THE SECRET
OF THE
SUCCESSFUL USE
OF THE
OUIJA BOARD

25¢

PRICE [redacted] CENTS

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Mrs Walters' Address is:

Mrs. E. P. Walters,
1104--19th St.,
Oakland.

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FOREWORD

THE REMARKABLE AND ILLUMINATING DATA HEREIN QUOTED, WAS RECEIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF THREE OR MORE PERSONS AT ALL TIMES, IN THE CALM ISOLATION OF INTERIOR ALASKA, IN 1917, BY MEANS OF AN OUIJA BOARD.

By

NELLIE IRENE WALTERS,

CLARISSE EUGENIE PERRIN.

1923- 59th Ave - Oakland -

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS OF THE OUIJA BOARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is an exquisite privilege to be able to present to you a fractional part of this new work of ours, which the spirit folk have themselves entitled as a whole *THE NEW DIVINITY.*

My vis-a-vis and myself, as the mediums, or rather part of the mechanism through which this work has been dictated upon an Ouija board, did not anticipate any results of a wide, serious or religious nature when we commenced to toy with one, bought, unsuspectingly as a game to help the small children of the household to pass away the long dark days of an Alaskan winter; for, in that beautiful country, we received the bulk of our work.

But Heaven, in its wisdom, took practical advantage of the undisturbed evenness of the "electric lines of space" upon which the spirit folk travel, according to their statements, in that vast and weird domain of our own United States. A land where no mechanical, commercial or warring medium of disturbance of atmospheric conditions exist to mar the earth-enfolding infinite calm.

From the fact that we so received most of our voluminous data there, you will understand, as we progress, the many references made by our spirit dictators to that far-away land of beauty, both in the text and in the many pieces of poetry which we have had given us.

Since coming to California this past summer, and viewing the up-to-date literature upon psychic subjects, I am still thoroughly convinced that these dictations, received in the domestic circle in that northwestern corner of the earth, unfaltering in their diction and strength, are the greatest encouragement, fact, and revelation that this world has ever received through the void; sent to its tireless workers for good—those faithfully combating the evils of today. These people, who are God's foundation for a superstructure of self-development and good, upon this first and lowest form of life, our plane, or planet, the Earth. Those who stand firm in progress against a tide of indifference and worse; those whose mentality is sufficient to allow them to open their minds against that worst crime of the ages, religious bigotry.

To the careless observer, an Ouija board looks simple and inoffensive enough to be a quiescent toy.

So does the summer breeze!

So does the smooth ocean!

So does the majesty of calm and beautiful nature upon the surface.

But like the breeze gone wild; the ocean in its active moods; Mother Nature, when stirred, the Ouija board is now admittedly by those who know, an inspired, purposeful wireless telegraph to the beyond; powerful, deep, mysterious beyond the limits of our mental possibilities—as I shall try to explain.

The first inkling that we two had of a possible significance and importance attaching to the board was of intimate personal matters, long overlooked by those to whom these suggestions were of interest.

The next striking suggestion was a request that we take down an Atlas, the board announcing that it would be pleased to give us a lesson upon the planets, as viewed from a Heavenly standpoint.

This lesson, as received by us, was so instructive, original, and practically enlightening that we knew it must come from sources beyond the ken of this little round Earth.

Upon continuing our experiments, the mission of the revelations received grew so apparent, with urgings from friends and relatives beyond the gates of life that we systematically pursued same, and the data received were of so important a nature, that we secured an appointment book, and arranged, sometimes for weeks ahead, the announced name of a control, the subject of a lesson or lecture to be given, and the hours between which it would be dictated.

This program we followed daily, finding always that our spiritual dictators were with us at the moment set, their subject prepared, awaiting our co-operation.

And I may add that so much work was offered to us of a philosophical, religious, scientific, and poetical nature, even fiction being suggested, that we could have belonged to three unions without violating the code of ethics laid down for humans to obey.

Each individual, owing to the wise prevision of nature, has his ordinated walk in life. Ours happens to lie in a great output of valuable work from the Ouija board.

