been regarded as ethical and religious. But the human intellect evolves slowly. It seems difficult to break away

from the hypnosis of popular opinion. The advance of scientific research within the last twenty-five years, the recent discoveries in archaeology, coupled with a crucial investigation of the mythologies upon which Homer, Hesiod, Dante, Virgil and Milton wrote, and a careful inquiry into the system of astrology during mythological eras, have had a potent influence in dissolving the illusions promoting the religious hypnosis originating in a pagan age. These investigations disclose that in these pre-historic ages man deified the forces of nature and clothed them with sentient attributes. He also deified the sun, moon and stars and made them the habitation of the spirits of men of renown. Kings, princes, governors who were respected by the people, were deified and their souls translated to the stars. The gods Zeus, Brama, Adonis, Apollo, Jove, Jupiter and Jehovah, each and all were once men, together with a host of others, and these being deified at death, their souls, as spirits were supposed to inhabit the stars, were prayed to and invoked on all occasions. Thus it is that the sublime ecstasy of Homer in describing the protecting care of the gods, the poetical imagery of Hesiod, the revenge of Dante's Inferno, the lust and luxury of Virgil, the conflict of the gods of mythology from which Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," has been the fountain from which the poet and priest has drawn his authority as to the

final resting place and destiny of the human race. The heavens and hells made by these poets in imagery have been taken as real and precise data by the theologian and priest, upon which he has formulated the theory of conditioned immortality. Thus it is that the platitudes of a pre-historic time have been handed down from age to age because the theologian alone has had authority to speak upon matters concerning life beyond the grave. No telescope of a Galileo or Newton can sweep the horizon of these dreams of the poet. No crucible of the chemist, no chemical balance of a Lavosier, no equation of chemical energies by a Faraday, no X-ray by a Roentgen, no wireless telegraphy by a Marconi, no meter of etheric forces by a Sir William Thompson, no evidence of the evolution of man from nature's bosom by a Thomas Huxley, can be admitted to the realm from which the theologian draws his speculative inspiration. Blind belief in the picturing power of the imagination of the Homeric age, which too frequently is mistaken for plenary inspiration, assisted by the pencil sketches of a Gustave Dore in the portrayal of Dante's Inferno, or limned by the brush of a Raphael, are still offered as a literal truth, of the destiny of the soul of man.

During all of these years and centuries of time the physicist, whose labor is to trace the order and unity of cosmic processes, has not been allowed a voice in the presentation

of the facts he has in his possession, relating to the great question of future life. The biologist, whose sphere of investigation includes the various forms and types of plasmatic and hio-plasmatic life, including man, is set aside as having no value compared with the poesy of mythology, although his gleanings cover a vast field of the greatest importance in the final settlement of this question. The philosopher, whose place it is to arrange all scientific data bearing upon important issues, into concise and accurate formulas of knowledge for the welfare of the world at large, has been anathematized and condemned, because natural philosophy and the precise data of cosmic processes, cannot be woven into the speculative web of ancestral superstitions and poetical dreams.

But science, that great searchlight of truth, whose genius dares to penetrate every realm of nature and every recess of human thought, and fearlessly scan the premise upon which a superstition rests, and to demonstrate when found its incongruities and inconsistencies, is wresting from theology and its priests, the vagaries upon which it builds its superstitions of purgatories and hells, its saint's rests and its heavens, its revengeful and its adulterous gods and its immaculate conceptions, and demonstrates that these low and sensuous concepts, these illicit pagan platitudes, had their origin in astrolog-

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ical and poetical fantasy in prehistoric ages, unsupported by any data beyond the picturing power of the poetical imagination of man.

But science does not rest here. Science is a builder. She never tears down but to build. And to this end she accepts the gleanings of the naturalist, the geologist, the biologist, the astronomer and the physicist, and carefully arranges and compiles these vast gleanings of cosmic data into treatises, nature's own testimonies of the co-relation of the forces involved in stellar space. Testimonies of the evolution of stratas of rock formation, from the aeocene to the present age, and the relation that one strata bears to another. Testimonies of the inception of life on this planet in all of its known forms, and the evolution of this life from *aqueous* to mammal and from mammal to man. In the evolution of this great family of earth's existencies, science notes with careful eye the great part played in the promotion of these evolutions during the vast eras of time and that the great principle of "*The Co-relation of Cosmic Forces*," is the promoter of form and the promoter of life on the earth plane. Here the naturalist, the geologist, the biologist, the astronomer and physicist clasp hands in agreement that all cosmic processes are infinitely related throughout the infinitude of time and space. Here at last we stand on the solid rock of cosmic process-

es in the philosophy of the co-relations of nature's elements and forces.

Not a blade of grass ever grew hut its development depended on the co-relations of energies and elements belonging to stellar spheres. Not a flower ever bloomed, the color motion of which did not depend upon the co-relations of the sun's photosphere, modified by the reactions of other photospheres in the atmosphere of other suns. Not a blossom that does not owe its fragrance to the co-relations obtaining in the ethers of space. Not a cereal ever developed that did not depend upon the assistance of ammonial compounds, hydrogen compounds, oxygen compounds existing in soil and atmosphere and the reactions of the sun's rays. No form of life plas-matic, or bio-plasmatic, that does not owe its development and evolution to an invisible formative and shaping energy within its structure and the co-relations of cosmic elements and energies existing in nature. No life can exist without the aid of the spiritual forces existing in the laboratory of infinitude. All elements and substances and energies in nature are invisible to the eye of man in their primordial state; hence science calls them "molecular." As all elements, substances and energies are electro and possess polarity, science affirms "molecular affinity" as the basis of all chemical combination in evolutionary processes. As these combining processes are invisible to the eye we

can only see the phenomena of combining processes, and the external of existence in forms and types of life. Therefore, the real life of a thing, its soul principle, its shaping energy, we cannot see. As all life in its various expressions is the result of differentiation in combination, under different circumstances and environments, and each life attracts elements and energies from the same laboratory of infinitude, a bond of natural selection and co-relation unifies all nature in cosmic process. In entertaining this view of nature and her co-related forces, no element or energy or force is omnipotent *per se*, but in the order of their respective co-relations, each element is *the embodiment of omnipotence*. We note this omnipotence of elements in the evolution of water. Oxygen or hydrogen, existing alone or separately, has no power to act. They would be as dead as theologians have claimed matter to be—as dead as theology will be when the facts of the reciprocal character of nature's forces are more widely known. But when oxygen and hydrogen are combined their united reaction discovers omnipotent power in the evolution of water. This discovery of the omnipotence of elements and energies in process of combination leads us to postulate the spiritual character of the substances and forces employed in cosmic processes. All nature is infinitely spiritual. Her formative principles and essences are infinitely re-

lated by polar affinity, hence co-relation and reciprocal reaction, invisible to the eye, is the premise of her superstructures. Science speaks of these invisible attributes under the term "modes of motion," which implies method of action, or of being acted upon, and this order and relationship, science declares, comprises the formula of nature in processes of cosmic evolution. If, then, every plane of existence has its natural co-relations, as we have before shown, it follows that mental spheres have their co-relations no less than do plasmatic spheres, or those spheres out of which mental states have been evolved. This being a self-evident fact, a natural and a logical sequence to "the philosophy of the co-relation of natural forces," it follows that mind is related to mind, and conscious states to conscious states, by the same formula of reciprocal character as that relating one element to another by polar reciprocity, or one star to another or one system to another in stellar space. No mode of motion can be evoked in this great laboratory of the infinite without causation, and no causation without its co-related sequences. Hence, we affirm that there can be no act of consciousness without this act being related to some other conscious state, polar and reciprocal to it, or inscribed upon some condition of matter respondent to the vibrations of mental forces. The truth of these data will develop in the

human intellect when once we comprehend that what we call matter is a compound of spiritual elements, each of which is highly tensioned with polar affinity, and reciprocal to all modes of motion upon this plane of cosmic unity. These cosmic truths, underlie mental telepathy,—the principles of thought transference, which to-day are so generally acknowledged by Psychic Research Societies. Hence we deduce that the relation one conscious state holds to another is a fact in nature, the principles of which, have always existed. Here again we must remind the reader, that we are dealing with thought as an invisible mode of motion, and suggest that this thought may be transmitted through miles of space as we reckon distance on the earth plane; and we have also found in our Psychic Research that thought communication depends upon a bond of mental sympathy, or a plane of mental polarity existing between the communicating parties. All co-relations in nature depend upon principles of electro induction in all of those associations where mental processes are not involved; but in the co-relations of mental processes, it is better understood under the term, "mental electro induction." All mental associations between the human is of this character, whether the parties thus associating be near to each other in social converse, or far removed one from the other. A full recognition of this truth enables

us to say that this principle of co-relation unites the human to life beyond the grave, where the transference of thought by the natural channel of mental electro induction as surely and certainly unites us to a life in other spheres as thought transference unites people residing at different locations here on the earth plane. The vast array of data upon which these premises of co-relation are established, are found in every department of chemical and cosmic process; and the proof that these data apply to life beyond the grave is demonstrated in a world of psychic phenomena, which, when we approach from the plane of natural philosophy, is easily comprehended: but when investigated from the realm of supernatural or metaphysical concepts, will ever end in vagueness and uncertainty. As cosmic process is related to cosmic process throughout stellar space, so conscious existence is related to conscious existence throughout the spheres of eternal duration. The popular investigator has tried to attach this truth to some religious propagandism; or prove it by the bible or some sacred cosmogony of the past. But these truths of the unity of nature's progressions, written in every form of matter, manifest in every principle of nature, is older than bibles and sacred cosmogonies, older than man's conceptions of gods, and vicarious atonements, older than man, older than his planet—hence this truth of life beyond the grave, has nothing to do with these superstitions, for it is only found and demonstrated in an investigation of the spiritual elements and forces comprising cosmic process. Let the thinker think!

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

MRS. BESSIE BELLMAN

HOWARD, KANSAS.

As Columbus' apprehension concerning the rotundity of the earth and its further habitation, was based upon theory, strengthened and substantiated by the flotsam and jetsam from its undiscovered country, so was the beginning of my examination of Spiritualism. Like him, I sailed forth into the waters of investigation, and proved my theory to my own satisfaction, a course which I recommend to all students of life.

I am a Spiritualist heart and soul, mind and strength, because I foresee it points the way to an adjustment and equalization of all present inharmonies. I believe the word Spiritualism to embody all possible good to mankind, and that its propagation will yield an everlasting harvest of honor and happiness, justice and charity to all.

I am a Spiritualist because all nature from "rock-ribbed hills" to etheric distances, in the wonderful transformation from combustion to heat, from heat to sound, from sound to color, from the blackness of night through the radiant hues of the rainbow to the brilliancy of perfect day, indicates that it may be true, and investigation proves that it is true.

The world in its building has passed through a succession of

periods, each founding surely and well upon its predecessor. It is now our work to establish the spiritual age; and that the time for this is here nature herself signifies. By disclosing her own spiritual attributes, viz. ether, magnetism, electricity, wireless telegraphy and various innovations, she gives the hint to man, and he finds within himself powers that transcend these; that ether is the atmosphere of spirit, that the magnetism of the earth is not more demonstrable than his own; that electricity is also subject to etheric laws, and that telepathy is a superior form of wireless telegraphy and thus on.

Furthermore, I am a Spiritualist because, to fix all the gradation from matter to spirit comes the demonstration, the unerring answer from the other side, the onward portion of life. In our study of question of life everlasting we arrive continually at new barricades, new limitations; but if, as students and partakers of that life we are informed enough, patient enough, courageous enough, we shall find no secret chamber where we may not enter. The Infinite has not given us unknowable mysteries, nature is an open book which we are welcome to read, when we have learned the alphabet, and learned to use it.

The time is not far distant when all science, philosophy and art will recognize the spiritual world as the sequel to the present world. The seers of all ages have done so, and now the truth is for all the people, and its knowledge makes us to exclaim "Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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J. RANDALL SUNDERLAND

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

What converted me to Spiritualism? is a question that I cannot answer, because I was born a Spiritualist, though I did not come into a full realization of the fact until I was about seventeen years old. I was clairvoyant to a certain extent from my earliest childhood, and at times heard spirit voices. I will relate one instance out of many.

A favorite uncle passed away when I was a small child. I saw and described him several days before my parents received a letter apprising them of the death of my uncle.

As I grew older these became less frequent, until the time came for me to develop more fully, which did not take place until after I had passed my twenty-third year.

During 1880 I was living in Florida and made a short visit down into Manatee County. I there met an old friend, who wished me to go with him to "see some ghosts." Being of a disposition that liked to see anything unusual, I at once consented. We went on horseback for about ten miles out into the woods and finally came to the place. It was a typical Florida shack, containing but one room, with only one door and no windows. The medium was a native of Florida, tanned and very dark, and wrinkled with age. That evening she held a seance, though she did not use that term, as she knew absolutely nothing of the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, but she said that she had "speerets come from her." The cabinet consisted of a calico curtain across one corner of the room. There was a pitch pine fire burning on the hearth, affording sufficient light to see all that transpired. The medium's husband played on an old violin for a few moments, when the curtains parted and a beautiful spirit form appeared, clothed in flowing white drapery. I could distinctly see the face, beautiful with a beauty not of earth. Several other forms appeared in rapid succession, all different one from the other, until finally a spirit daughter of my friend appeared. He recognized her fully. He was very much overcome, in fact it gave him such a shock that it was several days before he fully recovered from its ef-



fect. The proof of spirit return was overwhelmingly demonstrated to me, and from that time on I became a believer and an investigator of modern Spiritualism.

In 1885 I returned to New York, where I had better opportunities to investigate the phenomena than I had before.

The first materializing seance that I attended after my return was a private one, held in my parents' house. The conditions were exceptionally good, the circle being select and harmonious. There was sufficient light to see the materialized forms as they appeared. One of the first to manifest was the spirit form of my wife, who had passed over about three years previous to that time. There could be no mistake as to her identity. She had a small, petit figure that no one who had ever known her in earth life could mistake. Both form and features were absolutely perfect, as well as the individuality expressed, and she talked with me for some twenty minutes of circumstances that no one except she and I knew anything about. Other spirits materialized at this seance who were fully recognized by their friends.

I also attended materializing seances held by other mediums, had slate writings, sat with trance mediums, and had proof on proof that spirits could, and did return to their friends.

That summer I attended a camp meeting held at Neshaminy Falls, Pa. After I had been there for several days, while sitting in the tent we occupied, I was taken sick, as I thought, and had to lie down, when an Indian spirit took control of my body. After a severe struggle on my part other spirits then took control of me one after the other. That day I also heard spirit voices as plainly as I could hear those in the mortal. From that time on I developed rapidly, and I felt that my life work was before me, working for the grand cause of Spiritualism. Up to the present time the spirits have developed several phases of mediumship through my organism, although I have never followed more than one phase at a time. I have traveled extensively over the United States, working as a medium and manager, and have met with uniformly good success, as my numerous friends scattered all over the country will testify.



J. C. SMITH

LONDON, ONTARIO.

I first became interested in the subject of "Modern Spiritualism" about ten years ago. I was born near the city of London, Ontario, where I still reside. My life has ever been closely associated with the Methodist church, of which my people have been earnest adherents for generations, and under the auspices of which I began at an early age to endeavor to uplift humanity to a higher plane of spiritual life, and taking especial delight in Sabbath-school work. I, therefore, have had no materialistic theories to overcome and always fully believed in a future life, but at the same time I can remember even as a child longing for a glimpse, if possible, of the other side of the veil,

that I might know that life really existed beyond the grave.

That wish was afterward to be gratified to an extent much beyond anything I ever dreamed of as possible. The first intimation I received of the possibility of communication with the so-called dead, was during a conversation with a friend for whose integrity and common sense I entertained a very high regard. He incidentally referred to some recent experiences he had with a spiritual medium, through whom he was convinced he held several conversations with a brother lately deceased.

I was deeply interested in the subject and, unlike many of my good orthodox friends, I hoped it was true. I could see no reason for regarding it as morally wrong to hold converse with those so dear to us when in this life, simply because they had entered a higher form of existence. The messages given him were very beautiful, and all insisted upon purity of life and righteousness of conduct in order to attain happiness in the world to come.

I determined to investigate for myself as I could not realize the truth of these revelations in the light of the experience of others.

I enquired for literature upon the subject and was surprised to find it so abundant and much of it contributed by writers who enjoyed a world-wide reputation as scientists and philosophers. I read "The

Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" by Sargent and the works of Sir Wm. Crookes, Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace and others, after which the explanations by fraud and legerdemain, offered so generously by prejudiced minds, appeared to me as very weak and foolish.

I obtained "Unanswerable Logic" by T. Gales Foster and the "Religion of Spiritualism" by Rev. Samuel Watson, and after carefully reading those works, any doubts that may have lingered in my mind as to the elevating character of the teachings of the spiritual philosophy, rightly understood, were entirely removed, and I gladly availed myself of every opportunity for personal investigation of the phenomena and for the study of its philosophy.

In so doing I fear I caused many dear friends a great deal of uncalld for anxiety, who doubtless believed sincerely that I had entered the way to eternal unhappiness from which they would gladly rescue me.

Since entering upon my investigations, so absolute has been the evidence received of the existence all around us of a world unseen, peopled by those whom we have been wont to speak and mourn as dead and with whom under certain conditions one can hold intelligent communication, that I can find no reasonable grounds to doubt the fact. Messages without number have reached me from those dear to me, some by means of the "tiny rap" with an innocent child as the

medium, others through independent writings when long personal communications have been inscribed between slates or upon blank paper carefully sealed in envelopes, which I held in my grasp, and with the names of my friends in spirit life subscribed thereto. Time and again have these same friends taken on material conditions and, for a few brief moments I have felt the clasp of vanished hands and heard the sound of voices supposed to be still in death; and many times have we stood face to face while they—resplendent in their spirit robes—have given me assurance of their continued life and personal love, and an interest in the welfare of myself and family. These experiences have by no means been confined to the seance rooms of public mediums, but many enjoyed in our own homes and under conditions where the cry of "fraud" had no place.

During my investigations I am free to confess that I have not been constantly looking for fraud, an attitude much too common among students of the phenomena, but rather have I been searching for truth, with my prejudices and preconceived ideas for the time laid aside.

Relying upon the careful use of my ordinary faculties of sense and reason in reaching my conclusions, I have saved much valuable time and obtained more satisfactory results. When in seeking a communication by means of independent writing I call upon a medium to

whom I am a perfect stranger with a pair of slates purchased by myself for the occasion, and in his presence obtain messages written upon those slates, as I carefully retain them in my own hands, I can have no reasonable doubt as to the source from which they emanate, especially when the messages are of a personal and private character, often conveying information which I had to have verified afterwards.

And when I sit in the parlors of a private home whose members are likewise seeking to know the truth, and a form, which claims, and appears to be that of some loved one who has passed from earth life, rises seemingly out of the carpet at my feet and affectionately holds converse with me upon affairs of private and personal interest, I can no longer question the fact, strange as it may seem, that the so-called dead can and do return.

It has been my privilege to have such experiences as these so many times, and under such a variety of conditions, that I am somewhat perplexed to select from them one or two that would interest the reader.

Possibly the first seance I attended may serve the purpose. It took place in the home of a friend who like myself had become deeply interested in the subject. The medium was willing to be placed under any test conditions that might be required. We formed a circle of about a dozen people, all of whom

were earnestly seeking to learn the truth. In order to remove suspicion from the medium he was placed, at his own request, under test conditions of the most absolute character. Those having charge of that work, not satisfied with tying and sealing the subject, also fastened with nails his clothing to the floor, as well as the chair upon which he sat. The lights were lowered, and immediately beautiful music began to play upon several instruments provided, in perfect time and harmony. Hands caressed us affectionately, and whispered words of love and greeting were spoken to nearly all present by those we know were no longer of earth.

Those claiming to be guides of the medium addressed us in words of wisdom upon themes of a most elevating character, and many messages were written upon sheets of paper we had prepared. To all of our senses excepting that of sight was presented evidence of the presence of intelligences other than of ordinary human character. We raised the lights to find the medium still secured just as before the manifestations occurred. To me any other explanation of what I there witnessed than that we were visited by the denizens of another form of existence, as they claimed to be, was inexplicable.

Yet I was not satisfied, and with a view to obtaining confirmatory evidence, I spent a week at a spiritual camp in Ohio. I reached the

grounds a stranger to all present and proceeded at once to engage a sitting for independent slate writing with a Doctor Mansfield. I had with me a pair of slates purchased in my own city. I wrote name and date on the frames and carefully removed all stains. The medium then requested me to tie them together with my handkerchief and then button them under my coat. He then reached across the table at which we were sitting and took my hand, when I immediately heard the sound of writing upon the slates, closely buttoned against my chest. He then told me to unbutton my coat and open and examine my slates. I found then within a message in the hand-writing of a very dear friend. The message contained references to members of my own household a hundred miles away and was signed with the

writer's own signature in full. These are the simple facts which to me at least contain sufficient evidence of the existence of spiritual beings whom we know as father and mother, brother and sister, or, perhaps, a precious son or daughter, ever hovering around us, seeking to aid and comfort us whose work on earth is not yet finished, and whom we shall meet again in that realm of peace and joy where sorrows come not. To the hard-headed agnostic they may be of little value as evidence of individual life beyond the death of the body, and to my orthodox friends, whose minds are still enslaved by creeds and superstitions of the dead past, they may seem even worse than useless, but to me they have proven a source of peace and satisfaction that I never found before.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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W. V. NICUM

BUFFALO, N. Y.

I was reared under very strict orthodox teachings but was always skeptical as to many of the tenets of the church, hence failed to receive the comfort, consolation and spiritual food that my creed-bound soul demanded. In this unsettled condition I changed from one church to another in search of the peace and joy "that passeth all understanding"—only to find myself more dissatisfied.

By and by a dark cloud settled over the zenith of my life, adding more pain to my already unsettled condition. This trouble came without the least volition of my own and in spite of my effort to prevent. Why it was that I should be the subject of such depressions I could not understand, unless it was due,

as I thought, to lack of religious devotion and earnest faith.