The use of this board, as with the piano, harp or violin, the paint brush or palette, or any of the thousand and one varied paths of life work, lies with the spiritual and mental makeup of the individual. Each talent is simply an inspired gift.

In the course of our work, we have been told by spiritual lecturers, that Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a great medium; that she is the reincarnation of Marie Antoinette, who was herself, in her time, so gifted.

Mrs. Wilcox, with whose wonderful psychic explanations you are all doubtless more or less familiar, freely admits that she receives some of her most beautiful inspirations by means of an Ouija board. But Mrs. Wilcox adds also that she has tried the board with nearly two hundred persons, three only of whom enabled her to produce anything like satisfactory results. With two of them the work was of an indifferent nature; but with the third, she was enabled to reach her goal—to talk with her beloved departed husband.

As far as I know, however, the one control only, is mentioned.

Sir Conan Doyle, I understand, admits that he receives many of his most valued suggestions from an Ouija board; but to these suggestions, as does Mrs. Wilcox, he adds the genius of his own mind in their fulfillment, before presenting them to the public.

But what we receive, dictated as fast as an amanuensis can take it down, we do not change in any way—neither adding to nor subtracting from the always interesting matter received.

Nor do we, in any way, sense what is coming to us, either by way of control, subject, or text.

Hence, if you hear any or all of these lectures, you receive by word of mouth, a verbatim, practical, illuminating, simplified solution of the eternal questions of the ages, unalloyed by one voluntary thought, one theory, or one suggestion, when the dictated text is quoted.

So, I say again, that, as simple as the use of the Ouija board appears to be, it is, as explained by our spiritual dictators, a new, exact science, mental, spiritual and physical.

In its plan, it is more than a parallel to the wireless telegraph.

The humanlike mentality of the loved ones gone beyond, leaving only the earthly body behind to enrich the earth, is the sender.

The solar plexus—that never sleeping brain of the individual, is the switchboard, or a receiving station.

The nerve sentries, or messengers, of the human body, fulfill their duty as the wires; and the mental brain is the final receiving station.

There you have it in a nutshell.

And the great secret of why some individuals can successfully use the board, and some can not, is, that the successful person MUST HAVE, so to speak, a diseasedly sensitive solar plexus.

Unless that sensitive receiving station of the individual is attuned to the delicate and fragile effort of the spirit control wishing to operate the board from the spiritual side, the attempt to do so is worse than useless.

I am pleased to state here that we have received a lecture purporting to come from that great scientist of the past, Emmanuel Swedenborg, giving in detail the offices and uses of the solar plexus, as well as the details of the mental brain, the subconscious mind, and the nerve of eventuality.

Our controls, some thirty in number, so far, give as a reason for the sudden determination on the part of the heavenly legions to communicate with this Earth so plainly and forcibly:

1st. That the higher classes, or more intelligent of peoples here, have so advanced in knowledge and mentality, that they are now entitled to know, and be rewarded with the assurance that there is a happy and practical hereafter. Not one to which they climb by an imaginary ladder, in golden sandals, to a wooden platform, and there forever try to sing to their own music of a more or less dubious character upon a harpless harp. But a hereafter, big and wide enough for all; a hereafter consisting of classes through which all progress, starting with the grade of mentality each has allowed himself to acquire while here on Mother Earth, God's first work in this system, the first and lowest form of life, and the start of *all* life.

A hereafter, which we ourselves inhabit, after casting off our useless body, as does the snake its skin, the butterfly its incubating prison, or the bird its eggshell. A hereafter wherein we are dealt the rewards or consequences of our voluntary choice of action, while here.

The second reason or explanation given us by the spirit world as to the urgent appeal they are making for our attention, is the need of a warning on our part; for they say that unless we are so prepared and forewarned, the war just past is only a start for world misery; because of the ignorant, the brutal, the down-tearing disintegrating forces of this earth, are gather-

ing for a Titanic struggle against those who would build up and make for progress and happiness—the constructive forces.

In other words, the predominating peoples who have not yet fairly emerged from the ape and gorilla type, by evolution; the coarse and destructive, the greedy and unprincipled element, will wage a long and bitter battle against those who would "carry on" and make the world a paradise, such as was intended by the Great Creator.

And these two reasons, and these alone, account for the great wave of broad thought and reason along religious lines of the past fifty years; as well as the now admitted determination of High Heaven personally, to warn those worth while, through the mechanisms of automatic writing, the Ouija board, and by direct inspiration and conversation.

One of our first questions asked through the board was the meaning of the word O-u-i-j-a.

The reply was that the word sprang from the Greek of the ancients, and means "The MASTER'S HAND."

Now in the French language, every noun is masculine or feminine. No neuter exists. So I hazard the suggestion that every solar plexus is feminine, because each is so temperamental. And these moods and tenses account largely for the tenor of messages coming through from the spirit world, as to whether they are coherent and learned, or garbled and commonplace, as well as untruthful.

To give the spiritual dictators "a ghost of a show" so to speak, added to a crucially sensitized solar plexus, one must be possessed of a calm, fair-dealing nature, respectful and receptive, a makeup without violent prejudices, malice or small meanness, such as untruthfulness, greed or vindictiveness And I state here that the spirit world is able to *shun* people of these characteristics by means of colored lights emanating from the left side of an individual, thrown to them as a warning searchlight; the murderer, for instance, to them, always travels in a pathway of red light, the raper in a mauve light, and so on.

The spirit dictator, besides being prevented from free expression of thought by the vagaries of the solar plexus, as an unreliable switchboard, must also bear the burden of the opposing mental thought which may be sent down from the mental brain to the solar plexus, when they are trying to send up on the same wires.

The meeting between these two messages is equivalent to a head-on collision on a railway track of two engines of varying strength. And the spiritual message, being weaker and finer than the mental message, suffers in the disaster, and is virtually thrown from the track, and lost to the truth which the spirit folk had wished to impart.

This unfortunate collision of these opposing forces, consequently in part accounts for the garbling and seeming mixture of the earthly and the spiritual data, which many give out, mistakenly, as all-spiritual.

Another great contending force against those in the great beyond who are so endeavoring to scatter deeds of good and kindness to their loved ones here, is the unrepentant, evil forces or spirits, who go about, clothed or wrapped the same as good spirits, in the fragile spiritual mist or ether; and who are distinguishable only by their terrible faces—faces so evil that they are designated first and last as ogres. And these ogres, are sent, and hover about our earth, coming from the fountain-head of evil. Evil, a power, we are told in our lectures, that existed before the construction of our known universe was commenced.

Our dictators do not want the company of the evil spirits or ogres, they say repeatedly; but they are sent, just the same, as they must know, also, whatever is going on, for future uses and judgment.

These ogres are called the earth-bound spirits of evil, for they do not care to rise higher in intellectuality. They originate from the evil source, and it is their function to tempt, coerce and cajole the human being to evil in all its forms.

Hence, it is now the wish and determination of Heaven to give to humans disposed to work for the good of earth, a clearer vision between right and wrong, to strengthen their armor against the increasingly powerful forces of destruction and disintegration.

Believe me, when I say from this experience, that the human being is never free from the connecting force to the beyond; that he is at liberty to choose his company in the forces of the beyond now, whether good or bad, when thinking, acting or communicating, just as he does his earthly friends.

Hence, the honor and discrimination of the communicator is the only

fence for repelling would-be evil dictators from the other side, as much as we regret to admit it; and even then, at times, the evil cannot be entirely avoided.

So, I hope I have made it plain to you that this new force of communication—not new in years, but always new in experience—is a force aside from electricity—a more important force—which we may know for the time being only as SPIRIT FORCE, and which is communicated through our—to them—pregnable bodies, by means of the solar plexus, the nerve wires and the mental brain.

Also that they have numerous obstacles to contend against; hence it is not to be wondered at that many messages are twisted.