I had been taught that when faith was weak the only remedy was prayer, and I did pray incessantly for more faith and religious devotion, only again to find myself in the great ocean of life like a ship without a rudder or a compass. So one day while at my father's home I opened the old family Bible and read these words, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith, believing, ye shall surely receive." I asked father if he believed that whatever we asked in faith we should receive, and he answered, "Yes; if we failed to receive it, it was because of our lack of sufficient faith." So I felt that my faith was very limited indeed. I went to my own room fully determined to have an understanding with God Almighty, and if possible to have my life path diverge in the direction He might desire. I began talking to what I thought to be God as follows: "God, you have the power to look into every human heart and to know whether I am honest and in earnest or not. You know the trouble that has come into my life and how long and how hard I have struggled to get away from it all and once more repose in the clear sunlight of peace and happiness. I am willing and ready to do whatever you would have me do. I am your child and my only desire is to be obedient and do your will. If it is your desire that I should live the life of a hermit on some lonely

island, I will comply willingly. Whatever is your will and desire, Oh, God, is my will and desire." While I was talking in this manner I felt satisfied that I was talking to God and a feeling of relief began to dawn upon my inner consciousness. However, the thought came to me, "How am I to know what God would have me do?" At this point the information came to me embraced in one word, "Impression"—I was to be led and guided by impression. This assurance gave me a relief and comfort unknown before. I could now see just above the horizon of my life the approaching dawn of a more spiritual life, although I did not know the way I would have to travel or what I would have to do, but I was perfectly willing to wait and be led by the promised impressions. I will only say I *was* impressed and led step by step, until by-and-by I found myself face to face with the much-abused and persecuted spiritual medium who explained the impressions I had received at these various intervals and gave me further instruction.

Up to this time Spiritualism was as far from my mind as the east is from the west. I had never given it a moment's consideration because I had believed it was wicked. The medium I mention, gave me a sitting that lasted from nine a.m. until two p.m. and that interview of five hours was devoted wholly to spiritual things that seemed to be requisite to the furthering of my spiritual unfoldment, bringing me

more fully into the realization of the same. Or, in other words, it brought me more fully into the light which I had so much needed in past years.

I was told that these impressions which I had received were not directly from God, as I had supposed, but from our angel-friends who are always working and striving to improve and better human-kind by unfolding or rather assisting to unfold, the spirit within and thus bringing us in touch with the spirit world. Now that I had the scales in part removed from my eyes, I could commune more completely with the spirit-world and be led more easily and could also understand the significance of the teachings of Christ: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

I could now begin to realize how essential is prayer or aspiration as there is no secret wish for good or light that is not a prayer, and that to come in rapport with higher spiritual intelligences prayer is an essential to that end. I could now also understand that all was good which had transpired in my life as it acted as a discipline that made it possible for me to be brought into this great truth of spirit return and spirit philosophy.

Thus it was that I was guided across the threshold into modern Spiritualism wherein one receives the healing balm for all the ills of life. During the past eight years I have spent in the investigation of the different phenomena, I have received test after test of spirit return and thus substantiated the truth of my own mediumship which has been and is the guiding star of my life not only in a spiritual way but in the material as well.



MRS. EFFIE MOSS

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

I was born in the city of Exeter, Devonshire, England, and from my earliest recollection was clairaudient and clairvoyant, and can remember when I was a small girl being punished because I asserted that people talked with me in the dark, and I always begged my dear mother to leave a light burning in my room. I can remember many visions, but will mention only one of them.

I came to this country in a sailing ship, in the year 1867. After being out at sea for about three weeks, I saw a vision that almost drove me frantic. I distinctly saw my dear old mother, lying alone and unconscious, stricken down with paralysis, and when I arrived in New York about three weeks later, I

found a letter awaiting me from my sister informing me that my mother had had a stroke of paralysis, and when found she had been lying unconscious for about two hours.

In the year 1883, my mother passed away in Newport, South Wales. I knew that she was sick with cholera but in the last letter that I had received from my sister, she was getting better. At eleven o'clock at night, May the 26th, I distinctly saw and heard her telling me that she had passed away, but found that she could still watch over her children. As quickly as it was possible for me to receive a letter, after that date, I received two letters on the same day, from my sister, one having a black border, and the other a white envelope. On opening the white one, the contents informed me that our mother was getting better. It gave me courage to open the other one, when what was my grief to find, though written on the same day as the other one, that my mother had passed away. On comparing time and date, I found it to correspond with the time and date of my vision.

Shortly after that time, while at the bedside of a sick friend, whom the physicians had said could not possibly live through the day, I heard an independent voice (claiming to be the mother of my friend) ask me why I was crying, and told me that if I would follow her directions, my friend would live. I



obeyed the directions given, and my friend did live for many years.

The first public seance that I attended, was at the home of Mrs. Stoddard Gray, and her son Dewit G. Hough. Several forms having materialized, one appeared holding an infant in her arms; on being asked whom she wished to see, she replied, "I wish to see my sister Effie." I went forward, and recognized perfectly the form and features of a beloved sister, who had passed to spirit life many years before holding the infant form that had been buried in the same coffin with her. During the same seance, I was given my father's name, and on asking him as a proof of his identity to give me the name of the street we lived on when he passed over, I received the following reply: "Freene St., Exeter, Devonshire, England," thus not only receiving the name of the street, but also the name of the city, county and country.

From that time I became a spiritualist, and within a few days I became entranced, my body being controlled by other intelligences, who gave many loving messages and tests to my friends. My development was very rapid; I have been used for several phases of mediumship, materialization being their choice of work.

During the years of 1888, 1889 and 1890, being engaged once, and sometimes twice each week, by Mrs. M. E. Wallace, of New York, in her home in Forty-second St., I feel that she will pardon me, in making

a few manifestations that occurred at that time public, especially as they answer a question that has been asked many times, viz.: Can a spirit still embodied materialize? We received positive proof during that time of such a phenomenon. Dr. W. W. Hicks, who is now writing articles for *THE SERMON*, being one of several who did at that time take on a materialized form, (while his body lay at his home in Florida) and talked with the friends present, and on regaining consciousness in his home, would remember the work done during that time, and also the names of the many spirit friends he had met, would also remember if there was a stranger present in the seance room. Our arisen brother, Judge Portes of St. Louis, also materialized on several occasions, while his body lay at his home in St. Louis, and at times remembered all that had transpired, during his absence from the body, as has been proven time and again by their writing the incidents that transpired, and sending the letter to the friends in New York the following day, while some one who was present at the seance would also make notes of all that transpired, copies of which would be sent to each absent member of the circle, the letters thus crossing each other on the road. The reader can readily perceive that we received absolute proof of the occurrences.

I have held seances from Canada to the Gulf, and from Massachusetts to California, enduring many hardships, and receiving many unkind criticisms, but have ever been strengthened by the kindly words of cheer and approbation of the many hundreds to whom my guides have been able to demonstrate the truth and knowledge of the life to come.

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EDWARD S. GRECE

DETROIT, MICH.

What the investigator into the mysteries and phenomena of Spiritualism is in search of, is evidence. He wants to see something, hear something or feel something of the departed ones, which convinces him not only that life is continuous, not that "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul," but he wants to realize that the same individuality which he knew here survives the grave, and that *that* individuality may be recognized, appreciated and "known even as we are known" in this material environment.

He wants this because he loves the dear ones passed away, and he shudders at the thought that never again can he look into the faces of those he loved; never again can he behold the bright and sparkling eye, see the smiling face, or hear the cheering laugh of one vanished from him forever. He wants it because he wants to know that "death is not a wall, but a door" opening into a new and better country. To the Spiritualist who has devoted, it may be, years of patient investiga-

tion and research to the wonders of the unseen world, the evidences are almost limitless in supply, but to the searcher who begins the work of inquiry, the difficulties in his path are hard to overcome, and he finds his every effort not only shrouded in doubts, but fraud and deceit discourage him as he proceeds. He sees the table tip, he hears the tiny rap, or the voice of the entranced medium speaking the words of a departed one; he may behold a materialized form, and for a while believes it the one for whom he searches; but he turns again upon himself and says: how easy of imitation, or how easily I may be duped; or, it may be, he has read Hudson's book and has about concluded that in some way all he has seen, heard or felt is in some mysterious, unexplained way, simply his inner self, his or some other's "subjective consciousness," doing it all. But let him continue his inquiries, for truth is truth and must establish itself.

The writer hopes, in the space allotted him, to set forth some facts and to bring to the reader some evidences which are convincing.

If there is any one way of identifying any individuality better and more convincing than another, it is by hand writing. Especially is this true where the individuality is shown forth in the composition and style of the writer. I need say no more than this:—When we remember that every day millions and millions,

of dollars of business is transacted on the faith and knowledge of the fact that not one person in a thousand can change his handwriting so as not to be recognized, and that very rarely can one's hand be imitated by another so as to deceive, we do not wonder at the effectiveness of writing as an instrument for establishing identity. Can spirits write? To this I shall let the following answer:

In October, 1898, William Nye Means, of Williamson, Ind., medium, came to Detroit, and, having called upon me, I suggested a seance. He consented and the home of a private family was secured. I invited a few friends to be present, all strangers to Mr. Means. The room in which the seance was held was in a "flat," one story above the ground, and I need say no more as to describing the room than this: it was simply impossible for any outside person (of a material form) to enter after the company had assembled. There were twelve in all present, including Mr. Means. As we all sat around the dining table—relatives were not allowed to sit next to each other—Mr. Means took from his pocket a small pad of note paper, taking off one at a time, twelve sheets in all, and holding each up to the lamp so it could be plainly seen there was not a mark of any kind upon any one of them, he placed them one upon another in a pile on the table. He then stated the conditions necessary for good

results—that is, good, loving thoughts, calmness of disposition and harmonious sentiments. "If we expect our dear ones to come to us we must put ourselves in a condition to receive them." The medium then being seated between Dr. W. on his left and Mrs. R. on his right, both strangers to him, all joined hands round the table, the medium's left hand being securely held by Dr. W. and his right by Mrs. R. We sat in total darkness for about thirty minutes. Mr. Means became entranced during these sittings, and it was with difficulty he was restored to his normal state. The sheets of paper had not been touched by anyone after Mr. Means placed them on the table. The sitting being ended, the lamp was relighted, the hands of the medium being yet securely held, when, instead of the pile of single sheets of paper, we beheld each piece nicely folded, and each one addressed to some one of the sitters, and signed in the name, in each case, of the spirit relative or friend from whom it purported to come. Now, the strange thing about it is, in every case the signatures were *fac similes* of the persons whose name they bore in earth life. Dr. W. received a message from a deceased son, signed by his name in a beautiful, flowing hand, and, strange to say, the name contained the middle initial, which Dr. W. had vainly sought for but had not disclosed to anyone. The handwriting on each

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paper was different from all the others.

I received two messages: one from my deceased wife, and one

"Obe"



My Dear Ed

How grand this religion - sent from the supernatural realm. Indeed this is sustenance for the growth of your immortal spirit. It is from the predestined home of the full statured soul and belongs to the imperishable riches of the Eternal Kingdom. I wish to commend it to my dear Mamma soon - say kindest loving child is with her.

Belle } Spirit Signatures.

Belle }

Belle }

Belle }

Earth life Signatures.

Augusta

from my old and dear friend, the late R. F. Trevellick, of Detroit. In order that the reader may compare these signatures for himself, I have obtained photographs of the message from my late wife, also Mr. Trevellick, exact reproductions of which are inserted in this article. The style and difference in sentiment is noticeable. Mrs. Greece was a lady of education and of spiritual sentiments. Mr. Trevellick was an orator of the outspoken, fearless kind, a lecturer on labor and reform questions and a friend of the gentleman whom he calls "Don M.", the latter having many times bestowed favors upon Mr. Trevellick. Mr. Trevellick, in his life here, prided

himself on his habit of expressing himself in short sentences. Note this fact in this letter. Each paper shows the initials of the medium's four guides, which always appear on all his messages.

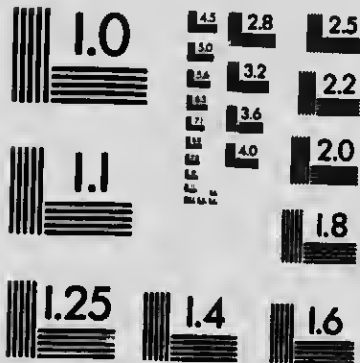
I have also caused to be photographed the signatures of the persons made in this life, which are also given for the purpose of comparison. I may say that the foregoing is only one of several "tests" of like character I have had through Mr. Means.

Mr. Means is not an expert at writing. In fact, he is a very ordinary writer, and it would simply be impossible for him, in the *light*, to write more than one hand. How,



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then, could he, with his hands securely held, in absolute darkness, imitate the hands of a dozen persons, and all of them in the "great beyond?"

Let the skeptic answer.

We give in the margin Mr. Trevellick's letter to a friend and below his message from spirit life. We call particular attention to the capital D in each letter.

194. 24. St. Detroit C. M. 17 9.9

My dear friend Lyman  
I am delighted with  
you in the news of the 14  
God bless your noble heart

Read yesterday's <sup>news</sup> ~~the~~  
report of Dr. G. M. It is  
the most remarkable account  
to the Boston I have read  
But it will convince the public  
It is written from that perspective  
Love from Lyman  
R. B. Trevellick

P. S. I want to see you  
and talk the matter over

"Obe"

O. M.

Greetings to all. This is pure  
Democracy. Where is Don M. I am  
in no need of money but would  
like to communicate.

R. B. Trevellick.

Augusta

H. C.



VICTOR WYLDES

TORONTO, ONT.

My conversion to Spiritualism? If by the name Spiritualism we are to understand consciousness of spiritual beings disincarnate, intuitive perception of the continuity of life beyond so called death and sensitive cognizance of the operation of occult forces not discerned by ordinary perception, then I can truthfully claim that I was never converted to a belief in Spiritualism, but that from my earliest childhood I have always been a Spiritualist and a medium.

What a strange child!

This exclamation echoes even now in the chamber of memory as pronounced by at least a hundred different voices.

The attempt to drill me into the semblance of a stereotyped good boy was never a great success. One time swept by a wave of uncontrollable passion at some real or fancied

slight. At another time bearing chastisement and even abuse without a murmur.

Alternately courageous and timid, mirthful to a point bordering upon delirium or plunged into a state of melancholy without apparent cause adequate for the production of such extremes.

Pronounced a dunce and a little genius by turns in accordance with alternate fits of supernatural dullness and inexplicable brilliance.

One time so stupid that I could scarcely realize that twice two made four; at another time solving abstruse mathematical problems that puzzled my superiors in age.

Such was Victor Wyldes as a boy.

I was not understood, and no wonder.

So much of my peculiar temperament I deem it necessary to delineate to enable my readers to solve in measure the problem of my mediumship.

Fairies, sylphs, gnomes, fays and hobgoblins were realities to me. I loved poetry and romance. The heroes of poetry, song and fiction had a peculiar habit of taking hodie form before my eyes. Even the flowers of the field sang to me; yes literally sang, for with the inhalation of sweet odors musical vibrations arose in my brain.

As a youth I would often blunder in the attempt to explain some trifling incident, yet I was considered a glib-tongued story teller when in the mood.

In this connection I well remember receiving a severe thrashing for spoiling a family party by revealing unpleasant secrets in an impromptu story told at the winter fireside.

Dear reader: Spiritualism has interpreted the problem of my being.

From infancy I have been an in-



spirational medium, clairvoyant and psychometrist.

If my wise orthodox friends had known the real causes of my eccentricities, attributed by them to wilful perversity or incipient lunacy, I feel convinced that by this time I might have become a great spirit medium. I frankly confess that to be still my greatest ambition, in order that through this God-given power I may be of service to my fellow human beings.

My greatest joy is to be instrumental in leading the masses from the darkness of dogma to the pure light of spirit communion through the inspirations of my beloved spirit guides.

It may be well at this place to make brief reference to a period of profound scepticism.

In my seventeenth year I commenced to study the metaphysics of the German School, Spinoza was my favorite philosopher.

By making the pseudo philosophical blunder of confounding his theory of an universal substance with the idea of the universality of gross matter, I fancied that God and the spirit world was provably non-existent. Thus the dreams and visions of my childhood and every vestige of theological belief were gradually banished from my mind.

From this condition of profound unbelief I was suddenly awakened in my twentieth year by the entirely unexpected and un hoped-for return of the spirit of a very dear friend, a young medical student with whom I had made the solemn compact that whoever died first should return in spirit to the other, if after all there should be a spirit world, and power and permission to return granted.

Reader: my friend kept his prom-

ise three years afterwards and in the very room where the compact was made. My friend passed away in Australia. His spirit appeared to me within fifteen minutes after his transition, in England. It was literally himself in form, feature, smile and gesture, also in voice, for, vibrating on the air in the same manly tone with which I was so familiar, I heard these words: "Victor, I have kept my promise." He vanished. I fell upon my knees in prayer. A deep religiousness took possession of my soul.

After a brief sojourn in the unsatisfying atmosphere of Orthodox Christianity I drifted by predisposition and, I doubt not, by spirit guidance into Modern Spiritualism. The space at my disposal will not permit of a detailed account of the many positive proofs I received of spirit return through many good mediums, nor of the rapid reawakening of the dream-vision faculty of my childhood by contact with the atmosphere of devout spirit communion, nor yet the wondrous aid imparted by the various means as preparatory to the more powerful control by my beloved spirit Guides.

I will therefore conclude this all too brief narrative of a remarkable career by affirming my unalterable belief in the verities and divine origin of the glorious movement I have the honor to represent however inadequately.

For upwards of twenty years I have been an avowed Spiritualist and medium, and for more than fifteen years a public lecturer and test medium for the cause throughout the British Islands and the Eastern States of America, and during the past twelve months in the Queen City of the Canadian Dominion, Toronto.

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

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W. C. EDWARDS

ST. PAUL, MINN.

I am 55 years old, residence No. 1325 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

My first real experience in Spiritualism was in St. Louis, Missouri. I had a few hours of leisure before my train left. Riding on the street cars in the suburbs I saw a sign, "Medium." I think I must have been impressed to call and inquire. The medium was a nearly blind lady about 57 years old. All the surroundings and appearances impressed me as honest. She told me many wonderful things, said my father was present, and appeared to be very conversant with my past life, told about my family and business. Among other things she said a gentleman connected with me in business had just died. I disputed this three times and it was affirmed

just as strongly three times. Two days later I received a letter proving the truth of the message. The gentleman was on a trip in Texas. He died at 12:05 the day I received the message and I was told it in St. Louis less than one hour after his death. This and her other statements caused me to investigate.

I have investigated Spiritualism nine years, not sparing either effort or expense; have attended over one hundred materializing seances, have spent very many evenings in circles investigating, where were mediums gifted with the powers of clairvoyance, clairsaudience, personation, slate writing, trance mediumship and other gifts. I have personally witnessed twenty-five different kinds of manifestations of what I considered spirit phenomena and fully proven as coming from spirit intelligences.

Spiritualism should be made a deep and careful study. Many things will cause one to doubt and distrust. Many times appearances will seem to indicate that the medium is fraudulent. However my experience has led me to believe that there is less of this than we might suppose, that it is ignorance of conditions, or partially developed mediumship, or lack of knowledge of the laws of communication between the two worlds. It should be studied for its philosophy more than for its phenomena. It is simply wonderful that one can get even a single communication from the

spirit world, erroneously styled "that bourn from which no traveler returns." If we can get one single communication fully and absolutely proven, we have established our case. Then what shall we say when in almost every town and in all the large cities there are numberless circles constantly getting evidence and thousands and hundreds of thousands of communications and proofs. Think of it! However, as Thomas Paine says, "What is revelation to me is heresy to you," so all must needs investigate and many times under poor conditions. Consequently the difficulty.

Once in getting automatic writing I asked the question of my spirit friend, "What is the greatest thing to be desired in life?" It was answered, "Happiness, and one will want nothing more in the life beyond."

I feel sure that Spiritualism when rightly understood, is productive of great happiness and of the greatest of all good to mankind. It enlarges the mind, broadens thought, helps us to see more clearly and value more highly the beauties and grandeur of this world and of this life. The world looks brighter, better, more wonderful and grander when seen and studied by the aid of this Philosophy, and we realize more fully what a grand heritage life is, no matter how lowly, how dark, how obscure or how vile the conditions, more valuable in itself than all the wealth of earth!

Even to the person so overcome and pressed down by the cares and troubles of his condition that he would gladly contemplate suicide, Spiritualism brings such inspiring views of life, such strength and courage, that he is able to look up

in smiles, through his tears, and be thankful, oh! so thankful! that he was ever born.

I was formerly a Presbyterian. For generations our family have been Presbyterians. I have been engaged in a successful business for myself for 35 years.

A good many people seem to have the idea that all spiritualists are crazy, or cranky, or not well rounded out mentally. So much of this has been said that, while not wishing to be egotistical, but as this book is written to prove our case, I am tempted to be egotistical enough to say, for the sake of exploding this falsehood, (and it is wonderful how many falsehoods the world says in regard to us) that I am credited with the distinction of owning and operating more retail lumber yards than any other man in the world, being interested in, and largely owner of, nearly all of over one hundred retail lumber yards and forty retail hardware stores in country towns and cities in five of our western states. I would prefer to be modest and retiring, but Spiritualism has been falsified so much in so many ways, that I feel almost goaded to the point of saying that we should come out boldly and talk for our side.

We advocate a cause which, when understood, is surely of the greatest importance and productive of the greatest happiness to all mankind, and we all should hold high the lamp of light of this grand knowledge, in order that the whole world may see its brightness and that it may light the pathway of the coming millions that are yet to tread this earth that they may not walk in darkness as so many have done who have been taught false doctrines in the past.



A. R. WALLACE, F.R.S.

CORFE VIEW, PARKSTONE, DORSET,  
ENGLAND.

From a published lecture of this distinguished Scientist, entitled, "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?" we insert the following clear and strong statements:

I will now briefly enumerate the varied phases of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and will then consider what is their bearing on the doctrine of a future life.

The phenomena may be broadly divided into two groups; physical and mental. The former, however, as well as the latter, almost always imply the action of mind in their production. In the first division we have simple physical phenomena, among which must be grouped an immense variety of effects, such as sounds of all kinds from the most

delicate tick up to blows as loud and vibrating as those produced by a sledge hammer, and certainly not produced by human agency. Then we have the alteration of the weight of bodies, which has been often tested. I have frequently seen in the presence of the celebrated medium, Mr. Home, a large dining table weighed in a bright light, when there were no means of deception. This table changed its weight to the amount of thirty or forty pounds.