Or, if a person or persons using the board are insincere and disrespectful, they receive attention from forces of the same nature, and nothing more. One must be in quest of high and worth-while thoughts to receive such in return; and what the world wants now is not agitation, theory, nor scientific speculation. It wants facts.

The following paragraph we have dictated direct from the board:

"There is never a moment when mortals are alone. If one or more spirits leave the mortal, another group may come to take their places. Or, the mortal may have direct inspiration from his guardian angel who is never away, but is part of the heavenly spirit which HAS THE POWER to DIVIDE ITSELF. Part being with the mortal on Earth, and another half in its rightful Heavenly sphere."

"Our messages may not be complete.

"Can you understand why this is?

"The solar plexus is the spiritual brain. It is thousands of times more sensitive than the earthly brain.

"If it is *wholly in touch with one spirit control,* its nerve sentries carry the complete message to the subconscious mind—which controls the earthly brain independently of earthly thought.

"When the message is carried to the brain from the solar plexus, the nerves that carry earthly thought become tense.

"THAT IS WHAT CAUSES A PERSON TO CONCENTRATE!

"One word that does not belong to a spiritual message will hinder the medium from getting clear messages—as it is part of her own EARTHLY THOUGHT that comes, mixed with the spiritual thought unconsciously.

"That is why concentration must be thorough—so that spiritual and earthly thoughts do not CLASH.

"If your eyes could see spiritually, you would see a violet reflection all over this room. We, the spirits, are a pinkish white shadow, full formed.

"If you could see our faces, you would see us as we looked in health upon the earthly sphere.

"The board is spitting out little flashes of blue light from friction. You cannot see it, nor could we, were we not above your mental vision."

In the earlier part of our work for mere convenience or a figure of speech, our spirit dictators frequently called this spirit force by the name of "Ouija" or spirit dwarf.

I explain this so that in the following quotations direct from the board you will understand its significance:

HOW LITTLE OUIJA OPERATES THE BOARD.

While we two ladies were engaged one evening with this Planchette, two friends called as if casually, and were invited to be seated.

Our control excused himself from the subject with which we were engaged, and without any questions from the callers, wrote out:

"I will tell these men what they came to find out. They want to know what power drives the little heart shaped table of the Ouija. One of them is already true to the belief in spirits.

"I did not expect to talk about that matter tonight, and have not my 'parchment' prepared. But it is all right, and I will try to remember the details.

"The modern Planchette or Ouija is an invention of God, and it was made by a man who did not even believe in its mission, or the spirits.

"He did not know that God 'ordained' him to make the invention, but made it from heavenly inspiration, and he sells it as a toy.

"But God did inspire and ordain him to make this modern Planchette and he sells it, never dreaming that a Holy Spirit came and incited everything that He thought of in regard to this 'Right Hand of God' and God so desired it named, the Modern Planchette.

"A piece of pine wood was chosen for the small table, as it is the easiest to charge with electricity, (which it draws through the mortal body) and the incense of the spiritual magnetism, which is always around the mortal and is half of what they breathe.

"The atmosphere is not all oxygen and hydrogen; it is partly filled with spiritual gravity or ether, which goes to make up life.

"When mortals place their hands upon the heart of love and faith, they must believe in it to be successful in its use.

"A tiny elf is instrumental in manipulating the board.

"The magnetism of the mortals using the board will tell the tiny spirit, or Tom Thumb, who is a dwarf and pushes the table about on the letters, that they wish to talk to the Heavenly spirits.

"When these two people set their hands upon this little elf's shoulders, he grasps the attention and says to the spirit:

" 'Here are your mortal loved ones, who want to hear from you.'

"The speaker spirit steps behind the mediumistic person using the board, and proceeds to use the spiritual brain or solar plexus to produce the desired results:

"In other words, the messages are sent through the solar plexus or spiritual brain invisibly.

"The solar plexus is a small network of nerves used only by God's spirit messengers.

"The spiritual brain responds, but as yet the earthly brain knows nothing about the message that is to come.