Then again, we have the phenomena of articles of various kinds being moved without human agency, such as chairs, tables, and musical instruments. These are the most common and familiar phenomena to all those who have investigated the subject. Still more curious is the conveying of bodies to a distance: flowers and fruits are the most common of these, but also other bodies, such as letters and various small objects, have been conveyed long distances—sometimes several miles.

Then again, we have that curious phenomenon which is recorded more or less throughout history, the raising or levitation of human bodies into the air, and sometimes conveying them a considerable distance. This has been repeated over and over again under various circumstances, and has even included living persons. I will in illustration of this mention one remarkable circumstance of the kind which I observed myself, because it happened to occur when there was no pro es

sing medium present. It was in a friend's house in London. An artist and his family held seances once a week ; on one occasion the medium was not present, being ill, and one of the daughters, who had proved to be a medium, was in a remarkable manner moved about the room. On this occasion we put out the light as usual, the young lady sitting between her brother and a friend, who held her hands. The darkness in this case, you will see, was one of the conditions which render what happened still more difficult. After a little while the two persons who held her hands said, "She is gone." On that instant a light was struck, and she was found lying at full length upon a broad mantel some feet away, with her clothes tucked around her so she lay perfectly comfortable. This is a thing she could not have done under the circumstances in the dark.

More remarkable by far than these, because beyond all human power to produce, is the tying of knots on endless cords, the taking of coins out of sealed boxes, and the passage of solid rings over a body far too large for them to pass over by any natural means. All these things happened in the broad daylight, in the presence of Zoellner and two of his colleagues. He has recorded them most accurately in a work which many of you know. On other occasions a very curious thing happened, and that was the apparent passage, visibly, of matter through matter without disorganizing or disrupting that matter. I have frequently, myself, seen in good light, sticks and handkerchiefs pass through a curtain, yet an examination of the curtain immediately afterward did not show any change in it whatever.

This enables us to understand many of the other phenomena which are happening every day. This concludes a rough outline of what we may call the simpler of physical manifestations.

Then we have physical phenomena combined with mental phenomena, such as direct writing and drawing. This is now such a general phenomenon that almost every one may have the opportunity of testing for themselves. It appears in an infinite variety of ways. Papers thrown upon the floor and taken up a few minutes afterwards are found to be written upon ; papers inclosed in locked drawers are found written upon ; spirit writing comes upon the ceiling in inaccessible places. Then again is that which occurs in closed slates, and often in the presence and under the hand of the person witnessing it. Often these communications are lengthy, and not infrequently contain matters of private interest to the persons who receive them. They often occur in languages which the medium does not understand ; sometimes they occur in languages that no one present understands, and which they have considerable difficulty in getting interpreted ; but generally, I think, they are interpreted, and found to be some definite language. A friend of mine in England obtained in his own family, without any other medium, writing in a language they did not understand, and which he had the greatest difficulty in having interpreted, until he found a missionary from the South Sea islands, to whom it was familiar. It was correctly written, and no one in the house knew a single word of it. Then another wonderful physical phenomenon is the writing in colors of various

kinds which are not present to produce them. Drawings occur also in equally varied forms. Some of these are done in pencil, apparently, or in ink; some are done in colors; many have been done apparently in water colors, and taken up in a few seconds are found to be wet; others are done in oil colors. There are instances where the visitor has received a painting on a card from which he had first torn off a corner, showing that the picture was produced on the same card.

Then we come to another set of phenomena, which may be termed musical phenomena. Musical instruments are played; sometimes locked and closed pianos are played. I have seen a music-box which has played and ceased playing at a person's request. One of the most remarkable phenomena, and which has been seen by tens of thousands of persons, was the playing upon an accordeon held only in one hand, the keys being touched and played upon by invisible hands, producing most beautiful music.

Then we have chemical phenomena. These consist chiefly, first, protection from the effects of fire. M. D. D. Home—recently dead, and perhaps the most remarkable medium that ever lived—used to take out fire, a brilliant red-hot mass of coals, carry them about the room in his hands, and by his peculiar power could tell certain persons who were able to have them placed in their hands, and would place them in their hands and they would never feel them. On one occasion the well-known writer, Mr. S. C. Hall, had placed upon his head a great mass of burning coals which shone through his white hair, and was witnessed by a large party present, and his hair was not scorched,

and he felt no pain whatever.

Another of the curious phenomena is the production of luminous bodies, solid bodies apparently, which give out a bright phosphorescent kind of light. These have been examined by Prof. Crookes; he has had them placed in his hands, and he makes the declaration that modern chemistry is unable to account for them, and not able to produce anything like them.

Passing on from these we come to another set of phenomena still more marvellous, called materialization, or the production of temporal spiritual forms out of surrounding matter. The first produced were human hands which sometimes wrote visibly, could be touched and were tangible; then human faces were produced; then after a considerable time the entire human form was produced, and it has now become very common, as it was promised some ten or fifteen years ago; but we all doubted whether that could be the case; nevertheless it is a well known circumstance, thoroughly decided by all persons who have investigated this subject. Mr. Crookes examined this subject many years ago, and has published the results.

The examination was critical, and carefully carried on for weeks together in his own house, in his own laboratory, with all his own methods. These figures were photographed, weighed, and measured; he did everything that a scientific man possibly could, and is declared that absolutely and positively they are real existences—spiritual existences, because they are only temporary; they come and pass away again. These materialized bodies are now not unfrequently actually seen to form, and then seen

to dissolve again into a mist, and finally totally disappear. We have, therefore, the most absolute and perfect proof that these things are realities.

Then we come to another set of phenomena which serves as the most perfect scientific test of the reality of these phenomena you can possibly have; that is, the power of photographing these forms. If they were not real they could not be photographed; but we have photographs of those seen and of those that are not seen. These photographs have been taken not merely by professional photographers, but frequently taken at home in the private laboratories of amateurs who have studied the subject solely to arrive at the truth, who have no possibility of being deceived, and who have demonstrated that these photographs are realities.

Still further than photographs is another marvellous phenomenon and that is the production of casts of hands and feet and even faces of these temporarily formed spiritual beings. These casts were made in melted paraffine. Paraffine is melted in a large quantity of boiling water, and the hands have to be dipped in the melted paraffine, and then are taken out and left floating in another vessel of cold water beside it. These molds are found entire, so that the aperture at the wrist is much smaller than the hand. Certainly no human hand could come out of it. Feet have been produced in the same way, which must have been accomplished by some unseen power. In one case a gentleman in Washington obtained in this way a cast of two clasped hands complete to the wrists. That is an absolutely physical impossibility for any human being to do. A

nohleman in Paris a few years ago carried out a long series of experiments on this subject. After hands and feet had been molded, casts of faces and figures were obtained, male and female, of Greek type. The medium was a very ordinary person, as I know him personally. These casts are to be seen in London, and are exceedingly beautiful and, moreover, were recognized at once by this gentleman and by an American gentleman, with whom I conversed about it, as forms they had seen produced by materialization, and at their request the casts were produced. This concludes an outline of the chief and most remarkable physical phenomena.

Now we come to mental phenomena. These mental phenomena are more interesting to Spiritualists, but generally the less interesting and less convincing to the outside public who are skeptical. They consist, first, of what is termed automatic—that is, writing done by the hands of persons against their will or without their will; done involuntarily—the matter that is written is unknown to them. Sometimes they think it very silly, and would not write anything so foolish; at other times it is clever and beyond their power to produce. We have every kind of writing produced in this way; much of it gives good advice; sometimes information on matters of importance which the person does not know. In one case a friend of mine, and a very eminent physician and physiologist, acquired this peculiar power, and made a special study of it for many years. He commenced it merely as a curious physiological study; it has become a constant habit with him now, and is of great service to him in his business, frequently warning him that

as a physician he would be called to a certain patient at a certain time, which was invariably correct.

Then another set of phenomena is termed clairvoyance and clairaudience; the seeing of spirits and the hearing of spirits. Persons who have this power are able to describe what they see and describe the words they hear, in such a manner that the friends of these spiritual persons are able to easily recognize them. Sometimes these persons are able to give information of what is going on at a distance.

Then another of these curious mental phenomena is trance speaking. There are mediums now in all parts of the world who have this wonderful faculty. It begins generally almost, or quite involuntarily. The person goes into a trance, and then begins to speak without knowing it. After a time they gradually get to know they are speaking, but do not themselves voluntarily speak on the subjects that they are discussing. Many of these are, at first, ignorant persons, utterly without the knowledge and power to speak on the subjects they do speak on. One of these English trance speakers is Mr. J. J. Morse. I saw him in London many years ago, when he was first developed. At that time Sergeant Cox, a great literary man, said: "I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers always full of wisdom, in choice and elegant language, yet a quarter of an hour afterwards he was unable to answer the simplest query, and was even at a loss for language to express a common-place idea." There is another interesting little test in connection with this medium, which I think I was the means of bringing forth myself. His spirit

guide (whom I believe is so still) gave a Chinese name at the time, and claimed to be a Chinese philosopher; he gave the name of Tien Sien Ti. At that time, I believe, nobody knew what this meant. I happened to have a friend who had been an interpreter to the government in China, and one day I asked him, without mentioning anything else, what this name meant. He answered, "Why, that means heavenly spirit guide." I think that is a wonderful test.

Then again we have a remarkable power connected with this trance speaking, which many mediums have; the power of impersonation, or it may almost be called transfiguration. The medium seems taken possession of by another person, and acts the character so perfectly in voice and manner, and sometimes even in change of countenance, that he or she resembles the person who wishes to manifest themselves, and is recognized by their friends. This resembles, when the agency is powerful and sometimes disagreeable, almost exactly what was called in older time demoniacal possession. Sometimes persons in this state are able to hold conversation with persons who speak a language of which they have no knowledge themselves. We have the most positive evidence of this that can possibly be obtained, in the case of Mrs. F. M. Diamonds, whom I have mentioned. His own daughter, a young lady who had an ordinary school education, frequently spoke and held conversation in many European languages, and some Indian, when her father declares she had no knowledge of whatever in her mental state. I may mention that Mrs. Diamonds was the daughter of Rev. Amos A. Beecher Hooker, a son of the late Henry Ward Beecher.



these remarkable personating mediums. She has the power of going into a trance, and during that time her countenance and figure change apparently so as to resemble those who speak through her.

Then we come to another singular power—we can hardly say whether physical or mental. It is the power of healing. There are various forms of this power. The medium is able to see and describe the whole internal anatomy, see the disease, tell exactly where it is and what it is, and prescribe the remedy. In other cases the medium is able to effect a cure by touches of the hand.

Now here we have a series of twelve distinct classes of phenomena,—twelve great roots of phenomena,—each of which includes an enormous variety of separate phenomena, often varying from each other. These occur with mediums who are of all ages and conditions, educated and ignorant, young girls and boys, as well as grown women and men. In every one of these classes the phenomena have been submitted to the most critical examinations by thousands of clever and skeptical persons, for the last thirty years, and every one of these classes of phenomena have been as thoroughly demonstrated as any of the great facts of physical science. In view of the numerous eminent men who have investigated this matter and given us their decision, we may entirely throw aside the idea that imposture, only in a slight measure, has produced these various phenomena.

We will now pass on to consider what are the great striking characteristics of these phenomena. Looked at as a whole, what do they teach? In the first place, they seem to me to have the striking char-

acteristics of natural phenomena as opposed to artificial phenomena; they have the character of general uniformity of type coupled with variety of detail. In every country of the world, whether in America, Europe or Australia, whether in England or France or Spain or Russia, we find the phenomena of the same general type, while the individual differences among them show that they are not servilely copied one from the other. Whether the mediums are men or women, boys or girls, or even in some cases infants, whether educated or ignorant, whether even they are civilized or savage, we find the same general phenomena occurring in the very same degree of perfection.

We conclude, then, that the phenomena are natural phenomena; that they were produced under the action of the general laws which determine the inter-relations of the spiritual and material worlds, and are thus in accord with the established order of nature.

In the next place—and this is perhaps the most important characteristic of these phenomena—they are from beginning to end essentially human. They come to us with human actions, with human ideas; they make use of human speech, of writing and drawing; they manifest wit and logic, humor and pathos, that we can all appreciate and enjoy; the communications vary in character as those of human beings; some rank with the lowest, some with the very highest, but all are essentially human. When the spirits speak the voice is a human voice; when they appear visibly, the hands and faces are absolutely human; when we can touch the forms and examine them closely, we find them human in character, not those of any other

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kind of being. The photographs are always the photographs of our fellow creatures; never those of demons or angels and animals. When hands, feet or faces are produced in paraffine moulds, they are all in minutest details those of men and women, though not those of the medium. All of these various phenomena are of this human character. There are two groups or two classes, one of which is human and the other is human, but all are alike.

In the face of this overwhelming mass of evidence, what are we to think of the sense or the logic of those who tell us we are all deceived, and almost all these communications and all these phenomena come from what they term elementary spirits, or rather low spirits who have never been human? Evidence for this belief I can find none whatever that is not of the most flimsy description. It might be illustrated by our receiving a letter from Central Africa, written in good English writing, on American or European paper, written with a steel pen, good chemical ink; and simply because it was signed Satan or Elemental, we should jump to the conclusion that all that region was inhabited by devils or elemental spirits.

Passing now from the general view of the essentially human character of spirit manifestations, we find a mass of evidence of the identity of the spirits who communicate with us, of actual men and women who have lived upon the earth.

First, we have a general proof of this in the fact of the special languages used in these communications. In any country where English, French, German, or any other language is spoken, the bulk of the communications are in those lan-

guages respectively. The Indian spirits, who often act as the controls of mediums, usually speak in broken English, or some mixture of Indian. Written communications come in many languages, usually intelligible to the recipient, but sometimes, as I have said, not so, and given as tests of spirit power; but always they are some known human languages. To suppose that any lower class of beings should have developed all the forms of human civilized speech seems grossly absurd.

Coming to the special points of the identity of spirits with deceased human beings, the evidence is abundant. I will mention a case or two illustrative of this point, taken from my own personal experience, or from the experience of personal friends from whom I have had them direct.

One of the most interesting demonstrations of personal identity was given to me by a gentleman in Washington—Mr. Bland, a well known friend of the Indians. He had frequent sittings with a lady medium who was not professional, not paid, but a personal friend of his own. Through this lady medium he obtained frequent communications from his own mother. He knew nothing of spirit photographs, but on one occasion his mother, through this medium, told him that if he would go to a photographer in Cincinnati (I think in Cincinnati he was then living), that she would try and appear on the plate with him. No photographer's name was mentioned—merely a photographer. He asked the medium if she would go with him. They went out together, and went into the first photograph gallery they came to, and asked to have a sitting. They both sat down together and the photog-

rapher took the picture of the two, and when he developed the picture said there was something wrong about it because there were three faces instead of two. They said they knew it and it was all right, and to Mr. Bland's astonishment there was the third face, but it was not the face of his mother. This is very important from what follows. He went home and inquired how it was that the face of somebody else came upon the plate. The spirit of his mother then told him that this was a friend who had gone with her who was more experienced in this than she was, and had tried the experiment first, but if he would go a second time she would then appear herself. They did so, and on the second attempt the portrait of his mother appeared. Then a friend of his suggested, to avoid all possibility of doubt that a photographer got hold of a picture of his mother, that he ask her to appear again upon the plate with some slight change in her dress, which would serve to show it was not a trick of any kind. They went the third time. On this occasion there was another picture, very much like the first, but with this slight difference, that she wore a different brooch. These three pictures he showed to me, and I had the account of them from his own mouth. Assuming that he has told the truth, I see hardly any possibility of arriving at any other conclusion than there was a real communication between himself and his deceased mother.

\* \* \*

As a personal case is better than any second-hand, I will also give you one which happened to myself in America, though not so marvelous as those I have just stated. I had a brother with whom I spent seven years of my early life. He died more than forty years ago. This brother, before I was with him, had a friend in London whose name was William Martin; my brother's name was William Wallace. I did not know his friend's name was William, because he always spoke of him as Martin; I knew nothing more. But my brother has been dead forty-four years, and I may say that the name of Martin has never occurred to my mind at all, probably during the last twenty years. The other day when I was in Washington, attending some seances there, where people receive messages on paper, I received, to my great astonishment, a message to this effect: "I am William Martin; I write for my old friend, William Wallace, to tell you that he will on another occasion, when he can, communicate with you." I am perfectly certain that only one other person in America knew my brother's name, or knew the relation between my brother and Martin, and that was my brother in California. I am perfectly certain that no person in the east could possibly have known either one name or the other. Therefore it seems to me this was a most remarkable proof of identity.

A volume could be filled of similar and even far more startling facts, proving the personal identity.

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EDWARD SHIPPEN

ELLIJAY, GA.

*"It is the grandest, holiest duty practised both in heaven and earth, to lift up the fallen, teach the ignorant, heal the suffering, and lead the blind in spirit."*

—SPIRIT ARIOSTA BAY.

In 1873 I found an article in my Scientific American by Professor Crookes of England, recounting his experience at a spiritual seance. I wondered at its place in the scientific paper, and did not deign to read it myself, but on meeting Mrs. Casey, a friend, shortly afterwards, I asked her if she would like to read the article. "Yes, I will be glad to do so." I sent the paper to her, in return for which she sent me the Cincinnati Gazette, containing accounts of a seance at the home of Dr. Wolf, Mrs. Hollis being the medium, written up by Don Piat Plimpton, one of the editors of the Gazette, a Democratic paper, and by Mr. Victor, Librarian of the public library, each giving their own wonderful experiences at the seance, all of which were subsequently published by Dr. Wolf in a book named "Startling Facts." As I had regarded the communications of Don Piat given to the U. S. press during the Civil War as of highest mental order, I concluded, if he could find anything of interest in a seance, and preserve his rationality, that I would risk my brain, and go

to the first seance I could hear of. In a few days I received a note from Mrs. Casey inviting me to a seance at her home. On my way there I resolved to keep my eyes and ears wide open to detect any possible attempted fraud or deception. On entering the dining room I found some nine of the prominent people of our town seated round the dining table, along with a young country girl, whom our hostess introduced to me as "Miss Nina Good, the medium." It was then explained, that in answer to any question asked, one rap meant "No," two raps, "I don't know," three raps, "Yes." The first person on the left hand of the medium began questioning, then the second and third in regular order round the table. Questions were asked by the sitters in turn and answers given by raps. I was puzzled to account for the raps, as every one of the sitters had both hands in plain sight on the top of the table, and the raps sounded close to the questioner. After nine persons had questioned, it came to my turn. I had made up my mind to ask questions of a spirit, of whom no mortal present had ever heard, and so I asked "Is my sister's spirit present?" Immediately three raps sounded, as if in the very fibre of the table lid. "Will you tell me what time of day you died?" A single rap responded. "Will you tell me what time of night you died?" Three raps came quickly. "Please

rap the hour?" Eleven raps were given. I was astonished at the truth of the replies. I followed suite in repeating the question, "Am I a medium?" Three raps. "What kind?" Going over the alphabet a rap came to each letter spelling the word, "Healer." I left the house wondering, satisfied that there was truth in spirit communication.

Several days passed, when Mrs. Fair, one of the sitters at Mrs. Casey's seance, invited me to her home for a seance. She, her husband Frank, a grown daughter, Miss Good and myself, assembled in an upstairs bedroom. A marble-topped stand stood in the centre of the room, upon which were placed letter paper and a lead pencil. Miss Good seated herself at one side, and I on the opposite side, Mr. and Mrs. Fair at the ends of the table. The medium sat resting her elbow on the table, with her head on her hand, and was soon in a somnambulistic trance and sweetly smiling and bowing as she announced the name of a spirit passing before her clairvoyant vision, all recognized by the Fairs with various exclamations, such as, "He died before the medium was born," "she passed on in Texas," etc. Mrs. James Gibson was named with a sweet smile—a Philadelphia lady who entertained my sister one winter in the "thirties," and who copied in her note book some sentiments from a letter I had written to my sister—a lady

on whom I called for half an hour in 1854, the only half hour I was ever in her presence. The medium with closed eyes picked up a lead pencil and wrote, "A month ago I got permission for you to become a healing medium and if you will have faith, you will become one of the wonders of the world," and handed the paper to me. With her eyes still closed she again picked up the pencil and wrote, "We want you to go immediately to Louisville to look after your wife's interest in her father's estate." Signed, "H. F. Shippen." I remarked, "There is a mistake. Here, please write the name in full." With eyes still closed, her hand again reached directly for the pencil and wrote, "Henry and Franklin Shippen," my two brothers who practised law before they left earth life. Our seance broke up at one o'clock Sunday morning. Reaching home I could not sleep for two hours, ruminating on the remarkable manifestations. At nine o'clock next morning on opening the door into the dining room I was struck with amazement at the sight of my housekeeper crossing the room holding in her hand the other one, streaming with blood. I approached her, and placing my left hand under hers, with my right hand I made two passes over hers, saying as I did so, "How did you hurt your hand?" Instantaneously she exclaimed, "Look at it, the swelling is going down, the pain is all gone." Next

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day at dinner while talking with Mrs. Curry, my housekeeper, about her painless hand, which was still highly discolored, a little girl who was waiting on the table said, "My sister's two-year-old child has been crying the last day and night with ear ache, can you cure it?" "I don't know, bring it to me and I will try." In a few minutes the little child was in my lap crying. I held my hands over its ears for a minute or two, and left for my spoke factory. On reaching home at six o'clock I sent the waiting girl over to enquire about the child. She soon returned, with a delighted smile on her face as she said, "The baby has been sound asleep ever since I took him home." Head ache, tooth ache, some four cases of rheumatism, a bad case of erysipelas, were cured by simple laying on of my hands, to the great wonder of myself as well as of my patients. I heard of a lady upon whose thumb a felon was gathering. I called upon her and had her lay her thumb in the palm of my hand, around which I gathered my fingers. Her thumb was simply swollen when I left her. On calling on her next day she held up her thumb to my gaze, saying, "It gave me no more pain after you left me, and on awaking this morning I found that it had burst open in the night and discharged corruption." From the testimony of both mortals and angels, my magnetism has been used to heal mortals in the distance.