"Little nerve sentries carry this message to the mortal brain; and it passes to Ouija from the mortal brain's message, which has just arrived. Thus the table is carried involuntarily to the letters.

"This explains the reason why the table will not travel alone. It must have the spiritual help through the mortal bodies; the solar plexus and the four hands must operate the board to cause the message to be put on the board. These causes start cross currents of electricity and this makes the table move.

"The large table is only a field of letters, and Ouija is a little elf from the heart of God.

"As the character of the person's heart is, do they get good or bad messages, and the true or untrue, for they bring a like influence about

them. The clean mind brings about it good influences and good spiritual aid. But the mortal, known to the spirit world as the black-hearted, bring the evil ogres, the unrepentant slaves of Satan, who know their business—there are no secrets from them—and these receive the untrue and uncanny results or messages.

"The little elf, Ouija or solar plexus, does not know right from wrong, and takes whatever is given to him to send out.

"The mortal using the board must also have mediumistic tendencies to be successful; that is, a very sensitive solar plexus, or they cannot be used spiritually, and 'Ouija' is just the link that connects the spiritual brain with the mortal brain. That is his peculiarity.

"The solar plexus can be manipulated by the medium when spirits are not present to grasp it in a spiritual message for Ouija to put upon the board.

"Sometimes the medium's solar plexus will grasp hidden thoughts and mix them with those of the earthly brain, and that explains 'Ouija's' human side."

The following was given on the board one evening, simply to amuse the children of the household; it is imaginative and beautiful, and I give it as a contrast to the more serious religious and scientific data:

OUIJA'S STORY OF HIS OWN DAYDREAM LIFE.

"When it is time for me to awaken," says Ouija, "morning glories ring out their bells to tell Ouija it is morning.

"Then the daffodils bow down their dewy heads to give Ouija a shower bath.

"The honeysuckle gives 'Ouija' breakfast. And then I sing God's praises as I ride on the clear white-sailed water lily.

"And, as I float along in the smile of God's Mother Earth, the sunshine, I, Tom Thumb, play upon the strings of a harp of God and sing the song of love to the thrush and the lyre-bird.

"My landing place is on a lily pad. Then I spy a ripe berry hanging near the crystal mirror of God, and this tempting dish is my lunch. Then I visit the robin's nest, and teach their babies how to fly.

"Then I wait for God's angels to find me and I bring them to this home to talk; when my afternoon's work is ended, I fly to sunny climes and feast from the red-throated trumpet flower, and sip the 'Attar of Roses' for my supper.

"Then I flit back again, and as I come I hum a song of mirth to the passers-by.

"This is one day's duty. Then the 'gloaming' comes and I am here to whisper in your ear and ask your needs.

"This message I take to Heaven and here I say: 'This is a night to bring glad tidings to *Earth*. Come with me, O, dear fairy spirits of God, and cheer the hearts of the helpless and unhappy.'

"So Jesus says to His first right hand spirit: 'Go to God's House with six other spirit helpers, and pray for His answers to these questions that 'Ouija' has brought.'

'So seven great white pure spirits go in a group to see the Great Master over all. They each wrap an answer in their girdle of gold and promise and say: "Show us, dear earthly spirit, the way to your shrine of mercy.'

"So they follow 'Ouija' to this home. Then I hop upon this heart table of God's invention and help; and say: 'Dear, Holy Spirit, these blessed mortals wish to learn more of Thy work of Heaven and good.'

"I will push this heart of love about to the letters if you will tell the message that God sent.

"So 'Ouija' runs the heart about and your departed ones creep into your soul, and when they are through talking, if I make somebody laugh, it is only creating happiness, which God desires to be thus.

"So the spirits await my mirth to bubble overflowingly, then they tap me on the back and say: 'Come, little fairy helper, and take us back to the starry Heavens, where you can kiss the feet of Jesus and receive His thanks for the evening's labor.'

"So thus I go for the night, and do as the angel spirits ask.