One day I received a note from Mrs. Casey asking me to go down to Cairo and see a slate-writing medium from Memphis, and find out through her the condition of her invalid daughter, who was at the Arkansas hot springs. Accordingly while waiting at the wharf boat for the daily steamboat for Cairo, I let my old friend Fair, who had charge of the wharf boat, know the object of my visit to Cairo. On reaching Cairo I called at the home of Col. Wood, then engineer-in-chief, building the Cairo and Vincennes R.R., at whose home the medium was stopping. On my introducing myself and stating the object of my visit to Mrs. Woods, she led me into an adjoining room and introduced me to Miss Patterson, the medium. On my telling her of Mrs. Casey's note she said, "I don't know how you can find out without calling up some one of Mrs. Casey's spirit friends to answer for her." The medium was sitting beside a small table with a shawl hanging down and around it. Taking an ordinary-sized school slate in her right hand (the left resting on the top of the table) she reached it under the table and asked me to hold my finger under it so she could rest the end of the slate upon it, that I might know that she did not do the writing. The slate rested on my finger. "Now ask some of Mrs. C.'s friends to answer." In 1866 I had been in company with Mrs. C.'s father, Gen. Rawlins, for about ten minutes. I knew nothing of the man, but now said, "Will Gen. Rawlins answer his daughter?" Immediately the slate fell off my

finger to the floor. The medium said, "This never happened to me before." Carelessness, thought I. Again the slate was resting on my finger under the table, and when I again requested Gen. R. to answer his daughter's query, instantaneously the slate slammed on the floor. Then the medium remarked, "It seems that he doesn't want to answer." I knew not of any other of Mrs. C.'s spirit friends. I sat with the medium holding the slates under the table a few minutes, but getting nothing I gave my place at the table to other visitors. They got the slate covered with communications which appeared to greatly surprise and delight them, and I left on the returning steamboat for Mound City, a worried and disappointed man. Arriving at Mound City, as I stepped on to the wharf boat, my friend Fair met me with the question, "Well, did you get anything?" "Not a thing, but I saw others get slates full." I then gave him a minute description of my experience, when he broke out, "Dog on me, that's the best test I ever heard of." "I can't see where the test comes in." "Why, Gen. Rawlins couldn't write his name. If anyone, on paying him money, asked for a receipt he would swear at them and drive them out. He did not want it known that he could not write his name."

Disappointed in not receiving any communication like the strangers had received in the home of Mrs. Wood, the third day afterwards I was sitting with the medium at the table. I heard writing going on the slates under the table. When the slate was handed to me I read, "Old man, you are thinking too much on this subject. If you don't throw it off from your mind you will injure your brain." Signed "James Gibson,"

a cousin of my father, who was chief justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. I concluded the only way to do so was to go traveling. I took the cars for Louisville, met my wife there, worried over her father's alleged will, leaving her but half a child's share, which was contested by her before two different juries, which brought in the same verdict, "Not the will of Wm. H. Stokes." I waited but a day or two in Louisville and continued my travel to Meadville, Pa., the home of my mother, whom I found confined to bed, suffering from sciatic rheumatism, who, after receiving a treatment from my hands, got out of her bed next day as bright as a cricket, receiving the congratulations of her friends. The third day she said to me, "Ed, you have been living in the woods for years and have had no opportunity to investigate Spiritualism. I want you to go to New York city and see some mediums. I don't want you to draw on your own resources. Here is fifty dollars; take it and go." From a cousin I obtained the address of a Dr. Bryant, a healer in New York city. On my arrival I sought Dr. Bryant, but was told he had left a year ago and had not been heard of since. I was at sea. Going on to Broadway I visited a news stand and found a paper edited by Victoria Woodhull. All I knew of her was a remark of Dr. Casey, that he had heard her give a grand lecture in the State House at Springfield, Ill. I bought the paper, returned to my hotel, and looked over its columns to see if I could find the address of any medium. I found the address of A. J. Davis' book store, and a few minutes afterwards found me at his store asking for him. A gentleman stepped forward,

saying, "Mr. Davis is not in. My name is Dr. Briggs. Can I do anything for you?" "Well, sir, I don't know. I have traveled a great distance to see some mediums." "What kind would you like to see?" naming over different phases, which were all Greek to me. I replied I did not understand the titles, but would like to see one through whom my arisen relatives might be able to communicate with me. Stepping over to a card rack holding over a hundred cards, Dr. Briggs selected one and handed it to me. "Here is the card of Mrs. J. Staats, a medium whom Judge Edmonds visits. Take the Broadway cars to the Brooklyn ferry, cross over and take the blue car and ask the driver to put you off on Washington St., and you can find the number. Tell the lady that Dr. Briggs asks her to give the bearer of her card a good sitting." Following directions I soon pulled the door bell and was admitted by Biddy, who left me standing at the foot of a stairway. Some two minutes passed when a lady of fine presence came down the steps, apologizing for Biddy's neglect. Preceding me into the parlor, she turned round, facing me, and said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" "Madam, I have traveled a great distance to test this matter of Spiritualism and Dr. Briggs, who handed me card in Davis' book store, sent verbal request that you would give me a good sitting." With that she said, "There are a great many spirits here. Come with me into the next room and see what they have to say." Seating herself at a writing desk, her hand began flying over paper, writing with a pencil, and then handed me the paper she had written, which read as follows: "My son, I greet

you with the spirit of love and truth. I come not alone, as you are aware, to lift your soul into the greater light, which I feel has kindled anew the fires of inspiration which are already giving out their power. Fear not; be bold and courageous. You have opened the door to the divine guests, and they will come in and make their abode with you. I am glad to offer this to you, for I know your mother reaches out to receive that which is prepared for her by those who watch over her constantly, lovingly. Fear not, the way by which you are led has been mysterious, and was once strange. It is so no longer. You come now into the beautiful gardens of perennial bloom, from which and in which you will gather flowers of truth and bright immortals. Talk to me. I am your father." But there was nothing in the above message by which I could identify my father, and I was questioning in my mind if he indeed was its author, when Mrs. Staats handed me another, which read as follows: "My dear wife—I come to bless you with the evidence of my love and care. You did right to send our son here to meet the circle, which only requires his attraction to bring us where we could send the echoes over to you. Indeed, so near the beautiful home are you that your ears are already filled with the music of the spheres and your heart beats in musical response to our own. Deep in your soul the seeds of immortality are springing to ripen here, in the soil of the beautiful land. Fear not pain or suffering. William (our son) will be there, and I will come to bear you over the waters out of the valley into the home eternal in the heavens. With love to all in abundance—Your husband, Henry Ship-



pen." Wonderful! That a strange woman who did not know my name should be able to write my father's name and say, "You did right to send our son here," a fact only known to two mortals—my mother and myself! The medium continued to write: "James Buchanan" (who was a fellow student with father in a Lancaster law office and was groomsmen at father's wedding); "Sarah, a friend" (mother's sister); "Susan, a friend of your mother's" (Susan B. Wallace, of Philadelphia); "Elizabeth, your sister"; "Edward" (the signature of an ancestor); "John W. Geary" (a classmate of mine in 1836 at Alleghany College); "Ralph" (Clapp, a Methodist minister—an intimate friend).

The medium also wrote "You are welcome here, may God and the angels bless you. Mary Stokes." I knew of no Mary Stokes, and on my return home asked my wife who she was. She answered, "There were none of that name." A week or so afterwards I asked my wife, "Could that have been your father's old slave, Black Mary?" "Of course it was, it was the expression of the old nigger."

The original papers written by Mrs. Stokes were burned when my son's house was destroyed by fire, but I recall the substance written by Mrs. S. viz., "My son have patience, you will soon be removed from the vicinity of Cairo into environments more congenial to your nature." The next morning after the seance with Mrs. Staat, I entered A. J. Davis' book store. He was dusting his books and I asked, "Are you Mr. Davis?" Nodding an affirmative he said, "I suppose you have come to buy books." "Yes, sir." "I have every spiritual work

published on my shelves, but I do not want to sell you any of them. I want you to go home and rest awhile and then I will be happy to sell you any book I have." He then left the store, and a lady entered from whom I bought some ten dollars worth of books, but on reaching home I found that I had given them all away to friends except one, "Harbinger of health."

After two years of litigation my wife succeeded in setting aside the alleged will of her father, and in 1876 we moved back to her native city Louisville.

I heard of Mrs. Sue who was said to be a spiritualist and I called upon her at her store and, after a few minutes of conversation with her, she left me to attend to important business and called one of her clerks to entertain me, who, taking a chair beside me began, "Do you know anything of a light-hodied chestnut-colored dog? There appears to be such an one beside you, whose hair is dripping wet as if he had just come out of the water?" For some fault he was drowned in the Ohio River at Mound City. A medium by the name of Lizzie Bailey was spending the evening at my home when she suddenly remarked, "Why here is Daniel Boone, and several dogs are accompanying him." When a fourteen year son of mine said, "There is a tall white hound with a black spot at the root of his tail and one on the top of his head sitting there beside you." A perfect description of my favorite deer hound which I lost before I was married, and never had spoken of him to my son.

About the year 1874 or '75 while in Chicago, I spent several days holding private seances with med-

iums and with Wella Anderson who gave me the portrait of what he called "the head of an ancient." I was disappointed as I was hoping he would draw a portrait of my father, who had passed on in 1839 before Daguerreotyping was introduced into the U. S. "Who is it?" I asked "I don't know but go to the psychographic medium Miss or Mrs. Kate Blade and you can probably find out through her." I was soon in Mrs. Blade's room, and without giving her my name (a rule which I always followed with every medium with whom I had a seance numbering over a hundred) asked for a seance. Without naming the object of my visit, she took a slate and placing it under the leaf of a breakfast table, holding it with her fingers under it, with her thumb on top of the leaf, I heard the sound of writing going on. In a moment she handed me the slate on which was written, "He is called Ben Haman, and is a very bright spirit." I remarked, "I am impressed he was a Mahomedan, upon which a *feu de joie* of raps on the table followed.

Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Hawley and a Miss Myers each gave me satisfactory manifestations. I was ready to go home when I saw a notice in the Philosophical Journal that the celebrated materializing mediums, Bastian and Taylor, just arrived from Europe, would hold a seance Thursday night, which led me to stop over a day for the seance. Thursday came with a notice that the seance was put off for Sunday night. I concluded to stay for it, but on Saturday afternoon I was seized with a strong desire to return home, and took the evening train for Mound City, reaching Centralia Sunday morning, and was surprised that there was no train south until

late at night. I took a spiritual paper out of my pocket to see if there were any mediums or spiritualists in the city. I found the name of Johnson, who had been a delegate to a convention of spiritualists at Cleveland, who lived at Centralia. On enquiry I found that he lived three miles in the country. Taking "Shanks mare" I soon found him. After dinner he hitched up his horse and drove me back to Centralia, and took me to the home of Dr. Henry Saxe, who was placed in charge of the U. S. hospital at Nashville by General Rosecrans. Led into the room and introduced to the Doctor, we found him with his hands on a patient. Pointing up to medical diploma on the wall, he said it was of little use now, since he found a greater virtue in his hands. (If not his exact words, they are in substance the same.) I accepted an invitation for supper. After the meal I was leaning back in my chair with a headache, and the Doctor, on passing down the other side of the table, spoke out while looking at me, "You are sick." "How do you know?" "I sense it from here" (ten feet away). Coming over to me and placing his hand first on one side, then on the other, he said, "Your liver is affected; your spleen is out of order. Why, you are sick all over." At this, his wife, who was sitting on a stool by the stove some ten feet away, spoke up: "Doctor, you don't tell the gentleman what's the matter with him. He is in the incipient stages of dropsy; he is troubled with an unaccountable fullness of the stomach. Nine years ago he had a strain of his back, from which he has not recovered."

I gave not the slightest credence to anything either had said, save

the "unaccountable fullness." Mrs. Saxe then dictated a prescription for me, which the doctor wrote down and handed to me. "Nonsense," was my thought, but politeness required me to thank him for it, and I put what I thought a fool paper in my pocket, and in a few minutes the Dr. escorted me to my train just ready to start south. Reaching home, I spoke to my wife, "Ellie, do you know anything about my having had a strain nine years ago?" "Of course I do. Don't you remember straining your back when, at the time of the overflow over our town, you strained yourself lifting a skiff on to the floating sidewalk?" "I do not." "Don't you remember Dr. McCoy visiting you daily for a week when you were confined in bed?" "No," I answered. "Nor of a visit paid you by Judge Carter who had to walk a plank,

supported by two chairs, to reach the stairway?" "No." "Don't you remember sending Morgan, your clerk, to Cairo for a truss which you wore for weeks, and which is now in the store room?" "I do," was at last my answer; and what I had thought a fool paper was then dispatched to a Cairo druggist to be filled, and which taken gave me new life and strength, and thankfulness to my spirit guides for keeping me in Chicago until the time the train would stop at Centralia, where there were media through whom a necessary prescription could be and was given me for recuperating my health and strength.

I have been ever since a convert to angel ministry and guidance and a receiver of divine truth from spirits who have lately passed on, as well as from those who lived 16,000 years ago.



HARRISON D. BARRETT

President of the N.S.A.

NEEDHAM, MASS.

The story of my introduction to Spiritualism can be told in a very few words. The truth of its claims came to me as a soul conviction as soon as my reason had analyzed the facts that were presented to me. My conversion, if such it can be called, was from the soul within, and not

through the witnessing of extraordinary marvels in the way of phenomena. During my connection with the Spiritualistic movement I have found many phenomena that were absolutely unexplainable by any other hypothesis than that offered by Spiritualism. Scientific evidence has been presented to me through phenomena on occasions too numerous to mention, and the testimonies thus offered have been builded into the foundation of the Spiritualist temple in which I wor-

ship as proof positive of the continuity of life. But it was not through astounding marvels that I received my first lesson in Spiritualism, yet the evidence presented to me then was as reliable in itself, simple and unostentatious though it was, as has been any of the phenomena I have since witnessed. In my story, therefore, I make no attempt to adduce the scientific evidence desired by the skeptical world, nor to describe the extraordinary marvels that are the delight of the credulous. I give the experiences as they occurred, and merely describe my initiation into the school of psychism where I have labored diligently for nearly twenty-two years. The one merit of my story is this—it rests upon the solid rock of fact, and is told from both the heart and the soul sides of my consciousness. It is, therefore, scientific as well as religious evidence to me, for in Spiritualism science is religion, and true religion is always scientific.

My attention was first called to the subject of Spiritualism in 1871, through the visit of Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, an excellent medium, to the home of my grandfather in Canaan, Maine. While in the trance state she spoke to me and declared to my parents that I possessed psychical power that would yet make themselves known, not only to my own kindred, but also to the people of the world. Her prophecies then seemed to be wholly beyond the range of possibility, and I soon dismissed them from my mind as being naught else but pleasant day dreams. Still, the impress of her words was not wholly lost, for, in after years, when I began my work for Spiritualism, her utterances were at once recalled to mind and the exact fulfilment of her prophetic

words was noted. During that same year my grandfather received three Spiritualistic books written by his son, Hon. J. O. Barrett, portions of which were read aloud in my hearing. They were entitled, "Looking Beyond," "The Gardens," and "The Spiritual Pilgrim." The influence of the words I then heard has never left me. The phenomenal facts recorded in them impressed me deeply, and I often found myself dwelling upon them when alone, wondering if they were true.

Years passed away and I heard little of Spiritualism outside of an occasional phenomenon in my father's home. The transition of my great uncle, Harrison Barrett, for whom I was named, was the occasion of the appearance of psychical phenomena of a most convincing character. At his last visit to our home he had promised my father that if it were possible he would visit us in spirit as soon as he could do so after entering spirit life. I remember full well the evening he paid us that visit. The outside door seemed to open and there was a rush in the atmosphere as if a large number of people were entering the house. Preceding them was the sound of the sweetest music we ever heard. The several sounds swept through the house, then died away in the distance. Soon after a letter arrived from Wisconsin stating that Uncle Harrison's funeral had been attended by multitudes of people, as he was prominent in business and social circles, and that his funeral procession was preceded by a brass band of over twenty pieces, in consonance with his oft expressed wish. These facts proved to us all that "Uncle Harry," as we affectionately called him, had really visited us in spirit. As he was the first one

of our family to embrace Spiritualism, dating his connection with it from 1849, it was not strange that he had the power to make himself known to those whom he loved.

Nothing more occurred to attract my attention to Spiritualism until the month of March 1880. On the twenty-fifth of that month, one of my sisters, who, for the period of eighteen months had been a sufferer from consumption, passed to spirit life. Her sufferings had been intense, and her agony was often fearful to witness. I had accepted the religion of my grandfather, Universalism, and was loud in my advocacy of what I professed to believe. The prolonged illness and cruel sufferings of my young sister, as she was only twelve years of age, had a tendency to weaken my faith in the God I had been taught to believe was too good and loving to cause any of his children to suffer, and I was rapidly drifting towards the doctrines of Ingersoll when my sister took leave of this earth.

The agony I then felt cannot be described in words. A great black wall had arisen before my eyes, completely obscuring the light of the heaven or love of which I had heard so much. My sister was annihilated! She had gone from us forever, and the world was now as if she had never been. Gone into nothingness, blotted out of existence, annihilated, this innocent, warm-hearted, loving sister! Oh, the agony of that thought! It was too hard to bear, yet no tears would come to ease my pain, to migrate my suffering. I was invited to spend the night following with a step-cousin at a neighbor's house, as our house was too small to accommodate us all. I could not sleep, neither could I shed tears. I

turned, and tossed about, longing for daylight, and wishing for power to restore my sister to life. How I longed for her, no words can tell. As I was wondering if she existed, I suddenly heard some raps upon the headboard of my bed, then on the floor, then on the walls of the room. I sprang out of bed thinking the rats were roving about the room. There was nothing there. I sought my bed. Again I heard the raps louder and clearer before. Again I rose and determined to determine their cause, but I retired baffled to my couch. A few moments they came again and I again left my bed, tried the window casings to see if the wild March winds were causing the noises I heard. But no, they were fixed and immovable. This time as I was tired perplexed beyond measure, I was prompted to think about Spiritualism and of the angels' visits. When I heard the raps the fourth time, I said aloud, "If it is *Orrie* who is rapping, please rap three times real loud on the headboard." Instantly there was compliance, loud, distinct, and clear, one, two, three! I heard them with beating heart and eager mind. My mental tension was relieved, my sister had spoken and my grief was lessened. Tears welled up to my eyes and I soon was in sound sleep.

Morning came, but the gnawing of my heart did not return. I gazed upon the placid face of my loved one. I knew that her soul still lived in spirit spheres. Somehow I never thought to doubt the message I received. It came as a healing balm to a wounded soul, and I grasped it eagerly, made it my own, and it became a staff to support me. It is probable that the words of the medium, Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, who

## WHAT CONVERTED ME TO SPIRITUALISM

spoke to me in 1871, and the visit of "Uncle Harry" in spirit, some years later, had prepared my mind to accept the message I received. Be that as it may, I grasped it, and it has been mine ever since that memorable wild night in March, 1880. The funeral services were as usual, rather sombre and depressing, but over and beyond all, I realized that my sister lived. Behind the shadow was the sunshine of God's eternal morning, and she was alive in that new and glorious day. It was my comfort, and I hugged it to my heart as the most precious treasure I ever knew. This experience was my first step into Spiritualism through my own mediumship.

Not long after the transition of my sister, I went to live with Mrs. Helen Neil Howard of Skowhegan, Me., for the purpose of attending school. She was a Spiritualist, and in her home I came in contact with the "Inner of Light," "Mind and Matter," and other Spiritualist papers, as well as many valuable hooks on psychic subjects. I met a few spiritualists and was soon invited to private circles. I also sat occasionally by myself, and through these various sittings I soon developed clairvoyance, clairaudience and impressional mediumship, which were soon followed by the full trance then by the semi-trance, and finally by inspirational speaking. I finally gave full names, dates, and accurate descriptions of past events and forecast those of the future. Mediumship was an ever present marvel to my mind, and I utilized it for the purpose of comforting others as well as for adding to my own store of knowledge.

Failing health compelled me to leave school, and to journey westward. Here too I found Spiritual-

ism to be a staff of support. In Minnesota, the preciousness of its truths grew upon me apace, while in the wilds of the then territory of Wyoming, I came into direct contact with Nature, met the red men on their native heath, and absorbed the truths of the spirit as a bird absorbs the air she breathes. Phenomena of various kinds were often witnessed by me. Slate writing, etherialization, transfiguration, automatic writing, etc., etc., were frequently enjoyed by me, both through my own, as well as the mediumship of others. Evidences of spirit power multiplied until they became simply cumulative. The one rap of March 25, 1880, settled the question of spirit return and spirit communion. All of the evidences produced since that date are of value to me, merely as confirmations of what was then demonstrated. I accept them as witnesses to a great truth, and use them in the work of building the religion of the soul.

It is not necessary for me to describe any of the phenomena I have seen since that time. Their name is legion, but they cannot do more than prove the truth of that which I already know. Spirit communion is a fact in Nature, and life is continuous from eternity to eternity. Spiritualism changed the course of my life and transformed my whole nature. It took me from the study of law and made me a student of psychism. It led me away from the material things of the world, and made me a lover of the gifts of the spirit. Its commands have been heeded for more than a score of years, and I am not ashamed today to wear the title "Spiritualist." Spiritualism is the religion of the soul, the ethics of existence. It is

the philosophy of life, and the science of the eternity of being. In fine, it is the all of life, and being such, it is the foundation of all things, and stands for the truths of the soul-world. I am a Spiritualist because Spiritualism has revealed to me the realities of the Soul-Self, and made known my connection with the eternities past and future. I am a Spiritualist because Spiritualism is the soul's medium of expression, and the divine means to the noble end of eternal progression. I am a Spiritualist because Spiritualism is the open doorway to the realm of the Universal, where God's Fatherhood and Motherhood are known to all, and the Brotherhood of the race exemplified in daily living by all of the children of men.

Spiritualism gives joy for sorrow, pleasure for pain, life for death. It makes the bitterest trials of earth life endurable through the know-

ledge it gives of the realms of the soul. It is the gleaner of wisdom, the purveyor of peace, the solvent for all ills, the revelator of truth, and giver of eternal sunshine. It is the soul's noblest expression, when lived aright, and means the civilization of peace and love for all the earth. Its phenomena are stepping stones to the temple of science. Its science is the gateway to the realm of true philosophy. Its philosophy is the explanation of pure and undefiled religion, while its religion is the all of existence. Take from me all things else, earthly honors, fame, wealth, prosperity, and even health; yea, life itself, and I would still be a Spiritualist, for in Spiritualism I find the all of life. Blessed be that glorious religion that takes away the sting of seeming death, and gives to sorrowing mortals a knowledge of the realm of the soul, in the land beyond the cloud-rift!



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