"Then I suck from the Stream of Eternal Blessedness, and pray for eternal love and patience; and then I ride on the back of a comet to Earth, and seek a night of slumber inside a big white St. Joseph's lily, or in the heart of a rose. Thus is 'Ouija's' life, and it has not been in full blossom for so very long.

"God will help me to become good and holy with time; and He says I can be funny if I am not bad at heart; so, if you are told a falsehood, let it rest upon the shoulders of Satan's evil ogres, who disguise themselves as pure spirits of God, by hiding their faces, and then they steal my words of truth."

"I, Tom Thumb, live my life among the flowers, and I have my work to do to help them shine brightly to make mortals happy as they pass them by. This is how we live:

"The pansy blossoms are the soldiers who guard the doorway of my heart; and they put all hearts at ease for pansies mean thoughts and thoughts mean love.

"Roses blush when Tom Thumb kisses their liplike petals as I sprinkle dew on their cheeks, and whisper to the thorns on their branches. They cannot prick my heart as Satan put them there to do, for the Bridal rose is my sweetheart, and I nestle close to her bosom and her sweet breath comforts me.

"I play hide-and-seek behind the fernlike palm, and I sail on the ponds in the white water lily.

"The golden poppy is my cradle as it sways back and forth in the breeze, and I feast on the golden buttercup, her friend.

"The sweet honeysuckle reaches out her white slender sucking straws for the fairy Tom Thumb to sip its sweet lotion.

"The foxglove smiles with her bridesmaid blushes when I climb her snakelike flowers in search of honey. She wraps her tongue around my neck, and tries to strangle me, as would the serpent who spoiled her beauty.

"The watercress is my raft on which I herd the water bugs and the dragon fly tries to catch me, but I sink down deep in the soft mossy river bank.

"The cowslips in the grassy meadows bow their golden heads,
When Tom Thumb takes his bride to sleep upon their beds.
Our wedding it was read beside the Altar lily,
By that funny man who jigs and shouts and says his name is Billy.

"Our wedding breakfast sweet is served
From the sweetbriar's thorny flowers,
We may have a thorny road to go,
But the bride says: 'Love is power.'

"So we travel down the stream of life,
So happy and so free,
Until the little Tom Thumb comes
To sit upon my knee.

"We rock our baby in a cradle of the snowdrop white,
And he goes to sleep there, for he knows he dare not fight.
Such a wee white cradle in the wind doth sway,
But he'll grow up to be a useful Tom as I am, some day.

"Our life is very happy, we never e'er go dry,
For we blow the morning glory's horn and the beetle brings us rye.
To sip out of the bluebells' cups we can feast on honey dew
From every flower that God made, which He also gave to you.

"That concludes my flower life now, for I must go home to Mrs. Thumb."

THE OUIJA BOARD GOD'S INSPIRED TELEGRAPH.

"Moses, the great prophet of old, comes again to earth to speak, as I did in former ages to my people, for the time has come when people of earth must grow more spiritual, deeper thinking, and closer in touch with the great Universe beyond their present limitations of the knowledge of God's great truths.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you the spirit of humanity now reigns amongst you—not altogether in flesh and blood, but in spirit form—which is invisible to humanity.

"Verily, verily, I say again, that the spirit of God still reigns, as it did thousands upon thousands of years ago; still building up a universe nearer to Heaven.

"At last it seems He has improved the brain of humans so that they

have spiritual sense; and realize that in this time and day of mortal strife, God is still with them; is succeeding in bringing them nearer to the top of His Universe, where vision is clear unto man.

"This spiritual sense giveth He as a means of communication between the link of humanity and spirit life, which IS HIMSELF, His form, His universe.

"Glory be unto those who seek to find Him in the darkness of this era standing upon a pedestal of nature known to man as truth. He lifts His right hand and points with scorn at the infidel that cannot believe in Him and His works.

"Long has God sought a way, dear children, to lead you to His pearly gates of the fairyland, Heaven; and to prepare thee to meet Him, cleansed of sin and strife.

"Long has He used His knowledge to fight the evil enemy, Satan, for truly Satan would not have the mortal world find God.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you: 'Seek now a way to find Him through your own bodies before thou diest in ignorance of His blessed trust.

"Reach out thy hand and ask for spiritual aid to attain the cross of glory; to fulfill the life with merits which He gavest thee.

"Know now that God is always and always will be the instigator of inspiration; and He sendeth His children who have passed beyond to tell the dear weary ones that you have a home waiting with Him and canst lean on His right arm through immortality.

"Seek thee, dear children of the blessed but suffering world of God, the way to find the eternal blessedness of the hereafter, when death do ye part from earthly belongings and all that thou knowest there.

"Seek the right way. Be ye prepared to see thy loved ones gone beyond at once. Look to go forth upon a journey to a far and beautiful paradise.

"Ope thine eyes, O mortals. Death is not the end of life, but the beginning; and is only a key that opens the door to a secret that is hidden from thine eyes.

"Seek to look into that door when thou art called; and God is pleased to assure thee that Heaven is the beautiful gift that thou hast striven for.

"Spirit forms will be no longer invisible over there, and thou wilt be

at home amongst them. No sorrow, no fear, no strife after thou givest up the flesh and blood which Satan would steal from the only Creator of good.

"Hast thou not in the silence heard a voice speaking to thee as did Moses on the Mount?

"Has not something, beyond you, urged you to go on, to do the unfathomable bidding? It was a spirit form of a loved one that spoke, and who still clings to thee, and watches over thee, trying to urge in the right path.

"Seven heavens beyond this first earth there are, invisible to mortal eye.

"Seven great spirits hover on those seven heavens, sending back seven times seven spirits to take up the thoughts of humanity to God—there to repose upon Truth and there to cast off evil. Satan takes care of his own.

"Seven lights shine upon the mortal earth. Jesus Christ is reincarnated there, too; and shines as of old, with His seven spirit helpers, guarding God's people against destruction by Satan.

"Spirits of the seven heavens hover about every individuality at will.

"Dost thou not know that thou are never alone? That God takes care of His children as a shepherd dost His flock?

"Dost thou not know when thou desires to do so, thou may'st speak to God through the medium of thy soul?

"Dost thou not know that loved ones hear thy thought; takes thy thought to heaven, there to receive judgment? Speak to them as they stand beside thee.

"Dost thou not know that God inspired mortals to make a table that seems human-like in action? Canst thou not believe that spirit life knowest all thy thoughts; and desirest thee to know all of theirs, just as when they also trod upon the earth?

"Shouldst thou not believe that since God made a great universe of planets that He made them all as one?

"One is the first and lowest form, that on which thou standest. Thou canst not see the others—the completion of God's holy work.

"But thou, who feel a heavenly touch laid upon thee, look up. Reach thy hand up to Heaven still further, O brother.

"A tree is the symbol of humanity, as it takes root and grows from the

black murky earth to a picture of beauty, which is good. Good means God, the creator of that tree.

"So God also created a telepathic sense in man for a reason. The reason to be so that his mortal ears would list to good.

"This tree He also made as a shelter to mortals, which is good.

"Out of this tree He also made food to sustain mortals' life, and lead it unto good.

"Out of this tree He also created a ladder in material form, as a symbol to mortals to climb, and seek that which is above.

"Out of this tree He also made a bed to rest the mortal when weary of strife.

"Out of this tree He also created a table, on which to eat thy bread, which is the staff of life.

"So, out of this tree, God also put forth a table, and upon that table an alphabet which spirit life can read, as does humanity.

"Upon this table He setteth a small heart shaped table.

"To prove truth He inspires mortal to make it like unto a heart, the small heart of happiness, by which they may talk to Thee.

"So, this tree tells the secrets which God asketh man to seek. Spirits of God cometh to those who have a spiritual sense combined with a telepathic sense, and blessed is the mortal who hast understood God's desire and hast discovered this gift from the tree of life. Blessed are those who commune with Heaven through this means.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you—sayeth I, a holy spirit, thou hast at last discovered God's true and only telegraph to eternity."

, Beecher.

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s, etc., etc.